

# St. Louis School Children at the Closing Hour, by a Sunday Republic Camera.

When the lesson and the school are closed,  
And the school for the day is dismissed,  
—Charles M. Davidson.



FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL LAWN.

A GROUP ON GRAND AVENUE.

BRIGHT QUARTET

AROUND THE STEPS

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The scene which may be viewed daily at the closing hour of the High School is a great attraction to any person interested in the rising generation; while the stream of young people which pours out of the big building at 2:30 each day is of especial interest, not only from a standpoint of human nature, but also because it contains the future men and women of the city.

A minute before 2:30 a passer-by on the street would not imagine that the building contained any life or that the street would be soon transformed into a scene of the liveliest nature. Beyond a family vehicle or two drawn up in front of the school and an expectant knot of friends of the stu-

dents who cautiously wait at the corner, half a block away, there is no sign that there will be an eruption of young people onto the street within a few seconds.

The attitude of the School Board, which objected to the presence of noisy friends of the students around the building just before the hour for dismissal, and the stationing of a policeman to see that there is no looting in the neighborhood, is responsible for the quiet which prevails at this time.

When 2:30 strikes, however, the scene is changed almost immediately. A hum of voices and footstep can be heard from inside the building, and a spray of small boys, constituting the younger element of

the school, shoots violently from the front door as though propelled by some powerful spring.

Immediately following are the larger boys, walking with varying sedateness according to their classes. For the first few moments the school appears to contain boys alone, all the first arrivals on the street being male, but after a lapse of a couple of minutes the girls commence to appear.

Mixed in with the girls are the boys who have tarried behind for some reason or other, and at 2:35 the street, which was so quiet a short time before, is thronged with the younger element of St. Louis, both male and female.

At this time of the year, when the girls still cling to their light clothing, or as much of it as the vagaries of the weather permit, the scene is a pretty one, the contrasting hues in the gowns and the picture unconsciously made by the scholars as they go down the street being well worth looking at.

Outside the school a fringe of boys lingers behind, discussing their affairs and those of the school, and the younger ones noisily making demonstrations and wearing the wire edge off their nerves which have been keyed up during school hours.

The members of the football team, of the baseball nine, last year's heroes of the field day, the officers of the school societies, and the others who have won prominence

in the institution for some reason or other, may almost be picked from the crowd by the hearing which they develop, the importance of their offices enabling them to raise their schoolmates' ears on dignity.

For fifteen minutes after the time of release the streets in every direction are filled with young people, now walking alone, now in parties. The boys seem to be more gregarious than the girls, small parties seeming to be in favor among the latter, while the boys favor noisy crowds of twenty or thirty, although there are exceptions to both cases.

The youth of some of the members is noticeable in the crowd. Boys and girls are seen of an age which appears more

written for the public schools than for the High School, and it is generally found that these youngest scholars are among the brightest in their respective classes.

An interesting sight in the crowd is the boy who is escorting home some girl of his acquaintance and preference. It is, indeed, a youth free from self-consciousness who can do this with a self-possessed air, the mere glances of his friends seeming, as a rule, to annoy him exceedingly. Sometimes he carries the matter off with ease, but the fact that it is somewhat of a trial to the youth to be the center of observation in this capacity is shown by the fact that comparatively few such couples are seen.

The contrast between the hearing of the girl and boy in this respect is worth noticing. Be the girl ever so quiet and retiring a character, she almost invariably seems absolutely unconscious of the surrounding crowd, and even when mutual friends of the couple make alleged jokes, which are plainly not enjoyed by the male escort, the girl walks along with the utmost air of unconcern.

## STAGE SNOWSTORMS.

### How a Pathetic Scene Was Spoiled.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The stage snowstorm, as a rule, lacks variety and realism. It is as palpably unreal as the soap-box ice cakes on which hunted Eliza skips uncertainly in her frenzied flight across a make-believe Ohio River in one-act-and-a-half portrayals of Harriet Beecher Stowe's exposition of bygone slave days.

