



MOVEMBER



1906

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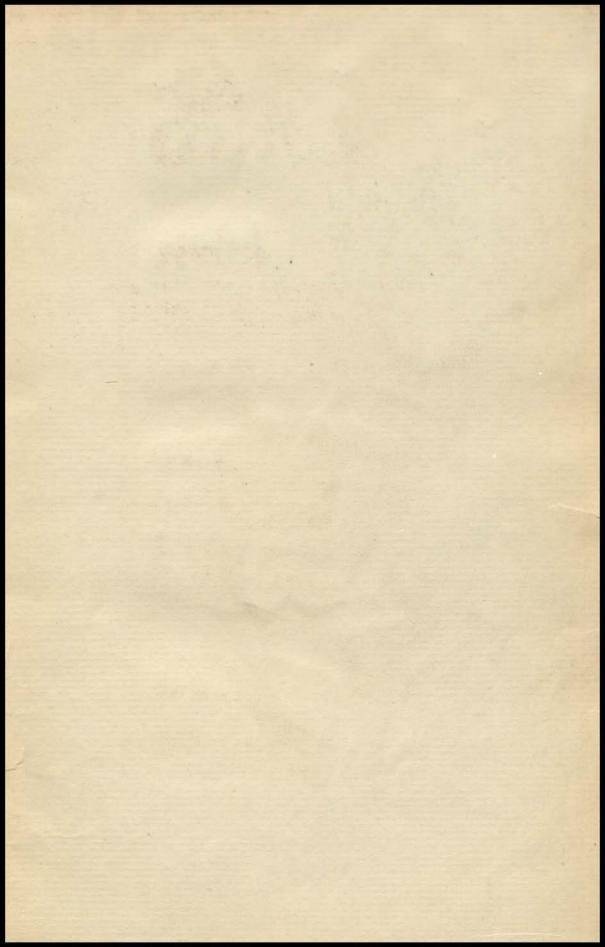
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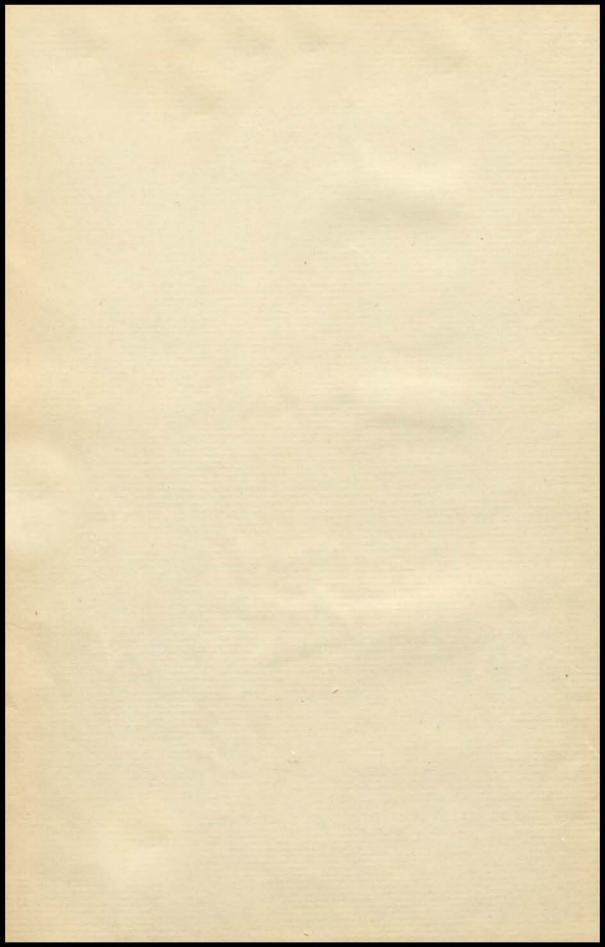
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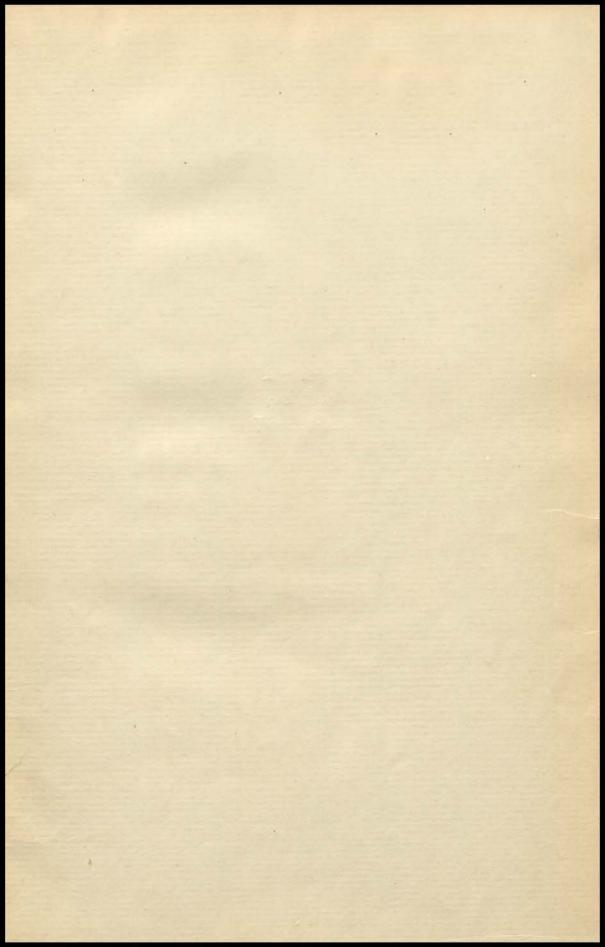
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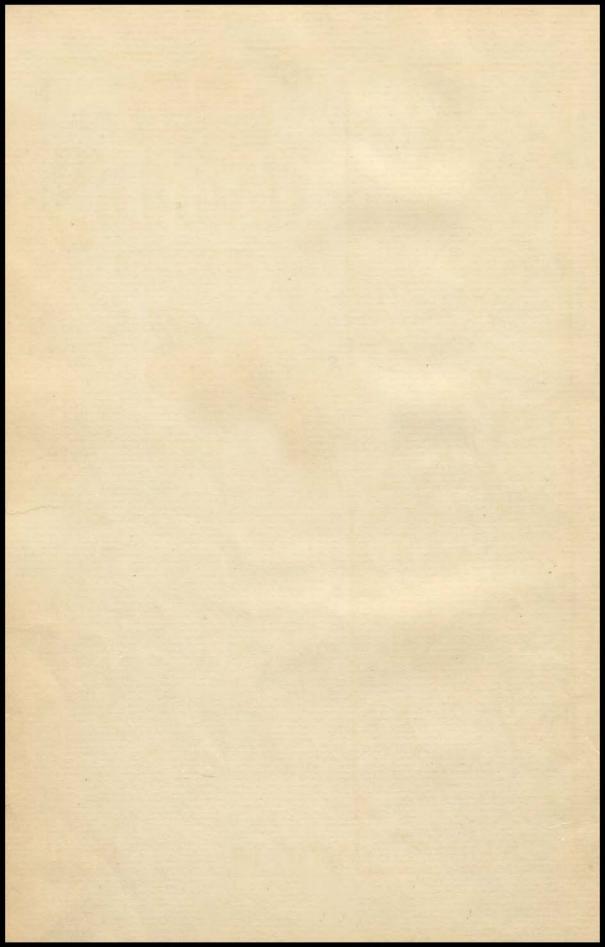
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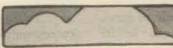
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FRAUTILU





Build the 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 life's unrest-

ing sea. -Oliver W. Holmes.



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KANSAS CITY, MO.

NOVEMBER, 1906

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NOTICE

THE NAUTHURS is published once every two months in the general interest of the Manual Training High School, at Kansas City, Mo.

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The Nautilus,

Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo.

We greet you!

Aurora flitting by, gives to you, the first issue of the nineteen hundred and seven Nautilus. We tried to Greeting, detain her; but no, the elusive goddess, finding twilight nowhere but in the newest cell of the Nautilus, fled in affright and left us to wish you well.

As she deserted us in the early morning of the new Nautilus year, so there slipped from our midst, under the cover of another twilight, many faces dear to us. There is ever this change. Those who are missed by us have gone to gladden the hearts of others. The colleges have called a goodly number; others are Freshmen in the College of the World with Experience in the chair. We miss them all but we reconcile ourselves with the assurance that they always conduct themselves to the glory of Old Manual. For all this, old pangs will return, striking us silent as we, in the midst of gay groups in the halls, remember what he or she did or said last year under similar circumstances.

We regret to announce that Mr. William Curry has been compelled to resign from the Nautilus Staff. Mr.

Curry's two weeks of
Resignation active service were very
of Mr. Curry. valuable to the paper,
as he enriched it to the
extent of about two hundred dollars. The
course he took was only resolved upon
after he had found that he could not continue as business manager and be graduated with enough credits to enter M.
S. U.

Mr. William Norris, being next in line, was elected to fill the vacancy, and he and his able assistant, Mr. James Schwab, are now attending to the business end of the paper.

There has been a change in the method of holding the Nautilus election. In former years the principal called a special AsNew System sembly Hall meeting, in Electing and there the election Nautilus Staff. was held. Notwithstanding the fact that these elections were spirited and lively,

and dear to our hearts, the system had its faults. Not more than one-fourth of the pupils attended these meetings; consequently the elections were not fully representative of the wishes of the whole student body. Therefore, it was deemed necessary to remedy this defect.

This year, the election was held in the class-rooms during the fourth and tenth periods-every pupil voting. Out of about fifty names posted by the faculty the ten boys and eight girls receiving the highest number of votes were elected. This body, comprising the staff, met later and organized. Thus the new election was representative of the wishes of every pupil in the school. Another good feature is that in the event that anyone of the officers should for any reason leave the staff there would always be one to fill his place, as the next person in line would then be elected. The faculty and our principal may well be pleased with the excellent new system, which is purely democratic and eliminates all caste and politics.

A Chalk Talk.

Our school is to be congratulated on being able to engage such a great artist as Mr. W. M. R. French, director of the Chicago Art Institute, to give us one of his inimitable, original and entertaining as well as instructive Chalk-talks. The lecture will be given on the evening of Wednesday, January 2nd.

While it will cost considerable to secure him, the price of admission will be but 15 cents, to enable as many pupils as possible, in ward schools as well as high schools, to enjoy such a rare and profitable treat.

What money remains above expenses will be used for the benefit of the art department,

Tickets are on sale in the hands of art teachers and pupils.

The Nautilus urges every pupil to take advantage of this rare opportunity. Sitting at the feet of a master is the source of great inspiration to beginners.



The Knock of Fortune.

By Arnold Hofmann, '07.

"Will fortune never come with both hands full?"—Shapespeare: Henry IV.

"Ten francs per week you say, and I am to have this room to do in as I please?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Yes, Monsieur."

"Ten francs—it's a lot of money, but—"

"But Monsieur, ten francs, only ten francs, very leetle, very leetle."

"A very little is a great deal for a flat pocketbook. But nevertheless I will take it."

"Very good, Monsieur. Fine room."
"Yes, I like it and I like you. I will paint your picture, provided you will do me that honor.

"Oh, certainly, certainly, Monsieur."

"Well, the expressman will bring my things around in the morning. Good bye."

The door closed and he was gone; leaving the woman within murmuring. "Ten francs, ten francs—it's good, very good. And he is a painter, mon Dieu, a painter, and a handsome fellow, too."

The future tenant, as the old woman had said was a painter. A young American, Dick Norwood by name. Dick had done well in the United States, very well indeed, but as yet had not succeeded in obtaining much of that material that is sometimes worth more than praise and twenty times harder to get. Dick, how-

ever, was not discouraged. Money would come in time, he thought, and he had reasons to expect it. His capital consisted of a goodly share of talent, combined with pluck and perseverance. But, he had scraped together what money he could, (his parents being unable to help him) and come to Paris to study art; and, perhaps, as he hoped, to make a name for himself.

Late the next afternoon Dick had arranged his studio, "Studio" sounded very fine, although it was only a large room bare, save for his bedroom furniture and his easel.

"It looks pretty empty," said Dick to himself, as he lit his pipe and sat down in the "visitor's chair" to think matters over. "But never mind, I'll work hard and not bother about the looks of things. And besides that old landlady of mine will make an interesting study."

The last rays of the sun fell dimly upon his clear cut features as he sat there enveloped in thought. He scarcely moved except now and then to take a pull at his pipe. His eyes, usually keen and penetrating were now veiled by dreams. He sat there for a long time. Gradually the room darkened; his pipe went out. Still he sat. He began to talk again. "How will fortune

come to me?" he murmured. "Will it be in the shape of a devil, a woman, or an angel?" Something whispered, "It shall be a child."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, undressed in the dark and went to bed.

The next morning, after the usual French breakfast of coffee and rolls, he went to his work and plied his brush faithfully until it became too dark to see well; then he went to his supper. Two meals a day. He must save, he said, until he could earn some money.

For two weeks Dick had worked uninterruptedly and in all this time he had seen no one except the old landlady. He was getting homesick and his paintings somehow did not have the success he expected. The masters to whom he showed them said, they were good, they bespoke talent; but he had much to accomplish yet.

"Will you be so good as to come and sit for me tomorrow?" he asked of his landlady on the third week after his arrival.

"Certainly, Monsieur, certainly, wiz great pleasure, Monsieur," answered the old woman, her face beaming with pride.

The next morning she came to his room, arrayed in her finest attire; and so proud that Dick had a hard time to get her in an easy position, for she would persist in sitting as straight as a grenadier. After much talking on Dick's part, and a great deal of shifting and adjusting on the part of the old woman, things were finally ready, and Dick entered into his work with his accustomed earnestness.

He was very much absorbed when the door opened gently and a golden head looked in. Presently the body followed and Dick was convinced that it was not a ray of sunshine but a little girl who was entering his room. And his first impression was so strong that with a welcoming smile he called, "Hello, Sun-

shine, what brought you here? Did you come to have your picture painted?"

"I came to see grandma, but I could not find her and they told me she was up here, so I came; and here she is." And running up to the old woman she kissed her shyly, then stood close to her chair and looked with wonderment, first at Dick, then at the sketch on the canvas and finally at the old woman. Suddenly she smiled and whispered something in the old woman's ear.

"Can't you tell me, too," asked Dick? She only shook her head and smiled. "She says that is I whom you are painting," exclaimed the woman,

Dick smiled. "My how bright you are; would you like to have your picture painted? If you come to see me real often maybe I will, sometime." She answered with a long-drawn out "Oh."

"Now you must go little Mariette, for Monsieur is very busy and does not want to be bothered," said the old woman. Dick, however, insisted upon her staying, which she was very glad to do.

When the hour was over and both were leaving, Dick asked Mariette to come every day and watch him paint.

She assented, smiling from behind the folds of the old woman's dress, who, thinking this a good opportunity, explained that Mariette was not really her granddaughter, but only a neighbor's child that lived across the street,

Dick's landlady came to sit an hour for him every day. Mariette came with her. Soon Mariette came between times also. The picture was finished, the old woman ceased her visits, Mariette still came. But she was never a bother. She would sit in a corner and watch him contentedly. When Dick told her stories she was delighted, and would sit and listen with wide-open eyes to the adventures of Tom Thum and Jack, the Giant Killer.

When he told her a story about two

birds that were robbed of their only little young one by a hawk, she cried. Although he himself liked sad stories, he never told any more to Mariette after that.

The picture was completed but Dick's expectations were not realized. It sold for a mere nothing. He was not discouraged, however, but went to his work with still more energy. He sketched, he painted groups and portraits, he studied faces and circumstances. He marked well the grotesque or pathetic features and expressions that he met with on the street; and upon coming home would sketch them, later paint them. In this manner he worked for two years, improving steadily all the time. The master, with whom he studied, was taking great interest now.

"You will do, You will do," he had said, "you have a day to look forward to."

During all this time Mariette was not Dick's only friend; for one day she had brought her father to see him.

"I am a fellow countryman of yours; my name is Hampton," said her father. Both men were overjoyed at seeing a fellow-countryman. They shook hands, looked each other square in the eyes and were friends. That very evening Mr. Hampton took Dick to his home and his wife. Here they talked until late in the evening and they talked mostly of Mariette.

Dick no longer felt lonely; he spent most of his evenings at the Hampton's. Mariette was more than ever his companion now. She brought him little dainties that her mother had baked, or sometimes flowers from their window boxes.

Every day that the weather permitted she came. Every time Dick was glad to see her. Often when he was depressed her merry prattle would make him forget his troubles. So for another year their friendship continued without mishap.

Mariette was seven years old now and in the fall she was going to commence school. But who is so fortunate as to live life through in happiness and contentment without an interruption? Before the Unknown we all must bow and where the hand of Providence points we follow blindly.

One spring morning as Dick was at his work he glanced out of the window and saw Mariette standing on the other side of the street with a bunch of flowers in her hand. She was looking up at the window and when she saw him she started suddenly to run across. She had gotten nearly half way when there was a sharp toot; a scream—and Dick closed his eyes. When he opened them again his little friend, the sweet little Mariette lay a golden heap in the dust.

In a moment he was out in the street, and tenderly, ah so tenderly, he lifted her up and carried her to the place she knew so well. Mrs. Hampton had heard the scream and opened the door to see what was the matter.

Dick never forgot the expression on her face as she saw him coming up the garden steps with Mariette in his arms. She only said, "Mariette, my little Mariette." But the expression, the look she cast upon her child told more than words could express.

The study of faces had become such a habit with Dick that even now he involuntarily studied the mother's face. The next day he began a new picture.

Poor little Mariette was not hurt to outward view, but the doctor said he feared she never would get well again. For months she lay in her bed without any improvement; then she began slowly getting worse. The doctor said that the country only would help her. So under her mother's tender care she went to a nice farm a great distance from the city. Mariette felt much better here; the country was so much more quiet and soothing than the great city. The soft air thrilled her heart and sent sunshine through her frail little body.

Often when she could not sleep at night she would lie looking out of the window and play at hide and seek with the moon; which would now come through the open window and kiss her beautiful face, and play with her flaxen hair and then hide behind a great cloud; at which the stars twinkled with merriment.

In the daytime she would lie in the same little bed, by the window, and look out upon the green sunshine bathing fields upon which the farmers were at work.

Close by the house a brook babbled incessantly; so close was it that she could plainly hear the countless fairy stories it told. Mariette was never in want of entertainment; for if she grew sad the birds would sing to her, and when she became restless the brook would tell her a beautiful story, which often lulled her to sleep.

In this manner she lived day after day in this beautiful country, and apparently grew stronger. Her cheeks began to show a tinge of rose, and her eyes to shine with something of the old light, (Perhaps it was a new light—who can tell?)

One night it was very warm and although her mother had long ago fallen asleep Mariette could not close her eyes. She lay as usual gazing out of the window.

Everything had gone to rest, only far away the whistling of a passing engine, now and then the barking of a dog, and from time to time the melancholy tone of an owl, broke the silence. The brook. too, was murmuring something, but she could not make out what. Gently the soft dark cloak of pight wrapped the world in sleep; and Mariette, too, was slumbering. Only the never resting clock, that hung in the hall was steadily ticking mankind closer to Eternity. All Nature was waiting, waiting for rosy morn to kiss it and gently say, "awake." But when morn did come Mariette did not feel the caress nor hear the summons.

The same day at the Art Exhibit, Paris discovered a new Genius. The critics were going mad over a picture entitled, "The Accident." Its painter was Richard Norwood.

A Hallowe'en Home-Coming.

By RUTH McGURK, '08.

Woe filled Dotty's heart, and all because Auntie Claire was not coming home for Hallowe'en. They always had such good times. Dotty and Papa and Mamma and Auntie and Teddy. Teddy was Dotty's little playmate, and he always came over on Hallowe'en. But this time there would be no frolic. As Dotty meditated on the doorstep, Teddy came past, and noting her down-cast

countenance, sat down on the step by her side.

"Oh, Teddy, Auntie isn't coming home for Hallowe'en."

"Auntie's not coming home? Well, why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's something about a man, 'cause I heard Papa and Mamma talking about it."

"Uh-huh, I know, I'll bet," said Teddy.

nodding his head with the superior wisdom of six years.

"I'll bet you don,t; you don't know

everything."

"Who said I did, I'd like to know? You think you're awful smart, don't you? Well, anyhow I'm older'n you, and I'm a boy."

"I wouldn't be a boy for anything. Girls can dress lots nicer than boys, and they can have curls, too," she said with a shake of her own brown ringlets.

"Well, maybe they can; but I don't wan't 'em. It's just good enough for you 'cause your Auntie's not coming home. I guess I'll go over to Tommy's on Hallowe'en anyway." And he walked away with a look of supreme indifference.

Two tears trembled on Dotty's lashes, then she called, "Oh Teddy."

"Huh?" Oh, such contempt and scorn as were conveyed in that single expression!

Then Dotty burst into tears and Teddy came back much chagrined at the mischief he had done.

"Dotty, I didn't mean to, honest Injun. Cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die," he said as he comforted her.

"Well, what's that about Auntie?"

"Well, I'll bet she's going to get married," he whispered.

Dotty gazed at him in awe-stricken silence, then—"Oh, Teddy, we'll not have an Auntie any more."

They sat and pondered for a few minutes, then Teddy said: "Yes, we'll have an Auntie, but we'll have an Uncle, too." Teddy and Dottie always went halves in everything, so Teddy considered Dotty's auntie as his, also.

For the two weeks till Hallowe'en, Dotty's little mind was filled with strange forebodings. Could it be that Auntie—her Auntie Claire was going to get married? Maybe she didn't love her and Teddy any more. What if she didn't? Oh, if Auntie had only never gone to Chicago. Well, she had, and now—but maybe Auntie wouldn't do it after all.

Hallowe'en came, but not with such joyous anticipation as before. Teddy came over as usual and they played games and ate popcorn and candy, but it wasn't half as nice as usual. They just couldn't have Hallowe'en without Auntie, so they sat down before the grate and lost themselves in meditation. As they sat there watching the little tongues of flame, leaping and dancing, there was a ring at the door-bell, but they paid no attention to it, nor did Dotty's father and mother, supposing that some mischievous lad was doing it for a joke.

Then—what was that? A lady walked into the room and behind her was a tall man! Dotty and Teddy sprang up with a wild cry and flung themselves into her arms.

"Auntie, who's that man?" Dotty whispered,

Auntie turned with a radiant smile. "Why, Dearie, I forgot, this is Uncle Dick." She then introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and as she did so Dotty came over and stood by Teddy and they both gazed in mute astonishment. It was true then, Auntie didn't love them any more. Turning, Auntie saw the little faces—woe-begone and astonished, and she gathered both children into her arms.

"Darlings, were you afraid Auntie didn't love you any more? She can love you and Uncle Dick, too. Now, don't make me feel sorry by not liking Uncle Dick."

Teddy, with the true manly instinct, walked up to Dotty's Uncle, with outstretched hand, "Well, if Auntie had to go and get married, I'm glad it was you. I think I'll like you all right."

Dotty, not to be outdone, came over to

him and said, "Well, I 'spose since you're my Uncle, I ought to kiss you."

"That's right. I was afraid at first that by the reception it was to be "skidoo" for me, but I'm glad it isn't."

After receiving a box of candy which Uncle Dick had brought, they sat down to talk it over.

"I don't care now, do you Teddy?"

said Dotty as she took another piece of candy.

"Nope. He's all right and I guess Auntie's awful happy."

Dotty glanced in her direction. "Teddy, don't you think she's lots prettier than she was?"

"Uh-huh. I guess it's the happy coming out."

A Storm in California.

By ALICE E. RICHARDSON.

In California the year is divided into two seasons, the dry and the rainy. One visiting there in the summer may expect to be able to go anywhere at any time without carrying an umbrella. The fogs are often very deceiving and unless one is used to them, he may think it necessary to arm himself with an umbrella six mornings out of every week, but he will soon learn that the clouds, as he supposed them to be, are only a precedent to a very beautiful day, which manifests itself about 10 o'clock, when the fog lifts and leaves nothing but a universe of sunshine. On the other hand, from September to May or June it is a most unsafe thing, even on a very bright day, to venture out of the house without full equipment-raincoat, rubbers and umbrella. The April of Missouri lasts thirty days; the April of California continues nine months.

On such a bright day I started to school without an unbrella. As the morning wore on, the sun became dimmed by what seemed only a "high" fog. Gradually it became darker and darker. Every sign pointed to a coming storm, but—what! Was that thunder? I looked around at the pale faces about me. Probably most of the boys and girls in the building had never heard thunder

lefore, for in California it is almost as rare as snow. A few moments of the most terrifying crashes and the most vivid flashes of lightning ensued. Then the heavens seemed to open their reservoirs and let the contents drop to carth. It was as if Nature had become angry and was giving vent to her passion by frightening the people and drenching the town, but, as all other passions cool quickly, so it was with Nature's that morning. Shortly afterwards we had nothing but a gentle, steady rain to remind us of the storm.

But, combined with the downpour of the morning, the gentle, steady rain had its effects. As the car wended its way slowly that afternoon, I began to look about me with apprehension. The streets were flooded from one side to the other. As I neared my destination I wondered how I was to reach the sidewalk after I had left the car. I was the only passenger and the conductor was evidently wondering about the same thing. He went to the front of the car to see if the streets were any clearer a few blocks ahead, but on returning offered no encouragement. If one has never been in the middle of the street with the water surging on all sides of him, he has no idea what a peculiar feeling it is to know there is no way to reach the sidewalk

without plunging through the current. I must have been the laughing stock of the neighborhood as I stood on the car track, my books in one arm and a huge bundle in the other, trying to make up my mind to plunge. At last I stepped

boldly in and, by using all my strength, managed to withstand the current till I reached the sidewalk.

That storm was a rare one, and the very fact that it was so unusual rendered it the more formidable.

At the Eleventh Hour,

In the private office of J. D. Wilkerson, a lawyer in New York City, two men had been conversing earnestly for more than an hour. Finally, one leaned forward and took a piece of paper which the other extended, affixed his name to it, and lighted a cigar with a satisfied air, saying as he did so the one word, "Done." This paper provided that if within ten days after that date William Gordon executed a deed for certain real estate in New York to John Carson, the man who had signed the paper, he, Carson, would in turn deed a piece of property along the Belt Line tracks in Kansas City, Mo., to William Gordon. It was further agreed that the transaction was to take place at the Midland Hotel in Kansas City.

The two men shook hands, and Gordon remarked that as he had promised to take his wife to the theater that evening, he must hurry home. As the two men stepped out on the street, a broad smile covered Gordon's face, and he kept saying to himself, "Fifty thousand at least; fifty thousand at least," and each time he said the number his smile grew broader, till people who passed wondered what good fortune had befallen the tall, dark man. In a moment or two the smile left his face; a feeling of faintness stole over him, and, before he could hail a passing cab, he fell unconscious to the sidewalk.

Carson at once had the stricken man taken to his home, where he was put under the care of a new physician, the family doctor being off on his vacation at the time. When Gordon had been put to bed, his wife explained to Carson and the physician that her husband had suffered from attacks of this kind before, but that they never lasted more than an hour or so. When the attacks were on him he always took on the appearance of death, and remained so till they passed over.

Carson remained an hour or more, and then left, saying that he must catch his train for Kansas City.

II.

Carson, lying in his berth in the sleeper, flying toward Kansas City, congratulated himself on the disposal of his troublesome Belt Line property. He felt that he had made a "good deal." With this thought uppermost in mind, he dropped off to sleep, and did not wake till broad daylight the next morning.

After finishing his breakfast he was wondering how to pass away the time before him, when a newsboy came through the train with the morning papers. He bought one, and settled back in his seat to look it over. Finding nothing of interest, he started to lay it aside, when his eye was caught by a small headline, "Kansas City Depot Site Located—To Be Built at Belt Line Tracks and Grand Ave." Carson read the article through twice before he fully comprehended its meaning. It suddenly dawned upon him that this new depot site was on his own property. Then,

with greater force, he remembered that he had just entered into a contract to trade that very property! He began to realize that the real estate along the tracks which had been worth perhaps fifty thousand dollars was now worth at least a hundred thousand, and he had traded it for New York property valued at about fifty thousand!

His eyes narrowed; his face became seamed with lines as he tried to think out a scheme to block the trade. Then his face lighted up a bit. There was just one chance in about a hundred. Gordon's disease—well, time would tell.

III.

Early this same morning the doctor examined Gordon and pronounced him dead, and advised that the undertaker be sent for immediately. Mrs. Gordon, however, absolutely refused, saying that he had attacks of this kind before, when she had thought him dead, but he had always revived after several hours. Thus six days elapsed, the doctor becoming more and more certain that the man was dead, although mortification had not yet set in, and Mrs. Gordon herself gave up hope. Then the physician, looking at the body, noticed that a red spot had appeared in each cheek of the "patient," and within thirty minutes Gordon opened his eyes and said feebly: "What is the date?" When he learned that seven of the ten days had passed, he began giving orders, and before noon had caught a train for Kansas City. That morning he telegraphed to Carson to meet him at the train on the evening of the eighth day.

IV.

In his hotel in Kansas City, John Carson had spent most of his time walking up and down the room, alternating betweep hope and fear. If Gordon would only die, the fifty thousand would be his. If he revived in time to be in Kansas City on the tenth day—as, indeed it

seemed most probable he would—the fortune would be Gordon's.

On the morning of the seventh day he had persuaded himself that as he had received no word from Gordon, this attack had surely proved fatal. He had eaten his first hearty breakfast since his return to Kansas City, and was in a particularly happy frame of mind, when a telegram from New York was handed to him. He paled immediately, tore it open with shaky hands and looked at the signature—Gordon. As he went up to his room he muttered his resignation, saying: "It's all off now. I may as well let things take their course. I'll meet him."

V

Tuesday night, the eighth day, just after the train arrived, Carson noticed the county coronor, a large man with a jolly smile, standing near the baggage car. Gordon had not yet appeared, so he stepped up to the coroner, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and said pleasantly: "Going away, doctor?" The official turned around, shook hands, and replied: "No. I got a message saying to meet this train. Passenger died just on the other side of Independence."

For some reason which he could not explain, Carson felt a desire to see the body, so he stayed with the coroner, and when the body was carried to a room in the station, he was standing beside the jolly official. The sheet was lifted from the man's face. A cry escaped Carson's lips. The man was Gordon. "Why," he started to say, "that man's not dead—I know him," when he remembered his thought on the train coming to Kansas City. "One chance in a hundred. One chance in a hundred." The coroner looked up quickly.

"What did you say?"

Carson stammered. "Why, I know him—at least I don't know his name talked with him all the way from Chicago to the Mississippi"—he was lying easily now, and went on: "He was telling me that he had no relatives in the world. When we came to the Mississippi I went into the smoker, and when I returned he was gone. He must have taken ill and gone to his berth."

The coroner had been examining the body.

"Well, it's a case of natural death, all right. Here, Jim, you can take him now." An undertaker stepped up, and two men carried the body to the wagon waiting outside. "Where did you send him?" Carson asked his friend in the tone of one who is merely curious about such matters. The doctor answered, and the men separated, Carson going to his hotel.

"The next morning he was off to the undertaker's shop bright and early. "I must rush matters now, if possible, There's no telling when he may revive," he said to himself as he walked. Arrived at the establishment, he told the same story to the man in charge that he had told to the coroner, and asked to see the body. The man consented, and they went back into the morgue. There, on a cold marble slab, lay Gordon, in the same condition he was in before he left for Kansas City. "What are you going to do with him?" asked Carson. "Well, as he has no relatives, I guess we may as well bury him at once. I suppose we'll do it this morning."

"Perhaps that's the best thing to do," said Carson, in a sad tone, as he left the gruesome place.

Once outside, he rubbed his hands with glee, and said over and over again, "Fifty thousand at least; fifty thousand at least"—the very words Gordon had used nine days before.

VI.

About 4 o'clock the next day Robert Hancock, a friend of the undertaker's, dropped in to hear about the man who had died on the train the night before. "No," the undertaker replied to Hancock's questions, "there was nothing about him to identify him, and besides he had stated earlier in the day that he had no relatives, so we buried him yesterday morning. No, this was the only thing, and I could make nothing of it," and he pulled out a small gold college society pin. Hancock glanced at it and cried, "Why, for Heaven's sake, man, he can be identified! I belonged to that same society when I was in college. You have the body exhumed, and I'll have it identified." "All right, I'll do it this afternoon." He was willing enough, for he knew a fee could be collected if friends could be found.

At seven o'clock, the body of the unknown man again lay on the marble slab. An attendant was passing, when he noticed a bright spot in each cheek. "That man's alive," he cried, and immediately called a doctor. The physician used strenuous efforts to restore the body to life, and before eight o'clock, Gordon suddenly sat bolt upright, and demanded, "What day is it? What time? Good Heavens! Call me a cab," he cried, excitedly. The cab came. He gave the address of a prominent lawyer, climbed in, with the doctor following, remonstrating.

They drove at a break-neck speed to a handsome house in the suburbs. Giving the cabman the brief order, "Wait," he went to the door and rang the bell. He was admitted at once. The lawyer, who had been expecting Gordon, was ready for business, so they at once started to work on the deed. After what seemed an interminably long time, the paper was drawn up. Both men made a rush to the cab, told the driver to make his best possible speed to the Midland Hotel.

Arrived at the hotel, they found that Carson had gone to bed. Both were wild with impatience. A bell-boy was sent to arouse the sleeping "party of the first part." After another endless wait he appeared. When he saw Gordon he became as pale as a sheet, and would have fallen had not the lawyer supported him. Gordon glanced at his watch. Of course, he could not have understood the trouble with Carson, but was too excited to notice it. "Get the deed quick," he shouted. Something seemed to have possessed Carson. He walked as if in a dream to his room, procured the deed and returned. The papers were exchanged. Carson promptly fainted. The other two were just lifting him up when the clock in the tower of the old post office building struck twelve. The ten days were up: the contract had been carried out, and William Gordon was a richer man by fifty thousand dollars.

The Vegetables' Convention.

The vegetables, so I've been told, Once met in solemn session In a great corn field very old, To form a grand convention.

The Rutabaga took the chair;
He was so very solid
That all the others looked to him,
To make the laws all valid.

The very first day the Carrot arose, And voted a new dispensation Of funds the treasurer had to dispose To regulate transportation.

Lord Turnip jumped up as quick as a wink, To second so worthy a motion; Then discussion began with a blink, The Cabbage expressed his motion.

Lords Parsnip and Garlick and Spinach, too,
All joined the deep consultation;
Sir Cucumber told what he tho't they should
do,
Thus ended the deliberation.

'Twas decided the packer should place his goods In crates and boxes sufficient; And carefully ship them each day from the

To suit existing conditions.

The freight commissioner was besought, by a very select committee, To modify his harsh demands, For it was such a pity:

To force the purchaser to pay A price so arbitrary, And so he did, without delay, Reduce the hauler's Celery.

Twas decided each merchant should cultivate The taste of his various patrons, So all should be used without debate By all the different nations.

Pepper then caused a great sensation,
By suggesting at this critical moment,
There surely should be a new Onion station,
So comfortably all could enjoy it.

Just then a rabbit appeared on the scene, And great was the consternation; Potatoes, Tomatoes, Salsify, Peas and Beans, Made greatest haste to the station.

Kansas City's Fire Department.

By M. L. R.

"Fire! Fire!" Who can hear that cry through the streets and not feel a thrill go through him? There is fascination in a fire, and when the horses gallop past drawing the swaying engine, with blue-coated figures clinging to the sides, everyone feels like cheering and running after them. Automobiles may take the place of horses in many ways, but when they are substituted in the fire department, as will doubtless be the case in a few years, speed may be gained, but a run to a fire will have lost the charm exerted by the well-trained horses that can never be replaced by motive power.

Kansas City has many things to be proud of, but one thing which justifies her pride more than anything else, is her fire department, second to none of its size in the world. Twenty station houses employing two hundred and thirty men and using ninety-one horses, cover the territory in all parts of the city and compose the fastest, best equipped and most efficient fire department in the world. The new station house, No. 2, which has just been completed at Tenth and Central streets is the largest and best in the city, and thirty-seven men are on duty here. The fastest hitch of the department on record is 1 2-5 seconds, and was made by this company when it was stationed at 807-809 Walnut street. Company No. 1, stationed at Union avenue and Mulberry street, has a threehorse hitch which is in a class of its own as to speed. In 1893 a picked fire crew with George C. Hale, then fire chief, and the magnificent white team, Joe and Dan, went to Paris and won first prize at the international tournament. Soon after their return home Joe was killed one night at Eleventh and Main by colliding

with a cable car. Joe was such a favorite and the firemen thought so much of him, that they had his body stuffed and mounted. His companion, Dan, saw many years of faithful service, and now that he is too old for work, he is peaceflly ending his days on a farm outside the city. The successors to this famous team are the beautiful bays, Buck and Mack. They went to London in 1900 and also won first prize. They are still the fastest team in the city and are statined at Engine House No. 4 at Fourteenth and Penn, but the team at No. 6 station is rivaling them for first place.

To pass a station house when the men are at leisure and to see them sitting lazily about, or playing games to while away the time, one is apt to think that these fellows have an easy job, but a fireman's life is uncertain and he never knows when he may be called upon to fight the flames or to sescue someone from a burning building. As a fireman crudely expressed it, "One minute I'm sound asleep in my bed, and almost before you could get awake, I'm prowling around in some man's cellar and don't know where I'm at." The interior of a station house is full of interest to one who visits it for the first time, and certainly the information gained is well worth a half hour of one's time. To see the many devices and attachments for facilitating fast hitching, to watch the intelligent horses unloose themselves and leap into the harness at the first sound of the gong, to examine the engine, hose-cart and hook and ladder wagon, with their massive frames and their shining trimmings, and to see the firemen slide swiftly down the grass poles, are all sights of interest at a fire house. On the wall of every station hangs a wooden signal box. Ask a fireman what it is and he will laugh and say, "Oh, that's a Gamewell box. Nobody pays any attention to it. Our alarms come over the telephone." This is one of the famous Gamewell fire alarm boxes which system cost the city so many thousands of dollars, and caused Chief Hale, one of the best firemen who ever held a hose, to lose his position because he could not conscientiously give his consent to the adoption by the department of something which he felt would prove unreliable.

How proud we should be of our brave

boys in blue, who are so ready and willing to give their own lives, if necessary, to save the lives and property of others, and everything possible should be done to help them by protecting our own buildings against fire. The city council has recently created an ordinance providing for a fire warden to further aid in the enforcement of all laws for the prevention of fires and the protection of lives. This official is to be provided with a horse and buggy and is to receive \$2,835 a year. The city council has also appropriated \$295,000 this year for the expense of the fire department.

A Climb Up Cameron's Cone.

By RUTH PHILLIPS, '07.

This ascent was accomplished on a perfect morning, one of those that cannot be found excepting in the mountains. Ah, how deceiving such mornings are; one can never tell when a black cloud will roll up to veil the mountain top. We started at 7:30, it being impossible to get a breakfast at Manitou any earlier, loaded with the usual burden of jacket, umbrella, walking stick, and luncheon; the latter of unusual weight, for one feels by noon, as if he could eat the very mountain he has climbed. When we started up the cog road, we were received with teasing remarks by those who were walking wearily back to town after a hard night's tramp, and who supposed that Pike's Peak was our goal. "You won't keep up that pace very long," said one old fellow with a smile.

We soon took the burro trail on the left, and walked rapidly, considering the heat, stopping now and then for breath, and to be cheered and to cheer other tourists, like ourselves, who were toiling below us, up that endless, winding cog road. This was in July, but we

found wild raspberries and strawberries, about three-eighths of an inch in length, growing along the trail. We passed two picturesque springs of clear water, before we reached Minnehaha Falls, where we lost some time, waiting for some friends who were to join us.

By the time we reached the Half-way house, about 11 o'clock, we were all tired enough to rest awhile, but as it was nearing noon, and we had decided that no one should open a lunch box till we reached the top of Cameron's Cone, we thought it best to get there as soon as possible. We went behind the Half-way house, through two or three pastures, filled with purple asters, and then into a forest of quaking asps, where we found a blind trail on our left, which one of the party knew to lead up the mountain. When we reached a little stream, clear as crystal, we stopped to drink, and fill our buckets, this being our last chance, for there is no spring upon old Cameron's Cone.

The trail from there on is very steep, and we puffed like steam engines, and often sat down feeling as if we could go no farther. But the knowledge that there were crystals above us, the wild, picturesque scenery that was becoming more and more beautiful the farther up we went, and above all, that feeling that all true mountain climbers, have of wanting always to get still a little higher, spurred us on until we reached the top. Here we were indeed rewarded. On one side of us we could see Manitou and Colorado Springs, and then, as far as the eve could see, were the plains, stretching without a break, clear to the horizon. Turning in the opposite direction, we could see plainly the top of Pike's Peak, and here and there could catch a glimpse of the Snowy Range. Straight down below us, were beautiful ravines of pine forests, and the silver-like Lake Moraine.

But meanwhile the clouds were coming up from behind the Peak, there was an ominous wind from the south, and the temperature was beginning to fall. So we built a fire, toasted our bread and made a well-earned bucket of tea. The chipmunks certainly had to starve that day, for there wasn't a single crust left for them when we had finished. By this time the clouds were very threatenning, so we each picked out a seat under a pine tree, on the other side of the mountain, to shelter us from the cutting wind. Those of us who were fortunate enough to have umbrellas, opened

them and fastened them in the low branches of the trees above us. There was exactly one umbrella for every three persons, but we enjoyed the gathering storm immensely. By this time it was raining, and as it grew colder, it began to sleet, and then to hail. But in this July storm, we found our greatest pleasure in watching it rain or snow, according to the different temperatures on the many mountains around us.

Suddenly, as is the custom with these mountain storms, the clouds broke, and the sunlight all at once flooded the valleys. We could easily find water now, in the hollows of the great boulders, and I don't believe water ever tasted so good to us. This is one of the best places near Manitou to find crystals. Few persons have the strength or perseverance to reach it, and the beds are seldom disturbed. So when we started down, we kept our eyes on the ground, no two of us walking together, and it was not long before nearly everyone of the party had found one or two perfect specimens of smoky topaz crystals, besides many chips, just as good for cutting. As we started swiftly down the trail, back to the Half-way house, late in the afternoon, I, at least, felt a certain sense of pride and satisfaction at having ascended this mountain, just as hard to climb, if not as high, as Pike's Peak, itself.

A Belated Picnic.

By NAOMI SMITH,

It all happened on a chilly Saturday in late October. The wind was blowing a perfect gale, but what cared the "Jolly Six," for were they not thus assembled to "pack up" for the last picnic of the season? We were all there; Lois, the "Wit;" Laura, the "Butterfly;" Jennie, the "Girl with the Auburn Hair;" Louise,

the "Mouse;" Ruth, the "Bookworm," and I, common ordinary I, without any especial taste or striking personality.

Four of the girls were to ride their wheels to the spot, where, after repeated controversy, owing to the different ideas of each, we had finally decided to spread our feast and I, because I was only visiting, was given the seat of honor beside the "Butterfly" in her small pony cart. We found, however, to our sorrow, that there was very little room left for us, after we had stowed in the numerous bundles and baskets belonging to the crowd. Since it was impossible for the other four girls to manage both wheels and baskets, we had to carry theirs' as well as our own. The roads were rough. A pail tied under the cart kept jingling in the most annoying manner, and we soon found that a two-wheeled vehicle was not the most comfortable seat in the world. Occasionally we passed one of the other girls struggling against the wind, head down, hat hanging over one eve, and puffing and panting in her frenzied endeavors to keep her seat.

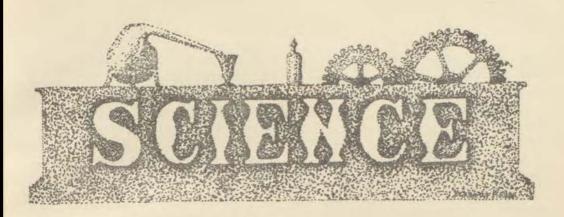
It was half past ten before we reached the woods and the "Butterfly" and I were last to arrive, for bicycles had proved more efficient means of traveling than Shetland ponies and small carts.

Although I knew nothing whatever about building a fire, to my amazement, I found myself "mistress of ceremonies," as it were, and while the others went on a long trip for water, I struggled with my first camp fire. And struggle is a mild word. Finally, after many failures, I had a cheerful blaze started. I then gave my attention to opening our baskets. Because of our over-indulgent mothers and our own half-formed plans, we had a varied assortment of good things to eat, and plenty of each, too, for several had unknowingly brought the same things,

Of course we had planned to do some cooking, so I put water in an old coffee pot to boil, poked some raw potatoes into the blaze to bake, and put a can of baked beans near the fire to heat. A few minutes later I heard a terrific explosion, and reached the fire just in time to see our beans flying in every direction. The can had exploded and—we did without baked beans.

The other girls soon returned, hot and dusty from their long walk, bringing more water. Then the whole six scattered to gather fuel. Suddenly the "Butterfly," who had returned to the fire, gave a terrified scream. "Come girls! come quick!" she called, and we did as she said, for we saw something that quickened our pace. Right near our fire was the dried up bed of a little brook, while the ground around was covered with dead leaves and small twigs. These leaves had caught fire, and when we reached the spot the flames were rapidly spreading. Inexperienced though we were, we well knew the great danger which threatened if we lost control of our fire. For a moment we stood spellbound, too frightened to move, thinking only of the lack of water with which to fight the flames. Suddenly an inspiration seized me, and without a word to the others I reached over, scooped up a handful of sand, and threw it on the burning leaves. My act seemed to rouse the girls and with a will we fell to work. Never did six girls work more feverishly! We said not a word, but scooped up that sand with pails, cups, anything we could lay our hands on. We were desperate, but our efforts soon began to tell, and the flames died down.

A few seconds later, six limp girls sat down on the ground, and looked, with white scared faces at each other. The spell was broken by Lois who threw herself flat on the ground, and giggling and choking so that she could scarcely speak, yelled out, "Oh! girls, look at Jen's hair,—and—Ruth's face, an—and Lou's hands! Such a looking crowd! Oh, my! Oh, my!! Oh, my!!!" and with that she rolled over and went off into another fit of the giggles. The rest of us looked and-giggled, too. We were undoubtedly a sorry looking crowd. Several had used their skirts to carry the sand while others had caught the sand aimed at the fire. Our hands were black, our dresses dirty, our hair in a fly-away condition, and our faces streaked with dirt and perspiration. We had dumped out most of our water, but the small portion that was left was used in a vain effort to remove some of that dirt.



Motorite, the New Emergency Fuel.

By FRED W. ZURN, '07.

Many discoveries have been made in the world of science, but few or none will compare with that of Hudson Maxim, in regard to combining two highly explosive compounds and obtaining a non-explosive substance called Motorite, which will in time be the most important emergency fuel in this country. After many discouraging failures and dangerous accidents, Mr. Maxim brought his discovery to such a height of perfection that it is being tested and approved of by the highest navy officials of the United States Government. We would have good reason to doubt the efficiency of this new compound, if it were not for the fact that Mr. Maxim has already a world wide reputation as a discoverer and experimenter of explosives.

He is the discoverer of many high explosives adopted by the United States Government, after many competitive tests, and also the first experimenter in this country with smokeless powder. He discovered Maximite, an exceedingly high explosive used by the Government in submarine and torpedo boats, which will in itself uphold his name as that belonging to a man whose word can be taken authoritatively.

It has been proved that, when the two kinds of electrification are brought into contact, there will be no electrostatic action, and so it is that the combining of two highly explosive compounds produces a non-explosive mixture. Motorite is composed of about seventy per cent nitro-glycerine and thirty per cent guncotton, which is secretly combined with the nitro-glycerine, forming a somewhat rubbery substance. When we consider that Motorite has more than twice the power of compressed air for equivalent time, we are easily convinced as to the amount of time that can be saved. When used as a fuel on submarine or torpedo boats, it is compressed into huge candles or rods, a foot in diameter, solidly incased and tightly sealed in steel cylinders a hundred feet long. When it is desired to raise steam, one of these rods is ignited at the end, and, as the sides of the candle are protected from ignition it will continue to burn at only that place.

When we consider the compound of which Motorite is composed, we can not but appreciate the danger to which Mr. Maxim is subjected. The greatest source of danger in working with explosive compounds is not carelessness, but a tendency for voluntary acts to become automatic. Motorite can not explode or detonate; it can be burned only from the exposed surface with great rapidity. But its compounds are highly explosive, and the inventor has had sev-

eral narrow escapes from death in accidents in which his laboratories were destroyed and he himself injured.

We do not mean by the term "emergency fuel" that it is a fuel that will be used when ordinary coal or oil has become exhausted, but one that can be used when we are desirous of obtaining a higher pressure of steam than our common fuels are capable of giving us. Motorite burns slowly in a comparative sense, without the speed of an explosive, and is so utilized that each pound of Motorite will produce three pounds of steam. Nothing else,-not even compressed air-gives so much motive power in so small a compass. In brief, the one supreme property of Motorite, which gives it the most remarkable and peculiar value, is that it is capable of burning without atmospheric oxygen, producing a very hot flame. In using it as a motive power in a torpedo boat or submarine, the method employed is to burn it in a confined space under pressure and to utilize the heat of the combustion, or the flame to evaporate water, by mixing directly the water with the flame. By this method no boiler is required, thus saving space and weight.

When used in the submarine and torpedo boat it is used directly in evaporating the water, the resulting steam and gaseous products of combustion being forced into powerful turbines which can produce a higher horse-power than any other machine made by man. The exhaust can either escape at the rear beneath the water, or the smoke-tack may be raised and the exhaust conducted through it to the open air.

In the semi-submarine boat of ordinary size thirty cylinders could be provided, and the Motorite contained in one of them could, under a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, burn for more than an hour and the product of combustion, together with the steam generated, would supply one thousand horse-power. While if the whole number were ignited and the pressure slightly increased, the rate of combustion would be quadrupled and one hundred and twenty thousand horse-power could be obtained for a short time, which would propel, if used at this rate, the boat at the speed of about a mile a minute,

One of the greatest advantages lies in its use as a fuel for the torpedo. When we consider the speed with which one of these missiles must travel, we can easily perceive the advantage Motorite has over the compressed air. In the new torpedo, the Bliss-Leavitt, which is rapidly superseding the old Whitehead, they employ for motive power the new high speed turbine engine, recently adopted and now being manufactured for our government. This torpedo gives to the United States navy one of the most powerful and destructive sea weapons in the world. Mr. Maxim's maximite is the explosive used, and his new emergency fuel, Motorite, will be substituted for the compressed air, as it gives twenty-five per cent more speed and twice the amount of range,

After we have seen the wonderful motive power of Motorite, the first question which naturally arises in our minds is in regard to its cost. In figures it seems extremely expensive, but after investigation it is not so at all. It costs about two dollars per horsepower or sixty thousand dollars an hour to run a boat at thirty thousand horsepower. But as the boat would only require that speed for a minute or so, such high power would not be needed. Even at that cost it would be cheap, as the discharge of Motorite-propelled torpedoes from the torpedo boat will be controlled from the look-out tower by an electrical keyboard, which can be manipulated by an experienced finger so fast that the operator could discharge

torpedoes with the rapidity of the operator of the keyboard of a typewriter. And as each torpedo is capable of sinking a five million dollar battle ship, Motorite will prove to be the least expensive destructive agency of the age.

"The Cliff Drive."

By VIRGINIA KOOGLE, '07.

"A city is what the people make it" is certainly the motto upon which the citizens of Kansas City have been working for the last few years. Every time we walk or ride out we see some improvements that suggest civic pride, especially in our boulevards, the system of which, I believe, is not to be surpassed in the West.

The most beautiful roadway of which the city boasts is the "Cliff Drive." I hope those who have not seen it will have an opportunity to see it as I did one morning in the fall.

I started out early in the morning. It was one of those beautiful days when "all nature seems to smile." Lowell says: "What so rare as a day in June," but I should add, what so rare as a day in October, when the air is just crisp enough to fill one's veins with vigor, and the mellow sunlight just warm enough to temper the sharpness of the breeze.

Upon reaching the entrance of the "Drive," I hitched my horse to a post and climbed up to the "point." From there I had a clear view of the surrounding country. The percipitous cliff hid in a manner the unsightly factories of the East Bottoms, and gave a broad vista across and up and down the river. An interesting scene! Upon one bank of the river are the homes of those men upon whom we depend for our fresh vegetables during the summer, which from the birdseve view appeared as toy farms. Upon the other bank are treesnothing but trees, as far as the eye can see, fading away into nothingness. To the south and west one's eye traverses the hills, all covered with verdure, through which winding in and out like a great snake, is the drive itself. I felt that I could remain indefinitely, but remembering my intention of the morning, of driving around the "Cliff Drive," I reluctantly descended to where my buggy was awaiting me.

Before I had gone a long way, however, my reluctance vanished, having been succeeded by a feeling of reverence. When surrounded entirely by the work of nature, one invariably thinks of the opening lines of Bryant's Thanatopsis, "To him, who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language,"

There, indeed, is a retreat for all lovers of nature, scientist or poet. There the Botanist may revel amongst plant life and the student of physiography may delight in examining the great stratified rocks that nature has for centuries been working upon. It is there amid remoteness and seclusion that one's best thoughts are uppermost—it is an inspiration for a poetic mind.

Upon one side of the drive the high cliffs are covered with a luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs all dressed in the gaudy colors of autumn, and made almost impenetrable by the tangle of vines, while on the other side the tree tops are on a level with one's feet; the ravine in which they grow, forming a perfect jungle.

People have raved (if I may use the word), over the scenery of Colorado, but Kansas Cityans have only to go out on the Cliff Drive to see a panorama of views, that if not surpassing, certainly rivals any of those in the West.

The Vital Spark.

By BETH VAN DORSTON.

Whether a tribe of men ignorant of fire and its uses has ever existed is a question in dispute among historians and travelers. An absolute proof of the existence of such a tribe has not been presented, though there are many well authenticated facts and circumstances that suggest its possibility. At first it may have been simply an object of terror but probably men soon discovered that it was a friend, not an enemy.

The production of fire by concentrating the rays of the sun by means of a burning glass was well known to the ancients. Numerous mechanical devices for increasing by rapidity of motion the friction of different woods were resorted to. In some cases a stick was rubbed backwards and forwards; in others it was made to rotate rapidly in a round hole in a stationary piece of wood.

The ancient Grecian fire, supposed to have been of nitre, sulphur and naphtha as a principal ingredient, was a composition with which the Greeks were wont to defend themselves against their Saracen adversaries. The mixture appears to have been highly inflammable and to have possessed the power of burning under water.

North American legends narrate how the great buffalo, careering through the plains, made sparks flit in the night, and

set the prairie ablaze by his hoofs hitting the rocks. The Dakotas claim that their ancestors obtained fire from the sparks which a friendly panther struck with its claws as it scampered up a stony hill.

