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912
The Reminder
CPS

Caney Valley Historical Society

Caney Valley Historical Society

C. H. S. ANNUAL 1912

Caney Valley Historical Society

Published by the
SENIOR CLASS
1912

CANEY NEWS PRINT

*To Superintendent P. B. Humphrey, who has won the
respect and admiration of every Caney High
School student because of his faithful
work as a professor and superinten-
dent, we respectfully dedicate
The Reminder.*

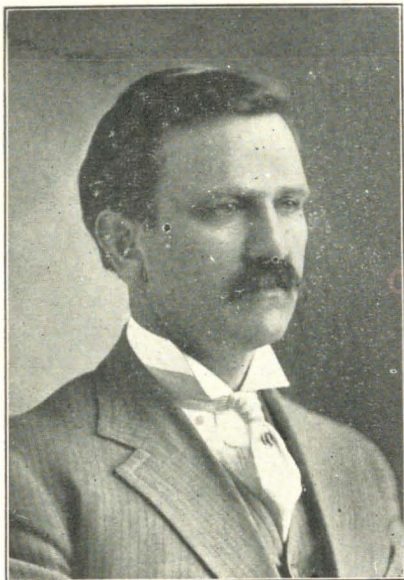
GREETING.

It is with no little timidity of heart that we send forth our Annual this year knowing as we do the magnitude of the undertaking and the difficulties under which we are working. We hope you will not be disappointed if it has no moral lesson for you, because that is not our aim, nor do we hope or desire to secure your praises for the individual efforts put forth. It is rather an attempt to give to the public, the students and the many friends of the Caney High School, the happenings of the year, the spirit of the class rooms, the jest and gossip of the hallways and the doings in the athletic sphere.

We will feel that we have not failed entirely if it comes as an old friend to the students, reviewing and refreshing in the mind all the jolly times while we are Freshie, Soph, Junior, Senior or what not. Then we hope it will cause the alumni to live o'er again the joy and laughter of those days gone and nearly forgotten. Lastly may it be a symbol of our appreciation to our many friends of their hearty co-operation and sympathetic support.



CANEY HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

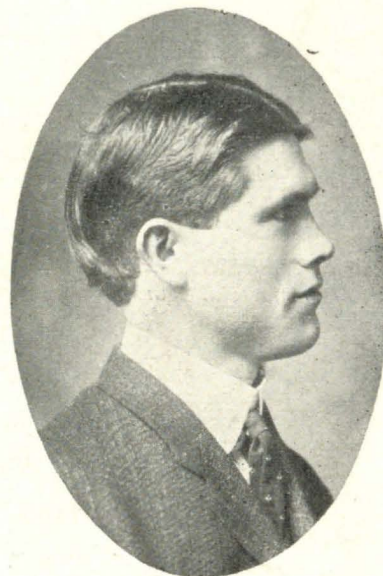


P. B. HUMPHREY
Superintendent of Public Schools

FACULTY



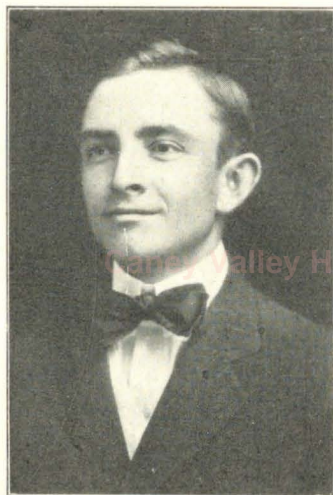
MISS EDITH THRALL
Teacher of Mathematics



J. H. DAVIES
Principal of High School



MISS EVA FINEGAN
Teacher of Commercial Course



H. E. HEINBERG
Teacher of Latin



MISS GRACE LAMB
Music Supervisor



MISS ALETHA KELLY
Teacher of German and English

HIGH SCHOOL
CLASSES

Board of Editors

IRENE LIGHTNER, Editor-in Chief

MARY CRANDELL, Assistant Editor

HUBERT CAPPS, Business Manager

CLARENCE PARKER, Athletic

JUANITA SHAFFER, Literary

CECIL CANARY, Music

OLIVE SUMMER, Entertainment

EMMET BRADLEY, Joke Department

ELMER PARKER, Collector

EMIL LeFEVRE, Cartoonist



S
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Et. G. Seane

Class Organization

EMMETT BRADLEY, President

HUBERT CAPPS, Vice-President

OLIVE SUMMER, Secretary

JUANITA SHAFFER, Treasurer

CLARENCE PARKER, Poet

CECIL CANARY, Historian

IRENE LIGHTNER, Editor

ELMER PARKER, Manager

MARY CRANDELL, Prophetess

Caney Valley Historical Society

Class Yell

Rock a dell, Rock a dell,

Rock a dell, Mell

Seniors, Seniors

1912

Class Motto

Climb Though the Rocks be Rugged

*CLASS COLORS—Old Rose and Light
Green*

CLASS FLOWER—Sweet Pea



Emmet Bradley



Olive Summer



Jaunita Shaffer



Elmer Parker



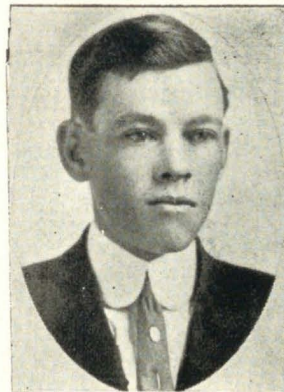
Mary Crandell



Irene Lightner



Hubert Capps



Cecil Canary



Clarence Parker

Candy Valley Historical Society

Senior Class History

Very little do we know of the class before it entered the Freshman class of 1909. We are like the seed of many flowers blown into a lodging place. The exact number that started is not known but it was one of the largest classes that ever entered old C. H. S., now some are North, some South and still others West, in our great country. Of the remaining I will tell you something.

There is Mary; no we do not all call her Mary, but Mary Jane, or Little One. Then we must look for Irene; she and Mary are the largest ones in the class, not only in size but in mental ability as well. Next comes Olive; she is the girl who always has her lessons and who is so good to help the boys of the class who do not have their Cicero. The last, but not least, is Jaunita; for short "Little Johnny," she must be classed with Olive, of our class of 1912.

We will now dwell upon the boys, five of them, three of them basket ball players of the best type,

and we are the proudest class in C. H. S. because we furnish three of the best players on the team. There is Big Park, if it was not for him our class could not navigate. Then there is Brad, our Blondy, who plays a very important part in our class as well as in basket ball and on the track. We often thought we would lose him but Blondy has stuck to us like a leech. Cappy, our financier, of the Athletic Association, has been the steady boy of the class; he is said to be the star football player and we firmly believe he is because he said so, and we think he is honest and will take his word for it. Now for the bird of the class there is nothing to say only he has faint ideas of what to do but never does them. The last one is Little Park, the brother of our Big Boy, and this Little Park is the one good player in everything, being Captain of the Basket Ball team, he is always sure to get in the game.

So you see the way they go, one in one direction and others in another. But we all hope to meet in the future and have a hearty hand shake. Let us hope "That the worst days in the future will be better than the best days of the past."

C. C. '12.



Senior Class Poem

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Seniors.

Here's to Mary minus the goat,
If we all had her grades
We'd sure be in the float.

With a revo, with a rivo,
With a revo, rivo, rum.
Here's to Clarence,
Our Basket Ball shark,
But all the fans call him
Just plainly "Big Park."
The way he stands in with the girls is a sight,
But it's leap year old boy, you'd better go light.

Ring around a rat tail
Shinny up a tree.
Here's to Irene
Who we all like to see,
And if you want to drive away grief,
Just go and talk to the Editor-in-Chief.

Kansas winds and sunflower seeds
That's the fare on which he feeds.
In the Basket Ball game
He shines out of the dark,
Here's to our Business Manager, "Little Park."

La shu la shu, la shu la rhu
La shu la sac a rac a
Shu la pap a cue.
Here's to the girl who sure is a hummer
Tho' she's not on the annual staff
Her name's Olive Summer.

Role Bole ole o, Caney High School's the go
Here's to the girl with her smile that's bonnie,
To Jaunita Shaffer,
For short "Little Jonny."

Os-ce wow wow
Skinny wow wow
Eat'sm up.
Of the Athletic Association
He handles all the dough,
And the debating club
He's not so very slow.
In the Eolian meetings
His official hammer raps,
Here's to the Honorable Hubert Capps.

Give'em the ax, the ax, the ax,
Give'em the ax, the ax, the ax,
Give'em the ax,
Give'em the ax,
Where—

Here's to the Joke of the whole Senior crew
To the fellow who's so light and airy
To the fellow who's head's like an old oyster stew,
Here's to Cecil Canary.

That's no bluff,
We're hot stuff.
And tho' the poem's written badly,
Good poets are few
It's the best I could do,
With apologies it's signed
Emmett Bradley.

Rock-a dell, Rock-a dell,
Rock a dell, mell,
Seniors, Seniors,
1912.

So here's to the bunch,
May we live long and tall,
With happiness, wealth and good wishes to all.

E. B.

Senior Class Prophecy

Often all our memories, our joys, our honors, our labors and our losses come sweeping o'er us like a flood in the spring time of the year and in those blissful moments of oblivion we dream and live them all over again. But somehow the present thrusts itself upon us, takes our time and thoughts in the midst of our recollections and we live the present again. 1932.

1932? Yes, twenty years ago my beloved classmates and I were dignified Seniors in the Caney High School. But now as you will see by these newspaper clippings they are well scattered and some are very prominent and renowned:

(Pittsburg Reporter, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan.

Pittsburg Reporter.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 10, 1932.—Lecture course a grand success. The star of the company, Miss Jaunita Shaffer, swayed the audience from sobs

to hearty laughter alternately, with her vivid impersonations and entertaining readings. The entire audience joins us in urging "The Shaffer Company" to return soon, for as the saying is, "we know a good thing when we see it."

New York Evening Post.

New York, March 20, 1932.—Canary, the new Standard Oil president, Hon. C. Canary was elected president of the Standard Oil Co. by an overwhelming majority in the election last night. We are sure that President Canary will prove as competent in his new position as he has been heretofore in his other responsible positions.

Kansas City Post.

Kansas City, Mo., April 10, 1932.—Mr. Elmer Parker, the wealthiest and most highly esteemed farmer of Kansas, because of his wonderful aid to charitable institutions, and his wife, returned today from their extended although delayed honeymoon. At the wedding in 1914 the groom promised the bride, Miss Olive Summer, a trip around

the world for their honeymoon, but circumstances prevented their doing so at the time. Now since their fortune is made they are enjoying what they were denied in their youth.

London Gazette.

London, June 10, 1932.—Bradley! Wonder of the world in cartooning. In the cartoon contest held here all the leading nations of the world were represented. Mr. Emmett Bradley of Caney, Kansas, U. S. A., won the prize undisputedly for the best cartoon in that vast collection.

New York Tribune.

New York, Oct. 20, 1932.—A new theatrical star! All New York society was carried away by the unexcelled beauty and ability as an actress of the new star, Violet Le Gallienne, in "The Romance of a Comb," at the Madison Square Garden Theatre, last night. (Miss Le Gallienne will be more widely known as Miss Irene Lightner.)

Luzon Star.

Manila, Dec. 20, 1932.—The great reception and banquet in honor of the Hon. Clarence Parker, the new governor of Luzon, was a glorious success. Many inspiring toasts were given but no one impressed the learned audience as did Gov. Parker. In his wonderful address he outlined the

work he intends to do and the success it will bring to the already flourishing island. He was so heartily applauded we are sure he will never forget the meeting nor will he forget to perform the smallest duty that he outlined.

