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Caney High School

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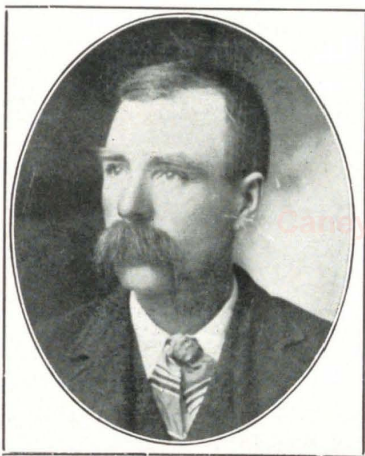


1913

Covey Valley Historical Society



PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS 1913
CANEY HIGH SCHOOL, CANEY, KANSAS



DEDICATION

To Mr. J. F. Wakefield, whose presence has ever been with us throughout our entire High School course, always sympathizing with us in our defeats, rejoicing in our victories, we, the Senior class of nineteen-thirteen, most respectfully dedicate

THE TRAILER

GREETING

IT IS the wish of the Senior Class in publishing this Annual to portray the school life, the various class and High School organizations, the pictures of the students and faculty of the High School, so that in later years "The Trailer" will be regarded by the present students as a book of memories and looking over its pages, be reminded of the happy days spent in Caney High School, and especially the year 1913.



CANEY HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

TO THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

We talk of the pictures ⁱⁿ memory's walls
And influence that never ends;
Perhaps this Building so dear to us all,
In influence and memory, sends
Many a message of hope and cheer,
Of joy and successful endeavor;
And, Seniors, though we may wander afar
We'll remember old "Washington" forever.

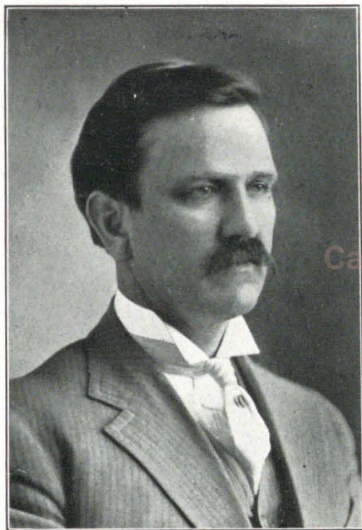
Four happy ears we have studied and toiled
Sometimes in gloom without measure,
Oft' cheered and inspired 'till Life's sunny days
Seemed filled with delectable pleasure;
And Life has grown wider and broader for each
As we studied of men and of nations;
Science and art, too, have each had a part
To aid in these revelations.

The old bell has called us at morning and noon
The clock has been faithful to guide us,
And teachers with advice and sometimes reproof
Were some of them always beside us.
And now, though the time is coming so near
When we are to leave you, old Building,
We desire to all stand steadfast and firm
Influence for integrity wielding.

We have tried to leave our "permanent mark,"
And furnish you some decoration,
But the powers that be failed to enter the plan
So we've acted with great moderation.
May we each be true to conscience and fight
Never causing others to stumble.
Now, Schoolmates, Faculty, Building and all,
We are feeling exceedingly humble.

THE SENIORS.

FACULTY



PIUS B. HUMPHREY,
Superintendent.

Mr. Humphrey is a man who, by his interest in the high school pupils, his geniality and capability, has won to himself the good will and friendship of every student. He graduated from the Kirksville State Normal of Missouri in 1906. The next year he returned and taking up postgraduate work, received a M. Pd. degree. After spending a time in the University of Missouri he returned to the college department of Kirksville and there received his M. S. degree.

Mr. Humphrey is always on hand in all of the various school enterprises from the word "go" and for their support he is a host in himself. His main hobby is debating and in that he excels, it being one of his main characteristics to argue in such a manner as to make you verily believe that the moon is made of green cheese.

? ? ? ? WHO ? ? ? ?

Who must study to be up-to-date;
To help the children early and late;
To smooth out angry, ugly snarls
Of patron, pupil too, who howls
And "kicks" on teachers' work and play?
Who must do this every day?

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

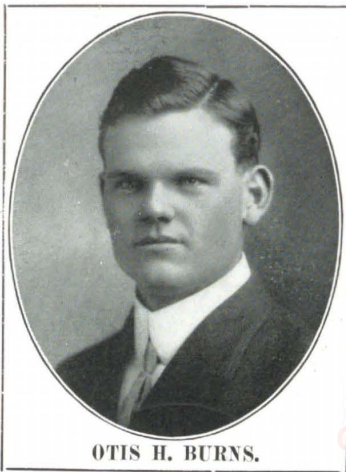
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EBBERT A. FUNK.

As principal of the high school and as a teacher, Mr. Funk certainly does his duty. He is a graduate of Kirksville State Normal and has an M. Pd. degree. He attended the college department of the Normal later and received an A. B. He is now working with the University of Wisconsin and soon expects to receive an M. A. degree from that institution.

He also takes a great interest in the school enterprises and it is largely through his efforts that many of the successful results have been reached. His long suit is giving lectures in chapel and the eloquence and expression (of his face) that he puts into them are something to be wondered at. He has several different lectures but the one aired oftenest begins with these words: "I have a few don'ts for you this morning."



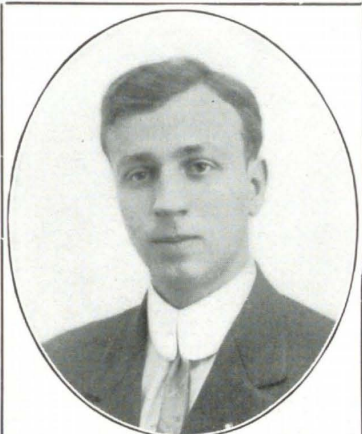
OTIS H. BURNS.

This year Mr. Burns has certainly done his share toward the building up of the high school. In his Latin classes he presents the work in a manner that would do credit to Cicero himself, while in German he proceeds in a way that would almost make a native-born Dutchman turn green with envy. He is also an orator of great ability. We will give you a sample of one of his oftenest given orations: "How long, O pupils, will you continue to abuse the patience of a teacher liberal with grades? How long will it be necessary for me to mark down zeroes to your credit? I told you where the lesson was. I told you to prepare it. Nevertheless you know it not. O miserable conditions! O wretched pupils! O de immortals!

Miss Clark is also a Jayhawker. Her work as music supervisor has been splendid and her zeal in helping with the high school songs, yells, etc., cannot be equaled by the most knowing Soph anywhere. She has worked very energetically preparing music for the various H. S. entertainments and debates and certainly deserves great credit for her efforts. We do not know her favorite pastime but from the continual smile and blushing face we have a secret "hunch" that it is.....?



FLORENCE CLARK.



WILL J. FRANKS.

Mr. Franks is a graduate of Southwestern college at Winfield. He teaches English and Science and especially in Science is a genius and a success. In our athletics, particularly in Basket-ball he has proven a good coach and referee. He has done his best toward creating and preserving a loyal high school spirit and it is our wish that the greatest success be his reward. His only failing that can be detected by the students is that he persists in giving written lessons on almost every Monday morning and "reserves the right to spring a 'quiz' at any time. We wonder what the reasons for these quizzes are.

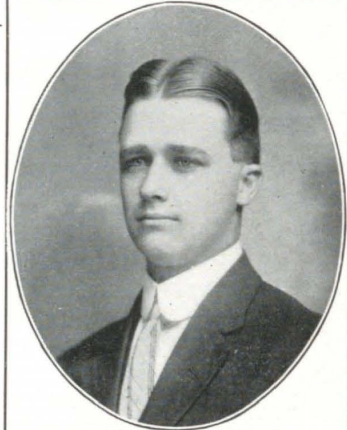
Next on the list comes Miss Finnegan. Having graduated from Kirksville State Normal she is well fitted for her work and is a very able teacher. She has charge of the Commercial Department and is especially capable in that respect. We have heard that Miss Finnegan will not teach here next year. We do not know the exact reason of course, but we have our suspicions that she is anxiously awaiting the month of June. If she is not here we are sure she will be greatly missed, especially her immortal "Lips quiet, please."



AVA FINNEGAN.

Mr. Boucher is the Mathematics and Manual Training teacher. He comes to us from Missouri and has a certificate from the Kirksville State Normal. He is always present at the various student mass meetings and is always ready to offer advice on every occasion. In the Manual Training class he teaches the wielding of the hammer, while in Geometry he wields it himself in hopes that he may pound some of the axioms and propositions into the heads of the pupils. He spends his spare time in playing tennis

and rumor has it that he knocked 236 tennis balls out of sight and wore out four rackets last season.



WILEY R. BOUCHER.



DORA ROBERTSON.

Miss Robertson is the teacher of Domestic Art and her ability and instruction in that science has certainly been appreciated by the pupils and patrons of the school. She is a graduate of a four years course in the Cherokee county high school and also a graduate of the manual training department of the Kansas State Normal School at Pittsburg. Miss Robertson is a native Kansan and proud of the fact that she can boast of the name Jayhawker.

The other day I had to laugh,
For I saw such a curious sight.
I viewed a creature coming down the street
Running with all its might.

The funniest part of the whole show was
That it was quite o'ercome and wabbly,
I later found to my great surprise,
That 'twas nothing else but the faculty.

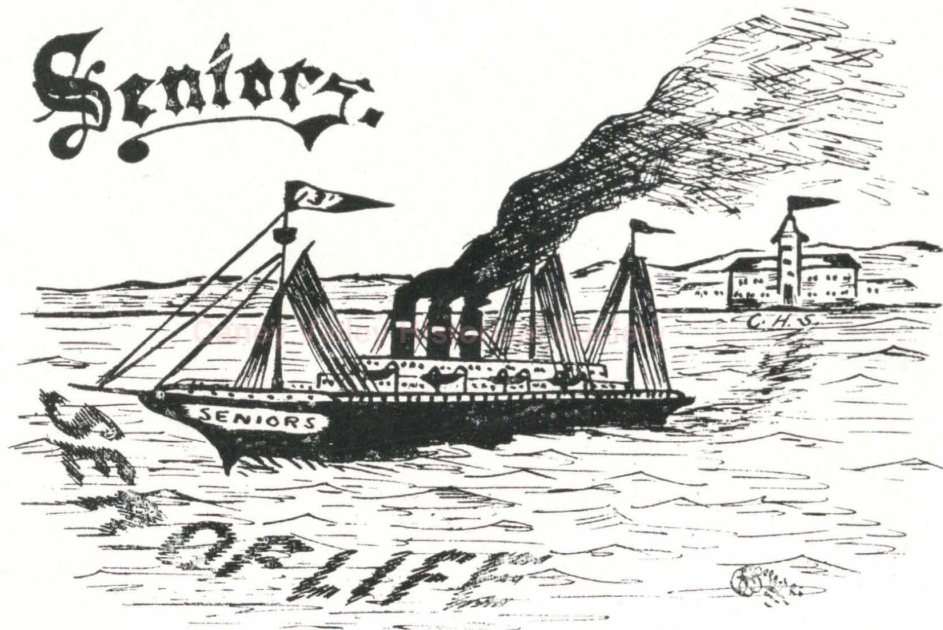
The feet were like Mr. Humphrey's,
Very long and wide,
While the voice (that of Mr. Burns),
Could be heard e'en to the country side.

The smile on the face was fixed,
A dimple on cheek and chin;
And the form, although not ungainly,
Could not be classed as thin.

The hands were white and shapely,
(Mr. Franks' a good example;)
The hair stood up straight, very long and
black
(Mr. Funk's is the very best sample).

It seemed to be seeking some tardy student
As it raised such a dreadful clamor;
And in one hand it carried some shears,
In the other one a hammer.

Seniors



SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

Frank Nelson—President.
Emil LeFevre—Secretary
and Treasurer.



Bess Harris—Prophet.
Agnes Ridgeway—Poet.
Eva Bennett—Historian.

CLASS YELL.

Fudge and Piffle,
Slush and Shaw,
Seniors, Seniors,
Rah, Rah, Rah.