To save the labor required in these initial processes of procuring light and to avoid the inconvenience of carrying it about continually, primitive man hit on the expedient of a fire which should burn night and day in a public building. The first guardians of this fire were the earliest public servants, who by degrees appropriated all the important offices. They were fed at the public expense and became magistrates in whom were combined the powers of captain, priest and king. If by chance the fire in the Roman temple of Vesta was extinguished, all public or private business had to stop immediately.

Architecture, it is supposed, began with the creation of sacred sheds to protect the sacred fire, which was looked upon as a divinity. Vesta had no image or statue even in her own temple, the Vestal fire being considered as the Goddess herself.

In accordance with this belief, it was necessary that the heath fire be kept holy. Some people were so reverent that they would not blow out a light lest they should render the flame impure with their breaths.



The Tea Plant.

By FLORA PEARL SHECKLEY, '07.

The tea plant is a native of semitropical Asia, and was used in China ages before its introduction elsewhere. At the end of the Sixteenth century it was produced in both China and Japan. June 27, 1615, is the first record of the consumption of tea in England. then used only by the wealthy citizens of London and was valued highly as it was obtainable only as a present or by paying the exorbitant price of two pounds sterling (ten dollars) per pound. In 1657, Thomas Garraway established a house for the purpose of selling the beverage prepared from tea, and then its use became more widespread. plant is extensively cultivated in Java and Cevlon, and has been attempted on a large scale in India. It has been cultivated recently in North America. The plantations of South Carolina have produced large crops of the tea plant.

When grown in its native clime, the tea plant attains a height of from twenty to thirty feet, but under cultivation it grows only from three to six feet high. The leaves which are very numerous, grow from two to six inches in length. The flowers are large, white, fragrant blossoms. The plant thrives only in rich soil and requires careful cultivation and attention. Although an evergreen, the leaves are useful only at stated seasons. The first leaves which appear in April are made into Hyson, a tea of rich quality. It is seldom exported as the rich flavoring is lost more or less in shipping. The ordinary picking begins in May. Four pickings are made, but the last one is of an inferior, bitter, woody grade, and is sold only to the poor.

The odor and flavor of tea are given by oxidation in the process of drying. Different teas with their varieties of

odor and taste are produced from the same plant, the process of preparation differing for each kind. Green teas are prepared as follows:

Immediately after being gathered the leaves are roasted for five minutes in pans, after which they are removed and rolled with the hands on large tables. They are then returned to the pans and kept in motion for an hour after which their preparation is complete. The preparation of black tea is much more complex. After the leaves are gathered, they are spread and tossed about in the air until they become flaccid. They are then roasted a few minutes, rolled, exposed while soft and moist to the air, and then dried over a charcoal fire. Numerous sweet scented herbs are employed to give various odors to tea. Among these the sweet scented olive is most used. The Chinese often face or color the tea with Prussian blue, Tumeric, and other things, to make it pleasing to the eve. The Chinese are very particular in their instruction for preparing the beverage, e, g., their method of preparing the tea is as follows: "The water must be lively and clear, but the water must not boil too hastily. At first, it should begin to sparkle like crab's eyes, then somewhat like fish eyes and last must bubble up like innumerable pearls, springing and waving about."

An old legend of the tea plant is as follows: A scribe of Buddha was journeying towards India to spread the Buddist law, when he met and fell in love with a beautiful young maiden who gave him alms. As he continued his journey forward, her image recurred to him again and again. He had pledged himself to spend the night in prayer and meditation, but found that thoughts of

this fair maiden with her flower-like face disturbed his meditation. In vain he knelt before Buddha and implored him to drive away all unholy thoughts; in vain he repeated the Buddist law, her image would remain. Suddenly, while striving against it, he felt himself dropping into space. He seemed to be lowered gently into a beautiful land and there followed a procession he knew not where. Every pleasure the mind could imagine was presented to him, and he was powerless to resist their influence. The procession filed through a mammoth arch into a palatial hall. Then suddenly he seemed to be wafted away from the procession and was lowered softly amid floral offerings with delicate perfumes. He could not resist the pleasing atmosphere, but lay staring about him. Suddenly the vision of the maid he loved, now appearing many times more beautiful, was wafted in through the open door. She wound her arms around him and he did not resist. With a great effort he awoke and found himself under the starlit skies of India. Contrite beyond measure for his sin, he drew his knife, and cutting both eyelids from his eyes, flung them from him resolved to sleep no more. The dawn found him in the same posture before Buddha. Strange to say, as he put his hand to his eves he felt no pain, as he looked at the ground, he saw not the severed eyelids, but in their place rose two plants with snow white petals shaped like eyelids. The priest was granted the privilege of knowing the plant and naming it tea. As he looked at it he said that it should be known as the source of a refreshing drink to the people of all countries.

A Few Common Weeds of Vacant Lots.

By HENRY NAGLE, '08.

Owing to the time of the year, and the condition of weeds at this time, it may not seem unfitting to touch lightly on the subject of a few common weeds. A weed, according to our conception, is a harmless or harmful plant, which grows wild in cultivated ground, choking out crops and exhausting the soil; yet, in nature, there are no weeds, for every plant has its place. Many plants, however, are called weeds because they are useless in agriculture.

Yet, besides being the troublesome and noxious things they are, they compel the farmer to till his soil, on which the success of his crops largely depend. Weeds, which grow in fallow ground, serve as a green manure, when they are plowed under. Many times the weeds growing in an orchard are left standing to prevent the land from being washed away, during the fall and spring freshets.

Through these plants, the farmer is able to know the quality of his land and vertilize accordingly. Wild carrots and ox-eye daisies grow in rocky and very poor soil, while the Canadian thistle grows only in deep, rich earth. Bracken, sage and moss show that the land needs drainage and yellowish foliage indicates the lack of abundant plant nourishment.

Many of our most common weeds have been introduced from foreign countries by commerce and travel. The Russian thistle was carried from the flax-fields of Russia to South Dakota thirty-two years ago, and from that start it has quite invaded the western states. The

thick leafy crops smother out the other plants by the exclusion of light and air. Weeds may be killed by planting tall grass or clover in weed patches. Biennials, which, the first year store up food in their fleshy roots and the second year produce seed and die, can easily be eradicated. Annuals can only be eradicated by careful cultivation.

COCKLE-BURR.

The cockle-burr is a common annual weed, usually 1 to 3 feet high. The leaves are alternate, 3 to 6 inches long and about as wide; coarse, heart-shaped at base, strongly 3 ribbed, slightly lobed, and coarsely toothed and on long leafstalks. The much-forked stems are of a reddish-brown on top and pale green underneath, with reddish brown pores. The green flowers are in small axillary and terminal spikes, and appear from July to October. They are of two kinds, male and female. The male heads are on a short spike at the summit and the females in clusters of two or three at the base of the male spikes. The male flowers are in roundish 1/8-inch heads and are enclosed by a thin cup. After shedding the pollen they soon drop off and disappear. The female heads, being fertilized, enlarge and become thick, hard, oblong burrs, an inch long, which appear from August to November. The oblong pods, beset with stiff hooked prickles 1/4 inch long, contain 2 seeds, each in a separate cell. The burr does not burst open and disclose the seeds. If one seed succeeds in growing, the other remains dormant.

This plant is abundant on low pasture and stubble land and along streams and growing in waste places on upland. If the plants are kept short, they produce seeds when but a few inches high. They are very troublesome in corn, and the burrs are a great annoyance in the fleece of sheep. The cockle-bur is a native, and together with the sunflower it forms abundant crops in Kansas.

PIGWEED.

The pigweed is a coarse annual weed, common in all vacant lots, grows from 4 to 5 feet in height, and flowers from July to October. The stem is much branched with numerous, alternate, ovate, entire, prominent veined leaves, from 2 to 3 inches in length and 1 inch in width. The pale green flowers are 1-18 of an inch in width and very numerous in dense, lateral and terminal spikes. Each flower has 5 sepals and 5 stamens shorter than the sepals. The ovary contains a very small, roundish, solitary, black and shining seed. In some instances, the flowers contain only stamenate and in others only pistillate organs.

This weed was introduced from Europe and Southern America. It is very abundant in cultivated fields, and is harmful everywhere to all crops. It's method of transporting the seed is by the wind. In Mexico, the weed is used as a forage plant and the seed is gathered by the Indians for making bread.

BURDOCK.

Burdock is a coarse, unsightly, biennial weed, common along roadsides, in fields, pastures, and waste places. The first year, it produces a rosette of large, thin leaves about 18 inches in length. The stem is round, fleshy, branched, grooved and hairy, with alternate, long, deep-furrowed leaf stalks. The leaves are roundish, or oval, usually heart-shaped, smooth above, and pale green and hairy underneath, with wavy, toothed margins. The small, purple, thistle-like flowers are clustered in 1 inch heads, and bloom in the second year from July to September. The flower heads, armed with hooked spines, are a great pest in attaching themselves to clothing and the wool of ani-The oblong, curved, flattened seeds ripen from August to October, and are of a dark brown and have no odor. The root is about 12 inches long, blackish brown, inside light and the centre spongy.

This weed belongs to the Aster-family and was introduced from the Old World and is very abundant in the Eastern and Central and a few places in the Western States. It is not very injurious in cultivated ground and can easily be eradicated. The roots and seeds are used in blood and skin diseases; the leaves, in a fresh state, externally, form a cooling poultice for swellings and ulcers. Fifty thousand pounds of burdock root are imported annually from Belgium where the best roots are obtained.

JIMPSON WEED.

This poisonous plant is native to Europe and Asia, but has gained considerable foot-hold in the States east of Iowa and Louisiana. It is a rank, ill-smelling plant, stout, smooth, bushy, annual, and much forked, growing from 2 to 5 feet in height. The stem is coarse, yellowish-green, with large, flaccid,

much-toothed leaves. The white, heavy scented, funnel-shaped, solitary flowers appear from May to September and are 2 to 4 inches long. The nectar is sweet, but a little nauseating. The numerous seeds are born in a prickly, four-valved pod, which when ripe explodes and thus commits the seeds to the wind. The black, kidney-shaped seeds are about the size of a grain of buckwheat and ripen from August to November, according to latitude.

The Jimpson weed, a member of the potato family, grows along roadsides, in fence corners and waste place. The purple Jimpson weed is a somewhat taller plant with purple, solitary flowers. The leaves are poisonous and are used principally in asthma. About 125,000 pounds of Jimpson leaves are imported annually into this country for medicinal purposes.





MADUAL

TRALDLDG



Wherein the Unexpected Happens.

Joy Town on the Pike.

Dearest Girls: - Such a journey! When I left you to the mercies of a lone Thanksgiving frolic in the old school, the world seemed blank indeed, but ahead was home and mother. All went well till night. You alone, Marjie, can sympathize with my longness. I do believe the berths grow smaller every year. Why, this time I positively had to double my feet under to get in at all. And when morning came! I stuck my head out, all right, to dress my feet, but I hesitated about sticking my feet out to finish up. I reached the dear old home town at 10 o'clock, but there wasn't a soul to meet me. I thought that strange, but started hopefully homeward. When I reached there the house looked strangely forlorn, but I knocked vigorously. No reply. Imagine my amazement. Well, luckily. I had a key, so I let myself in. The house was sadly dismal, but I bravely commenced to search for the family. No one in the parlor or library, but in the dining room was pinned a big sheet of paper, on which was inscribed in large characters:

"Dear Daughter Polly:—Aunt Mary has been taken very ill, and the children need my care, so I will not be here when you arrive in the morning, but Bridget will see that you have plenty to eat, and Brother Bob will get there sometime during the forenoon. So I guess you two can have a merry time. Papa has been called away on some important business,

so you and Bob will have the house to yourselves. You might invite some of the young people in. Good-bye,

"YOUR DISAPPOINTED MOTHER."

It seemed too bad to be true, for what was Thanksgiving without mother and father. Well, I had to make the best of it, so into the kitchen I went, for I was most famished. Here nothing but confusion and disorder. Everywhere were pots and kettles, no fire in the stove—and no Bridget. Frightened, I rushed upstairs. Here, too, disorder reigned, and still no Bridget. Angrily I viewed the torn-up room, and then discovered another note. This was interesting. I seized it and read:

"Deer miss polly, i had ti go i wasn't goin' to stay here and worruk all thanksgivin', anyway youre ma is to perticlar.

"BRIDGET."

Here was a pretty fix. A cold, dirty house, nothing to seat—and just then the bell rang. Hastily I ran downstairs, flung open the door and there was a messenger. Another letter! Were they never to cease? It was with fear I tore it open. You can imagine how I felt. This was what was written:

"Dear Sis:—Will not be home until 4 p. m. Will bring Jack Keith. See we have a good dinner. Yours,

"Вов."

Was ever there a girl born who had so many calamities thrust upon her at once? So this was my home-coming. And to bring Jack Keith, of all boys, for he is so fastidious and stiff. Well, I knew I must take it philosophically, so I got ready for work. For I was determined that my mother's reputation for neatness and hospitality should not suffer at my hands. I had the whole day before me, so after some breakfast I began upstairs. I hurriedly swept and dusted everywhere, and then descended to the kitchen. By this time it was 1 o'clock, and the kitchen untouched and a Thanksgiving dinner to cook. Maybe you just think I didn't hustle. I found some potatoes, vegetables and various little things in the pantry, and a turkey already to be stuffed, but how to make the dressing was a mystery. But I hunted diligently until I unearthed my old Manual Cooking Note Book, and set bravely to work. It was ready at last, but there was still the fire to make, and a dish to be washed to roast it in. Here, again, I was at a standstill. The dish I could wash, but how to make the fire. But I worked and worked until I was red in the face, only it wasn't visible, thanks to the range; but I was rewarded by a fire. Thanksgiving dinner suggested pumpkin pie, and it was necessary to again resort to the Note Book.

After what seemed ages to me the turkey and pie were in the oven and everything started for dinner, and then I hastened upstairs to clean up, gathering as I went all the soiled linen which had accumulated in the kitchen, to pack away in the hamper. Just as I reached the head of the stairs I heard the front door latch click, and I started, someway tripped, lost my balance, and bounded unceremoniously down the stairs, an animated clothes bundle, into my most honorable brother and his friend.

"It must be the black cookee," drawled the friend,

"It's nothing of the kind," I retorted, for I was exceedingly angry and chagrined. "I am Miss Dayton," I added with dignity, and attempted to rise, but somehow I had sprained my angle, and had to remain in state upon the bundle of soiled linen. But after that everything went fine. The boys finished the dinner, under my direction, and we had an awfully jolly time. Jack Keith isn't a bit stiff when you know him, and was awfully nice. He was so ashamed to have mistaken me for the cook. And we had a good dinner, too, although the turkey burnt, and the pie was a pumpkinrun. I was mighty thankful I tried to get the dinner, anyway, and still more thankful I hurt my foot, for I got a whole two weeks' vacation, and have had my visit with mother after all, besides getting flowers or something equally nice nearly every day. Will see you next Tuesday, so good-bye,

Your most nonsensical, thanksgivable, POLLY.



Mr. Smith's Problem Solved.

Mr. Smith was very fond of eating and especially when the meals were good and wholesome. He was a traveling man, and in the small towns, and some large ones, he had to eat, what he called, "Grub." He usually stopped at the best hotels when he arrived in a town, as his expenses were paid by his company, and it cost him no more to have a good meal than a poor one.

In some of the small towns it was difficult for Smith to get anything but ham and eggs, and then the eggs were dried up. When it was possible to obtain a good dinner with chicken, potatoes, coffee, etc., he had it; but the cooks used home manufactured lard which gave the food a queer taste.

He tells great tales of the different kinds of meals he has had to eat. He says that some of the things which are thrust upon him are worse than the "grub" he ate in the Civil war. In a small restaurant in Texas he was given something called roast beef, but he said it tasted just like the horse and dog meat which he was given in the war. One thing he shunned was hash. He knew what hash was made of, or rather he didn't-and how it was made; and how it tastes when it is made in a hotel. His troubles have at last been solved and now he always has a good meal, fresh, wholesome and mealy.

While he was strolling down Main street one pleasant day in June, in a small town in New Mexico, he was looking for a place where he could get a good meal. He was tired of getting "the same old thing in the same old way," and was hunting for a change when he surely found it, He saw a sign in a small restaurant window which read, "Dinners cooked on the fireless cookstove." He could not make up his mind at first to enter for he thought the food would be

raw. He walked back and forth in front of the door, trying to decide. He thought, "I've eaten some pretty tough stuff and this can't kill me." So he opened the door and just as he put his foot inside the door, he saw in the far corner his old college chum, Everett Black. He went over and sat down by Black. They had a great time telling each other of their adventures and scrapes they had gotten into.

Smith sent in a big order. He had soup, chicken, sweet and Irish potatoes. corn, peas, ice tea, ice cream and cake. When the waitress placed his dinner before him it was steaming. He could not see how it would be so hot if cooked in a fireless cooker. He asked the waitress if it had really been cooked without a fire. She said that it had not seen over five minutes of heat on a gas stove and it was then put in the cooker. This aroused his curiosity so much that he offered the waitress \$5 if she would show him this stove. He told Black to wait for him, that he would not be gone but a minute. The waitress led him to a rear room fixed up as a pantry but around the wall stood five wooden boxes. She turned to him and said, "That is the wonderful cooker; you may inspect it if you so desire." He set at work at once examining it.

Five or ten minutes later he came out and rejoined Black. He described the stove to his friend while he ate his dinner. His description was as follows: "That is wonderful, so simple and so easy to understand. The stove is made of seasoned oak, not having a piece of iron on it except the casters, hinges and hook. Each stove has three compartments lined with some substance that hold the heat. A galvanized iron pot fits snugly in each compartment. The tops of the pots when put on and fastened

make the pots practically air tight. The food is put in these pots and then put on the gas or coal stove and left until it comes to the boiling point. The food is then put in this wooden stove and a mat put over the pot, that just fits the compartments, and then the top of the chest is locked. The food cooks from its own heat. It is wonderful! I felt some food that was cooked last night and it was so hot that it burnt me.

When they finished eating they left the place, but as Smith had to leave town the next day, and might never see a fireless stove again, he telegraphed to the manufacturers of the fireless cooker. His telegram read, "Keep small fireless cooker, will be in town Monday."

When he arrived in that town he at once took the car out to the factory. He introduced himself to the manager and called for his order. The manager brought out a box covered with leather, that looked like a satchel. The pots were

just large enough to hold food for two. This is Smith's best friend now. He always has a hot dinner. The food being better tasting and better smelling. When he stops at a hotel he has the cooks cook the food and then it goes in his cooker.

Since Smith has a stove of his own he can describe it better because he knows how it works. He says, "When the food is brought to the boiling point or 212° F, it is in an air-tight pot and the heat from the gas stove has to go some place, as it cannot stay as heat forever, so it goes into the food. It loses 7° F, an hour. It can stay in the cooker sixteen hours and then be hot enough to be eaten, besides, it saves .75 of the fuel to run a gas stove.

Smith has become so interested in the fireless cooker that he gave up his old business and is now traveling sales for the Fireless Cook Stove Co. Never will he part with his traveling companion which he calls his life.

Manual's New Society.

Already a new society, "The Daphne," has been formed. It is a practical and most promising feature of our manual training work. On October 5th the Daphne held its first meeting in room 37. It is both a scientific and literary organization and all present members of the domestic science classes are eligible. Miss Hazen and Miss Stewart are the founders and chaperons of the society, and their suggestion that a club be formed was received with great enthusiasm, indeed, the

number of its members even now, while in its infancy, is equal to if not greater than that of all the other societies combined. The purpose of the society is both to entertain and instruct, for by entertaining each other the girls acquire efficiency, grace and self-poise. The entertainment at the first meeting followed the lines of a social tea, which was very much enjoyed by every member. The Daphnes have wisely chosen their motio from Fraible, "We learn to do by doing."

Be Art Motes Be

The Freshmen have arrived with their drawing materials. Their faces are bright and smiling as they enter the room and peer into all the corners, wondering at the queer old castes and odd vases. They have painted their A B C's and have begun the wonderful process of making a mug appear the same on paper as to the eye. They are delighted at the large black marks the charcoal makes as they wobble it back and forth, some by the use of their hands and others with the charcoal placed in the large end of their atomizers while the other end wiggles at will. They stand up to get a favorable view of the ellipse of an object, sit down, and draw it. But now heavy sighs, moans and groans are heard. What is the cause of their grief? Are they mourning for some lost friend? No, they have discovered that Art is gained by the "sweat of the brow." The lamentations are interrupted by frequent journeys to the sink where their hands are cared for. However, they are now working with earnestness and are succeeding in making good representations of the objects for first year pupils.

The Sophomores have past such experiences as the Freshmen have and are proud of the fact, that they are now qualified to undertake more scholarly work. They have been printing mottoes for various occasions. Not only have they chosen some beautiful quotations, but they have printed and illustrated them with excellent taste. One of the quotations selected is:

"Lost! somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours; each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward; for they are lost forever!" One that might well be noticed is:

"A sunny heart doeth good like medicine."

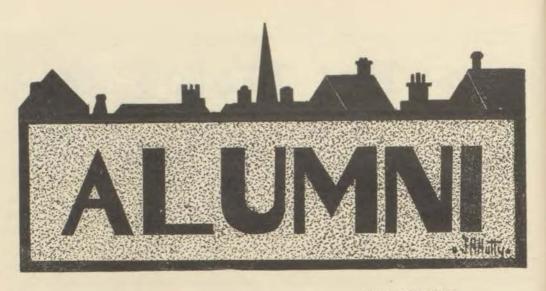
These second year pupils are also making some charcoal drawings of fine light and shade values.

The Life classes have been doing very interesting work. They have had men and boys as models and have obtained some excellent results in charcoal portraits.

The Juniors and Seniors, nobly possessing a deep spirit of Art, are taking Water Color and Designing. The water color classes this year are larger and a greater interest has been shown than ever before. The pupils are now getting good color in their object studies. The advanced students are painting fruits, vegetables and out-of-door scenes.

The Design classes have been studying the construction of designs. They are making designs from butterflies, bugs and flowers. With their original designs they are doing very good work in applied designing. They make designs for table-throws, desk-sets, candle-shades, portieres and many other practical things. Some beautiful book-covers, card-cases and tabouret tops have been made in tooled leather.

Art started in our high school does not end here. Many of our students have been inspired by their instruction and are now either studying more extensively or are engaged in the commercial world. Some of them are at work, as follows: Miss Edith Hill, teaching Art at Manual; Paul Halleck, studying Design in New York; Alex. Rindskopf, studying Design in Philadelphia; Florence Pretz and Bertha Faris, designing for a large department house; Margaret McCrum, designing for a millinery house.



The opinion prevails to large extent among outsiders that Manual graduates rarely go to college. As a matter of fact, however, we send forth large numbers to such institutions every year, and have, in almost all the leading universities and colleges in the United States, representatives of our school. The list we give of those members of the class of '06 who are "off at school" will help to dispel any such an illusion.

Arthur Brink, '06, president of the class, Elsie Katzmaier, Robert Allen, Alex Sachs, Charles Curry, John Bodman, Harold Miller and Harry Porth have chosen our own State University. Leslie Frame, Elizabeth Nofsinger, Sara Moffat and Helen Filley have entered Wellesley. Paul Greer has gone to Ann Arbor, Michigan. Dorothy Hopkins is at Smith. Howard Jones, John Ewins and Howard Scott are at the University of Illinois, William Ollis, George Porter, Clifford Cole, Fred Moffat are at Kansas University. Harley Wheeler is attending Armour Institute. Charles lobes and Colwell Pierce are going to the Rolla School of Mines, Rolla, Mo. At the University of Virginia there is Compton Hanks. At the Chicago University, Stella Burkhardt. At Minnesota University, Marie Confer. At Berkley Institute, California, Leo Holtz. At Western College, Oxford, Ohio, Ella Wilcox.

PERSONALS.

Manual is always glad to learn that any of her pupils are winning special laurels out in the business world.

Miss Bertha Farris is now one of the leading designers and illustrators for Emery, Bird, Thayer & Co.

Mr. George Fitch, on account of a useful invention which he devised for packing meat products, has become an almost indispensable employe of Armour's Packing House.

It is gratifying to see how resourceful Manual's pupils become under the practical training they receive. Last summer Mr. Bret Boright helped to pay his expenses for visiting Cripple Creek by sharpening and making steel drills.

Mr. Reeve Park is successfully handling the books for the Badger Lumber Company—Westport office, which embraces about seven hundred accounts; and all his bookkeeping training was received at Manual.

Miss Grace D. Phillips, daughter of our principal, is assistant librarian at the Missouri State University. After graduating from Manual in 190—, Miss Phillips was graduated from the Illinois University.

Bruce Gilmore, class of '04, is farming successfully in Oklahoma and teaching school during the winter.



A Victory Over Double Odds.

By George H. Bowles, '08,

For the last two years the colleges of Colburn and Welworth had paid great attention to cross-country running. It even rivaled the interest shown in their dual track meet, and they had put forth great runners in this short time. Perhaps this enthusiasm was due to the abolishment of football, but at any rate, cross-country running was made a worthy successor.

Colburn and Welworth were both situated in the same town and were the life of the place. They were rivals both in a literary and athletic way. So it may easily be seen why, as the time was drawing near, both were putting forth their best efforts towards victory. It was now Saturday, and the run was set for the same day on the week following. Every day, scantily attired young men could be seen working into condition by plodding along the roads and lanes.

Reynold Weis was probably the foremost representative of the Colburn squad, but he had a worthy rival in Joe Braylin, also of Colburn. It was generally admitted that Reynold was the better, as he had been the means of defeating Welworth the year before. These two boys were indeed a worthy pair of runners to represent any school. But as boys, they were entirely different. Reynold Weis was a quiet, unassuming, good-natured young man, while Joe Braylin—well, he was just the opposite. He was more on the bully type, and even sneaking in his ways. But he was a good runner, and on the team, so it all passed pretty well. He hated Reynold Weis, and now, perhaps, he could defeat Welworth without his help, for at that moment Reynold was confined to his bed with tonsilitis, and it was improbable that he would be able to run. Oh, how Joe hoped he would not!

"I think I would not try to run tomorrow, Reynold, although you are very nearly well," was the way Dr. Reese put it, when Reynold asked about his condition.

"I tell you, doctor, I must run," quickly answered Reynold. "I wouldn't let that Joe Braylin win for the world. I couldn't stand his bragging and bullying nature afterward. I've got to run, for we can't win without a 'first' and 'second.' You know that our rules are that a 'second' and 'third' wins over a 'first.' I've got to run!"

"Now, you boys think about your school and not about beating one another," were the words of the coach to the Colburn squad of five, the representatives of that school.

"Ready! Go!" and the report of the starter's pistol started the boys on the beginning of the five-mile run across country.

Reynold was among the white-clad figures, but he really should not have run, for he himself feared the finish. He knew that the probable outcome of the run lay in his condition at the end. Fortunately for him, most of the course was comparatively smooth, for a good road was to be their track. White stakes marked off each mile, telling the runners the distance to the end. The crowd of students and spectators were all at the finish awaiting the end of this endurance test.

Ah! One white post was passed. Reynold had stood the test well, so far. The runners were still clustered together and trotting easily along. It was only a matter of time before they reached the end.

There's another post. Two miles have been left behind. Still the positions are as yet unchanged. Reynold was still comparatively fresh, though a very slight pain in his throat told him that he was by no means well from his recent illness. But he would get a "second," anyway, he determined, if his throat did cause him to slow up at the finish. But then the Welworth boys were not to be considered lightly, as they had pushed him badly the year before.

Again a post! Three long miles passed. If it had only been the fourth. The pain in Reynolds' swollen throat was increasing. We wanted water, for his mouth was badly parched. Now Reynold and Braylin, with two others of Welworth, had drawn slightly away from the rest. The pace was telling on them all and Reynold wondered if he would be able to keep up. He only hoped that he would.

Would that fourth post never come in sight? It must be gone. Yes, it must

be—but no, there it is now! It was only around a bend in the road.

"A mile yet," mumbled Reynold, half aloud. "Am I equal to it?"

That pain in his throat was still increasing, his tongue burned and his tonsils were almost breaking.

"If I only had a drink," he kept thinking to himself. "A drink would perhaps help me. It would relieve my throat and assist me in running that mile. We have drawn away several yards from those Welworth runners, but Joe and I must come in first to win, for our other men can't be depended upon. Joe Braylin will win, all right, but I must also."

He had not noticed Joe much since the start. Why! Joe did not seem to be taking it very well. He knew that Braylin had not trained as he should have.

"What's the matter, Joe?" he managed to say,

"What's the matter with you?" was the sneering reply.

It was useless for Reynold to waste energy in speaking, anyway. It hurt his throat so. Yes, that throat again. It was growing worse each moment, and still about three-quarters of a mile to go. He feared that he was not able to stand the test. Yet he must! Colburn would lose if he didn't, and then Joe Braylin. That was enough. He would win! He would show them that a swollen throat was not too much for him. But if he only had a drink of water. Then he could do it easily.

There was the flag at the beginning of the half of the last half mile! The tape was only around the second bend in the road. But the two Welworth boys behind—where were they? He had forgotten them. Oh, the pain in turning! Why, they had come around the last bend. He and Joe would win if they both kept up. That pain again! But he would not let that hinder him. Yes, and he must beat Joe, too. He couldn't take second!

Why, Joe is running with short, jerky steps. He is nearly exhausted, too. But Joe must not fall, for Colburn would lose if he did! Joe was in the rear of him now and he would slow up till he came up alongside and then encourage him to keep up. Now they were nearing the last bend that sheltered them from the view of the spectators at the line. Yes, Joe was now just behind him, for he could feel him touch his arm. Oh, how could he! Joe had tripped him!

But he must rise! Ah, there's Joe! Twenty yards ahead of him! But he must not let him win. No, never! Now he was up again, and he must overtake that fiend, Joe Braylin! Oh, that pain in his throat. Yes, he was gaining on him, but could he ever overtake him? There is the crowd of madly yelling spectators, unaware of what has taken place. Could his weary legs carry him the remaining distance? They must. Now he was within ten yards of Joe, and twenty

of the tape. Oh, those temples and throat. If he only had water. But Joe, he must overtake him. Now Joe was only five yards ahead, but the tape was near. If he only could reach there first! Yes, he was doing it, for he was within reach of his hand. Ah! Joe had fallen! He would beat Joe now, even if his head and throat were aflame with pain. But no, Joe had fallen over the tape and won!

"Two of the Welworth boys saw Joe do it and so Reynold was declared the winner on a foul," Reynold heard someone say.

"What did they mean?" he wondered, "and why was he in bed and the room darkened?"

Then Dr. Reese bent over him and said: "So you're all right, my boy, and you won the race after all."

That night a solitary figure stole noiselessly from Colburn. It was Joe Braylin.

Basket Ball.

By Don Dousman.

It has only been for the past two years that Manual has had a basket ball team as a part of the athletic work, yet these two teams did their share towards making Manual a synonym for clean and successful athletics.

Owing to the lack of a fall game, basket ball will probably begin earlier this year than usual, and the team will have a longer and harder schedule than ever before. The first call for candidates brought out twenty men who have had some experience in basket ball. A light practice was given the boys the first evening and as the "rustiness" engendered by a summer's vacation has worn off, the players have settled down to steady and consistent playing. Dr. Hall will again coach the basket ball boys, and he predicts another good team.

The players on last year's team who are trying for positions are: Bartley, Dousman, Wheelock and Mayberry. With these experienced players as a nucleus and with the assistance of the new material, a successful team is assured.

The manager has commenced arranging a schedule and a number of "outside" teams will be brought here. The number of games of this character which will take place is dependent entirely upon the support of the student body.

Basket ball will be the first game this

year in which Manual and Central will have a chance to defend their colors in competition, and a hall will be secured large enough to allow the escape of all the enthusiasm produced in the shape of cheers, songs and music (?).

Mention should be made of Eldridge Bartley's illness. He played an excellent forward on last year's team and he has the best wishes of the boys for an early recovery and reappearance in the game.

Manual's 1905-06 Record.

The record made by the various athletic teams representing Manual last year is one of which every student should be proud. To begin with, the football team was one of the most aggressive teams our school has vet boasted of and the record it made will show that there was no lack of playing ability. We finished our second year of basketball with all the success any school could desire. The boys defeated every accredited high school team in the Missouri Valley, thereby annexing the high school championship. While the girls played but few games, they finished the season with every game a victory. The chief interest in this department, however, centers around the games for the class championship. The schedule lasts several weeks, and as the season progresses the rivalry becomes intense. The banner last year was won by the sophomore girls. The track team, led by the remarkable work of Captain Talbot, won the Missouri state championship at Columbia last spring. This, together with several

other good performances, stamped the team as one of the best in the history of the school. Manual started the 1906 baseball season with a team claimed by both press and students to be the best to be found among Missouri high schools. Almost every player was a veteran, and many were known as "stars," which in the end proved to be the team's undoing. After decisively defeating every team in the high school league, they showed that the glory was too much of a burden by allowing a team over which they had proved their supremacy earlier in the season to tie them for the penant. Thus the season ended, and as the deciding game was not played, no penant was

Every boy in school who feels proud of this record and would like to see it duplicated this year should do all in his power to make the coming teams a success. If you cannot participate in the games, do your share of the "rooting," for no team can win without encouragement from the students.

No Fall Athletics.

There has been very little activity in athletics among the Kansas City high schools this fall. This, of course, is due to the abolishment of foot ball by the directors of our own school and of the various other schools which have heretofore been our opponents. Many substitutes for foot ball have been mentioned, such a la cross, assoitation foot ball, and many other games, but as all the schools could not agree upon the same game, it was decided to have no athletic contests this fall.

While football is a game that fascinates most young American lovers of athletics, the danger attached to it has led older and wiser men to bring about its abolishment in this locality. However, our school should have some form of fall athletics, so let us hope that the Kansas City high schools can agree upon some interesting game to take the place of foot ball before another year has gone by.



In all of the "Exchanges" we have received thus far for this year only one has mentioned "The Nautilus." We will be very much pleased if every one of our "Exchanges" mention us once, at least, during the coming year. If our paper pleases you, tell us. If it displeases you let us know about it. We want the best high school paper in the United States to come from Kansas City's Manual. Our "Exchanges" can help us very much, if they will.

The Sioux City "Record" gave some good sound advice when they printed the following: "There is still an absence of exchange columns in some magazines. Put one in, you can't afford to go without it."

"The "Locals" in "Red and White" are good, both in quantity and quality.

The reading matter in the "Forum" of St. Joseph is very good but would appear much better if there were no advertisements mixed with it.

"The Daily Maroon" is very much appreciated as a university organ.

"The Lever," Colorado Springs, has a very good "Alumni" department. We should like to see more such departments in our exchanges. "The Visalia (Cal.) High School Oak" has a good "Exchange" department, Its just the kind we like to see.

We have but one "Exchange" that is published by school societies. That is the *Midland* from Atchison, Kansas.

"The Carnation," edited by the pupils of The William McKinley High School, St. Louis, is an excellent paper. We enjoy reading "The Carnation" very much.

WAITING FOR OPPORTUNITY.

"With bread and wine his table spread, His fire of beech-wood in the grate, He scorned them all, because, he said, 'For opportunity I wait!'

"His cottage door he sat without,
And never from the place arose;
He'd still be waiting there, no doubt,
But (poor, poor chap') alas! he froze,"

The men who will win sucess in the next half century are men who do things; not those who merely theorize.

Bookkeeping may be taught in three words—"never lend them."

"My mother found my little brother putting his stockings on wrong side out this morinng."

"Yes? What did she do?"
"Turned the hose on him."

FOR GIRLS ONLY.

If any young fellow is anxious to know,

If boys' curiosity is any more slow

Than girls', this will prove 'tis not so;

His reading this answer suffices to show,

—Ex,

"I fear," said the postage stamp on the student's letter to his father, "I am not sticking to facts."—Ex.

Waiter: "Do you desire the water boiled?"

Guest: "Makes no difference. I'd just as soon eat a menagerie as a cemetery."—Ex.

She: "Say, do you stutter all the time?"

He: "N-n-n-o, o-only when t-t-t-talk."—Ex.

Percy studied chemistry—
Studied long and late.
Percy breathed some chlorine gas—
He'll not grad-u-ate.

—Ex.

He: "Well, I'll be hanged!"

She: "Why?"

He: "I'm suspended."-Ex.

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home.

"That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."—Ex.

The Simple Life—Doing your own work.

The Strenuous Life—Doing some other fellow's work.

The Modern Life—Getting some other fellow to do your work.—Ex.

Mother (who comes to school on complaint of her son), to teacher—Sir, my son says you kept him in two hours for something he didn't do.

Teacher—Yes, madam; he didn't do his latin.—Ex.

A horse can travel a mile without moving more than four feet. Funny, isn't it?

He—I am rather more in favor of the English than the American mode of spelling.

She-Yes?

He—Yes, indeed! Take parlour, for instance: having U in it makes all the difference in the world.—Ex.

High diddle, diddle, the boy and the fiddle, The girl he liked to spoon;

Her kid brother laughed to see such a sight, And they chased him out of the room.

-Ex.

"Father, why do singers eat tar drops?" said Tom.

Tom's Father: "To give their voices a proper pitch, I suppose."—Ex.

Teacher: "In what course do you expect to graduate?"

Pupil: "In the course of time."-Ex.

"Oh, no," she said, "a shore I'll be,"
"Come rest our journey's o'er."
Then silence fell, and all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.—Ex.

What is harder than writing a good local?

Writing two of them.-Ex.

When all my thinks in vain are thunk; When all my winks in vain are wunk; What saves me from an awful flunk? My pony.

"She fell in love with him when she saw him hoeing corn."

"Sort of a hoe-beau, eh?-Ex.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows?

Because they can't go off without a bow and are all in a quiver until they get one.—Ex.

"Well, said the monkey to the organgrinder, as he sat on top of the organ, "I'm simply carried away with the music,"—Ex.



Is It Graft?

It was a bright November afternoon and "Old Manual" seemed full to over-flowing with joy and mirth. The Freshmen grinned; the Sophomores laughed at them; the Juniors bore a good-natured "bless you, my children," look; and even the mighty dignified Seniors permitted a ghost of a smile to flit across their solemn countenances. Above all with a twinkle in their eyes presided the jovial Faculty. What a happy school! (The cards were not out yet).

The Local Editor's heart overflowed with the thought of the bounty of wit his box would contain. In his vivid imagination he saw it crammed with bright sayings and gentle wit. So his heart beat to the air of Tammany (Manual version) as, softly humming it he placed the key in the massive lock. With joyful anticipation he leaned forward to get a glimpse of the contents. "Quoth the raven 'nevermore.'"

Alas! why did the birds in room ten sing so gaily? Why did the ripples of mirth flow from every room, and yet the local box be empty? If they saw the points of the jokes they were laughing at why did they not share them through the Nautilus? It was hollow mockery! It was a farce! Nobody saw the point at what he was laughing at! He laughed to PASS! He did it to humor the teacher.

No! Graft is a thing foreign to Manual. Manual people are honest. They were simply lazy or negligent.

The local poster above the box was so stirred by this thought that it fell on the Local Editor's head with a crash and he was aroused from his meditations about the "Lack of Locals" or "How Am I Going to Make the Local Department of the Nautilus the Best of Any Paper in the Country Without the Help of the Pupils?"

Miss Gilday (to pupils who are looking at her intently): "The map of Ireland is on my face; the one you want is on the board."

ENROLLMENT DAY.

Mr. Peters: "All young ladies under 25 please step up."

Hankins: "Did you ever notice, when Huldah is in a crowd, how Eddie always joins that particular group?"

Huldah: "Why, Mr. Hankins!"

Witten: "What's Eadie doing with an O'ita pin?"

Never mind, Will, we won't tell.

Warning, Boys!



I once was a gay Japanese, One day my love I did squeeze; But we do not now speak— She stuck a pin through my squeak.

LOCAL EDITOR'S LAMENT.

Some people can be very funny, We never could be so. So rally to our assistance; Tell us anything you know.

A girl with a very bad cold, said she was trying to be loyal to Manual by getting her nose red.

As usual, the class in No. 12 was unresponsive, causing Mr. Page to remark insinuatingly: "Talk about the ignorance of darkest Africa."

Miss Gilday, (assigning lesson): "Pupils, for tomorrow write out a list of the most important men in the chapter, with dates,—that is, make a date with the men."

Miss Elston (translating from French): "A massive, brown dog, withered up, broken down, frail in appearance—" (What could she have meant?)

Miss Hunt explained to a Senior, that Chaucer wrote a poem entitled, "Owed to a Purse."

It is understood that Miss Gilday went through Harvard in a single day, while Yale took three days.

Mr. Kuston: "A foreigner always has to prove that he has been neutralized before he can vote."

Mr. Gustafson (in Chemistry): "This glass tube is rather dirty, I couldn't get inside to clean it."

Mr. Kizer (in English Literature): "Why does a miller wear a white coat? The class looked blank.

Mr. K.: "To keep him warm, of course."

The boys in the wood work department will be able to keep a boarding house as well as the girls in the cooking classes, for saw dust is very fine board.

Tom Erwin (in Latin): "'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

Mr. Bainter: "Now, William Curry, explain this proposition in a hurry."

Miss Ripley's unique definition of love: "It is a sensation similar to the joy when one has waffles and honey for breakfast." (We wonder how she knows!)

"I saw a thing of greenish hue,
And thought it was a plot of grass;
But when I closer to it drew,
I found it was the Freshman class."

Mr. Davis (after drawing a map of Assyria): "Now do any of you know what this is?"

Bright Pupil: "I'm not just certain, but it's *some* kind of an animal."

Eng. Lit. Teacher: "And what became of Thomas More?"

Pupil: "Why, he lost his head."

While escorting visitors about the school recently, we thought we saw Mr. Phillips point to a group of young ladies, as he said, "and this is our St. Louis exhibit."

Oh! where, oh! where
Has our Talbot gone?
We miss him; yes, we do;
In this world of ours,
With all its flowers,
Like him, there are but few.

We miss him on the track team, We miss him in the hall; The teachers surely miss him, Because he was so tall. Talbot was a gentle lad,

I ca— (Someone sobbed here, and the poet could go no further.)

Small individual trying to master the first exercise in joinery: "That was straight when I measured it before, I believe it "humped up" for spite!"

OUR "ROYAL" LINE.

Leo (pold) of Belgium...Conwell, '07
Arthur (founder of the Round Table)
.................Eadie, '08
Thomas O'Becket (not a ruler, but
would like to be).......Erwin ,'08
William, the Conqueror (a man of
valor and brave deeds)...Norris, '07
King "Dough-Dough" (man's best
friend)Miss Hazen

To Royal: "We wonder, for our minds are in a haze, if any scale could carry all he weighs?"

To Robert Mann: "An honest 'Mann is the noblest work of God.' (even though he is small)."

A little Freshman, young and green, Received his report in time. Then to his mother Blandly said: That "F" on my card means fine.

"AN ENERGETIC JUNIOR."

"Lives of Seniors all remind us, We can make our lives like theirs (?) And departing, leave behind us, Footprints on the Manual stairs." Paul Dodd (translating): "And he took one of the chandeliers, and went to see who knocked at the door."

A Teacher: "Speaking of the 'greenness' of freshmen, I had a freshman in my German class two weeks before she found out that it was not Botany! Still our Principal always champions the freshmen, and reminds us that without them we could have no sturdy seniors."

Irate Teacher: "Don't let me speak of this again."

Pupil (helplessly): "How can I prevent you!"

Miss S.: "Do you graduate this year, Miss R.?"

Miss R.: "I expect to."

Miss S.: "Oh, won't that be nice."

The question is, for whom did she mean it would be nice.

We feel we must give the annual Don't to Freshmen, even though we do not believe this year's class really need them. Anyway, in case any of them do, "here goes."

DONT'S TO FRESHMEN.

Don't speak to a Senior unless he first notices you—it is presumptious.

Don't walk on the grass (when there is any)—the blades are apt to cut your feet.

Don't walk in the halls arm in arm, girls. Mr. Phillips disapproves of it when you go four abreast.

Don't eat fudge in Assembly Hall, or other halls—it is such a childish habit.

Don't make puns—you learn later that they are the lowest form of wit (and only allowed in the Local Dept.).

A boy had been translating from the French, in a jerky manner, when the teacher remarked: "My boy, your reading reminds me of bologna sausage."

If you see anything funny in any of the locals, tell the editors; they may be asked to explain them. Teacher: "I am afraid you only skimmed over your lesson today."

Scholar: "Well, isn't that the way to get the cream of the matter?"

Mr. Bainter: "Now, think about this for half an hour, and tell me your decision in a minute."

Miss Murphy (inquiring about the models for the Life class): "Have you seen my old man any place in the halls?"

A certain young lady in Cicero class: "O, say, you know James 'Squab,' don't you?"

I thought I saw a hungry dog.

I thought I saw a hungry dog.
That begged of me for more;
I looked again, and then, alas,
Most wildly did I roar—
For I did plainly see it was
The "Local Editor."

Why are Marie P. and conscience alike?

They each speak in a "still, small voice."

Sophomore: "Look at that pretty girl over there."

Sihler: "O, she ain't pretty. She won't get my Cicero for me."

Hulda (translating): "Is this young gentleman young?"

Mr. Page (shaking a glass tube of water): "Now, listen to that metallic clink. It's not hard water either."

Max Pierce: "The Assyrian Kings were very cruel. They sometimes cut off the heads of captives and made a bonfire of them."

Mr. Davis: "Must have been block-

heads."

Freshie (in the library): "Do they care if you look at these books?"

ATTENTION.

Readers, please report all serious cases at once; we will cure them.

Miss Gilday claims to have been everywhere but heaven (?)

Miss Ferguson (in cooking: "Now, girls, if you don't know anything just raise your hand."

Irene: "I just can't get anything into my head."

Mary Louise: "I don't see why; there is plenty of room there."

Miss Drake: "What is tautology?" Sophomore: "To be like a woman and talk a lot."

Miss Murphy: "Don't make so much noise, girls, you'll get your design too loud."

Mamie: "What lovely heavy beads you have on."

Miss M: "Yes, one needs something heavy on these cool days."

If anyone wants to attract the attention of Burnell Stevens, all he has to do is to make a noise like forty cents.

Mr. Chace: "This "E" means that you are excellent, and that I am easy."

HEARD IN JOINERY.

Freshman (with piece of scrap paper in his hand): "Mr. Elmer, where is the waste basket?"

"Gee, ain't I glad I ain't an elephant," said a small boy after hearing that it took six months to tan an elephant's hide.

Mrs. Elston (speaking of beauty): "Beauty may be black eyes and black hair, or blue eyes and blue hair, as one's ideals are."

Miss Gallager: "I'll have to change some seats that are not studying."

Miss Fisher (in first year French): "If I had your head, I would sell it for five cents and make a nickel."

Thornton: "Love is the secret of life; it is a resistless force—a never resting energy."

Ibid: "The practice of love is the fulfilling of the whole Law of God." I subscribe to the Notorious?"

ABSENT!

Mr. Cowan: "Where is Conwell?" Miss Elliott: "It is his turn to speak today."

Teacher (speaking of a history note book): "Now, girls, be sure to get your dates with the men."

Will the readers kindly send in characters and events to correspond with the following Shakespearean plays?

"Measure for Measure."

"Merry Wives of Windsor."

"Loves' Labors Lost."

"The Tempest."

"As You Like It."

"The Taming of the Shrew."

"Romeo and Juliet."

"Comedy of Errors."

"The Twelfth Night."

"All's Well That Ends Well."

Exclamation in machine shop: "I can not file a plane surface, but I can give one a very clear idea of the Rock Mountains, in trying to do so!"

Mr. Page: "That's always the way with a holiday, your work is inversely proportional to the amount of time you have to put on it." (At least one law holds good in Physics).

Egbert: "Pa, are we descended from monkeys?"

Father: "You may be, my son, but I am not."-Ex.

Freshman: "Mrs. McLaughlin, may Mr. Chace: "What is your authority for that?"

Eleanor: "Hypotenuse."

Miss Fisher: "Some people's feet step on every thing they see."

> IF GIRLS ONLY KNEW. Little puffs of powder, Little daubs of paint, Often make a modest maid Look like what she ain't.

Mr. Cowan: "Where would you like to sit, Jennie?"

Miss Elliott (looking in the back row where Will Curry is sitting): "In the back row."

A GREAT MUSICIAN.

Thornton (hitting the key-board with his ear): "I play by ear."

Mrs. Elston (to pupils who have started from their seats before she has reached the door): "Children, keep your seats. This rule must be enforced, as it is a fire drill. In case of fire you should let the teacher get safely out the door before you stampede."

"O! though I've learned my Latin well, Have crammed 'til hours late; When in the class my name is called I soon foresee my fate.

Constructions scatter far and wide, And verbs get sadly mixed; The lines become a blank to me, For then I know I'm fixed.

I keep on bravely bluffing, 'till My nerves receive a shock; In icy tones I heard the words: 'See me at twelve o'clock.'

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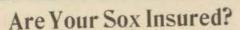
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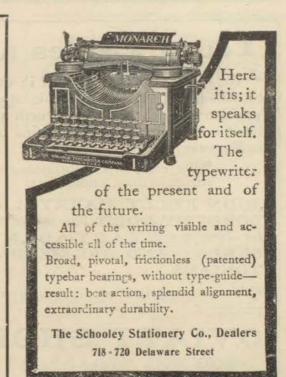
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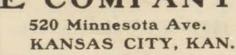
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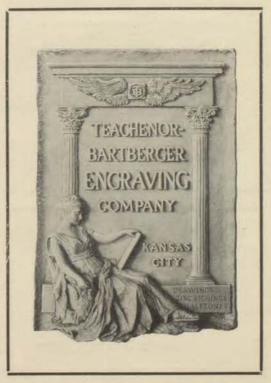
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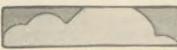
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As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more

Till thou, at length, art free, Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea. -Oliver W. Holmes.



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KANSAS CITY, MO.

JANUARY, 1907

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NOTICE

THE NAUTILUS is published once every two months in the general interest of the Manual Training High School, at Kanasa City, Mo.

The subscription price is 45 cents per year by mail; 40 cents to pupi s of the school.

Contributions are requested from all members of the school. Address all communications to

The Nautilus,

Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo.

The Nautilus reminds the Literary Societies and the school at large that in order to have a better local Medal Contest in our school next spring the ambi-

Our Third Literary Society and School at Large Medal Contest.

tious speakers should be at work now. The objects of this worthy contest are most commendable - to stimulate higher profficiency in original composition in English and in the art

of Elocution.

The third contest will occur April 26, and the preliminary contests must be all over and the speakers selected by April 5.

Each number is limited to eight minutes. The young ladies are allowed to choose their recitations from standard authors, subject to the approval of the managing committee, which is composed of the society's Chaperon, the Instructor of Elocution, and the Principal of the school; while for the school at large the committee is composed of the Principal and the Teacher of Elocution. In oration the young men are allowed to choose their own subjects, but are required to submit the manuscript to the committee for approval before committing to memory.

All the orations and recitations must be committed to memory for delivery at the preliminaries. The school management attends exclusively to the selection of Judges and Chairman of the evening, formulating the instruction to the Judges, and caring for the finances.

A small admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged to defray the expenses, and what money is left over will be used in furthering the interests of the contest and the school.

Our solicitous Principal, who is the father of this contest, has already had the two handsome \$25 medals made, and has placed them on exhibition in our World's Fair exhibit case.

As we gaze at the two beautiful trophies our minds are teased by speculation in guessing who the winners will be.

Beginning with the Spring of 1906, annual Inter-High School Contests in Debating and the Reading and Reciting of Essays were established at the Uni-

The Second Inter-High School Contest at the M. S. U. for the Two Freshman Scholarships. versity of Missouri in Columbia between representatives of the accredited public High Schools of Missouri. "The winner of each contest shall be entitled to an Undergraduate Scholarship of the value of \$125 and exemption

from all fees, except Laboratory fees, such scholarship to be paid in installments during the student's first year in the University."

The following regulations governing the contests and the award of the scholarships have been adopted by the Board of Curators:

- "1. Scope of Contests. The contest between the boys shall be in debate and that between the girls shall be in the reading or reciting of essays, the subject for debate to be assigned by a University committee, and the subjects for essays to be selected by contestants; the subject of an essay shall be submitted to the committee not less than one month previous to the contest in Columbia.
- "2. Time. The contest shall be held on or near the last Saturday in April of each year, the exact date to be determined by the University committee.
- "3. Contestants. Each school entering the contests may send one representative to each contest, i. e., one boy and one girl, the contestants to stand among the highest fourth of the senior class in general scholarship. (Only accredited public High Schools may send representatives.)
- "4, Preliminary and Final Contests. Each contest shall be divided into a preliminary and a final contest:
- (A) Preliminary contests shall be held during the day of the date announced, in the presence of competent judges appointed by the University committee. The judges shall select from each contest not more than six contestants who may compete in the final contest.
- (B) Final contests shall be held during the evening of the date announced, in the presence of other competent judges similarly appointed, and shall be limited to the successful contestants of the preliminary contests.
- "5 Length of Speeches and Essays. No speech shall exceed eight minutes in length, and no essay shall contain more than one thousand words. This length may be reduced by the committee so far as the preliminary contests are concerned. Details of arrangements shall be left to the committee.

"6. The Limit of Entrance. Each High School desiring to compete shall notify the Chairman of the University committee not less than ten days before the contests of its intention to enter the competition, and at the same time shall submit the names of its representatives.

"7. High School Preliminaries. The method of selecting the representatives shall be left to the School Principals concerned, but the University advises that preliminary contests be held in each High School as a means of determining who shall represent it. Every representative must bring to the University committee written credentials from his or her School Principal."

The subject for debate in 1907 is: Resolved, "That the United States should impose additional restrictions upon immigration."

The subjects of Essays may be selected by the contestants, subject to the approval of the University committee. See regulation 1 above.

The local preliminaries for the selection of the young man and young lady to represent Manual at that contest must be over the last week in March.

It is earnestly hoped that the class of 1907 will put forth its best efforts to send winners to Columbia. Begin early! Do it now! Remember that the contestant's railroad fare will be paid by the school and that they will be entertained free at Columbia.

The Nautilus Staff wishes to thank
Mr. and Mrs. Phillips for their kind
hospitality on the evening of Friday,
December the 7th. As our
Nautilus Editor-in-Chief was not
Reception. present the Local Editor
was made master of ceremonies, and from the toasting of
marshmallows at the beginning of the
evening to the telling of ghost stories
and the breaking up of the party his

gaiety and spirits kept us in a gale of laughter. The entertainment planned was enjoyed to the utmost, and we are pleased to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Phillips intend to keep up this custom, started last year, and we are sure that our successors will have as much pleasure on those occasions as we had on this.

One of the most important factors in the existence of a school publication is a good Local Department. Seemingly large circulation.