Baldwin Republic.

Baldwin, Kansas, July 16, 1932.—Miss Mary Crandell M. A. Ph. D. was elected president of Baker University yesterday. Bishop C. W. Odom performed the inaugural duties today. We, the editors of the Republican, join the students and public in complimenting the board of electors in their discreet selection.

Washington Leader.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 19, 1932.—A new judge appointed in the Supreme Court. Hon. Hubert Capps becomes a judge in the Supreme Court. Hon. H. Capps has risen rapidly in the last few years from a petty lawyer to the Supreme Court. We join his many friends in hoping that he may go higher still until he will become Chief Justice.

I hope you are convinced by these clippings that, that which counts is Quality not Quantity. Although the class numbered but few, they had that which counts, "Quality."
M. C. '12.



Shakespeare on the Seniors

OLIVE SUMMER—"Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man."

JAUNITA SHAFFER—"I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with you."

CLARENCE PARKER—"What, is the man lunatic."

CECIL CANARY—"Good, my lord, forbear,
The ruddiness upon her is wet,
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own,
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?"

HUBERT CAPPS—"Three times hath G, -----? -----
made head against my power."

ELMER PARKER—"All's done, all's won. Here breathless the pony."

EMMETT BRADLEY—"Love me or love me not!"
"And he kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack."

IRENE LIGHTNER—"Do you not know that I am a woman? When I think, I must speak."

MARY CRANDELL—"In love, Faith, to the very tip of the nose."

JUNIORS



Junior Class Organization

BESSIE PRICE, President

FRANK NELSON, Vice-President

EFFIE CARINDER, Secretary and Treasurer

EMIL LeFEVRE, Historian

FRANK NELSON, Prophet

HARRY EARNHEART, Poet

Class Yell

Caney Valley Historical Society

Fudge and Piffle

Slush and Pshaw

Juniors, Juniors

Rah! Rah! Rah!

All The Classes on us Lean

We're The Class of Old '13.

*CLASS MOTTO:—Tu ne cede malis, sed contra
audentier ito.*

CLASS COLORS:—Lavender and Gold

CLASS FLOWER:—Cream Rose



*First Row—Adrian Todd, Marie Iobe, Bessie Harris, Eva Bennett, Clyde Franks
Second Row—Bessie Price, Marie Dicks, Effie Carinder, Emil LeFebvre, Agnes Ridgeway
Third Row—Harry Earnheart, May Adams, Frank Nelson*

Junior Class History

On the first Monday of September, 1909, the present Junior class entered Caney High School to begin their labors. According to custom they were initiated by the upper classmen. Soon, however, they began to mingle with and enjoy High School life.

In our Freshman year we had representatives on the 1909-'10 track team and on the base ball, girls' basket ball, and boys' basket ball teams. During the year we enjoyed the pleasures of several social entertainments. The school term closed with every one doing good work.

In the Sophomore year, as in the Freshman year we had representatives in all the athletics. The three contestants from our class in the track meet won high places. Although no debaters from our class got on the first team of debaters, representing Caney High School in the interscholastic de-

bate, they got second high honors.

When school opened in the autumn of 1911, seventeen Juniors enrolled. As in the two previous years, the boys and girls basket ball teams had representatives from the Junior class. During this year three of our class members departed.

On Hollow'een night the Seniors were surprised by the Juniors. The Seniors were being entertained by one of the number. A Junior girl had been asked by the hostess to play the part of witch, her den being made in an empty house near by. The Juniors being informed of this, attired themselves in white sheets and hid in the house. When the Seniors bravely came to have their fortunes told by the witch the Juniors attired as ghosts met them at the door. After some screaming and trembling the ghosts were recognized by the Seniors.

The Juniors are acknowledged, by the other classes, to be the liveliest and most entertaining bunch of intellectual students that ever gave a High School yell.

E. L.



Junior Class Poem

We Juniors are a lively bunch
The others below us stand,
The Seniors have been trained to eat
Out of the Juniors hand.

The Soph's are a nice looking class
And the girls they are quite coy,
Yet they never, never lose a chance
To bow to a Junior boy.

The Freshies are all simple muts,
In deeds and looks and ways,
Yet this good old Junior Class
By them can ne'er be phazed.

Now the personnel of course can read
(And look and stare, small wonder indeed)
A tale of Shanks and Blusho and Fat,
And a good many more with names like that.

Effie Carinder should with us never have tarried,
For report has it now, that she's soon to be
married.

We hope Old Shanks will return from the farm,
Fore he to us never did any harm.

Agnes Ridgeway we do not wish to annoy
We wish she and her husband lifelong joy.

Emil LeFevre is always as gay as a lark,
We hope he'll continue to be a pool "shark."

Bess Harris is a smart young maid,
We hope that some day she'll not be so staid.

Fat Franks is an intelligent lad,
Also about three times as big as his dad.

Doc Earnheart is a fellow quite smart
All he has now is a broken heart.

Eva Bennett is a girl quite "hefty,"
Known to Basket Ball fans as "Old Lefty."

Frank Nelson is our big Swede,
Always with us in times of need.

Marie Iobe is a girl quite pale
And about as thin as a tenpenny nail.

Marie Dicks is not half bad
Though she favors a Senior named Brad.

Bessie Price, sweet mannered and mild
Is known to us as mamma's child.

May Adams is a nice looking kid
We've nothing against her for what she has did.

Adrian Todd is a stingy guy,
All he spends is on the sly.

Reminiscences of an old Junior

Say, Shanks, do yu' remember back in '29 when our class that graduated in 1913 had that reunion? Yu' don't! Well I swan. I thought yu'd a remembered that—why yu' wouldn't a thought it but it sure was amusin' where some ov those old folks had been. Yu' know I'm the principal lawyer in Jonesburg, where we had the reunion cause its a nice littl grove not fur frum Caney where we had all had such good times, and I wuz thar when the first one come.

Wall, the first one who come,—Wall, who do yu' s'pose it wuz? Yu' see I wuz down to' th' depot a waitin' fur the train to come when I looked off across the prairie an saw some one jest a ridin' lickety-split toward town. I begun to think o' train robbers er sothin' an' wuz a goin' to run but before I could get started that horse an' rider wuz right on me an' I heard a voice a hollerin', "Say stranger, can yu' tell me th' way to Jonesburg?" I looked aroun' and saw it wuz a woman, an' who d' reckon it wuz? It wuz Effie Carinder. She said she wuz manager uv the T-half circle cattle ranch 'way out in Montany an' had rid all the' way to Jonesburg fer that reunion.

While we wuz a standin' there the train from the north pulled in an' we saw two distinguished-looking fellers get offen th' last car. After th' train had gon one uv 'em came up to where we

wuz a standin' an' asked if there wa'nt any cabs in Jonesburg. He acted so stuckup and high-flutin' that I felt sorter out o' place, an' I wanted to be as citified as possible, so I straightened up an' stuck my hands in my pockets an' rared back an' said: "Wall, the buses has all put up fer th' night but I might call the patrol wagon fer yu'." I knew we didn't have one uv them there things in town but I'd heard that them wuz what some uv the swells rode to the "Hotels" in after they ha' been out all night. The feller glared at me like he wuz a goin' to eat me up an' said, "Look here, do you know who I am? I'm Hon. Harry Earnheart. I've run six years for probate judge on the Socialist ticket an' I will not be talked to in that manner." Wall, yu' never saw anybody so surprised in your life as I wuz when he said he wuz Harry Earnheart. I interduced myself then an' we sure did laugh over our carryin' on. He then turned to th' other fellow who wuz with him. He wuz a little short, fat feller with long whiskers. When I heard his name I liked to a fell over for it wuz Emil Lefevre. He said he wuz a professor uv phycology and bacteriaology in the Tyro city schools.

While we were all a goin' down the road a discussion about how the Socialists had gotten in power an' how Ringling Bros. Circus had gone to th' wall, we saw a air-ship a comin' way from th' south. (What would we a thought if we had seen one ov them things when we were goin' to old C. H. S.?) Wall that air-ship kept a comin' closter an' closter an' pretty soon it lit right next to where we were. Well what do you think? It

wuz so' more uv our old class. It wuz Marie Iobe an' Marie Dicks. They said thay made their livin' by takin' all th' prises in high-flyin'. They had become so light lookin' that a person would think that they could float on the air without the aid ov a balloon.

The greatest surprise though wuz a waitin' fur us. When we got to the grocery store where the post-office wuz, who do yu' reckon we saw? It wuz old Clyde Franks! He wuz a wearin' a long tailed coat and had his head bent a lookin' down to the floor like he wuz a thinkin' about so'thin' deep. He said he wuz a trainin' to be a preacher an' had walked over from Caney in order to develop his wind.

After that things begin to happen pretty fast. We expected that some more of the old class would be a comin' in on the train so we all walked down to the depot. Sure enough when the south-bound train pulled in a tall lady carryin' a large pocket book in one hand an' a big Angora cat in the other got off. We all thought she looked familiar so Emil, who wuz always a inquisitive feller, walked up and asked her if she wuz'nt Bess Price. The lady set the cat down and opened up her pocket book an' took out one of them there little watch crystals with a lead pencil fastened onto it an' squinted one eye through it an' said, "Sir—." We all recognized her then an' knew that the worst had come—that she wuz one of them strongminded women who never get married.

It wuz jest after Bess got thar, yu' know, that we heard the awfulest racket a comin' down the

railroad track. It sounded like some poor soul had staped on a tack an' wuz a yellin' fer some one to come and pull it out. We all started to run to find out what wuz the matter jest then the feller who wuz a causin' th' racket came round th' curve an' we saw that it wuz only a scissors grinder a hollerin' fer trade. When he come closter we saw that it wuz our old friend George Dobson, you, Shanks.

Yu' remember then we wuz all a settin' in the shade ov a big tree a wonderin' when the rest ov th' folks were a goin' to get thar when a kerridge druve up with every last one but Todd. There wuz Agnes, May, Bess Harris and Eva. Eva had on one ov those old blue Salvation Army bonnets an' wuz a shakin' a half o' a old snare drum an' a goin' on like we wuz all heathens an' it sure got on Clyde's nerves; in fact the only thing which marred the day wuz a discussion between Eva and Clyde on religion. An' May Adams—say Shanks, wuzn't that music fer yu'? Why she played the Jewsharp, banjo, chimes and sung all at the same time. I tell yu' it wuz fine. It made the tears jest run down my face when she played "Just Break the News to Mother." An' say, wuzn't we proud when we saw Agnes with all them edicated birds? Why she had parrots an' canaries an' robins an' crows an' jest any kind bird yu' could think ov, an' she'd edicated 'em all herself too. The only trouble one ov them parrots had been trained to chase cats an' it an' Bess Price's Angora sure did make the fur an' feathers fly.

Bess Harris had been on the lecture pulpit an' she wuz a entertainin' us with a awful interestin'

speech on "The Fall of Rome and shall Married Men Work," when 'way off in the distance we begin to hear the awfullest screachin' an rumblin' sound. We all begin' to think that Rome wuz sure enough fallin' an all the married men this side ov the river Styx had begun to work day and night shifts. The noise kept a comin' closter an closter an' closter 'till we could make out that it wuz one ov them cally—cally, what are they, Shanks—calliopes, that's right, a comin' over th'

hill. We all run to hear the music an' who do yu' reckon it wuz a runnin' that thing? It wuz old Ade Todd an he wuz jest a playin' "Hold the Fort for I Am Comin'," till I wuz afraid he would break every pipe in that old thing's make-up. He said his mission in life was to cheer up the sick and make the deaf hear. On the side of the thing he had painted in big red letters, "CHEER WAGON."