CLASS MOTTO.

Tu ne cede malis.

CLASS COLORS.

Lavendar and Gold.

CLASS FLOWER.

Cream Rose.

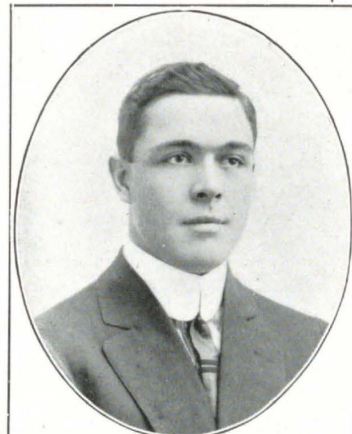


BESS HARRIS

Basket-ball '11, '12 and '13, curator Philomathean, Senior class prophet. Bess has certainly done her share in all the high school work. In basket-ball, first at center, then at forward, she has shown herself to be very skillful; and her experience as curator of the "Philos" has shown her to be very proficient in literary work.

Caney Valley Historical Society

President Eolian, basket-ball '12 and '13, track team in '11, '12 and 13, manager of athletics '13. Clyde, commonly known as "Percy" has always been one of the main anchors for the high school in almost every department. In basket-ball he can always be relied upon to get the better of his opponent, while on the track and field he is sure to win honors. His hobby is working (?), his main byword while on the street being, "Don't let Dad see me or I'll have to go to work."



CLYDE FRANKS

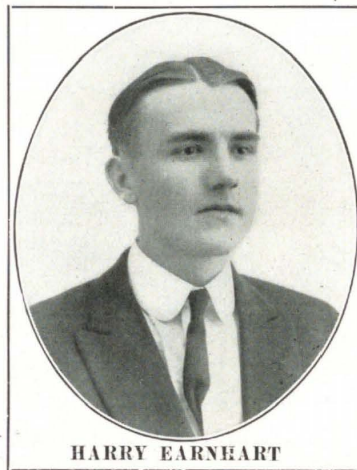


AGNES RIDGEWAY

Basket-ball '10 and '11, secretary Eolian, Senior class poet. In her class work Agnes is always sure to be prepared, therefore the terrible word "Flunk" causes her no fear. During the basket-ball seasons of '10 and '11 she showed herself to be a player of great skill. In the Eolian play, "The Merchant of Venice up to date" she showed considerable dramatic ability. Now, however, most of her time is spent in studying her lessons and trying to solve that ever-perplexing problem of "Life" (both single and double).

Caney Valley Historical Society

Basket-ball '11, '12, '13, manager athletics '12, Philomathean. "Doc" is one member of the class whom it is impossible to understand, as he always takes life as a joke and it seems to take him the same way. He has always taken part in the athletics of the high school until this year he found he had too much other business. He can be very brilliant in his class work when he chooses but as he himself says: "It's too much trouble to study."



HARRY EARNEART

Eolian. While Miss Stamm has not taken an active part in athletics or debating work she has always been very enthusiastic over Caney's success and could be found at all High School contests with her pennant and attendant. She boasts of German descent; therefore it is not strange that she seems to favor the "Dutch" very much.



GRACE STAMM

Caney Valley Historical Society



EMIL LEFEVRE

Secretary and treasurer C. H. S. A. A., Philomathean, Valadictorian of class of 1913. Here is certainly a wonder, always taking life as it comes, one thing at a time, never worrying about what may happen next. As far as his grades are concerned he is more than a wonder as it may almost truly be said that what he doesn't know about his lessons is scarcely worth knowing. He may be found at all times outside of school hours at his "office" on Main street.

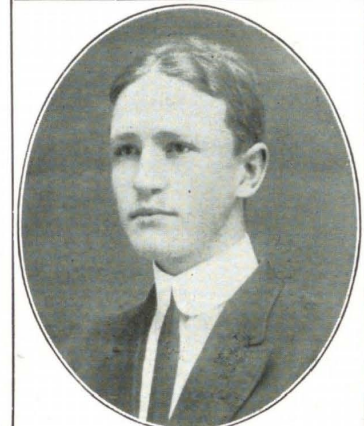


EVA BENNETT

Basket-ball '11, '12 and '13, class historian '13, Philomathean, Eva has always been an active worker in all kinds of student enterprises, always doing her share and more too. However, we are afraid that Caney will lose this aspiring young graduate for it is reported that she will soon move from the city. Not only will the Senior Class lose one of its brightest members but the city will lose one who has the qualifications of a great business woman.

Caney Valley Historical Society

Basket-ball '12 and '13, president Athletic Association, president Senior Class, Eolian, Salutatorian of class of '13. A good basket-ball player, a fine student, and truly an exceptional young man. Named "Blusho" on account of his complexion, he has always tried to live up to his reputation by blushing at every opportunity. Being editor-in-chief is no job for a minister's son, says Frank.



FRANK NELSON

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

The history of the class of 1913 is for the most part one of considerable interest on account of its many and varied accomplishments. The class was first organized early in the fall of 1909, soon after its enrollment into the High School. During this year it showed much High School spirit and proved to be alive and alert to everything which happened. May, 1910, saw the end of the care-free "Freshman life" and the more responsible duties of Sophomores were assumed. During the Sophomore year the interest in the High School enterprises and their High School spirit began to show a considerable increase because the members of the class who took part in the High School contests succeeded in winning high honors, both for themselves and the class. The last two years of the High School have been declared by the entire class to have been the most helpful, interesting and delightful of all. Part has been taken in the debates, athletics, and other enterprises and high honors have been carried off in all. No challenge either for athletic or literary contests has been refused; and although sometimes defeated, the outcome has ever been something of which anyone might well be proud. Thus the record of the class of 1913 has been one of the best in the history of the Caney High School, a brilliant record of heroic endeavor, replete, resplendent with achievements of victory.

E. B.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

If the days grow dark and the world seems
cold

And we're weary of each tomorrow;
If our friends are gone and we're lonely
always,

And life is scarce worth the sorrow;

If our souls seem bent by the load of woe,
And we long for things unseen;
If we dare not hope for the coming at last
Of the pleasures we live in our dreams;

Why not stop for a moment and recall the
past—

The gladsome days of High School—
When our hearts were warm with the
flower of youth;

When we lived for the joys we knew.

Then every day brought us something new,
Some secret joy or song.

We were always happy and contented there
With that hurrying—yes, reckless throng.

Our lives seem less dreadful as we think—
And our minds cease to be disturbed,
We long to be students at Caney again
And handle our books once more.

Ah! A few hours spent in remembering
the past;

Those jolly yet helpful days,
Will refresh and revive us for life again,
And we think no more of our pain.

For what is more pleasant and merry and
glad,

Than the days we have often seen,
When we labored together—fall, winter and
spring—

Seniors in 1913.

A. V. R.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

Well, here I am back in Rome after a visit to my native country and I had such a delightful time I want to tell you all about it. How little I thought when I taught my first school in Kansas, that I would ever be in Rome teaching music as I have for the last fifteen years. You know I told you when I left that I was going to see all of my classmates of 1913 before I returned.

My trip over to New York this time was far more pleasant than it was twenty years ago, for riding in air-ships far surpasses the old steam-liners we used to sail in. Arriving in America I went direct to the little city of Caney. You could hardly call it little any more for it has made remarkable progress.

I hadn't been in Caney long enough to see half of the sights when I received a letter from Agnes. She said Mr. Hum-

phrey had written her that I was visiting in Caney, so she had written to remind me of a promise I had made her twenty five years ago when we were both Seniors in C. H. S. That promise was, when she got married I was to spend one whole summer with her on her ranch. "Now, Bess," she said, "I want you to keep that promise and when I tell you I am going to have all of the old Senior class of 1913 with me next week, I know you will come. So, feeling certain that you will keep that promise I will send my airship for you on Thursday."

And sure enough when Thursday morning came the airship arrived. I took my seat by the aviator and we were soon on the wing. Our journey did not take long for before evening the air ship began to lower and looking down I saw one of the most beautiful country homes I had

ever seen. Then who should I see standing in the yard waiting for me but Agnes? Why, I could scarcely believe my eyes, for she was just the same old Agnes. She did not look much older than she did twenty-five years ago. Then she introduced me to her husband, a fine, noble-looking man and her three beautiful children, almost grown now. It had been twenty-five years since we had had a good chat and we certainly made use of our opportunity then.

Immediately she took me to my room and there we sat down to talk of old times. We talked and talked so long and so fast her husband asked us how we had ever found time to get our lessons while in school if we had always talked so much. We could hardly wait until morning for all of the boys were coming then.

We had scarcely finished breakfast the next morning when we heard such a commotion in the yard we all sprang from the table to see what was the mat-

ter. "Oh! there is Frank," cried Agnes, who was the first to reach the door. And sure enough there was Frank Nelson, with his same happy, smiling face, and when he took off his hat Agnes and I both laughed outright and said, "Why, Frank, you can't keep your hair combed any better than you could when you were a Senior in C. H. S." We were both disappointed because he did not bring his charming little wife with him. I knew how charming she was for I had met her on my first visit in Washington, D. C., while Frank was serving his first term as President of the United States some six years ago. Why, I had almost forgotten to tell you he is now serving his second term as President. And Frank has now become one of the best orators in America.

We had scarcely stepped upon the porch when we glanced behind us and saw another airship approaching. After it had alighted a large, broad shouldered gentleman, who looked as if he might weigh over

two hundred pounds, stepped from the airship. "Well, that is sure the same old Clyde, the athlete of the Senior class," said Frank. Following Clyde was a low, dark-complexioned fellow whom we all knew to be Emil LeFevre. You know Emil carried off our class honors when we graduated and we are just as proud of him as ever for he has become a great artist and cartoonist.

The air ship interested me very much, for it was one of Clyde's own invention, for he had made his millions inventing air ships. But in spite of his inventions Clyde still finds time to be a great athlete.

Emil said Harry had written him that we need not look for him until evening for he was coming in his electric car. But to our great delight here he came in the middle of the afternoon. It seemed to me that Harry had changed more than any of the others. You know, I used to be afraid when we were young that Harry

was going to be a poet and you know they say poets are hard to live with. But I need not have worried for Harry is the old bachelor of our class. He has become a great journalist and seems to think of nothing but his newspaper work.

Eva was not able to be with us until next day, social duties keeping her at home. She is now the wife of a Milwaukee millionaire and a great leader in society. When I said Harry had changed the most I had forgotten Eva for she was a perfect blonde now and certainly looked able to lead a social life.

Oh! I had almost forgotten to tell you of the life size picture that Emil painted. Frank is going to hang it in the eas' room of the White House. Our picture will certainly be a great addition to the room for there we were, every one of the class of nineteen-thirteen—Frank, Clyde, Emil and Harry, Agnes, Eva and —

BESSE.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Frank Nelson combed his hair?

Bess Harris closed her mouth?

Clyde Franks missed a dance?

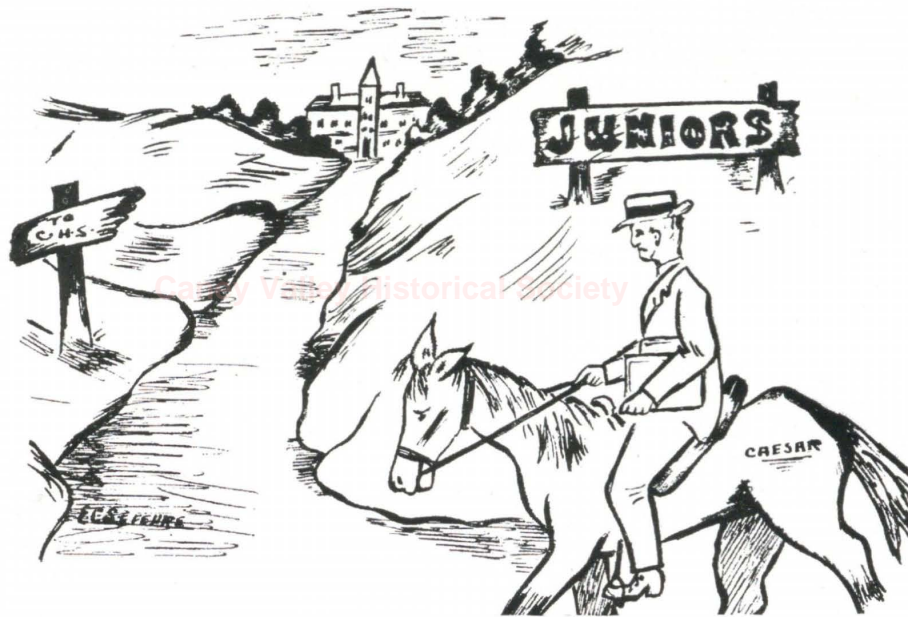
Agnes Ridgeway lost her fellow?