The Value of is more important, but the Local this in turn depends, to Department. some extent, upon the quality and quantity of

the locals. It is true that a few pupils in any school have enough school spirit to subscribe, just because the paper is the organ of the school, or the faculty, as the case may be; others subscribe because they feel that it is their disagreeable duty; but the majority, the body upon whom rests the burden of furnishing the locals, subscribe because they feel a certain interest resulting from the fact that they have contributed to this department.

Spicy locals do more than merely fatten our coffers; they hold the interest, naturally, when everybody, who says anything funny, either accidentally or purposely, hopes to see how his humor looks in print. The first thing he does is to read the locals. Next, if he is in an unusually good humor, he will skim lightly over the matter in all the other departments but one, the editorial, wherein the only real brains of the paper are displayed. So it is very evident that without the Local Department the paper could not exist.

The following is an appeal from our newest organization:

"This is the first time in the history of Manual that Manual students have had the pleasure of organizing a Man-

Manual's This club was started the Mandolin Orchestra.

dolin and Guitar Club.
This club was started the first week of December with the intention of showing that there was an

instrumental talent, as well as a vocal talent in the school. The purpose of this club is to help make the Assembly Hall programmes more delightful and to furnish music at such times when needed. The club is under the direction of Mr.

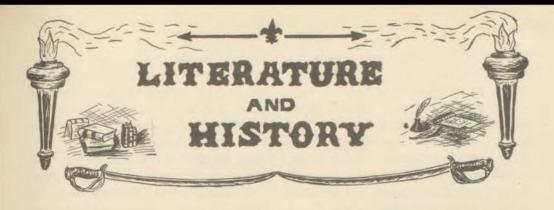
Woods. Those who have done energetic work to make the club a success are: The guitars, May Shockley, Joe Cornet, Claude Harman and Frank Wells; the mandolins, Clarence Bolles, Clayton Boyer, Olive Cornet, Carrie Hulse, Joe Rebstock and James Reid; the pianist, Mary Warmouth.

"The larger the club the better and those who play the mandolin, guitar or banjo please come and help to make this Manual Orchestra one of the best High School orchestras in the city."

MANUAL ARTISTS IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

It is quite gratifying to Manual to note that the places made vacant at Emery, Bird, Thayer's by the resignation of Miss Florence Pretz, who has gone to Keith's, and by Miss Bertha Farris, who has gone to a New York art school to do advanced work, have been filled by two other Manual art students, Miss Ida Edlund and Miss Bernice Edwards.





THE UNSEEN 'CELLO

By AILEEN LEAVITT, '08.

A protound air of mystery seemed settled over the entire village. Even the usual corner store and the rows of neatly painted houses gave you the impression of being surrounded with an impenetrable secrecy. Both animate and inanimate nature seemed to be saying, "We could tell you if we would; we could tell you if we would." This strange air communicated itself to the most transient visitors, and so it was only natural that I, having my curiosity aroused after one good glimpse of the odd little town, should immediately set to work to penetrate its secret. I soon found that the villagers were only too glad to tell their wonderful story to an appreciative listener, and it was evident from the smoothness and glibness with which the narrative ran that I was not the first stranger to be initiated into the mystery of S---.

It seems that when the village was still in its pristine freshness, a famous musician had been attracted to it as a site for his summer home, and though the villagers wondered at such a queer selection, he chose for his house the top of a high and isolated hill which stood sentinel over the town.

At the beginning of every summer he would come and take up his solitary existence on the hill top, seeming only to desire to be alone. The villagers soon found that any friendship between them and this strange, silent man was impossible, and so all unnecessary communication between them absolutely ceased. It was during his third summer among them that the people noticed that for a whole week no one saw the stranger, and his mail lay unclaimed in the postoffice. At last, out of common humanity, they attempted an investigation. As they neared the house they were alarmed to see the great front door flapping open on its hinges, and hastening in, they went hurriedly from one empty room to an-Then they realized the strange other. The great musician had comtruth. pletely and mysteriously disappeared, leaving absolutely no trace of his whereabouts.

After a thorough investigation the house was offered for sale, and was bought by a wealthy man from the city. At the end of a week the family suddenly left, and the entire population of S— was stirred by the strange account of the low, melancholy tones of a 'cello which could be heard on windy nights rising and falling through the silent rooms.

Again the house was boarded up, and so it stood for two years, lonely and deserted, until finally the villagers came to look at it askance, and term it the "haunted house." At last it was purchased by a New York business man, who scoffed at the ghost stories, saving that for his part it was a good investment, and that he was willing to buy ghost and all. However, he could find no one in the village willing to live with his ghost, and he was met with the same reply by every one whom he questioned.

"Me live in that hanted house? Why, you couldn't pay me five dollars a night to live in that hanted house."

At last, disgusted with the superstition of the village people, he resolved to open the house by himself, and to await the arrival of his servants from New York. And so, with a business-like air, as if destroying all ghosts who had ever lived, he entered boldly his new home, lit the fire, and prepared to spend the first night alone.

As he sat looking around the new home, he thought of the strange story in connection with it, and laughed to himself as he thought of sensible, strongminded people allowing themselves to be carried so far beyond the bounds of all reason. As he sat thus musing, the fire died down to a dull red glow, the shadows lengthened on the wall, and the candles sent a pale, flickering light through the room. Then the solitary occupant began to feel the loneliness, and the intense silence oppressed him. He was troubled by a line from a poem, which he kept repeating over and over again, until all the spirits of the night seemed to take up the refrain, and even the wind murmured it. "In the ghoulhaunted woodland of Weir; the ghoul-

haunted woodland of Weir." Suddenly the candle flickered and went out, and the stillness became more and more intense, and as he sat there silent, there seemed to steal gradually over his senses a few faint vibrations of a 'cello. They came faintly and as from afar, and seemed to fit in so appropriately with the surroundings that the man was not startled at first. But the vibrations came insistently nearer, and swelled into a continuous melody that sobbed through the lonesome house until it seemed that the very rafters took up the mournful strain. The man sat resolutely still, and tried to argue with himself, but as the eerie sound grew louder, it filled his brain with the haunting cadence until it seemed to steal his very reason. At last he could stand it no longer, and jumping up, he commenced a vigorous search through the lonely house. But as he went from room to room, his solitary candle making the objects throw grotesque shadows against the floor, the unseen 'cello seemed to follow him, sending its pleading call into every corner of the house. Even the sigh of the winds outside seemed to blend into the refrain, and assist in the diabolical pursuit. Until at last, with no thought but to get away from the unseen horror which was dethroning his very reason, he rushed wildly from the house. The awful sound still seeming to follow him down the hill. And when the villagers heard of this the next morning none were brave enough to approach the dreaded house, and so to this day the place stands untenanted, save for the unseen 'cello, and the unseen hand which plays upon its strings.



THE BLACK SHEEP

By Arnold Hoffman, '07.

It was clear to his father, to his mother, to everyone who knew him, that Lawrence Van Stratten was the "black sheep" of the family. The fact that he could play his violin and play so sweetly that many a listener's eyes were moist when he had finished made little difference, for he seldom played from notes, and was too lazy to practice. His older brother had gone through college, and for such a young lawyer, was doing very well. His younger brother, a boy of sixteen, although three years his junior, was ahead of him in school. As for Lawrence, people would shrug their shoulders and shake their heads sadly and say: "All hope is lost; he will never amount to a thing."

When, after taking three years of algebra, Lawrence declared that the square of the sum of two quantities is equal to the sum of their squares, his teacher sighed and said, "You might as well give it up." When he persisted in going out into the country for the day instead of going to school, the principal came to his father and said, "There's no use; we can't do anything with him."

Lawrence cared little what he did or what people thought. He lived in a different world from those around him. He would lie on his back for hours, under trees in the summer, on a couch in his room in the winter, and dream. He would go to school and dream. Even at parties he would often forget his surroundings and begin to dream.

Whatever other people's opinions might be, Lawrence was convinced that a brilliant future lay not far distant and that some day he would be a great man. "Let them think what they will," he said, "I'll show them some day. I shall be

great and beloved by all: people will write books about me and honor me in every possible way. Yes, the time is coming; only wait."

Mr. Van Stratten thought different. He was a business man through and through, with a will of iron and a reputation of never having failed to carry out to the letter whatever he said he would do. At first his son's idleness and lack of his own qualities, of which he was so proud, grieved him; soon it angered, and at last completely disgusted him.

"There is only one more hope for Lawrence," said Mr. Van Stratten to his wife one evening. "I am going to send him to a military school. Perhaps they can do something with him." "Yes, you are right," agreed his wife. "It's queer we did not think about that before. And this is February. The second term has just commenced."

The next day Lawrence began to pack, In the evening he went to the house of Jenny Kendall, who was the object of many of his dreams. He told her the sad news and bade her good-bye. On the following day he kissed all the family in turn and started for the place that was to make a man of him.

Just two months later he was sitting on a train bound for home, and under very unpleasant circumstances at that. The faculty had decided that a boy who climbed out of his window at night and often did not return till noon; played his violin when he should be studying, and told the other boys such wonderful tales that they forgot all about their lessons, was a disgrace to the school. Therefore, having notified his father, they sent him home without further ceremony.

He sat watching the fields and fences pass by, feeling pretty badly. He was sorry for what he had done and he was afraid as well as ashamed to go home. He spent most of the six hours it took to get home in bracing himself for the coming ordeal. Having made up his mind as to what he was going to say and the manner in which he was going to say it, he leaned back on the cushions and fell asleep.

He awoke with a start upon hearing the porter call "St. Louis." He awoke still more when he found that his grip, money and watch had disappeared. His violin, which he had put in the corner next the window, was still there. He had been robbed. He complained to the officials. They took his name and address and promised to look into the matter. But that did not help Lawrence's present situation; to face his father after having been sent from school in disgrace was bad enough, but to admit, on top of this, that he had fallen asleep and allowed himself to be robbed, was terrible. There was no way out of it, however, so he braced up and walked home.

"So this is the disgrace you have brought upon your family, you good-fornothing vagabond." These were the words with which his father received him. "And on top of it all, you went to sleep and let yourself be robbed of everything."

"They didn't take this," said Lawrence, pointing to his violin.

"No, but you may take your fiddle and leave this house for good. Remember, I say for good. That you may not starve, here are forty dollars. When you have spent it you will find that you can not get more by dreaming. Now go!"

"Where is mother?"

"Your mother is not at home. I have told her nothing of this. It would break her heart." "Yes, I guess you are right. Goodbye."

Lawrence went. He had not gone two blocks when his face brightened up. "I have it," he said; "I shall be a sailor. I am going to ride over the ocean through wind and storm and visit every country on the globe." He immediately bought a ticket, and a few hours later he was seated in a train bound for New York.

He did not tell Jenny good-bye this time. He was ashamed to. "When I come back a great and a rich man I will go to her and will not be ashamed," he murmured. "I shall come back in a private car and great crowds of people will be at the depot to meet me. And my father will be proud of me and my mother will put her arms around my neck and cry with joy. Oh, yes, the time is coming; only wait; only wait.

* * * * *

"Tell, me, doctor, will I ever get well again?"

"Why, certainly, my boy; there is no doubt about it now. But you must not go back to the sea for a long time. It would be best to give it up altogether. The disease has left you with a weak heart, and your nerves are all upset. The strenuous life of the sea would be too much for you. You must have quiet about you.

"And to think, one more promotion and I would have been captain of my ship."

"Do not grieve yourself about that now, my boy; we must bear our troubles the best we can."

"Yes, I know, doctor, but I have no money left. I must do something for a living."

"How about your violin?"

"I play only for my own amusement, and am not handy at reading notes. It would not do," "I have a friend who owns a book store. I have spoken to him about you, and he said he would give you a position as a clerk."

"It is very kind of you, doctor, very kind. When will I be able to begin my new work?"

"In about two weeks, Now I must be going to see my other patients. Goodbye, Lawrence."

Three years had passed since Lawrence left his native city, and in that time much had happened to him. He had been successful in obtaining a position on an ocean liner. Success followed him from the first. He was promoted from one office to another, until the captain only stood above him. Then he had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. He was taken to a hospital in New York, and there he lay ill for many weeks. He had been careless with his money, and the little he had was used up during his illness. And now without money and unable to resume his old duties, he must begin all over again.

As soon as he was able he started to work in the book store, but it was no place for him. He could not stand the monotony of such an uneventful life. He began reading the books, but this was soon forbidden him. Then his old habit of dreaming came back to him, and he forgot his surroundings for hours at a time. He saw himself again on the ocean giving orders in the midst of a terrible storm; or in a boat going out to help the victims of a wreck. again, he imagined himself at home with Jenny by his side and surrounded by all his family and feeling so happy, so very. very happy. But the result of these dreams was that at the end of the first month, when he received his salary, he was informed that his services were no longer needed.

"I am going home now," he said to himself, after he had paid for his lodg-

ings. "I have just enough money left to buy a ticket. I want to go home and rest a little while."

It was a cold, cheerless March day on which Lawrence arrived in St. Louis, Everything was familiar, and yet there was a difference. As he walked through the depot an old friend of his accidentally brushed against him, apologized and went on without the least sign of recognition. Lawrence smiled and promptly began to think of what he was going to do. He had four dollars left. "I can go to some cheap place and live four or five days on that," he mused. "I can't go to the house this way. That will give me time to think what I am going to do. I can not think just now."

Four days later Lawrence was walking up and down in a little attic room in a poor district of the city. His money was gone. He could sleep there but one more night, and still he had not decided what to do.

Mr. Van Stratten came home from his business with a bad headache that evening. He had had a bad day of it and was very much out of sorts.

He and Mrs. Van Stratten were to chaperon a dance that night. But he was not in a condition to go. So after dinner was over he told his oldest son to go with his mother and settled back in his Morris chair to smoke a cigar and read the paper. But it seemed to be a bad evening for him to rest. Once his wife called him upstairs to see if he had ordered the carriage, and twice he had been wanted at the telephone. He was nervous, and this together with a headache and the frequent disturbances, nearly drove him into a frenzy. Then the door-bell rang. He threw down the paper, went to the door with a quick, angry step and threw it open.

In a few minutes he came back again, even more irritated than before, and threw himself into his chair. But he could not read the paper. He puffed very hard at his cigar.

"Good-bye; we're going," called his wife. "By the way, who rang the doorbell?"

Mr. Van Stratten grew very pale, "Oh, just some fellow who wanted to know what street he was on."

Mrs. Van Stratten went to the dance. Mr. Van Stratten didn't pick up his paper again, and his face remained very pale. "I should not have done it; I should not have done it," he murmured "But I'll make it all right in the morning."

Mr. Van Stratten had lied to his wife. The person he had faced at the door and sent away was Lawrence, his son.

Poor Lawrence! Bitterly he turned away and began to wander aimlessly about. If he could only have seen his mother, he thought, or even one of his brothers, it would have made him feel so much better,—so very much better. "But there is no use," he muttered.

Up one street and down another he walked. He knew not where he was going. He wanted to go somewhere, but where he knew not. And above all he was trying, trying so hard to think. But he could not; his heart was too full of grief and anguish for that now. As he walked the gas lamps on the street seemed to mock him, to make fun of his grief. It was cold, but he did not feel it. His temples were burning and his mouth was parched. Oh, if he could only think what to do. And those mirthful eyes of the street lamps, if they would only stop twinkling so hideously. He walked on blindly. He wanted to get away from his home; he wanted to get away from those lights; he wanted to get away from everything. He wanted to go to some dark, quiet place and think.

Lawrence had wandered around for about two hours. The storm within him

had abated a little and he was beginning to notice his surroundings. He was walking in a broad, pleasant looking street. Not far ahead he saw a hall all lighted up. He saw the long lines of carriages standing in front of it. But even before he saw them he knew that a dance was going on there. He thought of the times he had danced in that very same hall, and he turned to go back. But something seemed to draw him to the ill-fated place. "I'll just walk by," he said. "I shouldn't, but I can't help it." When he got in front of the hall the beautiful melody of that king of waltzes, "The Blue Danube," floated to his ears. It had been Jenny's favorite waltz, and they had always danced it together. He went around to the side, stood upon tiptoe and looked in at the window.

"What a merry lot they are," he muttered. He looked for a moment then he passed his hand over his eyes. Can it be possible. Yes, There was Jenny, radiant with smiles, dancing "The Blue Danube." Merciful God! There sat his mother and she too was smiling. He did not see how old she had grown and that the smile on her lips was forced. To him it seemed that she was smiling, yes, laughing, with heart and soul. He closed his eyes and bitterly exclaimed: "Mother! Oh, mother!"

"Move on there or I'll take you to the lockup," said a voice, and a policeman touched him on the shoulder. Lawrence turned and walked off without a word. His heart was breaking. His brain was on fire, there was a great hard lump in his throat, but his eyes were dry. He walked very rapidly, for his one thought now was to get to his garret and to his only friend, one that had always comforted him, his precious violin.

When he had climbed the steps to his room he closed the door, lit a candle, and then very tenderly took his instrument from the black bag in which he kept it. "Come," he said, "come, dear old fiddle; let us talk together once more. This is our last night in this place. Tomorrow we must leave here, too,—to go, who knows where?

He took a piece of music and began to play. He played only a few bars then he put it back blew out the light sat down by the window and began to play. All his anguish all his sorrow all his disappointments he told. And oh how the violin wept! And tears came to Lawrence, too, like rain after a great storm. The melodies were very simple. Now he began an old song which he had always loved. It seemed so appropriate just now, and as he thought of the words, tears flowed fast over his cheeks:

"All the world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home,

All round the little farm I wandered When I was young;

Den many happy days I squandered, Many the songs I sung.

When I was playing wid my brudder, Happy was I;

Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and—"

A shot was fired; then the sound of broken glass, and at the same moment the violin flew in pieces from Lawrence's hands. Was this last friend to be taken from him, too? Oh, cruel fate! No. God was merciful for lo, the bullet had pierced the heart of Lawrence, too!

"Come along, you drunken devil," came a voice from the street; "I'll teach you to shoot around here. You have broken a window, too. You'll pay for it in the morning,"

STEAMBOATS ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

By Geo. H. B. Bowles, '08.

The Mississippi River is not neglected as is our Missouri. Vast sums of money are spent every year towards bettering and improving the river, all of which promotes the commerce of the river cities. Some places along the Mississippi depend almost wholly upon the river as a means of travel and transportation. It is cheap and satisfactory, and so the government keeps the Mississippi in a good, navigable state.

Many steamboats operate between St. Louis and St. Paul. The largest of these boats are operated by the Diamond Jo Line. Four boats are operated by this line—the Sidney, St. Paul, Quincy and Dubuque. The St. Paul, Sidney and Quincy are through boats, running between St. Louis and St. Paul.

The St. Paul is a side-wheeler, as are the Quincy and Dubuque. It is the largest steamer ever engaged in the St. Paul trade. She will sleep 290, while the Sidney and the Dubuque will accommodate 130 and 100, respectively.

The Quincy was sunk season before last between Davenport and St. Paul. She struck a snag and sank in the middle of the river, but luckily no lives were lost. When she comes out of docks next season, she will have accommodations for 300 people.

It takes several days to make the round trip between St. Louis and St. Paul, and the fare is only twenty-eight dollars, including stateroom and meals. The three through boats average ten round trips a season, while the Dubuque

runs eight months, clearing about one thousand two hundred dollars. The line operates no strictly freight boats, although the officials promise to do so if they are guaranteed a six-foot stage of water the year around.

The Carnival City Packet Company operates the White Collar Line of boats, which ply between Keokuk, Iowa, and Quincy, Ill., and between Davenport and Burlington. The Helen Blair and the Columbia operate between Burlington and Davenport, while the Silver Crescent tends to the Keokuk-Quincy trade.

The Helen Blair and the Columbia are two of the trimmest and best boats on the Upper Mississippi, although not as large as some of the Diamond Jo boats. The Columbia is considered the fastest boat on the upper part of the river. She is called the sister boat of the Helen Blair,

The J. S. is the largest boat above St. Louis. The boat does a big excursion business, besides its regular trade. Many small packet boats run between the river cities. The Eloise, a small stern-wheeler, is a packet boat between Burlington and Keokuk. The Eclipse plies between Burlington, Clinton, Fulton and Lyons.

At Keokuk is a large canal, eight miles long. Just above Keokuk the river is full of dangerous rapids, which were so dangerous that a canal was forced to be The Keokuk Canal was finished in 1877, at a cost of about four millions of dollars. It costs about forty thousands of dollars a year to maintain. It has three locks, which are each about 300 feet long. Boats drawing over four and one-half feet of water cannot pass through the canal. There is practically no current between the locks, and sometimes boats have been known to veer suddenly to the right or left into the This canal is valuable to boats plying along this part of the river, as it makes navigation at this point perfectly safe.

DECEIVING APPEARANCES

By Cresence Celay

"Girls, as your uncle and I crossed the creek coming from town today, we saw a lovely branch of mistletoe on a tree. Why don't you hitch up old Neb and go after it?"

Mary and I were spending Christmas week at Aunt Margaret's in the country. "Mistletoe! Just the thing!" I wanted some to take home with me to decorate my room.

"Who and where is 'Neb,' " said I.

"Oh, Neb is our family driving horse," said Aunt Margaret. "He has been lame for a day or two, but I think he is all right now. You will find him somewhere in the south pasture,"

We took a halter and made for the south pasture. The only horse in sight was a poor, bony, broken-down looking creature, one-eyed and miserable looking. We agreed that surely was not the driving horse, and we went back to the house to tell Aunt Margaret that he was not there.

'Why, that's strange," said she. "I saw him from the window a while ago." She went to the window, where the old "stock-o'-bones" (as Mary had dubbed him) was plainly in view. "There he is. I knew he must be there." Then turning, she looked searchingly at us.

"You ain't afraid of poor old Nebucaneezer, are you? Why, girls, I rode behind him the day I was married. He is just as gentle as a lamb."

Mary opened her mouth to speak, but

I gave her a violent nudge. "I thought you said he was white, Aunty. Come on Mary."

Once out of earshot we burst out laughing. Afraid of that poor old beast.

"Let's go look at him again," said I.
"Perhaps he is not so bad as he first appeared."

But he looked even worse. He was of no particular color. Every bone in his body could easily be seen. He had a sort of worn-out look all over. A sort of one-hoss-shayish look, as though he might give way all at once all over. His feet were the most prominent part about him, and they looked as though it would truly be an effort for him to lift them. We put the halter on him and led him to the barn, where Aunt Margaret was waiting to help us hitch. She brought out an old dillapidated buggy, and a set of what I would have called strings, but it seemed this was the harness. By the time all those strings were tied, cut and patched, and old Neb was backed in and tied to the buggy, I was seriously near an explosion, and Mary looked like a person who might boil over any minute. I ran and got our hats and we climbed in. It was one of these low, old-fashioned buggies that you can step in and out of at any time. Old Neb was so tall and strangely close to the buggy that he entirely shut out the view of the landscape.

"He looks to me," said Mary, "as though he might have taken several generations before us to their weddings."

"Yes," said I, "if he could just speak and tell us about all the rosy-cheeked brides he has taken to church."

"Gracious!" cried Mary, "what is the matter with him?"

"He is going slowly, isn't he?"

"No, that's not it. Look how funny one side of him does every time he takes a step." It was true that one hip bone was going up and down in an alarming manner, but my attention was called elsewhere. A young man from a neighboring farm was passing us on horseback. He gave one curious glance, and then looked away to hide a smile. As soon as he was out of sight, I leaned over and gave Neb a resounding crack with the whip.

"It's a shame to strike him," said Mary.
"Well," I snapped, "you see it didn't
do any good."

Old Neb was shuffling along, stumbling every once in a while, until I failed to see how the harness could stay on him.

"Oh!" I gasped, "see how far he is from the buggy. The next moment he had shuffled out of the shafts and they fell with a thump in the road. It consumed a good half hour to tie him back in and we had to cut off part of the lines to make him secure. Then the lines were so short that I had to lean at a tiring angle to drive. One would have thought to see me that I was behind a mettled steed, that needed a firm hand and a close rein.

Once Neb stopped, humped himself and gave a terrible cough.

"Suppose he should die out here on the road?" speculated Mary.

"Worse than that," said I. "Think what would happen if we should meet the humane officers.

"Well," laughed Mary, "they would be insane officers if they took this old creature in hand."

We had been so busy with the horse that we had not had time to look around us. As we rounded a curve in the road we heard children's voices, and saw at the left of us, in a field, a huge strawstack. A crowd of boys were playing on it, and Mary suggested that we ask them how far we were from the creek. We had quite a parley as to whether to tie Neb to the fence or not, and had decided to do so when we discovered that

we had nothing to tie him with, so we left him standing in the road in the most disconsolate attitude imaginable, swinging his head back and forth drowsily.

"What is that coming?" cried Mary, clutching me.

A peculiar object was moving toward us from the direction of the straw-stack.

"Oh, I see," said I, "the boys have been filling a bedtick with straw. It looked like an animal at a distance, a boy under each end, and the straw sticking out at the opening on top.

"Could you tell us how far we are from the creek?" I asked.

The strawtick instantly collapsed, as neither of the boys were aware of our approach.

"Oh," said the foremost boy, recovering himself, but looking rather sheepish. "Yes, mam, it's about five miles, ain't it, Bub?"

Mary and I looked at each other hopelessly. "Five miles! Do you think we can ever get him that far?"

"Get what?" asked the other boy.

Just then they espied the old horse. "Don't see how you ever got that old bag o' bones this far," said he.

I realized the truth of the assertion, but I was indignant just the same.

"Really," I began, but the boys picked up the tick and were moving toward the fence. We followed and we waiting for them to get over, when old Nebucaneezer slowly raised his head. The boys were just in the act of raising the tick over their heads. The old horse's body seemed suddenly to straighten out. He gazed intently with his eye becoming more rigid every second. Like a flash he wheeled and with one lunge freed himself from the buggy. Like a streak he vanished down the road. It had all been so sudden that we were stunned. We gazed at each other blankly, and then we laughed until the tears rolled down our cheeks. We held an emergency meeting. The boys agreed to haul us home in the buggy, if we would sit on the tick and hold it in.

Without further mishap we reached home. There stood old Neb in the pasture in the place we had first found him. I shook my fist at him, but he never raised his head. Truly appearances are deceiving, for Nebucaneezer is still doing valiant duty as a family driving horse.

A REFLECTION

BLANCHE E. SAGE.

Do I like L'Allegro, I am asked or Il'Pen-seroso best?

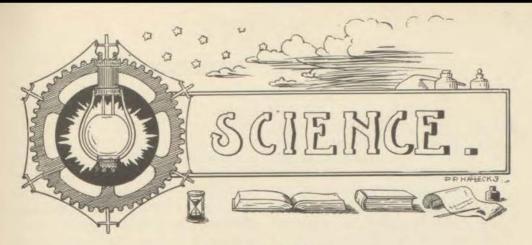
Would joy and laughter be my choice, or with

thoughtfulness would it rest?
With jest and youthful jollity would I fain spend my time,
Or in a lonely watch-tower sit, and scan some

stately ryme?
Do I want to be hid from day's garish eye,
Or to walk abroad when the sun is high? Is the song of the lark in the morning bright, Or that of the nightingale, my delight?

My answer yesterday was this: I want all I can have of joy and bliss. To be lapped in sweet soft Lydian Airs, Till I forget this world of cares. To dance, to sing, to laugh with glee, In unreproved pleasures free.
To hear the cock crow, loud and shrill,
Not the hoot of the owl in the old saw-mill. But today my dearest wish would be To sit and think, then come to me Sweet thought so stately and serene, Thou, Meditation, be my queen. To hear the cricket on the floor, And the Bellman going from door to door. Diana of thy train I'd be, And bask in thy beams of purity.

My answer now is this to you, The perfect life combines the two. Men and maids should all be jolly, Yet, at times be melancholy, All of gladness and no thought, And mirth is very dearly bought. All of thought and none of glee Seems a dreary life to me. Therefore, if you wish to be, Well developed, broad and free, Exercise to right degree Both thoughtfulness and jollity.



BREVITIES

A German physiologist has recently proved, by application, the assertion that growth is prevented by the Roentgen rays. He has found that young animals, trees and even buds have been stunted by being subjected to the rays. Hence, Dr. Forsterling advises that they be used as little as possible with children, until a device has been invented to measure the rays, so that a cumulative effect may be avoided.

The center of a cake of ice is opaque, partly owing to the fact that, as water freezes the impurities are pushed toward the center, leaving the outer part of the cake comparatively clear. Hence, no matter how impure the water frozen, the water caused by melting the outer portion of the cake is quite pure.

A Texas farmer has found that, if tomato vines could be protected from frosts for the space of two years it would become a small tree, often growing fifteen feet high. This is also shown by the fact that the plants of Florida grow very large, when that state is not touched with frost, the midribs becoming veritable branches.

"Vegetable sponges" are being cultivated in Algeria to a great extent. Before maturity this fruit is edible, but after the stage of ripeness the pulp and fibrous matter become separated, the latters forming what is termed the "vegetable sponge." Paris is at present the chief market for the ten varieties raised in Algeria. The sponges are bleached in a weak lime bath, and are then sold at from seven to nine cents apiece.

Dr. Day of Washington has discovered a new method of making quartz glass. The discovery may be of great importance. The glass consists simply of quartz, melted, and allowed to cool without re-crystalizing. Before the invention of the electric furnace, the substance was considered infusible, but even with this aid it was hitherto obtained only in small quantities.

Very few realize the strain on an ocean liner. When the vessel is wave-supported at the ends, the center sags. On the other hand, when the vessel is wave-supported at the center, the ends are without support. When the liner is 600 feet long, rivets on the topmost decks would be sheared, pipes broken and plates buckled, as effects of the strain. The decks are now cut in two or more places and sliding joints are provided, thus preparing for the alternate lengthening and compressing of the decks.

CARE OF AN AQUARIUM

By VILLA JUDY.

There is no more fascinating naturestudy than that of the aquarium, and every home may contain one if the person is willing to give a little thought and care to it each day. Most people imagine an aquarium to be a glass box decorated with unnatural rocks, and strange water plants; or a globe filled with mute, sicklylooking gold fish, moving about in the water. A candy jar, some sand and plants, and a few animals, which are found in any pond or marsh, will make an interesting aquarium.

It costs no more than a potted plant, and is far more interesting and attractive. By watching these lively little creatures of the aquarium, one can learn much that is both interesting and helpful.

If large fish are to be kept, a glass box, rectangular in shape, is best, although this is not altogether necessary. The sand should be two or three inches deep, and as clean as can be found, or it may be cleaned by washing. A few stones, not too large, should then be placed on top of the sand, and water-plants, which can be obtained at any flower store, or found in some near pond, will thrive better if planted firmly and securely in the sand. Some of the odder and more attractive plants are the eel grass, tape grass, bearing flowers, and watercress, which grows in cold springs. If the aquarium is not very deep the plants will grow to the surface of the water and serve as a resting place for some beetle or snail, which, tired by its long chase after food, comes to the top of the water for a breath of fresh air.

In keeping an aquarium there should be about the same amount of plant and animal life. Animals can not live in water where there are no plants, unless the water be changed frequently. Since animals and plants live in the pond together they should also live in the aquarium together. The plants serve as food for herb-eating animals, and supply the oxygen without which the animals could not live. If both are growing together there will be no need of changing the water.



The aquarium should not be placed in a bright, sunny window, for too much light will cause a thick green slime, or growth of algae, to form on the top of the water and the sides of the aquarium. If this happens, put the aquarium in a darker place and add a few more snails. This scum is their favorite food and it will not be long before it all disappears. For this reason snails should always be kept in the aquarium.

OUR COMMON REGULAR WINTER VISITANTS

By HENRY NAGEL, '08.

Summer visitants are birds, who arrive from the South in the Spring, breed their young in our locality, and return in the Fall to their Winter homes, near the frost line or beyond, some going across the Gulf, as far south as Central South America. Transient visitors arrive from the South in the Spring, spend a few days with us, and pass farther on to their breeding range to take up household duties, and to return in the Fall and pass on South, at the onset of cold weather. During these migrations in the Spring, the birds are in full song and bridal costumes-the most beautiful season of the bird world.

Permanent residents inhabit our woods throughout the year. They are, however, more or less migratory, our Summer birds, in Winter, passing a little south below us and Northern birds arriving to take their place; thus the same species being with us throughout the year. Permanent residence during the Winter depend solely upon seeds and insect larvae for food, and are bold enough to brave the cold blasts of Winter.

After the Summer visitants and transient visitors have departed in the Fall for the South we have left with us our Winter friends—permanent residents and Winter visitants. The Winter visitants arrive from the North in Autumn, spend the Winter within our borders and depart the following Spring for their more Northern haunts and breeding range. Most of them arrive the last of September and remain until April.

The birds are controlled by their food supplies more than by the elements, and as Winter advances must seek places where the larder is more plentiful. Permanent residents are not habitual seedeaters throughout the year, but vary their diet according as insect or vegetable food is more abundant.

Together with the Winter visitants sometimes occur irregular Winter visitants, whose coming cannot be foretold and adds to the field new pleasures of seeing some rare and unlooked for species. Pine crossbeaks, crossbills, redpolls, pine siskins, snowflakes are irregular.

Winter birds, in my eye, are touches which blend with the landscape and without which the picture would be incomplete.

Junco—With the coming of Autumn comes the slate-colored Junco, the most common and widely distributed of our Winter visitants. It arrives from the North late in September and remains until May. With the picture of snow comes the picture of the little Junco, which blends so harmoniously with the barren surroundings. Its costume of slate and gray, and conspicuous outer tail feathers, which show off to great advantage as it flies from bush to bush, will readily lead to its identification.

Although the Juncos resort to cover, into which they fly when disturbed, when hard pressed, they forage far afield, even into country dooryards in quest of scattered seeds and grain.

They are sociable birds and associate in Winter in loose flocks of ten to fifty. When seeds are plentiful, they feed in low bushes and on the ground with great complacency, all the while uttering a rapidly repeated chew-chew-chew.

TREE SPARROW.—Feeding with the Juncos and White Throats may be seen new arrivals from the North, the Tree Sparrow. They flit about from bush to bush, showing their bright caps and

beautiful little chestnut coats streaked with black to great advantage, and rise in great numbers from the bushes on our approach, wheel about in the air and dash down suddenly in a bush several rods distant.

The Tree Sparrow, or "Winter Chippies," resemble the Chipping Sparrow, but can easily be distinguished from the latter by little blackish spots in the center of their breasts. They are sociable birds, and assemble in large flocks and feed on the ground with great complacency, each one having something to say. They inhabit open woods, hedgerows and bushes about houses and they feed largely on seeds of grasses, especially pigeon grass, of which they are great destroyers and thus valuable allies to agriculture.

The Tree Sparrows, after their Winter visit, depart in April for their Summer homes about Hudson Bay, to be replaced by our familiar Chipping Sparrows.

WHITE THROATED SPARROW.-It is after the first frost, when the White Throated Sparrow is first seen flitting about in the thick underbrush in our woods, and joining the Junco and Tree Sparrow and other Winter birds in their search for food. He will be easily recognized by his crown and throat of white. And, maybe, while you are diligently watching his actions on the ground, he will fly to some terminal twig and perching there, give utterance to his very clear and sweet song of pea-body, pea-body. Its chief diet is pigweed and lamb's quarters seed, which constitutes more than one-half the seeds taken, and which in January are substituted by ragweed, bindweed, knotweed and smartweed.

The White Throated Sparrows remain with us until April, whence they depart for their Summer homes from Northern United States to Labrador and Hudson Bay.

WHITE CROWN .- On our trip afield early in October we eagerly look among the flocks of White Throated Sparrows in bushy woodlots or along roadsides, for their distinguished cousin, the White Crown. He resembles the White Throat, with which he associates during his stay in this climate, but differs in having the throat gray and the line before the eye black instead of yellow. Like the Tree Sparrow, the White Crown is very fond of seeds of pigeon grass. With us the White Crowns are more common, while in the East their appearance is a casual occurrence. During its sojourn in this locality, the White Crown Sparrow rarely if ever sings, but in the North during their mating season it is said their song resembles that of the White Throat, The White Crown breeds from Northern United States northward to the Arctic Circle.

HARRIS SPARROW.—The breeding places of the Harris Sparrow are not known, but it is supposed to breed somewhere about the foothills of North Dakota and northward through Manitoba and Saskatchewan. They migrate to this locality late in the Fall and are among the first, on the appearance of warm weather, to advance toward the North. The first time I saw the Harris Sparrows there was a flock of twenty occupying a hedgerow, together with about five Cardinals and their mates. seemed to be very sociable birds and all the time I was watching them they would give a series of musical, piping whistles, the whole company chiming in, until the whole hedge seemed full of bird life. Although I saw two or three in the act of whistling, they seemed to have a preference for the other side of the hedge.

The Harris Sparrows are near the foot of the roll of our feathered songsters, and their song is simple and unvariable, yet very attractive. The loud, piping notes can be heard at least a quarter of a mile away.

They take their place among our native sparrows as valuable weed destroyers.

Brown Creeper.—Standing in the deep woods, watching the many capers on the topmost bough, of a black-capped Chickadee, whose loud chick-dee-dee-dee breaks suddenly on the monotonous solitude, our attention is attracted farther down on the trunk of the same tree by a rapidly moving object. Bringing our field glasses into focus in that direction, we at once recognize the Brown Creeper, which we nearly missed.

This bird is fairly common throughout the United States in winter, where it comes in September from its Summer home about the Arctic Circle. The Creepers, like the Woodpeckers, never climb head downwards, but use their stiffened and pointed tail feathers as a prop to assist in the part of climbing, and to hold the bird in place while it dislodges its quarry. It is a very industrious bird, always climbing up tree trunks and investigating every crevice in the bark in its never-ceasing work of ridding trees of myriads of insect eggs and larvae. The Brown Creeper is very tame and is not aware of the great peril it undergoes. During its stay with us in the Winter it never utters a note louder than a faint squeak, which by a certain authority has been rightly likened unto the noise made by a stonemason's chisel.

A CURIOUS ISLAND

By MARIE PHILLIPS.

The sea, with all her precious secrets, has yet not kept from man at least some knowledge of many an interesting spot in secluded and lonely portions of her Many of her islands are exceedingly unique and one of the most curious is Heligoland. This is one of the Frisian Islands in the North Sea, thirtysix miles from the mouth of the Elbe. The island proper is known as the Rock Island, to distinguish it from a very small islet which was once connected with it. The former island is triangular in shape, and surrounded on every side by steep cliffs, the average height of which is one hundred and ninety-eight feet and the highest point of which is two hundred and sixteen feet. These cliffs seem all the more startling when it is considered that the island is only a little over a mile long and about a third

of a mile wide. These steep red walls were made so precipitous by landslides, which have left the island no other means of receiving the merchandise from ships than by having freight drawn up by pulleys.

The cliffs are worn into caves and characterized by many fantastic arches and columns of rock. The portion of the flat-topped rock now occupied by most of the houses, has very little soil. It affords pasture land for about two hundred sheep tethered to particular spots, and room for a few cabbage gardens, potato patches and little gardens of flowers, cucumbers, and so forth in front of the quaint red-tiled fishermen's homes—for fishing is the general occupation. Because of the rocky surface of this place, mud is unknown in the streets, the rain serving only to wash the sloping

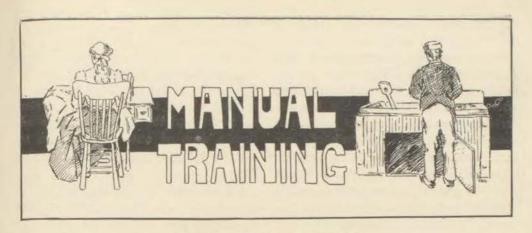
streets as clean as if they had been well scoured by the housewives. One or two lime trees are considered by the Heligolanders as objects of national pride, so scanty is the soil. One of the most interesting things in the physiography of this very small island is that it is divided naturally into two towns, one of which is so much higher than the other that it is reached from the lower one by the ascent of one hundred and ninety-two wooden steps. The upper town is known as the *Oberland* and the low as the *Unterland*.

In the Winter the island is isolated for weeks at a time on account of the tempestuous weather, drift ice and other causes. Being shut in as they are, the inhabitants have developed a dialect hardly intelligible even to the people of other islands of the group. Their secluded situation is relieved in the summer, however, by from two thousand to three thousand visitors who come to en-

joy the excellent bathing facilities of the Sand Island, a little to the east of the main one, or Rock Island, and contribute the chief amount of the island's prosperity.

The history of Heligoland has a quaint interest and charm. Here the goddess Hertha had her great shrine, which was visited for worship by the angels from the main land. King Radbod, a Pagan, once lived here, and twelve hundred years ago St. Willebord first preached Christianity on the island. Many a warlike sea rover has fought for the ownership of this island, which has been ceded many times to different countries. It was owned by Germany in 1903, but now belongs to England. Under England's government the Heligolanders enjoy the utmost freedom, paving only trifling taxes for local purposes and being exempt from the military service they would have to render if they were German or Danish subjects.





BAYEUX TAPESTRY

By Blanche Hess, '08.

The story of the Conquest of England by the Normans, in 1066, is represented by a series of curious pictures, embroidered on a strip of linen 230 feet long. The tradition asserts that this tapestry is the work of Matilda, the Oueen of William the Conqueror, and it is believed that if she did not actually stitch the whole of it with her own hands she at least took part in it and directed the execution of it by her maids, It was presented to the Cathedral of Bayeux, as a token of Matilda's appreciation of the assistance which its Bishop. Odo, gave to her husband at the Battle of Hastings.

The story of the conquest is told in some seventy scenes, each representing one particular historical occurrence and bearing an explanatory Latin inscription. A tree is usually chosen to divide the principal events from each other. The linen is twenty inches broad, and the space above and below the scenes, which are only thirteen inches high, is filled in with a border of fabulous animals, probably an allegorical comment on

the narrative. The pictures give us a good idea of the people of that age as seen by themselves; they show how the people lived, cooked, ate and slept; how they hunted with hawk and dog, and, above all, how they fought.

Some of the colors used in the Bayeux tapestry are very pretty, and all are soft in tone. Eight shades are used, apparently without regard to the nature of the object embroidered; dark and light blue, dark and light green, crimson, yellow, black and dove color. The freshness of the colors is due to the use in olden times of vegetable dyes.

There are over fifteen hundred figures embroidered in the tapestry, six hundred of which are human beings; there are also two hundred horses, fifty-five dogs, thirty-seven buildings, forty-one ships and boats, forty-nine trees and hundreds of birds. It is a huge piece of work, and though it is very crude, it is of great historical value. It is kept under glass in the Public Library at Bayeux.

A CHRISTMAS CAKE

By ALICE LIPSIS, '08.

"Twas the night before Christmas, and Not a creature was stirring, not even a all through the house,

mouse."

Yes, it was the Christmas eve of 1906, and an anxious but happy girl, Mirian Holland, lay down to a well earned sleep after a hard day's work. She had undertaken a great deal in her position as housekeeper during her mother's absence, but the supreme effort of her short reign was the Christmas dinner. A family dinner, for her father, her 18-year-old brother and herself, was not so formidable, but that was not all—there was to be a guest.

At some distant time Mr. Holland and a very dear friend, in speaking of the culinary art of their respective wives, had each protested that his wife was the better cook, and in proof thereof, Mr. Holland made a quickly forgotten promise that his friend should dine with them on the following Christmas and be convinced of the truth of his statement. However, his promise did not again occur to Mr. Holland's mind until after his wife's departure; in fact, he should never again have thought of it at all if he had not received a letter from Mr. Richards, just a few days before Christmas, saying that owing to his wife's absence he would be alone for a few days and so would be glad to take advantage of his dear friend's invitation; in short, he would be on his way by the time this letter reached its destination, Well. what was to be done? Mirian quailed at the idea at first, but finally being assured that Mr. Richards would not expect too much of her, she undertook the responsibility of sustaining the reputation of the "House of Holland."

Everything had pased off without an incident to break the monotony of good luck. Nevertheless, it was a very anxious girl who on Christmas morning, after all the exchanges of presents had been accomplished, donned her long checked apron, and descended into the kitchen, a determined look on her pretty face. In the kitchen all was serene and

the minutes flew by as the finishing touches were put to everything; the turkey sizzled in the oven, and the pots on the top of the stove sent their streams of steam into the air; every now and then a drop of water rolled down the sides of the pans and spluttered into the flames.

Of at least one thing Mirian felt sure. She could depend upon her cake, if everything else failed her, for Mirian's cake had become a joke in the family; they appeared so often and were of such generous dimensions. While the young 'cook was stirring the batter vigorously, her brother Tom passed between the kitchen and diningroom, laden down with china and silverware, for Tom was setting the table in a manner which would have delighted the eyes and hearts of his last year's cooking teacher, if she could have seen it. Tom was a Manual pupil and had enjoyed a year's course in the Cooking department.

While her cake was in the oven Mirian dressed. But today Mirian had met her Waterloo, for when she took out her cake, now baked to a golden brown, what was her dismay to find it had not risen a particle. At her cry of dismay in came Tom, on whose friendly shoulders she dissolved in tears.

"Oh, what can be the matter!" she wailed, looking ruefully at the offending cake.

"Well, it won't make very much difference," Tom said, knowing well that it would.

"Yes, it will," moaned Mirian. "Father depended so much on that cake. Oh, what shall I do? I haven't time to make another, with the table to decorate and the salad to fix." She looked appealingly toward her brother.

"Say, now, I've got an inspiration," he exclaimed. "It's only 11 now, and the male portion of this family won't be here until 1. You go ahead with all that tom foolery in the other room, and I'll do up that bride's cake we made at school last year. Say, but what's wrong with that cake?"

"I know. I forgot the baking powder," said the crestfallen cook, "but," she added, "do you think you can do it?"

Tom burst into a hearty laugh as he pushed his sister gently out of the room. "Don't worry about me," was all he said. After collecting all of his material, he stood looking at it in a dubious manner. "What in the name of all that's holy do you do first?" he muttered, running the spoon handle through his thick hair.

However, his attempt was a great success, and Mirian was overjoyed for the first words Mr. Richards spoke to her, after being introduced, were, "Truly, Miss Holland, I am expecting wonders in that cake of yours, for that is all your father has talked about coming home."

The dinner was delicious, and after the cake which had graced the center of the table during the meal had been cut and duly praised, Mirian arose and said, lifting up her glass of egg-nogg, "I propose a toast to Mr. Thomas Holland, our embryo Augustine, and the baker of this Christmas cake."

THE MISSING LINK

By LUCIE MAE BAKER, '08.

For many years manual training work, or, rather, the preparation for manual training work, has been taught in our kindergartens. For over nine vears this important as well as interesting work has been taught in our own school, but it is just this year that the chain has been completed, the missing link supplied, for the elementary work has now been introduced into the Ward schools. The work is being carried on along two very different plans. Some of the schools have equipment and teachers for their own use exclusively, while in other parts of the city there is a neighborhood system; that is, one school has equipment which is used by several of the nearest schools on different days. The success of this last plan is very doubtful, both on account of the time which will be consumed in going to and from the central school and of the chance which it will give unruly pupils to misbehave.

Sewing will be taught to the girls of the fifth, sixth and seventh grades, but only those of the last two will be allowed to take cooking. The boys of the three highest grades will be given work in

joining and turning. They will have the same work that we now have, the only difference being what we do in one year will be done by them in two years.

The decision of the greatest educators of our country is that manual training is the most important study which has been added to the curriculum of the public schools in the last thirty years. We can readily see what great possibilities this study in the ward schools makes possible. It will cause the High School course to begin with what is now the second year work and so will enable the students to get a more thorough and complete knowledge of the subject. But, more important than this, it will give to that great number of children, who never enter a High School, this important training.

Then think of what a great factor its introduction into the schools of the poorer sections of our city may prove to be in solving the great problem of the poor. May it not by teaching the boy how to use the hammer, saw and chisel, enable him to earn an honest living; by showing the girl how to sew and cook, equip her to make a home, however

poor, comfortable and happy?

MY FIRST CAKE

By GILBERT JACCARD,

I have always been fond of cooking and baking, but have had no chance to prove my ability as a cook, since we have had a girl, Bridget, who has performed this kind of work. She would get very cross if anyone messed around the kitchen when she was there. Some evenings, after she had retired, I would make candy. It was easy to make and delicious, but I always heard from Bridget the next day, as I had left the pans unwashed. When she saw them she would become angry and scold me.

I always wanted a chance to show what I could do, so mother said I could make a cake some day when Bridget was away. My chance came one June day. It was Thursday and Bridget took her afternoon off. She always left the house by 1 o'clock, so I thought I could finish before she returned.

The minute she left the house I got the cook book and began work, "Ah!" I thought, looking over the different kinds of cakes, "I will make a marshmallow cake, that recipe seems easy and I need something easy to start with," I read the recipe five times before I began work, so that I might get thoroughly acquainted with the kinds and quantity of ingredients used. I put everything out on the table before me. Then I greased my pans and so was ready to make the cake quickly. I creamed the butter and sugar, but decided then and there never to make another cake. It took fully twenty minutes' of tiresome work to cream these ingredients. When I added the milk, the sifted flour, the baking powder and the flavoring and beat the batter until smooth, the work seemed easier. The recipe then called for the whites of five eggs. I broke and separated the eggs and beat the whites until very stiff. The batter was now ready, so I put it into the pan, smoothed off the top, and put it into the oven. The pan was full of the batter and so I was glad that it would not rise like bread or it would not have done that for the world.

The cake was in the oven and it required forty-five minutes to bake, so, after placing the dirty dishes in the sink, I thought I would go next door and inform George of my undertaking. While there he persuaded me to play a few games of billiards. We played what seemed a very short game and I won by two points, so we had to play another game. The next game he won and we played off the tie. As our billiard games were rather long, we played a game of pool to hurry up a little.

I forgot all about my cake until we had almost finished the game. I ran home as fast as I could, not waiting to say good-bye, expecting to see a black cake and have mother rebuke me for my negligence. When I opened the door I smelt nothing and saw everything just as I had left it. Opening the oven door with a jerk I found my cake, not burned, nor even baked. I had lighted the

wrong burner. The oven was cool, but the room was warm.

Bridget soon returned and treated me

like a king because I had saved her the task of making the batter for a cake she had intended to make the next day.

HER FIRST LOAF OF BREAD

By Georgia E. Lamb, '08.

Harriet Cameron was hurrying home from school one day, she soon reached the house and ran in, all out of breath. "Oh, mother, I am going to make a loaf of bread at school to-morrow."

"Make bread, Harriet! Why, how can those little hands knead?"

"But I am going to, mother, and we have to be there at 7 o'clock," added the young girl, proudly.

"A loaf of bread," repeated her father.

"How nice!"

"Yes, father, and you may have the largest piece if you will wake me up in time, for I must be there early."

"Indeed I will, Harriet, and we can

both ride down together."

So early the next morning Harriet was up and waiting at the door for her father. He soon joined her and they hurried for the car.

Harriet felt out of place on the crowded street car and was glad when it stopped in front of Manual. Then bidding good-bye to her father she stepped off just as the 7 o'clock whistle blew.

"Hello, Earlybird," rang out a chorus of girlish voices, and the young Manualite ran to join them.

"Oh, Harriet, don't you feel important this morning?" asked Marion Lee.

"Yes, I feel a hundred years old."

"Actually," declared Frances Wright, "my folks have teased me so about my bread that it just must *rise* as 'high as the skies' or I will never dare to show my face at home again." "How awful," laughed the girls.

"At any rate I mean to try ever so hard to make *mine* a success, for the boys will make no end of fun over it if it isn't 'tip-top,' as Jack says," added Harriet, seriously.

"Come on, girls, it's five after seven," called Marion, and the others followed her up the steps to room 37. A number of other girls were there before them, and hurrying to and fro they were soon ready for the important work.

"Attention, girls," called out a pleasant-faced teacher, and they listened attentively while she gave the first directions. In half an hour, with sleeves rolled up above her round white elbows, Harriet was actually kneading a pan of snowy dough.

After this she put it in a pan and placed it near the heater to raise. "When it comes to the top, girls, knead it again, and place it in the bread-pan; let it stand until it doubles in bulk and then put it in the oven, where it must bake one hour at about 260 to 270 degrees Fahrenheit. Now watch it carefully, turn occasionally, so that all parts have an equal chance to rise, and do not let it burn," so saying, the teacher left them and Harriet hovered anxiously around, peeping in every half second to see how it was getting along, at the same time waiting for the clock hand to point to the end of the hour. When she opened the oven for the last time, lo, and behold! there was the precious bread, large and brown, and ready to come out of the oven. Then carefully taking it out of the baker, she wrapped it up in order to carry it home.

When she boarded the car to return home that evening, everyone turned toward her, gave a satisfied sniff and resumed their papers or conversations with fellow passengers. Harriet took the only seat left in the car and became absorbed in a complicated school girl day dream, this time of French, algebra and delicious smelling bread.

"End of line!" called the conductor, and realizing her existence, our heroine took her books in one arm and her precious bundle under the other and crowded off the car with the other passengers. As she neared the door she was conscious of her bundle being snatched from her. She turned quickly, but felt very much embarrassed as she stared suspiciously into the face of an innocent-looking old lady.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said, "but have you seen anything of my bread?"

"Aye?" exclaimed the old lady, bending toward her. "Your what?"

"My bread; oh, my precious bread. Have you seen anything of it?" moaned Harriet.

Without waiting for a reply she rushed to the rear vestibule and breathlessly asked the conductor if he had seen anything of a loaf of bread. He hadn't, but said he would look through the car. She waited patiently while he looked in under every seat and when he came back, and shaking his head, she was very unhappy and walked home with a very heavy heart.

Jack met her at the door with a hearty "Hello, Harriet!" and "Where is that bread you were going to bring home?"

"It w-was st-stolen," she answered, brokenly.

"Stolen?" Then the young man threw back his head and laughed long and loud.

"Oh, Jack, how can you? You awful boy!"

"What's all the rumpus?" asked Mr. Cameron, looking in.

"Oh, papa, my bread!"

"Never mind the bread, child. Come into dinner and laugh with the rest of us,"

And she did, for there on the table was her precious bread, cut in Jack's generous slices. It is needless to say she was overjoyed and sat down to listen to the many praises heaped upon her by mother, father and the boys.

And Harriet declared, as she helped herself to a second slice, that it was all the better for its little adventure.



ALUMNI NOTES

Champaign, Ill., Dec. 17, 1906. To The Nautilus:

We, the Alumni of "Old Manual," at the University of Illinois, have just received our first issue of the Nautilus, We are glad to see that, though men may come and men may go, our paper goes on forever.

This year bids fair to be the most successful in the history of our school. Our enrollment already exceeds the 4,300 mark, which gives us fourth place among America's largest universities. Some of the other cities in the various states have clubs at this school and we would like very much to see a Kansas City club started here.

Wishing the school and the Nautilus the best of luck, we are, sincerely,

Geo. D. Beardsley, '05. HOWARD SCOTT, '06.

Many of the girls who have graduated from Manual have chosen school teaching as their life work. It was a brave determination and they realized that it meant untold hardships in the beginning. The examinations in the

first place were things to dread, and after safely passing these, there was the first year of substituting, of whose horrors they had been fully and graphically told, Bravely, however, and with full confidence in the training Manual had given them, they entered this new field. Many, having surmounted the obstacles, find the work delightfully congenial.