Say, Shanks, we sure did have a good time at that reunion, didn't we?
F. J. N. '13.

Characteristic Sayings of the Juniors

Caney Valley Historical Society

Bessie Price—"I'll be jiggered."

Agnes Ridgeway—"Goodness only knows."

Bessie Harris—"My, I don't know what to do."

Frank Nelson—"Go, jump in the river."

Clyde Franks—"But, Miss Kelly."

Marie Iobe—"Did you flunk?"

Effie Carinder—"Well, My Goodness."

Eva Bennett—"Run along now."

Marie Dicks—"For cat's sake."

May Adams—"Looks like a cinch."

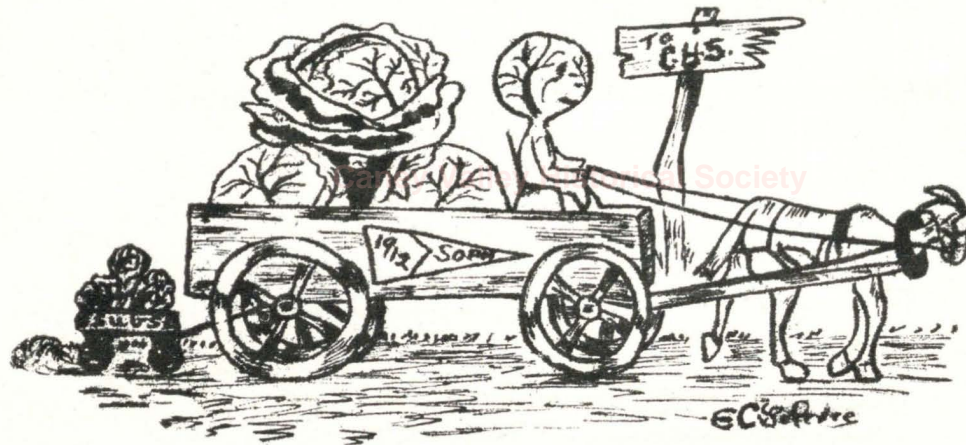
Adrian Todd—"That's not right."

George Dodson—"Well, I should shay sho."

Emil LeFevre—" ? ? ?

Harry Earnheart—"O, Piffle."

SOPHOMORES



Sophomore "A" Class Organization

Class Officers

Clarence Wales, President
Lee Copeland, Vice-President
Mary Shane, Secretary and Treasurer
Lee Copeland, Historian
Clara Stallard, Prophetess
Paul Labadie, Poet

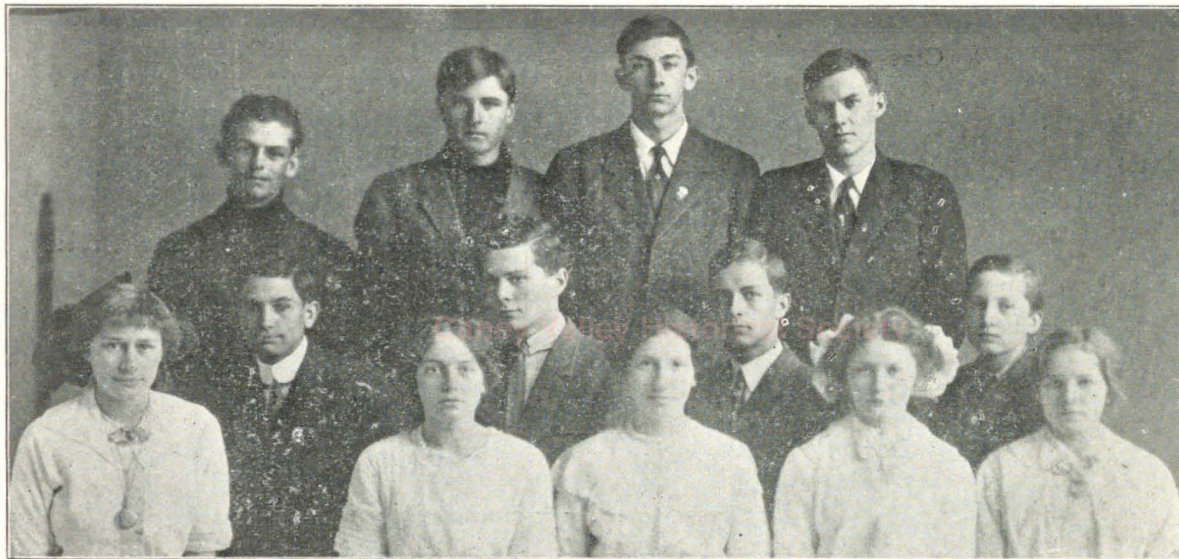
CLASS YELL

Rickety Rackety Bif Boom Bah
Hoo Hio Rah Rah Rah
Hoco Hoco Hear Our Yell
Sophomore Sophomore 1912.

Class Motto:—"Summus ibi semper."

Class Colors—Gold and Seal Brown

Class Flower—Pansies



*First Row—Harry Canary, Everett Fiest, Elbert Dougherty, Lee Copeland
Second Row—Paul Labadie, Clarence Wales, Edward Bogert, James Dixon
Third Row—Cora Wesner, Georgia Smith, Gladys Shaffer, Effie Rhea, Mary Shane*

Sophomore "A" History

The history of the present Sophomore class is the history of a successful class. Although the Sophomores have not won high fame in any particular thing, yet they have had something to do with everything which has happened. In athletics, in the class room, or in the debates and plays, they have made good.

The people who make up the Sophomores have been together for several terms of school, and therefore have had an opportunity to study each other. When a position needs to be filled, the right person is immediately put in that place. So the number of failures are few.

The Freshman class of 1910 was the largest class that ever entered the Caney High School. They were received with open arms—the High School having heard of them before they arrived. The class was immediately organized and the officers elected. A basket ball team was organized and things began to happen. The team played a number of games with the surrounding towns, winning a large majority of the games.

After the basket ball season, came baseball. The

Freshmen had no baseball team but the class furnished several players for the first team. Thus the school years of 1910-1911 ended, the Freshmen all passing with good grades.

When the new term opened, nearly every person who had entered the High School as a Freshman returned. The class was reorganized. There was not much doing the two months, excepting the customary class work, but finally two literary societies were formed from the total number of students enrolled. These societies at once started things going. Practice was at once commenced on a couple of plays.

The play was one put on by the Eolian society and was a grand success. They gave a sketch from "David Copperfield." Of course the Soph's helped. The public was well pleased as was shown by the way they turned out to see the Philomathian play "Heziakiah's Arrival." The leading man in this play was a Soph and it was agreed by everyone that he made a great hit. The Sophomores passed the exams at Xmas with a single exception.

This covers the events of this class up to this time, so we will have to leave as their future is given in the "Class Prophecy." Although it is safe to say that the Sophomore class will be remembered in the annuals of the Caney High School as the class who did things.

Sophomore "A" Poem

Here's to the sophomore class,
The class of nineteen-fourteen.
Here's to their ability,
And their minds so keen.

First we think of "Simp" Bogart,
And of his excellent wit,
How he made the highest grades
In Civics and Arithmetic.

Canary is next upon the list,
The pretty boy of the class,
Who with his pompadour,
Will win most any lass.

Mary is our little girl
With her smile that stays,
Who keeps the boys guessing
With her winning ways.

Effie Rhea is next in line
The belle of the Sophomore class,
Who walks and talks and acts
As if she were made of glass.

Next we think of "Slim" Daughtry,
Who towers above the rest
And with that smile upon his face
With which his character is blest.

Copeland is the "Sergeant at arms,"
For short we call him "Cope,"
And if I'm not mistaken
He is our future "White Hope."

Clara is our prophet
So studious and so wise,
Who has won many complements
For her work (and beautiful eyes).

James is our little man
Who in rhetoric makes things happen,
And he is not to be forgotten
For his excellent work in Latin.

Gladys is our athletic girl
Who in the class room works hard,
But her work gets higher praising
When she plays that game of guard.

Everett is our industrious one
With his calm and silent way
Who rides three miles to school
With "Dobbin" to the shay.

"Blusho" Wales is our "wise guy"
With his curly auburn hair
Who so much reminds us
Of a nice large juicy (pair).

Next we think of Cora,
So silent and so slow.
Wondering how much longer it will be
Before she can catch a beau.

Georgia is our gigling girl,
Who never is sincere;
Who laughs and talks aloud
And for teacher has no fear.

Last upon the list comes Paul
Otherwise known as "Smoke;"
Who never was good at anything,
And was always considered a joke.

So here's to the best class of all
The ones who do things swell;
Here's to those who yell,
Sophomore, Sophomore, 1912!



Slang Expressions

Edward Bogart—"Jimming Crow"

Effie Rhea—"Do Dinkey"

James Dixon—"By Gum"

Paul Labadie—"I'm Ruin't"

Mary Shane—"O, Law"

Harry Canary—"Hay Aink"

Lee Copeland—"Tommy Rot"

Elbert Dougherty—"Ding it"

Evert Feist—"Great Smoke"

Clarence Wales—"Well, I'll Swan"

Clara Stallard—"Gee Whack"

Gladys Shaffer—"Gee-me-nee"

Georgia Smith—"Gosh"

Sophomore "A" Prophecy

I have been living in New York for some time. Today as I was walking down Broadway, I noticed a young man who was coming down the street. There was something familiar in his appearance and upon closer observation I recognized Edward Bogert. He came up and spoke to me and we were soon talking of the time when we were Sophomores in the Caney High School.

I asked where he had been since I saw him last and he said, "After I finished High School I became proprietor of a pawnshop in Chicago, but I was compelled to give it up from lack of funds. Then I came to New York and have been working ever since as a newspaper reporter. I am on my way now to the office with some notes on the Hon. James G. Dixon's lecture. I suppose that you know that Jim is a presidential candidate on the Republican ticket this year. And many say that no one has any chance since Jim has entered the race."

"Well," I said, "I always thought that Jim would try almost anything. But I never imagined that he would try for president."

Ed said that a large portion of our old class were living here in New York. He said that Mary Shane and Elbert Daughtry had been married three years and that Elbert was the worst "hen-pecked" husband he had ever seen. He then related the "happenings" of a few weeks previous when he had gone home with Elbert to dine.

Mary, a leading suffragette, had planned to attend a suffragette meeting that evening, so she left the dishes for him to wash. We both laughed at Elbert's predicament and any way just imagine Elbert with a wet dishrag. Edward said, "Poor old Long Poles."

As we were passing a large and imposing department store, our attention was attracted by a bright sign which read, "P. F. Labadie & Co., Best Mdse., of all kinds." I just started to ask Edward if this could possibly mean Paul Labadie who used to be in our class, when out walked that person himself. His appearance was not greatly changed although he had grown a little heavier.

Edward asked if I knew where Georgia Smith had gone and I told him I had received a letter from her a few days ago and she said she was as happy as a "lark." Georgia was living in western Kansas on a large cattle ranch and has been married for five years. She married a boy who used to live near Peru, Kansas.

I asked him if he had heard where Effie Rhea was and he seemed very much surprised that I did not know. "You see," he said, "about three years after finishing high school she was married to Clarence Wales but after the first year of married life they quarreled continually. Effie was an avowed suffragette and Clarence was just as strongly opposed to it. At a meeting Clarence's side won and Effie in her rage killed her husband. At the trial Effie plead guilty and the judge, who was Lee Copeland, let her off on a fine of \$5.00."

Just as we turned a corner our attention was drawn to someone who was dancing down the

street playing a hand organ. I said, "What is the matter with that man, is he crazy? I think we had better cross the street." He laughed and said, "Oh, he is harmless; don't you know him? It is Harry Canary. After his oil wells played out he took up the job of singing, playing and dancing on the street."

