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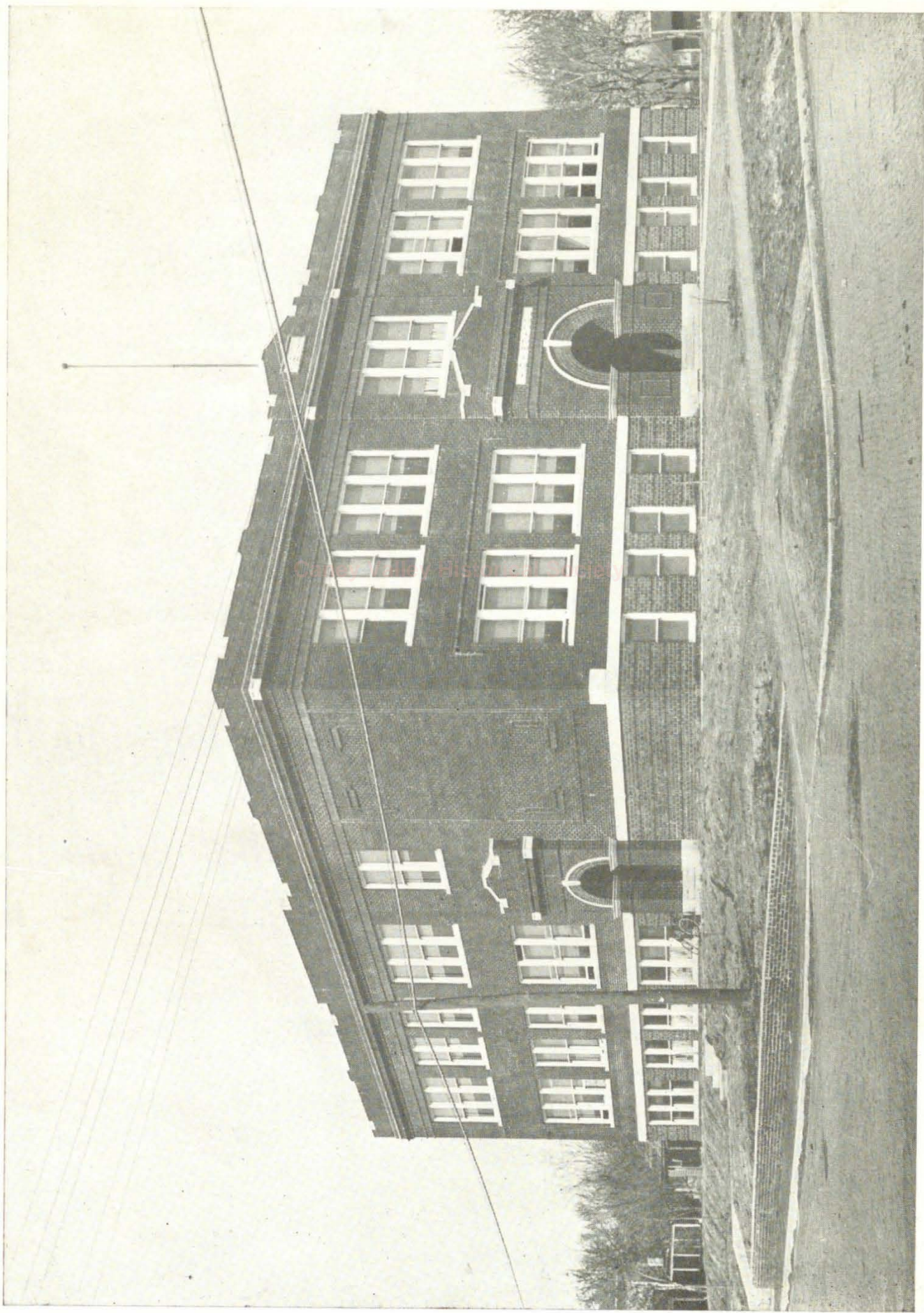
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KANE,
KAN.
'19.

Caney Valley Historical Society

VOL. V

Caney Valley Historical Society



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

KANES

ANNUAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....Marguerite Atwood
Business Manager.....Ben Olsen
Assistant General Manager.....Mark Hannah
Cartoon Committee.....Mark Hannah, Marie Doye
Editor of Class.....Marguerite Fisher
Editor of Humor.....Gladys Todd
Editor of Entertainment.....Helen Brown
Editor of Snapshots.....Parolee Troxel
Historian.....Grace Thomas
Poetess.....Beulah Winkler
Prophetess.....Isabelle Grant
Editor of Faculty.....Isabelle Grant

GREETINGS

It is the sincerest wish of this staff that this annual will attain much popularity among all those interested in our school. We, the seniors of 1919, do extend our thanks to both teachers and friends who have helped and encouraged us throughout our school life.

And we sincerely hope that those who read this Annual will think kindly of the class of 1919, whose best wishes will always be with the Caney High School.

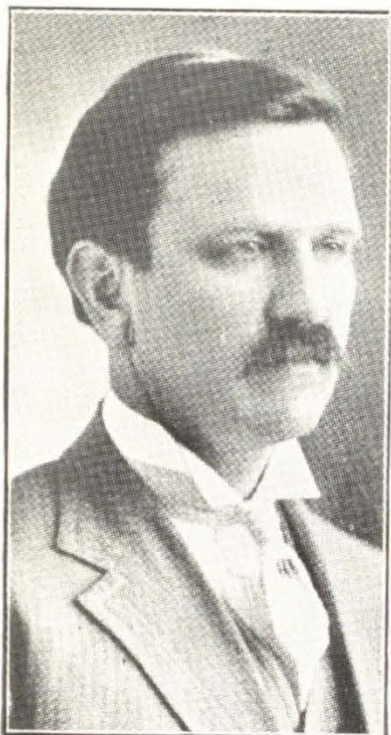
THE SENIORS, 1919



MISS ELLEN COX

DEDICATION

We, the Senior Class of 1919, out of regard for the advice, encouragement and inestimable aid that she has rendered to us during our four years of High School work, do hereby respectfully dedicate this Annual to Miss Ellen Cox.



PIUS B. HUMPHREY

Mo. State Normal, 1902-'05.

Mo. Teachers' College, 1905-'08.

Summer School, U. of Mo. 1908-'11.
B. Pd., 1906; M. Pd., 1908; Mo. State
Normal B. S., 1911, Mo. Teachers'
College.

Supt. Centralia, Mo., 1907-'10.

Supt. Lebanon, Mo., 1910-'11.

Supt. Caney, Ks., 1911-'19.

Caney Valley Historical Society

ALBERT BONTER

Life Certificate, Mo. B. Pe., 1916,
Springfield Normal.

Iowa University.

Science and Manual Training.





ELLEN COX, B. S.
Kansas State Normal.
English and History.

Caney Valley Historical Society



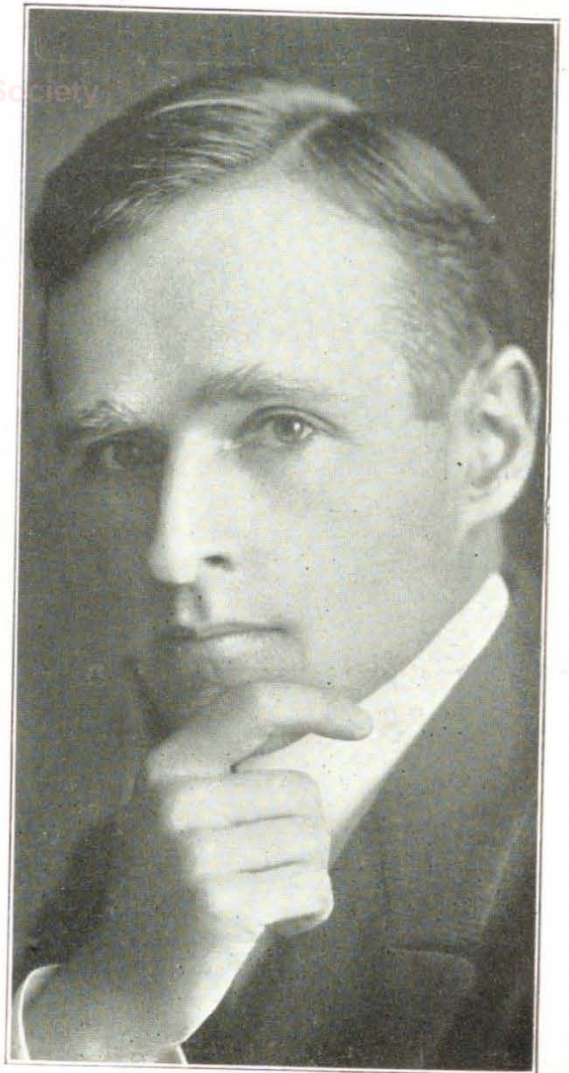
MARY McKNIGHT, A. B.
Cooper College.
Latin.