The following are those who have attended Manual in the last few years and who this year are serving their apprenticeships in substituting. Through experiences undergone during this year, the care-free school girls we knew are becoming women, and Manual is watching their transformation eagerly. May their trials be few and their triumphs many:

Martha Betz, Anna Browne, Laura Crandall, Grace Du Vall, Ella Hausen, Frances Hull, Anna Klein, Mabel Lofgren, Dorothy MacConnell, Hazel Matteson, Edna Moore, Emma Murray, Nellie Olson, Jennie Walker, Ella Wiberg, Gertrude Weaver, Katie Boersch, Mary Cogan, Nan Gaunce, Mary Leonard, Helen McLery, Beatrice Stevens, Mabel Trumbo, Elizabeth Umbarger, Ann Morrison.



ART NOTES

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY

By BELLE BROWN, '07.

In this busy Western city of ours too little time has been spent on the Fine Arts. In this Twentieth century of hurry and rush, we have lost much of the love of the beautiful and artistic. It was to encourage and to stimulate a desire and appreciation of really fine art that the Arts and Crafts Society was founded.

In May, 1904, twenty-five energetic people formed a temporary association for the betterment of the existing conditions of art in Kansas City. In February, 1905, the Arts and Crafts Society was formally organized. This society was a success, as is shown by the growth in membership in the two years it has been organized. To-day there are about fifty active members and one hundred and twenty-five associate members, making in all two hundred and twenty-five members.

Once each year since it was organized the society has given an exhibition at the Public Library. This exhibition was free to the public. It showed the class of work the society was doing. Besides the exhibitions, the society has given two lectures; one by Mrs. Mary Ford and one by Mr. F. A. Whiting. Two of the members have left for New York or Europe for further study, intending to make art their life work.

The object of the society is not so much for the sale of the articles made, as it is an exhibition room where any person desiring some especial kind of art, may find the name of the artist and some samples of his or her workmanship. Of course there are articles for

sale, but that is not the principal motive of the society. Some of the things made by Kansas City people and shown at the society rooms are hand-made jewelry. enamel porcelain, samples of wood carving, bookbinding, leather work and hammered brass. All these things are handmade entirely, which greatly adds to their beauty as well as value, for nothing but the very best is accepted. There are also rugs, and samples of weaving, book plate collections, or "ex libus," as they are commonly called, stained glass window work, pottery, and samples of art needlework, as the society is an agent for the Newcomb College of New Orleans and for the Deerfield work of Deerfield, Mass.

An hour cannot be more profitably spent than in a visit to their society rooms. When once there you cannot but be interested and I am sure you will get many bits of information.

This society is gradually gaining in both membership and reputation. It is becoming more widely known every day because of the excellency of the work. But it is looking forward to the graduates of Manual to help it in its growth, and I am sure it will not be disappointed. As a visit to our Art department will show that there are many talented pupils who in the coming years will surely be heard from. It is hoped that the recent visit and inspiring lectures of Mr. W. M. R. French, the director of the Chicago Art Institute, will not only stimulate greater interest among our pupils in things artistic, but hasten the establishment in our city of a home for Kansas City's art, music and science lovers.



TRACK WORK

Already the interest in track work has begun to manifest itself. The boys who have represented Manual in track work for the past two years have certainly made for their school a name in track They have entered meets athletics. where the competitors were numerous and the competition keen, and have in each instance emerged with the crimson colors on or near the top. The team of '05 won the meet given by the University of Kansas, and tied with Central of St. Louis for the Missouri state championship. Last year's team easily won the state championship in one of the grandest meets ever held in the Missouri Valley. Our greatest trouble each year, however, is to best our old and worthy rival, Central; in fact, they have in past years proved themselves a little too worthy. But this year we hope to wipe out the only stain on our track records by administering a never-to-be-forgotten defeat to our sister school.

Track prospects will be something very uncertain to predict until the '07 crop of sprinters and weight men begin to develop. Last year our only weakness lay in the sprints and runs. But this spring every effort will be made to

develop some first-class runners. Montague, Craig, Wright and Hammil, who were the distance runners last year, will be back, and it is hoped a second Donovan can be developed from these four boys. Dixon and Bodman, who did the best work in the sprints and middle distances last year, have both been graduated, but many of the boys who showed good class in the trials will be out to fill the vacancies. Boright and Douseman, the two high-jumpers, are expected to do things this year, as are Orme, Mayberry and Shoop in the pole vault. Orme and Mayberry have won many points for Manual in the past, and we can almost say the pole vault is ours in any meet. Hull, Harboldt and Shoop are at present the most promising hurdlers in school, and as Minton of Central has graduated, we are expecting to win a few firsts this year in these events.

The weight question is the most bothersome at present, for many are asking, "Can Manual win a meet without having the weight events cinched first?" While Talbot's loss will be keenly felt, we should not give up, but gather all our grit together and strive to develop another Talbot. The most promising

weight man in school at present is Dodd, who did very creditable work last year, especially with the hammer. Harry Kanatzar is quietly, but faithfully, working with the weights, and we are hopeful of results; for it is the quiet, yet persistent, faithful worker from whom we may expect results.

The captain for '07 has not been chosen, but will be in the near future. Dr. Hall will again have charge of the squad, and he will probably issue his first call for candidates some time next month. The big meet at Columbia and the one with Central are almost sure to take place. Some other interesting meets will probably be arranged also. Manual has conquered everything but Central in past years. Now let us strive to make this year's team one that will conquer everything, which includes Central.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

On Friday afternoon, December 28th, the annual girls' basket ball game between the school team and the alumni was played. This game is played each year during the holidays, chiefly to give the coach a chance to see how the new players play in a match game. For the first time since these annual games were started the school team went down to defeat before the alumni. The alumni team this year was made up of exceptionally strong players, having three of last year's best players, together with several stars of years before, in the line-up.

Although the score would indicate a very one-sided game, the actual playing was nearly even. For the alumni the playing of Hazel Gross was always prominent. This was expected, though, as for the past three years she has played an excellent forward for the school team. Ella Canny's work at guard was also good. For the school Anna Muelbach and Flora Rhodes, the only two players from last year's team, showed the good effects of their year's experience by playing the best game for their team. Despite their seemingly overwhelming defeat, the school team is not discouraged, but immediately challenged the alumni for another game, to be played in the spring. By this time

the school team expects to have practised enough to give a better account of themselves. The score and lineup for the game follows:

ALUMNI.

22.7.12.1	GOALS	F. T.	F.
Martha Betz (F.)	3	0	0
Hazel Gross (F.)	7	0	3
Genevieve Musgrove (C.		0	0
Grace Slocomb (C.)	0	0	0
Clara Hoernig (C.)	0	0	0
Ella Canny (G.)	0	0	0
Mabel Trumbo (G.)	1	1	0

MANUAL.

Anna Muelbach (F.) 1	0	1
Ruth Wilcox (F.) 0	0	1
Nell Battin (C.) 0	0	0
Olive Yost (C.) 0	1	0
Bessie Lukin (C.) 0	0	1
Flora Rhodes (G.) 0	0	3
Beth Van Dortsan (G.) 0	0	0

Final score, Alumni 23, Manual 3.

The usual interest that is manifested in girls' basket ball seems to be sadly lacking this year. Although there will probably be some class games played, No schedule has, as yet, been arranged.

Much pleasure and benefit was derived from this branch of athletics last year, and it is hoped this year's athletic girls will not allow the interest to wane.

BASKET BALL

The basket ball season has begun and from now until the warm days of spring the interest of the boys will center around "free throwing," passing, fouls and such. The candidates for the team have been practicing since the first month of school. When the call for candidates was made, the only one of last year's "stars" to appear was Donseman. This made it necessary for the coach to develop a team of young players. For that reason we cannot expect much in the way of basket ball until about the first week in February. By this time the new players will have learned many of the tricks of the game, and will have their team work perfected to some degree.

Donald Wheelock, who played a substitute guard on last year's team, has been elected captain of this year's squad. He and Donseman are expected to make a strong combination for the guards. High and Hull have been playing the forwards with McNeal and Hamon as substitutes. Bartley, one of last year's forwards, is still on the sick list, but it is hoped he will soon return to the game, for his conscientious playing was always admired by the students. Mr. Mayberry

and Mr. Gibson, the other two forwards on the '06 team, are in school, but are not trying for the team. Konigsdorf is filling the place vacated by Mr. Reed fairly well, and with more experience should improve.

On December 7th the team met the Western Dental College, and were defeated by the score of 30 to 18, and on December 20th the team journeyed to Lawrence and met defeat at the hands of the Lawrence Y. M. C. A. Both of these teams were of university class and are expected to defeat any high school team. We do not feel discouraged over these defeats, for they were just what the team needed at this stage. It gives the coach a chance to study the good and bad qualities of the new men when "under fire." When the team begins to meet the various High School teams for the inter-scholastic championship, this early experience will show its effect.

No definite schedule has been arranged as yet, because of the seeming impossibility to secure a hall in which to play, but it is expected that games will be arranged with about the same teams as were played last year.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

On Friday, November 29th, the annual Thanksgiving cross-country run took place. This run is becoming very popular among the boys, and there is little chance of its being abandoned for some time to come.

The run this year was made over a course extending from Westport to Lenexa, Kans., a distance of about 14 miles. The forty-eight boys who took the run assembled at the end of the Westport car line and started on their

long jaunt across country at 9:20 a, m. The run was made through deep mud, and rain fell throughout the entire morning. Despite these unfavorable circumstances the runners gamely went on and arrived in Lenexa at noon. Walter Lane finished first; Clarence Ridley second, and Fred Hammil third. After enjoying an excellent dinner the party made the return trip on the new Strang line.

Dr. Hall is planning a series of competitive cross-country runs, one to take place each month throughout the winter. Some dealer in athletic goods will probably offer a trophy to the winners, and many good runners are expected to com-

pete. For particulars regarding these events, see Dr. Hall immediately, and get your entry recorded.

OUR SYMPATHY TO CAPTAIN KEELER

While riding his motor cycle on Eighteenth Street during the afternoon of November 18th, Earl Keeler, our last football captain, collided with a street car and was seriously injured. For the first two weeks after his injury little hope was entertained for his recovery, and during this time one leg was amputated below the knee, where blood poison had set in. But Keeler's great stamina and physique saved his life, and he is now at home, at 111 Monroe Street, slowly recovering.

Keeler, as a captain, was always admired and respected by both coaches and fellow players. He was an ideal leader and his spirit and aggressiveness were always in evidence. As a player he was conceded to be one of the best line men ever developed in the Missouri Valley high schools. While only a few of Captain Keeler's football team are still in school, those few student friends and members of the faculty offer their deepest sympathy to our beloved former pupil and athlete.

THE SUBSTITUTE

By MARY LOUISE TOPPING.

"It's no use talking, Billy, I won't be able to play, and you fellows know it, but you just want to make me think I'll be all right in time for the game. It's awfully good of you, but it's all a bluff; you don't really think so; it's just my abominable luck anyhow," and Philip Harwood, captain of the Ashville High School baseball team gave his pillow a vicious thump.

For a week he had been "laid up" by a sprained ankle, which he had injured in a practice game with his team.

In just three days they were to play the Westfield High School for the championship of three states, and now their captain, upon whom they depended so much for his ability to handle the team, as well as to preside behind the bar, was unable to walk, much less play.

The whole team was in despair. There

was no other man in the squad who had the cool head, experience and "catching qualities" of Captain Harwood.

"Well, anyhow, old chap, we won't give up; where there's life there's hope, and you don't look exactly like a corpse yet," but Billy's disconsolate face contradicted his words strongly. "I'd hate dreadfully for Westfield to find out that we have no catcher in school good enough to take your place. The only person here who could possibly do it is Jack Anderson. He's been practicing ever since we begun, and is a very good catcher, but he's such a stupid looking duffer. I wouldn't be surprised if he has half a dozen "flunks" recorded against his name in the books of the 'powers that be.' I'll look up his record right away, though, and call you up right after lunch."

Jack Anderson was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, nearly the same size as Harwood. He was a queer, reserved sort of a boy, very much disinclined to associate with his fellow students. He was, accordingly, very unpopular. The other boys let him severely alone. Even in his classes he was never noticed by any one excepting his teachers, who seemed to take a great interest in him. But in the gymnasium he seemed like another person. He threw his whole soul and strength into athletics.

"All right; you do that, Billy. I hope you won't find more than six "F's" against his signature. I doubt very much if he'll accept even if he is clear, for we've all treated him badly here. No one ever notices him. It's his own fault, though," and Philip dismissed his young shortstop with a friendly nod.

Billy went directly to the office, where he found, to his surprise, that Anderson's record was an excellent one, much better, in fact, than either his or Philip's. When he telephoned Philip of his discovery, he was as much surprised and pleased as Billy had been.

Philip sent word to Jack to stop at his rooms on his way home early in the afternoon. About an hour later Jack arrived, and was greeted cordially by his host. After a very few moments Jack decided that he liked the handsome captain, who had always before treated him so coldly.

Philip gradually led up to his subject: "You know, Jack, we're short a man to take my place in the big game Saturday. You've been doing good work all team on the second team. Will you take my place Saturday? I know it's rather short notice, but I'm sure you can hold it down."

His guest was greatly surprised at this invitation; the very one, in fact, that he had been secretly longing for ever since he had first heard of Philip's

injury, and now that his opportunity had come,—well, he would show his gratitude to his captain and his loyalty to his school by trying his very best to do what was expected of him—to fill the place of the captain as catcher. Philip Harwood was a boy who had always had things "come his way," so to speak. He had never had to try really hard for anything, so, of course, he could not understand why Anderson's strong mouth seemed to quiver slightly as he said heartily: "You just bet I will, and be glad to; but are you sure the other fellows want me?"

Philip was not at all sure of this, but any way he said: "Why, of course, they do. If they didn't they would be traitors to their school and team. I know, Jack, that we've all treated you rather badly, but you were such a stand-offish sort of fellow that we were really afraid to approach you. But we will stand by you now sure. At least I will, and if the others don't, I'll smash their heads for them." Then Philip looked rather ruefully at his swollen ankle. "I guess I wouldn't get to do it though till the game is over."

Notwithstanding the captain's promise, the other boys on the team were greatly disappointed, and some were even disgusted, when the news of Jack's appointment was announced at practice that afternoon. They were not very particular about not showing their disgust either, even before Jack himself, and such remarks as, "Well, if Anderson catches we're 'goners' all right," and "O Jack's a fraud; he doesn't know a ball from a strike," were common among the students as well as players.

Jack's new friend stood by him staunchly, watching his progress at field practice with great interest, encouraging and advising him.

Often he would "hobble" out to the field, which was near his home, to give

Jack some advice that would be valuable to him in his "throws to the bases." In the meantime a strong friendship sprang up between the two boys.

After three days of hard work for both teams the great day dawned.

People say that a man can play much better if he has some one to cheer for him. The Ashville boys certainly had enough cheering. The grand stand was fairly "packed," and the crimson and the purple pennants fluttered wildly in the air.

The Westfield team won the "toss up" and the Ashville boys took their places. Every one there knew that the game would be a close and hard-contested one.

During the first four innings not a score was made, although the good playing on the Ashville side was all done in the field.

All during first three innings Anderson seemed nervous and uneasy. Probably he was "rattled," at any rate he made several wild throws, thus making himself the object of several bitter remarks by the other boys. Finally the acting captain told him in so many words that he had not "made good," and that they were to have a new catcher the next inning. He would have very likely carried out his threat had not Philip interfered in behalf of his protege. During the next inning Jack thoroughly redeemed himself, however, and when in the last half of the fourth inning he made the first score of the game, the

grandstand begun to realize that he really could play ball, even though he was decidedly nervous at the beginning.

For four more innings no scores were made, but in the ninth Westfield made two.

There were two outs and a man on third when Jack took up the bat in the last half inning of the game. Never, in all his noble career, did the "mighty Casey" walk to the plate with a firmer step and a firmer set jaw than did our hero on this eventful day.

The pitcher's first effort was a ball, his next a strike, and his third-well, it is out in the left field, and the fielder is chasing it. The man who was on third is calmly sitting upon the bench, and Anderson is fairly flying between second and third bases. Just an instant after he leaves third base for home, the bail whizzes past his head. "I'm out all right," thinks he; but he is not. The third baseman is suffering from the very same thing that 'Jack was during the early stages of the game. He has allowed the ball to pass him, and not until Jack has "slid home" does the ball strike the catcher's glove. "Safe" is the verdict of the umpire.

While victorious crimson banners waved and shouts of "He's all right. Who's all right? Anderson," filled the air, the now respected Jack was seized and carried off in triumph, upon the broad shoulders of his fellow players.







We have just received the following exchanges: Red and Black, Salt Lake City, Utah; Donnybrook Fair, Hillsborough High School, Tampa, Fla.; The Herald, The Heraldo, The Inlander, The Buckeye, The Chronicle, The Forum, The Tocsin, The Comet, The Nautilus, Jacksonville, Ill.; The Ilakawinn, The Quill and The Radius.

The High School Herald is a well arranged paper, but we think that it should have a more extensive Exchange column.

The *llakawinn* is a very neat little paper, and we enjoy reading it. We want to thank you for the (com) comments on our Commencement number.

The Buckeye shows great school spirit.

The Chronicle is one of the neatest papers we receive, but wish to see more exchanges. We like the Principals' Page, and think it an excellent idea.

The High School News, Berlin, Wis., looks as if the staff has been working very hard.

The Exchange column in the High School Messenger is quite excellent this month.

It is a great pleasure to read the Carnation, published by the McKinley High School pupils, and is about the best paper we receive. The Westminster Monthly is one of the best prepared papers that we received this month.

The *Tahoma*, Tacoma, Wash., is a very neat and especially interesting paper.

The New Trier Echoes has some good short stories and is very neat in appearance.

The article on "Electrical Phenomena" in Red and Black (Philadelphia, Pa.) is an article that would do any school credit. It is not only interesting, but is instructive. Another good feature of Red and Black is its "Sister Schools" department. When a High School has a sister school in its city it should have a "Sister Schools" department in its paper.

Fresh (hearing the Glee club): "Do they make all that noise on purpose?"—
Ex.

First Senior Boy: "Got change for a dollar?"

Second Senior Boy: "You must take me for a United States treasury. Here's change for twenty cents."—Ex.

(Seen on the paper of a brainy Latin scholar): In the Latin language there are two conjugations—ut and ne. —Ex.

"It is better to fall below a high mark than to exactly hit a low one."—Ex.

"The occupation of the hand proves the preoccupation of the mind."—Ex.

"One must not only be good, but good for something."—Ex.

Tommy (being dragged along reluctantly by his mother): "Aw, boohoo! Wat's de use of me going ter Sunday School w'en I mean ter be a pirate w'en I grow up."

"Lucy," asked the teacher, "what's the meaning of 'succinct'?"

"It means short, ma'am."

"Give an example of its use."

"A rabbit has a succinct tail."

"Age and her little brother always tell on a girl,"

Teacher: "John, give me the name of the largest known diamond." John: "The Ace."

If college bred is a four years' loaf, (The Smart Set says it's so,)
Oh, tell me where the flour is found
For us who knead the dough.—Ex.

Our Willie passed away today, His face we'll see no more; What Willie took for H₂O Proved H₂ SO₄.

OH!

-Ex.

As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens, a well dressed young passenger approached the captain and pointing to the distant hills inquired: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.

"Is it really?" remarked the lady, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman has just told me it was Greece."—Ex.

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of der yeast, und sets behind der vest."—Ex.

First Fresh: "Isn't that woman awfully thin?"

Second Fresh: "Gee, that's nothing! I saw a woman as thin as two of her."—
Ex.

A LARGE ORDER.

Danny B., now in the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Va., tells this one: He says that when his company approached the earthworks in front of Big Bethel it was met by a terrible volley from the fort. The captain gave the order to lie down, which every man did except an old Irishman, who did not hear the order.

He looked around and exclaimed: "My! My! They're all killed but me! I'll have to fight hard to take that place all by myself."—Ex.

Freshman (in history): "The Spartan youths were often taken before the altar of Nemesis and scoured."—Ex.

"Freddy, what made you fight Johnnie Wilson?"

"'Cause I kin lick him."-Ex.

Prof. (in astronomy): "Why are days long in summer and short in winter?"

Pupil: "Heat expands things and cold contracts things."—Ex,

Say, if you are discouraged in your studies, and are looking for a "soft thing," you will be sure to find it right under your hat.—Ex.

Pupil: "An antonym is a—ah—a—well, it's the antonym of synonym."— Ex.

"A genuine book is one that is really written by the author."—Ex.

St. Peter: "Where did you come from?"

"Student: "Manual Training High School, Kansas City."

(The door opens a crack.)

St. Peter: "Did you subscribe for the Nautilus?"

Student: "No."

(The door slams shut.)

Moral—Subscribe to the Nautilus.

—Adapted.

The Graduate Magazine's article, entitled "The Practical Side of Some Scientific Work in the University," is very good.

The Ilakawinn (Pendleton, Ore.) is a well edited paper. The cover on one of its recent issues was not plain enough.

NOT NOWADAYS.

Mamma (returning from church): "Why, Willie, take your wheel into the back yard; you must not play in the front yard on Sunday."

Willie (protestingly): "But isn't it Sunday in the back yard, too?"—Ex.

Physical Geography Question: "How could one in a strange land tell the directions?"

Answer (Freshman): "The sun rises in the East and sets in the West; north of East is North, and south of West is south."—Ex.

The Tocsin (Santa Clara, Cal.) has a very good lot of stories.

Officer: "I can see through you like a window."

Criminal: "That's because I have a pane in my stomach."—Ex.

Efery time dot you stop work und stare at Success it gets up und leaves der room.—Ex.

Freshy (After Exams.): "I believe I'd have brain fever if I had any place to put it."—Ex.

"We would suggest that some of the Freshmen be used as zoological specimens for microscopic examination."

City Chap (in country): "I would like to see the goose that laid the berries for this pie."—Ex.

Lawyer: "Young man, you left home on the tenth."

Witness: "Yes, sir.

Lawyer: "And came back the twenty-fifth?"

Witness: "Yes, sir."

Lawyer: "What were you doing in the interim?"

Witness: "Never was in such a place, sir,"

I saw a girl the other day who was so red headed that she had to wear asbestos combs.—Ex.

"Why are liquids all porus?" "Because they pour."—Ex.

Here's to the man who can take life as a joke, Here's to the one who can laugh when he's broke.

-Ex.

THE CHOICE.

Sweet Elsie holds away from sight
Behind her back two fragrant posies,
And rouguishly declares I might
Prefer some tulips or some roses.

"I cannot choose, dear," I demur,

"Unless you kiss me with the posies."

She kissed me. "Now I do prefer

Your two lips to a hundred roses."

—Ex

Miss (translating a Latin name): "What does D stand for?"

Teacher: "I thought everyone knew that."—Ex.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen.

The saddest are these, "I flunked again."

—Ex.

A street urchin stood on a weighing machine,
And a smile o'er his features did play,
As a lead cent he dropped
In a wide open slot,
And silently stole a-weigh.

—Ex.

We don't want to buy your dry goods, We don't like you any more, You'll be sorry when you see us Trading at some other store,

We won't come to you for shirt-waists, Four-in-hands and other fads, We don't want to trade at your store If you won't give us your ads,

-Ex.

A rush, a scramble, A tackle, a fall— Six wounded, three senseless, Four dead—that's foot ball.

-Ex.

Examination days have gone, the saddest of of the year,

When students on their ponies rode without restraint or fear;

Crammed in their heads were axioms and propositions rare,

While theories and formulas they'd learned with anxious care.

They'd searched their book from first to last that nothing should escape,

So they would not regret at last, Alas! it was too late.

The junior and the freshman, quite glad at any rate,

Went gallantly to meet their fate and quite intense with hate.

The sophomore thought his time had come, but got through at his best;

The caps and gowns were carried home and gently laid to rest.

While here and there a lucky one went through without a break,

And few are left to tell the story of a sure but awful fate.

-Ex.

Probably the old adage, "Only fools rush in," etc., would explain the tardiness at the close of the lunch hour,—Ex.

Visitor: "You don't know who I am, do you, Jimmy?" Jimmy: "Naw." Visitor: "Aha! I know who you are, though.

Jimmy: "Aw, that ain't nothin'—I know that myself,"—Ex,

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—A black morocco pony. Answers to name of Gallops. Got frightened near the tracks of the Honor System and disappeared. Return to Box 23, this office.—Ex.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,

Crack one of your own jokes and you laugh—
alone.

—Ex

A freshman went to Hades once,
Thinking that he might learn;
They sent him back to earth again,
He was too green to burn.

-Ex.

Judge: "You're privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impanelled."

Defendant: "Well, then, Your Honor, Oi'll fight that schmall man in the corner with one eye."—Ex,

German Teacher: "What is the opposite of hell (light)?"

Student (dreamily): "Heaven."—
Ex.

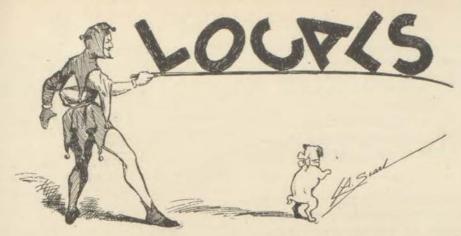
R. R. (to German student): "Say, do you know what time it is?" "Nein."

R. R.: "Is it? Then I'll have to hurry."

They stood beside the meadow bars,
Beneath the twinkling sky;
Above them evening's stars
Like diamonds shone on high.
They stood knee deep in clover,
But whispered not of vows;
And silently they lingered there,
Two peaceful Jersey cows.

—Ex.

'Tis easy enough to giggle
When the jokes are funny and bright,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the point is hid far out of sight.



Miss Gilday: "What is outdoor relief?"

W. H.: "Salvation Army fresh air."

Junior (to fellow student): "My little freshman sister studies like a Turk all the time."

Second Junior: "Oh, she'll get over that after a while."

TRUE.

What vice do seniors always shun?

Advice.

Why does Miss Canny cut a hole in your return ticket?

To let you pass through.

Miss Gilday: "I find much compensation in being an old maid."

Junior: "My English teacher told me not to say 'hair cut.'"

Senior: "Why?"

Junior: "Oh, she said it was a barberism."

Miss Casey: "The head of a child is much larger in proportion to the body than a human head."

Miss Drake says she has two Guys in one class.

Mr. Cowan (talking of Henry Clay):
"He used to get out in the barn and talk
to the cows (then pointing to picture).
There he is now talking to the Senate,
and there is so little difference in his
delivery.

Miss Campbell (in life class): "Girls, I want you all to put fixitive on your heads, and then hand them in."

EPITAPH.

Here lies the body of Tommy Tule, He borrowed a straw to tickle a mule; And now he lies beneath the sod; The mule he tickled, her name was Maud.

HE LIKES TO TELL.

Freshman: "Mr. Morse, I wish I had you."

Mr. Morse (blushing): "I am afraid that is impossible; I am already married."

Before the sign "locals" was put over the "local box" some of the freshmen were discovered putting pennies in the slot expecting chewing gum. Money cannot be refunded.

Fred Zurn says that if, he does not graduate, it will be because he received such an applause from his work that they wanted an encore.

There was a young maid of Japan, Who married a Hottentot man; Now, she being yellow, and he a black fellow, Their children were all black and tan.

Lost—A mustache. Finder please return to Mr. Morse, room 27.

Miss Steele: "People who had been excommunicated by the Pope could not be buried in 'concentrated' ground," (Per lapsus linguae.)

Mrs. Case: "You may begin soon after Christianity achieved its triumph."

Burkowitz (seeing Wistman weighing himself on the scales in forging, insinuatingly exclaimed): "Get off of there; this is not the stock yards,"

Why is a naughty Freshman like a postage stamp?

Because he is licked and put in the corner to make him stick to his letters.

Mr. Ellis says it takes a long time to get steel hot. May be so in room 7, but certainly not in room 19.

Mr. Page: "Keep your mouth shut and you won't sink."

(We fear Dorothy would sink.)

Mr. Page (demonstrating the power of his lungs): "If you practice a little, you can blow a whole lot."

(John Leake must have practiced a lot.)

Mr. Page: "Mr. Bolles, what is work?"

Mr. Bolles: "I don't know."

Teacher in Astronomy: "This is the star Mars; this is the star Venus."

Bright Pupil: "But where is the K. C. Star?"

Teacher: "Oh, that's behind the Times."

Mrs. Case did not want to teach school on November 28, 1906, as it was her birthday. Question open for debate: "How old is she?"

Miss Fisher (to polite pupil who tried to cover his mouth with his hand while yawning): "That's right; try to cover it, if you can."

OUR SOCIETIES.

M. S. D. (S. D. M.): Society of Demented Monomaniacs.

I. O. N. (N. O. I.): Nondescript Order of Idiots

A. L. S. (L. A. S.): Ladies' Aid Society.

Oita (A. T. O. I.): Animated Troupe of Infants.

Mrs. Witten (to her son upon his return from school one day): "Donald, your mother-in-law called you up this afternoon, and said that Clara could not go out tonight."

OH FRESH,

You would think from his talks, And the way that he walks, And the glance from his eye that's often, And the look on his face, That he owned the place— But he don't; he's just 1910.

Miss Fisher: "I know what kind of ears you have—the kind I am thinking of are very long," She held a bag clasped in her hand, But 'twas not there to stay; It slipped out, and hit the ground, And things went every way. The boy stooped to pick them up, As boys are wont to do, But that poor fellow, wicked fare! He thought he'd ne'er get through. A box of pins, a hair brush too, A scissors and a knife, A bunch of notes, a bottle of glue, Collections of a life. Some buttons and a spool of thread, And transfers too galore, A photo of a rival lad, It made the fellow sore.



He tried his best to get them all, And scrambled 'round in haste; His hands were soiled, clothing too Was full of pins and paste!



He groped around; found one thing more,
To hand the hateful nag.
He said, "Ah, here's your shoe black cloth."
She snapped "My powder rag!"
Now, isn't that like a girl, boys?
You have an awful time,
But here's another task for you
O, please forgive this rhyme (?).
M. E. GEDDES.

Freshie (seeing Arthur Eadie with an Oita pin on): "Oh, I thought that the Oita Society was a girls' society."

Pupil (in Latin): "The enemies lay waste to the land and sea by fire." Rather impossible.

If an S and an I and an O and a U with an X at the end spell Sue. And an E and a Y and an E spell I, pray what is a speller to do?

Then also, if an S and an I and a G and an H E D spell side, there's nothing much left for a speller to do, but to go and commit siouxeyesighed.

LOCAL HEARD IN ASSEMBLY HALL.
First Girl: "Have some lunch?"
Second Girl: "No, I have just had
some kisses."

Mr. Page (giving out first lesson in chapter on fluids): "This chapter will not be as dry as the last one."

Mr. Burnet says that school comes from a word meaning "leisure." How strange.

If it takes seven days to make one week (weak), how long will it take to make one strong?

Louis Nofsinger: "A short line is the shortest distance between two points."

Mrs. Elston: "Paul, give me a definition of a chair."

Paul: "A chair is a piece of furniture made to hold one person with four legs and a back."

Paul Dodd (translating): "And Charles descended with his clothes." Miss Hunt (seeing a very sentimental Miss McA passage ahead): "Shan't I read it too, is a widow." Miss Fisher?"

FOUND IN A SOPHOMORE ESSAY.

"The author spends entirely too much time describing his characters, but they are full and interesting."

Pupil (in history): "Hercules killed his music teacher."

Ross Parker: "I don't blame him."

Mr. Gustafson: "I am afraid some of the class do not dream much about their chemistry."

Donald: "Not when we have things so much better to dream about."

(Heard in Room 19): "And, after some more dead people had been killed."

SOMETHING NEW AND NOBBY.

Ben Nicolet declares that the only difference between Edgar Bombeck and a clam is that a clam can shut up and Bombeck can't.

In the game of hearts he wins who plays without any.

Pride goeth before a collision, and the chauffeur before a magistrate.

Mr. Chase: "Now, look at this triangle H E L-well, I expect we had better change it, it might be too much for you,"

Mr. Bainter: "A quart of potatoes is measured by the bushel."

Miss Gilday loves a man. Wonder who it is?

Miss McAlister (translating): "He is a widow."

Miss Gilday to Freshman: "What was the emperor of Rome at this time?" Freshman (beginning to cry): "I

don't know."
Miss G.: "Now, Ralph, tell us who

he was."

Ralph (looking jealously at the little girl). "I don't know either."

Son: "Papa, what is a tradition?" Father: "A moss grown lie, my son."

Burnell Stevens (translating in Cicero): "Annointed with oil."

Miss Drake: "Don't make it sound so much like the twenty-third psalm."

Miss Gilday: "Speaking of the Greeks; they almost always have a woman among their goddesses."

Miss Drake: "Your excuse, Thomas?"
Tom: "O, I left it with Mr. Chase."
Miss Drake: "Chase after it,
Thomas."

Some folks can't mind their business. The reason is, you'll find they either have no business, or else they have no mind.

Freshman to Junior: "Say, are you a senior?"

Junior: "No; did you think I was because I did not know my lesson?"

A. "The boys in the joinery drive nails light lightning."

B: "Really, you don't mean it."

A: "Lightning, you know, seldom strikes twice in the same place." Teacher: "Jimmie, what are pauses?"

Jimmie: "Pauses are things that
grow on cats."

Teacher: "What gender is ship?"

Pupil: "Feminine." Teacher: Why?"

Pupil: "Because it takes a man to manage her."

Why was it that when the teachers were young they were taught to make "M" and "F" so much better than "E" and "P"?

Father: "Every time you are bad I get another gray hair."

Son: "Gee, you must have been a corker! Look at grandpa."

Better not monkey with the local editor. He's liable to get back at you.

(R. M. in chemistry): "If some alimony or Dutch foil is put into a bottle containing chlorine, it will burn."

GIRLS, ATTENTION!

All boys like fudge! (A word to the wise is sufficient.)

Mr, Phillips, referring to our electric brushes, says he does not want any "sparking" around this building. Eadie and Huldah take notice!

Miss Van Meter (to her fourth year class): "Can you give me a famous quotation from Shakespeare:"

Homer Gibson: "Well, I don't know what play it is, but 'All's well that ends well."

FROM THE GERMAN CLUB.

Helen Purseley (after eating a doughnut): "Is my mouth all over sugar?" Mary B.: "No; it is sugar all over." Little Girl (whose dog was run over by car). "Did he bleed very much, mamma?"

Mother: "No, not very much, Why?" Little Girl: "Well, papa always said he wasn't full blooded."

Mrs. Case: "Mr. S., please read." Mr. S.: "I can't. My fingers are cold."

Freshman (reading old record of Talbot's): "'Hammer, 174 feet.' My, he must have tried to hit that nail hard.'"

Abe Lukin (translating from German): "And they had many arms (weapons) in their hands."

Teacher: "Have you a good understanding."

Arthur Page: "I think so. I wear No. 11 shoes."

Teacher (finding the second sheet of a test); "Oh, here is the rest of Horace's brains."

TO AN OWL CAR.

My heart leaps up when I behold thy headlight in the sky.

So was it when I was a freshman, so is it now I am a junior, so let it be when I am a senior, or let me die.

English Teacher: "What is the use of synonyms?"

Bright Pupil: "To use when you can't spell the other word."

Robt. Marley told his mother that he was going to ask Miss N. Drake a question. When he went home the next day his mother said: "Robert, did you ask Miss Quail that question?"

Miss who?" asked Robert.

"Why, Miss Quail," said the mother. "Aw," muttered Robert, 'you are mistaken in the bird."

Mix together the following ingredients to form blue Monday:

Friday night, went out. Saturday, too lazy. Sunday was Sunday. No study.

FOUND.

Found—In the hall one day last week, a small piece of chamois skin, with scalloped edges, containing a little of what semed to be flour. Owner may have same by applying at local box and explain what it is used for.

Clark: "I don't like Cæsar."

Teacher: "Why?"

Clark: "He's got too much Gaul."

Freshman: "Why is it Miss Fisher's waste paper basket has a handle on it, while the other teacher's do not?"

Wise Senior: "So that she can pass it round the room each morning for her collection of gum."

Naomi Smith was standing at the corner, waiting for a car. One with twelve passengers came and stopped. She did not get on, Why? Because there was not room.

Miss Fisher (to dull pupil in French): "Your head is like a sieve. Everything goes through it."

Miss Gilday also recommends the sieve exercise.

Mr. Denison (eleventh hour): "Well, I must be unusually dumb this afternoon." Thinking how it sounded, he finally said: "Nothing unusual either." Freshie (seeming Mr. Elmer coming down the hall): "Aren't there some young looking boys going to Manual?"

Mr. Gustafson in chemistry: "If you really want to get acquainted with the 1ONs, you will have to associate with them a long time."

Hofman (reading): "Reading makes a full man"

Mr. Cowan—"Don't you believe that, boys; it takes more than books."

Mrs. McLaughlin (in ancient history); "So, now you understand our kinship and our heir(air)-ship to these old civilizations."

Mr. Elmer: "What is a gain?" Freshman: "An empty space."

Mr. Elmer: "Then your head is a gain."

"Can a married man go to college?" ask the curious girls,

"Certainly," replied the student; "but he can't get a bachelor's degree."

A picture no artist can paint. The countenances of receivers of "M's" and "F's" on report cards,

When the donkey saw the zebra, He began to switch his tail, "Well, I never," was his comment, "Here's a mule that's been in jail."

Miss Picket: "In what year was Washington born?"

Leota: "In 1492," and then she woke up.

Mr. Page: "Now, take a piece of scratch paper, and don't use it."

Nan Beatty wonders how she ever got in high school, and if she'll ever get out.

"There are creatures, you know, who have no brains."

(Miss Gilday claims she meant some lower class of animals, but we doubt it.)

Mr. Page: "What force is it that makes the water come from a faucet?" As usual: "I don't know."

Mr. Page: "Well, is it the police force?"

Because of Miss Beatty's being so slow, we have come to the conclusion that she has three hands—a left hand, a right hand and a little behind hand.

W. S. Case: "Dorothy, what did you think of Longfellow's poem, 'Excelsior,' in respect to meaning?"

Miss Oldham: "I thought it was some idiot running up the mountain crying for shavings."

Freshies, look up meaning of "excelsior," if you want the point.

A girl (reading in elocution): "An awful 'abbess' awaits his almost certain fall." Gilbert Jaccard (in French): "Je dearie, tu dearie, il dearie." What could he have been thinking of.

Paul Dodd does not know what felicity means. Poor Paul.

Miss Gilday: "Well, now, boys, don't you think you are darlings?" Fred Lott: "You bet I do."

> Oh, puppy love! oh puppy love! Oh, sappy hearts that touch! When things that mean so little Seem things that mean so much!

And still and still the wonder grew How that small freshie e'er got through.

An English pupil lately defined an abyss as a "female abbott."

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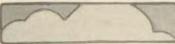
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Build the more stately mansions,
O, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past.
Let each new temple, nobier than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast. Till thou, at length, art free, Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unrest-

ing sea. -Oliver W. Holmes



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KANSAS CITY, MO.

APRIL, 1907

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The Nautilus,

Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo.

One of the pleasantest feelings we can enjoy is that sensation which comes after we have done something to be proud of,

and which justifies our seeking some secluded Prize spot where, without Essay making ourselves obnox-Contest. ious, we may pat our-

selves on the back. But when this selfsatisfaction deteriorates to a mere pose, then it is disgusting; for it borders upon "caput maius." So, having an example of this disease constantly before us, let US, at least, bear OUR honors gracefully and modestly.

The laurels we referred are those won in the "Sons of the Revolution" Prize Essay Contest. The subject was "John Paul Jones." There are several prizes in this contest for which to strive. First prize, a gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal; fourth, fifth and sixth prizes, certificates of honorable mention. Year before last our contestants won none of these prizes; last year, a certificate of honorable mention; this year, judging from the natural sequence of awards, we should have won the bronze medal. Such was not the case. Manual's contestants actually utterly failed to "bring this medal home!" Central won it, for which we naturally must and do congratulate her with all our hearts for such a praiseworthy effort. But Manual was not entirely forgotten. As a slight recompense for not winning third prize our intellectual gladiators WON FIRST and SECOND PRIZES! We thank our sister school for helping us keep all three prizes in Kansas City.

The winners, Mr. Myron Witters, first prize, and Miss Vera Bands, second prize. In addition to the medals received at the hands of the generous "Sons of the Revolution," a trip to St. Louis to attend the annual grand banquet. Truly, we can say that we are extremely grateful for the patronage of this society and assure them that as long as they choose to offer prizes in any brain contest Manual is a contestant "body, heart and soul." Let's win four next year.

On Wednesday, January 30th, the series of "home talent" assembly hall programs was begun by an open session of

The Debater's Debate." As this society of Annual Program. The University of Debate. As this society is the oldest of all our literary societies, and as they had not ap-

peared in public for several years, our hopes were high for a fine program. We certainly were not disappointed.

The curtain rose on a precise semicircle of boys seated in a staid and dignified manner, which, we are led to suppose, is habitual with this society-in public or private. The gavel fell and the president made a needless appeal for order. Minutes and roll call over, the program, a debate—"Resolved, That the United States Should Put Additional Restrictions on Immigration," - was launched upon. The affirmative was supported by Royal Filmore and Thomas Erwin; the negative, by Leo Conwell and Paul Fredman. The strong and well written speeches that came from both sides-the little freshmen had never heard anything half so learned in their little lives-pleased everyone; and we were proud to have such orators among our mates.

We congratulate the Debators on the excellent society work their open session

has proved them to be doing.

The arguments submitted and the graceful, as well as effective, manner of the delivery of the speeches would have done credit to older and more experienced speakers.

First we wish to apologize for not being a student of German. We never cared about German until this society

The German
Club's Play.

gave the delightful little play "All Will Be Well."
When the curtain rose upon the first and only

act, and we saw the pretty rural scene and the pretty rural maids in picturesque rural costumes, we felt ourselves part of But when the play comthe scene. menced, in earnest, and we heard those peasant girls talking to each other in a strange language, we were exasperated and fell back in our seats completely nonplussed. We never wanted anything so bad as to be able to understand German that day. We finally recovered, and as we happened to be sitting near a teacher in the language department, we smiled when we saw her smile. Rather a poor way to do, but we saw several teachers watching the same one that we were watching, so it must be all right, As to the acting, everybody upon the stage seemed to be at ease and to carry his part well. Special mention should be made of the acting of Miss Estelle Burkowitz and Mr. Burnell Stevens, the latter of whom, in an extremely artistic manner, upheld his reputation for "monkeyshinning," if you will permit the word that boys use. Henry Loam in was a very good disgruntled lover.

The American Literary Society gave their offering in the series of Open Sessions February 28. This society, besides

"Tory Van Burr." being recognized as a good literary society of this school, is forging to the fore in the line of dramatic art. They al-

ways offer something which the other societies have to hustle to equal. We shall not say that the latter do or do not equal the "A. L. S." in this line, for it is not in keeping with the policy of this paper to make comparisons; but we wish to compliment the American Literary Society upon their success in their Open Sessions.

The sketch offered this year was entitled "Tony Van Burr," dealing with the aspirations of a young country girl to enter the dramatic world. Miss Gladys Miller played the title role, a part

which was somewhat of a departure in the style of acting generally presented upon a High School stage. However, Miss Miller, ever noted for her originality, took this part so gracefully that we were led to forget that we were only in a High School auditorium. If we, although absolutely without standing as a dramatic critic, may be allowed to add our little leaf, we shall say that there is a brilliant stage career before her. Mr. John Frank, in the part of the ardent lover, acquitted himself in a praiseworthy manner, as he always does. Mr. Frank is even now a member of the Woodward Stock Company, playing at the Audi-

Withal the whole cast was good, and again the Nautilus wishes to compliment the A. L. S. A significant fact in connection with this play is the fact that nearly all of the cast take elocution in this school. This should boost the art of speaking a great deal.

One of the most delightful entertainments of a scientific character that it has ever been our good fortune to witness

Edisonian Day.

was given by the Edisonian Society in their open session, March 14. This society is doing much to

show people that the students of Manual "do things," and are to be congratulated for doing it in such an entertaining-but

no less thorough-manner.

Save for the purple and yellow bunting draped about a table, and a symbollic electric contrivance in the shape of the society's pin, which was made to glow, one would imagine that the curtain had, in rising, disclosed some old alchemist's shop. Such, however, was not the case, as Mr. George Barrett told us in his opening address. When things were well under way the members of the society performed a number of extremely interesting and startling experiments with "Flames," which was the subject for experiments. They struck fire by means of the old friction method; lit lamps by wetting potassium; caused a flame to turn different colors at the will of the wizard in charge by pouring different substances into it; made flames burn under water and nearly every place else; and played a "flame organ." This last instrument, while not as musical as some we have heard, truly was astonishing. It

is entirely original with the Edisonians, being constructed and operated by John Leake, a member. Furthermore this is the first practical demonstration of this kind of pipe organ. The NAUTILUS congratulates the society upon their progress in the world of science, and incidentally congratulates Mr. Edison for having such an excellent society to bear his name. Mr. Gustafson and Mr. Page are the sponsors of this society. They, too, are to be congratulated.

Although this letter was read before an assembly, we think it it so fine and exalted that it should go down in the annals of Letter From the school via "THE Mr. Edison. NAUTILUS."

"Mr. E. D. Phillips, Principal, Manual Training High School, 15th St. and Forest Ave., Kansas City, Mo.'

"My Dear Sir:

"I am in receipt of your favor of the 2nd of February, advising me that a number of your pupils have organized a Society and honored me by calling it the 'Edisonian Society,' which is entirely acceptable to me. I have looked over the periodical, which has come to hand, and

find it most interesting indeed.

"I can only say to the society and boys as a whole that it is by perseverance in continuous activity that any success is achieved in our great American Republic. The opportunities for advancement are even better today than they were when I was a young man starting out on my career. It is the man who accomplishes something that makes the success, and opportunities are continually opening up, not only in connection with the great railroads, but equally so in all other industries that are growing so rapidly and enormously in our great country. Ambition, and perseverance will accomplish this end, and those who are neglectful of their opportunities must of necessity fall behind and become one of the great army of workers, rather than leaders of men.

"With best wishes for the continued success of the Society, and thanking you for the invitation to visit you should I have occasion to stop off in your great and rapidly growing city, believe me to be, "Yours very truly,

"THOMAS A. EDISON."

We think that every one should know what people outside of school think of us. However, it is not wholly because of

Letter From An Alumnus. the fact that Mr. Hanks has praised the Nantilus that we print his letter, but that his many friends in school may have word of him.

"Roanoke, Va., "Feb. 7, 1907.

"To the Nautilus.

"I have just finished reading the January edition of the Nautilus, and observed that it is still maintaining the standard of former years.

"I noticed a number of the leading articles were contributions from girls, and, incidently, I noticed that they were of an exceptionally high and broad character. The Local Department demands an infinite amount of credit, because I believe it is the best we have had for sometime.

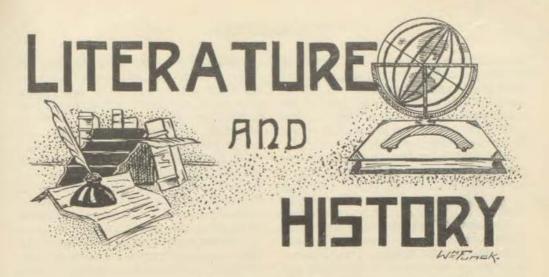
"At Roanoke College, where I am attending, I am the only student 'from Missouri,' and consequently the only one from Manual. I am not, however, the only student from Manual who is attending College in Virginia, as there are two young ladies of the Class of '05 attending the Hollins Institute, only a short distance from here.

"It was my good fortune to be chosen to represent the Freshman Class on the "Roentgen Rays," our annual publication.

"Wishing the Nautilus, the staff, and the pupils all kinds of success, I am "Yours truly,

"Compton Hanks, '06."





JOHN PAUL JONES

(Gold Medal Essay)

By Myron WITTERS.

On a grassy little knoll in the naval grounds of Annapolis, sits a litle brick vault. It stands apart from the buildings, and is surrounded by large old trees. All is quiet there, save for the tread of the sentry who guards it or the occasional coming and going of visitors. What is kept in this vault which is so well guarded and which visitors come to see? Is it a treasure of some kind? Yes, it is a treasure; a treasure that for over a century lay neglected and forgotten in an unknown grave and in a foreign country, and which, by the untiring efforts of General Horace Porter, was finally recovered and brought back to the United States with imposing ceremonies in which two nations took a part. This treasure is none other than the body of John Paul Jones. It was placed here in this little vault July 24, 1905, where it will rest until the new naval chapel, which is now being built, is finished. When it is completed his body will be placed in the crypt of this beautiful new structure, as honorable a sepulchre as his country has to offer. And why should we honor him so? Because he was the naval hero of the revolution, "The Father of the American Navy, and one of the noblest patriots that the world has ever known.

John Paul Jones, like Alexander Hamilton, was of Scotch descent. He was born in Arbigland, Scotland, a little fishing hamlet on the north shore of the

Firth of Solmay. His father, John Paul, was a gardner for the Hon. Robert Craik, a country squire and member of Parlia-ment. The boy John early acquired a passion for the sea, and at the age of twelve years he became an apprentice in the merchant service. His first voyage was in the "Friendship," a vessel trading with America. It was in this vessel that he made his first visit to the country for which he was to do so much. While in America he stayed with his brother, William Paul Jones, who had fallen heir to a large tobacco plantation in Virginia. John Paul advanced rapidly in the merchant service, and at the age of twentyone was given command of a West Indiaman. A little later he commanded a vessel of his own.

At the death of his brother, 1773, he left the sea and settled down on the plantation which his brother had left him. He took the name of Jones, in imitation of his brother who had taken it in honor of the man who had bequeathed him the estate. He now found himself rich, with plenty of spare time. This in itself would have ruined many a young man, but not so Paul Jones. He spent his time in reading good books and always went in the best of society. In this, way he acquired a fine literary style, and even today people reading his letters are astonished that a man in his age of the world, with so little schooling, could write such perfect English. He was a good master to his slaves, and made his plantation more of a home to them than a place of bondage. Two of them followed him of their own free will throughout all his many battles. In a short time he had gained the confidence and admiration of

the whole country around.

Such was John Paul Jones at the beginning of the revolution—rich, young, handsome and accomplished. Let us look at him seventeen years later, at the time of his death in Paris, a physical wreck, almost penniless, and even buried at the public expense. What had brought about this terrible change? Had he taken to drink, or succumbed to the vices and follies of Paris? No! He had done neither. He had sacrificed all for the cause of liberty and the people had forgotten.

When the trouble with England first started, he was one of the first to offer his services. The spirit in which he entered the cause is shown by an extract from one of his letters which was read before the committee on the organization of a navy: "Gentlemen: A tremendous responsibility has devolved upon you. You are called upon to found a new navy, to lay the foundation of a new power affoat that must sometime, in the course of human events, become formidable enough to dispute, even with England, the mastery of the ocean. Neither you nor I may live to see such a growth. But we are here at the planting of the tree and maybe some of us, in the course of destiny, will water its feeble and struggling roots with our blood. If so, be it so. We cannot help it. We must do the best we can with what we have at hand."

This same noble spirit of patriotism characterized his whole service in the United States navy. Not once did he waiver from the course of his adopted country, even when things looked blackest. He was wise enough to see from the first that open warfare with England on the sea was impossible, and that the best course to pursue was to devote all our energies to capturing English merchantmen, thus cutting off the English supplies. But for himself he conceived a bolder plan. It was to sail into European waters to harass the British coast and to call attention of foreign powers to us and to show them that we meant to succeed. Congress finally decided to let him go. The results can hardly be

estimated. He compelled the English to spend large sums of money in fortifying their coast and to call home their ships to protect them. He captured two English men-of-war, and over five times that many merchantmen. And above all else he gained the respect and admiration of all Europe. Never was there a more daring commander; to him nothing was impossible, and he knew of no such word as fail. Under cover of night he would suddenly swoop down upon some town, spike the guns, set fire to the ships, in the harbor, and, fighting at the head of a mere handful of men would beat a hasty retreat to his ships before the people were fully aroused. On being reminded once of the old saying, "Discretion is the bet-ter part of valor," he replied, "Yes, but 'Impudence is the better part of discretion'.

A little later we see him in command of the "Ranger," after he has overwhelmdefeated the armed cruiser "Drake." He is offered command of a large privateering vessel, but he firmly refuses, saying, "I do not wish to engage in privateering. My object is not that of private gain, but to serve the public in a way that will reflect credit on our infant navy and give prestige to our country on the sea." Again we see him after his memorable battle with and victory over the "Serapis." He is forced by a storm to land at Texel ,a city on the Dutch coast. The Dutch order him to leave, but he refuses, because he knows there is a whole English fleet waiting for him just outside the harbor. The King of France quickly sends him a commission, upon accepting which he may hoist the French flag, which the Dutch will respect. This would have seemed like a Godsend to most men, but not so to John Paul Jones. He declines the commission with thanks; neither will he hoist the French flag. "I am an officer of the United States Navy," said he, "and the French tricolor no more belongs to my masthead than at General Washington's headquarters. I shall stand or fall by the stars and stripes."

At that time the whole world was wondering how he won such amazing victories over such superior forces. For the first time in the history of the sea, a lighter ship, with a smaller crew and a weaker battery, had defeated an Englishman. Was it his good ships and brave men that did it? No, it was the man, John Paul Jones. He was a born commander, and his ideas on the qualifications of an officer, which he set forth in one of his letters, are standards today. His men idolized him; he was their hero and king. His coolness, his courage, his boldness, his absolute contempt of danger, his fiery eyes and his voice made him unconquerable. And to watch him in battle was enough to make a hero of any man.

But under this warlike nature he had a kind heart which was ever asserting itself. He was never cruel to his men, although he always kept strict discipline. We are told that at the beginning of his first voyage in the "Friendship" he threw away the "cat-o'-nine tails," saying that he could rule his men without a whip. He shared all the dangers and hardships with his men, and in all his desperate battles he never asked them to do anything that he would not do himself.

He probably did more than any other man besides Franklin to secure the alliance between the United States and France. His victories amazed them, his gallant manners charmed them, and he became a great favorite at court. In a word, he was loved by all France, and it was for him that they fired the first salute.

John Paul Jones was now a commodore, but even with the close of the revolution the honors of Commodore John Paul Jones did not end. For soon after the close of the war the Empress Catherine of Russia, realizing his value, appointed him rear admiral of the Russian Navy. But after conquering the Turks he resigned his position and went back to Paris, disgusted with the contentions at the Russian Court.