Just then a little news boy stopped us and asked if we did not wish to buy a paper. We bought one, and there on the first page in large letters it announced that Cora Wesner, the talented actress, would act at the "Grand" that night. That she had just recently returned from a tour through Europe, where she had appeared

many times in the Royal courts.

We then boarded a street car for the park. As we were going through one of the suburban towns, we passed a large wagon load of corn and there on top of it sat Everett Fiest. He had returned to the farm after he finished his High School course.

Now Gladys Shaffer was the only one left in the class whom I had not seen or heard of. I learned from Edward that she was an old maid living on an estate which she had inherited. That she now thought herself too good to speak to half of the class.

C. M. F.

Caney Valley Historical Society



Sophomore "B" Class Organization

Class Officers

Irvin Wemmer, President
Fred Meeker—Vice-President
Jenafred Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer
Randall Ross, Historian
Fred Meeker, Prophet
Vista Carinder, Poet

CLASS YELL

Wring-a Neck Wring-a Neck
Wring-a Neck Wring-a Neck
Sophomore Sophomore Sophomore 'B'

Caney Valley Historical Society

Class Motto;—Licht mehr Licht

Class Colors—Old Gold and Black

Class Flower—Sunflower



1 Row—Granville Carinder, Jenafred Wilson, Tommy Green, Margaret Kelly, Ed Kell, Howard Burns, Fred Meeker; Treva Shephard.

2 Row—Clarence Crandell, Laura Skinner, Ethel Hofmaister, Irvin Wemmer, Pearl Kell, Flossie White, Carrie Wade, Adrian Ellis.

3 Row—Randall Ross, Vista Carinder, Pruella Hait, Carl Shelton, Gertrude Patterson

Sophomore "B" History

The organization now known as the Sophomore "B" class had its origin in a group of hardy pioneers who landed on the "stern and rock bound coast" of Caney High School during the first weeks in 1911. The natives of the place, although awed at first, soon began to attack and harass lone settlers. Emboldened by the success of their depredations, they at length plotted the complete destruction of the new comers. One quiet day while the settlers were peacefully returning home from their work, the air was suddenly rent with a blood curdling yell and their retreat cut off by a mass of ferocious savages. Bravely the Freshies stood their ground but they were finally overpowered by their enemies. This will long be remembered as the famous "Inchplank Massacre." Not only the savages but shamefully to relate, members of their own race, a Freshman, assisted in the scalping and the torture.

When times became more peaceful and new comers applied themselves to the culture of gray matter and the formation of colonial government. Here they found their powers curtailed by the oppression and tyranny of the mother class. Only offices of minor importance could be held by the colonists, the "B" Freshman class, while the home government, the "A" Freshman, controlled most of the colonial affairs.

During the wars of this period the colonists were represented in the Freshman Basket Ball Army by Irvin Wemmer, afterward first presi-

dent, and Sam Paxson, whose loss the class still mourns.

In the autumn of 1911, it was quite evident to all that a clash would come with the mother class. Abuses and outrages were heaped one upon another, the climax being reached when the infamous "No Subs Decree" was issued. This appeared in the form of a postscript under Sophomore class meeting notices. Under all these notices appeared the laconic words, "No Subs Allowed." The colonists or Subs Sophs, as they were beginning to be called, held indignant meetings which gave voice to the phrase, "Organization without representation is tyranny." The patriots at length called a Class Congress, which sounded the death knell of oppression by declaring that "the Subs Sophs are and of a right ought to be a free and independent class."

The government was then organized by the election to the presidency of Irvin Wemmer, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his classmates." As a token of the birth of liberty the banner of the new class with its colors of Black and Old Gold was raised above the door of the Sophomore Hall.

Although no long time has elapsed since they gained their independence, still it is safe to predict that the "B" Sophs will always be prominent in the family of classes. They have already produced such debaters as Howard Burns, Irvin Wemmer, and Grandville Carinder. In Basket Ball they are ably represented by Pearl Kell.

In recent months art and literature have made great strides. Fred Meeker's cartoons and the

poems of Vista Carinder are fast becoming famous. Another great name in literature is that of Jenafred Wilson, who with Vista represents the class on the editorial staff.

Carl Shelton, as sergeant-at-arms has made a record, our struggle for independence, and our

separate organization, we are no less loyal to our school. Our love for the Old Gold and Black does not detract from the enthusiasm with which we shout, "Always loyal, always true, Caney High School, Red and Blue."

R. R.

Slang Expressions

Granville Carinder—"Gee Whiz"
Irvin Wemmer—"Oh Gee"
Randall Ross—"Never use slang (?)"
Clarence Crandell—"By George"
Treva Shepherd—"O, I guess not"
Pearl Kell—"By Jinks"
Ethel Hofmaister—"Gee"
Vista Carinder—"Just keep the change,"
Carl Shelton—"Golly Ding"
Fred Meeker—"Nix Dog"
Jenafred Wilson—"Great Goodness"
Tommy Green—"I'll crumb that guy"
Howard Burns—"What do you know about that"
Maggie Kelly—"If that isn't the limit"
Irene Skinner—"Dara"
Edward Kell—"Holy Smoke"

Sophomore "B" Prophecy

I am living in my western home in Arizona, on a large cattle ranch, manned and overseen exclusively by my beautiful red-headed spouse.

I had just got into one horrible wrangle with the better half of my small family circle, and was at once expelled into the yard. As I sat there smoking my ol' cob pipe, thinking all the while it was the only friend I had, except the ol' yaller dog I brought with me from Caney.

"Well, here comes Jasper with the mail, if he hain't got some kind of a bird erlong with him in that thar box, and a two-cent stamp a sticking on his tail. What's he er tryin' ter dew?"

"Hi there, Jim, come here and get th's pesky brute," yells Jasper. "If I've got ter lug an animal show around with me I am goin' ter chuck my job, take a pig ter town and fetch a pesky thing like this back. I'll vow he's possessed with ten demons. He got mad because I dropped his cage in the water without lettin' him out first, and you ought ter heard him cussing me as I came up the creek bank. Yes, an' here's a letter fer ye."

"Here's a letter from some one from Caney. Woap, here's J. H. D. in this corner. Where did I ever see that before? Well, I'll open it an' see what's in it."

Caney, Kansas, July 26, 1932.

Dear Pupil: Maybe you would like to know how all of your old schoolmates are that graduated with you in 1914. Well, I bought a parrot from an old peddler and taught him what happened to all of your old fellow graduates. But be awful care-

ful and not get him wet for he's liable to tell you something that didn't happen to them. Just you mention a name to him and he will tell you everything of interest about the one you name.

Well, I must close and catch the airship to Kansas City and feed my hogs that are on the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets. I remain, as ever, Your friend,
J. H. DAVIES.

"Well, by gum, ef that ain't from old Prof. Davies. I use ter know him when I went to C. H. S. Well, now for that parrot. So you know more than I do, do yer? Well, if yer dew, what has happened to my old chum, Carl Shelton?"

"Oh," said the parrot, "you just look in the Kansas City Post that that thar guy's got and see."

"Hey, Jasper, bring that thar red paper. Ho, what's this? 'Shelton defeats Franks. Shelton now the heavy weight champion boxer of the world.' Say, I believe that's the kid I know in C. H. S. Well, good fer Carl. I allus knowed he'd dew something outrageously scandalous like that. Well, here's more news from home. 'Burns took first in 30-mile Marathon at New York, winning him 30,000 bones. Well, I knowed ole Coxy 'ud make that much some way or other. Say, ole Mr. Parrot, do you know anything about Ed Kell?'"

"Oh, yes, Ed Kell is in the Coon Hospital in Caney, recuperating from wounds which he received from his suffragette wife some time ago. You know her name was Pruella Hait before she was married, but I can't think what it is now after she is married."

"And, say, how about Granville Carinder?"

"Oh, well, he is down in South America chasing

the only living fly known. I think he got on the trail of it at the Panama canal. If he gets it he will be appointed American Minister to the Island of Kazam near the south coast of Africa, somewhere, I think that was the promise of President Wemmer."

"What," I said.

"I think that is the promise of President Wemmer. Didn't you know that Mr. Irvin Wemmer is the President of the United States? Say, ole man, yew sure are behind the times."

"Mr. Parrot, what ever became of Tom Green?"

"Why, haven't you heard about him just a buyin' out Broome's Book Store there in Caney? Why, that's all the talk down there."

"Well, I allus could tell by the way Tom spelled his great-grandfather's middle name that he some day would be a great man. There's Clarence Crandell, what ever happened to him?"

"Well, Clarence, Adrain Ellis, Laura Skinner and Margaret Kelly, who have started out to act one of the latest novels written by Miss Vista Carinder. Everyone thinks it will make a big hit as Margaret Kelly was born to lead her poor husband, Mr. Crandell, around by the ear. The name of the play is, "Being Led by the Right ear."

"How about Carrie Wade, I allus had an interest in her, how is she making it?"

"She is with Barnum and Bailie's Circus, as the bearded woman. She makes more money by the selling of the stuff she used to grow a beard with, to the suffragettes over the country, than she makes from her weekly salary."

"What ever became of my old friend, Pearl

Kell? I liked her purty good."

"Um-m-m, let me see," said Mr. Parrot, "Oh, yes, she is playing basket ball on the Dirigible Balloon, Razzle-Dazzle. I hear they have the fastest basket ball team aboard ship."

"Good for Pearl, she surely must be a good player. What happened to Treva Shepard, Mr. Parrot, have you seen her lately?"

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Parrot, "She is considered to be the best actress since the time of Maude Adams. She is even a close rival of Miss Jenafred Wilson, alias Mademoiselle Gazeek, the "Footlight Star of the East."

"Did Gertrude Patterson ever get married? Mr. Parrot."

"No, she never got all of that, but it is not because she never had the chance. Many a young suitors' charms have failed upon her, and she has just accepted a position of State Superintendent of Public Schools in Arkansas."

"Wa-l-, by gum, what cher no er bout that?" Do you know what happened to Ethel Hofmaster?"

"I believe," said Polly, "that she is the mayor of Jonesberg, at least she was a hot contestant for that place in the last election."

"Well, Poll, how big is Jonnesberg now, anyway?"

"Besides her and of course her husband the present population of that town is 13 children, 2 men, 4 women, 19 dogs, 4 cats, 2 kittens, 1 horse, 1 mule and 1 sickly calf."

"Oh, yes, there's Flossie White, what did she get in the way of matrimony?"

"Well, do you think that such a high spirited young lady like she was, would ever splice up? No, she is playing the Balkymuleophone on the Airship Hamberg, for the Copan Theatrical Company."

"And now for Randall Ross, how did he make it?"

"John never told me about him, you must ask some one else."

I picked up the paper and there in big headlines was this: "A New President for the Fleischman Yeast Company. Randall Ross chosen president of that company last night."

I turned around to thank Polly, but no Polly could I find.

"Well," says I, "I guess my dog and my pipe ain't either the only friends I've got."

FRED JAMES MEEKER, CLASS POET.

Sophomore "B" Poem

Of all the classes in C. H. S.
We really think ours is the best
Hard working students all, are we
As by the following you will see
Irvin is our president,
His grades are always excellent.
Randall Ross is a model too,
There's nothing on earth he can't do.
Tommy Green is an honest lad,
He was never known to be very bad.
Gertrude is generous, meek, and mild,
In truth she is a remarkable child.
Laura, the very least girl in the class,
Is a good natured, fun loving, bright little lass.
Mister Howard Burns is our statesman friend,
His pompadoured hair, it stands on end.
Tall Ed Kell is our newest member,
He came to us in last September.
Pruella, is an excellent student.