"Doc" Earnhart lost his job?

Emil LeFevre got below 95?

Eva Bennett caught a fellow?

? ? ? ? ? ?



JUNIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

Everett Feist—President
Effie Rhea—Vice-President
Pearl Kell—Secretary



Irvin Wemmer—Prophet
Effie Rhea—Poet
Gladys Shaffer—Historian

CLASS YELL. Society

Zibble, zabble,
Boom a razzle
Chicka, chacka, cheen,
We're the class of old '14

CLASS MOTTO.

Sumus ibi semper

CLASS COLORS.

Old Gold and Seal Brown

CLASS FLOWER.

Pansy



Top Row—Clarence Crandal, Everett Feist, Ethel Hoffmaister, Thomas Green. Second Row—Trevva Shepherd, Adrian Ellis, Gladys Shafer, Clara Stallard, James Dixon. Third Row—Pearl Kell, Laura Skinner, Carrie Wade, Edward Bogert, Gertrude Patterson, Margaret Kelly. Fourth Row—Effie Rhea, Irvin Wemmer.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The organization now known as the Junior class had its origin in a group of 47 pupils trembling with fear outside the Gates of C. H. S. Finally, being well armed, they picked up enough courage to enter the building. The occupants, being very good natured, prepared to entertain the new-comers after school. This was tried for several successive days, but did not bring good results and was dropped in despair. The Freshmen, after they had recovered from the shock of so much excitement, began to do the work layed out for them. The prominent course was the study of English. A Freshman Basket-Ball Team was organized, winning out of seven games, 112 points to their opponents' 89. Thus this school year of '10-'11 ended, the Freshmen passing with good grades. The next year the class was divided into Soph A and Soph B. Nearly everyone that entered High School as Freshmen returned. The class was reorganized. This year the Literary Societies were formed, calling many Sophomores to perform their duty in the plays which were given during the year. The Soph As also furnished several basket-ball players and several debaters. The Junior year was begun with many of the former pupils dropped out, but many others added. The Soph Bs of the year before joined the Juniors, making a class of nineteen pupils. The Junior class has been well represented in debate. Out of the eleven members of the club six are Juniors. Four members, Kell, Shaffer, Wemmer and Dixon, have won high honors in the district debates. In basket-ball the class has had able representatives. One Junior has had the honor of being the captain of the Boys' Team. In the Society plays the Junior class has furnished many actors and actresses for whom there is a great future in dramatic work.

G. S.

JUNIOR CLASS POEM

The best class to be found in C. H. S.,
Is not the one that has a "Besse."
Although they may be proud of that small
girl,
She is not as fine as our little Pearl.
The dignified Seniors have socials a few,
But WE are always thinking of something
new.

You see the beauties, at the Soph Class
peep;
But you know the adage, "'Tis only skin
deep."
Being beautiful is as far as they go,
For you know they are noted for being
slow.
We have not heard that we have good looks

But we have heard that we are fine in our
books.

The Freshies, with their faces long drawn,
Live in mortal fear of the fire gong.
They are afraid that they will flunk,
And always are frightened when they see
Mr. Funk,
But our class of this has not a fear,
And we do not run when we see him draw
near.

Tho' not noted for our beauty,
We always do our duty,
However hard the task may be
We always work incessantly;
Now we Juniors think we are the best,
As we always work and never rest.

E. M. R.

JUNIOR CLASS PROPHECY

“Bogart Chewing Gum Factory, Nio-taze, Kansas.” With an exclamation of surprise I dropped from the platform of the train upon which I had just reached town. It had not been my intention to stop off here, as I was on my way to Caney but the sight of the sign with the possibility it might be the same Bogart who had graduated from old C. H. S. in '14, caused me on the impulse of the moment to jump down from the platform of the car where I had been standing and hasten up to the building, which by its construction I knew to be the office. Entering I found several clerks scattered around the room, all very busy. Upon my entrance, one of them came forward and from him I learned it was really the Edward who had graduated from C. H. S. with me. After finding that “Mr. Bogart,” as the clerk chose to call him, was in, I would have pushed past him and on through the door marked “private”

but he placed himself in my way and explained that it wasn't customary for any strangers to go in there without first stating their business. Somewhat taken aback, for who would have thought of Ed, or “Nig” as we used to call him way back in the eighth grade, ever having all this system about him! Miss Finnegan's oft repeated admonition, “Do it right, Edward,” must have had some effect after all. These and many other thoughts flashed through my mind while I was fishing out a card, which as usual I had to go through all my pockets to find. At last, however, the desired piece of cardboard was found and the clerk at once took it and disappeared through the door marked “private.” The door had hardly closed behind him when it was jerked open and Ed himself rushed out. “Well, Irvin Wem-

mer, where did you drop from," he exclaimed, "where have you been all these eighteen years?" "Well, Ed," I said, "is it possible that it has been eighteen years since we last met? Why, it seems but a very short while since I saw you sitting at the typewriter in old C. H. S., your fingers and jaws working in unison."

At this mention of his favorite pastime, chewing gum, Ed slightly colored and tossed the mouthful he had been chewing out of the window. "Well," he said, "Miss Finnegan and I did have some good times on the question of chewing gum but I still keep some handy all the time." With this he pulled open a drawer in his desk and drew out a couple of packages which he tossed to me, saying as he did so, "This is some of my own manufacture."

"Well, Ed, it is a pretty good kind," I said after having sampled some of it, "and now tell me about yourself and how you came to be in this business." Thereupon he explained to me how he had tried to

take up several occupations after leaving school and had been fairly successful in all but his last and present work he enjoyed more and was having better success financially. He had started in as Junior member of the firm some three years past and was now sole owner. "And now," he said, "What have you been doing these last eighteen years?"

"Well," I said, "after graduating from high school I went to Washburn College, where I took a couple years' work and then finished my course at Princeton University. Upon completing my work there I took up the wholesale dry goods business at Denver. Having had a hard year's work I decided to take a vacation, so here I am. Now, what can you tell me about the rest of the old class?"

"Well," he replied, "Forrest Ashby, our silent member, you remember him, well, he is editor of the Caney Daily Tribune, the best daily in Southeastern Kansas. You will probably be surprised to know

that Caney is now a city of nearly 30,000. In 1918 gas was struck near Caney and the city has grown tremendously since. Coal was also found just a short distance across the line in Oklahoma, which has added immensely to the prosperity of the town.

"Carrie Wade," he continued, "has been teaching Domestic Art in the high school there for several years now. You know upon leaving high school, Carrie attended the Lindsay's Girls' School in San Francisco, but the attraction of C. H. S. was too great for her and she is back there now. Clara Stallard, who you will remember was so good in Caesar, has also returned to C. H. S., where she is teaching the languages.

"And, O yes, Everett Feist has now under construction an immense skating rink and dance hall right across the street from the Washington School building. You know he was a fine skater and taught nearly all the girls in town to skate and

now he has almost every child in town to his credit when it comes to roller skating and dancing. Paul Labadie, as you remember, was an all around athlete while in high school, and he is now the champion vaulter of the United States and matched with the champion of the world for a trial soon. He also pitched for the Cubs last season and did marvelous work. He makes his winter home in Caney; however, the coldest part he spends on the Gulf Coast. The last report of Tommy Green that I had he was trying out dry-farming in Western Kansas. The first two years he was very successful but since then I have not heard anything of him. You will more than likely be surprised to hear Ethel Hofmaister, who was so quiet in all our classes at school, has become an ardent suffragette. Since it became legal for women to vote in Kansas great steps have been made by the suffragettes. There are at present a number of women in the legislature at Topeka and Ethel is the recog-

nized leader of them in all great universal suffragette movements. There is only one more of the class that I know anything about and he is Adrian Ellis. The Caesar class will remember him as the one who built Caesar's bridge. I guess he must have liked the work for he is now chief bridge contractor for the western division of the Missouri Pacific railroad, extending from Kansas City to Galveston, Texas. I have met him several times since he graduated but it has been almost two years now since I last saw him."

"Well, Ed," I said when he had finished, "that's pretty good. I'm sorry that you don't know about the rest of the class but perhaps Ashby at Caney can give us an account of some of them since he is a newspaper man."

"No doubt," was the reply. "You come down to my apartments tonight and we will drive over in the morning."

As I was tired and hungry I gladly accepted. It was now near suppertime and

after Ed had given a few instructions to the clerks he conducted me to the hotel for supper, after which he conducted me to his handsomely furnished apartments and we spent the evening in talking over old high school days and the happenings since then. Early next morning Ed got out his auto and in a short time we were at Caney. I was indeed surprised at the changes which I found. While many of the streets and thoroughfares were the same as of old, many others were paved with asphalt and brick. Almost the first person we met on stepping from the car was Forrest Ashby. Of course he was much surprised to see me and conducted us to his printing office, which was in a large two-story building, a modern office in every respect. After I had told him about myself he told us about the other members of the class. He explained that Maggie Kelly was a nurse in St. Mary's hospital at Kansas City. She had been there for a number of years and was a

very skillful and proficient nurse. "Clarence Crandell has been in the toy business and only last week I saw an account of a fire destroying his large toy factory at Austin, Texas, but in today's Austin "News" I see that it was fully covered by insurance and that a larger and more extensive plant will be erected at once."

At this juncture one of the clerks called Forrest from the room to ask him about an announcement he had found. As Forrest glanced at it he uttered an exclamation of surprise and hurriedly came into the room. "Listen to this, fellows," he said, reading from a paper which he held in his hand: "St. Louis Reporter, May 22, 1933.—Mr. James M. Dixon and Miss Gertrude Patterson united in wed-lock. Last Wednesday morning Mr. James Dixon and Miss Gertrude Patterson, both former residents of the great gas town, Caney, Kansas, were quietly united in marriage at the home of the groom on East Broadway.

The Rev. J. C. Clark of the First Methodist church officiated. The marriage came as a surprise to the many friends of Mr. Dixon." "Well," I interrupted at this point, "It came as a surprise to me also. The last I knew of Jim, he was very intimate with a certain girl in one of your neighboring towns." "Well," said Forrest, "he seems to be over that case. I'll have this article put in today's paper and then you can read the whole thing. I suppose you know Jim is a big man in the political line. No? Why, there isn't a form of government that he hasn't in some political campaign fought for. But he is not only a politician, as he has large holdings in several big concerns in St. Louis and is generally considered a wealthy man. You know Gladys Shaffer is on a large lecture course circuit and has literally prostrated audiences with her Irish wit and humor. She is acknowledged to be the greatest declaimer in the Irish dialect in

the whole United States. You know how she used to bring a little cheer to the rest of us when the days were darkest and the old exams the hardest, by her comical way of saying things." As Forrest seemed inclined to stop with this rehearsal, I reminded him that there were yet four members he had not spoken of, viz: Laura, Treva, Pearl and Effie.