LUCILE F. LEMMON, A. B.
Doane College.
Mathematics.

Caney Valley Historical Society

H. L. MORTON
Bonn University, Germany.
Music.





ADDA BAILY
State Normal School, Kirksville, Mo.
Domestic Art and Science.

Caney Valley Historical Society



T. M. ROBERDS
State Manual Training Normal.
Commercial Department.



ELNORA CONRAD

McPherson College, Kansas State
Normal.

Columbia College of Expression,
Chicago.

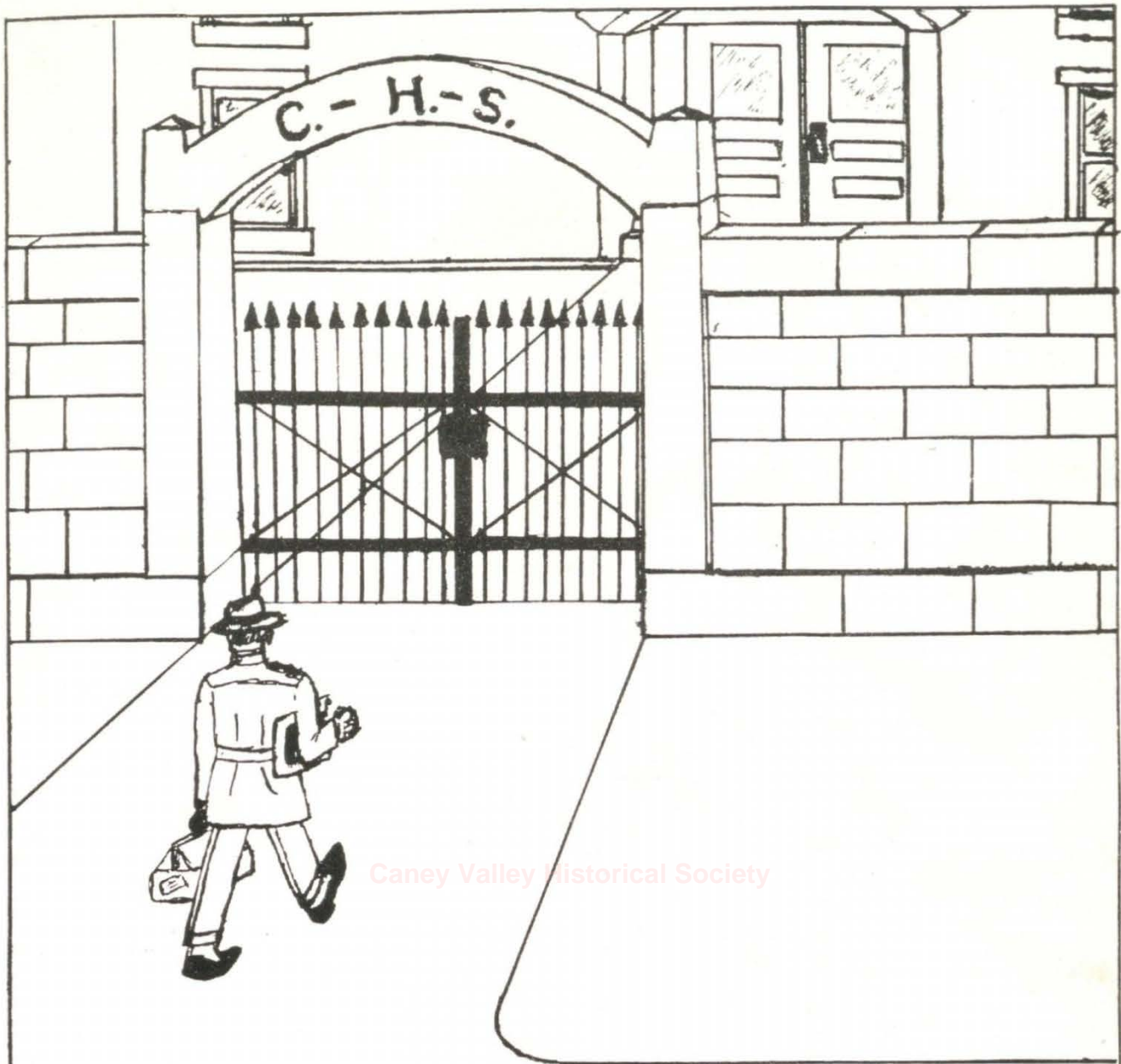
Expression and English.

Caney Valley Historical Society

MRS. EVA JARVIS

Librarian of City Library, 1897-1919.
Librarian of City and High School
Library, 1915-1919.





FRESHMAN,
SEPT., 1915.

Hall R.



SENIOR,
MAY, 1919.

Walt R.



MARGUERITE ATWOOD

"Here's to the girl with a heart and a smile, who makes this bubble of life worth while."

College Preparatory Course.
Glee Club, 1916-'19.
Girls' Quartette, '16 and '18.
Chorus, 1916-'19.
Debate, 1916-'18.
H. S. Declaimer, three years.
Sec. and Treas. Soph Class.
Class Historian, 1918.
Editor-in-Chief of Annual.
Senior Play.
Senior Play Committee.

Caney Valley Historical Society

HELEN BROWN

"If silence is golden, she will never be a millionaire."

College Preparatory Course.
Chorus, 1916-'19.
Glee Club, 1917-'19.
Junior Secretary, 1917.
Senior Play, 1919.
Student Council, 1918.
Editor of Entertainments, 1919.





LELIA BRYANT

"A friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

College Preparatory Course.

Chorus, 1917-'18.

Caney Valley Historical Society

MARIE DOYE

"Who says the days of goddesses are gone?"

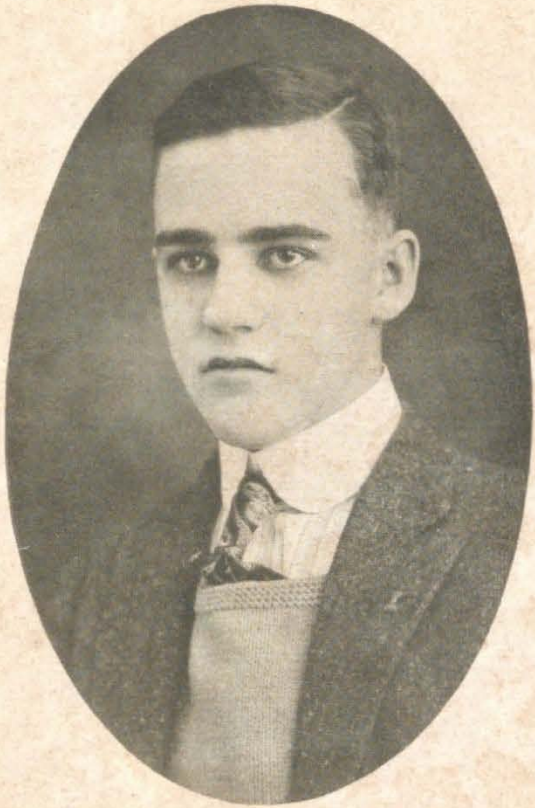
College Preparatory Course.