In all of her plans she is very prudent.
Flossie loves fun and she loves work,
She's not the one, her German to shirk.
Clarence and Adrian are rather shy,
They are not at ease, when the girls are nigh.
Jenafred is a very good scholar,
She wouldn't whisper for half a dollar.
A valuable addition to our class, is Pearl
Her good looks are enough, to make any boy's
brain whirl.

Carl Shelton is a ladies' man,
He's a good looking boy with cheeks of tan.
Margaret and Ethel are rather quiet pupils,
But about their work, they have no scruples.
Granville can't choose between two girls,
The straighthaired, or the one with curls.
Carrie studies hard at home,
Her mind, from her lessons, never does roam.
Treva, our black haired, black eyed friend,
Need never worry about the end.
One of the best is our friend Fred,
He's never out late, and he's early to bed.

BY V. C.

FRESHMEN

CHS

1912



E.C. Severe

Freshman Class Organization

Class Officers

Millard Trapp, President

Edith McKee, Vice-President

Grace McCormick, Secretary and Treasurer

Mary McKitrick, Prophetess

George Berger, Poet

Class Yell

Seniors, June Bugs, Softies Listen

We are Freshmen See us Glisten

Sparkle Shine Along the Line

1915 That's The Time.

Class Motto,—“No Foot Steps Backward.”

Class Colors—Red and White

Class Flower—Red Carnations



1 Row—Orin Peterson, Evangeline Boyce, Grace McCormick, Mont Price, Dottie Watson, Millard Trapp, Mary McKittrick, Harry Hopkins.

2 Row—Mary Robinson; Grace Clevenger, Irene Chess, Mary Black, Mable Drake, Ruth DeArmond, Mary Wilkinson, Helen Cunningham.

3 Row—Willie Taylor, Ura Booker, George Berger, Marie Ritchie, Dean Jesson, Bonnie Huffman, Charlie Ely, Fannie Robinson.

Freshman Poem

We are the Freshman thirty-three,
Full of wisdom as can be;
We're the Freshies of 1912
Hear us give our old class yell—
 Clinty cling, clinty cling,
 Hear the name of Freshie ring,
 Clinty cling, clinty clang,
 We're the famous Freshman gang.

Our colors are of red and white;
For that ensign we will fight.
Upon the campus we form a ring
And of our dear old colors sing.
 Red and white, red and white;
 Oh let them wave 'neath stars at night
 Red and white, red and white,
 Oh wave them in the bright moonlight.

We're the basket ball champions of the school,
At football and baseball the Freshies do rule,
The reason we beat we do not quite know

But will try to explain in the lines below.
We run and we jump; we play like sin,
Football or baseball we're determined to win;
We hallo and yell and always do beat,
We never have met the word defeat.

In our studies we are the best,
Our grades they are above the rest;
Below we give to you the key
Why we Freshies so wise can be—
 We study our English most of the night,
 And figure at Algebra till nearly daylight,
 We study and read 'till its jammed in our feet,
 Then there in our chair, we fall fast asleep.

At debating we take the lead,
We Freshies are quite a wonder indeed;
We have a power for winning all time
To you we will tell in poetical rhyme.
 Our arguments, there the very best
 And to this fact you must confess,
 That whatever we sing or whatever we say,
 We Freshies are bound to have it our way.

GEO. B.



Freshman Prophecy

There is always that very mysterious something about the prophecy of one's future life that makes it possible for a gypsy fortune teller to earn her bread, and no matter how false the prophecy may be, it generally has a slight influence upon the person.

Have you ever been in a typical Japanese garden, where the scent of the cherry blossom and the incense bearing tree is so heavy in the air, that the eyelids grow leaden, and the soul is lulled to rest by the constant tinkling of the fountain? Well, in such a garden there was a beautiful Princess, seated on a marble bench, and with hands tightly clasped, she sat gazing into space. Gazing into space, did we say? No, for on a second glance we observe, placed before her on a pedestal of ivory, a huge crystal globe. At first the maiden sighs; again she laughs, and again a tear drop trembles on her dark lashes; and curious to know the cause of such emotions, we stealthily creep to a position from whence we may view the crystal affair from over the silken draped shoulder of the girl.

Ah, what do we see? Is it a moving picture show which this strange lady is viewing? Apparently it is, but with a start, we realize that we are gazing into the privacy of someone's future life and held by that curiosity which tempted Adam to sample the flavor of the forbidden apple, we continue to peep behind the curtain of time.

This curious globe is filled with a smoky sub-

stance, which slowly formulates itself into images, and the first figure which we see is the figure of a man. He is seated at a table, and before him is assembled a multitude, and above his head is draped the stars and stripes. Somehow the face of this man is familiar, but we can not place it until we hear a smothered exclamation from the Princess, "Willie Taylor, the President of the United States. Who would have thought it, and yet—" We failed to hear the rest, for this picture had cleared, and another one has taken its place.

We see clearly that the next individual to occupy the space is a nurse. Tall and slender, with beautiful brown eyes and hair, we see her, our classmate, Mattie Webb, and just as she turns to smooth the golden hair of a child, the picture changes into a game of basket ball, in which the central figure is Bonnie Huffman. She has apparently won the game to the University and is receiving the laurels, when the globe clears and presents to our eye the private office of a professor. The occupant is a scholarly looking man, with a pointed beard and mustache. It is not hard to recognize him as the person of Jack Truskett, and he is apparently having some little discussion with two lady suffragettes, attired in man's clothing. From their dress it is rather difficult to recognize these individuals, but by close scrutiny, we recognize Marie Chess and Grace McCormick, the workers for women's rights. After them is presented George Berger chief among agriculturalists, who has won his success by producing a kind of corn and potatoes which will gather themselves in the fall, and he has also produced a cross between the

milkweed and the strawberry so that the latter may furnish their own cream. Evangeline Boyce is his helpmeet, and as they prepare to eat the luscious fruit the vapor clears, and we see behind a barred door a man with Titian locks. This door we mistook for a penitentiary, but it proves to be a bank and the man is Mont Price, with Forest Van Horn as cashier, and Dottie Watson stenographer.

After this is shown the happy married life of Mable Drake and the success of Mary Robison in the world of music. Her sister, Fannie is shown as the wife of the governor of Kansas, and Ruth DeArmond as a famous lady detective, who is able to declare at first sight, just how many times any particular hat had been made over, and what percent of a bunch of hair is rat. Helen Cunningham is presented as running a hair dressing establishment, and Harry Hopkins is her errand boy.

Forrest Feist is a retired farmer, and Clara Gillispie is shown as the leading doctor in one of the chief hospitals in Los Angeles. The Vapor in the globe is changing rapidly and we make a swift calculation of those presented. The interior of a fashionable apartment house is shown and its occupants prove to be Mary Wilkinson, Ura Booker and Mary Black entertaining a host of friends with whom we are not acquainted.

Again we are within the private office of what seems to be a detective agency. Seated at the table are three fierce looking men who are apparently arguing over some very important case. The men are Orin Peterson, Millard Trapp and Dean Jesson. Seated near the window is a lady report-

er, and we realize that this business-like lady is none other than Miss Grace Clevenger.

Again the vision fades and again a new scene takes its place. A lady is this time seen as occupying the center of a platform. She is evidently a great speaker, and we rapidly see that it could be none other than Edith McKee, who won such renown as a debater in her Freshman year. The next picture which confronts us is a great ball-room. Miss Marie Ritchie, we immediately see is the butterfly of fashion, and although her hair seems to be dark, we recognize her from the way she chews her gum. The director of the orchestra at this ball is a handsome young man, and from the persistent lock of hair in front of one brown eye, we take it to be Chas. Ely. The occupants of this room dance into nothingness, and an artist's studio is presented to view. The picture upon the canvas is that of a man with a heavy mustache. We see instantly that it is Thomas Stevens, for the painting of whose portrait the lady receives a large commission. The artist at the easel is a brunette, and we do not recognize her until, dissatisfied with her work, we see her lips formulate the words, "Oh, Piffles," and say in a trice, as the picture fades from view, "Mary McKittrick."

See! the globe is clearing. All is over. The Princess is slowly turning toward us. We are paralyzed with fear but when we look at her face she takes on the appearance of Miss Kelly. The garden sinks away and we hear the teacher say, "Is there anyone in the class who can describe the garden of Kubla Kan?"

MARY M'KITRICK.

Things the Freshies Wish to Know

Irene Chess—"What is the study hall for?"

Jack Truskett—"What's the joke, isn't evolution the height above sea level?"

Bonnie Hoffmnn—"Debate, well say, what does that mean?"

George Berger—"What would happen if a half dozen kids didn't apologize to the
"Fraulein" each day?"

Mont Price—"Where's the office? D-D-Davies w-wants me."

Millard Trapp—"How do you sing?"

Mary Robinson—"Miss Thrall, ain't stim right?"

Charlie Ely—"Will the Seniors crumb me if I raise that winder?"

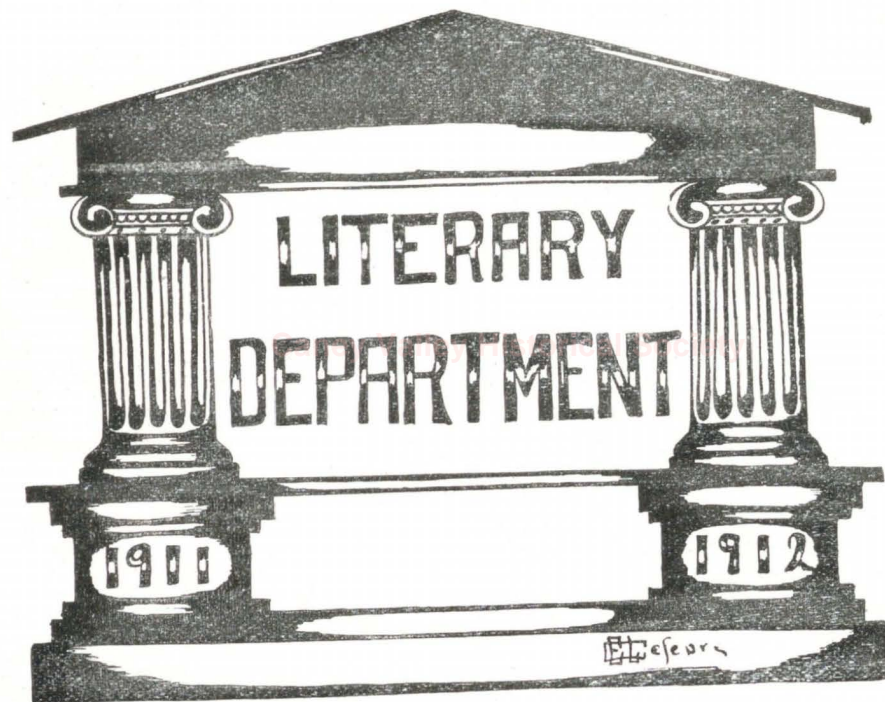
Harry Hopkins—"What did you do on the thirtyth of February?"

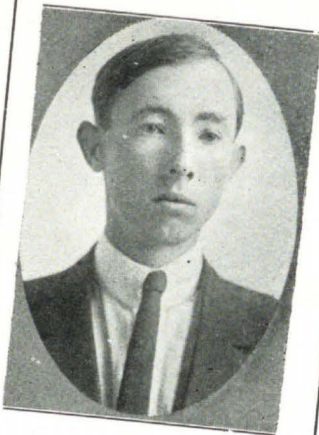
Dean Jessen—"Why do people blush, Mr. Davies?"