"Well, Laura is at the head of the Skinner Undertaking Establishment. This is rather a strange work for a woman to be at the head of, but you know she attended a medical school upon graduating from high school and seemed to like the study of medicine and so started this company. She has establishments in nearly every city of any importance in Kansas. And Treva Shepard, with those dark eyes of hers, has captivated the heart of a New York capitalist, who came to Caney to investigate the oil and gas business and she

is now the society belle of New York city. Of Effie and Pearl, I have not heard for some time. The last report I had they were studying music in Paris. That has been several years ago." While he was talking a paper lying on the desk attracted my attention. Picking it up, my eye fell on this item: "A great musical concert will be given at Madison Square Garden, New York, June 1. The soloist for the evening will be Miss Effie Rhea. The world's renowned pianist, Miss Pearl Kell, will accompany the singer. This is the first appearance of Miss Rhea since her return from Europe a short time ago and will be one of the many treats in the musical lines of the season."

At the conclusion of this reading, a feeling came over me that I really had been with the old class of '14 once more.

I. W.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

“Success is a cinch for the man who is willing to pay the price.”

“Hustle has made more ‘geniuses’ than all the other forces in the world combined.”

“You shouldn’t be a fusser over trifles. It’s a sure sign that moss is collecting on your brain.”

“Another way of spelling success is, A-P-P-L-I-C-A-T-I-O-N.”

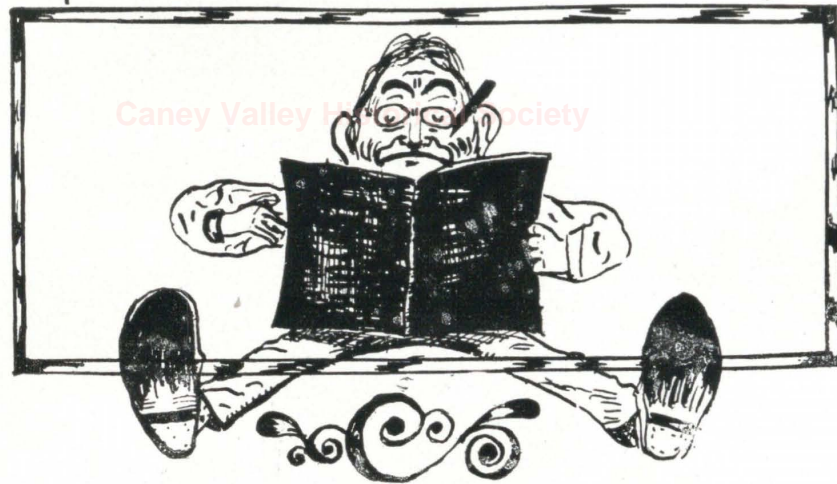
“Every man has a chance to stand 100 on his job but too many fellows are content to stand just high enough to pass.”

“Big oaks may grow from little acorns; but big men from little ambitions, Never!”

“You can easily determine the caliber of a man by ascertaining the amount of opposition it takes to discourage him.”

“It’s better to try doing something and fail than to try to do nothing and succeed.”

SUB-JUNIORS



SUB-JUNIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

Fred Meeker—President.

Vista Carinder—Poet.

Jenafred Wilson—Secretary.

Howard Burns—Historian.

Fred Meeker, Prophet.

CLASS YELL. Carroll High School Society

Wring a neck,

Wring a neck,

Wring a neck a ree,

Junior, Junior, Junior B.

CLASS MOTTO.

Licht Mehr Licht.

CLASS COLORS.

Black and Gold.

CLASS FLOWER.

Sunflower.



Howard Burns, Vista Carinder, Carl Shelton, Fred Meeker, Jenafred Wilson, Granville Carinder.

SUB-JUNIOR CLASS POEM

Long since through inky blackness
Our brilliance has streamed like a star;
And has ever since been shining;
Our radiance you see from afar.

Sub-Junior.

Not what we have done, but what we shall
do,
Not what you now see, but when we get
through,
The things near-by, not those afar,
Not what we seem, but what we are—

Sub-Junior.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but what we do,
Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we wish, but as we live.

Sub-Junior.

These are the things that mar or bless;
Things that will gain us happiness,
And ever we will shine like gems,
Like stars in Fortune's diadems.

Sub-Junior.

V. C.

SUB JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

Just one hundred years after Napoleon made his great and noted expedition across the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain, there was a body of some twenty or twenty-four students of the Eighth Grade, who, having finished the required course of eight years, left the building in high glee over the fact that they were going to enter High School. After going several blocks north they turned west toward the superintendent's office, where they awaited further orders. Nor was this only one hundred years after Napoleon's Spanish invasion, but it was four hundred and nineteen years after the discovery of America by the great Italian explorer in the service of Spain, Christopher Columbus. It was one hundred years after "the great champion, Napoleon," reached the height of his glory. This was also just two thousand, seven hundred and eleven years after "Lycurgus" was worthy of a place

among the Greek Heroes. Again it was six hundred and sixteen years after the "Model Parliament" met in England. After receiving the necessary orders and a "Lecture" from the superintendent, Mr. Williams, they went on their way down to the High School building. When at the building they were greeted by the principal, Mr. Aldrich. They were then taken to the south-west room on the upper floor where they were given their duties for the day. It might be well to state right here they were in a disordered frame of mind on account of the change. A part of their nervousness was due to the threats made by some of the upper-class-men. A few days later the "Upper-classmen" gave the new pupils a warm reception. This reception band was led by Harry Epstein and a few of his colleagues. After this event took place there was little heard of the new class except that it was the best class in school.

The next fall all the students of the old band came back with the exception of one. The return of this class was just two thousand, seven hundred and sixty years after the birth of the great Carthaginian military genius, Hannibal. It was five hundred and seventy-three years after the beginning of the "One Hundred Years' War" in Europe. Too, it was five hundred and eleven years after that great battle of Marathon. This class went through the year '11-'12 with great honors as a class. They had three of the six debaters of the school team, besides many other things of less note. But the fall of '12, just one hundred and two years after the fall of the "French Bastile," and just one hundred and seventy-two years after the awful "Black Death" broke out in England, this class received a hard blow at the hand of the Faculty. The class was divided and the old number of twenty-three was reduced to six. These people were Vista Carinder, Carl Shelton, Fred Meeker, Jena-

fred Wilson, Granville Carinder and Howard Burns. This heartless act of the faculty was done two thousand two hundred and fifty-nine years after the death of that great and noted scientist, Plato; seven hundred and thirty years after the first crusade; and two thousand, one hundred and thirty-one years after Hannibal made his perilous journey over the Alps into northern Italy; and it was one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-six years after the bloody murder of the famous Roman statesman, "Julius Caesar." With this the Historian must lay down his pen, but those six pupils to this day hold that they are the best class in the "Caney High School." However this fact is disputed by the most severe critics, they say the original meaning of the word "good" was "bum," but this fact cannot be substantiated. Thus as long as no other proof can be rendered the "SUB-JUNIOR" Class is the best that ever darkened the doors of the "Caney High School."

SUB JUNIOR CLASS PROPHECY

It was a balmy, hot summer day about the middle of December as I walked up the cement walks of what was in years past a magnificent brick building once used as a rendezvous of all Caney High School students and a few scrawny, fat, under-paid, sorrowful looking, bright faced, solemn cheerful teachers who presided in a realm of flunkism. The once magnificent brick structure was now converted into the Royal Hotel, and my rooms were what the students used to call the Study Hall, but alas and alack, it is a Study Hall no longer, but instead it was divided into a set of 23 1-2 large rooms about the size of the Study Hall library. I and my pleasant room mate, an old yellow hound I picked up near the now thriving railroad center of Jonesburg, slept in ten of these spacious rooms, dined in nine of them, used the other four whole

ones as a living room, (having to go in one-half at a time to make the room contain us). It was in the prosperous administration of Miss Ava Finegan, the new Suffragette President, taxes were only seventy-five cents on the dollar and peace and plenty overflowed the land.

It was the night after my promenade up the steps of which I spoke before, when about 2:30 I was suddenly awakened by a strange voice by my side. I turned and perceived an old woman with hair which fell in snarled disorder about her head and face, her eyes bleared and blood-shot. "I am the spirit of your dead dog," she croaked, and I, staggering from my bed in fear and amazement perceived my poor mongrel friend lying stretched out on the 2 X 4 rug—dead. "You have always been good and kind to me while I was in the form of

a mongrel pup, and now I want to return your kindness," snarled the hag. "Call me Bingo, as you always have and ask of me the one greatest favor I can do for you and it will be done," she said. By more of instinct than fear, I said, "Mrs. Bingo, my one greatest wish is to know just where my five beloved class mates are, who were with me in my class in '13." "By the Red '15 on the front walk I'll do it," responded the witch. "Only call their names."

"Well," said I, "to begin with, where is old Howard Burns?" My tears were beginning to fall, as I somehow dreaded the untimely revelation that I realized was coming. "By all the spooks in Spookdom," she exclaimed, "have you not read the papers?" "No," says I, rather abashed "I have not, alas! I am too poor to even subscribe for the Caney Chronicle."

She hesitated for a few seconds; then clenching her talon-like claws, she leaned

slightly toward me and said in a subdued whisper, "He is now a candidate on the "Blue Bearded Boobs" ticket for re-election to the honorable position of ambassador to Germany. His beautifully eloquent speeches are taking the people by storm and it is reported that he will beat James Dixon, the candidate on the Socialist ticket by 1,000 to 1." I, until now, only half realized the power of the hag and stood leaning against the wall for support. "I was always afraid he would do something rash like that, poor Howard. Funk only knows he is an innocent man," says I. "And now for Carl Shelton. Where is he; I am almost afraid of the reply as I fear he is married." "You are right," she croaked, "he is married and is the proud father of nine puny children. But he is not only proud of that fact but he is also the lucky holder of the world's all around athletic championship. He is a monstrous man.

It is said the muscle of his right arm is as large as an average man's leg. In Jonesburg at the Olympic games he threw the 40-pound hammer four miles and as it lit the people for miles around thought it was an earthquake and all prayed for deliverance from the wrath to come."

"That is fine," I said by way of comment, "but I am sorry to hear of his matrimonial downfall, as only a strong-minded man like I, can resist the incessant charms of female woman. Poor Granville, where did he go?" I queried, he being the next one that I thought of. "Poor boy," groaned the hag, "There is no hope for the wicked. He, too, fell for the fascinating charms of a beautiful woman. It would not do to tell the object of his downfall, as I must restrain myself to your Sub-Junior class of 1913, must I not?" Not waiting for an answer to her query she proceeded, "As I said before he fell for

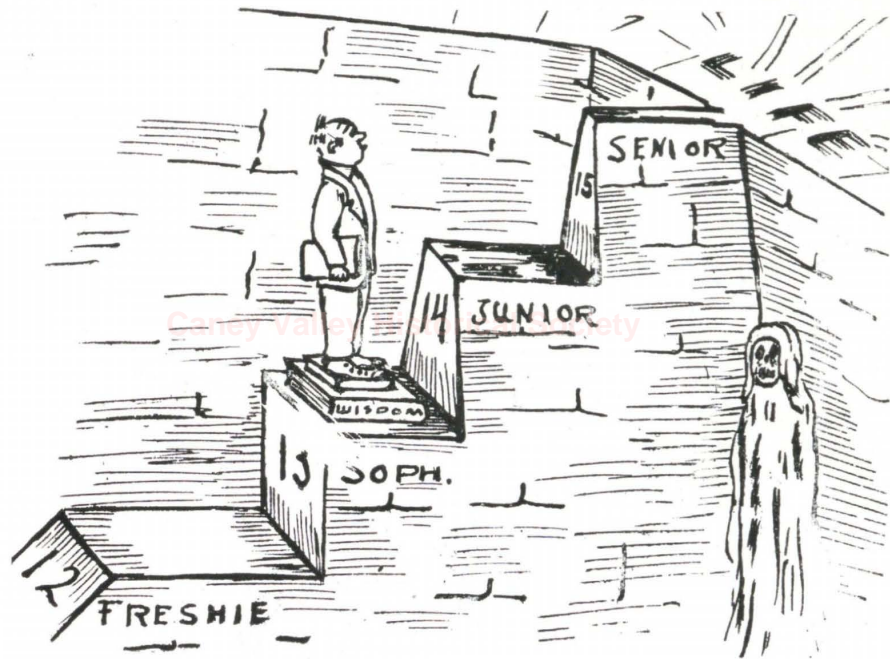
it and headed his ship up matrimonial streams, and little man knoweth of the power of God and woman, he, at least, was driven insane by the late hours of his female wife, who persisted in staying out late at the clubs and debating societies until he was at last driven desperate and is now in Ossawatimie serving a life term in the state bughouse." "Goodness," I groaned, unable to say a word, "many are the warnings I gave the poor lad in school against the charms of the opposite sex, I myself being so much opposed and unmoved by woman.