Guthrie H. S., 1917.

Chorus.

Senior Play.





KARL NESS

"Slow but thoughtful are his actions."

College Preparatory Course.

La Fontaine H. S. 1916-'18.

Caney Valley Hospital Society

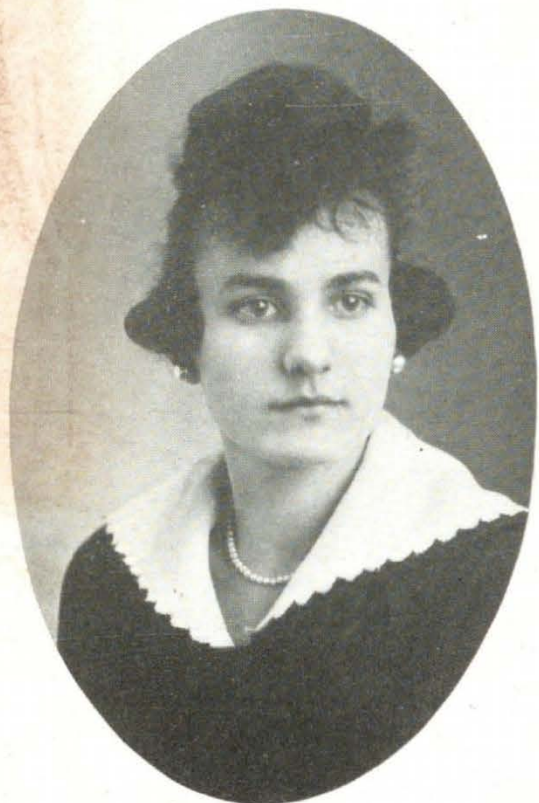
MADGE EARNHEART

"She is so good she would pour rosewater on a toad."

General Course.

Chorus, 1919.

Senior Play.





MARGUERITE FISHER

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
than smiles of other maidens are."

College Preparatory Course.

Chorus, 1916-'19.

Glee Club, 1916-'19.

Girls' Quartette, 1917-'18.

Freshman Historian, 1916.

Student Council, 1918.

Senior Curator, 1919.

Senior Class Annual Editor, 1919.

Senior Play, 1919.

Caney Valley Historical Society

BEN OLSEN

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

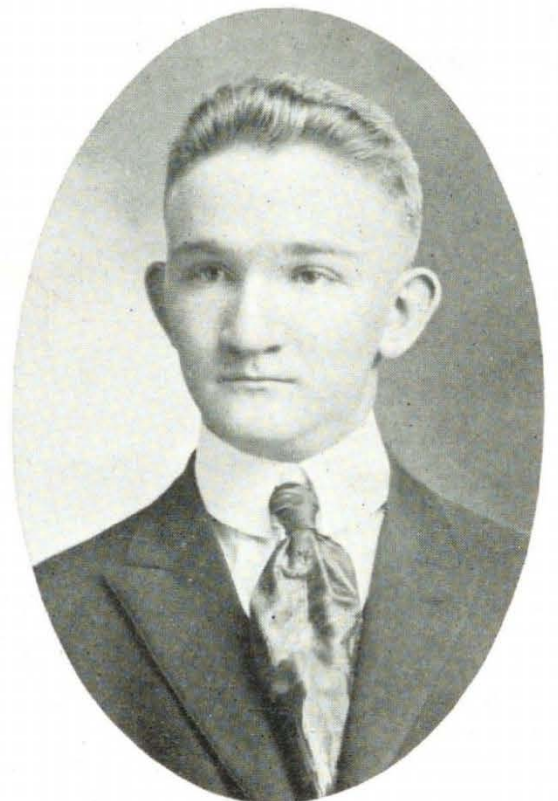
College Preparatory Course.

Track, 1917-'18-'19.

Chorus, 1918-'19.

President Senior Class.

Business Manager of Annual





ISABELLA GRANT

"Knights fought for such as she."

College Preparatory Course.

Chorus, 1916-'19.

Glee Club, 1917-'19.

Class Historian, 1916.

Class Prophetess, 1918-'19.

Senior Play, 1919.

Class Curator, 1919.

Annual Editor of Faculty, 1919.

Caney Valley Historical Society

GRACE THOMAS

"The reason why people who mind their own business succeed, is because they have no competition."

College Preparatory Course.

Senior Class Historian, 1919.

Senior Play Committee, 1919.





ALEXANDRIA GREER

"I don't care what happens, so it doesn't happen to me."

Commercial Course.

Basket Ball, 1916-'17.

Niotaze H. S., 1916-'17.

Chorus, 1919.

Glee Club, 1919.

Senior Play.

Caney Valley Historical Society

FAYE PARKER

"Her thoughts serenely sweet express how pure, how dear, their dwelling place."

College Preparatory Course.

Glee Club, 1916.

Chorus, 1916-'17.

Senior Play, 1919.





LEO NORRIS

"There should be more time for sleeping around this institution."

Niotaze H. S., 1916-'17.

Caney H. S., 1918-'19.

Basket Ball, Capt., 1916-'17.

Caney Valley Historical Society



IDA ROWLEY

"Quiet and reserved is she."

Commercial Course.

Senior Class Secretary.



GLADYS TODD

"Her loveliness I never knew, until she smiled on me."

College Preparatory Course.

Social Reporter, 1917.

Chorus, 1917-'19.

Glee Club, 1918-'19.

Sophomore Class President, 1918.

Annual Editor of Humor, '19.

Senior Play.

Pres. of Chorus, 1918.

Caney Valley Historical Society

PAROLEE TROXEL

"Her modest face a beautiful cottage might adorn."

College Preparatory Course.

Chorus, 1916-'19.

Glee Club, 1916-'19.

Girls' Quartette, 1917.

Class Historian, 1917.

Treasurer of Senior Class, 1919.

Annual Snapshot Editor, '19.

Senior Play.





MARK HANNAH

"Because a man doesn't talk is no sign he has nothing to say."

General Course.

Colony H. S., 1915-'17.

Baseball and Basket Ball, 1918-'19.

Senior Class Vice-President.

Asst. Business Manager of Annual.

Caney Valley Historical Society

BEULAH WINKLER

"A clipper to talk to or a good conversationalist—which?"

College Preparatory Course.

Student Council, 1917.

Class Poet, 1918 and 1919.

Senior Play.

Play Committee.



WANNERS

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President Caney Valley Historical Society-----Ben Olsen
Vice-President -----Mark Hannah
Secretary -----Ida Rowley
Treasurer -----Parolee Troxel
Program Committee-----Marguerite Fisher, Isabelle Grant
Advisor-----Miss Ellen Cox

Class Colors: Purple and White.

Class Flower: Red Rose.

Class Motto: "Actions, not words."

KNANES

THE SENIOR HISTORY

History is an impartially colored record of events kept for the benefit of future generations. It takes the little happenings of every day to make History, but some stand out much more prominent than the others.

As a class the first prominent day to us was May the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and fifteen. On this day we received our eighth grade diploma tied with Purple and White, which signified we had gained our first landmark in our education, and gave us the right to enter High School.

The next day to remember was September the first, nineteen hundred and fifteen, when we entered the "Old C. H. S." as Freshman, sixty-nine strong. During this year we learned to work for ourselves and to make use of the old motto, "Silence is the mark of Wisdom." How we envied those who were Seniors that year and how we longed to be Seniors. In every Freshie's book one would see these magic words, "Senior, '19."

The next year only fifty of us were in school, some so early in their school life had dropped out. We were not Freshmen that year, but by hard work and concentration we became a brilliant class and learned to talk intelligently on a subject. We were classed as "Serious Sophomores" that year.