Edith McKee—"Say kid, this is leap year, do you think that I ought to wait four year?"

Tommy Stevens—"Where does the ball go after it was throwed up between them
two fellers?"

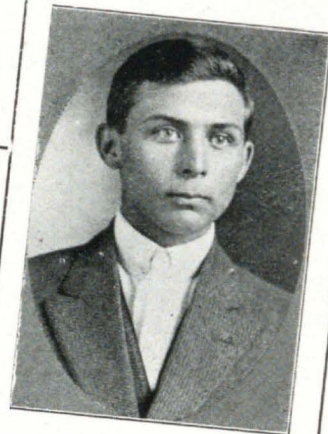






HUBERT CAPPS
President Eolian

❧ *Literary Societies* ❧



IRVIN WEMMER
President Philo

The Literary Societies, organized about the first of the term, have been an important factor in the student life of the Caney High School. A division of the school by the principal made the choice of members for the two societies. This is the first year for their establishment, but they have proven to be a popular feature. The purpose of each was to afford an opportunity for public speaking, also to cultivate the literary and social side of life.





Eolian Society



The Eolians will always have reason for encouragement, will think of the success they have attained and will look forward to an ever brightening future. The program given by this society was of a highly literary nature and did much to promote a high intellectual standard among its members. One of the interesting features of the program was a farce, "David Copperfield's Childhood," by Chas. Dickens.

The official yell of the Society is:

E-o-l-i-a-n, E-o-l-i-a-n

That's the way we spell it

This is the way we yell it

Eolian, Eolian



*EOLIAN OFFICERS:—Hubert Capps, President; Emmett Bradley, Vice-President;
Elmer Parker, Secretary and Treasurer
Mont Price, Sergeant-at-Arms*



Philomatheian Society

To write the history of the Philomatheian Society is to write simply the headlines of an illustrious and successful career. This society has made a definite progress in both literary and social work. The program rendered by this society was very successful and attractive. Probably one of the most interesting and entertaining part was the farce, "Hezekiah's Arrival."

The society colors are dark blue and white, while the yell is:

Rack a Chick a Boom, Rack a Chich a Boom

Rack a Chica, Rack a Chica

Rack a Chicka Boom

Sis Boom Bah, Sis Boom Bah

Philo, Philo, Rah, Rah, Rah.



*Philomatheian Officers: - Irvln Wemmer, President; Bessie Price, Vice-President
Randall Ross, Secretary and Treasurer;
Lee Copeland, Sergeant-at-Arms.*



Current Events



SEPTEMBER.

- 4th. School opens today.
- 6th. Students have more studious appearance.
- 23rd. Many sleepy Juniors this morning. Heineburg looks guilty, must have something to do with it.
- 26th. Sub-Soph's flag trailed in the dust.
- 27th. Am. Lit. class experienced the first shotgun quiz.
- 29th. Coffeyville Baseball team played here this afternoon.

OCTOBER.

- 14th. Some little boys in knee trousers were seen in school this afternoon.
- 17th. Organized Literary Societies this evening.
- 26-27th. Things look blue. First quarterly test.
- 31st. Seniors entertained by Mary Crandell. Juniors make pretty good ghosts if nothing else.

NOVEMBER.

- 2d. Grade cards given out.
- 3d. Mr. Humphrey gave one of his amateur speeches in chapel.
- 11th. Juniors entertain Seniors at Mr. Heineburg's pretty cold, eh?
- 13th. Freshmen take a joy ride in a hack.
- 30-31st. Thanksgiving vacation.

DECEMBER.

- 5th. Basket Ball people practicing hard.

- 7th. Eolians give program. O, you lemons!
- 12th. Philos busy getting up a program.
- 20th. Pupils look studious and worried.
- 21st. Every one laden with books. By orders of the janitor.

- 22-23d. Exams.

- 23d. Afternoon. Everyone looks happy, exams over and Santa Claus is coming.

JANUARY.

- 2d. Drudgery begins again.
- 15th. Much attention is drawn by some left hand sparkliers.
- 19th. Am. Lit. class on an infant strike.
- 23d. Extra large hospital class tonight.
- 24th. Some Juniors and Seniors try to start a new style in collars. Didn't agree with the faculty.
- 29th. Too many tests cause the Am. Lat. class to go on an awful strike.
- 31st. Philo program.

FEBRUARY.

- 2d. Ground hog sees his shadow.
- 6th. S. O. S. C. are drawing their poison symbols everywhere.
- 7th. Mr. Plowman gives an interesting talk in chapel.
- 8th. Great rejoicing in school Miss Kelly goes to Independence for the day.
- 13th. Free lecture last night, no one has their lessons.
- 15th. Why do the Seniors, Juniors and the Faculty look so sleepy today?
- 22d. Holiday, thanks to Washington.

FEBRUARY.

- 29th. Before the exams.:
O, Lord of hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

MARCH.

- 1st. After the exams.:
The Lord of hosts was with us not
For we forgot, for we forgot.
3d. Girls' Basket Ball team go to Coffeyville.
7th. Chorus and Basket Ball team go to Independence to enter the contest. No school.
10th. Chorus and team look pretty blue. Must have got beat.

- 14th. Debating Club working hard going to Sedan in April.

- 19th. Boys are beginning to practice for the track meet.

- 20th. Miss Thrall sang in chapel.

- 26th. One of the annual staff taken sick.

- 29th. The rainy dismal week closes today.

APRIL.

- 1st. Don't be an April fool and look for the bug on your nose or read any notes.

- 3rd. Blushing Brad made an impromptu speech in chapel about the annual. Reminder goes to press.

Caney Valley Historical Society





DEBATING CLUB OFFICERS

Hubert Capps, President: Irvin Wemmer, Secretary and Treasurer.



Debating Team

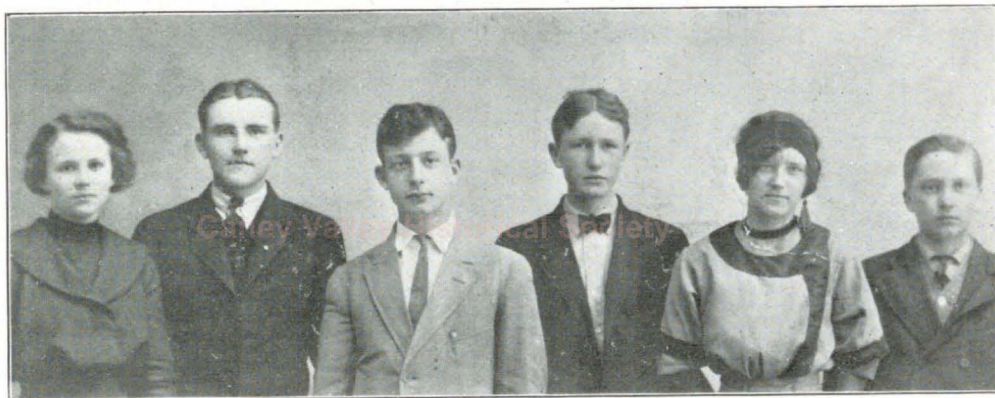
LIBRARY

MARY CRANDELL, Librarian

Like the Caney High School itself, the growth of our library has been slow but steady. Prior to last year there was no librarian and many of the few books were lost. In the fall of 1910 the Board of Education bought about Two Hundred and Fifty new volumes for the High School Library. These included volumes of History, Biography, Science, Poetry, Essays, Fiction and others too numerous to mention. By the conscientious efforts of the Superintendent and the librarian these were indexed according to the American Library Association.

Recently a few more books have been entered, two of which were presented to the High School by the W. C. T. U. of this city.

A great deal of special work has been done by the students with the books from the Library. Although its scope is yet meager it is steadily winning a more prominent and beneficial position. The students are just beginning to realize the importance of a library and to take the advantage of it.



Newspaper Staff

Newspaper Department

The newspaper work has been one of the most important factors of the Caney High School during the last years. The newspaper reporting, for this year, has been conducted under the supervision of the English department. The editors of the Caney newspapers have given two columns weekly to the High School Department.

The staff has grown from a few to one of four departments, each containing from one to four reporters. During 1911-1912, Harry Earnheart and James Dixon have been in charge of the Athletics and Humors department, the general reporting has been in charge of Frank Nelson and Emil LeFevre; the Social department in charge of Vista Carinder, Jenafrad Wilson and Clara Stallard. The entire staff has had charge of copy making, whenever such was necessary to be sent to the papers. Items from many different sources concerning school life or the class room interests have been a large feature to the columns many times. Also the memorial days of Lincoln, Whittier and others have given special features. The best compositions from the Rhetoric and Literature classes have been copied and choosen as a part of the weekly column. It is hoped these reports which have been printed each week by the newspapers during the past two years may be the nucelous of greater and more extensive work; that in time the High School will publish its own weekly or monthly newspaper.

Shakespeare on the Faculty.

Thrall—"Speak scholarly and wisely."

Humphrey—"I'm almost out at the heels."

Davies—"I'll not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused."

Kelly—"If I live as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana."

Heinburg—"Now, where's my wife?" "She says she will not come; she bids you to come to her."
"Worse and worse."

Finegan—"Thou hast said enough, O, lips."

Lamb—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in a woman."

MUSIC

The Music Department of the High School has consisted of two periods, a week for chorus practice and one for general assembly singing. A mixed chorus, a Girls Glee Club, a Boys Quarette and a Girls Quartette, have furnished the music for all the school entertainments of the year, and their work has been highly appreciated and greatly enjoyed by all.

An original operette, "The College Boys Entertain" arranged by Miss Lamb, was the only musical entertainment of this year. In this concert they were assisted by the Caney Band to whom a lasting debt of gratitude is due from the members of the High School, for they have so generously responded to all appeals of help.

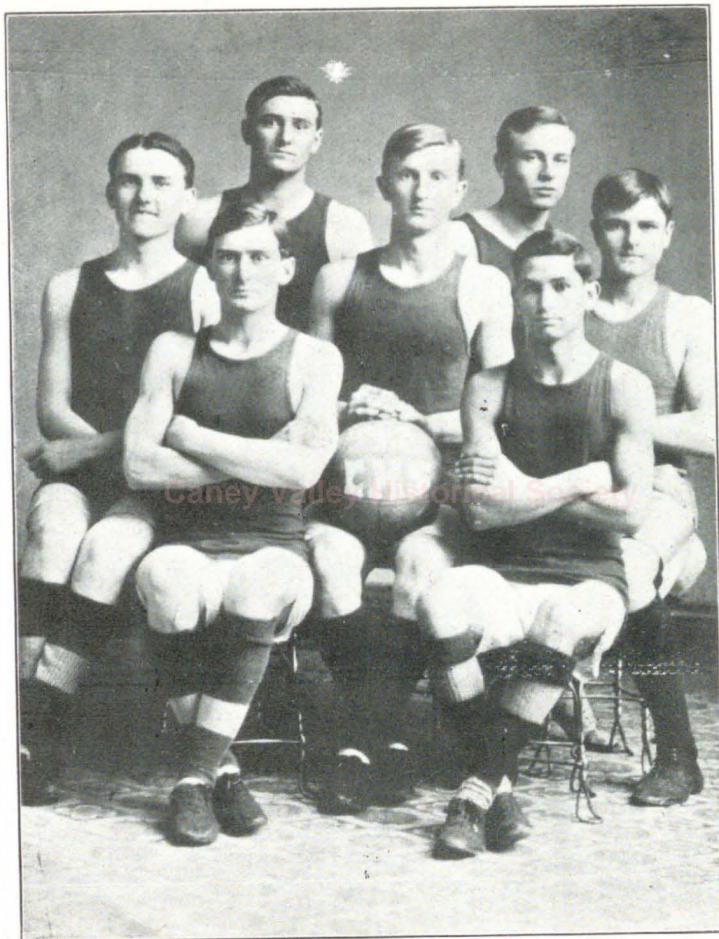
The mixed chorus and the Girls Glee Club each took second place in the Music Contest in the Southeastern Kansas Teachers' Association at Independence in March.