"And there was our chubby little poet, Vista Carinder, who wrote such nerve straining poems that she held you in a drowsy spell. Where is she and how is the world treating her?" I asked, knowing I was nearing the end of my list. "Fine, fine," replied the hag, "she is blest with and praised by the new president of the

Fleischman Yeast Company. She was married in 1914 and she and her loving little husband went around the world 14 times on their honeymoon. He is now the head stock holder in the Jonesburg Still. They say it is all he can do to keep her still. She is, as you know, well supplied with the 'gift o' gab' and loves to have the first and last words. She just wrote on the subject which was always first in her mind while a young school girl. The name of this poem is, I believe, "Shall I Not Flunk." "I was always hoping," I said, as I saw that the hag was through, "she would do something that bad or worse. And now for poor Jenafred, my little half-namesake, did she also unwisely splice?" "No," she said, "not yet, but she is reported to be engaged but I have no positive proof. She is running the largest and best equipped manicuring parlor in Paris. She

gets great praise from pulpit and from press for her excellent work, she herself being chief manicurist. All Paris and all the civilized world love her and she certainly has the world going her way. She is actually able to go in debt at any millinery shop or any dress making shop any place in France." "Good for her," I said by way of comment and reply, "I believe I'll walk over to Paris some day and pay her a visit. Do you know her address?" I asked. She replied only by a nod and said "Touch me." I advanced, rather fearful lest something dreadful should happen to me and as I touched her I became drenched with cold water and peering up from the covers of my bed I perceived my father standing over me with an empty glass in his hand. "Do you think you can sleep here all day? It's 8:45 now."

F. M.



SOPHOMORE CLASS ORGANIZATION

Carmen Finley, President. Forrest Feist, Secy. and Treas.
Millard Trapp, Vice-President. Harry Hopkins, Historian.
Mary McKittrick, Poet.

CLASS YELL.

Seniors, June-Bugs, Freshies,
listen,
See the name of Sophomore
glisten.

CLASS MOTTO.

No Foot Steps Backward.

CLASS COLORS.

Red and White.

CLASS FLOWER.

Red Carnation.



Top Row— Ruth DeArmand, Ura Booker, Dean Jesson, Orin Peterson. Second Row— Mary McKittrick, Harry Hopkins, Bonnie Huffman, Carmen Finley, Tom Stevens, Mary Robinson. Third Row—Forrest Feist, Millard Trapp, Irene Chess, Austin Rowlings.

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

The Sophomore bunch are funny kids,
With independent style;
And we wonder why, as we pass by,
The upper-classmen smile.

Now you, my dearest reader,
Might be a philosopher true,
So in order to learn just what we are term-
ed,
I'll describe a few Sophomores to you.

Now Orin Pete has the smallest feet,
And he wears the cutest shoe;
And also Dean Jesson, who is good in each
lesson,
But blushes, if you even say "Boo."

There's Austin R. and Millard Trapp,
Both with voices rare,
But the former boy is the girls' first choice
Because of his pompadoured hair.

Now Tommy S. and Forrest Feist,
Each in his books a ninny,
Two dunces at most, it is their boast,
"But, Funk, we're good at shinny."

Jack Truskett is a lad quite skilled
In the art of winning a girl,
Now he, by us all, a bright boy is called;
It's a pity his hair don't curl.

Now Harry Hopkins has very few sins,
For he is a country lad;
Through wind and through storm, he
rides every morn,
To join the geometry class.

Bonnie Huff may be a bluff,
Her Latin is always wrong,
Though her temper is spicy, she does one
thing nicely,
Just ask her to sing you a song.

And Irene Chess and Mabel Drake,
With needles sharp and firm,
Though in Domestic Art they are very
smart;
That's the only thing they can learn.

Next comes Ruth D. and Ura B.,
Both girls would win your favor,

Though very shy, don't pass them by,
But praise their good behavior.

And Mary Bell R., in Rhetoric stars,
She studies so hard to excel,
That when class is through, she takes a
long snooze,
And sleeps till the five minute bell.

There's one more girl, with brown hair
curled,
Her name is Carmen Finley;
Of all the rest, she is the best,
Although she acts rather primly (?).

Now you may guess about the rest,
I've mentioned only a few,
I'm a very poor poet, but I guess you know
it,
If you've read this jingle through.

M. McK.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

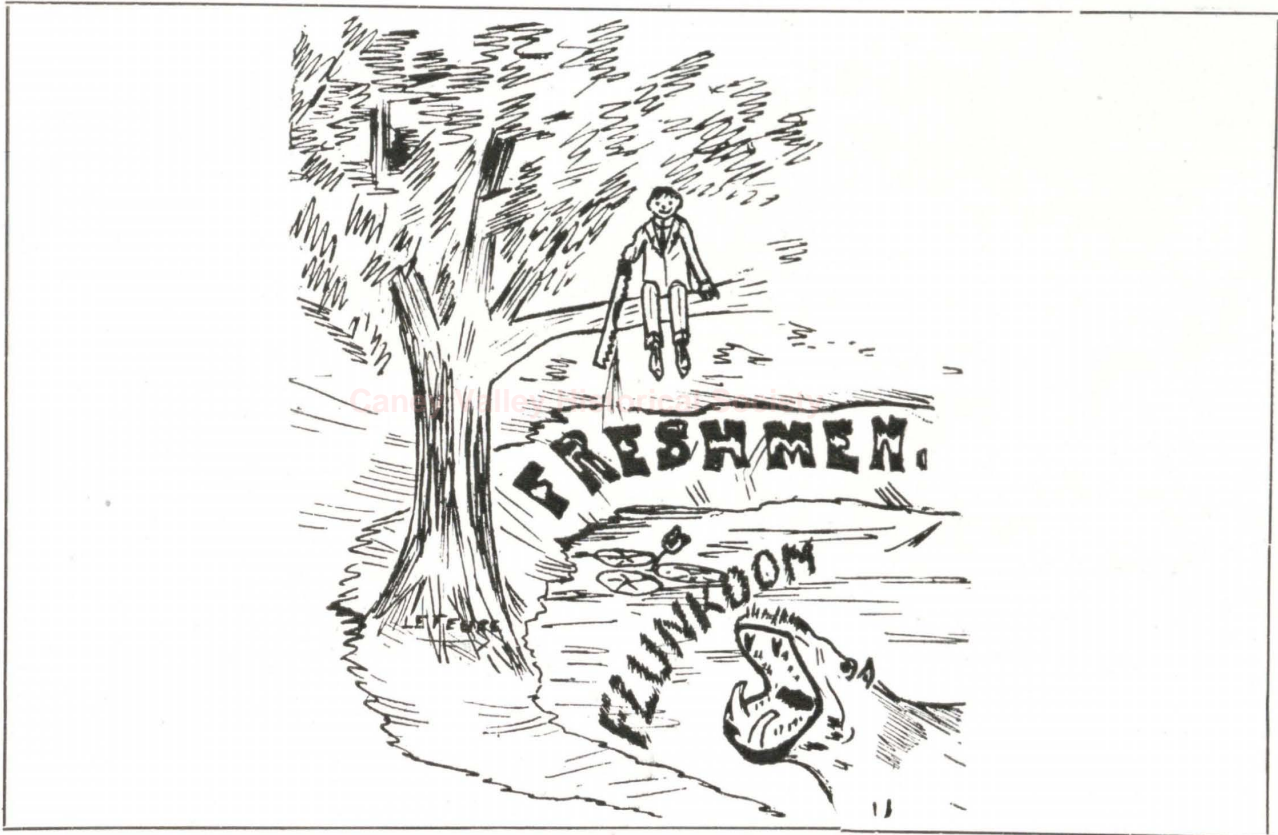
What was that grandiose sound ! Who were those intelligent looking students that just arived ? They were the grand Soph class of 1913 that answers the question. Yes ! with a grandeur that surpasses even the Senior and other classes of the school, on Sept. 2, 1913, this class began the trial, toil, and tribulation of the coming term. It numbered fourteen sturdy students who looked as bright as the new 1913 nickels.

Organization followed classification in which the different offices were filled by the most capable members of the class. The President commenced the duties of the office with ardent zeal and under her guidance the class began the routine of the coming year's social events. Under this organization the class flourished and derived an everlasting memory from the pleasant moments of the frequent entertainments.

Not only in the social line do you find the Soph class, but also in the Athletic field,

both on the track and in the Basket Ball teams. In fact, the boys' team was champion of the classes in one respect, because it took a combined Senior and Junior team to defeat them. So you observe he physical and healthful feature of the class.

But please do not derive the impression that entertainments and athletics are all which were accomplished. We see the class standing at the head of the intellectual training furnished in the school. They have students with the highest averages representing the whole school in the Debating League and lastly we also find them absorbing the knowledge offered to them by their patient teachers like a sponge does water. Although there were, no doubt, many Sophomore Classes that equaled or even surpassed this one, remember it by its singular mental and physical properties: Mind, Ambition, Nobleness, Strength, Temper, Boldness, Swift-ness, Beauty, Love, Humor and Character.



FRESHMEN
CLASS ORGANIZATION

Treva Brown, President.
Emma Paxson, Secretary
and Treasurer.

Orville Wemmer, Historian.
Frank Miller, Poet.
Helen Rataczak, Prophet.

CLASS YELL. Society

CLASS MOTTO.

We Lead; Others Follow.

CLASS COLORS.

Pink and Green.

CLASS FLOWER.

Rose.



Top Row—Esther Atwood, Joe Carinder, Walter Parker, Frank Kelly. Second Row—Allan St. John, Alice McFarland, Frank Miller, Velva Rader, Treva Brown, Drudie Courtney, Helen Rataczak, Orville Wemmer. Third Row, Valentine LeRuth, Raymond Howe, Gerald Wilson, Emma Paxson, Will Hall.

FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

The number of Freshmen entering high school in the fall of 1912 was twenty. There were about thirty students who graduated from the eighth grade but some dropped out and never enrolled in the high school. When the class first entered it was somewhat timid but soon got over it and began to enjoy themselves.

For about the first month however, things were pretty rough on account of the initiating practiced upon the Freshmen by the upper classmen. However, we soon assumed a position of comparative ease, due in part to principal Funk and in part to the Freshmen themselves. When Mr. Funk got after them the other classes knew it was about time to stop and acted accordingly. During the first and second quarters the Freshmen took up the studies with considerable ardor and made good in most of them but about the beginning of the third quarter began to show a decrease

in their work and also in their grades, the cause of which, Mr. Funk said, must be "spring fever," but nevertheless they did about as good as the other classes. By following the example of the other classes, for which they were afterwards sorry, the Freshmen did not have very many parties during the year. When the basket-ball season opened we were not slow in organizing a team. This team, although they did not have many chances to play, won most of the games they played. When it came for dividing the class into A and B divisions, the subs or B class did not like it, but nevertheless the division was made and the A class, relieved of the burden of the subs, went on their way rejoicing in their freedom.

Although we expect to have many more good times, we will always remember the fun we had as Freshmen in the Caney high school.
O. W.

FRESHMEN CLASS POEM

The Freshies, you know, are the leading
class
Of all the classes in Caney;
"We always are on time," say they,
"Through sunny days and rainy."

Treva is a bright little lass,
As you can easily tell;
Because she always studies hard,
And has her lessons well.

Now when it comes to studying,
Esther Atwood can't be beat;
She asks so many questions,
She can hardly stay in her seat.