SENIORS

In the year of nineteen hundred seventeen and eighteen forty-one of us had almost forgotten that we had been "Timid Freshmen" or "Serious Sophomores," for now we had earned the appellation of "Jolly Juniors." We were no longer a class to be frowned upon, but now our ability and standing had been recognized, and we were an honored class of the C. H. S. We successfully finished this year and gained our aim to become Seniors. Now that long-dreamed-of year is here and we are the "Grand Old Seniors."

We now have a roll of eighteen. More than two-thirds of the former class have fallen by the wayside, leaving the remaining third struggling along, lest they too be swept down by this great struggling wave of humanity.

We who are left regret very much that all who entered as Freshmen in 1915 are not with us to participate in our closing year. Wherever they are, we of the old class hope they have a successful future.

WANTED

The last great day for this class of '19 will be the day on which we again receive a diploma tied with Purple and White, which will indicate that we have reached our "Second landmark in our education." The class of '19 has high ideals and desires the better things of life. Our hopes, our ideals and aspirations are to

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by lifeless, unresting sea.

—G. T.

KANES

A SENIOR'S FEAR.

This poem is a doggerel verse,
Everybody knows it couldn't be worse,
But if you took exams. you'd feel mad too.
Now listen to me while I explain to you:
The teachers threaten us with test, test, test,
Till we fall to studyin' with a zest,
And all admit that we'll have to cram
If we hope to pass that horrid exam.

Now the more we study the less we learn,
Till we're sick and tired of the whole concern;
As we ponder o'er this meaningless junk
We give it up—guess we'll flunk.
But when it is over and then we are free,
We're just as happy as happy can be;
When there's no need for sorrow or tears,
We all gather 'round and laugh at our fears.

—B. W.

KANES

SENIOR PROPHECY

Oh, dear, what a most delightful dream, and if it only might come true. Would you like to hear it? Well, be real attentive and do not disturb me—as being interrupted would make me feel badly, and oh! it was all so real, that I would regret very much if our phase of it would be forgotten.

It was of our class of '19 back in good old C. H. S., and it started something like this: I was looking through a New York newspaper and found an ad for an experienced traveling companion to accompany a lady abroad, signed Mrs. Mark Hannah. The name sounded rather familiar, but not giving it a second thought I immediately wrote to her, and receiving a prompt reply that my recommendations were satisfactory, I started for her home. And it was indeed a most beautiful home, the largest and prettiest one in New York. I don't remember much that happened just there, only where I had entered the house there was Mrs. Hannah, who had been back in our school days a very good chum of mine, Helen Brown. You can imagine how surprised we were as well as very glad to see each other. And all her millions had not changed Helen at all.

IVANES

She, however, would not listen to my going as her companion, but as her guest. We left New York the following day. As the shores of our native land faded from view, we began to notice our fellow passengers. There was one couple that was especially interesting to us, and when they turned so that we could see them more plainly, who should it be but Marguerite Fisher and her husband! They were just newly married and were on their honeymoon to China. We had quite a long chat with her, and she told us of several of our old classmates. She said that Lelia and Grace were most prosperous milliners in San Francisco, where she had been living; also, that Leo had a chewing gum factory near there, and had a mighty good business. We all decided to walk around and had scarcely started when we were confronted by a large, fleshy man, the captain of the vessel, and it was no one but Ben, the president of our class. He was more than delighted to show us about the ship and we saw and learned many things which otherwise we never would have known. He also told us to be sure and call on his wife, who was living in Paris, giving us her address. Mrs. Olsen had formerly been Parolee. After a pleasant journey at sea we disembarked at Liverpool, and who should one of the customs officers be but Karl Ness! He had been there for five years.

WANE'S

and was very much pleased with his position. We went directly to Paris to visit Mrs. Olsen. She was the same good-hearted Parolee, and entertained us royally while we were there.

Helen had come to Paris especially to get her new fall clothes. We went to the largest ready-to-wear store in the city—the Mademoiselle Fashionable Dress Shop. This, I must not forget to mention, was owned by Faye and Beulah. They had a most successful business and had most of the trade of Paris. They told us that Marguerite Atwood was living in Russia and was the wife of a Russian count.

That night we went to hear the Great American Musical Company at the Hotel Mont Dore. And who should the prima donna of the evening be but Gladys Todd! Her wonderful voice had caused much enthusiasm in Paris. Madge and Alexandria were also entertainers of the evening, the former being a pianist and the latter a cellist. They were all making the biggest hit of the season in Paris.

We left the next day for Russia to visit Marguerite Atwood, now countess. Her palace was magnificent, more beautiful than the human mind could imagine. She was very glad to see us and we had a most delightful visit with her. She gave a banquet in

HANNE'S

our honor, inviting all the rulers of Europe and also Marguerite Fisher and her husband, who, we told her, were in China; Parolee and her husband, and also Marie, who was living near there and was a very good friend of the countess.

In about a week we left for home, and on the ship whom should we see but Ida, who was private secretary for the President of the United States.

After arriving in New York, I spent a few days with Mrs. Hannah and had a wonderful time.

Just then I awoke, and it seemed as though I had really taken the trip. And oh! that the dream might come true! And some day, when you are as old as I and look back over your high school days, you will then be more able to understand how really delightful this dream was to me.

—I. G.

KNANES

THE SENIOR PLAYS

The Senior Class this year decided to give two short one-act sketches instead of the customary three or four-act play. The cast of characters and a short synopsis of each play are as follows:

"OUR AUNT FROM CALIFORNIA"

Cast of Characters

FELICIA NEEDY	} Sisters	Gladys Todd
ROSALIE NEEDY		Helen Brown
SALLY NEEDY		Beulah Winkler
MRS. NEEDY, their mother	Grace Thomas	
MISS WILCOX, their dressmaker	Faye Parker	
MRS. MERRY MUNTOBURN, the aunt	Marie Doye	

NEEDY'S

Synopsis

The opening scene shows the home of the Needy family. Mrs. Needy is called away suddenly on account of the illness of her father, and her three daughters promise to keep the house in good order during her absence. At length, they receive a letter from the mother, saying that her sister, Mrs. Merry Muntoburn, from California, is planning to visit them and intends to invite one of the three girls to accompany her on a trip to Europe. She is to decide which one when she has made their acquaintance. Mrs. Needy is unable to be at home at the time of the arrival of the aunt, but she impresses upon the girls' minds that they are to do their best in entertaining and showing her that they are worthy of such a trip. Sally has engaged a dressmaker to design her costume for a play, and when the telegram arrives telling that the aunt has postponed her visit, Sally, unbeknown to the other girls, decides to impersonate the aunt. Mrs. Muntoburn had planned to surprise the girls, and when she comes unexpectedly, Sally mistakes her for the dressmaker. The aunt is a lover of jokes and allows the girls to mistake her for the dressmaker. In the meantime she keeps her eye upon Sally whom she thinks is an intruder. Finally, the mother arrives and the joke is revealed. The aunt, needing no further introduction as to the character of the girls, decides to take Sally on the trip to Europe.

KANE'S

Caney Valley Historical Society
THE KLEPTOMANIAC

Cast of Characters

MRS. JOHN BURTON (Peggy).....	Marguerite Atwood
MRS. VALERIE CHASE ARMSBY (a young widow)	Marguerite Fisher
MRS. CHARLES DOVER (Mabel, a bride).....	Parolee Troxel
MISS FREDA DIXON.....	Isabella Grant
MRS. PRESTON ASHLEY (Bertha).....	Alexandria Greer
MISS EVELYN EVANS (a journalist).....	Madge Earnheart
KATIE (Mrs. Burton's Maid).....	Grace Thomas

WANTED

Synopsis

Mrs. John Burton, accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Valerie Chase Armsby, has just returned from a recital given at the hotel, and finds that she has lost her purse containing a hundred dollars and all her rings. Miss Freda Dixon and Mrs. Charles Dover arrive and they all join in the search for Peggy's purse. A well-dressed woman at the hotel, a stranger in the town, is accused by Peggy and the police and hotel manager are notified. Mabel calls her husband and puts him on the track also. In the meantime, Miss Evans, the journalist, arrives; she gathers a good description of the accused woman and promises to do her very best in helping Peggy. When all this has been done, Mrs. Preston Ashley arrives and in the course of the conversation, she reveals the accused woman to be Mrs. Otis Howard, an invited guest at the Burton home that evening. The girls are anxious that no suspicion of this shall reach her and they attempt to stop further proceedings of the police. Just before the arrival of Mrs. Howard, the purse is found between the linings of Mrs. Burton's coat.