The outlook for the High School music grows brighter each year and Caney has every reason to feel proud of the generous response of the High School Music Department for all forms of music for social or sacred gatherings of the year.



Girls Chorus

ATHLETICS



Boys Basket Ball Team

Athletic Association

A High School without an Athletic Association can hardly be imagined. Where wide-awake students are together there is sure to be interest in athletics. The object of our Athletic Association is to promote clean athletics and we believe that we have been successful in this.

Faculty rules are such that every person must maintain his class standing in order to be eligible. The faculty have been firm in their position. The creed of the High School athletics is that the best wins out and has the support of all.

The Athletic Association was organized this year with Mr. Davies, president; Emmett Brad-

ley, manager, and Hubert Capps, secretary and treasurer.

The first athletic sport partaken of was baseball in which our boys showed that they understood the game thoroughly. The next was football. In the game between the Literary Societies both sides did well, the score ending in a tie neither side having the advantage.

When the weather became severe Basket Ball was hailed with enthusiasm. Although we were not always successful the defeats were borne with the buoyant spirit that pervades the Caney High School. In spite of defeats the per cent won was more than that lost. All were sorry when the Basket Ball season ended.

Although many difficulties have been the path of High School athletics yet the spirit of it has never died but has risen above all difficulties.





Girls Basket Ball Team

Basket Ball Records

BOYS

Caney -- 11	Independence M. C. H. S -- 14
" ---- 51	Peru H. S. ---- 16
" ---- 24	Buffalo H. S. ---- 50
" --- 31	Sedan H. S. ---- 11
" ---- 14	Canute H. S. ---- 19
" ---- 17	Independence M. C. H. S. ---- 18
" ---- 28	Coffeyville H. S. ---- 14
" --- 25	Bartlesville H. S. ---- 18
" ---- 10	Sedan H. S. ---- 49
" ---- 21	Sedan H. S. ---- 16
" ---- 22	Bartlesville H. S. ---- 16

GIRLS

Caney --- 0	Independence M. C. H. S. --- 11
" ---- 3	Sedan H. S. ---- 8
" ---- 6	Bartlesville H. S. ---- 9
" ---- 7	Chanute H. S. ---- 23
" ---- 0	Independence M. C. H. S. ---- 12
" ---- 6	Coffeyville H. S. ---- 11
" ---- 6	Bartlesville H. S. ---- 5
" ---- 1	Coffeyville H. S. ---- 6
" ---- 10	Sedan H. S. ---- 4
" ---- 12	Sedan H. S. ---- 11
" ---- 4	Peru H. S. ---- 5

ALUMNI

The first term of High School in Caney was taught in 1897. Mr. J. H. Dana being superintendent. No students graduated until the spring of 1899. The following lists will contain the names of those who finished the course in that year and since. The list gives the address and occupation when possible.

Class 1900—J. H. Dana, Supt.
 Harry Cavis, merchant; Caney.
 Clara Cavis, Caney.
 Dollie Connelly, milliner; Caney.
 Clyde Garlinghouse, marble dealer, Blackwell, Ok.
 Nettie Lauthan, (Mrs. Handy); Caney.
 Edward Rogers, butcher; Collinsville, Okla.
 Cora Steele, (Mrs. Wade); Fort Scott, Kan.
 Lulu Taylor, (Mrs. J. Stradley); Madison, Wis.
 Robert Taaeyhille, Fort Scott, Kan.
 Gertrude McKee, (Mrs. Anderson); Caney.
 Maud Wellman, unknown.

Class 1900—C. C. Adams, Supt.
 In this the three year course was adopted.
 Therefore no graduates.

Class 1901—J. L. Dunbar, Supt.
 Vora Stevens, Lumberman; Caney.

Class 1902—Chas. McKinley, Supt.

Jennie Bergman, (Mrs. Ayers); Caney.
 Nellie Barr, (Mrs. Stevens); Caney.
 Myrtle Coons, Louisburg, Kan.
 Grace Luppy, (Mrs. Foote); Pawhuska, Okla.
 Mayme McIlwain, (Mrs. Titus); Caney.
 Nora Stevens, (Mrs. Longtoft); Okmulgee, Okla.

Class 1903—Chas. McKinley, Supt.
 Rosc Epstein, 6021 Berlin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
 Mary Garvey, (Mrs. Copeland); Caney.
 Fannie Taylor, (Mrs. Duke); Collinsville, Okla.
 Elizabeth Odneal; Caney.
 Mable Stevens, (Mrs. Connelly); Caney.
 Geo. Wilson, druggist; 803 Osage, Kansas City, Ks.
 Katherine Peterson, (Mrs. Folwell); Caney.

Class 1904—Rosa McIlwain, Supt.
 No graduates.

Class 1905—Wm. Slater, Supt.
 In this year the four-year course was adopted.
 Therefore no graduates.

Class 1906—G. A. Brown, Supt.
 Bessie Luppy, teacher; Caney.
 Donna McIlwain, teacher; 300 N. Sixteenth street,
 Kansas City, Kan.
 Myrtle Pech, (Mrs. Allaire); Humboldt, Kan.
 Maud Stevens, Caney.
 Edward Truskett, electrician; Caney.

Class 1907—G. A. Brown, Supt.
 Mayme Nelson, (Mrs E. Truskett); Caney.
 Lucile Plowman, Williamsburg, Kan.

Class 1908—R. Rankin, Supt.
Ethel McClure, (Mrs. F. Mamby) ; Delaware, Ok.
Grace Moore, Caney.

Class 1909—R. Rankin, Supt.
Maud Brighton, teacher; Caney.
Eleanor Bradley, Godfrey, Ill., Monticello Seminary
Buelah Barr, Caney.
Gladys Nelson, teacher; Caney.
Leta Stevens, (Mrs. Chas. Gause) ; Caney.
Madge Utterback, Caney.
Mattie Wilson, (Mrs. Arbogast) ; Batavia, Iowa.
Elsie Lynn, (Mrs. Miner) ; Taft, Cal.

Class 1910—R. Rankin, Supt.
Harold Bradley, Caney.

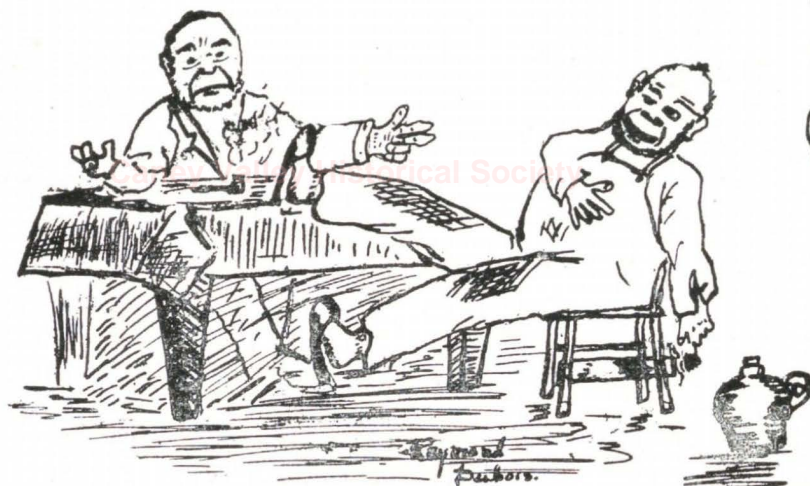
Raymond DeVere, electrician; Caney.
Martina Pastorious, (Mrs. Kindberg) ; New Sa-
lem, W. Va.

Echo McCormick, teacher; Caney.
Earnest Ridgeway, bookkeeper; Caney.

Class 1911—C. H. Williams, Supt.
Gerold Parsons, Caney.
Edna Lightner, teacher; Caney.
Blanche Earnheart, teacher; Nowata, Okla.
Kenneth Rossman, 5659 Cabanne ave., St. Louis.
Herman Shultz, 2166 Ontario, Chicago, Ill.
Elmer Shelton, Caney.
Jane Winkler, bookkeeper; Caney.
George Labadie, Caney.
James Earnheart, Tyro, Kan.
Robert Franks, electrician; Caney.



ENTERTAINMENT.



Entertainments

Sept. 21. The Junior class was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Heinburg, at their home on South High. After singing and the playing of various games, dainty refreshments were served. At a late hour the Junior "bunch" departed.

Oct. 31. The Seniors were entertained at the home of Miss Mary Crandell. The house was tastefully decorated with symbols of the evening and class colors. Various Hallow'een games were played. The hostess at length asked the guests to go with her to the witch's den and have their fortunes told. They followed her to an empty house near by where the witch, who turned out to be a Junior, told their fortunes. In exploring the house they were badly frightened by the appearance of ghostly figures but summoning up courage they unmasked the ghosts to find them Juniors who had been told of the intended visit to the witch's den, and had planned that surprise. The guests departed at a late hour all declaring an excellent time.

Nov. 6. The Sub-Sophomore class was entertained by Miss Laura Skinner at the home of Capt. J. E. Stone. The most pleasant game of the evening was the representation of songs by sketches. An excellent time was reported.

Nov. 10. Fred Meeker entertained the Sub-Sophomore class at his home, which was beautifully decorated with the class colors. The evening passed pleasantly and all declared to have had

a fine time.

Nov. 11. The Juniors entertained the Seniors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Heinburg. Many were not able to be present on account of the severity of the weather but those present had an excellent time. The guests of honor were Misses Aletha Kelly, Edith Thrall, Ava Finegan, also Mr. and Mrs. Davies.

Nov. 13. The Freshmen were entertained by Miss Edith McKee at her home east of Caney. The class assembled and a hack conveyed them to their destination. After several hours of merry-making they returned, having spent the evening very pleasantly.

Nov. 27. The Sub-Sophomore class were entertained by Tom Green at his home in the country. The class assembled and walked out to his home. They returned at a late hour. All felt amply paid for the long walk.

Nov. 29. The Seniors gathered at the home of Miss Irene Lightner on Thanksgiving eve with expectant hearts and they were not disappointed. After many delightful and original games had been enjoyed the cars were summoned and the guests were taken to the Price Hotel, where a sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner was served. The guests of honor were Misses Edna Lightner and Eva Bennett.

Feb. 14. The Juniors entertained the Seniors at a valentine party at the home of Miss Effie Carinder. The rooms were beautifully decorated with pennants and class colors. One interesting feature was the "Heart to Heart Talks." All had a delightful time.