Alice and Helen must be combined,
When Algebra comes in tune;
But that they are good in other work,
For doubt there is little room.

They talk about their brilliant girls;
Emma and Valentine won't compare,
With anyone in this wide world,
Although there are many a pair.

Now Drudie is left alone,
Without a bit of praise;
But she's as smart as any girl,
That Kansas ever raised.

Raymond Howe will never plow,
Because he's a very smart boy;
And Lloyd too, that's understood,
Will be his mother's joy.

Orville and Alan are two boys
Who are doing their very best;
Because they remember the old proverb,
"After work there is always rest."

John and Walter are first raters,
Because they always try;
They get every lesson that comes up,
And never heave a sigh.

Willie is the model one,
And Gerald is the same;
And if you read the newspapers,
You'll see these boys have fame.

Joe and Frank are neither cranks,
Nor smart as you can see,
They learn everything that comes along,
Which leaves them in highest glee.

Now this is all the true Freshies,
Although there are many subs;
We do not mention these, you see,
Because they think we are snubs.

F. M.

FRESHMEN CLASS PROPHECY

We met one starry evening,
The present Freshman Class,
Our gay school days were ending
For every lad and lass.
And there in the softened moonlight,
We vowed in solemn tone,
To meet again in Caney,
When twenty years had flown.

We met. Each face was altered,
Yet each was quickly known,
For we recognized the music
That echoed in each tone,
From Texas far comes Emma,
From a thousand-acred ranch,
Her spouse she left behind her,
With many an olive branch.
After finishing High School,
To college Alice must go,

And now she's teaching the young mind
The proper way to grow.
From dark Africa comes Raymond,
A minister, stately and tall,
He's fulfilled his promise nobly
And answered the heathens' call.
In airship swiftly flying
Comes Orville from the goal,
He has really discovered
The long sought southern pole.
Here stands gentle Drudie
Whom all the soldiers hail.
She has a voice so low and sweet,
That she's called a second Nightingale.
With John Kelly's thrilling speeches
The senate hall doth ring,
He'll run with speed unequalled
For President next spring.
Then we find our faithful Gerald

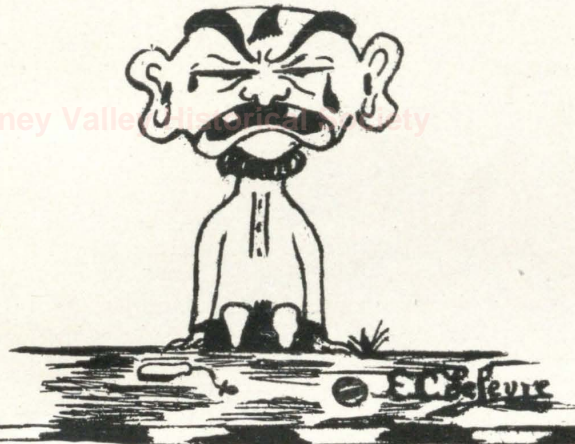
A doctor, brave and bold,
Who eases the pain of all creation,
For love and not for gold.
Ten years ago fair Esther,
Her school days passed away,
Replied unto a question:
"I'll love, but not obey."
Behind the footlights, tall and ghastly,
Glimmers a figure at the close of day,
But despite the change that time has made
We recognize Frank in the play.
Treva, tall and stately,
With robes supremely grand,
Comes from New York society
To join this happy band.
And Lloyd the great professor,
The wisest in all the land,
Comes from his home in Germany,
With us to take his stand.
The hills in order stood
And Helen received her fame,
From everlasting bliss thou art,
To endless years the same.
No mortal can with Willie compare

Among the sons of men.
Fairer is he than all the fair
That filled this earthly train.
Joe breaks the power of degrading sin,
He sets the prisoner free.
His voice can make the foulest clean,
His voice is heard with glee.
Valentine, sharing our mutual woe,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
Her sympathizing tear.
A youth light-hearted and content,
Walter wanders throughout the world,
Arab-like he pitched his tent
And straight again 'tis furled.
And here with brush and palette,
Sketching each familiar face,
Comes Alan, our artist, known well in ev-
ery place.
And so we parted, each one knowing
That we should meet no more,
Until that great eternal meeting
Upon the yonder golden shore.

H. R.

SUB-FRESHMEN

Caney Valley Community



SUB-FRESHMEN
CLASS ORGANIZATION

Armand LeFevre—President. Willie Wetmore—Sec. & Treas.
Tryphena Abraham — Vice- Fern Minnerup—Poet.
President. Armand LeFevre—Historian.

CLASS MOTTO.

Ducemus; Alii Adsequuntur.

CLASS COLORS.

Old Gold and Black.



Top Row—Violet Moore, Eudora Titsworth, May MacFarland, Cora Parker, Tryphena Abraham. Second Row — Esta Mitchell, Willie Wetmore, Velva Rader, Armand LeFevre, Grace Reynolds, Doyle Killion. Third Row—Ethel Rickey, Grace Riley, Fern Minnerup.

SUB-FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

The history of the present Freshman B class dates from the time they entered the Caney high school, September 4, 1912. For several weeks the subs were afraid of their higher classmates, but after being spanked a few times with a one-inch plank they became quite popular and even associated with the rest of the students. They then settled down to the work which was before them.

Early in the school term the Freshmen and the Sub-Freshman classes held meetings for the purpose of electing officers, that they might conduct affairs for the interest of the Freshman class. The Freshmen were entertained at the home of Miss Tryphena Abraham. The students all turned out to enjoy themselves. After several hours of pleasure, during which time refreshments were served, they all depart-

ed for their homes. Four months slowly passed by with nothing of interest happening. One thing, though, that must be mentioned, is that the first half of the year ended with all the sub-freshmen doing excellent work. The Freshman A class being envious of the subs on account of our grades, resolved to break all bonds that held the two classes united. Their honorable vice-president, the president being absent, called a meeting for the Freshman class. They put all the subs out of office and elected loyal Freshies. We had to do something, so we called a special meeting of the Sub-Freshman class for the purpose of electing officers. This, therefore, is the reason why there are two histories of the Freshman class that entered the Caney High School in 1912.

A. LeF.

SUB-FRESHMEN CLASS POEM

We'll tell you something about our class
If you'll pay attention to the very last;
We came to High School on the Fourth of
September,
And caused much commotion, you'll re-
member.

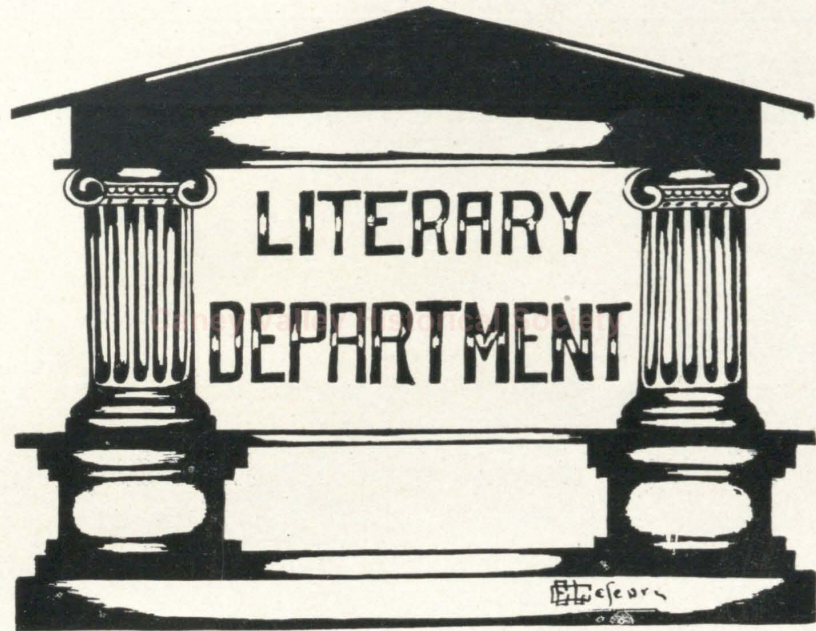
In every thing we always lead,
And are always careful in every deed.
We always answer and never miss,
The reasons for which are just like this:

"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.

Our arguments are 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.

You'll know him if you meet him;
And you'll find it worth your while
To cultivate the friendship
Of a Senior who can smile. *rical Society*
When someone knocks a Senior
Pass around the loving cup;
Say something good about him,
If you have to make it up.

C. F.



LITERARY SOCIETIES

This year the literary element of the high school has been greatly increased. The literary societies, such as the Eolian and Philomathian, debating clubs and etc. have been more thoroughly organized and strict parliamentary rules have been followed in all the meetings. The "Philo" and Eolian societies were first organized on October 17, 1911, every pupil in high school being required to belong to one society or other. The number of pupils in the High School was divided equally, thus making the number of pupils in each society the same. The object of these societies

has been to give all of the pupils of the school practice in all literary lines possible such as debate, oratory, music, etc. The debating club was not organized until this year and although it is a very new thing in this high school yet it is easily seen that good results have come from it as this year the school has won by far the larger per cent of the debates in which they have taken part against other schools. It is our wish that the literary life of the school will continue to widen as it is one of the main essentials of a well-developed man or woman.



ORGANIZATION
PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY.

Irvin Wemmer — President.

Pearl Kell — Sec. & Treas.

BOARD OF CURATORS.

Pearl Kell

Paul Labadie

Besse Harris.

COLORS.

Navy Blue and Crystal White.

YELL.

Rack A Chick A Boom;

Rack A Chick A Boom;

Rack A Chic A Rack A Chic A

Rack A Chick A Boom;

Sis Boom Bah;

Sis Boom Bah;

Philo, Philo, Rah Rah Rah.

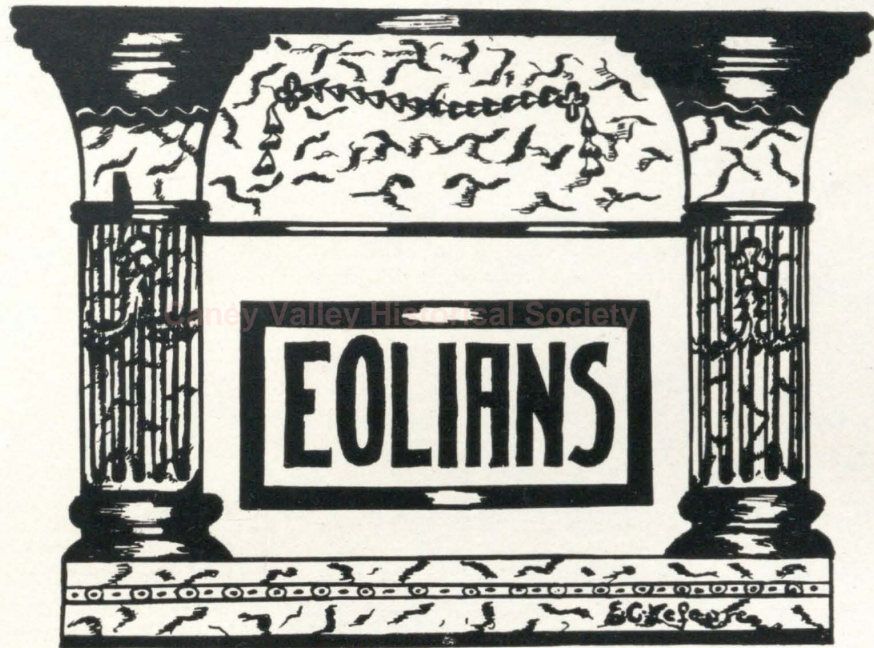


Top Row—Frank Miller, Forrest Ashby, Ura Booker, Carrie Wade, Orin Peterson, Forrest Feist, Tom Green, Ethel Hoffmaister, May McFarland. Second Row—Alice McFarland, Orville Wemmer, Everett Ridgeway, Mary Robinson, Eudora Titsworth, Valentine LeRuth, Emma Paxson, John Kelly, Granville Carinder, Lloyd Hemphill. Third Row—Emil LeFevre, Helen Rataczak, Treva Brown, Harry Hopkins, Harry Earnhart, Pearl Kell, Mable Drake, Besse Harris, Esther Atwood, Dean Jesson, Ruth DeArmond, Drudie Courtney, Treva Sheperd, Homer Wilson. Bottom Row—Gerald Wilson, Armand LeFevre, Morris Barris, Eva Bennett, Irvin Wemmer.

PHILOMATHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The history of the Philomathian Literary Society is a history of two short years only so it will not be difficult to relate its short experiences. Its first President, Adrain Todd, held office until Christmas, 1911 at which time he resigned his position and Irvin Wemmer was elected in his place. During the year '11-'12, while the society was yet in its infancy, it did not do so very much in a literary way, the biggest event of the year being the play rendered near the close of the school year. The play, however, was a grand success, as attested by all who saw it. In September, 1912, Irvin Wemmer was again elected president. The society had a better knowledge of what was required of a Literary

Society this year and proceeded at once to elect a board of curators. This board consisted of Pearl Kell, Besse Harris and Paul Labadie. The results of the business-like methods adopted this year have been made manifest in the monthly programs rendered by the society before the High School. Many of the students in the society, who never before had taken a part in programs and the like, were started off in this kind of work, which is something that all should practice. The greatest undertaking the Philos have yet tried is now under way and is progressing nicely. It is the presentation of the play, "The Private Secretary," which will be given at the Hobson theater May 9.



University Valley Historical Society

EOLIANS

E.C. Keefe

ORGANIZATION
EOLIAN SOCIETY.

Clyde Franks — President.

Agnes Ridgeway—Sec. & Treas.

BOARD OF CURATORS.

Mary McKittrick

Frank Nelson

Clara Stallard.

COLORS.

Purple and Gold.

YELL.

E-O-L-I-A-N;

E-O-L-I-A-N;

That's the way to spell it;

This is the way to yell it;

Eolian.



Top Row—Joe Carinder, Tom Stevens, Frank Nelson, Margeret Kelly, Philip Shultz, Edward Bogert, Carmen Finley. Second Row—Ethel Rickey, Tryphena Abraham, Esta Mitchell, Allan St. John, Doyle Killion, Clyde Franks, Mary McKittrick, Bonnie Huffman, Willie Hall. Third row—Cora Parker, Willie Wetmore, Clarence Crandal, Irene Chess, Grace Reynolds, Walter Parker, Vista Carinder, Fern Minnerup, Effie Rhea, Victor Pooock, Velva Rader. Bottom Row—Grace Stamm, Everett Feist, Jack Truskett, Laura Skinner, Jenafred Wilson, Carl Shelton, Agnes Ridgeway, James Dixon, Earl Edwards.

EOLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Eolian Literary Society was organized October 17th, 1911, with Hubert Capps as President. The object of the organization was to give its members an opportunity to develop their literary talent and to become accustomed to speaking in public. Mr. Capps, their first president, was the leading debater of the High School. His ability was a good example for the rest to follow and that the rest possessed their share of the same ability was demonstrated in the play rendered by them near the close of the school in May, 1912.

Besides the literary work accomplished

the Eolians entered into athletics with great energy. The main athletic event was a field meet with the Philo Society in which they were victors by a large majority.

At the beginning of the school in September, the society elected officers and Clyde Franks was elected President. During the past year the society has rendered programs monthly and has been very successful in their work. The play rendered by them at the Hobson Theater April 18 was a grand success, and every one who attended was very much pleased with it.

THE LIBRARY

HOWARD BURNS, Librarian.

The High School Library has become one of the most valuable sources of information to the High School pupils. During the last year about fifty volumes have been added to the former number in the library, thus making a total of about three hundred twenty-five. Although this is a very small number, it must be remembered that it is not always the quantity of books that counts, and as some of the very best books for reference work are to be found among this number, the library is almost

invaluable to the students. The history department especially is well filled with the works of the most competent and up-to-date authors.

In previous years many books have been lost but this year new cases were provided with locks, thus preventing any of the books being taken from the library without being properly checked out by the librarian. Howard Burns has acted as librarian this year and has done much toward making the library a success.



Top Row—James Dixon, Mary McKittrick, Mr. Humphrey, Pearl Kell. Second Row—Clara Stallard, Carmen Finley, Gladys Shaffer. Frank Nelson, Irvin Wemmer, Edward Burns, Granville Carinder.

ALPHA FORENSIC

Considerable enthusiasm has been displayed in regard to the several debates held between the C. H. S. team and teams of the surrounding towns this term, and we feel very grateful toward these individuals, without whose hearty co-operation we would have hopelessly failed.

The study of literature and a complete knowledge of one's ability along literary lines, are the principal foundations upon which modern methods of education are based, and so strongly is this idea being felt, that prominent college professors have declared themselves in favor of placing the study of literature before that of mathematics. This is also being felt, to a less marked degree, it is true, in the

local schools of every community, and to this feeling we owe the existence of our debate club, which was organized the second Wednesday in October, eleven students, five girls and six boys, enrolling as members.

The first meeting was called for the purpose of electing officers, Irvin Wemmer being chosen President, Pearl Kell Vice-President and Howard Burns Secretary and Treasurer. The next meeting was held for the purpose of selecting a name for the infant organization, and after choosing term "Alpha Forensic" meaning "The Beginning of Oratory, the students settled down to good solid study. The "Debaters' Manual of Argumentation" was

adopted as a suitable text, and the club met once each week to discuss the essential points of debate.

Because of the fact that the club had entered the state debate, a carefully prepared preliminary debate was held, the subject being "Commission Government." From the eleven members thus contesting, six were chosen to represent Caney in the finals, and the first debate was scheduled between Caney, Cherryvale and Moline. The C. H. S. team returned from Cherryvale unanimously victorious, and found that the team who held the fort at home was victorious by a two to one decision.

The next contest was held between Caney, Altoona and Buffalo, the negative again winning unanimously at home, but the affirmative was unanimously defeated at Altoona, thereby destroying all hope of gaining the state championship this term.

However, we are not discouraged for we have discovered in our fellow class-mates an inexhaustible supply of pep, of which they have liberally given, and with these aroused to high pitch, we feel confident of being able to display the silver cup in the High School next term.

Later, a contest was held between the Caney second team and the Sedan first team, on the subject of an "Income Tax." Two girls upheld the affirmative side at home, winning a two to one decision, while our two boys at Sedan lost unanimously.

After this last debate, one of the Sedan speakers entered C. H. S., where he will continue his education and since he is a debater of some note, we feel that he is a valuable addition to our already talented club. Therefore, citizens of Caney, it behooves you to boost for the Alpha, and let's win the cup.

M. McK.

CHAPEL

Chapel in the High School is held every morning from 10:20 until 10:40. It is then the most interesting things happen. Through the kindness of many of the professional men of the city it has been the privilege of the students to listen to lectures given on many helpful subjects about which every one should know. Ofttimes devotional exercises are held by the ministers of the different churches of the city. It is during the chapel period, too, that the high school songs and yells are practiced. It is also at this time that Mr. Funk makes good his chance to exercise his eloquence on various subjects, such as grades, grade-cards, tardiness, and "don'ts."

IN CHAPEL.

"Well," was the only word of the disgusted professor as he faced the students

one morning in the middle fall. "Ye know," he went on in his drawn tone of voice that caused all eyes to be turned his way, then after a serious scrutinizing of the students over what would have been his glasses had he had them on and after making several ranges of miniature mountains on his forehead, "we're just ending the first quarter." Then a long pause to let the full meaning of this soak in, "And how about your grades?" Here his eyes bugged and twisted around in their sockets as if accusing every one in their presence. "Are you," he continued in a more cautious tone of voice as if making sure the effect of every word, "Are you weighed in the balances," pausing slightly, "and found wanting?" Here the eyes increased again, the miniature mountain system was fast approaching reality, every hair lost its curl and stood straight out, the chin and nose

almost had a happy meeting and the ears stood out like landmarks in a land of turmoil. Then the mountains faded and all else resumed a somewhat more natural appearance but in another instant there came a look of the deepest warning and in a very significant tone of voice he said, "Now if you don't watch out—the goblins will get ye." Then with a complete change of attitude, he turned and said, "Miss Clark, can't we have a song?" Well, no one felt like suggesting a song appropriate for the occasion until some one suggested that we sing, "You'll be weighed in the balances by and by." Every student entered into the song with great zeal and earnestness.

Then appeared the same face again but with an entirely different expression. It was one of scorn, disgust and shame "To make our school what it should be," he began, "I feel that I must this morning speak on one of the 'Don'ts.' Here lately I've been noticing some of you little Freshmen

boys a-cutting your initials on some of the desks with that bran new knife o' yours. Just a-cuttin' like some little boy. And some of you nervous Sophomore girls and some of you Junior ladies a-tryin' to calm your nerves will just sit there and mark and mark and mark. Then you're asked what you're doin'—'Oh, just a-markin.' Yes, and some of you solemn, sedate Seniors are a-tryin' to make yourselves remembered by a-carvin' your mark on the desks. The idea! Just a-carvin' and a-cuttin' and a-markin' like some small boy. Why, the idea! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves." Then he became very indignant and his eyes snapped real fire. Then in a loud and authentic voice he thundered, "This has got to be stopped." Then a long pause. "If you only know it, you are violating the law and you could be handled for it. Now I say again you have got to quit a-cuttin' this public property. You're adjourned!"

“13”

The immortal gods looked upon the work of the class of 1913 and saw it was good and were very much pleased; consequently they decided to show their favor and approval by some suitable sign. They held a great council and it was accordingly decided that a large white “13” should be painted on one of the chimneys of the school house.

The god of sleep having sent beautiful dreams to most of the people (but a few hideous nightmares to some) in order that the painters might work undisturbed, Mercury started out upon the quest. He took with him some skillful fairies to do the work. Nix, the goddess of night, had been instructed to drive her blackest chariot and as Diana's car was broken the night was so dark there was no chance of the workers being seen, even, if any one

happened to pass the building while the work was in progress.

The painting went on nicely until the wind grew so cold, because of the escape of Boreas from his cave that the hands of the fairies became almost frozen and they were forced to stop before it was quite finished. However, the unfinished part was quite unnoticeable so that when morning came the pupils of the High School were greeted by the beautiful figures on the chimney.

These figures caused much excitement and comment among the students and faculty but as Mercury has taken great pains to cover up all traces that might lead to his discovery no clues could be found as to who had done the deed. Later the manner in which the “13” was placed on the building was told to one of the Seniors by Mercury himself.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The music department of the High School this year has been under the supervision of Miss Florence Clark and she has proved herself a very capable and patient teacher. She has at times when they were needed, organized quartets and provided other musical treats in the way of trios, duets, solos and chorus music.

She has divided the chapel period of High School into two divisions. On Tuesdays and Fridays she has general assembly singing and the other three days she aids the various musical organizations.

The High School pupils furnished music for the debates, all literary programs and for the two plays given by the literary societies. On account of the short time for preparation no chorus was sent to Parsons to compete with the others in the contests but it is hoped next year Caney will have a good representation and carry off the honors in the musical line.

Each year the musical department of the High School grows in importance in the school life and it is hoped that in the years to come it will continue to grow as it has in the past.



CANEY HIGH SCHOOL
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—Frank Nelson.
Manager—Clyde Franks.

Secretary—Emil LeFevre.
Coach—Mr. Franks.

Fred Meeker—Advertising Manager.

The C. H. S. A. A. was organized early in September so that practice for basketball could be started. A meeting of the entire High School was held during chapel and the following officers elected: Frank Nelson, President, Emil LeFevre, Secretary and Treas., Harry Earnhart manager of athletics and Mr. Franks coach. Later in the season H. Earnhart resigned and Clyde Franks took the place as manager.