John Paul Jones spent the few remaining years of his life in Paris, but his health was sadly broken and he died very suddenly, June 18, 1795. Both nations mourned his death, but for some reason the United States did not claim his body, and he was buried by charity. The minister who buried him said, "The minds of the people are incapable of comprehending, much less of properly valuing, the lofty patriotism and almost superhuman wisdom of this incomparable man." We have had many naval heroes since the time of John Paul Jones, but he was our first and perhaps our greatest. Then why not honor him as such? This was the question which General Porter had in mind when he started to search for the body of John Paul Jones more than a hundred years after his death. This was the spirit in which Congress appropriated \$30,000 for the search. His body was finally found, and the people all over the country are now giving him all possible honors.

As for John Paul Jones, he has long been in a place where there is no more sorrow, but it would surely gladden him to know that the people for whom he gave his life understand and appreciate him, and are now doing honor to his memory.

JOHN PAUL JONES

(Silver Medal Essay)

By MISS VERA BANKS

Toward the American church of Paris, on a certain July afternoon, throngs of people were eagerly hastening. An American naval detachment drew up in a battalion front, before the edifice, where a division of French troops had already been stationed. Inside this Gothic structure, which was profusely decorated with plants and flowers, was gathered a brilliant assembly of the greatest military and naval leaders of France, embassies from the United States, and diplomats from many other countries. At the foot of the channel, wrapped in an American flag, almost concealed from view by

wreaths and garlands of flowers, lay a coffin. Here rested the mortal remains of John Paul Jones, America's greatest naval hero of the Revolution. He was the first commander to hoist her flag upon the water and the first to hear the guns of a powerful nation sound forth their recognition of it. In other ways than this was he a benefit to the infant nation. Naturally a great diplomat, circumstances were such as to enable him to arouse the interest of France in behalf of the colonies. His advice to Congress was invaluable regarding those things which pertained to the building of

a navy. Now, after the lapse of one hundred and thirteen long years, why this empty honor over the pitiful relics of human hopes and ambitions? If he was deserving of love and honor, why were not such wreaths placed upon the brow of the living man, such garlands scattered at his feet? Why was he allowed to lie so long forgotten? Can it be that the unconquerable spirit of this man, this John Paul Jones, to whom all this assemblage is giving honor, can it be that at last he has compelled the recognition which the Republic of America was slow to accord to him living? Only a glimpse of his life, his character, and the times in which he lived can give us the answer.

This so-called "George Washington of the Sea," this "Founder of the American Navy," was a native of Scotland. He, whose real name was John Paul, was the son of a poor gardener on the estate of Arbigland. Born at Kirkbean, Leith, Scotland, with the roar of the breakers all about him, and allowed to make the sea his playmate through childhood, it is not surprising that at the early age of twelve, strong of arm and resolute in spirit, he chose a life on shipboard as a natural event for a bold and daring disposition.

The story of the beginning of his career is an interesting one. It was a blowing July afternoon and a strong wind was tossing the Solway into croppy billows. Down on the beach, a group of fishermen, of the village of Arbigland, was anxiously watching a small fishing yawl. Indeed, it was a dangerous undertaking for anyone to steer a boat on such a day. Some thought it was utterly impossible for it to reach shore. While all were eagerly straining their eyes toward the struggling fishingsmack, a stranger, officer of the "Friendship," which was cruising three or four miles distant, joined the gathering of men. His especial business on land was to find an apt sailor. Turning to one of the observers he said, concerning the yawl, "It doesn't look very encouraging, does it?" To his surprise, he received this answer, "Oh, it will come in all right, for John Paul is at the helm." When, scon afterward, a strong, healthy lad, wet with the spray, triumphantly leaped on shore, he was accosted by this sailor, who offered him a position on

the "Friendship." The eager boy soon gained his father's consent and was in a short time started on his great career on the sea.

For two years, however, he remained on land, caring for the estate of his brother in Virginia, which he had inherited, provided he assumed the name, Jones. Two years later, 1775, his offer to serve in the navy was accepted, and he was made First Lieutenant of the "Alfred," As we picture that crowd of brave seamen, we notice one, more slight than the others, though firmly knit and apparently capable of enduring great fatigue. About five and a half feet in height, he holds our attention because of his good carriage, his thoughtful, pensive look, and the air of command which has become so habitual to him. Haughty in manner, his bearing is such as to hold his sailors in awe of him and to com-mand obedience. This passionate, impulsive sailor made the name John Paul Jones a familiar one to those of his time, and today the school boys tell us, with deep admiration, how this, their hero, would never admit defeat and how his wonderful success caused England to tremble at his very name. How wonderingly, too, they tell us how he was awarded great honor by almost every country save the one he had so gallantly defended.

The action which first distinguished Jones' brilliant career, and first gave prestige to American prowess, was his victory over the English vessel, the "Serapis." The story is as follows: It was about noon on the twenty-third of September, 1799, when Jones, who was pursuing some vessel, perceived a fleet of about forty English merchant-vessels approaching the coast of Yorkshire. He immediately ordered all attention to be turned toward these bold traders. When these ships saw the attention they had attracted, they ran in shore; while their convoys bore off from the land and prepared for an engagement. The "Bon Homme Richard," apprised of the foe about to be encountered, prepared for the contest, but did not approach the enemy until about seven o'clock. At this hour objects were not easily discerned at sea. However, the moon gave enough light to make an attack possible. The "Serapis" was fashioned after England's latest and best models, and a corresponding degree of confidence was felt in her;

while the "Poor Richard" was old and heavily laden. Not only was there a very great difference in the ships, but the character of the crew, in each case, gave the English no small advantage. Nothing daunted, Jones bravely attacked the vessel which seemed to defy him. Fearlessly approaching, he lashed both ships firmly together. During the terrible contest which followed, fire added terror to the awful scene. The "Poor Richard" was leaking terribly. The fire was growing more intense. The commander of the English warship called, "Has your ship struck?" Back came the defiant reply, "I haven't begun to fight." Such a determination can almost accomplish miracles; and, indeed, when Captain Pearson, standing alone on deck, for his men were all wounded, surrendered the pride of the English navy to Jones, in command of the old, weather-beaten hulk, the whole world wondered.

When the war was over, too restless to remain on land, he enlisted in the Russian navv. Later he resigned his commission and spent his last days in Paris, where he finally died, while drawing up his will. Shortly after his death, a commission appointing him United States Consul to Algiers, reached Paris. Had this arrived before his death it would have stimulated the vanity, which, even in his old age, dominated his whole personality. But the life of adventure was ended and all that was mortal of John Paul Jones was laid to rest in his favorite city, Paris, seemingly unnoticed by the country he had served so faithfully. But the dauntless energy of this unique character made an impression upon the history of that age that no lapse of time can efface.

He was unquestionably a genius. Naturally a lover of freedom, appreciating the cause for which our country was fighting, and impressed by the sore need of a navy as a factor to their success, he nobly undertook the creation of one. To appreciate the magnitude of the attempt, one must count the almost insurmountable obstacles which lay in his way. To that will, however, which brooked no resistance, we owe the beginning of a navy of which any country might be proud. Like Napoleon, he seemed never to entertain a thought of defeat. No or-

dinary man would have replied to the "Serapis," "I have not begun to fight." He was high-minded and far in advance of the age in which he lived. He saw and felt as Lincoln did a few years later, concerning the slave trade, which was in those times very prosperous, and he prophesied, in a certain degree, the Civil War. His idea of what a naval officer ought to be is the standard of today. His power as a diplomat was especially great. Indeed, so successful was he at the French Capital that the jealousy of the American Commissioners was aroused.

But while history is replete with the stories of his genius and his deeds, we fail to find any account of recompense. Was this because the Republic looked upon him not as a patriot, but as a soldier of fortune? Or did he possess an unfortunate disposition which repelled men who might otherwise have pushed his claims to a successful issue? Certain it is that at the time of his death, Congress actually owed him fifty thousand dollars, which was paid only in time to benefit his heirs. A man of genius he certainly was. Certain it is that he lacked appreciation. There are undoubtedly some persons of undisputed talents, whose names die on the lips of the people, because of some trivial faults. Probably it was so with John Paul Jones. He, a self-made man, and phenomenally suc-cessful in the career he had chosen, was proportionately vain and offensive to those with whom he came in contact. As some small object may hide the sun from view, so may his love of pomp and display, his childlike vanity, and his querulous nature, have prevented those of his time from appreciating the great accomplishments and genius of this man.

John Paul Jones, then, was an irregular character. But his good qualities outnumbered the bad. His amazing energy and strong will are an inspiration to all, and, as an undoubted hero and an aid in time of need, he deserves our highest praise and most grateful remembrance. Just and right it is that the mortal remains of this wonderful man should repose in the bosom of the land he helped to save. At his tomb let a grateful nation reverently bow before the memory of John Paul Jones, the hero.

A WISH FULFILLED

By BLANCHE E. SAGE

I sat alone among my books,
The fire was getting low,
And thought of those who had written them,
In the wonderful long ago.

I glanced at the window, a star appeared,
The first in the evening sky,
And I thought of the time when in childish play,
I had wished on the star on high,

And so, for old time's sake, that night,
I wished that I might see
All the authors I loved best to read
In one grand jubilee.

I was dreaming away in my wonted state, When I started at a sound, And through the curtained door-way came A man with graceful bound.

With handsome face and small goatee, And a very pleasing way. But something in his eyes did show That living high, held sway.

He spoke at first of sylvan bowers, And then his brow did cloud. He spoke of murder and of death, His voice, though strong, not loud.

Then once again he laughed with glee, And spoke with ready wit; The man that I describe could be But Shakespeare, you'll admit.

My mind was called away from him,
To a little hunch-back man,
Who scowled at the master, and laughing said,
"Surpass me if you can."

While Pope was saying cutting things About Dame Nature stuff, Good Dr. Johnson ambled in, With many a pant and puff.

While close behind him, some two feet, James Boswell watched, for fear The ponderous Doctor might say that Which he might fail to hear. And while I laughed at this queer pair, Of that old classic time, The poet Milton wandered in, So stately and sublime.

His beauty was of purer type
Than one could call Shapespeare's;
And as we saw those sightless eyes,
It moved us all to tears.

But soon we all cheered up again, For Goldsmith blundered in, And falling o'er a chair, he did Full sorely hurt his shin.

As I looked around at these great men My soul was filled with awe; And I thought of the genius in the room, In the minds of the men I saw.

I felt as if a ring were drawn Around them where they stood, And I upon the outside was, Get in I never could.

I felt a touch upon my arm,
And I heard a voice so mellow.
I turned, and looking up, beheld,
Serene and sweet, Longfellow.

I looked away from all the rest, And gazed upon that face. Those twinkling eyes, that snow-white beard, Are welcome every place.

As the clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve, I woke up with a start, And as I prepared for sleep that night, These words were in my heart:

"Read from some humbler poet,
"Whose songs gush from his heart,
"Like showers from the skies of summer,
"Or, tears from the eyelids start."

HENRIETTA'S INVITATION

By VIRGINIA EARLE BRAINERD, '08

Henrietta slammed her pile of books down on the desk and, rushing into the dining room, commenced, excitedly, "Mother, father, brother, the ambition of my life is realized! I received an invitation today asking me to join the C. M. C.'s, next Friday afternoon, with two others. Think of it!" And she danced a jubulant jig between attempts to kiss her mother and father both at once. As soon as she had daanced her joy down a little, but before anyone of the family could speak, she went on, "You know that is brother's club and Terence Bayland belongs, and Georgia

Mayberry is president and— Oh, well! everyone that is anybody at all belongs." Here the critical eyes of her knowing brother so disconcerted her that she sat down hurriedly, and began to sup her soup ravenously, hardly hearing the congratulations of her mother and father, who were always glad to see their daughter happy. That night between thoughts of two unprepared lessons and the presence of the precious invitation under her pillow, Henrietta fell asleep.

The days in between were interminable, but Friday came at last, and Henrietta, arrayed in her newest school dress, hurried through her breakfast and was soon on her way to school with her brother at her side. Visions of appearing before the club to make her carefully prepared invitation speech were filling her mind when a laugh from her brother startled her almost as much as his following remark, "Say, Sis, do you suppose you can stick on the goat?" Henrietta trembled. The very thought of such an initiation had not entered her mind. Still her brother was a member of the society and might be addressing her as a fellow-member. What if he were? What should she do? And visions of making herself ridiculous before Terence Bayland almost overcome her as she anxiously asked her brother if he thought they would make her ride the horrid beast and what it would be like? Her brother, seeing he had made his point, answered solemnly that she need not expect to belong to any up-to-date organization unless she rode the venerable goat. Here they parted, she to go to the girls' entrance, deep in thoughts of her invitation, and he deep in thoughts of his sister's enlightening,

Henrietta's first period was a study hall, and, as she sat thinking, her book open on her lap, a happy thought struck her mind. Perhaps, as there were to be two others initiated, they would allow her to just watch the rest. This idea came from what her father had told her of his initiation at his lodge. Then she reflected she had never heard any of the girls say anything of any hard initiation, so she just put her mind at rest. But she reckoned without her brother.

The afternoon wore on, until at last the hour came. Henrietta waited patiently in the little hall, off from the club room, with the other club members-tobe until her name was called, then Albert Shadwell came out and blindfolded her, and led her into the club room. A hushed silence pervaded the room, and Henrietta held her breath. She was led around and around, and her leader was changed three or four times, then her eves were uncovered. A bewildering sight met her gaze. Instead of the expected circle of smiling friends she found herself surrounded by a circle of gray goats, standing on their hind feet and holding out their front feet in happy jubilance. As soon as Henrietta's eyes became accustomed to the dim, uncertain light she discerned that her four-footed friends were her much loved club members, arrayed in gray gowns with horns and hoops. While she was trying to pick out her brother and Terence she was commanded by one of the gray-gowned beasts to stand upon a provided table and sing two verses of "America" to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Henrietta gasped, but mounted her perch and made such an effort as to receive a loud bleating as applause from her horned audience. Wondering what was to come next she sat in silence until a small bowl was handed to her. She was commanded to taste the mixture in the bowl and describe what it was she had tasted. She obeyed, and found herself sadly lost when she attempted to describe the taste, but she commenced bravely, declaring it was flour mixed with sugar, soap and ink. A low bleating again applauded her, this time a nervous dread began to overspread her mind, but she resolved to finish now that she had begun. But she was not prepared for what followed.

One of the band came forward and covered her eyes again and everything remained absolutely quiet for at least ten minutes, while Henrietta was getting more nervous every moment. Then, quick as a flash, the bandage was taken from her eyes and she stood there alone in the dimly lighted room. A few minutes passed in shivering dread sufficed to pitch Henrietta's nerves at a right angle, consequently, when one of the band came forward and stood for a moment, then disappeared and left a real live goat in his place with a command for her to ride, things reached a crisis. After one terrified glance from side to side she ascertained that she was alone and stepped forward to mount her tiny steed. Thinking to coax the little animal, she smoothed his neck hesitatingly, which so angered him that he wheeled around very suddenly, causing Henrietta to lost her unsteady balance and land awkwardly on the hard floor. Then her nerves reached a standstill, and, with one weak little scream she fainted into a graceful. helpless heap before her frightened initiators could reach her side.

That evening a penitent big brother sat by the bedside of a weak, pale little girl, holding in his hand the hard-earned certificate of membership and a bright, shining pin bearing the initials C. M. C.

THE ALCHEMIST

By IRMA GOLDMAN

The last bright rays of the descending midsummer sun crept through a little, dusty, window and lingered lovingly on the hoary hair of a wee, bent, old man. The soft beam fingers caressed him lovingly and crept inquisitively to the crucible that he held in his shaky, old hands, They stole wonderingly from the blue, peculiar liquid to the green powder and they lingered in the little room as if they wanted an explanation. trembling hands of the old alchemist passed quickly from one carefully measured ingredient to another, and he brought each close to his dim, old eyes to be sure they were all correct. Then his feeble hands grew more shaky, but his eyes brightened with a wonderful light-a light of hope and joy. Gradually a look of doubt crept into his worn, wrinkled face, and he seemed overcome by some unwelcome thought that would intrude. Finally, he threw himself together and wearily passed his red handkerchief over his moist forehead.

"No, I must be right," he said. "I must be right. I have not failed. After all these years, these weary years of doubt and hope, I have attained my dearest wish. Just the green powder turned into the blue liquid-there, 'tis done; and my ambition is realized. How eagerly have I anticipated the moment of my triumph, how I have pictured the joy of success. I, Andreas, the savior of my fellow-beings. My duty to mankind is accomplished, my mission is at an end. But where is the feeling triumph, of joy, that I had expected? Alas, I know not why, but I am oppressed by the saddest of feelings and recollections."

His head sank on his breast and his lids closed wearily over his dull, dim eyes.

Gradually, the last rays had crept farther and farther away, but now they came forward, pressed the cold brow fondly, then vanished silently, leaving the little, musty room dull and still in the enveloping twilight.

Finally, old Andreas stirred himself. His eyes opened vacantly and he seemed amazed to find the room so dark. He arose slowly and painfully and tottered to a high shelf, from which he took a tall, tarnished candlestick. The feeble

light which it gave only made the darkness more obvious. Old Andreas brought the candle to his table and set it carefully near the crucible, so that he might examine the mixture. It had now turned a bright green, but as he looked a dark sediment arose and turned the mixture a dull brown. "One more turn and the draught is complete. In an hour the mixture will bubble, then the blue powder will exercise its full power and the mixture will turn a bright, ruddy, glorious purple. Ah, how I have anticipated each change! How well I know the transformation. To think, I hold it now in my hand!" His eyes lit up once more, but once more the spark died away to be replaced by brooding melancholy.

He settled back in his worn arm chair and prepared to await the final change in the mixture. Gradually, the light of the candle grew paler and paler and its slender thread of gold dwindled into dimness as the silvery beams of the full moon filtered through the little lattice window. And still Andreas sat and dreamed.

His thoughts carried him to a tiny, white cottage, his first hint of the vast world. He saw again the laughing eyes of his mother, the hard, worn face of his father, furrowed by thoughts of how he might keep his loved ones from want. He remembered, as the years crept on, how that laughing mother's face grew worn and pinched, and his father's grew more rough and morose. And then came the day when his father was brought home dead, murdered by an envious fellow-worker, and soon after, a heartless man drove them from their cottage. Then had followed years of toil and hardships and want; years of endless working against his fellow-beings and of questioning and doubt. Then he had shed tears over his mother's grave, and waked to find himself a man.

It was then that he had begun to reason and ponder and weigh, and he found that all of his misfortunes had come from man's selfishness. At last he had come to the conclusion that the world was wicked, and he must escape. So he buried himself in these dingy, musty rooms away from mankind. But he never forgot the sweet flowers and odors

of the country fields, and behind his house was a great garden, where things grew as they would, and as God made them to grow, all mingling their colors and odors together. It was here that Andreas loved to come and hunt for cowslips and foxglove, and render simples as he had been taught; and it was here that he began to think anew.

As he walked through his lovely garden and gazed upon each day's added charm he felt the great beauty, and said it was good. Yes, here, at last, he found what he sought-unselfishness. He plucked a red rose, and gazing into its heart he felt that it grew to make others happy. For a while this thought contented him, until one day a great change came into his life. As he walked in his garden one evening, secure from the turmoil of life, he found himself gazing on a flower fairer than any that grew about him. A flower pure as gold, radiant as the stars and as fair and innocent as the bright rose. It was a child-a little girl, who, childlike, had been attracted by the bright flowers, and had crept nearer to gaze at this miracle.

For a while he was content to know that she came every day; that she did not fear him; that she loved him. And then had come the thought that had changed his life. Those vague thoughts of unrest, of fear, for this child-a part of that cruel, outside world. Then he studied her closely. He probed deeply and carefully, and oh how fearfully, for that germ of evil, that seed of wickedness that he had found in every human being. But he probed in vain. She was inno-cent, pure and unselfish, fresh from the hands of God. It was then that Andreas had decided that this selfishness was a disease, a slow disease, to be sure, and one which a few, a very few, might escape; that it crept on one slowly; that the seeds were planted laboriously, but stealthily and surely, and, like a rank weed, they grew without nourishment and crowded the fairer flowers from the heart. Then a great fear clutched at his throat. Would the seeds fall in her unsullied mind? How could he prevent them? How could he? How, better than by sowing these flowers of unselfishness in their place? So, with this dominating idea he set to work.

He brewed and measured, and hailed the fair flowers, but he was never satisfied. The draught must be purple, for the thoughts he would plant must rule all others. So, year in and year out he had worked in his musty, dingy room. And in that time she had grown to be a fair, tall maiden, as pure as his garden lilies.

As he worked untiringly, newer and better thoughts found place in his heart. He would save her, but he would go farther. The world should taste of his remedy and be reborn.

And now the moment had come; his cup of happiness was filled to the brim. Well, the hour was over, he would look at the mixture. Even as he bent his near-sighted eyes close over the crucible the final transformation took place. The mixture bubbled and seethed. Finally it boiled up as if it would overflow, but before it reached the top it receded and settled into a bright glowing, royal Andreas bent eagerly and joyfully over the table. Each bubble meant a hope fulfilled—an evil uprooted. Now he must take it to her. He took the crucible in his hand and went to the garden. "It is done-see the color-such a rich, burning, hopeful color." The maiden bent her shining lips over the crucible. "Yes-it is as you have said-as I knew it would be. Tomorrow we will go together to help the world."

* * *

So to the world that had driven him from its doors, he returned, with help and kind words and with succor and aid. He visited the poor and the sick, the halt and the blind, the well and the rich, and each in turn was strengthened by his remedy. Blessings followed his footsteps, and joy was forevermore his lot.



THE GOLDEN TRAMP

By WILLIAM GOFF

One morning, a few years ago, a ragged, dirty man with only one leg, was brought before the Judge of a little town in New Jersey. The charge placed against him was that he was a vagabond. He had been picked up the night before in a drunken stupor. The Judge asked him whether he was guilty or not. "Yes, yer Honor, I pleads guilty. I am a bummer. I don't deny that the cop picked me up drunk. I haven't been able fur to earn a livin', an' besides I have got only one leg an' t'other is only a peg,"

"My man, how did you lose your leg?" asked the Judge.

"Well, yer Honor," replied the old man, "I lost it in the battle of Spottsylvania. I guess you have heard of that bloody fight. I was serving in the Tenth New Jersey as a private, an' there ain't a man as kin say old Abrm Bursey was ever caught shirking in a fight. We had a brave old colonel, too, We called him Colonel Sweety, but his name was Sweet, an' I tell you, Judge, that man would rather fight than eat. When the battle was on he was never caught hunting a tree, but would go ahead an' cheer the men along by shoutin' 'Brace up boys, an' follow me.'

"Just before the fateful battle old Colonel Sweety came up to me an' sez, sez he, 'Abe, you must promise me that if I am killed today an' you are left among the livin' that you'll take my body back to the village an' lay it beside my

wife.' Well, I promised, an' that day, amidst the tumult, I saw the brave old colonel throw up his hands an' tumble from his hoss. I rushed up to him an' bore him to the rear, apparently out of danger. I then tore my shirt from my back an' stopped the flow of life-giving blood that was rushin out of an ugly wound in his breast. Finally he began to regain consciousness. He opened his eyes an' looked at me, an' sez, 'Abe, you have saved my life.' Just then, when I was happy at the thought of havin' saved the colonel's life, a ten-pound shell went screamin' by an' took my leg along fur company. Well, Judge, that is all, 'cept when the war was over I found myself a cripple, far from home, an' with only a few cents in my pockets. I have taken life easy an' as it come. I have never harmed a livin' mortal, so I hope, Judge, the court 'll be as easy on me as it can."

The Judge replied, "My man, you have had a hard time in this life, but I will have to give you a sentence. I will not make it too severe, it is that as long as you live you shall make your camp in the best room in my humble home."

The prisoner then started trembling, and said, "Judge, turn your head to the light so I can see your face." The Judge arose and advanced to where the prisoner stood. They clasped hands, old Abe saying in a sort of slangy way, "Why, Colonel Sweety, durn your brave old soul."

THREE MESSAGES FROM THE WOODS

By HATTIE REID, '07

I saw one day a violet blue
Out in the woodland's shade.
It said to me, "If I were you,
I should be a modest maid."

I saw a daisy, the self-same day, And this is the secret it told: "If I were you, to God I'd pray, To give me a heart of gold."

I heard in the woods a bird's glad song
This message it brought to me:
"Help this dull old world along
With smiles and a care free melody.

There is one department in Manual which to some degree is overlooked; that is, the Elocution Department. Time spent in elocution is never wasted. Elocution is needed in mathematics, English, in fact it is needed in every study. Clear

enunciation and good pronunciation are essentials in any study. Painting, drawing and music are fine arts and are pursued more than elocution. But elocution is a fine art. Then why isn't it pursued more than it is?



BREVETIES

That little animal, the ferret, is becoming very useful in laying underground telephone wires. In many of the large cities it is now being used very successfully in rodding these underground ducts. The ferret, with a cord attached to it, is prompted to run through the duct. By means of the cord the wire or cable is then pulled through. The cord is thus carried safely through the pipe, proving this use of the ferret as a fact, while most persons consider it a mere story.

A wolverine has been obtained for the Zoological Park in New York. It belongs to the one of the most remarkable classes of animals in North America. It is about the size of a large bull dog, of great strength, a fierce temper, extreme cunning, and a ravenous appetite, which has led some to style it as a "Glutton." Such animals are found chiefly in Alaska, and are the only animals living that maliciously and deliberately destroy property.

Mr. Robert Gilder, of Omaha, while excavating a mound, three miles north of Florence, Douglas County, Nebraska, recently discovered many human bones. From their position many conclude that a primitive type of mound-builders once lived there. Possibly, it may prove to be the most primitive type of man found as yet in America.

A recent invention which will be appreciated by everybody who has had anything to do with automobiles, consists in

a tank, similar to the ones used for storing illuminating gas, containing liquefied carbon dioxid and hydrogen. A tank 24x4 inches will inflate the largest tire from 12 to 15 times. It is connected to the tires, when needed, by ordinary tubing, and as it is carried on the car, it can be readily renewed at charging stations conveniently situated.

Automobile tires have been found to become very hot when the machine is run at a high rate of speed, and the tires themselves are injured by this heat. The rise in temperature is caused by the rapid kneading of the rubber. This generates heat faster than it can be carried off. A remedy has been discovered in putting metal parts in the tread in contact with the tire. The metal, being a good conductor of heat helps to radiate it, and thus keeps the rubber at a lower temperature.

A French inventor has devised an apparatus to detect the presence of marsh gas in mines. It consists of microphones connected in series with a telephone. One pipe is placed in the mine and another outside in the ground. The presence of marsh gas causes a difference of pitch in the pipe in the mine, and when the pipes are blown simultaneously they will have different tones and will cause a series of beats in the telephone. If, however, the air in the mine is pure, both pipes will have the same pitch, and result in a clear tone in the telephone.

THE PYTHAGOREAN THEOREM

By EARL DAVIDSON, '08

Theorem: The square on the hypothenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the two legs.

Given: Right triangle A B C, in which A B is the hypothenuse; and the squares, A B E F, A C G H, and B C K L, on the three sides.

To prove: Square A B E F=square A C G H+square B C K L.

Proof: Draw C D perpendicular to A B and produce C D to M in F E.

Draw h, altitude of triangle A C D, upon A C.

The measure of square A C G H equals A C x A C.

The measure of triangle A D C equals A C x h

Then
$$\frac{\text{Square A C G H}}{\text{Triangle A C D}} = \frac{\text{A C } \times \text{A C}}{\frac{\text{A C} \times \text{h}}{2}} = \frac{2 \text{ A C}}{\text{h}}$$

The measure of rectangle A D M F equals A F (or A B) x A D.

The measure of triangle A D C equals A D x D C.

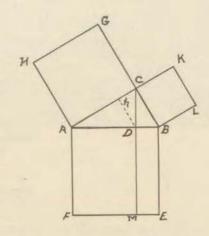
Then
$$\frac{\text{Rectangle A D M F}}{\text{Triangle A D C}} = \frac{\text{A B } \times \text{A D}}{\text{A D } \times \text{D C}} = \frac{2 \text{ A B}}{\text{C D}}$$

Triangle A B C has the altitude C D drawn on the hypothenuse. Then triangle A B C is similar to triangle A C D, h and C D are homologous altitudes on the homologous sides A B and A C.

Then
$$\frac{2 \text{ A C}}{\text{h}} = \frac{2 \text{ A B}}{\text{C D}}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} \text{Then } \frac{\text{Square A C G H}}{\text{Triangle A C D}} = \frac{\text{Rectangle A D M F}}{\text{Triangle A C D}} \\ \text{Therefore Square A C G H} = \text{Rectangle A D M F} \end{array}$$

Since C D is the altitude of the right triangle A B C, upon the hypothenuse, triangle A C D is similar to C B D.



Since squares A C G H and B C K L are erected on the homologous sides A C and B C of the similar triangles, triangle A C D: triangle C B D = square A C G H: B C K L.

But since triangle A C D and triangle C B D have the same altitude, they are to each other as A D is to D B.

 \therefore square A C G H : square B C K L = A D : B D

But A D : B D = rectangle A D F M : rectangle D B M E.

∴ square A C G H : square B C K L = rectangle A D F M : rectangle D B M E.

Therefore square B C K L = rectangle B D M E, and square A C G H + square B C K L = rectangle A D F M + rectangle B D M E = square A B E F.

Q. E. D.

Editor's Note:-

This demonstration is *original* with Mr. Davidson. In merit it compares favorably with the *best* demonstrations of theorem that have have been offered in modern times. Over twenty-six demonstrations have been made.

ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE AMAZON

(An Afternoon's Experience Traveling in the Andes)

By Paul L. FREELAND

You stand on the last great divide, that mighty eastern chain of the Andes, and, looking out over the great mountains, wonder how you are to go any farther, so steep do the descents appear, and so tangled the forest.

Suddenly from behind you the muleteer shouts his words of encouragement to you, but mainly for the benefit of the mule beneath you, "Apura! Adelante!" ("Hurry! Ahead!"). So are you awakened from your reverie and your attention again directed toward that obstinate, lazy mule, "Get up! Go on!" you reiterate in English. The native vociferates from behind and forces his arguments home by many well-directed blows from his whip.

Then down, down you start to what looks at first like certain death at a dozen turns in the stair-like trail; zig-zag, back and forth, but eternally down; down for a full thousand feet and more, until vou have been lowered safely through the distance which your fellow-traveler-the stream at your left-has covered in two or three easy bounds. You, though, are in a somewhat more collected state when you arrive at the bottom of the canon. Your neighbor has scarcely a fourth of his original volume by the time he reaches his bed, for all about, many rods from its course, the water is flying in a fine mist; in it a rainbow stretches above the tall tree tops.

Though scarcely a brook, the roar of the fall is deafening. Here you stop to water your sweltering beast and gaze about in this newly entered forest. So dense is it, that you can see but a short distance ahead. Green, luxuriant palms wave gently on every side, intermixed with the numberless other varieties of trees with which the country is covered. The various birds whistle and screech on every side. Among them your unused ear readily distinguishes the wild parrot's squawk. The air is moist from the constant showers, but the sun sifts through in slender rays and flecks the foliage here and there with bright irregular spots.

"Vaya!" the muleteer exclaims behind you as he comes up to again persecute your riding beast. The mule bounds forward with a start as the long whip-lash cracks behind him. On you plunge, down the road which follows along the stream, except when a projecting spur of the adjacent mountain interrupts the trail by a steep stairway around the spur.

Walking along beside you, the native timidly engages you in conversation. "From what place does your grace hail?" is one of his first questions. You tell him your State, and he nods in a wise way, saving that "Americanos" often come over to this country, and that it must be as good as theirs, or they would not come. So he babbles on until inter-rupted by a wild turkey's suddely flying up, headed across the gorge. gun, Senor, the gun!" he whispers. Nervously untying that weapon from the saddle, and feeling too sore and tired to dismount, you give him the gun, telling him to go and hunt the turkey. You take his whip, but the mule stands still as soon as its master is out of sight. "Stubborn brute!" you puff as you beat him, but no, the mule will not budge. You climb from his back, and commence operations from the rear. Just then the gun goes off, down in the ravine, making a tremendous roar throughout the canon. The mule gives a start at the sound, and, with a parting stroke from you, goes gayly off down the trail.

There you stand, dully realizing what has happened. Then anger gains the mastery, and you start after him. You do not go very fast, nor far, for riding all day is not conducive to walking. Ugh! you stumble along, sore in body and sadly depressed in spirits. Trying to walk along a slender log laid over a mud puddle, in such a condition one would naturally slip, and the rest can be imagined. Crawling from the mud you manage to scale a spur of a hill, which the trail crosses. Here you sit down to reflect and view the landscape.

Soon the muleteer comes along, gun and turkey in either hand. He laughs at your calamities, and takes you to his house, but a few rods farther on.

Did you have an appetite that night? Well I should think so? And sleep? Like a rock!

LIFE IN AN AQUARIUM

By GLADYS DANCY

We have in our zoology room two large, rectangular aquaria and several smaller jar aquaria. These are, of course, principally for the study of animal life. To maintain the natural balance between plant and animal life, several kinds of plants have been placed in the aquaria, where they have three valuable uses. First, they furnish food for those insects that eat vegetable life; second, they give off a supply of oxygen, without which animals could not live; third, they use up the carbonic acid gas which comes from the bodies of the animals. Unless a constant flow of water can be supplied, animals that are adapted to life in still water will be best for the aquarium.

Let us look first at the forms in one of the large, rectangular aquaria. A layer of sand has been put in the bottom, and pebbles scattered over it. A large pile of rocks is in one corner with one slab projecting above the water to give the shore line. The water-plants are growing out of the sand, and help to keep the water fresh. The most conspicuous animal here is the large frog, which sits on the rock that projects out of the water and blinks jocosely at the interested observer. He seemed to object a great deal if any one tries to make him get down into the water, but by punching him a little he can be made to spring off the rock, when he at once goes to the bottom, causing quite a stir among the creatures down there. Occasionally the two painted turtles try to occupy the same place the frog has, which invasion Master Frog does not at all like. An interesting specimen is the small mud turtle, which floats on top of the plants and thrusts his long, dark neck above the water. Sometimes he crawls in between the rocks, or buries himself in the sand, and is very hard to find. In the bottom of the aquarium are several large clams. Usually they are still, but sometimes they may be seen

thrusting out a long hatchet-shaped foot and slowly ploughing furrows in the sand. If you pick up one of them, it will close up its shell very tightly and squirt water at you from two long fringed openings, called siphons. There are also a few sun-perch swimming about in the water, and several water beetles crawling up the plants. In the bottom are two or three polliwogs, and small snails may be seen creeping up the sides of the aquarium. These snails are very useful, for they, too, help to keep the water fresh and clean by eating the dirt that accumulates there. They also eat the green slime that collects in the water, and any other matter that would cause the water to become dirty and slimy.

In the opposite rectangular aquarium, there are, besides clams, beetles and snails, several gold fish swimming in and out between the long strands of the water

plants.

Insects are the best creatures for an aquarium. In the smaller jar aquaria, there are a great many different kinds of insects. There are two kinds of beetles, the Scavenger and Dytiscus. The former is so called because of his appetite for decayed matter. He has a hard, shiny back with a straight line down the middle where the wing covers meet. The Dytiscus is similar, but has a broad streak of yellow on the ventral side. The back-swimmers are comical little fellows. They swim with their boat-shaped backs down and their six legs up. Their back legs are oar-shaped and, when swimming, the creature resembles a miniature boat with the oars sticking out on the sides. These back-swimmers have very sharp beaks and must be handled carefully. The back-swimmers and also the beetles, when going underneath the water, always imprison an air-bubble to take with them, which supplies them with air until they come up again.





OUR MILLINERY CLASSES

By Sadie Zacharis, '07

"There was a little lady And she had a little bonnet, With a ribbon and a feather And a bit of lace upon it."

The most important feature of the Manual Training work to me, and to the majority of our girls, is the Millinery Department. Who has not felt the deep joy of a becoming new hat, with its fresh flowers, dainty ribbons, and nodding, fascinating plumes. But to make it yourself, designed after the fashion of a hat you have long desired to own-can you fathom the joy of the work and of the

fulfillment of your deep desire?

This winter we had an exhibition of hats made and designed by our girls; among the large number, many were original, and all were nobby and stylish. There was a greater variety of hats than was exhibited last year, the number of different designs being unusually large. Most of the hats were made of velvet, trimmed with roses and plumes, and, although very simple, the effect was pleasing. The manner of its being trimmed, the nobby twist of the loops of ribbon, gave the hats the much desired Paris air. During the exhibition I overheard several girls of the sophomore and freshman classes say, "I wish I could take millinery this year; if I wouldn't have a swell hat!"

Some of the girls who are more proficient, or who have more time, after making their own hats, proceed to make hats for their mothers and sisters; others make them for their friends, in some cases receiving remuneration, which fosters their ambition, although they feel sufficiently repaid by the appreciation their work receives, and which is of greater importance, the opportunity for practicing their art. The

exhibition is productive of other benefits outside of its being an interesting display; it arouses enthusiasm and stimulates ambition. The girls resolve to work harder and put more time and thought into their work in the future, so that in the next exhibition their hats will be most admired and praised.

We made our annual visit to one of the wholesale millinery stores. We looked at the spring braids and noticed many new kinds of straw, also the new hats which were made for the spring trade. The girls enjoyed the visit immensely, each one coming away with an idea for the style of her Easter bonnet.

There is an art in hat making. Just as it takes a genius in music to compose a perfect symphony, all the movements being in harmony, the time regular, the different expressions marked in their proper places, so in the making of hats; to design an artistic hat, the proper tones and contrasting shades of the various materials, deftly arranged, shows the work of an artist in that class. It is the same in painting or in sculpture. In painting the art lies not only in mixing the paints properly, but in transferring them to the canvas in such a manner as to produce a harmonious whole. In sculpture the personality of the individual predominates, the same in millinery, so let no one consider hat making a lowly or commonplace occupation. And in millinery it is true, as well as in music, sculpture and painting, as someone has expressed, Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

MADAM BROWN'S SURPRISE

By BLY FLOYD, '08

Everywhere in the little village of Blendarrow there was excitement, especially in the homes of the High School girls. For weeks this had been the state of affairs, and, as the time of the long-looked for event drew near, the excitement increased. All this excitement was due to the deeds of Madam Brown.

Madam Brown was a new and very highly respected citizen of Blendarrow, and the idol of almost all the girls of the village. She had never thrown open the doors of her glittering and dazzling mansion to the villagers, which caused a great deal of comment, but which was accepted as etiquette, since it was done by Madam Brown. But, on the first day of June, the girls of the High School were invited to her home, not for an elaborate luncheon, but to compete for the dearest little medal that was ever made by human hand,

Until that night they should not know what they would be called upon to do, but, as Madam Brown was a lady of excellent literary qualities they naturally fell to practicing the writing of short stories, the learning of the names of numerous authors, and their productions. In this manner they spent their spare time, and after they tired of this they would plan their costumes for that long-looked-for day.

Thus passed the eventless days. The morning of the June day dawned with the rising of the golden ball of fire in the east, and, while the birds were singing their carols and the roses were drinking the dew, the contestants appeared in their snowy-white dresses and looked like fairies who had come to chase away all darkness. One o'clock found them all in the large and handsomely furnished parlor of Madam Brown.

Two girls, who had never been friendly, on account of their positions in life, sat directly facing each other, and it would have taken the Supreme Being to have told which was the more beautiful. One, named Rose, was very extravagantly dressed, and her attitude was that of pride. The other, named Mary, was clad in a dress which was very simple, but extraordinarily neat and pretty. Her light blue eyes beamed with deep joy

and expressions of faith, kindness, and unselfishness were marked upon her face.

Presently, Madam Brown, with all her amazing beauty, separated the draperies and stepped into the parlor, whereupon all was silence. As the thoughts of her determination to win came to each girl she began to tremble and grew pale. Soon greetings were exchanged between hostess and guests, and silence again was prevalent. Madam Brown arose, and in a few words told the girls that what she asked of them pertained in no wise to literature, as she supposed they had thought; then she rang for the servant. To each girl was given a small piece of muslin, a needle, thread and a thimble.

Wonder was in the eyes of each girl, and this wonder increased as she told them in a few words that her request of them was to make quickly a plain button hole. Rose looked in astonishment first at Madam Brown, then at Mary, whose delicate fingers were continually drawing her needle through the small opening in the muslin and forming a very pretty button hole. To Rose, to whom nothing but pleasure seldom came, this was a task not to be accomplished; but every button hole on Mary's dainty dress had been worked by her own hands, and now it was with ease that she finished the first of all. Rose looked for a scornful and haughty smile on Mary's lips, but, instead, there was a sweet, little smile, and at once Rose flung her arms around Mary's neck. Arm in arm they stood, the one, the daughter of a poor farmer, the other, the daughter of the Banker of Blendarrow, to whom the whole village looked up.

It is useless to try to express the joy in Mary's face as she wore that sparkling medal home, taking with her the best wishes of the girls and the true love and admiration of Madam Brown and her new friend, Rose. As they separated at the gate Rose tenderly whispered to Mary, "Say, Dearie, I'm going to pay more attention to the little foundation stones of life, because I think it's best, for Madam Brown surely did, or she could not have judged which was the best button hole."

HOW THE MARION MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL BECAME A SUCCESS

By ROBERT DAVIDSON

"Hey-day, Farmer Corntassle! Have

you heard the news today?"

"No! I do not have any time for gossip now-a-days, Farmer Jones," said Farmer Corntassle, leaning gingerly over

the barbed wide fence.

"Well, they are talking of having a Manual Training High School in Marion, the county seat, and that means that we will have to be taxed," said Farmer Jones.

"Bosh! I don't take it so hard. It may never succeed," said Farmer Corn-

tassle.

"It is all right to say that, but when these city jakes come down here and try to run things, there is no telling what will happen," said Farmer Jones.

"Why don't you want this new school?" said Farmer Corntassle, thinking he saw a good place for an argument.

Since you are so anxious to find out I will tell you. First, I can't afford any more taxes; second, what good does manual training do a farmer? third, what good does a High School do any-This was said by Farmer Jones with much satisfaction, and he ended his speech with a sigh of relief, as if he was glad to get it off his mind.

"What does a red-haired Dutchman know about such things?" asked Farmer

Corntassle.

Farmer Corntassle went back to work a little out of humor. It was the first time Farmer Jones had gotten ahead of him. He did some thinking that night about how he could get even with him. His thoughts ran onto the new school. He thought there might be something in it after all. He resolved to send his boy, Merlin, to it as soon as it was finished. The experiment would do no harm anyway, he thought. About a week after this Farmer Corntassle and Farmer Jones "made up" with each other, as they could not remain enemies long.

Two years later the school was finished. Merlin started about the middle of September at the opening of the fall term. Not many attending the new High School the first year. The majority lived

in Marion, as the new school was unpopular with the farmers. Merlin, certainly, did not do well in his studies, but he excelled in joinery. When the "city jakes" introduced athletics, Merlin took

a prominent part.

The next summer, when Merlin exhibited his trophies from the gridiron, the diamond, and the track, his father was very proud of him, but, when he showed him his exercises in joinery his pride knew no bounds. When he showed them to Farmer Jones, what did that unappreciative thing do but ask, "What good do them things do?" This was a 'stunner," but Farmer Corntassle, wisely, waited before he answered.

That summer the hay crop was unusually heavy, and the hay hands scarce. This was not the only trouble, for there were no carpenters. Merlin gave up his usual occupation of farming and became a carpenter. He was in constant demand. He was kept busy throughout the whole having season, making hay frames and hav sheds. He got some boys to help him make the sheds as they were not hard to make. Before he went to school that winter he made his father a warm cattle shed.

Farmer Jones was defeated, but he would not own it. He could not look Farmer Corntassle in the eve any more, and, at last, he avoided him entirely.

Two summers later, when vacation came. Merlin bought himself a forge. He shod the horses for his father and the neighbors, and mended any broken piece of metal. Farmer Jones gave in now and acknowledged that a Manual Training School was good for the farmers. The next year he sent his boy to school with Merlin.

Within six years after it started, the Manual Training High School increased from fifty to four hundred pupils. The farmers saw that it was for their good; and sent their children. Thus, because of the quarrel between Farmer Corntassle and Farmer Jones, the Marion Manual Training High School became a success.

(Finis fabulae.)

FREEHAND DRAWING IN THE MECHANICAL DRAWING CLASSES

By ROBERT OTTO

It has been found that (for boys exclusively) a mechanical drawing training course is not the best thing. Sometimes, when a man must make a drawing quickly of some broken machine, engine or parts of these, he has not the mechanical drawing tools ready, or has not the time to make a fit drawing with them, he is in a pretty bad place if he is not fairly good at freehand drawing. If freehand drawing were taught in the Mechanical Drawing Class, this difficulty would be

overcome. A good representation of many things which must be quickly planned could be rapidly made in freehand. This could then be taken to the draughting house and finished mechanically while the thing in question would be taken out of the way or brought toward repair, as the case might be. In many ways time and trouble could often be saved if draughtsmen were all good freehand drawers, and so they should be equipped with it in their training.

THE DOUBLE SESSION

By RAYMOND FRITTON

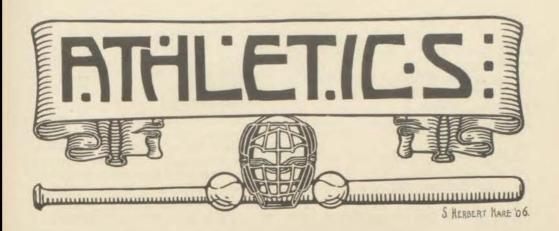
If the School Board of Kansas City, Missouri had forced Central and Westport High Schools to have a double session, as the Manual High School was compelled to do, there would have been no need of the people of Kansas City voting bonds for the erection of the new High School. It may be said that that

is impossible, but it is no more impossible to have two sessions at Central or West-port than it was to have two sessions at Manual. If these two Schools did have two sessions the enrollment could be increased by nearly a thousand; that is, nearly a thousand pupils more could be accommodated.

TEACHER AND PUPIL

I do not know of anything that is more needed in any High School than a thorough understanding between teacher and pupil. But what High School is there where this condition prevails? Some teachers sit behind the desks like kings on thrones; they cannot be reached by "a forty-foot pole." The pupils have to sit back and receive what comes, and if a pupil does not understand a point, he is not free to go to that teacher to have it explained. There is a coldness, a stiffness, the pupil cannot overcome. This is not the case with every teacher, it applies to only a few. But there should be a sociality between teacher and pupil. The teacher cannot determine the

character of each pupil in recitation hour. But if the teacher could come in contact with the pupils from time to time, he could understand the things that were vague before. He would learn why the pupil did not recite better, why he failed on tests, why the pupil seemed so timid. The whys would be answered, and the teacher could help the pupil in more ways than one. A person's life depends most entirely on the training he receives in his youth. What he learns then will cling to him the rest of his days. And the teacher plays a great part in molding the pupil's character, which lies at the foundation of his life.



I YELL! YOU YELL! ALL YELL! MANUAL!! HURRAH!!!

The base-ball season is here; the time has again come around, when we must go forth with that enthusiasm which makes athletics dear to the heart of every High School boy and girl, and cheer our gray clad warriors on to another championship. For the past two years every student in Manual has taken pride in the base-ball team. But why shouldn't they? Has not our team been recognized as the best to be found in the High School circles? Manual has gained a widespread name for having "star" base-ball teams, and now it falls to the lot of the '07

squad to hold up our reputation.

This year we have no pitchers like Bramble and Wells to terrorize our opponents, but we still have that aggressive infield and a young catcher in Gibson, who will do wonders toward making our defence impregnable. A good outfield will be easily chosen from the excellent array of new material at hand. leaves the pitching department the only uncertainty to contend with. To hel Gibson behind the bat, we have Bramwell and Shelby, both first-class young catchers. Etherton, left-fielder on the '06 team, is working hard for the pitching position, and is our strongest hope. Virgil Benidictio, the Cuban boy who entered school at the beginning of the second term, is also trying for the position. Hewitt, who led last year's team in hitting, will again be found on first-base,

with all his old time aggressiveness. Second-base will be contested for, as Lott will probably try for pitching honors. On short-stop and third-base will be found Captain Brain and Blacker, who have both played three years on the team. Brain has shown his versatility by playing both infield and outfield effectively, while Blacker has guarded third-base in every game during the past three years. The outfield is an uncertainty, but Peters, Denham, Douseman, Lewis, High, Resshler and several others are working hard to earn the positions. The old Kansas City High School

The old Kansas City High School League is no more. The first week in March the managers met and decided to drop Westport and take in Leavenworth. The new league is comprised of Manual and Central, Missouri teams, and Leavenworth and Kansas City, Kas., Kansas teams. Hence the league is called the Missouri-Kansas High School League. Cups will be awarded by A. S. Spalding Bros., Schmelzer Arms Co. and probably A. G. Reach & Co., for the championship. The schedule agreed upon is as follows:

April 6-Kansas City, Kas., vs. Manual at Kansas City.

Leavenworth vs. Central at Leaven-

April 13—Leavenworth vs. Kansas City, Kas., at Leavenworth. Manual vs. Central at Kansas City. April 20—Central vs. Kansas City, Kas., at Kansas City.

Manual vs. Leavenworth at Kansas City.

April 27—Central vs. Manual at Kansas City.

Kansas City, Kas., vs. Leavenworth at Kansas City.

May 4-Columbia.

May 11-Manual vs. Kansas City, Kas., at Kansas City.

Central vs. Leavenworth at Kansas City.

May 18—Leavenworth vs. Manual at Leavenworth.

Kansas City, Kas., vs. Central at Kansas City.

Spalding's official league ball was agreed upon for league use and the games are to be played under American league rules. The games played in Kansas City will be played at Association Park. The only teams in the league that

can represent Kansas City at Columbia are Manual and Central. We play Central two games before the Columbia trip and if there be a tie a third game will be played, which will not count in the league standing. Mr. Small will again manage the team and he will arrange some outside games to be played after the league schedule has been completed.

The acquisition of Leavenworth by the league was a step toward getting harmony among the clubs. Leavenworth has always produced first-class athletes and with their gentlemenly management will soon gain popularity among the Kansas City High Schools.

Our first league game will be played next Saturday. So let this be a warning to the spirited rooters who intend doing the duty of loyal students by attending the games with their megaphones and voices, both husky and sweet, to help the team win both the local and Missouri state cups.

TENNIS

By Eldredge Bartley, '07

For several years back our school has made no effort to develop in our Athletic Department the popular game of tennis. While our friend and teacher, Mr. Miller, was a member of the faculty an effort was made to start the game. This proved unsuccessful—as only a few of our boys took an interest in it. This year we are again starting the game, and it is hoped that many boys will come out to try for the teams. Our coaches and managers, Mr. Gustafson and Mr. Hout, have taken hold of the proposition in a spirited way; and if an equal amount of zeal is only

manifested by the students, a good team is assured. An effort will be made on the part of the management to secure the use of the Y. M. C. A. courts at Independence and Woodland Avenues, and practice will begin as soon as possible. Central will organize a team also and a tournament will probably be arranged.

Now, boys, don't think that this is for a select few, who may be considered as "stars." So come out in full force and help us push this new branch of athletics, which we hope to make a fixture at old Manual.



BASKET BALL

The basket ball situation at Manual this year has been a rather "rocky" one, both for managers and players. But by hard and persistent playing the team has given a good account of itself against the high school teams so far encountered.

The playing season started with only two veterans in the line-up. This made the outlook for a high-class team anything but bright. However, at the beginning of the second term, the hopes of the students were raised by the return of Bartley and Wayne Reed, and dreams of another '06 team began to take form. But this good fortune was not to last very long, for after playing but two games Reed was called south by his father, while Bartley's continual illness has kept him from playing in his usual good form. These setbacks were keeenly felt, but the team was not to be discouraged. After a change of management, Mr. Fulton assuming the leadership, the team was partly reorganized, Gibson returning to the team and Orme and Koenigsdorf coming to the front, were the results. But after this team had won one game, Captain Wheelock became ill and the line-up was again broken. With this string of mishaps behind them it is wonderful that the team has attained any success at all. But by gritty work it has done its share toward keeping up Manual's athletic standard throughout the Missouri Valley schools, and has a fair chance again to win the city champion-

The first high school team we encountered was Topeka, whom we met and defeated in Convention Hall, Saturday evening, February 2. Reed, at center, did more than any other one player to "bring home" the victory, making 22 of the 34 points scored by Manual. This feat is nothing wonderful for Reed, however. The line-up and score follows:

MANUAL.	
GOALS, F. T.	F.
High (F)	3
Bartley (F) 0 2	1
Mayberry (F) 0 0	0
Reed (C) 8 6	5
Douseman (G) 2 0	5 2 7
Wheelock (G) (Capt.) 1 0	7
	-
Totals	18
TOPEKA HIGH SCHOOL	
TOPEKA FIRE SCHOOL	
Coblentz (F) 4 0	3
Ringenberg (F) 2 4	1
Cope (C) 2 0	4
Bowles (C) 1 0	1
Ruth (G)	3
Cain (G) (Capt) 0 0	2
	-
Totals	14
1 point awarded.	
Final score, Manual 34, Topeka 27	7.

On February 8th we met our first defeat at the hands of a High School team, when St. Joseph defeated us in a close and hard fought game, in Convention Hall. But the boys claim the referee's

decisions were decidedly "off color," and still believe Manual has the better team. There was little star work done on either side, although Bartley's free-throwing was excellent. The score follows:

MANUAL.

GOALS, F. T.	F.
High (F) 0 0 Bartley (F) 1 11	2
Bartley (F)	3
Douseman (G) 1 0	10
Wheelock (G) (Capt.) 0 0	12
	-
Totals 6 11	29
5 points awarded.	
St. Joseph High School.	
Tedrow (F) 4 0	6
Binswanger (F) 1 11	3
Harlo (C) 3 0	3
Gregg (G) 0 0	8
Lomax (G) (Capt.) 1 0	4
Totals 9 11	24
Totals 9 11 2 points awarded.	24
Final score, Manual 28, St. Joseph	31.

Two weeks later, on Saturday evening, February 23, Manual defeated Leavenworth in Convention Hall, by the score of 46 to 39. This game was replete with sensational work on both sides. Douseman played a wonderful game, getting eight goals. While High, who entered

the game in the second half, played one of the best games at forward seen this year. For Leavenworth, Gitzell and Schalkel played a great game on the offensive.

The line-up and score follows:

GOALS, F. T. F.

MANUAL.

Douseman (F) 8	0	8
Gibson (F) (G)	0	8
High (F) 3	6	3
Koenigsdorf (C) 2	0	6
Orme (G) 0	0	2
Wheelock (G) (Capt.) 2	4	6
Totals 17	10	29
Totals	10	49
LEAVENWORTH HIGH SCH	LOOL,	
Ditzell 4	12	2
Trum 0	0	2
Donovan 2	0	0
Schalker 6	0	7 5
Mella 0	0	5
O'Keefe 0	0	4
	-	-
Totals	12	20
3 points awarded.		201940
Final score, Manual 46, Lea	avenw	orth
39.		