—H. B.

NEWS

Caney Valley Historical Society

SENIOR PARTY

Misses Cox and Conrad entertained the members of the Senior Class of '19 at their home, 400 North State Street, on Tuesday evening, April eighth.

Very interesting games were played throughout the evening and "Purple and White," the Senior Class colors, were in evidence.

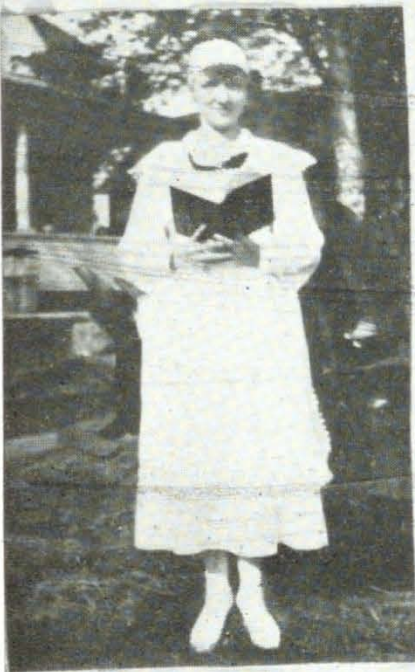
Guests other than those of the Senior Class were Lloyd Cameron, Roy Edmundson, Homer Minnick, and Russell McFarland.

Delicious refreshments were served at a late hour, and everyone enjoyed a most delightful evening.





Caney Valley History



KNANES

JUNIORS' ROLL

President -----Lyndon Rader
Vice-President -----Hazel Johnson
Secretary and Treasurer-----Clara Hutson

GLADYS BOGER	FRANK McFARLAND
HELEN BATES	MINNIE McKEE
JOHN CARINDER	HAZEL NESS
KATHERINE COLE	ORLEENE ORNDORFF
JOE EAKES	SARAH PATTERSON
FLAVIA ELLIOTT	DORA PETERSON
STELLA FINNEY	LYNDON RADER
CLARA HUTSON	VEDA RARDON
TRANNIE HACKNEY	IVA STOY
CLARE HAFEL	FRANK STRADLEY
LLOYD JENKINS	ELSIE WHEELER
HAZEL JOHNSON	

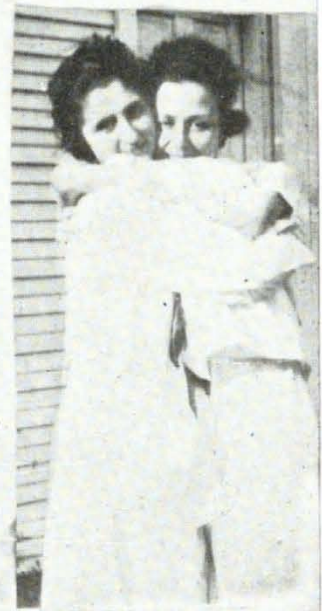
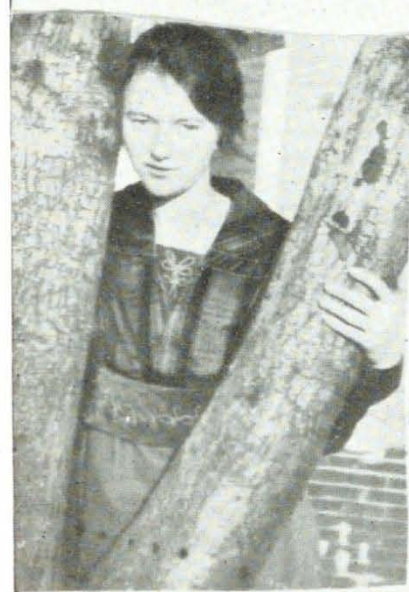
The Junior Class entered C. H. S. the first of September, 1916. They came back this year and very proudly signed their registration cards as Juniors. The Junior Class is well named when spoken of as the "Jolly Juniors." They have many social functions but they have failed to come up to the Junior classes of the previous years in that they have failed to entertain the Seniors. They are contemplating a banquet, but two entertainments are customary.

The School Athletics would go flunk if it were not for the Junior Boys, who are star players in Basket Ball.

The class of 1920 expects to finish next year with high honors.



Valley Historical Society



KNANES

SOPHOMORE CLASS

President ----- Helen Sheraden
Vice-President ----- Sardis McCory
Secretary and Treasurer ----- Lillie Jesson

CHARLES ALFORD	ADA MITCHELL
PAUL ANDREWS	GLADYS MILLS
ETHEL BOGGS	TREVA MILLS
KEITH CARINDER	EDNA MILLER
VEVA CALLAHAN	MARY McKEE
REUBEN DAVIDSON	JESSIE McREYNOLDS
BLANCHE ELLIOT	TREVA MATTIX
JOHN GRANT	SARDIS McCRORY
ALCIE GARR	HELEN SHERADEN
VELMA HEMPHILL	GORDON STEVENS
ALTA HOWELL	CLARA SCOTT
LILLIE JESSON	CHESTER SMITH
LORENZA LAMBILLOTTE	

The Sophomores have safely passed over the year of being Freshmen. There are many who could not withstand the tide and have dropped out. Those who are left are making a name for their class. The number of good-looking girls in this class is remarked upon by every one.

We hope the year of '21 will be as successful as anticipated by all the Sophomores.



Caney Valley Historical Society

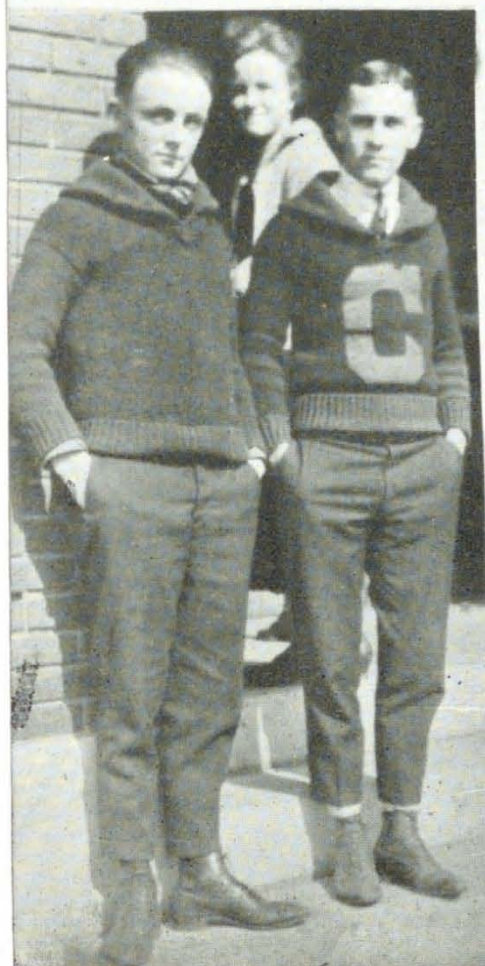


KANE

FRESHMEN CLASS ROLL

President -----Beatrice Templeton
Vice-President -----Imogene Daniels
Secretary -----Walter Rowley
Treasurer -----Imogene Stallard