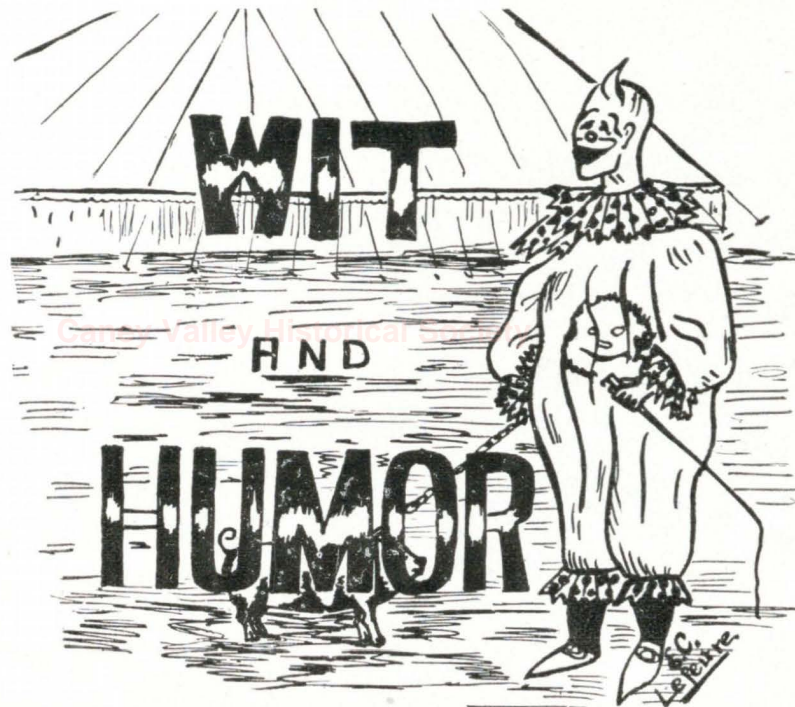
March 17. The Sophomore "B" class was entertained at the home of Howard Burns on Third avenue. The guests enjoyed many interesting games but the one most enjoyed was the one in

which several couples were married, Mr. Heinburg acting as minister. The guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Heinburg. The guests were unanimous in their declaration of a fine time.

High School Sentiments

Men and woman are co-workers in every activity of life, therefore we believe that it is sensible to associate ourselves together in Society work, to properly cultivate those talents with which we are both endowed.

Because of these associations there exists in our Societies a hearty friendship and perfect sympathy that makes our Society life pleasant indeed.



JOKES

BY A FRESHMAN.

I love Miss Kelly,
I love Miss Thrall,
I love old Heinburg,
I love them all;
But there's something I love more than the rest
The hardest of Miss Thrall's looks
and Kelly's blooming tests.

WHICH IS IT ELEVATION OR EVOLUTION?

Miss Thrall, "What is evolution?"
Jack, "Why it's the height of anything above sea level."

THE LATEST ABOUT PETER.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and tried to beat her
But his wife was a suffragette
And Peter's in the hospital yet.

AND IT'S IN THE BOOK.

First Latin Student, "Where did you find 'quoddam'?"

Second Latin Student, "Oh! that's just qui, quae, quod with a 'dam' on it."

IDLE FOOL WHIPPED IN SCHOOL.

She whipped him with a ruler hard,
And mid his jerks and flinches

He shouted with a voice that jarred,
You're killing me by inches.

BETTER THAN WASHINGTON.

Teacher (in a history exam.) "Young man give me that book."

Freshman, (caught with the goods), "Please sir, I haven't got any book."

Teacher, "George Washington couldn't tell a lie."

Freshman, "I'm better than him. I can but I won't."

IT'S THIS WAY.

They've named Heinburg "Little Jeff,"
And Mr. Davies "Mutt,"

And in Miss Kelly's "English class"

They call her a "Chestnut."

"Auntie" Thrall's the limit

In that hard Geometry,

And we all stop up our ears and yell

On "Grace's" music day.

"Pat" Finnegan's the shining star

In her commercial realm,

And so mid gales the High School

Sails with "Humpy" at the helm.

E. B.

THE REASON WHY HE

F-allen by the wayside,

L-ove him as you may,

U-nder all your friendship,

N-o one but he can play,

K-nowing this as he does

E-ffulgence solar fades, for

D-own beneath the whole blamed thing

He hasn't any grades.

I never flunked a pretty girl,
I never hope to flunk one,
So never mind your Latin, girls
Just smile and have some fun.

HUBERT'S QUERY.

To wed or not to wed? That is the question
whether 'tis better to remain single and disappoint
a few for a time, or get married and disappoint
one woman for life.

A SENIOR'S WAY.

The Senior is a happy man
He loves a girl when e'er he can

When he has time he loafs around
But rarely at his work is found.
Soph's at exam.'s: Veni, Vidi, Flunki.

When all my thoughts in vain are thunk
When all my winks in vain are wunk
What saved me from that awful flunk

My Pony.

When all my efforts are truly punk,
When all my spirits deep have sunk,
What saved me from that awful flunk,

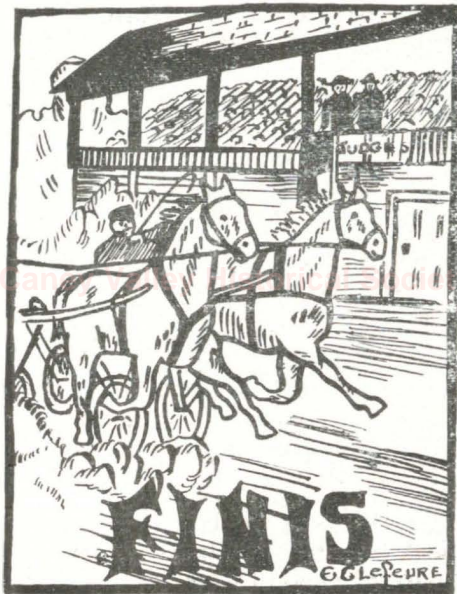
My Pony.

Jaunita's Version: "Give me this day my daily
pie."

Caney Valley Historical Society

Wanted

Some one to roll cigaretts—Forest Van Horn.
Some one to help raise Cain —Carl Shelton.
A new thought—Big Park.
A new recipe to clean diamonds—J. S. E. C. A. R.
Some one to love—Marie Dicks.
Another boy to raise—Eva Bennett.
To grow—Bonnie Huffman.
A mirror—Harry Canary.
A boy my size—Maggie Kelly.
A pair of stilts—Elbert Dougherty.
To go to a bachelor sale—Miss Kelly.
To be twenty-one—Jack Truskett.
A face powder to cover up blushes—Dean Jesson.
The latest daily paper—Harry Eearneart.
A position as trainer for ametur pugilists—Clyde Franks.
A position that does not require an alarm clock—Hubert Capps.
To be in another play—Granville Carinder.
A place of rest—Clarence Wales.
To know something about politics—Heinburg.
A new way to fix hair—Howard Burns.
More chances to speak in public—Irvin Wemmer.
Another leap year party—Randall Ross.



Advertisements

Following are a few advertisements of business men who have contributed liberally to the support of The Reminder. We appreciate their generosity and interest in our undertaking. We hope that those who read this book will not stop here, but will take special notice of these advertisements and note the merchants who are interested in our High School work.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

CALL PHONE 476

*For High-Class Tailoring, Cleaning,
Pressing, Hat Blocking. All Work
Called for and Delivered*

**The
Caney Tailoring
Company**

Rear of Caney Pharmacy C. F. GRAY, Prop.

CONKLIN'S
SELF FILLING
FOUNTAIN PENS

CLASS
PINS

A. J. ROBERTS
THE PARTICULAR
JEWELER

JEWELRY
AND CLOCKS

EXPERT
REPAIRING

**Bon Ami
Lumber Company**

**Everything
in Lumber
and Paint**

GET THE HABIT OF TRADING WITH US

CHAS. WILSON, MANAGER

"THE FASHION"

FOR SWELL TOGS

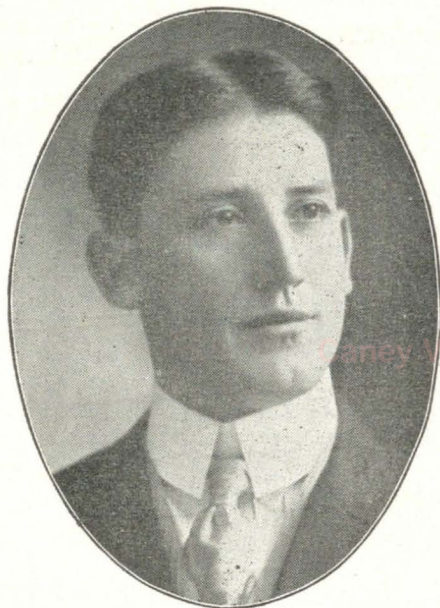
J. M. FISHER

***Staple and
Fancy Groceries***

FLOUR

AND FEED

PHONE 326



S S. ORWIG
CANDIDATE FOR THE REPUBLICAN
NOMINATION FOR COUNTY
ATTORNEY.

The Real Places of Amusement

Theatre-Goers are the

Electric Theatre

and the

Lyric Airdome

T. E. SMEDLEY

Manager

T. KEETHLER

PHOTOGRAPHER



FINE PHOTOS
SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

*Broome's
Book
Store*

*School
Head-
quarters*

"The Quality Store"

Doctors Aldrich

CANEY, KANSAS.

PHONE 265

**The Todd
Hardware Supply
Company**

THE OLDEST FIRM IN CANEY

ASK **TODD** THAT'S ALL

Hoffman & Froebe
Fresh and
Cured Meats
Chickens

PHONE 1

Burgner-Bowman
Lumber Co.

BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL
 KINDS. WE WILL CARE FOR
 YOUR NEEDS IN OUR LINE,

Prices Consistent With Quality Always.

FOR RELIABLE INFORMATION READ IT

The Caney News

VOL. LXV,

CANEY, KANSAS, MAY 14, 1982

NO. 44

**Took a
Tumble**

Joe Climber, the daring and capable steeple jack, yesterday climbed to the thirty-seventh story of the Illumination Building, slipped and fell to the pavement below. He will probably be injured.

**PROF. YEDDER
BACK AGAIN**

Prof Yedder volplaned into Caney this morning from his winter home in Mars. He reports the prospects of a bumper crop of oranges there were never better. It will be good news for the citizens, as the Illinois Our facilities of the b \$19.

Happenings

Lake Michigan is as dry as a pipe liner!

Parliament is now adjourned

The All-Areo club disbanded at crowded streets.

f sun-

der

Some of the News All the Time
All the News Some of the Time
To Most All the People

CANEY VALLEY NATIONAL BANK

J. F. BLACKLEDGE, President

E. P. ALLEN, V.-Pres.

B. S. AYRES, Cashier

THE OLD RELIABLE BANK
OF CANEY, EFFICIENTLY
DIRECTED BY CANEY MEN
FOR CANEY PEOPLE AND
CANEY INDUSTRIES

Capital	-	-	\$50,000
Profits	-	-	\$25,000

Caney Chronicle

J. ROBB BRADY

DAILY AND WEEKLY

THE HOME NEWSPAPER
27 YEARS IN CANEY

*The Chronicle Job Rooms
Do Highest Grade Work...*

WHY NOT DOUBLE YOUR INCOME?

*You can by securing a Practical
Education at the*

National Business College

*BECAUSE—Its graduates always
receive Higher Salaries*

G. G. HENDERSON, MANAGER
INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS

Start an Account NOW

WITH US, AND WE WILL
HELP YOU TO BEGIN
YOUR BUSINESS
LIFE RIGHT



THERE IS NO
ACCOUNT TOO
SMALL FOR US TO
HANDLE & APPRECIATE

Home National Bank

FOR THE BEST

D. M. LEACH

JEWELER

CANEY
KANSAS

ESTABLISHED
1901

BUY IT AT GODDEN'S

ATWOOD-CARINDER

**Hardware and
Furniture Co.**

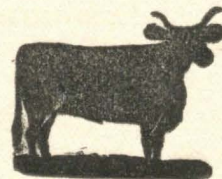
**Hardware. Implements,
Furniture and Undertaking**

A Complete Line of Up-to-Date Stuff.

Caney Feed Store

**Hay, Grain,
Flour, Feed,
Field and
Garden Seed**

Loriaux & Loriaux
**Fresh and
Cured Meats**



*Our Specialty is Serving the People
Prompt Delivery to All Parts of the City*

Cañon Valley Historical Society

Caney Valley Historical Society

Caney Valley Historical Society