On Friday evening, March 1st, the team journeyed to Topeka, to play a return game with the High School at the Kansas capital. After one of the fiercest games played among the High Schools this season, our team went down to defeat, by the score of 31 to 23. The result of this game leaves the two teams on an even basis, but the players on both teams would like to play the deciding game, which would undoubtedly furnish much excitement.

The line-up and score follows:

MANUAL.

High (F)	3	F, T, 3 1 0 0 0	F. 3 0 5 2 5 1
Totals	9	4	16
Ringenberg (F) Walsworth (F) Cope (C) Ruth (G) (Capt.) Richardson (G)	5	1 4 0 0 0	3 9 0 2 2
Totals		5 ka 31.	16

fast St. Joseph team again, this time at St. Joseph. St. Joseph won by the score

On Friday, March 8, Manual met the of 26 to 22. High, for Manual, played a great game. Score:

MANUAL.

High (F)	0	F. T. 7 3 0 0	F. 6 0 6 4 5 —
Totals	6	10	21
St. Joseph.			
Tedrow (F) Binswanger (F) Harlo (C) Lomax (G) Gregg (G) Penny (F)	2	0 4 0 0 0 5	3 4 1 3 3
To 1 point awarded. Final score, 26 to 22.	8	9	17

TALBOT

There is probably not a student in Manual, freshmen included, who has not heard of Lee Talbot. Every school boy in Kansas City, who takes any interest in athletics, can tell you in a moment about the wonderful feats of Talbot, especially those who were enrolled in the student bodies of '05 and '06.

Those who attended the track meets will still remember how they would sit back easily in their seats and mark up five more points for Manual when Talbot "wound up" to throw the hammer.

It will probably be interesting to know something of his doings and whereabouts. In September, Talbot entered Mercersburg Academy in Mercersburg, Pa., a college preparatory school. It is his intention to, in this one year, finish preparing himself to enter a large Eastern college next fall, probably Cornell or Princeton. Since entering Mercersburg, Talbot has had a chance to try conclu-

sions with some of the best Eastern weight men. The latest news tells of his breaking the interscholastic record for the 16-lb, hammer and getting within two feet of the 12-lb, record. He has broken the 12-lb, shot put record with a put of 53 feet 11-3 inches.

The Eastern coaches are expecting wonderful things from Talbot when the numerous spring meets take place. And his Manual friends are confident he will come up to all expectations, as nothing seems impossible for Talbot in the weight line. All conditions seem to point to Talbot being appointed as one of the United States weight representatives to take part in the Olympic games to be held in London in 1908. If this high honor should be bestowed upon him and he meets with the success that is expected, then we can safely boast that one of the world's greatest athletes was developed at Manual.

OUR TRACK CHANCE

The track season is here and every student is glad, partly because of their love for the track, but mostly because they at last see a golden opportunity to win the dual meet from Central. past years our track teams have finished ahead of our old rival in most all the l meets in which many teams are entered, but every time we meet them in a dual meet, they carry off the victory. It is little wonder then that our chief aim is to capture the dual meet. This year presents us with the best chance we have ever had, because we have at last caught Central's team riddled of some of its great sprinters.

In the field events Manual has always carried away the bulk of the points, and it looks as if we will again do so in 1907. Orme and Shoop should carry away the pole-vault, and Douseman and Boright will hold their own in the high-jump. The broad-jump is quite open, as neither school has any of their old leapers back. In the weights we are resting most of our hopes on Kanatzer. He is putting the shot 40 feet and throwing the ham-

mer 120 feet. He has developed his form properly now, and his distances should increase rapidly.

In the track events, where Manual usually "meets her Waterloo," we are expecting to reverse the usual order of things by outrunning the blue and white boys. With Hull, Harbolt and Shoop we expect to make a "sweep" of the hurdles. The mile event should be ours as we have Montague, Craig, Wright and Hammel, all first-class distance men. The short distance events, where Manual usually falls short, seem to be open. The Central sprinters, who won these events last year, are no longer in school, and here lies our chance. It is true the showing of our sprinters in Convention Hall was anything but encouraging, but they entered the meet with very little training, and little could be expected of them. If we can but hold Central to an even break in these short sprints, the meet will be ours. Now let every boy work his best to help us return some of the medicine Central has given us in the past.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

By BETH VAN DORSTON

The Olympic Games, the most splendid, national festival of the ancient Greeks, were celebrated every fourth year in the honor of Zeus, the father of gods, on the plain of Olympia. Their origin extends into pre-historic ages. According to the myth elaborated or preserved by the Elean priests, they were instituted by the Idaen Heracles in the time of Kronos, father of Zeus; according to others, by the later Heracles, son of Zeus and Alcmene. But the first glimpse of anything approaching to historic fact in connection with the games is their socalled revival by Iphitos, king of Elis, with the assistance of the Spartan law-giver Lycurgus, about 884 B. C., or according to others, about The festive games 828 B. C. were celebrated here, -in other words, that Olympia was a sacred spot long before the time of Iphitos can hardly be doubted; the universal tradition that the Elean King had only revived the games proves this; but nothing whatever can be historically ascertained concerning their origin, character, or frequency in this remoter time. Iphitos may, therefore, be regarded as their founder, yet the reckoning of time by olympiade-the real dawn of the historical period in Greek history-did not begin till more than a century later.

Athletics were studied in Greece as a branch of art and led to several useful rules of diet and exercise. When an athlete proposed to enter the lists at the Olympic or other public games, he was examined with regard to his birth, social position and moral character. He was obliged to take an oath on the altar of Zeus that he was of pure, Hellenic stock; that he had been in training ten months preceding the games; that he had committed no sacrilege or murder and that

he would abide by the rules and take no unfair advantage of an opponent.

The judges were selected by lot from the state in which the games were held, were instructed in their duties for ten months beforehand and held their office only for one year. The number of the judges varied at different times, but ultimately was fixed at eight. Their decision was not final, but might be revised by the senate.

Even men of genius contended for the palm in athletic exercises. The profound and eloquent Plato appeared among the wrestlers at the Isthmian games at Corinth and also the Pythian games at Sicyon.

Olympia, the scene of the celebrated Olympic games, is a beautiful valley in Elis in the Peloppnnesius, through which flows the river Alpheus. The sacred grove called the Alis of Olympia, inclosed a level space about 4,000 feet long by nearly 2,000 broad, containing the spot appropriated to the games and the sanctuaries connected with them.

At first it is conjectured only Peloponnesians resorted to the Olympic games, but gradually the other Greek states were attracted to them and the festival became Pan-hellenic. Originally and for a long time, none were allowed to contend except those of pure Hellenic blood, but after the conquest of Greece by the Romans the latter sought and obtained this honor.

On the first day the great initiatory sacrifices were offered, after which the competitors were properly classed and arranged by the judges and the contest of the trumpeters took place; the second day was set apart for the boys who competed with each other in foot races, wrestling, and boxing; the third and principal day was devoted to the contests

of men in foot-races, wrestling, and boxing and the race of the haplites, or men in heavy armour; on the fourth day the chariot and horse races and perhaps the contests of the heralds; the fifth day was set apart for processions, sacrifices and banquets to the victors, who were crowned with a garland of olive twigs cut from a sacred tree which grew in Altis, and presented to the assembled people each with a palm branch in his hand, while the heralds proclaimed his name and that of his father and country. Upon his return home he was received with extraordinary distinction; songs were sung in his praise; statutes were erected to him, both in Altis and his native country; a place of honor was given him at all public spectacles; he was in general exempted from public taxes and at Athens was supported at the expense of the state.

It was in 394 A. D. that the Olympic games came to an end, after a life of 1,600 years. A knowledge of the great influence for good exercised by these games during their best period has acted as a stimulus to all persons interested in the physical development of the young.

After many discouragements a committee was formed which took hold of the project with such enthusiasm that the games were not only renewed, but a stadium was erected at Athens in commemoration of the event. It was in this structure that the first of the games was held in 1896. America obtained the prize in which France, Germany, England, Greece, Hungary, Australia, Austria, Switzerland and Denmark also shared.

The second contests were held in Paris in 1900 in which athletes from the United States took as many as nine-tenths of the victories. The third contest was held in St. Louis at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904. The committee has now planned for contests of every phase of physical culture, and promises a series of spectacles which may be compared to those of the Roman Empire in the height of their glory.





If all the issues of *The Magpie* are as good as the February number, De Witt Clinton High School, of New York, can well be proud of its school paper. Every department is gotten up in a way which shows that the students as well as the editors take a great deal of interest in the paper.

The Central Luminary for January, like all the other numbers of that paper, is a neat and interesting example of a good High School periodical.

"The Cascadillian's club number is one of the best exchanges we have received. All the cuts in it are exceptionally good.

The University High School weekly has been a regular visitor, and a welcome one, too. It has probably made its last visit now, as we received notice that its Exchange Department was to be discontinued. We hope the editors will see fit to reopen that important department some time in the near future.

The Editorial Department of "The Cricket," (Belmont, Cal.), is gotten up in an original way. Every item is started with a cut of a cricket and the words, "The Cricket."

In December a new High School paper made its first appearance. We refer to Vol. 1, No. 1, of "The Sounder, which is edited by the pupils of the Fort Smith, Arkansas, High School. There are many of our exchanges which have been running for years that do not issue a paper equal to this first issue of the "The Sounder." We wish to receive "The Sounder" regularly. It will, no doubt, start an exchange department as soon as it has some exchanges.

If you get plane geometry solid, solid geometry will be plain,—Ex,

Professor (dictating Latin composition): "Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?"

Startled Freshman: "It's under my chair, sir; I was not using it."

PROPOSITION 23.

Theorem: A piece of ruled paper is a lame dog.

By Hyp: A piece of ruled paper is an ink-lined plane (inclined plane).

By Ax III.: An inclined plane is a slope-up (slow pup).

A pup is a dog.

A slow pup is a lame dog.

Q. E. D.-E.r.

Teacher: "What did you get for answer to the problem about the pressure on the dam?"

Earle (innocently): "I didn't do the dam problem."—Ex.

A Roosian once went to Shanghaiski And ordered a slab of mince paiski, He took a large biteski, And it was a friteski So loudly he hollered "Ah Myski."

B FRESHMAN.

Yield not to flirtation,
For flirting is sin;
No brother will help you
His sister to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark lasher subdue;
Don't flirt with the girls, boys,—
Let them flirt with you.

—Ex.

Lines of Cicero remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking silly questions,
Take up all the teacher's time.

Miss Pound: "Give the principal parts of the Latin verb meaning 'to en-

Freshie: "Flunco, flunkere, faculty,

fire 'em."-Ex.

She: "Why is a kiss from a Senior girl like a properly divided sermon?" He: "Really, I can't answer."

She: "Oh, pshaw, it only requires an introduction, two heads and an application."-Ex.

EXCELSIOR. The shades of night were falling fast, As down the village street there past
A Maiden.
Of lovely form and face serene,
A very Venus did she seem,

This Maiden.

The village sages stood agast, Gazed after her when she had passed And murmured, "She is stuffed," and gasped, "Excelsior!" —Ex.

"Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on. 'Twas not meant for you alone. Pass it on. Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till, in Heaven, the deed appears.
Pass it on." -Ex.

WHAT TO READ.

If you have the blues, read the twentyseventh Psalm.

If your pocketbook is empty, read the thirty-seventh Psalm.

If people seem unkind, read the fif-

teenth chapter of John.

If you are discouraged, about your work, read the one hundred twenty-sixth

If you are all out of sorts, read the

twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

If you are losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of First Cor-

If you can't have your own way in everything, keep silent and read the third chapter of James.

A SUMMER ROMANCE. Summer maiden. Full of fun, Summer fallow. Chapter One. Moonlight evening. Naught to do. Tender topics. Chapter Two, Sparkling diamond. Love will be Ever cherished. Chapter Three.
August passes. Girl no more.
Likewise diamond. Chapter Four.
Young man weakens. Heart to mend.
Love next season? NO! The End.

"The first February snows kept none of the young, bright, eager, enthusiastic Freshmen at home; but the Seniors, old, decrepit, rheumatic and asthmatic were snowbound."-Ex.

"Describe Westminster Abbey." "It's like a fire place because it contains the ashes of the grate (great)."

"Yes, he was killed by a blow from a policeman's club."

"A sort of hardwood finish."-Ex.

There is a small matter which some of our \$ub\$criber\$ have \$eemingly forgotten. To u\$ it i\$ nece\$\$ary in our bu\$ine\$\$. We are very mode\$t and do not wish to speak of it.-Ex.

LATIN.

All the peoples dead who spoke it; All the peoples dead who wrote it; All the people die who learn it; Blessed death-they surely earn it.

"Why should the United States outlive all other governments?"

"Because it has the best Constitution." -Ex.

Student (in English III): "Food and drink was generously served, in various rooms of the castle, while Athelstain's bier was reverently guarded in the chapel."-Ex.

"What is petroleum used for?" "To support the Standard Oil Company."—Ex.

Teacher: Is sulphur found extensive-

ly throughout nature?"

Student (thoughtfully): "No, sir; I believe the most of it has been collected for our use hereafter."-Ex.

Mother: "Johnny, how is it you stand so much lower in your studies this month than in December?"

Son: "Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays.—Ex.

Freshie: "Mister, why is it that all our coins have a woman's head stamped

Senior: "That's easy, because money talks."

A FISH STORY.

A fishy old fisher named Fisher, Fished fish from the edge of a fissure. A cod, with a grin, Pulled the fisherman in—

Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher. -Ex.

F—ierce lessons. L—ate hours. U—nexpected company. N—othing prepared. K-nocked out.-Ex.

A lady in San Francisco, engaged a Chinese cook. When he came she asked him his name.
"My name," said the Chinaman, "is

Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh, I can't remember all that, I'll call you John." John smiled and asked, "What your name?"

"My name is Mrs. Melville Langdon." "Me no member all that," said John, "Chinaman, he no savvy Mrs. Melbull London. I call you Tommy."—Ex.

On bended knee he sought her love, He tried this maid to woo; But all that she would say to him Was "23," "Skidoo." -Ex.

Lives of football men remind us,
That they write their names in blood
And, departing, leave behind them,
Half their faces in the mud.
—.

Winter at the 'phone: "Hello, do you want Winter?"

Central: "No, give me Spring."-Ex.

THE LATEST.

Customer: "You say, then, that this material is the latest?"

Shopman: "The very latest, madam." Customer: "But will it fade in the sun?"

Shopman: "Why, it has been lying in the window for two years, and look how well it has stood.—Ex.

A young poet gives us the following: Long, long, be my heart with memories thrilled Like a pipe which tobacco has oftentimes filled; You may keep it away from a man if you will. But the scent of tobacco will cling round him still.

A pupil in geometry wanted to know if a (secant) is called so because you (can't see) it.—Ex.

NEW MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

"Wilt thou take her for thy pard, For better or for worse; To have, to hold, to fondly guard, "Till hauled off in a hearse?

Wilt thou give her all the 'stuff,'
Her little purse will pack.
Buy a boa and a muff, A little sealskin sacque?

Wilt thou comfort and support Her father and her mother, Aunt Jemima, Uncle John, Three sisters and a brother?

And his face grew pale and blank,
It was too late to jilt;
As through the chapel floor he sank,
He sadly said, "I wilt,"—and he wilted.

Patient: "Why don't you take more

pains when you extract teeth?"

Doctor: "Because I'm a painless dentist, sir."—Ex.

Young Fissicks got a shingle out Proclaiming him M. D. But from A. M. to late P. M., His office is M. T. -Ex.

Perhaps some jokes are old and should be on the shelf.

If you know any better send in a few yourself.—Ex.

D—eterminations set aside. E-venings on the Range. M-any lessons unprepared. E-xpectations have a change. R—ecitations all neglected: I-gnorance unexcused. T-wenty-three for you. ki-doo.-Ex.

When you court a girl to wed her, Never let your questions stop. First you have to pop the question, Then you have to question Pop.

Haynie had a big brown dog;
"Twas his beyond a doubt.
It followed him to school and stayed Till teacher turned him out. -Ex.

Rejected suitor: "Well, I may be poor, but I once rode in my own carriage. Unsympathetic girl: "Yes, when your mother pushed it.—Ex.

A green little boy in a green little way, A green little apple devoured one day; Now the green little grasses peacefully

O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.

"When I get to heaven," said a woman to her Baconian husband, "I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote those plays."

"Maybe he won't be there," was the

"Then you can ask him," said the wife, -Ex.

EXCUSES IN RECITATIONS.

"Were you speaking to me?" "I didn't hear your question,"

"I don't understand; what do you mean?"

"I can't see the board from here."

"I didn't study that far."

"Why (in injured tone) we didn't have that far today."

"That's as far as I got." "I was absent yesterday."

"I know it, but I can't express it in

"Beg pardon, where's the place?" "Why (also in injured tone) I studied the next chapter."

"Well, it depends."

"It varies."

"Well—ah."

"You mean a ---"

"Oh yes-er-why."-Ex.

Teacher, in a drawing class: "With your pencil draw an imaginary line thro the middle of the paper.'

Teacher: "What is space?"

Sophomore: "Space—space is—I have it in my head—I know it—but, I don't know how to explain it."-Ex.

Teacher: Give a definition of hypoc-

Johnny: It's when a fellow says he loves his teacher.—Ex.

There was a young man from the West Wooed a maid from the East with much zest. So hard did he press her

To make her say, "Yes, sir," He broke three cigars in his vest.

-Ex.

Woman (to tramp): "Now, if you don't leave at once I'll call out my husband, and he is an old Harvard football

Tramp: "Lady, if you loves him, don't call him out. I used to play with Yale."—Ex.

"Where did you meet the girl I saw with you the other night?"

"I didn't meet her-just picked her up at the roller skating rink."—Ex.





ATTENTION!

We have been forced, by the unstable condition of the kingdom of hearts, to discontinue the department called "Cases for Cupid." In the last issue were printed eight very evident and serious

cases. That was all.

"What of it?" you may question, "why didn't you print more?" Alas! you have never quailed beneath the glare of an enraged youth, or been scorched by the elegant sarcasm which our Manual girls are noted for, or been challenged to duel or many other tortures which this department costs us. Out of these eight cases three were over when the Nautilus came out and the parties kindly informed us that we had printed ancient history. This world is certainly becoming fickle when hearts, heated to redness and welded together by that master mechanic, Cupid, should in three weeks' time be cold and distant-when love stays only for a day and then flits on to bleed some other heart.

The victims in three other cases did not deny the truth of the accusation, but offered to decorate our window-lights and throw in a general message, however, when we declined, they comforted themselves by pouring forth volumes of heated air, which tended to roast us. The two other cases were considerate enough to keep their ideas to themselves and pass us by with proud disdain, as too low

for notice.

We do not know to which class the person or persons belong who put a box of fudge in the local box, but, whoever it was, we wish to thank, for the contents served very admirably as a rat poison and general pest exterminator. So we must desist from exposing Cupid to the unfeeling public and let him live in peace and obscurity in the shadow of old Manual, where he can make and break his combinations as he pleases. We wish him success, but as he has disdained our assistance we withdraw it.

WAKE UP!

School spirit is gauged by the quantity and quality of its locals. The local box has been receiving enough locals to keep up the magazine, but that is about all. If you are a knocker and want to knock the local department, remember that this don't help matters any, but spend your energy writing up locals of the type you think ought to be put in and quietly slip them in the box. If you are a school patriot, a true "Manualite," write all the locals you hear or hear of, and put in the box. (The box don't bite, and nobody will hurt you for doing so.) If you wish to sign your name to the locals you may, but you are not obliged to. 1750 pupils ought to hand in 100 locals a day. Do it! Make the Annual the best yet!

He was running to catch a street car: Ice! Slipped! Saw many a star. In summer he takes It in hundred pound cakes, But in winter gets ice by the jar.

The editors wish to thank Robert Mann for the locals he has handed in. They are among the funniest and are the most numerous. He certainly has talent along this line.

A pathetic little ditty copied from the back of Mary Oldham's history book:

Nobody loves me,
Everybody hates me,
I'm going out into the garden and eat worms;
Big, long, slimy ones,
Little, teeny, tiny ones;
Jolly! how they tickle when they squirm!

(What a pathetic state of affairs.)

Dorothy Oldham said that she saw some pigs out under a persimmon tree before frost and every time the pigs tried to grunt they whistled.

A FOOL.

The biggest fool of all fools is the fool who thinks he can't be fooled.

Miss Hazen (discussing a menu): "Cranberries go with turkey; what goes with the goose?"
Adele: "Gooseberries."

Mr. Elmer: "Well, you pair them off in couples."

(Foolish, but characteristic.)

Mr. Davis: "What colleges in the U. S. correspond with the sacred colleges of early Rome?"

Ralph: "Salvation Army."

Esther (in History): "The Persians hired a whole lot of seminaries," (mercenaries.)

Freshie: "I have a sister at home who is a vocal singer."

THE VERY IDEA.

Robt. Calvert: "Mr. Peters, won't you buy a ticket to the Basket Ball game, in connection with roller skating? You will miss half of your life if you don't."
Mr. P. B. S. Peters: "That's true for

some; but, if I got on skates, I'd miss

the other half, also."

THOSE FRESHIES.

Freshman: (attempting slang.) "Did you skunk in any of your lessons?"

SO SUDDEN.

Gilbert Kirlin: (translating in Latin.) "Your life to me is dear-

Miss Drake: "Not now, Gilbert, don't be so romantic."

Miss Steele: "And he never made love to her or any of that foolishness."

"I say, Venus, lend me five Apollo: dollars."

Venus: "Can't do it, old boy, I'm broke."

Apollo: "So am I. That's the reason I ask for it."

Miss Ferguson: "Is anything absent today?"

Leontine: "Yes, my mind." (Surely a mistake on both sides.)

Miss Van Metre: "I am very fond of fiction, especially biography and letters. I read all the letters I can get.'

Miss Fisher: Wanting to show the pupils the proper expression to a phrase, went to the door and throwing it open, cried, "Entrez-vous" (come in). Just then a pupil passing in the hall looked hard at Miss Fisher, blushed, and would probably have come in if he had only understood.

ROOM 10.

If Mr. Cowan persists that the room is warm enough, when everyone-but himself-is shivering, we will be forced to think that it is his burning genius that heats him.

Mr. Dodd: "It's so dark, today, that I can't hear very well."

BOYS!

Mr. Cowan recently told a pretty young lady in his fifth hour class, to get rid of her heart. Boys, here's your chance.

Lucile (hearing a bucket rattle): "Did he kick the bucket?"

Estelle: "No, he just turned a little pale."

Mr. Page (talking of impulse): "Mr. Chick, suppose a horse should kick a man. What would that be?"

Henry (dreamily): "That would be a darn shame."

Complimentary Miss Fisher: "Cushman, you looked like a rhinoceros, just then.

THAT SLIPPERY DAY.

Jane started, as usual, to school, one day, It was a trifle late,— But cars go faster than persons may And tardiness she did hate.

'Twas cloudy, of course, and foggy, too, But her rubbers were dirty, you see; And then, that 'twas icy, she never knew, Nor dreamed how it would be.

She started out briskly, to gain lost time,—
The ice she soon discovered—
The topmost book went whirling, and her dime
From its leaves was uncovered.

A humble seat she was forced to take, But when her feet she gained, She saw, in dismay, her cruel fate— Car rides she strangely disdained.

She started fiercely toward the school, Her belongings, clutching tightly, She knew her feet she could not rule, Unless she placed them rightly.

The friendly lamp posts helped her on, But, adventures many she had, She found, to her sorrow, her essay gone, Which helped to make her sad.

Mr. Page (returning examination papers): "Just because gas is 25c a thousand is no reason you should waste an 's' spelling it."

DON'T BE A MUEL!
Are you going to skuel,
And sit on a little stuel,
And act like a little fuel?

Ruth Hunt: "Men seem to be a necessary evil."

Marie (in test): "How do you spell geometry?" Virginia: "F-l-u-n-k."

In English, when a boy was asked to write an essay of Self-Reliance, he appeared with the following: "I think self-reliance is a pretty good thing because, last term, I failed in everything, for the reason that I always depended on my cuffs; so, when examinations came, all my knowledge went to the suds."

Teacher: "Do you 'fix' a door, or do you 'mend' it?"

John: "I don't do either one."

Prof. Phillips, in looking over the manuscript for this issue of the Nautilus, said that it would be a good thing if the pupils would write on subjects in which they have had experience. (Most of the stories were about love.)

Mr. Peters (in English Literature): "Mr. Banks, what was George Primrose's first misfortune?"

Robert: "Why, he lost his girl."

NOTICE!

Banana skins, in summer, and ice, in winter, are the downfall of many.

Mr. Peters (to pupil studying in class): "Leave that studying until you get in the Assembly Hall meeting."

Bly Floyd: "What is the matter with your hair ribbon, Era?" Era Darnall: "It's loose (Lewis)."

WHAT THEY SHOULD EAT.
Policeman: Dead beets.
Gamblers: Saratoga chips.
Car Conductors: Jam.
Chiropodists: Corn.
After Dinner Speakers: Taffy.
Dentists: Gum drops.
Insurance Presidents: Dough.

(Heard in the hall.) Mary: "Oh, I'm going to have two new rings."

Leota: "Oh, that's nothing; we are going to have a new telephone, and then we'll have more than two rings."

Miss Topping: "Ella, get to work." Ella: "I am a-working." Miss Topping: "Yes, a-working your ws."

(Rather mixed.) Teacher in Geometry: "What does respectively mean?" (Shrieks of silence.)

(Shrieks of silence.)
Teacher again: "Well, what do you mean when you put it on letters, at the close."

Walter Jaccard (holding his Geometry tightly in his hand): "Yes, I think that I have a pretty good grasp of my Geometry."

"The angel of peace brooded over the troubled times, and crowed lustily."

O. "Why is the eldest son of Lord Curzon like a London fog?"

A. "He is the air (heir) apparent."

Girls, remember, the keynote of good manners is B natural.

BOYS, TAKE NOTICE!

Why is a particular spice superior to the most famous boy in the world?

Because, however great a boy may be, there is always a nutmeg greater, (grater.)

> A little boy, A pair of skates; A hole in the ice, And the Golden Gates.

EPITAPH. Here lies the body of Jimmy Reed. He ate an apple and swallowed the seed. The doctors said 'twas appendi-seedus, But he only had green apple-eatus.

Virginia: "Mr. Gustafson, what do you do when you get nitric acid on your dress?"

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

"A new wave on the ocean of life" is the way In which poets speak of a baby, But the neighbors who call the cross child "a fresh squall"

Are nearer true realists, may be.

Before man parted for this earthly strand, While yet upon the verge of Heaven he

God gave a heap of letters in his hand, And bade him make with them what world he could.

-MATHEW ARNOLD. "Had I been there on that Red Letter Day And God given me an alphabet to try,
Two dozen letters I'd have thrown away,
And spelled "life's happiness" with "U"
and "I."

You think it strange when I do say, That "I" may well be "you" But, in Latin, strange though it be, "Me" is always "you."

ODE TO GEOMETRY.

Oh! Geometry, thou art my deadliest enemy, the root of all my woe. Begone! Allow me to dream in peace of a sweeter face than that of a Reg. Hexagon! Pesterest thou me no longer! Thrice over would I endure the misery of that Sanctum Sanctorium, sixteen, or experience the agony of that holy of holies, thirtyone, rather than enter that lowly door marked twenty-five. Thou standest between me and the heights of my ambition to graduate without a flunk against my name. Oh, Geometry, thou shalt surely break my heart.

Soph (to an "Oita"): "When are you girls going to give your open house?

Marie Philips: "When a little boy, named Jim, is run over by the cable car, then there is Jim Jam."

Mr. Page: "How do you make a balloon go up, Miss Reinhardt?"

Ruth: "Why, you fill it with a vacuum.

(Heard in Room 15.) Miss Drake: "Now, pupils, I want you to be able to decline the following nouns and adjectives: Puer fortis, brave boy; vir primus, first man (that must mean Adam); animal liberum (that must mean Adam before Eve arrived on the scene.)'

Miss Elston: "Now, May, recite your oral composition."

May: "The title of it is: 'My experience on a farm—" well, it was not exactly a farm. It was a-man-a man that had an orchard."

LEARNED IN PHYSICS.

Miss Sublette (in third hour Physi-ology class): "Hazel, what do you un-

derstand by walking?"
Hazel: "Walking is an action produced by putting one foot forward and pushing the earth from under you."

Mabel Clement: "Miss Gallagher and two other girls were judges in our English debate."

Teacher: "Why is geology considered a deep science?"

Bright Pupil: "Because it penetrates into the earth."

Miss Steele: 'Did you study your lesson with a map?"

Brilliant Fresh: "No'm."

Miss Steele: "What! Why not?"

Brilliant Fresh: "Oh, pa said that the map of the world was changing every day, so I thought I would wait until things got settled."

GENTRAL!!

Is out after that \$250.00

Shall we let them have it?

(Heard in the hall:) "We're going to make oysters today." (We didn't know a Manual girl's accomplishments were so oceanic.)

Mr. Page: "Why do I wipe the water off from this thermometer?"

(No answer.) Mr. P.: "To get it dry, of course.

A SAD TALE.

I wrote a piece, one day,
And when friends said 'twas good
I send it to the NAUTILUS
As anybody should.

I hoped it would be printed And timidly I asked it But Leo gave it just one look And tossed it in the basket.

This poem will follow the rest— I suppose the basket will end it But perseverance deserves reward, And, anyway, I'll send it.

Willrose: "Just now I saw Mr. Chace up stairs, making a big racket with the faucets, trying to get some water."

faucets, trying to get some water."

Elsa: "Maybe he found his Math. too dry."

THE NAUTILUS.

Hark, what means this shouting?
What is all this noise about?
Why, it seems to come from Manual,
Can the NAUTHUS be out?

From the babies in the cradle,
To the old men with the gout
All must hear the happy tidings,
For the NAUTILUS is out.

We have beat the other papers,
We have put them all to rout,
They are getting green with envy
Since the NAUTILUS came out.

When they read our first edition,
They felt pretty sad, no doubt,
But they're welcome to our sympathy,
Since the NAUTRUS came out.

Minnie (in sewing): "Miss Rouse, I've forgotten how to start the overcasting in the buttonhole."

Miss Rouse (standing near Celeste): "Celeste, what shall I do to her?"

Celeste (thinking only of the overcasting): "Take two stitches on the wrong side."

Queer, isn't it, how the night falls, but the day breaks?

Hoffman: "Of all the Kings of England, Elizabeth is the greatest.

Poverty, like riches, is appreciated only by those who have it not.

FOUND.

Found in the hall-a curl, blonde and about three inches long. Owner call at Nautilus office. (M. Le B., take notice).

OUR GUESTS.

Senator Warner and Senator Stone Visited us one day, And Miss Hazen offered them biscuits, If they would only stay.

But they feared for their digestion, So they said they hadn't time; Were sorry they couldn't taste them, For they knew that they were prime.

Of course they acted wisely On saving a doctor's fee, But I think they might have taken one, If only to please me.

Now, we wish luck to the senators, And blessings upon their head; But we Manualites feel slighted, 'Cause they wouldn't eat our bread.

Drawing Teacher: "What is a kneaded rubber

Pupil: "A rubber that is very necessary.

Mr. Dodd: (to young lady who has been absent a week.) "It seems you are trying to Dodd-ge me."

Ben Nicolet: "You can buy gold leaf and get copper; but if you steal gold leaf, the copper will get you."

Mr. Page: "A pound of coal, if all its energy was expended at once, would carry it over 700 miles up in the air. Mr. Hoffman, how high would you go if your energy was so disposed of?"
Mr. Hoffman: "About five feet."

Nan: "I wonder which end of the hour is cut when we have Assembly."

Mr. Page: "Miss Preston, I suppose you have seen what I have written on the board?"

Miss Preston: "No, I couldn't read

Miss Drake: "Now, I think, from these reports that you were out skating yesterday."

Mr. Parker: "Yes, I skated on my

right ear."

Mr. Schwab (in response to roll call): "I read it over."

Miss Drake: "You looked it over? I'm so glad you didn't overlook it."

WAS HE DREAMING.

Claflin Mr. (examining paper) "That looks all right."

Pupil: "Why, you've got it upside

down."

In sewing, a girl anxiously told her teacher that she had left her card in Caesar.

Mr. Davis: "Who wrote the Acts of the Apostles?"

Freshman: "Socrates, wasn't it?"

Mr. Davis (correcting a mispronounced cyllable): "Cus!"

Max Pierce: "I'll remember that all right."

Miss Topping told one of her pupils that when she went home, after it snowed so hard, she found one of her pet hens standing up to its waist in snow. (We wonder where the hen's waist line is.)

Teacher in English: "My soul is here (pointing upward to her head), the others are down below." (What did she mean?)

Senior: (Pointing to Morris B.) "There stands the object."

Junior: "That's a compliment."

Senior: "Why, yes, a sort of object compliment, you know."

Dorothy: "Was it a quiet spot, where you kissed Ethel?"

Lee: "No, it was on her mouth."

A mathematics teacher in assigning a geometry lesson, told her pupils to take proposition 23 and its cor, then repeating. "All 23! and we did."

Teacher: "What is a simple equation?"

Pupil in Math: "It is one that I can work."

Who said that ignorance is bliss? Whoever it was did not know about report cards and final exams.

Boy (trying to prove a statement in algebra): "Well, Mr. Swanson, supposing you had ten dollars."

Mr. Swanson (sighing): "That is only a supposition."

There is a Freshie in this school who has a step-ladder to enable him to reach the handle of his locker.

Soon he will be taking our case (e's)
—maybe.

"Please hand me Review of Reviews,"
The landlady's eyes did flash,
For a younger boarder looked absently up,
And solemnly passed the hash.

This early spring is caused by the hot air from the red-hot Inter-Society Preliminaries.

Nan Beatty has got to the "pickle stage" in her love affairs.—In fact, we have noticed that the whole O'ita society is addicted to pickle eating.

Mr. Phillips was trying to thread a fine cambric needle with a piece of binding twine—needless to say he failed. He startled us with the application to the effect that some of the members of '07 would have as hard a time to graduate as the string has to get through the eye of the needle.

Miss Van Meter: (giving directions for dramatizing "Silas Marner") "Now children, don't forget the epilogue."

Schrader: "No ma'm, Eppie is one of the main characters."

Miss Van Meter: "I never hesitate to tell anyone my age—that is to say, er-r-a-h."

Parker: "How dear to my heart is the ring of the last bell when studying Cicero I happen to be."

Mr. Dodd: "Has anyone seen Mabel Clement to day?"

Fredman: "Yes, she's here."

The boy stood on the platform wide;
His knees were shaking hard.
His mouth, it moved,
No word would come;
His eyes soon sought a card:
His cheeks blushed red,
His face turned funny—
The card he held was his Ceasar pony.

Ethel McDonald: "I'd wear a white dress every day if I had enough to go around.

Patron (in office): "Where will I find the forgery department?"

When is Leake not a leak? When he is asleep.

Mr. Phillips: "I have a Japanese bathrobe, a beautiful thing—I've never worn it.

Slover: "Whatsoever the joinery teacher joins together let no freshman put asunder,"

Mr. Hout suffers the lack of hair on his head from the ceiling of room (?)43.

From the diary of the Local Editor: Mon. 11—One joke. Point lacking. Tuesday, 12—Lost our key.

Lapse of one week.

Wed. 20—Found key. Nihil. Point to surprise of the eleventh, still lost.

Thurs. 21—Found point to said joke with a powerful microscope. Hysterics. Ha! Ha! Collapse!

Absent for a week!

There is a club called the Boy's Glee They can sing from X-flat to high P; But when Mr. Woods Says deliver the goods, They try, but he says it's N. G.

Original definitions in a free-hand Drawing Test:

An Oval is a lopsided circle.

A Rombus is a busted square.

Proportion is having both sides balanced.

Perspectives are things that get away from you.

Perspective shows things disappearing.

A Perpendicular are things that go up and down..

The following shows the disasterous results of not punctuating:

Perspective shows construction of things used in making stool's legs,

A Shadow is a light cast on an object.

A Plumb-line is to help put the feet of an object in place.

A Portfolio is a thing to conceal drawings.

Perpendicular is straight up and down lines.

Horizontal equals straight across or opposite perpendicular.

Local from the office—"Please excuse Earl's absence February 8th, 11th and 12th. He went to his brother's wedding. You know he expects to marry sometime, himself.

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Everything is for sale, and prices are so reasonable. I want you to see "Fred Rust's Book Shop" the very first time you are in town.

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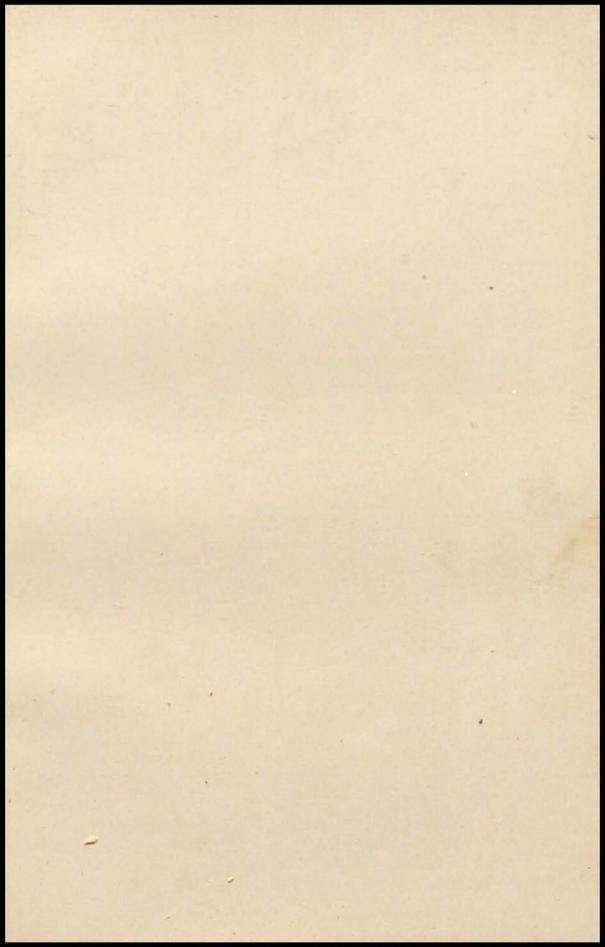
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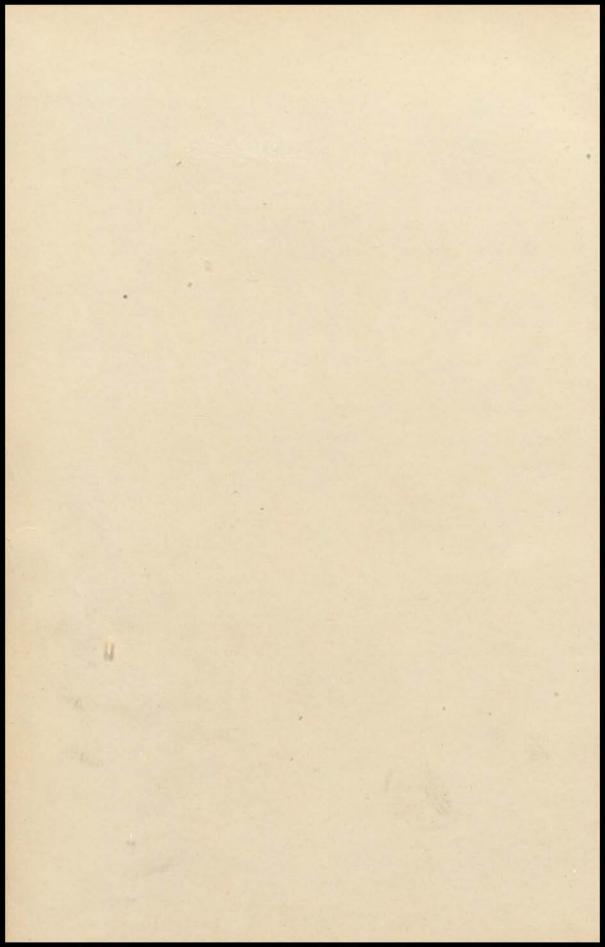
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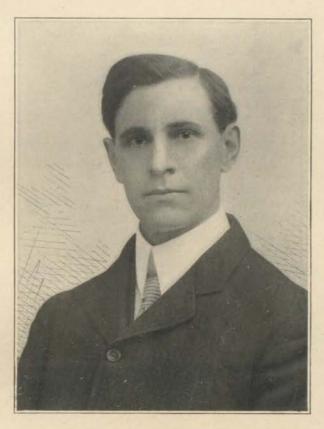




We, the nautilus Staff of '06-07, dedicate this Annual to the eminent Senior Class of '07. We sincerely trust that, when you are Seniors in the Great School of the World, you will still hold this school, Manual, your Alma Mater, and the associations, strifes and conquests thereof, the dearest of all your treasures.



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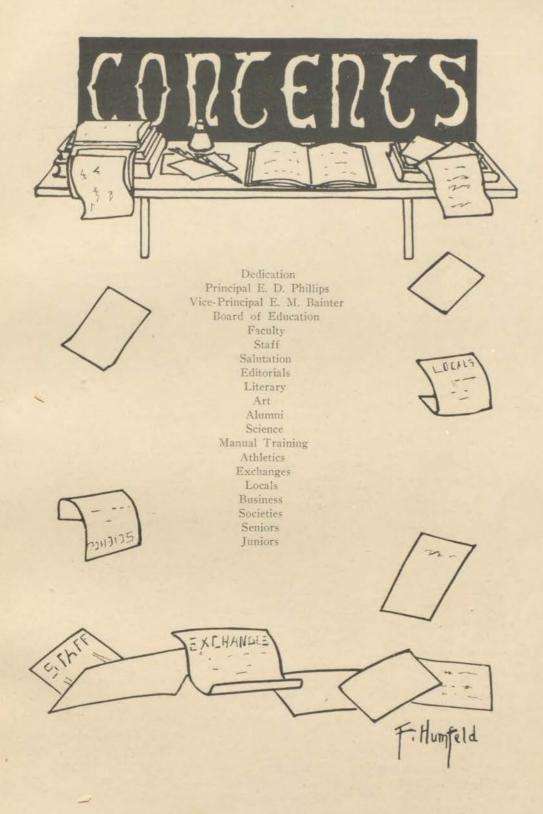
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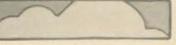
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SALUTATION



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Build the 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 life's unresting sea.

-Oliver W. Holmes.





LEO GONWELL Editor-in-Ghief



MARGARET ELSTON Associate Editor

Manual has taken her share of the honors again this year. In every contest

Scholarship to Manual. which Manual has entered she has either won first or second prizes, and sometimes both, in athletics as well as in wholly intellectual contests.

The latest honor over which we may exult is the winning of one of the one hundred and twenty-five dollar scholarships which the University of Missouri offered this year for the second time. This scholarship was won in a contest wherein every accredited high school of the state could take part. About fifty sent representatives to Columbia this year, and it was over this number that our representative, Miss Alice Richardson, won the girls' scholarship. The subject of her essay was "Pippa Passes," having for its theme Browning's poem of that name. Our representative in the debate, although qualifying in the prelim-

inaries, lost in the finals, the scholarship, however, came to Kansas City, Mr. Dudley Monk, of Central, being the winner.

Inasmuch as we were at Columbia, we naturally have opinions as to the conducting of the contest. In the first place, there was no music upon the program. The need of something to appeal to our lighter senses, and to lessen the suspense while the judges were out, was obvious, To remedy this defect, our principal has proposed to the University authorities that they have an inter-scholastic gieeclub contest and let the winning club furnish the music the night of the contest. It is not known whether the plan will be accepted or not, but we should say that it is an excellent idea. would also like to go on record as condemning the manner of judging. They allow the judges of preliminaries to judge the finals. This is bad, for a contestant qualifying in the preliminaries might not do so well as on the finals. This is an evil, when one considers the fact that first impressions count a great deal as a factor.

It is a well known fact that girls excel in nearly everything they undertake, and especially in those things that call for a certain amount of

O'ita's Open Session. daintiness and tactful suggestiveness. The O'ita's open session this year was the embodiment

of everything feminine, and since one must always make concessions to the weaker sex, we feel justified in saying that it was the prettiest little play we have ever seen upon a high school stage.

The playette, "Kagami" it was named, was written by one of the members of the society, Miss Elsa Ripley. The action takes place in Japan, and the plot runs in several legends and stories of Japan. Ito, a Japanese merchant, finds a looking-glass, and upon seeing his own image in it, declares that he has found the picture of his father, as he appeared when he was a young man. Ito thinks that the gods have sent him the picture as a good omen and does not share his secret with his wife, Miko (Miss Welsh). However, her woman's intuition tells her that her husband is keeping something from her, and, searching around, finds the looking-glass. When she sees her image, she shows a fine passion and vows that she will be avenged upon her husband for treasuring the portrait of such a "hideous looking woman." Ito returns home to participate in the festivities his wife is giving, and is confronted with his perfidy. They quarrel and priests passing enter to calm them. When they look upon the cause of the strife, each in his turn declares that it is not the portrait of a woman, but of a sacred priest, each a different one. However, they quarrel and leave in high dudgeon. This quarrel is made very realistic by the acting of Miss Carson and Miss Meyer.

At this point a dance was given by some of the members of the society, dressed as Geisha girls. It was very clever and pretty. Finally, a wise old priest, Miss Richardson, explains the mystery and all is forgiven.

The scenery and other decorations were exceedingly pretty. A number of green bows were entirely covered with paper cherry blossoms; the stage was studded with lanterns and flags.

The society had one piece of special scenery, a very realistic mountain scene, the Sacred Mountain of Japan, painted by Miss Thomas and Miss McCalvey, of the Art Department. There were two very handsome Sacred Lanterns set up-

on pedestals, and numerous Japanese vases. When one considers the time that the girls of the society spent upon their play, one cannot refrain from giving first place to them.

The Ion open session on April 17th, was decidedly one of the most original programs we have had.

Ion It succeeded admirably in its purpose—that of furnishing the audience with wholesome amusement.

It consisted of a farce, entitled, "Max, the Professor," written by Arnold Hofmann, a member of this society. The plot was simple, as is the case with most farces, but very clever, with a great chance for by-play. Mr. Hofmann showed not only his ability as a playwright, but his acting ability also, for he played admirably in the title role. Mr. Robert Banks made a most villainous villain, one that was remembered for weeks afterward by many, and who appeared in many succeeding nightmares. Neff McCleary was the heroine, and as such, brought down the house with his "maidenly" deportment and especially his "maidenly" voice. The rest of the cast, chiefly representing college men, did very creditably, rendering the spread scene in a most natural way.

May 9th the Elocution Department gave its annual program. It was in an unusually fine condition to do so, as it has Department's among its members so Program. many strong elocutionists who did great justice to themselves and to their faithful director, Mr. Cowan. The program was different for afternoon and morning, so

that a larger number might show their ability. Paul Dodd's oration was especially good.

When our Columbia contest representatives returned with the enthusiastic

Columbia
Contestants
give
Readings.

praises of all who heard them, the poor unfortunates who were left behind were so anxious to hear what they offered that Professor Phillips took pity on them

and gave permission for a special program on May 16, at which the contestants repeated their attempts. Breathlessly the audience listened to Mr. Conwell's clear cut arguments, and in the end were fully convinced that additional restrictions should not be placed on immigration. Mr. Conwell is a member of the Society of Debate.

Miss Richardson's essay on "Pippa Passes," showed a depth of feeling and an originality which could not have done otherwise than win the scholarship, Miss Richardson is a member of the O'ita Literary Society.

In addition, the audience was treated to a piano solo by a young man who has been blind from childhood. Mr. Balfour is a cousin of the distinguished Irish statesman, Arthur Balfour. In addition to his heavy number he rendered original "Sour Irish Chilties." No music we have had this year have we enjoyed any better.

The third annual inter-society and school-at-large contest was held on the evening of April twenty-sixth. The school spirit manifested on this occation was greater than ever before, partly on account of the fact that four medals, in-

stead of two, were to be awarded. Exact reproductions of the two gold medals had been made in silver, and these were to go to the oration and recitation that should be judged second best.

At eight o'clock the mandolin club began to play a stately march, and the contestants, with their escorts, entered the hall, preceded by the bearer of our crimson banner. Amid a tumult of applause they advanced to the palm-banked stage, each one taking the chair over which was placed a silk bow of the colors of the organization which he represented. Mr. Hale C. Cook, the chairman of the evening, was introduced, and after a few remarks, the contest began.

It was a fine contest and a hard fought one. Those who won did excellently, but no one can say they won easily. But only four could win and we heartily congratulate them, for the harder the fight, the greater the glory.

Leo Conwell received the gold medal for oration. Arnold Hofmann was judged second and was awarded the silver. Miss Georgia Riley received the gold medal for the best recitation, with Ruth McGurk coming second with the silver medal.

The program was as follows:

Chairman of the Evening, Hon, Hale, H. Cook Member Board of Education

Original Oration......"Gustavus Adolphus" Mr. William Curry, Schoot-at-Large

Recitation....."The Heart of Old Hickory"
Miss Gertrude Mitchell, School-at-Large

Original Oration."Mozart"

Mr. Arnold Hofmann, Ion Society

Recitation....."The Heart of Eric"
Miss Ruth McCurk, Oita Society

Original Oration......"Trusts and the Public"
Mr. Myron Witters, American Literary Society
Recitation......."The Death of Little Eva"
Miss Bertie Hawes, American Literary Society
Original Oration..."A Neglected Naval Hero"
Mr. Leo Conwell, Manual Society of Debate
Recitation................."Old Mistis"
Miss Georgia Riley, School-at-Large

Miss Gilday has kindly consented to our publishing this letter from Ledwidge Sargent. There are many interesting

Letter from Peru. facts in his letter, which we print in order to dispel any illusions which anybody might have in regard to the progressiveness of our sister

continent. As for us, we never supposed that they had interurban electric lines and automobiles.

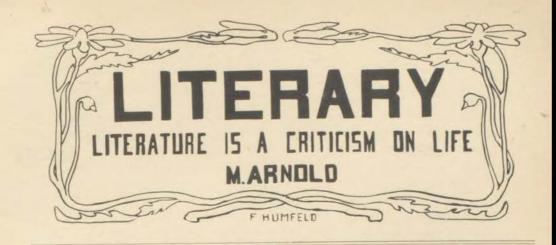
La Oroya, Peru, April 9th, 1907. My Dear Miss Gilday:

As I promised to write you when I left Kansas City, I will try to do so tonight, although this is a pretty dead place.

I left New York aboard the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's steamer, "Atrato." We stopped first at Port Antorno, Jamaica, and then at Kingston, "the city of the dead," where we arrived one week after the earthquake. It was the sight of a lifetime, and while it was a wonderful sight, they were still burying the bodies in the streets and I was glad to get away. Two days later we landed at Colon, and the next day I crossed the Isthmus on the Panama Railroad, a railroad which cost a life for every tie beneath its rails.

I am learning Spanish as rapidly as possible, and with two of the other fellows am learning stenography and telegraphy.

G. LEDWIDGE SARGENT.





WOODSON THORNTON



ELSA RIPLEY

The End of a Song

By Arnold Hofmann, '07

It was a cold, misty, drizzling autumn night. A night as cheerless as though melancholy herself had fashioned it, Yet to the men who were drinking and playing at cards in O'Brien's little smoke-dimmed saloon, it made very little difference. They came there, as they had done all the other nights, to forget the outside world, and tonight was no exception. One man, however, usually sociable and good-natured, tonight sat in a corner apart from the others slowly sipports a glass of brandy.

At the first glance he seemed a man of seventy; his hair was white, his face sallow and deeply lined. But in looking closer it could be seen that age was not to account for those deep wrinkles. On looking into his eyes one could see through their soft kindness a deep shadow, so dark and deep that though his eyes were gray it made them seem almost black. A shadow brought about by terrible mental suffering. His penetrating half-reproachful glance had something in it that seemed to say: "Yes

I could tell you much, very much, if I would." He had a wonderful pair of lips, thin and refined. And when they formed themselves into a smile it was such a smile as would bring a tear to the eye of a person of tender feelings.

Though his appearance was careless and unkept, yet those two things, his eyes and his mouth, made him interesting and attractive to everyone.

The dingy clock on the wall pointed to eight as he arose from his table and walked slowly toward the bar. His shoulders were stooped and his step was heavy. "Come, boys," he said, pound-



"IT WAS A SONG"

ing with his fist on the counter, "come, have a drink on me!"

"We're with you," they cried cheerily and lined up to be served. When every glass was filed the man who was paying for the drinks lifted up his glass and with his peculiar sad smile he said, in a trembling tone: "You see, boys, I don't believe I'll drink here any more; so I thought as a sort of a leave taking we would all have one last drink to-

gether. Come, boys, here's to you!"
And with that he put his glass to his lips and drained it, as did all the others, who, when they had finished, gave vent to a series of grunts.

"You ain't going to give it up 'er you?" asked the bartender who had been looking at him steadily.

"Yes, yes," was the answer. "I shall not drink any more."

The bartender looked at him intently for a moment, then he refilled the glasses and in a loud voice cried, "Boys, I'm paying for the drinks, we'll all drink to the health of Mr. Joseph Galvin." Mr. Galvin wiped his eyes with the palm of his hand. "Your whiskey is strong," he mumbled. Then he shook each one by the hand, and putting up his coat collar he walked into the night amid a loud cheer.

"How Mr. Galvin has changed," said the bartender, after an interval of silence, during which all had gazed at the door through which the stoop-shouldered, grav-haired man had disappeared. "How he has changed. Why, when he first came in here ten years ago he was a young man of thirty, and a hansom cuss he was, too. But even then there was something sad about him, and his eyes looked just as they do now. At first he only came once in a while, but pretty soon he got to comin' every night. an' drinkin' heavy, though I never seen him drunk. I always thought he must ha' had some big trouble or other. But when I heard his wife had run away from him, I knew that was the reason he came here so much. Yes, he was married and he had a little kid that wasn't even named yet. An' just then he had to go to Europe on some business and when he came back the woman and the kid they was gone. Ever since then he didn't care what happened, and boys, I'm sorter skeared he's goin' to do somethin' desperate tonight. I don't

know why, but it seems that way to me."

The bartender finished his story, the men went back to their tables and began to play again, but Joseph Galvin was walking steadily through the mist in the direction of the wharf. The bartender's supposition had been correct, he was going to attempt something desperate. The rain had ceased and the mist was beginning to lift, but the sky was heavily overcast when he reached his destination. He walked close up to the waters' edge and looked out to sea. The incessant lapping of the waves and the noise of the moored boats as they rubbed against each other was all that broke the silence. As he stood there, with clenched fists, fighting a terrible battle with himself, all the events of his past life crowded themselves into his mind. He lived over his happiness, his temptations and his sorrows-but heaviest of all were his sorrows.

A few belated fishermen landed and tied up their boats. "It will feel good to get home tonight." said one. "I can taste the hot soup now that my wife's got ready for me," said another. The words burned into Galvin's soul like a branding iron. "His home," he muttered, "his wife, happy, happy men. A wife would meet them at the door; children crowd around them, all glad to see them, anxious for a kiss and clamoring to know all about the days' happenings."