Last year the meet of the Santa Fe Athletic Assn., of which Caney is a member, was held at Collinsville. Bartlesville took first place in the meet, winning from Caney by a very small margin. This defeat was probably due to the fact that one of our very best track men missed the train. Caney had won the silver loving cup in 1910-11, and if the team had won again, it would have been the permanent property of the school. This year the team looks like a sure winner as all the men are experienced. The preliminary track meet between the two literary societies, Philomathian and Eolian, was won easily by the

Eolians. In track, the prospects are good for a winning team in '14.

The basket-ball season of 1912-13 was as great a success as could have been hoped for, considering the fact that only one player of last year's team was on the squad. There was plenty of material out for practice, however and so the loss was not so keenly felt. On several of the big games, the team was handicapped by several of the men not being able to play. The prospects are bright for the season next year as the team will be composed of seasoned players.

The girls' team also had a very successful season, winning a majority of their games. The team was thought by many to have been the best ever turned out by Caney High School. The prospects are fine for a winning team next year, as the team will lose only two members.

For the last several years Caney has turned out a successful baseball team. This year, however, we will not have a team as the track meet comes so much later that it would be impossible to get in shape for the season. C. E. F.



Top Row—Clyde Franks, Everett Feist, Second Row—Frank Nelson,
Armand LeFevre, Harry Earnheart, Third Row—Forest Feist, Dean
Jesson.



Top Row—Gladys Shafer, Mr. Franks, Coach, Carmen Finley, Second
Row—Eva Bennett, Bessie Harris, Vista Carlander, Bottom Row—
Emma Paxson, Bonnie Huffman.

ENTERTAINMENT

Sept. 27th the Sophomore class took a moonlight hike to the river. The class was well represented and all returned home at a late hour, after having spent a very pleasant evening. Miss Finnegan accompanied as chaperon.

On Hallowe'en night the Seniors and Faculty were entertained by the Juniors at the home of Clara Stallard. All the guests came masked in sheets and pillowcases, costumes very appropriate for the occasion. Many new and interesting Hallowe'en games were played and late in the evening a delicious lunch was served.

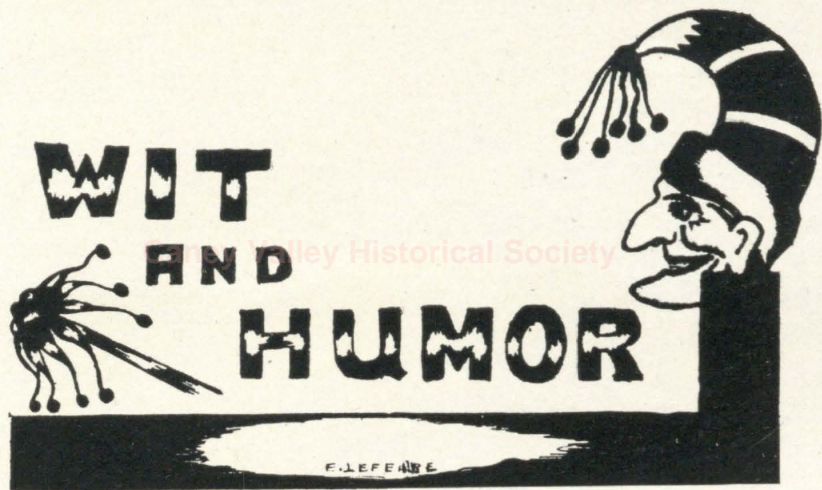
On Oct. 31st the Sophomores gave a very unique Hallowe'en party. The room was very tastefully decorated in a style symbolic of the occasion, and a most delightful time was enjoyed by all. Misses Denny and Smith were guests of honor.

Nov. 27th the Juniors and Seniors were delightfully entertained at the home of Ed.

Bogart. It was a birthday surprise for him. After indulging in several very interesting games a pleasant lunch was enjoyed. One of the most interesting features of the evening was an oldfashioned "candy pull." The guest of honor was Miss Bess Price of Coffeyville.

The Junior class entertained the Seniors and faculty at the home of Effie Rhea on Washington's birthday. The house was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. Many very interesting games were played, one of the best being to fasten cherries on Washington's own tree. Miss Clark gave several vocal selections and Effie Rhea and Pearl Kell rendered a piano duet. The guests of honor were Mary McKittrick, Mrs. Funk and Pauline Funk. The guests departed, carrying off many appropriate souvenirs and saying they had had an exceptionally good time.

March 20th Millard Trapp entertained the Sophomore class at his home. The house was beautifully decorated in the class colors. Music was furnished by the Sophomore quartette and a very pleasant evening was reported by all.



HUMOROUS AND OTHERWISE

Feshie to another Freshie on the first day of school: "What, are you going to take chapel too?"

Here's to the boys, the Seniors, God bless 'em;
May all of them prosper, the blessings carress 'em.

Mr. Funk: "Gladys, what are you living for?"

Gladys (very earnestly): "Cause I don't want to kill myself."

School is one grand toboggan slide, and every fellow has to pull his own sled uphill.

Mr. Funk: "Bess, why don't you apply to teach at _____?"

Besse Harris: "They want someone who will guarantee not to get married in two years."

Any old duffer can go to bed at night but it takes a man to get up early in the morning.

I come to the school of the golden rule
And study from morn until even'.
I dig like a Turk and never dare shirk,
Because of the fear of flunkation.

Harry: "Miss Robertson, have you a picture for the Annual?"

"No, but Mr. Humphrey has one of me."

Mr. Burns: "Clyde, I found your Cicero for you."

Clyde Franks: "Where 'bouts?"

Mr. Burns: "At the cigar factory." (Mr. Burns is a preacher too.)

Wise Soph: "I've heard that Mr. _____'s (one of the teachers) mother was puzzled for a long time to know whether he was going to walk or fly." (Notice his ears.)

Gladys: "Well, I don't see no sense to Geometry nohow."

Mr. Boucher: "Well, Gladys, I will prove to you the practical side of geometry by this proposition:



"If you love your lover, your lover loves you.

Hyp: If you love your lover,

Conc: Your lover loves you.

Dem: All the world loves a lover. (Shaks.)

Your lover is all the world to you.
(self-evident.)

You are a lover. (hyp.)

Therefore: your lover loves you. Q. E. D.

The Botany class is composed of six girls;
Who wiggle and wriggle and sometimes
wear curls.

Mr. Franks is our teacher,
And oft' looks so solemn he might be a
preacher.

Not a boy in the classroom we keep
And over this we often do weep.

We studied the corn and the yeast with a
vim,

Until we have all grown very thin.

The microscopes are haggard and worn
From peeping with 1 little eye at the corn;
And the hand lenses too are losing their
legs,

Some stand, I know, on only one peg.

And now it is spring and the flowers will
bloom

They will make for us many a pleasing
cartoon.

Toil and labor will be our pleasure

Until the end of this term.

THE THREE WISE MEN.

In the days of President Taft, Governor Stubbs and Mayor Ward, there dwelt in the city of Caney three wise men. Two of these men were mighty in their day and generation so that their fame spread afar and many came from afar to hear the words of wisdom which fell from their lips. Now the younger of the three was a youth who sat at their feet and dreamed of the days when the mantle of power, glory and honor should fall upon him.

—Now in these days there fell a great affliction upon one of these men in so much that he was exceedingly sorrowful, for he loseth his hat. Then saith he: "Every dog hath his day." Then cometh his friend unto him to comfort him and to mourn with him and smile unto him. "Yea, verily we will call Phone No. 106," and he comforted him much. Then cometh the younger of the men unto him and he saith unto him, "Master, woe is me for thine oppressors are abroad in the land and repent not of their deeds and lo, the box of candy remaineth with me even until now." Then

great was the lamentations. And now the record of these things, are they not kept in that even unto this day?

Freshie: "Honestly boys, I feel like I would be throwing away part of my youth if I threw away my knickerbockers."
Senior: "Well, then, its a wonder you don't suck a piece of peppermint candy instead of a cigarette."

Mr. Franks of late has been trying to reform civilization with regard to Slang. Recently he was heard to say "Oh! you child" for "Oh! you kid;" and after a conversation with Mr. Funk, "I have you, Mr. Stevenson." Later he was heard singing "Everyone's indulging in it."

A mile a minute a good time but a smile a minute gets more action.

Mary McKittrick: "Mr. Funk, I was sick this morning was the reason I was not at school. I have consumption."
Mr. Funk: "Where? At the dinner table?"

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
A little Freshie said;
If I should die before I wake,
How will I know I'm dead?"

ODE TO A BLACK EYE.

The faculty, in tennis play,
Pass some of their spare time away,
Perhaps it is an hour a day,
Or so it seems.
They love to hear the rackets sing,
They like to dodge and twist and spring,
About the green.
And if a ball comes on the fly,
And hits Burns, squarely in the eye
Does he forget himself, and cry?
Does he? Ah, no.
He smiles and says "Your play is fine,
Don't mention it, the pleasure's mine."
Indeed, 'tis so.

The printer comes arunnin',
With a frown upon his face;
"Give me somethin' quick," he says,
"To fill up this here space.

"The press is set and waitin',
But the type's still in the case
And I'm needin' somethin' bad," he
says,

"To fill up this here space."

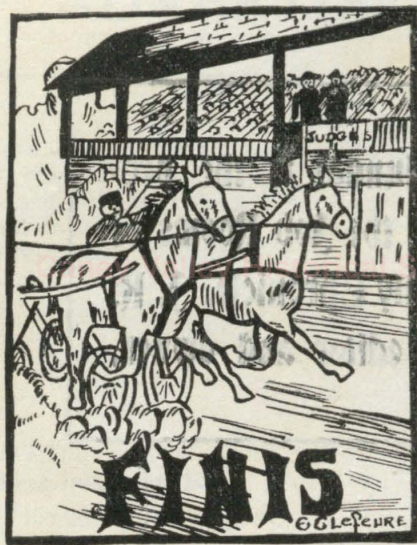
This ain't much like poetry
But I guess t'will go the pace
As it's not for anything useful,
'Cept to fill up this here space.

ON EXAMINATION DAY.

There shall be bitter wailing and gnashing
of pencils
Our papers shall fade before us and our
eyes shall grow dim.
The teacher shall reveal unto us our doom
and all shall grow dark.
The Freshmen shall scream;
The Sophomores shall tremble;
The wild ponies of the Juniors shall
leave them;
The minds of the Seniors shall throw and
plunge till they have exhausted all
there-in;
They shall all fall into darkness and woe.

Mr. Boucher is our Mathematics teacher,
And we've also heard it stated that he's
going to be a preacher.
He went to a play at the Hobson one night
But his eyes kept roaming around to the
right.
What was the attraction we never knew,
But a soft voice whispered "Look in front
of you."
Behind him must have been a beautiful

sight,
Or perhaps it was that his collar was tight.
A little bird told me by the light of the
moon
That Mr. B. is waiting for the month of
June.
Now what could happen in the month of
June,
That he should want it to arrive so soon?
We always liked the month of May,
When all the birds sing and 'tis time to
play.
When all you hear at school is laughter.
It is strange that he should prefer the
month after.
We've heard that there's a woman in the
case,
And we know that in his watch is a beau-
tiful face.
How much of this is true we don't know,
But we're inclined to think that most is so.
We've seen him dreaming in the study hall
And was only aroused by the whispers of
all.
And now only one meaning may we place
To the month, the dreaming, and the face.
—D.



This Annual is the product of the Job Rooms of
The Daily Chronicle, J. R.
Brady, editor and owner.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Following are given a few advertisements of the business men of Caney. While we realize that this advertising usually brings them small returns, it is the wish of the Senior Class of 1913 that the people of Caney cause the business of these men to increase so that in return for their support of the High School, they may receive the support of the people of Caney. Historical Society "THE SENIORS."

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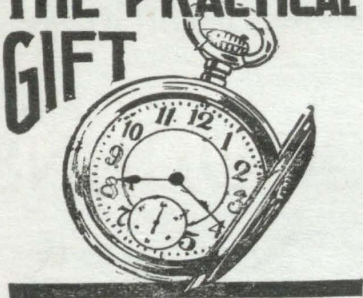
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