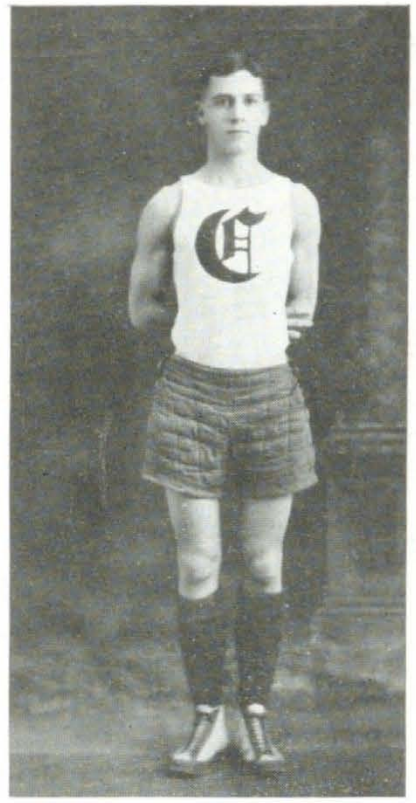
GRACE BARRINGTON	VERNA McCALL
NORMA BOWEN	GRACE McCALL
MARY BOWMAN	MAGGIE McKEE
ROBERT BOOKER	KATHLEEN McKEON
FRANCIS BUCKLEY	FRED McQUILLEN
JUNIOR BROWN	ELSIE McREYNOLDS
ANSON CHESS	BEULAH MOYER
IMOGENE DANIELS	GENEVA MOORE
TREVA DAVIS	VERA MORRIS
ELMO ELLER	ALMA NOAH
JACOB FECHT	MARGUERITE NOONAN
ADA FEIST	MILTON PEYATT
FLORENCE GOODYEAR	GLADYS PRICE
EDRIE GRAVES	DAISY PARKER
DOLORES HARDMAN	IRE RICKEY
MARTHA HARDMAN	CARL RICHARDSON
LELIA HEMPHILL	ELSIE ROE
DOROTHEA HANNAH	WALTER ROWLEY
ELSIE HENDERSON	VERGIE REYNOLDS
EMMA HILTON	IMOGENE STALLARD
BERTHA IKERD	FRANCES SHAFFER
INEZ JAYNES	LILLIAN SHAFER
ROBERT JENNINGS	BONNIE SMITH
JAMES JOHN	BEATRICE TEMPLETON
DAVID JOHN	MAY TENER
CAROLINE KERSTING	ROBERT WILSON
ELMER LEIGAN	STEWART WELCH
YETTA LIBERMAN	ALLISON WILLS
OPAL MAYFIELD	FRANK WINKLER



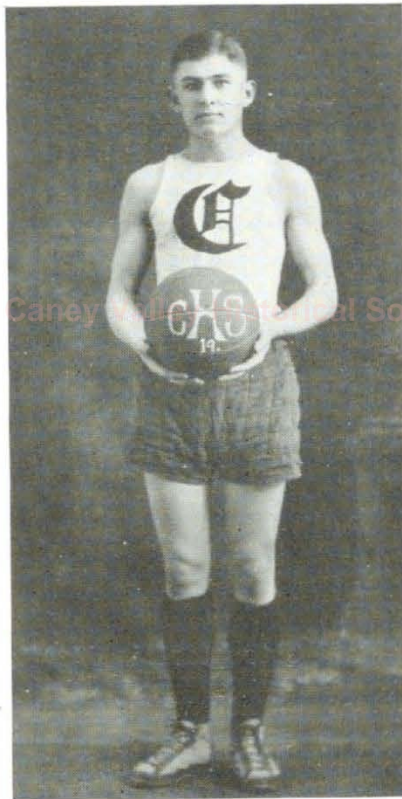
Valley Historical Society



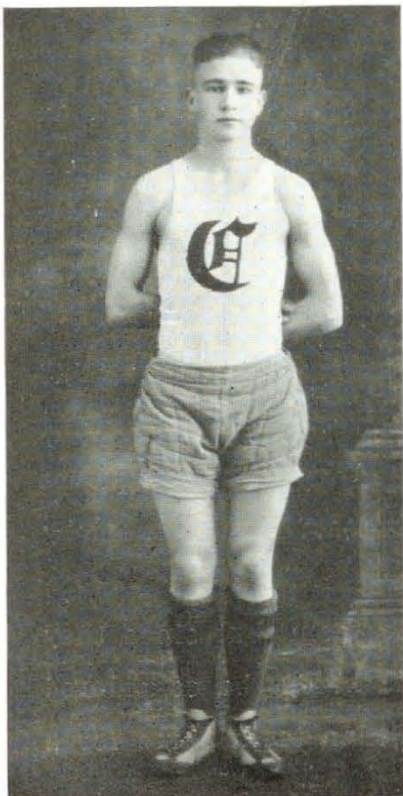
CENTER



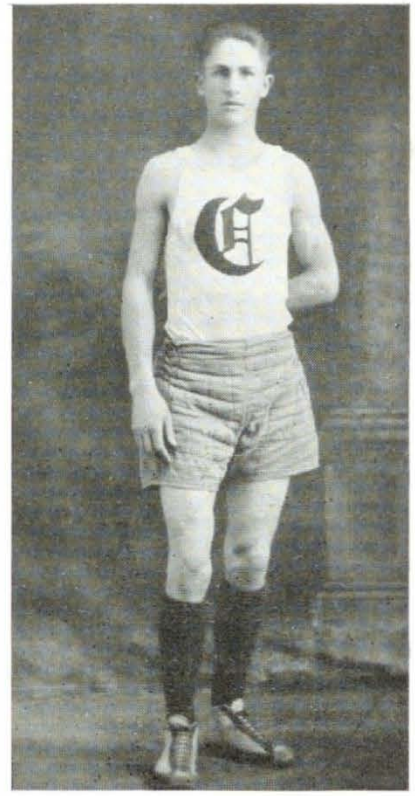
FORWARD



CAPT. RADER
FORWARD



GUARD



GUARD

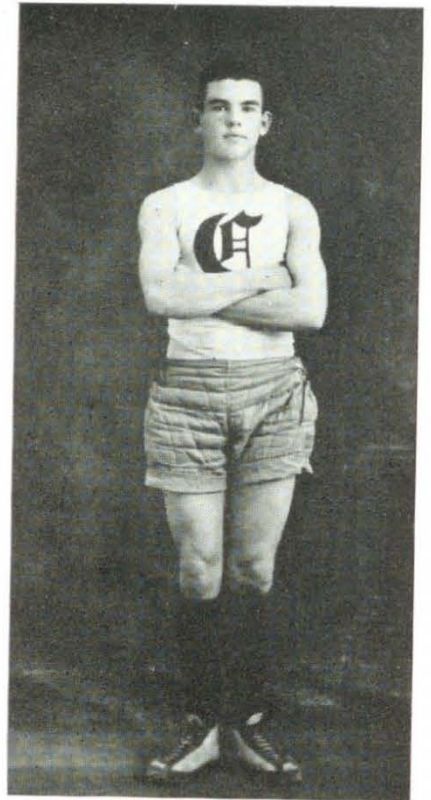
KANESBORO



SUB.

BASKET BALL
SEASON 1919

Caney Valley Historical Society



SUB.

At the time for basketball practice to start in December the prospects for a team were not encouraging. First team material was scarce, and no coach was to be had. During the first two weeks of practice hardly eight or nine men would report, but later a few more came out until the Alumni game about Christmas time. Although the opponents had several old time stars, a defeat was handed them.

On the following week the team was to go to Copan, but on account of the "flu" conditions there at the time the game was planned to be played, at the last moment Copan was unable to come, and on the spur of the moment a game was arranged against last year's team with F. Feist playing instead of S. Henery. This team was defeated by a score of 31 to 18.