Galvin closed his eyes and groaned at the thought of his own wretched existence, now ten times magnified, which overwhelmed him. Yes, he, too, had had a wife once, but where was she now? Who with the little baby, not yet named, had left, left him, who had done nothing except love her. And that child he would never see it again. He wondered if his wife ever thought of him. If his child knew anything at all about its father. The black waves

danced, lapped and beckoned. Galvin looked down into the liquid darkness and his mind was made up. He was upon the verge of jumping when the thought struck him that it might come into the papers and she perhaps would read of the cowardly way in which he died. No, first he was going to his room to destroy every means as to his identity and tell the landlord he was leaving the city; then he would come back.

As he walked rapidly through the streets he passed by a large building from the interior of which a sweet sound suddenly burst forth. It was a song. Galvin heard it and stopped. It was a beautiful song, sung by a clear, high, melodious voice. The clear, plaintive tones fell upon Galvin's broken heart and soothed his storm-rent bosom like a crystal stream soothes a thirsting man on the desert. He looked. The building was a church. He stood and listened with the tears rolling down his cheeks until the wonderful song was ended, then with a swelling heart he walked on to his lodgings. But he destroved nothing, nor did he go back to the wharf that night.

The next day while walking aimlessly about, Galvin strolled almost unconsciously into a church. When he found where he was he felt very much out of place, but being ashamed to walk out, resigned himself to his fate and remained. He soon began thinking and forgot all that was going on around him. He was awakened from his reverie by a clear voice that filled the whole church. Galvin knew the voice; he knew the song. Yes, it was the very same song of the night before. He looked up and saw that the singer was a boy of perhaps twelve years. A beautiful boy with brown hair and grav eyes.

Galvin listened intently until the song was over, then he arose and walked out.

A few days later Galvin was riding in the street car when the boy who sang so beautifully got on and sat down by his side. Galvin soon started a conversation. "You are a very fine singer. What is your name?" he asked. "Joe Galvin," answered the boy politely. The man gave a start, looked intently at the boy and then with his strange smile he said. "So, that is your name? Do you know, my name, too, is Joe?" It is?" the boy exclaimed, "there are so many Joes that I sometimes wish my name was something else, don't you?" The man smiled again. "And where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going down town to see if I can't get a stick pin like the one I lost. It was mamma's, and she thought the world of it. I don't want her to feel bad, so I am going to try and buy another like it before she finds it out. It was a funny looking pin that papa had brought from Egypt once."

Galvin snatched the boy's hand and looked intently into his face and for a moment the wonderful eyes lost their dark shadow. His heart gave a great bound at the boy's words, for like a flash he remembered that before he was married, while traveling in Egypt, he had bought two strangely embossed pins from an old man. One he had given to her who had afterwards become his wife, the other he had kept for himself. And then that strange smile flitted across his lips as he thought of the power the old man had ascribed to the trinkets. "Who wears them will be always happy," he had said.

His eyes lost their lustre, only the smile remained as he turned to the boy and said: "I am afraid you will not be able to get such a pin in this city, but if you will come with me I will show you an Egyptian pin, and if it is like your mother's you may have it. Will you come?"

"Oh, certainly," the boy answered, gleefully. "I hope they are alike."

Together they went to Galvin's room. When the boy saw the pin he jumped for joy and offered to pay as much as Galvin wanted for it.

"No, little Joe, you must not pay me for it. But if you come real often to see me, I will give it to you."

The boy was very happy. "Oh, thank you very much, Mr. —, Mr. —"

"Since both our names are Joe, suppose just for fun you call me— call me Dad?"

"All right," said the boy, "I am coming back tomorrow to tell you if the pin was all right, Good-bye, dad."

Galvin did not sleep that night and early the next morning he was ready, waiting for little Joe. But not until four o'clock did the boy come. In his eagerness the man had forgotten about school.

"Hello, dad," cried the boy, as Galvin opened the door in answer to his knock.

"How do you do, my little boy?" and then Galvin forgot himself and lifting the boy in his arms he kissed him on the forehead. The boy was a little surprised, but in a moment he said, "Don't you know, I like to call you 'dad?"

"Do you, really?" and the man's features looked wonderful, as a broad, happy smile drove away all the care and wrinkles. The boy noticed the change.

"Why, you are not so old are you?"
"No, not very old, only forty."

"Oh, my!" the boy exclaimed, "you must have had a lot of trouble. Mamma says trouble makes people look old, especially love trouble. Do you think so, too?"

In a moment all the light was gone from the man's face. He sat down in a chair by the window and drew the boy between his knees. "Oh, yes, my little Joe. I have had trouble," he said, patting the boy's head. His old smile

again played around his mouth and with his strange glance he looked deeply into the eyes of the little boy, saying. "Love is a beautiful fairy, little Joe, that sleeps in every body's heart. She awakens but for a single time, and then she fills her crimson dwelling with more sunshine and beauty than it can contain. And it overflows tinkling ever so fast through every vein and fiber. And then you feel as though you were made of gold and sunshine. But seldom does she long remain awake and never does she awake again. Soon the beautiful fairy weeps herself to sleep, and every little crevice into which her beauty had entered is darkened. And the door to her crimson sleeping chamber is closed."

"Why, what is the matter with you, dad? What are you talking about?" the boy asked anxiously. "Let's talk about something else. I didn't mean to make you feel bad. Just after the man at the church said I could sing on Easter Sunday. Easter is very late this year, but I am practicing for it a!ready. I didn't tell you mamma never noticed that it was a different pin, did I?"

"No," Galvin answered.

"Won't you come to my house with me?" asked the boy. "We can have a fine time there. I will show you all my pretty things, and maybe mamma will play for you. Come, won't you?"

"No, no," Galvin shook his head sadly, "You must come here very often, but I cannot come to your house. Your mother would not like it."

* * * * *

It was early Easter morning of the same year. Father and son had been much together during the long winter. But the boy never suspected who the kind man was who would never come to his house.

On this morning the boy was holding up a pretty bunch of violets. "Mamma sent these to you," he said. "She said you, too, should have some flowers on Easter."

Galvin took the flowers and turned away.

"Don't you like them?" asked the boy.
"Yes, yes." There was a choke in
Galvin's voice as he spoke. "Tell your
mamma I thank her very, very much.
Much more than I can express."

He began looking for a glass to put them in.

"I remember now, I had it at my desk last night." Without thinking, Galvin rolled back the top to see. The child gave an exclamation of surprise. "Why there is mamma's picture," he said. "Where did you get it?"

Galvin was very much confused.

"I found it once," he stammered.

"How funny," the boy said, "but now I must be going to church. You must be sure and come. because, you know, this is Easter and I am going to sing." And with a bound the boy was gone.

But Galvin did not go to church. He took the flowers in his hand, sat down at his desk and thought, thought of everything. He wondered if the people would like Joe's singing. If she would be there? Why she had sent him the flowers? A thousand other questions he turned over in his mind.

His dreams were interrupted by the voice of little Joe calling, "Hurry up mamma, hurry up, he's right in here." Then the door flew open and Galvin's beautiful wife stood a moment before him and threw hersel into his arms.

For a long time Joseph Galvin said nothing, then turning to the boy he drew him to his side and stroking his hair said, with all the sadness gone from his face, "I am afraid, little Joe, that what I told you was not true. The little fairy has again awakened."

Girls

By RUTH E. HUNT

Thus spake a Senior daughter of him who keepeth a grocery: "Behold, as I came down on the car this morning I saw two damsels seated by each other. And one of them grasped the other by the hand (by the hand) saying unto her, 'Oh, thou dear thing, how my soul delighteth because I have met thee once again, even this morning! Kiss thou now me, that I may know that thou art rejoiced to see me also. I have not seen thee since yesterday!" So they kissed each other exceeding hard, while all the people of the car marvelled.

Then cried the second damsel in a loud voice, saying, "Tell me truly, dost thou not think that Allan danceth with exceeding grace? To me he seemeth a most darling youth, who causeth great admiration?"

"Yea, vea," responded the other, "though to my mind he holdeth not a candle to the one with whom I danced such an number of times. I say unto you in all truth that he is a peach! But art thou not sleepy?"

"Mine eyes are heavy and my lids droop with tiredness. My bones ache with much schottisching—verily, I feel all in!"

Then came the conductor for his fares and both the maidens fished in their bags for their nickels. The first of them handed the conductor a penny, and when it was refused giggled with o'erwhelming mirth. Yea, giggled so hard that the powder which stood on her face was scattered all over the car. "I pray thee lend me thy chamois rag to take the shine from off my nose," she said to her companion, and forthwith they rubbed their countenances till they were become as white as snow.

Then they kissed each other again and discussed many things and many people, and while they were yet talking, they reached the corner where they must needs get off. Whereby the other passengers rejoiced and were exceeding glad.

When they had come inside the school, the first damsel said unto the other, "Now, do our paths diverge. Thy locker is in the basement and mine on the second floor. Fare thee well, then, my beloved, until I shall see thee again." And so saying she kissed her with great warmth and started up the stairs.

When she had gone a few steps she met another friend. "Didst thou see the girl whom I have just left? Truly, I do loathe the little cat!"

Then the Senior sighed and remembered that the Prophet said in his haste that "all men were liars."

HURRY

By HATTIE REID, '07

The day has been bright and cheerful, With sunshine and buds and flowers, But the hurrying, scurrying city people Heed neither sunshine nor showers.

Its hurry and flurry
And worry and hurry
And scurry about all day,
"For we all must live, and to live must work,"
So "What is the use?" they say,
"To watch the birds and flowers, and shirk
The work that leads us in fortune's way."

The day has been bright and cheerful,
With sunshine and birds and flowers;
There's no time to be worried and tearful
And to pine for what is not ours.
Why hurry and worry

Why hurry and worry
And flurry and hurry
And scurry about all day?
While we all must live, and to live must work,
Yet we can be happy withal.
Who loves his work, will never shirk;
Who hurries, is apt to fall.

The Chase of a Ghost

By WILL O'DONNELL, '07

"John, this is hard luck," said Jim, as he tapped the old gray horse with the whip, and jerked back "Fox," the sorrel.

"It sure is," I answered. "Here we've been on the road nigh three weeks an' hain't seen hardly a person since we started. I didn't know it was so fur from Indiana to Illinois. I tho't that if we kept a-goin' we'd git there in a week, anyhow."

"Well, we ain't got there," snapped Jim. "You'r always talkin' 'bout what you tho't, but the trouble with you is, your thinkin' never does one bit 'o good. 'Sides, didn't Uncle Bill say it wuz a long distance out there to his farm in Illinois; an' didn't Pap tell us not to start? He said like as not we'd git out here some place an' git lost; but you tho't that if we tuck the covered wagon here, an' the gray sorrel to haul us, we'd make it out thar all right in a day or 'Sides Uncle Bill is queer; Pap said so. We ain't seen Uncle Bill or Aunt Mandy for years-since we wuz little tots-an' we wouldn't know 'em if we seed 'em comin' up the road. I wuz a fuel to listen to you!"

I looked down, an' said nothin'. I knew he wuz right. Our Uncle Bill had writ a letter to us, an' he told us about his farm in Illinois, "over the prairies," an' Jim an' I concluded we'd go. Jim wuz eighteen an' I wuz a year younger. But that wuz a bigger contract than he nor I had tho't on, 'cause it wuz 'way back thar fifty year ago, an' the prairies of Western Indiana were broad an' nobody lived thar. We had come across them plains an' had got into a wooded, hilly districk, which I reckon wuz Illinois; but Jim nor I didn't know at the time where we wuz. We follered the

trail to the West, an' where that took us, we went.

It began rainin' just after we started, an' it rained the whole blessed time. The clouds, black an' gloomy, seemed plastered over the sky to stay. The limbs of the trees hit the top o' the wagon an' threw showers of rain drops on us. The trail wuz knee-deep in water some places. All day we had traveled through the drippin' woods, an' not a soul had we met. It wuz no wonder Jim wuz cross. Here it wuz gettin' late, darkness would soon come on, an' those trees with their thick leaves closed us in on every side. It wuz dismal.

Finally, we turned a crook in the trail an' Jim an' I give a shout of surprise, for thar on the right han' side, a few yards back frum the road, wuz a old log cabin. But our pleasure didn't last long. The house looked dark an' empty. When we looked the second time, we saw it wiiz bigger than ordinary cabins; an' so oid it wuz crumblin' on its foundation. At the east end of the house wuz a old chimbly, which leant over as if it wuz about to fall. They wuzn't no smoke comin' from the chimbly. The winders wuz cracked an' some of 'em clear out. The old front door wuz hangin' half open. Weeds wuz growin' on the step. The clapboards on the roof wuz warped up, an' swingin' in the wind with a doleful creakin' noise. A old vine wuz runnin' over the front part of the roof, an' had been torn frum its hold an' wuz swingin' back an' forth a trailin' water beneath the eaves. A owl sit in one o' the winders an' winked at us as we come up. It wuz awful still.

"Will we stop here for the night, Jim?", I said, kinder low like. Hush!" he said, with a turrible look.
"Its hanted!"

We drove past.

The old wagon seemed to rattle louder than it ever did before, while we drove away frum that place, an' I tho't then thet if they wuz eny ghosts thar, they'd surely foller us an' snatch us baldheaded when it wuz dark. But I didn't say nothin' to Jim, 'cause I see he wuz skeerd. We wuz goin' round a turn in the trail, when Jim looked back. stopped the horses, an' sez to me, "I thot you said it wuz hanted!"



cleda Gibbs.

"IT WUZ DISMAL"

"I didn't-"I started to say; but he went right on talkin'.

"There's a light in the back part o' the house! They's folks to home there! I believe I can smell meat a-cookin'!"

I looked back, an' sure enough, there wuz a white, queer lookin' light shinin' frum one o' the back winders. But no sooner had I seen thet than I thot of a story I had hearn about ghosts carryin' a light about a empty house.

"Jim," sez I. "You don't s'pose they'r ghosts holdin' a supper back thar, do y'?"

"I never that o' thet, said he."

Jist then there come to us frum that house a sound thet made our hair fairly riz up straight on our heads. It sounded like a long, low shriek or groan.

We drove on.

I never seen a night come on as quick as that night did. It seemed as if we hadn't gone a half mile past that old house, when it got so dark we couldn't see the horses. But then it wuz so muddy thet we had to let the critters rest every little piece. We kept on goin' though, through that dreary night like a snail crawlin' through the forest. An' the rain! It rained till the limbs on the oaks seemed to creak and bend complainin'ly. It wuz a bad night to be away frum home in.

Finally we climbed a big hill an' started down the other side, when Jim happened to think there might be a crick or a river at the bottom. He got off an' went ahead to see. A minute later I heard a yell an' a splash, an' after that a lot of blowin' spittin' noises, and then Jim sez, "John, they's a big crick here, an' I fell in. The water's strong. We'd better not go acrost tonight."

"Did y' git wet, Jim?" I said.

"No! 'Course not! You'r the biggest greenup I ever seen! Hain't we been both soakin' wet all evenin'?"

"Surely," I said, "y' don't intend to stay here all night do y', Jim? Out on the prairies we could git along all right, but here—I—I feel kinder lonesome, Jim. Oh, won't it ever quit rainin'!"

"What can we do?" he said. "Here we air, an' here we've got t' stay."

"Couldn't one of us go back to that house, an' see if any one lives there? I'd just as soon fight ghosts in a house as let 'em scare us t' death in the road, an' have to stay in this damp wagon all night,"

"But they's ghosts a-groanin' there! An' they's a owl lookin' out of one of the front winders! That house is HANTED, I tell y'!"

"Poo!" I snorted, "I believe ye'r a-skeerd. I b'lieve ye'r afraid. I believe y' dassent go back there."

"I'll tell y' what I'll do," he said— Jim wuz hot-headed, an' he flared up in a minute. I could tell I'd made him mad—I'll go back there an' see if they's anybody there, if you'll stay here."

"Let me go with y'," I said.

"He! He!" Jim lafed. "I'm goin' by myself. Somebody's got to unhitch the horses ready to take back to the house if anybody lives there."

"All right, I'll do it," I said. "Y' can't back me out!"

"Don't git lost," I said as I heard him splash past in the mud. "Stick to the trail. If y' git out of the trail y'll mighty soon bump into a tree."

"I'll bring a lantern back with me," he called. "Don't you worry about me gittin' lost."

Jim wuz gone. I unhitched the horses, an' tied 'em to the wagon. Then I got in the wagon an' watched between the flaps in the back end, as I thot that if Jim had a lantern when he come back, I rould see him as he come over the hill.

I waited. Every minute I thot somethin' great big wuz up in the front end of the wagon, an' wuz about to grab me: but I dassent look back over my shoulder t' see if it wuz there. I waited a fearful long time. How wide an' still them woods wuz! Finally I see a light come over the top o' the hill. It come on with the regular swingin' motion of a lantern carried by a man. My, I wuz tickled!

"Jim," I shouted, as I sprung out in the mud an' the rain, an' run to meet him, "Did anybody live there?"

They wuz no answer. Still the light come on.

"Jim," I said, when I got a little nearer, "Who lived there?"

Not a sound come from whoever carried that lantern. Still the light come slowly towards me. I stopped.

"Jim," I said, and a cold chill crept into my heart an' wuz echoed in my voice, "What's the matter? Why don't v' answer?"

No sound but the fallin' rain broke the stillness of the woods. The light wuz now about fifteen steps away. A!! at once it stopped dead still in the middle of the trail. I stood an' watched. A minute passed. I wuz nervous. "Why don't v' come on, Jim?" The light give a little jump towards me, but no answer come from Iim. My feelin's wuzn't improved when that light commenced actin' strange. It swung around like a person wuz turnin' round with it; it rose about six feet into the air an' wuz still a minute; it whirled in a circle up there, like some one wuz signilin'; then it made a half-circle outward an' downward, an' stopped agin. It give a jump towards me.

Jest then I happened to think that this witz one of Jim's practical jokes. Jim witz always playin' some fule joke, an' always at the wrong time, too. Here I witz, a poor lone boy, away from mother an'—an' home, an' off in the woods where they witzn't noboddy—noboddy nowhere; an' here he come an' nigh scat me t' death! The—the idee!

"Jim!" I bawled, as I started for that light, "I'll show y' how t' play jokes on me! I'll show y'!"

I never seen a light run like that light did. I run as fast as I could, but I didn't gain a foot on it. The mud splashed an' flew 'round me. The lantern struck out up the trail, a-waverin' an' a-flickerin'. Purty soon it dodged into the woods, an' there under the trees it kinder seemed to wait till I got closer; then away it went agin, an' me after it. My, I wuz mad! If I could a-caught Jim then, I'd give him the worst lickin' he ever had or I'd a-died tryin'."

About the first jump I made into the woods, my hat come off. A-minute later a low limb of a tree come along an' liked to knocked me down. I stepped to my knees in a puddle of water. My coattail caught on something, an' I set down on a rock, an' then rolled to the foot of a hill. I couldn't hardly see for the mud in my eyes; but when I got up, there wuz that light awaitin' for me. I thot I heard a scornful snicker from Tim. He wuz lafin' at me! I struck out agin after that light. I made up my mind I'd ketch Jim if it took all night. Another heavy shower of rain commenced to fall, an' I could see that lantern just in front of me, through the fallin' sheet of water. I wuz so mad I couldn't hardly see! "HE is the cause of all this!" I thot. On we went, helter skelter, pell mell. I butted into trees; I waded ponds an' cricks, I fought grapevines; I got stuck in the mud, an' come near never gittin' out. What made me madder than ever, wuz the way Jim kept ahead of me with that light.

Did y' ever run in the mud? Then y' know how it is. I didn't run long till my feet had collected enough mud t' stop a two-horse wagon; enyhow, that is what they felt like, an' I couldn't see, even if I'd tuck the time. My legs got weaker an' weaker, an' at last I couldn't

budge another step. Still there wuz that pesky lantern the same old distance ahead, waitin'. I felt around for a tree to lean up aginst, an' fell over a log. I crawled on that log an' rested. I'd given up the race; Jim wuz too long-legged for me. "Jim," I said, an' my voice wuz kinder weak an' sickly soundin',-I guess it wuz the rain an' the dark woods that made it sound so,-"Jim!" No answer. A minute later I gazed open-mouthed at that lantern. Jim must a-growed about twenty feet since I seen him last in broad daylight. That light commenced gradually risin', slow at first, then faster-faster-up-up-up! it wuz above the tree tops when it give a bright flash-an' went out!

For a minute I didn't think; I couldn't think. What wuz it-that-the thing I had chased? It must a-bin-a ghost! A ghost had been a-leadin' me around with a light! "I guess I'll die before mornin', I thot. An' everything around me seemed to think so, too. The rain poured down harder than ever. A slight wind stirred the branches overhead, an' I heard a groan frum them. Frum somewhere around close I could hear the swish an' gurgle of runnin' water. Here I wuz, on a log, in a woods so wide they stretched away-away, no tellin' how fur. Lost, in the darkest, rainiest night I ever seen! "I wonder if they'll find my corpse in the mornin'," I thot. "Will env one ever find it in sech a place as this? Oh! If I'd never come to this awful country. If I'd just stayed to home an' minded my folks. Maybe no one will ever know where I died. Maybe Pap an' Mam will come some day an' look for me, but they'll never find me; an' they'll go back to home broken hearted, an' die of grief. If I'd only stayed to home! But its too late now. An' there's poor Jim-what'll he do when he finds me gone? Oh, what will he do? He'll come

to the wagon an' find the horses an' everything but me, an' he'll look all round, an' then he'li know that ghosts packed me away, an' maybe he'll git scared an' die! If I'd just stayed—! Jim wuz good to me, even if he did—did play practical jokes once in a while;—an' I couldn't even bid him good-by!" Feelin' hopeless, I laid my head on the log. How still it had got now! The rain had stopped fallin', the wind had stopped blowin', no sound could I hear but the

Jim had a lantern, an' he found me settin' there. "My goodness!" he said, "what's the matter with y', John? What y' been doin'? Where y' been? What y' doin' out here? Air y' sick?"

That made me mad. "Why don't y' ask a thousand questions, an' be done with it?" I said. "I can't answer all at once!"

"What's the matter, John?"

"Oh, a dratted old ghost went an' led me off in the woods."



"I THOT YE SAID IT WAS HANTED"

swish o' the water. I wuz about to die; and all alone!

"John!"—a low call brought me to a sittin' position on that log. "I guess that's a angel callin' to me," I thot. "Oh, John!" it wuz louder this time an' seemed closer to me;—but where—who's voice wuz that? "John!" it wuz shouted this time. "That voice—it can't' be—but it IS—Jim's! an' right over there!" I thot.

With staggerin' steps I walked towards the callin' voice. As if to give me a partin' reminder a big tree got right in my path, in the dark, an' run against me with fearful force. The word which had been tremblin' on the end o' my tongue, but which I could not say, wuz now panted as I sat in the mud,—"Jim." "A ghost—WHAT!—Let's go to' the wagon an' git on the horses, an' git outen this woods."

We did. We started back to the old house on the trail. I wuz feelin' too bad to say anything. Jim got mad 'cause I wouldn't talk an' then he didn't say nothin'. We both kept still till we come round a bend in the trail, an' I seen that white light shinin' through the back winder, jest as it had when we first passed the place.

"Jim," I said, as I thot of that groan we'd hearn frum the old house, "we better go back, hadn't we? They's someboddy sick there, ain't they? What wuz that groan we heard? Air y' sure it ain't hanted, an' ghosts air a foolin' y'?" "Aw, that wuz a 'cordion, what the old woman plays t' pass away the time," he answered. "I slipt up an' seen her through the winder."

I kept still.

The old man an woman made us feel to home, they wuz that cordial, an soon I wuz rigged out in a pair o' the old feller's over-alls, an we wuz all seated at the supper table. I felt better.

"Young man," said the old woman, as she poured some steamin' coffee, an' handed it to me. "How'd y' come to be muddy, an' how'd y' loose your hat?"

"A ghost led him out into the woods," said Jim.

"A ghost?" said the old man, as he stroked his long beard an' stared at us across the table. "How wuz that? Tell us about it."

I told 'em. They heard me through to the end without interruptin' me, an' when I got through, the old man an' old woman lafed—actually lafed!

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" lafed the old man, an' he slapped his open hand on the table till the dishes jumped. "He! He! He! Ef that don't beat all—why, boy, thet wuz nothin' but a Will-o'-the-wisp!"

Then they all lafed together. I mentally vowed t' punish Jim for his share in it, too. Next mornin' we found we wuz at our Uncle's farm in Illinois.

Three Commencement Days

By BLANCHE E. SAGE

I stood in a narrow canyon, By the side of a rippling spring, And my heart was filled with wonder At the grandeur of the thing.

All the heart of great Dame Nature Opened up for me to see. Since then she has been my study, T'was Commencement day for me.

I sat in deep, rapt silence, O'er a book of ancient lore; And my being thrilled with pleasure At the richness of its store.

From that day I have been reading, Learning, from those books of mine. When my heart is sad and weary, Like a beacon light they shine.

When that light first burst upon me, For my eager eyes to see, I can say with thankful accent T'was Commencement day for me. I passed along a crowded street, I saw a man so base, It seemed to me I'd never seen So low a human face.

A little girl ran through the crowd, So dainty and so sweet; When all at once she tripped and fell, Right in the muddy street.

Quick as a flash, the man sprang up, A spark of the Divine, As he lifted the child so tenderly, In his sin-marked face did shine.

As I pass along through life, I look The spark of good to see, And I find it every single time. T'was Commencement day for me.

When we first begin to realize, That there is good in everything; That the human heart is well worth Conscientious studying,

That day truly is Commencement, In the greatest field on earth, The study of the heart of man, Its sorrows and its mirth.

The Adventures of Lottery, the Amateur Smashman

By RABBIT Per ROBERT MANN, '08

One evening, as I was sitting in my room feasting on bolognas and limburger, for high life at Sing-Sing had spoiled my appetite for ordinary beardinghouse fare, my friend, Lottery, the celebrated burglar, burst into my room.

"Hello, Rabbit," he said, and then, seeing what I was doing, he added, "Jigger for the copps." I dived under the bed and peered out again, after a long period, just in time to see the last of the bolognas disappearing down his throat.

"Much obliged," he remarked. "However, that wasn't what I came for—altogether. Have you got this morning's "Burglar's Herald'?"

I brought it and he pointed out the following in the column of press agents' lies:

"Sarah Burn Hard, the famous actress, received yesterday a valuable present from her many admirers in France. It is a solid lump of pure, 30 carat gold, about the size of an apple, with the surface skillfully worked in ridges and hollows like the skin of an orange. In each one of these hollows is set a diamond, as large as a baseball. Every other diamond has her initials and the initials of the givers cut in it. The alternate diamonds have her picture worked in them in colors. In the center of each diamond is one pound of pure radium, which makes the whole sparkle and glitter like a comet. It is so heavy that Mme. Burn Hard has ordered two gold dog chains to hold it around her neck. It took 250 workmen three years on each diamond. The whole thing is almost priceless, although its cost has been computed at from \$.02 to \$9876543210. Burglars will please call between 1 o'clock and 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, as the moving picture men and reporters will be present at that time. The front door will be left open."

"Great Scott!" I yelled. "That would pay off the mortgage on the old place and enable me to live an honest life hereafter."

"Hum! You are a cheap guy," said Lottery. "Why, a thing like that would pay your society dues for two months and leave enough for a ham sandwich. But we haven't got it yet, and are you willing to help me get it?"

"Sure," I said. "Why, I'd do anything for that. I'd even brave my English teacher when I didn't have my lesson, for that."

"That is the spirit, Rabbit," he said approvingly. "If you feel like that, I guess you have enough nerve for this. I telephoned the expressman to be here for our kits at eight o'clock, so we must have them packed by midnight."

At four o'clock the next morning, the expressman appeared. Lottery had cunningly changed the labels on the trunks so that the junk, labeled "glass," was thrown from the window and the dynamite, labeled "pig-iron," was carefully carried down the stairs. In this way, there were no fatalities. When we reached Mme. Burn Hard's palace, Lottery had everything except a long piece of wire and a jimmy carried in the front door. He fastened an electric light bulb to one end of the wire and tied the other end to the harness of the expressman's horses. We will need light," he said. "This produces two horsepower, which is enough to light the lamp."

"But you won't need it," I protested. "You are very light-fingered."

"And you are light-headed," he retorted. "But I guess you are right."

We went around to the back of the house and forced open a window in the coal bin. And here we met our first difficulty. Lottery started to climb in, feet first, but when he was half way in, he got stuck. The hole was too small. I tried to shove him in but only got him stuck tighter. Then I took a firm hold of his beautiful curls, put my feet up against the wall, and pulled. Nothing doing. Luckily, I had brought a phonograph and a record, made when I didn't have my Latin lesson. I set this going, and soon we felt small enough to go through together. But it kept going and soon we could not reach the door knobs, so that we were imprisoned in the coal bin. Then we began to talk about what happened at the Manual-Central track meet and became so puffed up that we regained our normal size.

We easily found the safe and I started to open the door, which stood ajar. But Lottery said it was a burglar trap, and instead we exploded two tons of dynamite under it. Nothing doing. In desperation we carried the safe to a ball park and stood a window pane in front of it. In five seconds it was battered to pieces by the base-balls.

Seizing a small jewel case, labaled "ice," we fled to my room.

"Do you think it is there?" I asked.

"Sure, can't you see that it was made for the most precious thing she had?"

We pried the cover off and took out a small iron box, hermetically sealed. Forcing this open, Lottery took out the jewel and held it up where the light flashed on its golden-yellow surface. Although the press report had been greatly exaggerated, it was a beauty. One would be enough to last a man all his life. He would never want another. It was priceless. Price equals worth. Therefore, it was worthless. It was a lemon.

The Man on Lone Mountain

By AILEEN LEAVITT, '08

The keynote of it all was utter loneliness; a loneliness so intense that even the sighing of the winds seemed desecration. The hill side rising sheer and rugged, with its impenetrable mass of trees and low-growing shrubs, seemed subtly to convey the impression of absolute isolation.

The villagers living at the base of Lone Mountain evidently considered it a place to be avoided, and they had lived in a state of perpetual amazement since the day, some five years ago, when a stranger had come suddenly among them and announced his intention of taking up his abode on the mountain side. Each and every villager had, during the next month, found it necessary to climb wearily up the steep incline. But after one good curiosity-satisfying gaze at the plain little hut which the stranger had built, they went back wagging their heads and touching their foreheads significantly whenever his name was mentioned.

And so, in the midst of the solitude, lived the stranger, with only a dog for a companion. If he had allowed the villagers to enter his hut their curiosity as to how he spent his time would have been

allayed, for all through the room was scattered the paraphernalia of an artist. Canvases were stacked against the walls, and an easel stood in one corner.

Early one morning he was seated before the easel upon which an unfinished picture stood. Before commencing to work, he sat there intently studying his painting, and all the while talking, or rather thinking aloud, in disjointed rambling sentences, which the dog received in a respectful silence.

"Well, for another day's work, old boy. I wonder if anybody will ever understand it—this painting of "Lonliness." They call this loneliness, this living up here; but we who live in the solitude will show them what true loneliness is."

He sat lost in reverie for a while, and then commenced his work. Absolute silence reigned for a time, and it would have seemed to an observer that a picture of "Loneliness," painted in such surroundings, must, of necessity, be a great and faithful exponent of its theme. The great dog lay at his master's side, looked up attentively as the artist resumed his soliloquy.

"They said we had no technique—too imaginative—too visionary. But wait until they see this, old boy. Who could paint down among them, anyhow? Dollars and cents, dollars and cents—inspiring, isn't it? But they will have to recognize a great painting, even by the painter at whom they jeered and aimed their learned criticisms. They will recognize us now, recognize us now. He repeated this over and over, as if enjoying the mere sound of the words.

And so he worked steadily on until at last the finishing touch was given. For some time the sounds of an approaching storm had broken the stillness, but not until now had the artist seemed conscious of it.

"So, a storm greets the finishing of our work. Well, why not? That would seem significant. Let's go out into it for a while, old fellow." And so out in the rising wind and rumbling of distant thunder, went man and dog, and were soon lost to sight, in the dense shadows of the trees.



THE GREAT DOG LAY AT HIS MASTER'S SIDE

It was a storm long remembered by the villagers, and they gathered quickly in their homes, glad of kindly shelter little thinking of the man exposed on Lone Mountain.

But after several days had passed and no sign had been received from him, a small party was organized to go up the mountain side. Among the party was an artist, who, having heard, during his brief stay among the people, many weird stories of this stranger of the mountain, and always eager to find a new phase of either nature or human nature, volunteered to be one to make the long climb.

When they came in sight of the hut neither man nor dog was visible, and the dreadful stillness seemed more profound than ever. After knocking and receiving no reply, they pushed open the door and entered. The place was deserted, but the artist, after one quick glance about the room, gave an excited exclamation and rushed to the corner where the easel stood. The others followed more slowly, and listened in openeyed amazement to the incoherent exclamations of the artist.

"Crazy, indeed! Why, you woodenheaded idiots, don't you know a genius when you see him? But what is the man's name? There is none signed here."

The villagers could not give his name, said that they did not think he ever told them; that they had just called him the Man on Lone Mountain.

"Well, he is evidently up on the mountain somewhere, and we must find him before we leave the spot. That picture must be sent to the Exhibit. It's the finest thing they have seen for many a day." And the artist led the somewhat reluctant party from the hut and up through the narrow path which wound to the summit.

Late that evening a sorry little party came slowly down the mountain side, the artist carefully carrying a large object, which he was jealously guarding. Their story was soon told. Nearly at the top of the mountain, in that little chasm between the rocks, they had found the body of the stranger, with his big dog faithfully mounting guard. There was much lamenting among the villagers and regret that they had left the stranger in such complete isolation. But it was too late for their sympathy and friendship to reach the Man on Lone Mountain, as he lay motionless, with his one friend still by his side, in the little hut up in the Solitude.

At the exhibit that year, there was one picture which everyone acknowledged the greatest in many years. Great crowds came to see it, though few understood it.

It was called "Loneliness," and was far away from the conventional idea of that theme. Instead of a solitary figure expressing the idea, there were many figures in this picture. It seemed to be a holiday, and the people were gaily attired and seemed happy and care-free. But among them all was the figure of a man who seemed not to enter into this holiday spirit. The whole figure seemed subtly to convey the idea that while among them, he was not one of them. He seemed to be out of place, and gave the one jarring note to the holiday idea. Though the people gladly gave the picture due place among the great paintings, the recognition the artist received was this:

No. 80. "Loneliness."—Painter unknown,

The Gentleman Burglar

By LAVINA WELSH, '07

It was Saturday evening and Bertha Randolph was alone in the house. The rest of the family were at a revival meeting. They had intended to take Bertha along with them, but she insisted on staying at home. Of course she wasn't afraid, she said, and anyway they would be at home by half past nine, if they hurried.

So it happened that nine o'clock found our friend sitting by the library table deep in the mysteries of a new book, She was interrupted by a ring at the front door. It was the washman for the clothes, she supposed, as she jumped up, and then she remembered that he never came in the front way. She was, therefore, a little bit frightened when she opened the door upon a man who appeared to be about twenty-four years of age. Though shabbily dressed he was not rough looking. Lifting his hat, he asked if Mrs. Young lived there. On being told no, he bowed politely and left, while Bertha, much relieved, resumed her seat and book.

It was barely five minutes later that she was again interrupted by a knock at the back door. Of course this was the washman, she thought; no one else would come to the back door. Hastening out without another thought, she unbolted it and opened it wide. The next instant a man had stepped in and was saying, "Don't you dare to scream." At first everything seemed to get black around her, and then somehow she wasn't nearly so frightened. "If you will let loose of my wrist," she answered coolly, "I won't scream." Then she looked squarely into his face and to her surprise found he was the same one who had come to the front door a few minutes before.

"Now," he continued. "I want you to go with me while I search the house." Bertha did not answer but walked beside him up the stairs and into her mother's room. She hoped he would leave her's to the last for she remembered, with a sinking heart, that her rings were probably in plain view on the ring tree and her jewelry case lying open on the dressing table. The burglar had walked up to her mother's dresser, when Bertha interrupted him, "I'll tell you right now that you won't find any money there. Mother has her pocket book with her, and, besides, I just straightened those

drawers out this morning, so please don't muss them any more than you have to."

Bertha was right. He did not find any money there, but he did find her mother's box of jewelry, which, to her horror and surprise, was unlocked. She remembered, all at once, that she had worn an old necklace of her mother's to a dance the night before and on putting it back had forgotten to lock it up. Oh, why had she been so careless! He must not have those beautiful old things. She would rather he would take all of her jewelry than one of those. When he lifted out a heavy gold chain, she felt like she would have to scream. Imagine her surprise when, laying the chain back, he closed the box. saying, "What I want is money-money." As he passed the mantle his eye caught sight of a toy bank which he took up and shoved in his pocket. It was her little brother's and probably had several dollars in it, which he had been laborously saving up for months.

The next room they entered was her older brother's. The man turned on the electric light as he entered. He evidently was in a hurry now, for he hastily dumped ever thing on the bed, finding about ten dollars, some gold cuff buttons, and an opal stick pin. As before, however, he took only the money.

Bertha then turned to lead him to her room, but, very polite's he told her he was ready to go downstairs now. He did not touch a thing as he passed through the rooms, until he came to the kitchen. Here, everything showed preparation for tomorrow's dinner. On the table was a row of freshly baked pies. Taking up a basket from the pantry shelf, he placed several of them in it. Bertha could not help but feel relieved that he had left one for them. They did look so good. Going back to the pantry he selected several jars of fruit and a loaf of bread, which he also placed in the

5

basket. As he went over to the refrigerator and took out the large, plump chicken, all dressed and ready for the oven, it was almost too much for Bertha. "I suppose," she said in an irritated manner, "that we will have to do without, tomorrow."

"I am sorry," he answered pleasantly. He then picked up the dilapidated cap which he had taken off the moment he entered, and taking up his basket, went to the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned and said, "I wish to apologize for the trouble I have given you, and hope I did not frighten you any more than I had to." Then, suddenly, his voice changed and he said huskily, "I had to do it, indeed I did. I have a mother and three little ones to support, and I am out of a job now. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, in the house to eat. I can't beg, no, and I never will, but I can steal. You have plenty; you

will never miss what I took, unless it be the chicken," and he almost smiled. Then, tipping his hat, he said, "good night,"

The next instant Bertha was again alone in the house. Putting up her hand, she rubbed her eyes in a dazed manner, trying to think whether it were not a dream after all. She walked unsteadily to the sitting room, then, suddenly giving way, fell sobbing on the couch. Five minutes later Mr. Randolph and family came home. Great was their fright on seeing Bertha in a heap on the couch. They begged her to tell them what was the matter, though it was a full half hour before the whole story came out. As she afterwards said, she was much more frightened after the man had gone than while he was there.

It has been a long while since that memorable night, but Bertha has never stayed alone in the house again. However, she has often wondered what has become of her Gentleman Burglar.

How the "Kid" Made Good

By MABLE RAGAN

"Here, you 'Kid,' send up those pliers in a hurry and don't go to sleep down there," gruffly exclaimed the man at the top of the pole, as he jerked impatiently at the rope to which his assistant was trying to tie the required tools.

The assistant, a bright lad about sixteen years of age, was new at the work and a little bit awkward at times. A short while before he had run away from his father's ranch in western Texas, with the intention of seeing some of the world, but it was not many weeks until he found himself many miles from home and without money or acquaintances. It was at this time that he met with a gang of telegraph linemen, and as they needed an

assistant and he needed the job, he had gone to work.

The men had promptly dubbed him the "Kid," and he was a great favorite with all of them except Jack Simpson, one of the best linemen with the gang, but a rough, burly fellow, who took a dislike to the boy at once. For no apparent reason, he sought on all occasions to tease and annoy the lad, often cursing him soundly when he made mistakes and calling him a coward, because as yet he had been unable to climb to the top of even a pole of ordinary height without getting "sea-sick." The boy had been trying very hard to overcome the dizziness which always assailed him when he attempted

to climb, and it provoked him a great deal because he could not. Of course Jack's attitude toward him was very annoying to the boy, as he was of a sensitive nature, but he still admired the man for his skill, and longed for the time when he should be able to run up a pole and splice a wire or make a connection as quickly and easily as Jack Simpson could.

On this particular day, the gang had been working on some suburban construction, and about noon the men had gone over the hill to eat their dinner in the shade of some large trees. Jack stayed behind to finish a rather difficult bit of splicing and insulating work, and the "Kid" was told to remain and help him to drive the supply wagon over when he got through. The work took a little longer than Jack had expected, and he got cross and cursed things in general, and the boy in particular, because he was being kept from his dinner.

In his effort to hurry, Jack became careless, a dangerous thing for a lineman to do, and as the "Kid" was standing at the foot of the pole waiting for further orders, the pliers suddenly dropped to the ground by his side, and he looked up just in time to see the unconscious body of the big lineman pitch forward and fail toward him. With a cry of horror, the "Kid" closed his eyes to shut out the awful sight of the man's life being dashed out against the ground. He waited a moment for the crash, but as there was no sound, he took courage and looked up again, when a strange sight met his eyes. As the man had pitched forward, his outstretched arms had been thrown across the wires, which sagged beneath his weight, allowing his body to slide outward, until now it hung suspended in midair some thirty feet out from the pole.

For a few moments the "Kid" stood helpless. What should he do? His first thought was to call some of the men, but

they were out of sight and hearing, and he was afraid that long before he could get word to them the weight of the body itself would have drawn it from the wires, and if the man was not already dead from the shock which he must have received, he would be instantly killed by the fall. Evidently, whatever was done must be done quickly and by the "Kid" himself. Suddenly the boy's fright left him and his brain cleared, as he remembered his training on the ranch, where he had learned to throw a rope with the best of the cowboys. He felt no hesitation now, and with a bound he reached the supply wagon, seized a heavy rope used in stringing wires, buckled on an extra pair of lineman's spurs, and ran to the pole on which Jack had been working. Though he had never been able to climb a pole before, he knew he could do it now when a life depended upon him, and he started bravely up. After he had gone about half way, he looked toward the ground and the old dizzy feeling came over him, but he could not give up to it now. Wrapping his arm tightly about the pole, he closed his eyes for a second and then went on again. Slowly, but surely he gained the top, and when he finally threw his leg over the cross arm he began to feel more confidence in himself. As he looked toward the body he could see it gradually slipping from the wire. He must act quickly or not at all. Deftly knotting the rope, he swung it around his head, once-Oh, how the pole seemed to shake beneath him-twice, three times, and the rope shot outward toward the suspended body. Had he guessed rightly? Would the rope reach? It must! There was not time for another trial. Yes, the rope fell gracefully, encircling the man's body and just as it slipped from the wire, the "Kid" wrapped his end of the rope tightly around the cross arm and swung the body free from the pole. In another minute he had

lowered it gently to the ground and started down himself. If he had found the assent hard, the descent was far harder. Time and again his spurs cut out and he was only saved by throwing his arms tightly around the pole, as he had on no safety belt. His hands were bleeding and full of splinters, and he was trembling from excitement when his feet finally touched the ground.

Even now the boy did not know whether he had risked his life to rescue a living man or the body of a dead one. Running quickly to the man, he was overjoved to find that life still remained, and after applying restoratives which were always carried in the supply wagon, and working over him for some time, consciousness slowly returned. While making the connection. Jack had accidently touched a charged wire with his ungloved hand, and though the shock had rendered him unconscious, it had not been enough to kill him. With the exception of a severe burn on his right hand, where the current had entered, and some cuts caused by hanging on the wires, the man was unhurt, and as soon as he regained consciousness he began to ask questions. about the accident and his miraculous escape. Slowly and reluctantly, the boy told his story, modestly giving himself aslittle credit as possible. When he had finished, Jack sat up in astonishment, and seeing the boy's bleeding hands, he seized them in his own and exclaimed, "'Kid, if you would do that much for a fellow that's never treated you square, what would you do for a friend? You've made good with me 'Kid,' and I want to take off my hat to you. You've got pluck and the stuff in you that makes a man, and if you don't succeed, I'll miss my guess."

Jack was right, and the "Kid" did become successful. After a few years he
became an expert lineman, but not being
willing to stop at this, he worked up and
up, until now he is a skilled electrician,
and a rich and well known man, but he
has no more true or loyal friend tham
Jack Simpson.





F. HUMFELD



BRET BORIGHT



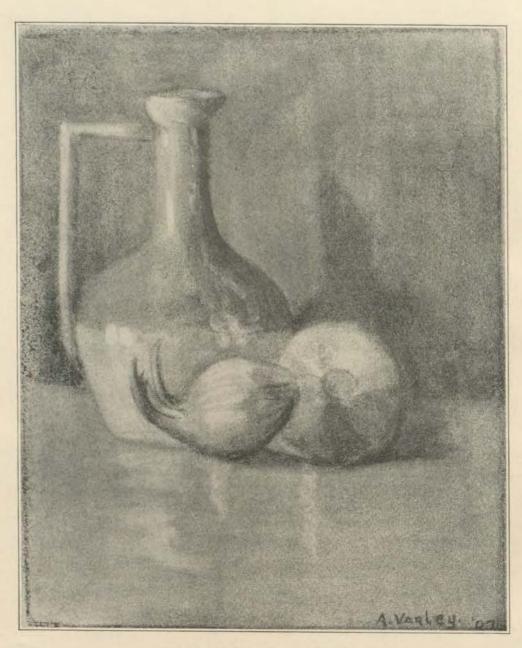
FANNIE HUMFELD

Progress and activity characterize our Art Department, No time has been lost, our teachers have devoted their time and energy planning greater improvements. One special feature of the advancement made this year is the Chalk Talk given by Mr. W. M. R. French, director of the Chicago Art Institute, on the evening of January 2d. Our school considered it a privilege to hear such a distinguished lecturer. The proceeds of the evening were placed in the art fund. This money was wisely used. Three handsome volumes, two on history of art and one on principles of design; fifteen Japanese prints, a sectional bookcase for the various art books, and three Flemish oak chairs were procured. An exhibition of the work done this year will be held in the drawing rooms at the end of the school term. Our Art Depart-

ment is advancing and is already the largest High School Art Department in the West.

Miss Murphy Honored

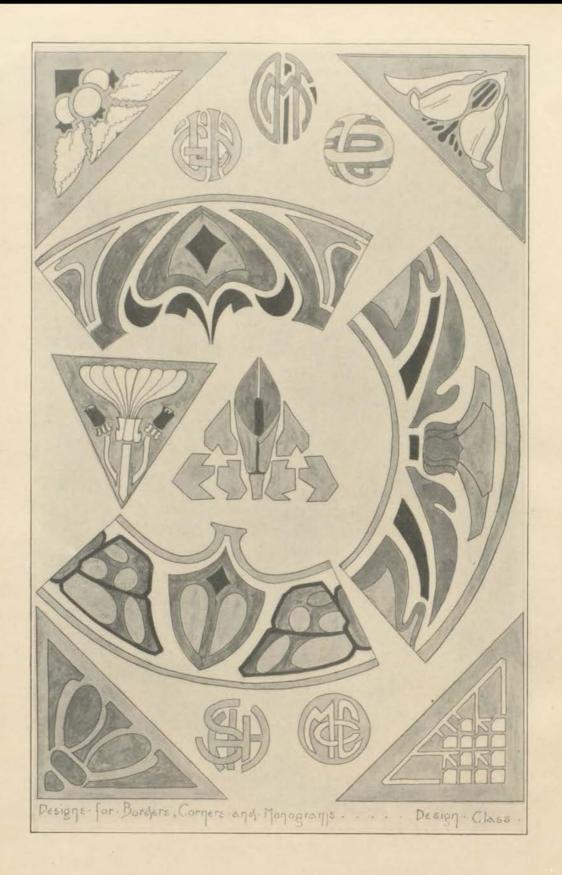
Manual continues to receive recognition at home and abroad. This time it is an honor conferred upon Miss Alice Murphy as directress of our Art Department. President Anna S. Cairns has just notified Miss Murphy that Forest Park University will, at its next commencement, confer upon our esteemed teacher the degree of "Magister Artium," in recognition of her long study and progress, and she is requested to prepare a "thesis" for this occasion on some subject connected with her art study. In congratulating Miss Murphy, we congratulate Manual on receiving this professional honor.

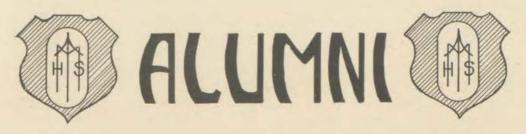


HALF-TONE FROM CHARCOAL SKETCH



PENCIL DRAWING OF MR. C. E. MORSE





EMRIPLEY

It does Manual's heart good to receive from her graduate children such glowing reports as have been coming in, especially from those who have spent this year at some college or university. The letters we have received are brim full of enthusiasm for their school of higher education, and of love for and fond memories of Old Manual. These letters have been so numerous that in order to give space to all of them, many of the most interesting portions have been omitted. We are, indeed, sorry to do this, but we believe that these extracts will show the enthusiasm of each for his school.

The first came from Wellesly:

"If the college had no reputation for academic standing, it would still be worthy of note for its campus. We wish you could see it for yourselves, but we want you to see it at its best and we can't decide when that is.

"In the fall when the leaves were rainbow-hued and the lake was blue and hazy, we thought that nothing could be more beautiful; but when winter came with its snows and frost and all the evergreens looked like so many Christmas trees we were not quite so sure about the fall. Now, when everything is green and the wildflowers are beginning to bloom in the woods, we are more confused than ever, and we've decided that you'll have to come and stay all year. "We don't say much about our work when we write or talk to people, because it's taken for granted that we're here to study. We've worked harder than we ever did in our lives, and we hope that when we get over being "strangers in a strange land," we'll do work that will make our first Alma Mater proud of her Wellesley Girls."

HELEN J. FILLEY, LESLIE C. FRAME, SARA L. MOFFATT, ELIZABETH NOFSINGER,

Here is a word from Columbia University, New York City, from Emma Humfeld, who, though a member of the faculty now, we still consider a school-mate:

"This year in New York has been spent in a most interesting and profitable way.

Here one comes in contact with some of the most educated instructors, and with authors of world-wide reputation. Persons that have always seemed so foreign are here to greet one; for instance, Mark Twain, Ian Maclaren, Henry Van Dyke, Newell Dwight Hillis, Wm. James, Geo. Kennan, Jane Addams, Helen Keller, and numerous others. One has at his disposal the best lectures, music, etc.; the privilege of visiting and studying the Metropolitan and the Nat-

ural History Museums, and the opportunity of making expedition to nearby institutions, colleges and historical spots.

"Certainly it is a privilege to study and live in a city that seems to be the very life of the nation."

A K. U. representative of Manual, has sent back this spirited article:

"Rock! Chalk! Jay Hawk! K. U.!"

"This reads rather dry, but to hear it swell and roll across the field as thundered from hundreds of throats; to see it bring victory on the gridiron; make a man put forth his last ounce of energy at the tape; to see it fire the zealous debater; to inspire with strength and love in every contest, makes one's blood tingle, thrills one through and through. It is the spirit of Kansas.

What has made K. U. what she is and what lights up for her the most brilliant of prospects in the future is the enthusiasm and predominant spirit of earnestness; which one fairly feels within her walls; which is stirring on her campus; which envelops the beautiful little town where she is, and which spreads all over the great, big state of Kansas. Yet it is not confined to these borders, for the country around is hearing of it and will hear more. Her sons have made good are making good, and the future has much in store for them.

CLIFFORD COLE, '06.

And, last, but certainly not the least, here is one from our own state university, with just as earnest a strain:

"I am indeed grateful for an opportunity to say a word to the students of Manual in regard to our State University, and the work of their Alumni here. We have no regular organization of the Manual Alumni, as I have often wished that we had, but we have what is almost as

good, and that is an organization, known as the Kansas City Club, comprising all of the students from Kansas City in attendance here. The students from Manual comprise about one-third of the membership of this club, and a body of more loval workers could hardly be found anywhere. The purpose of the club is to promote a feeling of fellowship among the students from Kansas City and to forward the interest of the University among Kansas City high school students. That its purpose has been in a large measure accomplished is evinced by the fact that there are at present a hundred and some odd students from Kansas City in attendance here, and that this number is being rapidly enlarged each year by new students. In fact, it has only been in the more recent years that the students of Kansas City have come to realize and to take advantage of the vast opportunities which our University affords. And I cannot let this opportunity pass, without making an urgent appeal to those students of Manual who are contemplating a university education, to give a careful and unbiased consideration of the advantages which Missouri University offers, and to join the loval ranks of the Manual Alumni here.

CHAS, F. CURRY.

One letter comes from Minnesota University, Minneapolis, Minnesota, signed by Marie Confer, our only representative there.

"There couldn't be a more ideal place for a university than that which Minnesota offers. We boast of a large foot ball field, the best in the Northwest, and a flag staff over a hundred feet high, made from one tree grown in Washington, and brought that distance without being taken apart. There are many other things of note around the campus. A huge stone about five feet in diameter

occupies an interesting little corner. It was brought there by the Juniors of the Class of '78, and every year since then it has been buried by the Sophomores, only to be dug up and planted again in a different place by the upper classmen. It is one of those rolling stones which gathers no moss, yet keeps the regard of the hundreds who have either taken part in its burial or its resurrection. The

main promenade leads on down to the river bank path, a beautiful walk, much used by both the co-eds and the college men, more often by co-eds, with college men. In fact, this is so popular in the spring and fall that it has been called the 'river-banking course,' and though the registrar does not give it credit for five hours a week, it usually covers that much time and often more."

Letter From Philippines

We have received this letter and print it to show how your paper is appreciated in the remote corners of the globe. Let us all join in wishing Mr. Hayne success.

CEBU, P. I., March 10, 1907.

"The Nautilus."

I received the January number of the NAUTILUS yesterday, and you can rest assured it is welcome away out here.

As I have a copy of "Philippine Education" for February I will send it, as it may be of some interest to you, in that it is the best paper published here in the Islands with reference to what our Uncle Sam is doing for these little brown people here, who are banded together in one government, and who speak more than 100 different dialects. Uncle Sam is trying to bring these people together under the common language of English, and this paper is published in the interests of that small army of American school teachers who are over here, as you might say, missionaries. Though I am not a school teacher, I take the paper because periodicals are few and far between in this part of the world, and all states literature is from one to two months old when it is news to us. I am employed on the engineering force as assistant engineer of the Philippine Railway Company on Cebu Island. That is on the construction of railways along the East coast of the island of Cebu. As there are four of us Kansas City boys on this engineering party, everything pertaining to Kansas City is always of interest to us. Of fifty-two engineers who left the states last April nine were assigned to Cebu Island, nine to Negros, and twentyfour to Panay, while the office men are kept at Manila. We are now divided up into four parties of two Americans each, spread out over thirty-five miles of construction work, with nine camps of 600 men each at work on this distance. dirt is moved in baskets and wheelbarrows, so the work is necessarily slow and costly. Mr. E. J Beard, a Kansas City man, is chief engineer, and Mr. F. A. Molliter, his co-partner on the construction of the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf road in the United States, is the supervising railway expert, employed by the government. My camp is "farthest north." (About latitude 10 degrees and 30 minutes), and we are about five miles ahead of the farthest north camp. I notice by the faculty list that many of the old teachers, who looked after our trials and tribulations during the old days when the school was new, are missing, but I recognize a few names as old classmates. I wonder to what corners of

the globe have the 174 others of the class of 1902 separated. I see by the papers that many of them are getting married, and that's all I ever hear out here. The little NAUTILUS is a good reminder and a good exponent of old Manual, and each copy is welcomed every time it arrives. Our work here will last for about four years before the roads will be finished on the three islands. We have been here most a year now.