There is nothing convincing in a spasmodic downfall of paper snowflakes shed from a perforated box in the flies and enveloping the heroine in distress, while the stage to right and left and in front and behind her is as bare as a San Francisco pavement in winter.

Joseph H. Grismer, actor, playwright and stage director, has reformed all this. He thought out and perfected an ingenious device by which the snowstorm in "Way Down East" is made to look real. The snow seems to have set in in just all winter and the wild, whirling flakes drive past the windows of the old farmhouse and drift furiously through the opened door as if blown upon the wings of a howling gale.

Mr. Grismer, skillful as he has proved himself in working up the storm in "Way Down East," was not always so successful in this sort of stage illusion. His first attempt was at Glens Falls, a one-night stand in New York, years ago, when he was playing leads to the emotional heroines of Annie Ward "Tiffany East Lynne" was the play and Miss Tiffany conceived the idea that it would add a spice of novelty to recite "Beautiful Snow" in one of the scenes where she had the entire stage to herself.

Mr. Grismer warmly approved the idea and suggested that the effect would be greatly enhanced by the introduction of an incidental snowstorm. Miss Tiffany thought the suggestion a good one, and as no reliance could be placed upon country stage hands Mr. Grismer volunteered to be responsible for the snow effects.

Providing himself with a bucket full of fine-cut paper he mounted a tall stepladder and proceeded to sift the snow down by hand just outside the window in front of which the star was declaiming with impassioned fervor. Mr. Grismer was congratulating himself upon the superb effect he was creating when a local stage hand looked up with a grin and sarcastically remarked:

"You gosh-blamed idiot! That window ain't transparent. It's solid and painted on canvas, and the audience can't see nothing."



ONE OF THE FREAKS OF THE GALVESTON STORM.  
Passenger Train Blown Over at a Point Two Miles from the Town of Alvin.

## CLIMBING PIKE'S PEAK IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

### How John Brisben Walker Went Up and Then Came Down Again.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Pike's Peak has been automobile, but not quite conquered, by the automobile. The lofty mountain was not within a shot for its entire altitude of 14,130 feet, but an ascent of 11,000 feet was made. John Brisben Walker, who made the ascent, declares the feat is the first of its kind in the automobile. He is fairly well satisfied, however, for the records do not show that anybody else has taken an automobile up the mountain. It was rather an experiment and an adventure, and on the whole we were glad to get it done, says John Walker.

"We went up the mountain in an automobile and it proved much more traveling than I had in the past. The road was positively the worst I have ever seen anywhere, and it was a fine affair, and in fact I was the first to ascend to the top in a coach and four. That was accomplished through the aid of a party of horsemen. It is fairly washed out and the whole road is in the middle of the road, and it is very dangerous."

"However, the machine pumped heavily upwards, and when at times we wended our way up the mountain, it was the most exciting and interesting of a ride. I respond very readily to the boom to a personal visit, and the most dangerous part of the ride was in perfect safety."

"But the road got worse and worse as we proceeded, and when the distance was met we felt as if we were in a trap. It was much worse beyond, and showed us to turn back. I thought it would be the height of folly to attempt anything more dangerous than we had met, and I took the advice."

"Going back was like coming down a toboggan chute, and we made the distance in little more than a third of the time. It was fearfully rapid work, and in places we would meet with simply two ridges on either side of the road, twelve inches wide, and on these the wheels would have to travel. Between was impossible traveling, and if the machine had not stayed on the ridge we certainly must have met ruin. It was exciting at times, but, like a noble animal from which heroic things are expected, the machine stuck to the ridges and we were saved."

"The lesson learned is that mountains can be climbed with safety by automobiles, and with the greatest pleasure where the road is a good one. We went up in two and one-half hours, and got back in an hour."

Photograph by Brown, Alvin, Texas.