These victories added a great deal of encouragement to the team, but since they were against teams which had had but little practice they would hardly be considered a test. But the real test came the following week when the Sedan team came for a

CANEY

game. Their men, although larger than the home team, were unable to win, although the game was very close. At the end of the first half Sedan was leading 15 to 6. But in the last half the Caney team staged a wonderful "comeback" and at the close of the game the score stood 21 all. A five-minute period was added and Capt. Rader with a single field goal placed Caney in the lead, and no other scores being made the game was won. This is the first game Sedan ever lost when the extra time was added.

A week later the team visited Ramona, but being outweighed thirty pounds to the man, and other handicaps, such as a slick court, the referee, etc., the team met defeat 59 to 21.

Dewey next invaded the home of the Caney five and were defeated 33 to 12. Dewey's team was more near the size of the Caney boys than any team to be met this season. The game was fast, and both teams displayed excellent team work, the game being closer than the score might indicate.

On January 31 the Bartlesville High School team met defeat at the hands of the home boys, the final score being 45 to 15.

A week later the team went to Collinsville. Although our team played under difficulties the boys were able to "come home with the bacon" with a score of 45 to 30.

Capt. Rader and other members of the team went to Tulsa and attempted to match a game with that school, but no open date could be had.

Summing up the season thus far, at the time of this writing it has been very successful, both for victories and finances. We look forward to having the best team in this part of the country next year, for all the members of the old team will be back next year.

The following games are yet to be played:

Dewey at Dewey, Feb. 14.

Coffeyville at Caney, Feb. 15.

Sedan at Sedan, Feb. 21.

Tournament at Bartlesville, March 1st.

Probable games: Bartlesville at Bartlesville, Ramona at Caney.





KANE'S

THE HISTORY TEST

I walked into the history room,
The atmosphere was filled with gloom;
The students' faces one and all
Were stricken with a pall.
I looked around, there stood Miss Cox,
Who said with something of a laugh:
"You hurry up and take your seat,
For very soon your doom you'll meet."
And then upon the board she wrote
The questions five—too sad to quote;
The answer then I vainly guessed,
While trying to pass the history test.
She asked of wars from '89
Up to the Revolution time,
And of the men, who in our nation
Met to sign the Declaration.
Oh, it is very sad to think
How nearly came I to the Brink,
So very often am I blessed
With memories of that History Test.

Isabelle had a soldier boy,
His suit was khaki tan,
But now that he has gone to France,
He is her soldier man.

Homer—Marry me and there will be no one happier on this earth.
Gladys—Yes, but how about myself?

Junior—John, does your mother know you smoke?
John—No; I want it to be a surprise.

Lloyd—"May I kiss you?"
"Flavia—"Mother's in the next room."
Lloyd—"Well, she will stay there a long time before I kiss her."

Nothing takes the glitter off a luxury like possessing it.

KANE

INDIVIDUALS' HOBBIES

- Doris D.—Cutting classes.
Madge E.—Smiling.
Opal M.—Using her eyes to the best advantage.
Hazel J.—Trying her best to appear intelligent.
Carl N.—Not saying a word.
Grace T.—Telling others they are wrong and she is right.
Mark—Averaging 160 words a minute.
Charles B.—Talking to Dora.
Ida Roper—Trying for a "Junior."
Keith C.—Talking for the benefit of others.

"The professor," remarked Mrs. Humphrey, "seems to be a man of rare gifts."
"He is," agreed Mrs. Bonter, "he hasn't given me one since we married."

Russell Mc.—"Won't you marry me this month?"
Miss Lemmon—"It will be a cold day when I marry you."
Russell—"All right, girlie. If you won't make it now I can wait until December."

Console yourself, dear man and brother; whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.—Lowell.

Velma—"Did you hear about the delicate hint Toad got last night?"
Veva—"No; what was it?"
Velma—"Well, Helen found that looking at the clock and other similar devices were of no avail, so she ordered some refreshments and her mother sent in a dish of breakfast food."

Lyndon—"Can you suggest some interesting topics to talk about when calling on a girl?"
Elmer—"Assuredly. Her hair, her complexion, and her beautiful eyes."

KANES

IT ISN'T YOUR SCHOOL—IT'S YOU.

If you want to go to the kind of a school
That's the kind of a school you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

You'll find elsewhere what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school;
It isn't your school—it's you.

Real schools are not made by men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead;
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a school from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake
Your neighbor can make one too,
Your school will be what you want to see;
It isn't your school—it's YOU.

Isabelle—"Isn't it just like those French girls to keep running after our good American boys?"

Dora—"What's the matter now?"

Isabelle—"Pickles writes that life in the trenches wouldn't be so bad if the 'cooties' didn't pester them so.

Postmaster—This letter is too heavy. You'll have to put another stamp on it.
Margurite F.—Sir, will that make it any lighter?

Mr. Bonter (in physics class)—Why are life preservers stuffed with cork instead of hay?

Clare Hafel—The fish might eat the hay while they couldn't eat the cork.

When asked what the national air of the United States was, a little French girl "over there" promptly answered: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

WANE'S

A STUDENT'S DICTIONARY

Faculty—A troublesome bunch who interfere with students' affairs.

Faculty meeting—The only place the faculty can joke without it getting into the papers.

Flunk—Process of changing from a four to a five year course.

Leader—The man who finds out where the crowd is going, then jumps in front and yells like blazes.

Spite—Think twice before you speak, and then you may be able to say something more aggravating than if you spoke right out at once.

Marguerite—Ben, why do you sing?

Ben—Oh, just to kill time.

Marguerite—You have a splendid weapon.

Caney Valley Historical Society

Parolee—It says here that marriage is a preventive against suicide.

Roy—Is that so? Well, don't forget that suicide is also a preventive against marriage.

Lloyd J. (writing an English paper)—“O, Toad, ‘ow many h’ells in ‘Oenzollern?”

Toad S.—“Two h’ells, same as in ‘ell.”

Bob Booker (in Ancient History)—“Who was Nero,” he asked of his seatmate, “wasn't he a man that was always cold?”

Second Party—“Naw,” was the reply, “that was Zero, another guy altogether.”

THE YANKEE DUDE.

They're dudes,” the German junker cried,

“They cannot fight, that's true.”

Since then he's had cause to decide

What the Yankee dude'll do.

A censor's ideal letter: Dear Ma: Having nothing to do, I will write to you. Having nothing to say, will close.—Love, Son.

KANES

Here's to the faculty,
Long may they live;
Yea, even as long
As the lessons they give.

The fly flew through the flue
to fetch you the flu; the
flu caused you to fly up
the flue to flee the flue.

THE TEACHER'S PSALM

Blessed is the man who walketh not with the cutters of classes, nor standeth in the line of the Bluffers, nor sitteth in the seat of the Flunkers.

But his delight is in search after knowledge and on his books doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like my own perfect pupil, that bringeth his texts to his classes, and that sitteth close to the rostrum; his books also shall he not lose, and in every exam shall he prosper.

The loafer shall not be so, for they are like the chaff that the wind driveth away. Therefore they shall not stand in the quizzes nor back in the smiles of the teachers. For we know the way of the studious, but the way of Stiller shall perish.

Mr. Morton—Why do they call this arm bone the humerus?
Lloyd J.—Because it is next to the funny bone.

Parolee—" 'Tis love that makes the world go round."
Marguerite A.—"And when you are in love with two boys at once, it goes round so fast that you get dizzy."

Lyndon—"Does Miss Lemon approve of cosmetics?"
Elmer—"She seems to lend countenance to them so far as I can see."

Life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

KANES

SELF STARTER FOR A FORD

You first repeat the sayings of the prophets of Arabic. Put a gumdrop in the cylinder; roll up your sleeves; connect the batteries with the fillings in your teeth or your watch-case; rip off your belt and necktie; yell the word Sherman used as a synonym for war, in the gasoline tank; breathe hard against the carburettor so as to warm the frost off it, and then twist the crank around several hundred revolutions.

If the engine backfires and kicks you into the mud and knocks a handful of teeth out, the engine is ready to go. That's a good sign the motor has started.

—Adapted.

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Isabelle—Parolee told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.
Marguerite A.—She's a mean thing; I told her not to tell you I told her.
Isabelle—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did.

The Seniors gave a "Box Supper" April 4th to make money to go toward their "Annual." Everyone had a fine time. If you ask any of those present if they enjoyed themselves, they smile mysteriously.

Evidently there is a joke somewhere. Those who were present seem to think it is in some way connected with the faculty.

In a small village in Ireland the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had had bad news.

"Sure, I have," she said, "Pat has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive word from the war office?"

"No," she said, "I received word from himself; here is the letter, read it yourself."

The letter said, "Dear Mother—I am now in the Holy Land."

Helen S.—"Do I make myself plain."

Velma—"Somebody has, if you haven't."

KNANES

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Senior boys with dates?
Mr. Bonter with the disposition of Mr. Shinn?
Miss Lemmon without her adorable laugh?
Gladys Todd speaking plain English?
Mr. Humphrey letting some one else have their way?
Dora Peterson without her sarcastic remarks?
Joe Eakes without his shorthand?
Elsie Wheeler without her powder puff?
Leo Norris real wide awake?

The pretty school teacher asked her class the definition of "wife." And the boy in the corner answered, "A rib." She looked at him reproachfully and nodded to the boy with dreamy eyes, who said, "Man's guiding star and guardian angel." "A helpmate," put in a little girl. "One who smoothes man in adversity," was suggested. "And spends his money when he's flush," said a little boy. There was a lull, and then a little girl said slowly, "A wife is the envy of spinsters." "One who makes a man hustle," said one. "And keeps him from making a fool of himself," said another. "Someone for a man to find fault with when things go wrong," said a sorrowful little maiden. "Stop right there," said the teacher; "that's the best definition."

Alexandria, on being asked to define a simile, could not answer.
"Well," said Miss Cox, "this sentence, 'My hours at school are bright as sunshine,' what figure of speech would that be?"
"Irony," answered Alexandria.

I often hear men talking
About the things they'd do,
If they possessed a million,
In solid cash, or two.
I know not what tune others
In such a case would sing,
But as for me, why really,
I wouldn't do a thing.

Laziness has many nicknames—"Hard Luck" is one of them.

KANE'S

JOKES FROM THE CAMPS

Tears filled the soldier's eyes,
Tho' brave and true was he,
For he was peeling onions
By the hour on K. P.

Hurrah! I hear the revielle—
I love to hear it summon me;
I love to get up mornings, too;
I do, I do—likehellidoo.

Colonel—Rastus, what is your girl like? Is she brunette, or blonde, or—
Rastus—Well, Colonel, ah b'lieve she's what yo' might call a silhouette.

Aerial Instructor—Of course you can readily see what it means to drop fire bombs
on the enemy's vast stores at night.
Rookie—Sure! Fire sales the next morning.

Ensign—See the captain on that bridge, five miles away?
Gun-pointer—Aye, aye, sir.
Ensign—Hit him in the eyes with a thirteen-inch shell.
Gun-pointer—Which eye, sir?

Captain—Your rank, sir?
Rookie—Don't rub it in, captain. That's what the sergeant told me.

A negro drill sergeant was addressing a squad of colored "rookies" under him. He said: "I wants you niggers to understan' dat you is to carry out all o'ders giben on de risin' reflection ob de final word ob comman'. Now, when we's passin' dat reviewin' stan' at de comman' 'Eyes Right,' I want to hear ever' nigger's eyeballs click."

Mary sheared her little lamb,
Its wool was very dear
"Why, Mary," said her Uncle Sam,
"You little profiteer!"

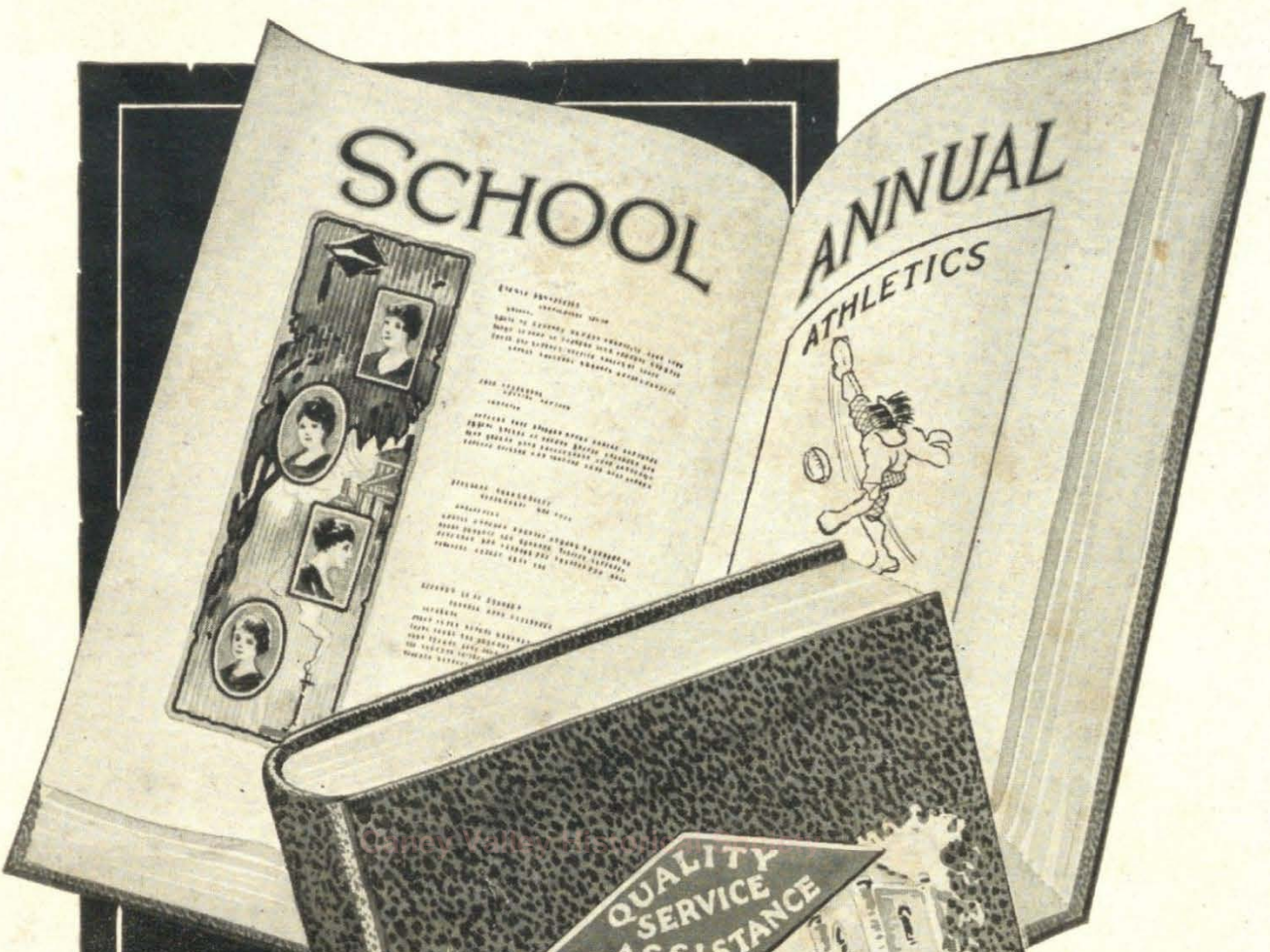
The Youth—When we were torpedoed I swam for two hours before being pickd up.
The Maiden—Oh, how jolly. I love swimming.

A flag in the heart is worth two on the pole.

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