With best regards and wishes for Manual's continued success, both in books and games, I am,

Yours very truly,

DAN C. HAYNE, '02.

Care Philippine Railway Company, Box 157, Cebu, Cebu, P I.

P. S.—Am enclosing with the magazine three pictures of our work on Cebu Island, which may be of interest. Since No. 90 was taken I have been promoted and advanced on eight miles from the place where it was taken. So you see we don't stay long in a place. Picture No. 100 gives a good idea of the method of using baskets and wheelbarrows. This fill is built across a nipa swamp, which is waist deep. We encounter several of these swamps on the line as it is one which follows the sea coast very closely.

No. 108 shows men at work on a long curve, which is three-quarters of a mile long. This to escape a big hill. The opening in the foreground is left for a culvert, to be put in when the reinforcing steel arrives from the states.

Yours truly,

D. C. H.

Here's to Old Manual. May the sun never set on her alumni.











RUTH WILCOX

Bob's Luck

By Elbridge W. Bartley, '07

"Rats!" solemnly muttered Bob, as he pulled off a shoe and shied it into his locker. That harmless creature, too, seemed to be out of sort, for it seemed to be gathering speed, as if for a long flight, until it brought up with a resounding whack against the back of the locker.

The brief expletive seemed to quiet the boy, and he sat for a long time, looking dejectedly down upon a big, red, swollen thing that now took the place of a once firm, strong ankle. Not so the shoe, however, for that little piece of paraphernalia seemed animated with a desire to say something and say it quickly, which it did in its own peculiar way.

"Bert Hodge is a mean boy; that's what he is!" exclaimed the wrathy little shoe, "and as for Bob, he's too easygoing to resent being run over in that way."

The cause of this short declaration was now apparent. During the practice of the afternoon, Bert Hodge had maliciously tripped Bob and the result was a hard fall and a sprained ankle. Hodge had been severely reprimanded for his conduct, but he had gained his point and little he cared for the "sermon," as he termed it.

"Bob" Brown was captain and left forward on the Moundville basket-ball team. He had won his place by perseverance and hard work, and in his senior year, his joy knew no bounds when he was chosen, almost unanimously, to captain the "five." Hodge was the other candidate, and from the moment of Bob's election he had been on the watch to do him some harm.

Bob Brown was a short, stocky lad of eighteen, with brown hair and blue eyes and a straightforward, manly air about him that made you like him even before you knew him. On the other hand, Hodge was a tall, gaunt lad, strong physically, but his always clouded brow and searching eyes, seemed to act as a repulse toward friendship with him. He had his coterie of friends, however, and a large one it was, too, for Hodge was an all-around athlete, and was the idol of the school, including "the girls," This was a source of no little discomfort to Bob, for one lassie in particular had avowed her preference for curly hair and her dislike of stringy locks, and poor Bob had retired into the background, beaten.

Having finished his disrobing, Bob limped to the shower bath, and as he did so something of a groan escaped his lips, but he only clenched his fists the tighter. The coach came in and looked at the boy's foot and shook his head despondently. "How did you do it, Bob?" he said, as he gently rubbed the

soothing liniment on the feverish foot and bound it tightly with a soft bandage. "Oh, I dunno; must have slipped someway; nothing to make a fuss about. It'll be all right for the game tomorrow night, I guess." "Not so fast, my boy," said the coach, authoritatively. "You are going home and go to bed, and not step out of it for at least a week, and we'll have to win without vou." But he added: "It'll be hard sailing." "Shucks!" said the boy, in as a brave a tone as he could summon, but the big tears stood in his eves and one rolled down his cheek and fell unheeded on his brawny hand. To be thus put out of the game, the game that he wished most of all to win, was a sore trial to the lad and almost unconsciously he burst into tears. Hodge and a few others started to jeer him, but a sharp word from the coach silenced them. His own friends crowded around him, and in boy fashion tried to comfort him. They helped him home, and a more sorrowful lot could not be found than the Moundville boys that night.

Moundville had a rival, and a worthy one, in her sister town, Centralia; and it was against the Centralia boys that Moundville was to play. Neither had lost a game so far, and so the championship of the country around depended on the game.

The time of the game came at last and Bob, as he lay on his bed in the nearby dormitory, could hear the triumphant yells of the rooters. As he lay there, playing an imaginary game, his friends burst into the room and the spokesman, all out of breath, tried to tell him that the doctor had said—that he—might come to—the game—if he'd be careful. He was soon dressed, and as he walked between the two guards into the big "Gym," a shout greeted him which almost took the roof off the old building.

With a flushed face Bob took his seat on the side lines, and a feeling of regret, far greater than any he had yet experienced, came over him as the referee blew his whistle and started the game.

Centralia was the first to score and the cheers which came from their side of the hall, as their big center made a basket, were deafening. Moundville was not discouraged and came back at them with a spectacular goal from the middle of the field, which brought everyone to his feet, and all previous yells seemed as whispers to the one the Moundville boys gave.

Hodge was without a doubt the mainstay of the team, and his play at first was wonderful. He seemed to be everywhere at once and Centralia was forced to play two men against him in order to keep down the score. Hodge, however, could not hold his fast pace, and Centralia came up from behind and were two points ahead at the end of the first half.

Bob was nervous and during the intermission he begged the coach to let him play, but that individual promptly told him to "shut up," and poor Bob went back to his seat.

The second half started like a whirl-wind, as had the first, but it was plain that Hodge was fagged out, for each time the ball went up center he leaned forward and coughed and strangled in vain attempts to regain his breath. Centralia increased her lead to four and held it until only five minutes of time remained, but keeping a diligent watch that Moundville gained nothing to speak of.

Bob, still restless, was looking around the hall when a cry arose. Turning toward the court he saw Phelps, the sub forward, lying full length on the floor. The time whistle had been blown and coach and doctor were hurrying toward the boy. The boy was gasping for breath and holding his sides, a thing which showed plainly that he had been winded by a short arm jab from his opponent. Almost as one voice, the cry of "Brown! Brown! Brown!" echoed through the hall, and instinctively Bob reached down and picked up the injured boy's shoes, which the coach had removed. Passing, unnoticed, to the side lines, he quickly got into them, and slipping on his jersey, he limped to where the coach and the boys were gathered.

"Look here, Mr. Smith," said Bob, as he came up to the group, "I'm going into that game and play, whether or no, for we have got to win." The coach looked into the pale, earnest face of the boy beside him, and nodded his assent, but he shivered as he thought what the outcome of the venture might be.

The game started again and a cheer of welcome went up for Bob as he tock his place. Centralia started once more with lightning speed, but the sharp whistle of the referee told of a foul, and as Bob took the ball and walked toward the free throw line, a death-like silence fell over all. Bob poised the ball between his fingers and with thumbs together on the top of the ball, he carefully measured his distance. A moment later the bail dropped through the hoop, and the shout that followed told of renewed hope in the breast of the Moundville rooters, goal by the Moundville center followed by another free throw from Bob evened the score, and with fifty seconds of play remaining, the referee again put the ball up center.

Bob had motioned for his pet play and the hope of its success lay in the ability of their center to get the jump on the Centralia boy. It was a guard play, the guard taking the ball off center and passing to the right forward who crossed to the place of left forward. He in turn passed to left forward who was to be waiting under the basket, on the right hand side. It was a capital play an: worked into Bob's hands with lightning rapidity, but the Centralia guard, ever on the alert, had quickly covered him.

Bob's foot was paining him dreadfully and everything was dim before him. Quick as a flash he had wheeled and in so doing got the ball over his head, but the guard was equally as fast and had him covered almost instantly. With set face he let the ball go out of his hands, and as he did so he fell heavily to the floor.

He was quickly helped to his feet, and as he looked around and saw his friends crowding around him he realized that they had won, and out of sheer joy he once more allowed the tears to flow unchecked. He was unable to walk but willing hands carried him to his room, where, surrounded by his friends, he talked of their hard-earned victory.

Hodge had not been the "star" he had hoped to be, and he was the bore of the school when the story of his unsportsmanlike conduct became known. The boys, even the most ardent of his admirers, shunned him, and he felt himself to be the outcast that he was. Dissatisfied with himself and the world, he quietly packed his belongings and left and no one was sufficiently interested to ask where.

Bob, however, was not victorious on the basket-ball court alone, as events proved. Early next morning, a golden haired, brown-eyed maiden slipped into the room, unnoticed, and stole quietly toward the young hero's bed. He turned and with flushed face and faltering voice he greeted her, and a big lump came up in his throat when he tried to express his appreciation of her visit. With open frankness she let him know that stringy locks weren't so bad after all and that a hero was always her choice above a coward.

That evening, as he lay on his bed, he kept saying to himself, "Bob Brown, you surely are a lucky chap, you surely are."

Baseball

On April 9th the high school season started with a game between Manual and Kansas City, Kas. Manual simply swamped the Jayhawkers, and every student present left the game, convinced that Manual would have little trouble winning the championship. It was the first time our '07 team "showed off" to its followers, and it certainly made a Tommy Etherton good impression. pitched a masterful game, striking out sixteen men and allowing but two hits. Gibson showed plainly that he still possesses that good batting eye by driving out four of Manual's eight hits. The score by innings: R.H.E. Manual ...4 2 0 3 0 1 2 0 *—12 8 2 K. C., K...0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 7

Batteries—Manual, Etherton and Gibson; Kansas City, Kas., Hedding and Judy.

Saturday, April 13th, was an excellent day for baseball, and a great crowd of Manual and Central students journeyed to Association park to see the first Manual-Central game of the season. Before the game began there was the customary yelling by both sides, but after about four innings of play, the Central noise-makers seemed to have vanished and the park was fairly ringing with one Manual yell, right after the other. A look at the score will explain the reason for this change of affairs, for the Manual hitters had driven Applegate, Coach Bomifield's much-touted pitcher, to the bench and in four innings piled up a safe lead of 13 runs. Lott, after a bad first inning, in which he walked four men, settled down and by cool and consistent work held the Central hitters safe throughout the remainder of the game.

The score is as follows:

MANUAL.

	AB	H	P	A	Е
Lott, p	4	0	0	3	0
Brain, ss	5	2	4	1	0
Gibson, c	6	2	5	2	0
Blacker, 3b	4	1	1	4	0
Hewitt, 1b	4	1	10	0	0
Peters, cf	4	0	0	0	0
Lewis, rf	5	3	1	0	0
Brammell, If	5	1	2	0	0
Banks, 2b	2	0	3	2	0
	_	-		-	_
Totals	.39	10	27	12	0

CENTRAL.

	AB	H	P	A	E
Slichter, cf	.4	1	3	1	1
Wood, If	,4	1	1	9	1
Stinzel, 3b	.3	0	2	1	1
Gardner, 1b	.4	1	7	0	0
Monk, ss	.2	1	1	1	1
Hucke, c	.3	0	7	2	1
McKinnen, 2b	.3	1	2	1	0
Bain, rf	4	0	0	0	1
Applegate, p	.1	0	0	2	1
Eppstein, p	.3	1	0	0	0
Totale	31	6*	23	Q	7

Score by innings:

Manual. 4 1 3 5 0 0 0 1 *—14 Central. 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0— 3

*Hewitt out on bunt strike.

Two-base hits—Eppstein, Hewitt. Stolen bases—Blacker, Banks. Double play—Blacker to Banks to Hewitt. Struck out—By Lott, 5; by Eppstein, 4; by Applegate, 2. Passed ball—Hucke. Hits—Off Applegate, 7 in three innings; off Eppstein, 3 in five innings. Bases on balls—Off Lott, 5; off Applegate, 2; off Eppstein, 5. Hit by pitched ball—By Applegate, Brain; by Eppstein, Hewitt. Wild pitch—Eppstein. Time of game—2:10 Umpire—Jack Sullivan. Attendance—500.

April 20th Manual met the strong team from Leavenworth at Association park. The game, as expected, proved to be an excellent one, as both Etherton and Kirmayer were in good form, and but for two timely hits by Lewis, Manual would not have scored her 5 runs. Etherton's support was excellent, for several times a sensational catch or a fast double-play prevented Leavenworth from scoring. This victory gives Manual a good lead in the pennant race. The score is as follows:

LEAVENWORTH

	AB	H	P	Α	E
Morrow, 3	.3	0	1	1	1
Schuler, s				0	0
Denovan, c			9	5	0
Hanny, 2	.3	2	5	1	1
Kirmayer, p	.4				0
Hatha'y, cf	.4	1	0	0	0
Wright, 1b				0	1
McCann, 1				2	0
Yaunk'n, r	.3	0	0	0	0
	THE REAL PROPERTY.		-100		-
Totals	30	4	24	13	3

MANUAL.

	AB	$_{\rm H}$	P	A	E
Lott, 2	.4	0	0	1	0
Brain, s		1	1	2	0
Gibson, c		2	10	0	0
Hewitt, 1b		0	7	0	0
Blacker, 3		0	3	1	0
Lewis, 1		2	1	0	0
Brammell, r		1	1	0	0
Peters, c		0	2	0	1
Etherton, p		1	2	6	0
Totals	.29	7	27	10	1
and the second second					

The summary: Left on bases—Leavenworth, 4; Manual, 5. Two-base hit—Lewis. Sacrifice hit—Hanny. Stolen bases—Morrow, Hewitt, Blacker. Double plays—Etherton to Hewitt, Blacker to Hewitt, McCann to Wright. Struck out—By Kirmayer, 9; by Etherton, 9. Passed ball—Gibson. Bases on balls—off Kirmayer, 5; off Etherton, 3. Hit by pitched ball—Morrow. Wild pitch—Etherton. Time of game—2:00. Umpire—Henry Olmstead. Attendance—150.

The second game with Central was played April 27th. There were two good reasons why Manual should win this game; first, because it would boost us along in the pennant race, and, second, if we won this game we earned the Columbia trip. The Manual rooters turned out in full force, and with such support a defeat was almost impossible. William Gardner, of '06 fame, decided to pitch for Central, and my! how the hits did fly! Bob Gibson got but five for his share, and every one on the team hit like real stars. Etherton suffered much with a sore arm toward the latter part of the game. This prevented us

from administering a shut-out to our opponents. The score is as follows:

CENTRAL.

Α	BH	P	A	E
Slichter, cf-2	3 0	2	1	0
Woods, 1f	1	2	0	1
Stengel, 3		3	1	1
Rammage, c-l		9	1	0
Gardner, p		0	5	0
Hucke, 1-c		6	2	1
Lindgrove, 3		2	3	0
Eppstein, r		1	0	0
M'Kinnen		2	1	3
Totals 3	5 7	27	14	6

MANUAL.

AB	H	P	A	整
Lott, 2 5	2	3	2	1
Brain, s 6		1		1
Gibson, c 6	5	11	2	0
Hewitt, 1 6	1	8	0	0
Blacker, 3 6	1	2	0	0
Lewis, If 6	2	1	0	0
Brammell, r 5	0	0	0	0
Peters, cf 2	2	0	0	0
Etherton, p 4	0	1	1	1
Totals	14	27	8	3

Score by innings:

Manual. 3 1 0 0 2 6 0 2 1—16 Central. 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 4— 6

The summary: Two-base hit—Gibson. Three-base hit—Hewitt. Stolen bases—Slichter 2, Rammage, Lindgrove, Eppstein, Lott 3, Brain, Blacker, 2; Lewis, 3; Brammell, 2; Peters, 3; Etherton. Double play—Lindgrove to Slichter to Brammage Struck out—By Etherton, 11; by Gardner, 4. Passed balls—Rammage, 3; Gibson, 1. Bases on balls—Off Etherton, 7; off Gardner, 4. Hit by pitched ball—Brammell. Wild pitch—Garnder, 3. Time of game—2:20. Umpire—Harry Cassady. Attendance—750.

After easily defeating all the teams in the local league, Manual journeyed to Columbia, expecting to make short work of the St. Louis champions, and with an even break in luck our expectations would have been realized. As it was we out-played our opponents in every department of the game, especially hitting, and still lost, after a game fight, by the wonderful score of 1 to 0. Lott, for Manual, although suffering throughout the game with a badly swollen finger on his pitching hand, pitched a magnificent game and deserved to win, as he held St. Louis to two small hits. Manual, on the other hand, made six hits off Rowan, but could not get enough in one inning to make a run. Our best chance to score came in the fourth, when Blacker started the winning with a long double between left and center. After Lewis went out Brammell singled to right and stole second. With men on second and third and only one out, a score seemed almost sure, but two short fly-balls to left field ended the inning without a score. Peters got a nice two-base hit in the second inning, while Brain led the team with two hits. The fielding on both sides was brilliant and sure, and baseball critics pronounce it the best game ever played among the Missouri high schools.

The official score:

ST. LOUIS.

	AB.	H,	P.	A.	E.
Schwab, r	4	0	3	0	0
Idler, cf	4	0	1	0	0
Purcell, s		1	3	6	0
Baker, 1b	3	0	8	0	0
Reber, c	4	0	2	2	0
Baggot, 2	4	0	6	2	1
Buchrig, 3	3	1	2	1	0
Kelley, 1	2	0	2	0	0
Rowan, p	3	0	0	3	0
-		_	-	_	-
Totals	20	2	27	1.4	1

KANSAS CITY.

	AB.	H.	P.	Α.	E.
Lott, p	3	0	0	3	2
Brain, s		2	1	4	0
Gibson, c		1	7	- 1	0
Hewitt, 1b		0	13	0	1
Blacker, 3		1	1	4	0
Lewis, 1		0	1	0	0
Brammell, r		1	2	0	0
Peters, cf		1	0	1	0
Banks, 2		0	2	2	0
	-	=	_	-	_
Totals	32	6	27	15	3

Score by innings— R.H.E.
St. Louis. .0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 1
Kan. City. .0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 6 3

The summary: Two-base hits—Blacker, Peters. Struck out—By Lott 6, by Rowan 2. Base on balls—Off Lott 2. Sacrifice hits—Gibson, Idler. Hit by pitcher—Lott. Double plays—Reber to Baggot, Purcell to Baggot to Baker.

Saturday, May 11th, Manual played a return game with Kansas City, Kas. The game was played at Chelsea Park, West Side, and the ground being rough, our infield did not have a chance to show its usual good form. Much can be said for Pitcher Hedding, for he held us to six hits, and but for some very timely hitting by our boys the score might have been different. The Kansans hit well, but Lott kept their hits scattered so that little damage was done.

Score by innings: R.H.E. K. C., K. . 0 3 1 0 0 0 2 0 0—6 6 8 Manual... . 0 0 0 1 3 0 0 0 0—4 9 3

Batteries—Kansas City, Kas., Hedding and Judy. Manual—Lott and Gibson.

The last game of the league season was played at Leavenworth May 18th.

Our team went into the game with no practice, whatever, and as the cups had already been cinched the boys took little interest in the contest. Kirmeyer and Lott both pitched splendid ball, but the Leavenworth pitcher had a shade the better of the argument, and finally won 4 to 0. This ended the league race, which has been one-sided all the way. Manual winning easily. Leavenworth and Kansas City, Kansas, presented good teams and won second and third places. Central has been weak all the way, mostly because of a team too young for high school baseball.

The league standing is as follows:

	Won.	Lost. Pe	er cent.
Manual	- 5	1	.833
Leavenworth	4	2	.666
Kansas City, Kas.,	2	1	.333
Central	1	- 5	.166

The team still has two more games to play, both out of town. Saturday, May 25th, they play the Missouri Wesleyan College at Cameron, Mo., and Thursday, May 30th, they play the State Normal School at Warrensburg, Mo. These teams are both of University class and if Manual wins, it will be a great credit to our team.

Glory to Crimson

Before a crowd of 3,000 yelping high school boys and girls, Manual defeated Central in the grandest dual track meet ever held between the two schools. It happened May 18th, at Elm Ridge, and the large red pill Central swallowed will long be remembered. The time had come when Manual simply had to win this meet, and win they did, for when the final score was added up, it read in this most agreeable way: Manual 68 2-3, Central 48 1-3.

The day was almost ideal for an outdoor meet. The wind was just right, and the track was in fine condition, probably the fastest track the two schools have ever met on. To this fitness was due the breaking of numerous past records, for new marks were set up in seven of the thirteen events.

Manual captured first and third in the opening event, the 120-yard hurdles. Hull's time was 16 seconds, beating the record 17 1-5 seconds, held by Minton, of Central. Hodge, of Central, set a new mark in the 440-yard dash, by

sprinting the distance in 53 seconds. The next record to go was Minton's low hurdle mark of 28 2-5 seconds, Harbordt taking the event in 27 seconds. Orme raised the pole-vault standard nine inches by making a vault of 10 feet, 7 inches. Boright, for Manual, now holds the high-jump record of 5 feet, 5 1-4 inches, Rolland Montague, after a great race, won the half-mile in the record time of 2:13. Montague's excellent work in the half-mile and mile races was the feature of the meet. It is very seldom we find a high school boy with the grit and ability our distance man showed, and he deserves all the credit we may heap up-

Although Taibot is no longer with us, Manual still has the weights their own way. In the three events held, Central could get but two thirds, this gave them two points and Manual twenty-five. Although the distances made did not approach the records held by Talbot, they were all fairly good. Schwab's discust throw of over 100 feet was excellent.



BASEBALL TEAM

The Garfield school captured both of the ward school cups. They won the relay race in easy fashion and have a young sprinter of much promise, in Pearson, who won the dash.

THE SUMMARY.

120-yard Hurdle—Hull (M.), first; Mehornay (C.), second; Harbordt (M), third. Time, :16.

100-yard Dash—Flynn (C.), first; Campbell (M.), second; Mayberry (C.), third. Time, :10 3-5.

1-mile Run—Montague (M.), first; Davis (C.), second; Watson (C.), third. Time, 5:09 1-5.

440-yard Run—Hodge (C.), first; Daniels (C.), second; Flynn (C.), third. Time, :53.

220-yard Hurdle—Harbordt (M.), first; Hull (M.), second; Mehornay (C.), third. Time, :27.

220-yard Dash—Gardner (C.), first; Flynn (C.), second; Campbell (M.), third. Time, .23 1-5.

. 880-yard Run—Montague (M.), first; Flynn (C.), second; Hodge (C.), third. Time, 2:13.

Pole Vault—Orme (M.), first; C. Woodbury (C.), Shoop (M.), and An-

drus (M.), tied for second place. Height 10 feet, 7 inches.

High Jump—Boright (M.), first; Mills (C.), H. Woodbury (C.), and C. Woodbury (C.), tied for second place. Height, 5 feet 5 1-4 inches.

Running Broad Jump—Mayberry (C.), first; Orme (M.), second; McCurtin (C.), third. Distance, 20 feet and 1-2 inch.

12-Pound Shot Put—Kanatzar (M.), first; Koenigsdorf (M.), second; Shafer (C.), third. Distance, 126 feet and 2 inches.

Discus Throw—Schwab (M.), first; Dodd (M.), second; Kanatzar (M.), third. Distance 100 feet and 4 inches.

INVITATION WARD SCHOOL EVENTS.

50-Yard Dash—Pearson (Garfield), first; Brenneman (Allen), second; Stanley (Garfield), third. Time .06.

Mile Relay—Garfield School, first; Hyde Park, second; Norman, third. Time, 3:40 3-4.

We cannot close without commenting on the splendid, manly, friendly spirit that was exchanged between the two big schools on that exciting occasion and ardently hoping that this same fraternal feeling will be perpetuated.

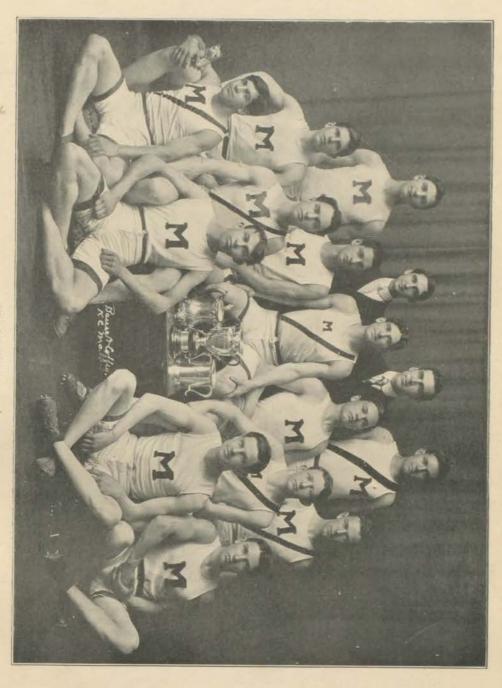
Victory at Lincoln

On Saturday, May 11th, the annual track and field meet of the Missouri Valley Inter-Scholastic Athletic Association was held on the campus of the Nebraska University at Lincoln. As usual, some of the best teams in the Missouri Valley were entered. This made the competition keen and interesting. Manual won first place and the Missouri Valley championship by piling up a score of 39 1-2 points, St. Joseph stood second, with 28 1-2, Kansas City Central third,

scoring 28, Lincoln fourth with 25, and York, Neb., fifth, with 22 points.

The conditions were unfavorable to creditable work, as the track was slow, and a strong wind swept over the field, the runners finishing every event facing a strong gale. This accounts for the slow time made in the sprints, runs and hurdles.

The individual stars of the meet were Lomax, St. Joseph; Flynn, Central; Hull, Manual; Diers, York; and Russell, Lin-



TRACK TEAM

coln. Lomax captured all of the weight events and the broad jump, and was the highest point winner with 20 1-2. Flynn captured all the short dashes in rather easy fashion, and was the only Central man to get a first place. Hull went after the hurdles with a vengeance, and proved himself to be the best hurdler in the Missouri-Valley high schools by winning both events. Diers broke the Missouri Valley record in the high jump, setting the new mark at five feet nine and one-quarter inches; and Russell performed a like feat in the pole vault with a vault of ten feet six and a half inches.

Montague and Craig did good work for Manual in the long distance events, the former getting the mile and the latter the half mile,

The summaries follow:

100-Yard Dash—Flynn, Kansas City Central, first; Beans, Lincoln, second; Mayberry, Kansas City Central, third; Foster, York, fourth. Time: 11 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Flynn, Kansas City Central, first; Mayberry, Kansas City Central, second; Foster, York, third; Mc-Donald, St. Joseph, fourth, Time: 24 3-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Flynn, Kansas City Central, first; Hedge, Kansas City Central, second; Hutchinson, Lincoln, third; Barry, York, fourth. Time: 55 2-5 seconds.

Half-Mile Run—Craig, Kansas City Manual, first; Pugsley, St. Joseph, second; Montague, Kansas City Manual, third; Hodge, Kansas City Central, fourth. Time: 2:16 2-5.

Mile Run-Montague, Kansas City Manual, first; Mohler, St. Joseph, second; Sheldon, Lincoln, third; Bates, Lincoln, fourth. Time: 5:15.

120-Yard Hurdles—Hull, Kansas City Manual, first; Sindell, Lincoln, second; Karth, York, third; Russell, Lincoln, fourth. Time: 18 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdles—Hull, Kansas City Manual, first; Harbordt, Kansas City Manual, second; Karth, York, third; Barr, York, fourth. Time: 28 4-5 seconds.

Hammer Throw—Lomax, St. Joseph, first; Dodd, Kansas City Manuals, second; Callahan, Lincoln, third; Karth, York, fourth. Distance, 128 feet, 4 1-2 inches.

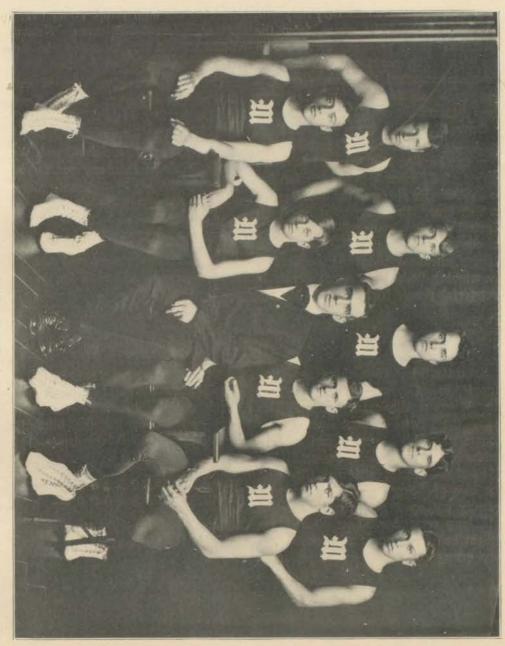
Shot Put—Lomax, St. Joseph and Diers, York, tied for first; Dodd, Kansas City Manuals, third; Stewart, Lincoln, fourth. Distance: 37 feet 3 1-2 inches.

Discus Throw—Lomax, St. Joseph, first; Dodd, Kansas City Manuals, second; Stewart, Lincoln, third; Karth, York, fourth, Distance: 96 feet 6 inches.

Pole Vault—Russell, Lincoln, first; Orme, Kansas City Manuals, and C Woodherry, Kansas City Central, tied for second; Norris, St. Joseph, fourth. Height: 10 feet 6 1-2 inches.

High Jump—Diers, York, first; Boright, Kansas City Manuals, second; Lomax, St. Joseph, and C. Woodberry, Kansas City Central, tied for third. Height: 5 feet 9 1-4 inches.

Running Broad Jump—Lomax, St. Joseph, first; Mickey, Lincoln, second; Diers, York, third; Orme, Kansas City Manuals, four. Distance: 20 feet 11 1-2 inches.



TUMBLING TEAM

The Meet at Columbia

The fourth inter-scholastic track and field meet held at Rollins field May 4th, was one of the finest meets, from the spectators' point of view, ever held in the West. The marks set in every event closely approached the college records, and seven records were broken during the afternoon.

Orme, Manual's great pole-vaulter, raised the state record to 10 feet 8 inches. Our fast hurdler, Hull, lowered Minton's record of 28 seconds in the low hurdles to 26 4-5. He also won the high hurdles in fast time. Baumberger of St. Louis Central set a new mark of 22 4-5 seconds in the 220-yard dash. Keifer of St. Louis Central astounded the large crowd by winning both the distance events in wonderful time. Nicholson of McKin-

ley High School, St. Louis, did beautiful work in the high jump, going over the bar at 5 feet 8 1-2 inches. Nelson of Yeatman, St. Louis, moved the broad jump record to 21 feet 4 inches.

The final summing up of scores showed the following result: Central, St. Louis, 34; Manual, Kansas City, 21 1-2; Central, Kansas City, 9 1-2; Mc-Kinley, Manual, St. Louis, and Wentworth, 8; Smith Academy and Columbia Training School, 7; Columbia Normals and Columbia High School, 6; Yeatman, St. Louis, 5.

While Manual did not win the meet, she ran a close second and our track team deserves much credit for the showing it made.

Saturday, May 25th, the team journeyed to Cameron, Mo., and the Missouri Wesleyan College. This was the first college team encountered this vear many students looked for a defeat. Manual did not leave Kansas City with the idea of being defeated, and consequently put up a game the Methodists will long remember. Lott pitched excellent ball for Manual and but for our two errors coming in the same inning

he woud have scored a shut-out. Lewis and Hewitt made great one-hand catches, which won the hearts of the natives. Lott and Banks led the hitting, the former getting four hard drives.

Score by innings: R.H.E. Manual. .0 2 5 0 0 3 0 0 1—11 13 2 M. W. C.0 0 4 0 0 0 0 0 0—4 5—6

Batteries—Manual, Lott and Gibson. M. W. C., Greenwood, Poland and Toman.





Tennis

The boys interested in tennis have been making a valiant effort to make it a fixture among our athletic boys. There was much practicing on the lot across from the school, where two good courts were made. But the property owners decided to build flats on this ground, and since the middle of May our racket wielders have been practicing wherever they can find a court. Mr. Gustafson and Mr. Hout, who have been coaching the boys, will pick a good team to represent Manual against Central. Owing to the late schedule it will be impossible to get a report on these games in the

Nautilus. There is no good reason why a regular tournament could not be played each spring or fall, and with the proper kind of spirit terms can be made a success.

At the Middle States Inter-Scholastic track meet, held in Philadelphia, May 18th, Lee Talbot threw the twelve-pound hammer 205 feet 10 3-4 inches, breaking the world's record of 193 feet 7 inches, held by himself. The Manual students are certainly proud of Lee. Would that we could all shake his big right hand. Just think! He was developed at Manual.

A Summing Up

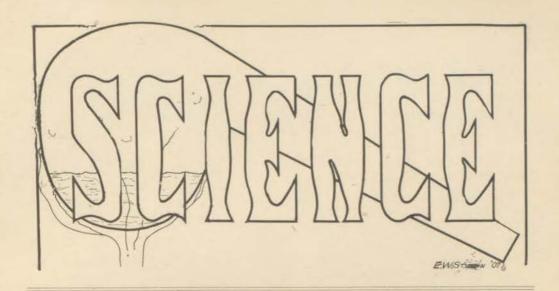
Manual has given a good account of herself in all branches of athletics this season. We have won five cups and came mighty close to winning three or four more. While we regret very much that we did not win everything offered, still we are satisfied with what we got, and do not grudge the losing of any cup. We are satisfied we lost several cups out of hard luck, while in other instances we admit we were clearly outclassed.

Our basket-ball team made a fair record, considering the circumstances. They made a gallant fight against Central, and with better luck would have won. Next year should be a banner year for Manual in basket-ball, as the team will have a year's experience and few new players will have to be developed.

The veteran baseball team won all three cups offered in Kansas City, and but for a miserable break in luck would have won from St. Louis at Columbia. A good sophomore battery was developed in Etherton and Gibson, who should do much for their school in the future. The infield, which has been the big factor in our defense the past three years, will graduate to the man. This will be a big loss, but with the proper kind of spirit a new infield can be secured which will keep up its end of the battles.

The track team has made an excellent record. It won the Missouri Valley meet, held at Lincoln, with ease, and ran a close second to St Louis Central at Columbia. But the greatest feat it accomplished was the downing of Central in the dual meet. This victory alone won the heart of every student at Manual for the track team. We lose by graduation Orme and Shoop, our pole-vaulters, and Hull and Harbordt, our star hurdlers. These loses will be felt next year, unless a strennous effort is made to develop some new men in these events.

Taking all things into consideration the student-body should feel highly pleased with the records made the past year, and the younger students, especially the boys, should make it their business to see that Manual loses none of her athletic prestige in years to come.





DONALD WITTEN



RUTH PHILLIPS

BREVITIES

The French chemist, Moissan, actually succeeded in manufacturing diamonds. His method was as follows: He melted iron in an electric furnace, and saturated it with carbon, the temperature of the furnace being over seventy-two hundred degrees Farenheit. The furnace was then plunged in cold water, and the resulting ingot subsequently attacked with hot aqua regia. This dissolved the iron, and laid bare the diamonds, which, though pure, were too small for practical use.

The assumption that Mars is inhabited, has become more and more certain of late years. Prof. Lowell, of the Institute of Technology, believes that since there are no natural bodies of water on the planet, that the "Martians" have been forced to build canals, connecting different parts of the planet with the polar regions, thus utilizing the melting snows of that region. A man weighing a hundred and fifty pounds here, would weigh only sixty pounds on Mars, and would hence be more energetic both physically

and mentally, than we are. A new camera has been invented, by which, photographs will be taken of Mars, which will be nearer to us next summer than it has been for fifteen years.

Dr. R. W. Parsons, of Ossining, New York, declares that American girls are being spoiled by over-education. He charges parents and teachers of setting up wrong ideals for them, and of educating them to vie with man in all things, instead of developing them into womanly women. He says that they are being ruined, physically and mentally. We hope it cannot be true.

The persistence of life in insects is very remarkable, especially when compared with that of warm blooded animals, for instance: The head of a wasp, when detached from the body, will try to bite, and the abdomen to sting; insects have been known to revive after having been solidly frozen in ice; a bee will eat honey after its abdomen is removed; an insect impaled on a pin, will devour its food as greedily as if it were free; and a crane-fly, having escaped from a person's hand, by leaving a number of its legs behind, will fly about with great unconcern.

Probably one of the most remarkable of fungi is one that is orange in color, and shaped like the spadix of a callalily. It is found with the roots branching around and imbedded in the head of a chrysalis, which, if examined, will be found to have lost its plumpness and to be light to the touch, thus showing that the organs of the insect have been miraculously transformed by Nature into this strange parasite.

Mr. Frank N. Meyer, in searching for new foods in China, has found a new variety of oat, expected to yield here several bushels more per acre than the best species now growing. He has also found among numerous other things, a delicious persimmon, yellow and seedless, that can be pared and eaten like an apple. He expects it to bear fruit as far north as New York.

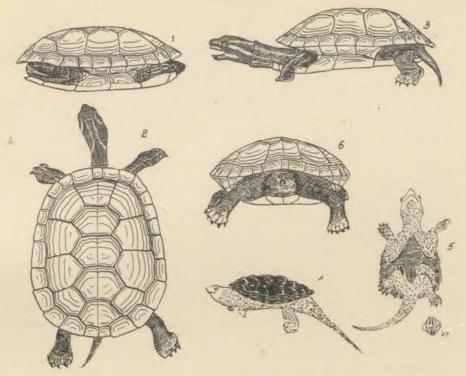
Few people know how strictly Uncle Sam is watching the animals brought to this country. Pests like the English sparrow, the flying fox, European starling, and mongoose, are not allowed to enter the country, being killed at the ports. The mongoose is feared, noted as it is, as a destroyer of quail, grouse and poultry. The islands of Hawaii and Porto Rico are already overrun with it.

The Turtle

By George L. Cartlich, '09

On the bank of a pond, it might be any pond in this part of the country, is a warm, sloping, sandy place. It is about the first of the summer when out of the water comes a creeping, snake-like head. It stops when near the shore and turns around. Nothing is stirring

and the head again moves on. Soon a dark, convex object emerges and the figure of a turtle is disclosed. It is a female, and this is the egg-laying season. Coming out of the water it crawls slowly and awkwardly up the bank, takes another look around, and begins digging,



digging. This does not keep up long, however, as a shallow hole can be dug in the sand with very little exertion. Then the turtle crawls into the hole and is quiet for perhaps fifteen minutes. At the end of this time she crawls out, covers up the hole carefully and slips into the water. Her work is finished. The sun must take up the work from now on.

At the end of perhaps three months. the eggs in the warm bed in the sand begin to crack one by one, and out of each crawls a small dirty looking, though brightly marked, soft shelled turtle. Down the bank and into the water it slips, slides and stumbles. No swimming lessons are needed; it is a born-or hatched-swimmer. From now on there is a new member of the great turtle family living in the pond to fight for the small, unwary fish, the flies, and that animal of universal reputation, the fishing worm; a new flatly rounded knob to decorate the broken fence rail projecting out of the water near the bank.

When fall advances the young turtle crawls upon the bank and begins burrowing. This burrow, however, is not for eggs; this one is the winter quarters. Perhaps the weather is a trifle chilly; if so the young hibernator digs quite briskly. Perhaps a warm day comes; then it quits work and lies around until the weather cools off a bit. However, when fall sets in in earnest, the young turtle is safely hibernated, and remains so until the warm days of the spring.

This is the life of the painted terrapin and these lives are quite long ones at times. The full growth it not attained until they are perhaps twenty-five years of age, and Agassiz, who compiled the table of growth, says that after that specimens grow a little until they are very old.

A noticeable difference between the snapper (4 and 5) and the painted terrapin, eastern variety, as is shown, is in the length and size of the tail. That of the snapper is much larger in propor-

tion to the size of the body than that of the painted terrapin. Yet the greatest difference is the shell or carapace of the two turtles. The carapace, upper shell, of the painted terrapin is formed of plates proper, under which, separated only by a small space to absorb shocks, are the back bone and few ribs. These are covered by the shield plates, which make the divisions on the back, and are very thin. These are quite smooth and are colored very brightly, especially in the young specimens. The colors, as a general rule, are a purplish brown background, and stripes of vellow, running to red, near the edges of the divisions. There is also a great deal of black. On the snapper, however, the plate shields are very rough and uneven, and the color of the whole body is a dark grey or brownish color, getting lighter upon the body proper, or soft skin, the shell being sometimes called the skin.

This soft skin of the snapper is very tough and covered with small tubercals or projections. That of the painted terrapin, while very tough, is more like small wrinkies.

The legs have bones similar to most animals of the kind, being fastened to the carapace at the spinal column, which is so modified at places for the junction of the bones. It is very interesting to note that both species, and in fact most of the others, have five fingers, or toes, on each foot.

In speaking of their longevity, the turtles found on the Galapagas Islands are the most long lived species. Sailors of the old time used to go ashore to obtain the turtles for their long voyages as that meat was a rare delicacy when compared to salt junk and hard tack. There was one particularly big old turtle; instead of capturing him, they cut upon his shell the name of their ship and the date. This continued a long time and the last known record proved that he was over two hundred years old. Other turtles of the islands ran up in the hundreds and one in particular was known to be four hundred years old. In fact, their longevity is exceeded only by that of the whales, some specimens of which have lived a thousand years, though how they tell I cannot say.

The turtle when in captivity is found to be very partial to fish, and is a great lover of any kind of raw meat. It also eats insects and fishing worms. When after a fly it first looks around to see if anything else has the same design upon it-it will never enter a race with a fish -then slowly approaches, swimming up under and, snap! Turning around it slowly swims away. This, as every fisherman knows, is the manner in which their lines are dragged to the bottom and sometimes lost. If the turtle happens to get the whole hook in its mouth, it is no trouble for the sharp horn like jaws-they have no teeth-to bite the strongest fishing line in two.

Although many of the painted terrapins are found in rivers, the running water does not suit their lazy habits. They prefer a quiet "forty-five" pool where they can lie around and sun to their hearts' content. They like to hang motionless in the moss in the water, although they sometimes spend the whole night upon the bottom of the pond. Yet they cannot stay under water indefinitely. At one time a fish net was set in the river and when the fisherman returned three days later, three soft shelled turtles were found drowned. Unlike fish, however, they can remain out of water for sometime. The originals of the drawings in this article, although belonging to species that live in the water, were carried in my pocket for sometime.

A peculiar trait of this family of reptiles is their tenacity of life. Incidents are recorded in which turtles have had their heads cut off and yet have lived for several days. In London, turtles are for sale on the markets, with the lower part of the shell removed. The purchaser directs which part of meat to be cut off for him, and as all other parts are preferable to the head and the heart, those parts are left, and the heart is still beating, even after there is no more blood for it to pump. In one instance, one of the snappers was caught, its head shot full of lead, and left for dead. When the perpetrator of this unwarranted deed returned five minutes later it was nowhere to be seen, having crawled to the water, a good ways off.

Persons may become confused by the words tortoise, terrapin, and turtle. Tortoise is the true name of all the species, having originated from the French, tortis, meaning twisted from the flexible condition of the legs. Turtle is supposed to be a conception of tortoise, and terrapin, very likely, was derived from terra, meaning earth, and was at first confined to land tortoises. Now, however, the three have become so confused that it is safe to call any one of the family a tortoise, a turtle, or a terrapin.

In the illustration, number one is a side view of the painted terrapin, with legs, head and tail contracted. Number two, the top view, of the same with head, legs and tail stretched out. Number three, the side view, of the same. Number six the front view of the same. Number four is the side view of the snapper, and number five the under or ventral view. The drawings are one-half life size.

Earl Davidson's Proof Pleases Scholarly Mathematicians

It should be a matter of great interest and gratification to the teachers and pupils of "Manual" to learn how well Mr. Earl Davidson's demonstration of the Pythagorean Theorem, that was published in our Easter Nautilus, was received by some of the ablest mathematicians in this part of the country, as is proved by the following letter which Mr. Phillips has recently received from Dr. Hedrick, instructor in mathematics at the Missouri State University.

Principal E. D. Phillips, Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo,

My Dear Mr. Phillips:—I wish to thank you for sending me a copy of the Easter NAUTILUS. The whole magazine reflects great credit on your school. It was a surprise to me to see such a fin-

shed piece of work, even though I have been familiar with the general high standards set in everything by the "Manual."

Regarding the proof of the Pythagorean Theorem, which it contains, I would express my delight and my congratulations to the author, Earl Davidson.

I might characterize it as distinctly trigonometric; I am sure that a translation of it into the terms of trigonometry would be interesting to the students of that subject, and I would propose that this be done by some one of your students.

Certainly the proof is highly creditable as an original translation, especially for so young a student.

As ever yours,

E. R. HEDRICK

Pythagorean Theorem

By Albert Prather, '09

In any Rt. Triangle, the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the legs.

Given: Rt. triangle A B C, with Rt. angle at A.

To prove: $\overline{AC+AB} = \overline{CB}$.

Proof: Draw sq. on hypotenuse, C B R S and sq. on A C, A C D E.

Extend E D and from S drop a perpendicular to E D extended at K.

Extend K S and from R drop a perpendicular to K S extended at M.

Extend M R meeting A B extended at X.

EXMK is a rectangle.

Also, drop a perpendicular from C to K M intersecting it at N, and draw diagonal C K of rectangle D C N K.

C B=B R. (Sides of square C B R S). C B is perpendicular to B R.

X R is perpendicular to A B.

Since angle C A B= Rt. angle=angle B X R, angles A B C and X R B are both acute.

Then angle A B C=angle X R B. (Sides are perpendicular each to each.)

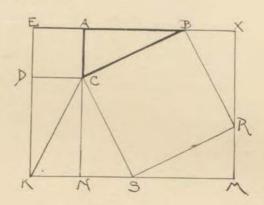
So triangle A B C=triangle B X R. (Two Rt. triangles are equal when the hypotenuse and adjacent angle of one are equal respectively to the hypotenuse and adjacent angle of the other.)

Triangle R M S=triangle B X R. (Proved the same way with S R perpendicular to R B and S M perpendicular to X R and angle R S M=angle X R B.)

Triangle R M S=triangle C S N. (Proved also the same way.)

C N=D K. (Opposite sides of rectangle D C N K.)

N S=A C. (Homologous sides of equal triangles.)



A C=E A=D C=K N.

Angle C D K=Rt, angle=angle C N S.

Since C N=D K and N S= D C, then triangle D C K=triangle C N S. (Two triangles are equal when two sides and the included angle of one are equal respectively to two sides and the included angle of the other.)

And triangle C D K=triangle C K N. (Three sides of one equal respectively to the three sides of the other.)

Then triangle A B C=triangle B X R=triangle R M S=triangle C S N=triangle C K N=triangle C D K.

Area of triangle A B C=½(A B • A C).

Area of all six Rt. triangle=3(A B. A C).

Then area of rectangle E X M K=3 $(A B \cdot A C) + \overline{A C}^2 + \overline{C B}^2$.

Area of rectangle E X M K also= E K•K M.

E K=E D+D K.

E D=A C. (Opposite sides of square A C D E.)

D K=A B. (Homologous sides of equal triangles.)

E K=A C+A B.

K M=K N+N S+S M.

K N=N S=A C. (Homologous sides of equal triangles.)

S M=A B. (Homologous sides of equal triangles.)

E K•K M=(A C+A B) (2 A C+A B)

=2 A C+3(A C•A B)+A B.

Then since area of rectangle E X M K also=3(A B•A C)+A C+C B,

•• $8(A B • A C) + \overline{A C} + \overline{C B} = 2 \overline{A C} + 8$

 $(A C \cdot A B) + \overline{A B},$ $Or C B = \overline{A C + A B}.$

Q. E. D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above is believed to be a demonstration of the Pythagorean Theorem which is different from any solution previously published. It is entirely original with Albert Prather. Previously published demonstrations of this famous theorem number at least twenty-seven, including that of Earl Davidson, whose solution appeared in the Easter number of the NAUTILUS.

Manual is certainly proud in the possession of two such young men, who have shown this evidence of their power for original thinking.

The Manufacture of Glass Bottles

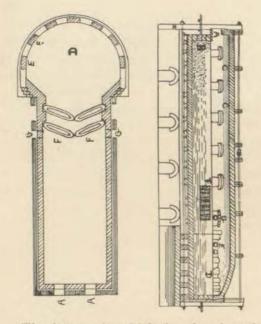
By GEO. STEINHORST

Glass making is a very old industry. It was known to the ancient Egyptians and Phoenicians 3,000 years ago. From Egypt the industry was transferred to Rome, and on the fall of the Western Empire the art was carried to Bysantium. Bysantine glass attained a high degree of perfection, but in the middle of the Thirteenth Century Venice became the center of the industry, and Venetian glass-blowers were remarkably expert in the production of beautiful and delicate patterns. Finally Bohemia took the lead in the manufacture of glass, and has retained the front rank ever since.

Glass is an uncrystalized, transparent or translucent mixture of silicates, one of which is always that of an alkali. The usual silicates employed are those of potassium, sodium, calcium and lead, the silicates of the heavier metals occurring in the colored glasses.

The glass used in making common bottles is called a soda-lime glass. The process of its manufacture is as follows: The principal raw materials used are three in number, namely, soda ash, an impure form of sodium carbonate, a fine grained sand, which has a whitish color and has the composition SiOo, and common quick lime CaO, These raw materials are mixed thoroughly, and are then known as the "batch." To this "batch" is then added the proper amount of coloring matter. If the glass is to be colorless a certain amount of manganese dioxide is added. This changes the iron, which is an impurity, from the ferrous to the ferric state. In the ferric state it imparts to the glass only a slight yellow color, while in the ferrous state it gives a bright green color; moreover the silicate of manganese has a violet or pink color. which helps to neutralize the green.

The "batch" is then shoveled into the furnace together with a certain amount of broken glass, called "cullet." This "cullett," melts at a comparatively low temperature and thus assists in liquefying the rest of the charge.



The furnace in which the glass is melted is called a tank furnace. The accompanying drawing shows a plan and elevation of a tank furnace in which the "batch" is introduced at a. The oil flame issues from cc and plays over the surface of the charge. The "batch" b soon fuses, and the liquid mass flows toward the opposite end of the tank. At f there are elliptical "floaters" of fire-clay, one end of which rests in recesses in the wall, while the free ends meet at the middle of the furnace. The current of melted glass flowing toward d constantly presses upon the floaters and prevents their separation. The liquid mass thus passes under the floaters and collects in the compartment d, from which it is withdrawn through the openings ee. At b the temperature is very high, varying between 2800 and 3000 degrees Fahrenheit, and as the glass flows slowly toward f the refining takes place.

In d the temperature is lower and the glass has cooled sufficiently for working. The impurities, rising to the surface during the melting and refining, are retained by the floaters and removed through the opening at g, so that the glass in d has

a clean surface, and is free from bubbles. A furnace of this kind may be about seventy-five feet long and sixteen feet wide and five feet deep. The life of these furnaces are very uncertain. If allowed to cool they generally have to be relined before starting again.

The glass in d is ready for the blower. The blower is equipped with several long iron tubes about 3 feet in length. He thrusts one of these into the molten glass and draws out a chunk of it. He then places this chunk in an iron mold which shapes it into a sphere. He then begins blowing and forms a hollow sphere about five inches in diameter. He then rolls this sphere over a stone, which gives it a cylindrical form. It is then ready for the mold, which is made of iron and has a place cut into it, which the finished bottle just fits. The blower places the cylindrical piece of glass in the mold and then blows hard. This causes the glass to take the shape of a bottle. The glassblower gives his tube to a small boy who breaks the surplus glass off it. Meanwhile the mold has been opened and the blower's bottle removed. The bottle is then put in a long iron cup with a handle on it, and the neck is once more heated in a small furnace. When it is heated properly the neck is finished by an experienced man who has a tool which he runs around the top and smooths and rounds off the corners. The bottle is then put into the annealing oven.

This is a large oven which has a high temperature at the end where the bottles are first introduced. At the end at which they are taken out it is almost at room temperature. The bottles are carried through these ovens on moving plates, and require about twelve hours in getting through. If the bottles were cooled suddenly they would be very brittle and break very easily.

From the time that the bottle is blown until it comes from the annealing ovens

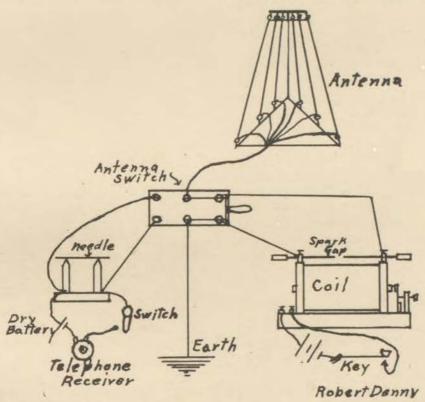
it is handled by seven persons, each one doing a small part, but doing that as well as it can be done. It will be seen from this that the making of glass bottles require a great deal of time, labor and skill.

How to Make a "Wireless"

By ROBERT C. DENNY

Wireless telegraphy is generally thought of as being a system of complicated machines, when in fact it is very simple. Before describing the instruments the etheric waves or impulses should be taken up. the stone. This may be applied to the wireless.

The electric impulses set up by the transmitter, travel in concentric circles, from a perpendicular wire or system of wires called the aerial or antenna.



All have observed what happens when a stone is thrown into a pool of water. Small circles of ripples are started. These circles gradually increase in size, until they entirely disappear. If a cork was lying on the water, it would be found to rise and fall with the ripples. Thus the cork receives the impulses set up by

For the transmitting apparatus an induction coil, capable of giving a good hot spark, is used. One side of the spark gap is connected to the antenna and the other side to the earth.

The receiver is of the type known as the microphone. Take two pieces of arc light carbon (or any other fine grained carbon) and file them to sharp edges. They are then mounted on a wooden base, the sharp edges parallel to each other. These carbons are bridged by a polished steel needle. One carbon is connected to the antenna and the other to the earth. The message is received in a telephone receiver which is connected, as shown in diagram.

If the antenna is to be built on a house, use a fifteen foot pole, with a light six foot cross arm at the top. Fasten six or eight large copper wires to insulators on the cross arm, being sure to have them all connected at the top. You can't be too careful in insulating the antenna, for in damp weather the spark will jump

to the pole or cross arm. Bring the wires together at the bottom and solder them to a single wire which will connect with your instruments. You will use the same antenna to receive and send on. The diagram shows the connections of one station, and the method of making an antenna. The diagram shows the antenna and ground connected to the coil, through the switch, when receiving the switch will be reversed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: An outfit such as the one described has been constructed between the houses of two Manual boys, and has been successfully used by them for more than a year.

The Development of the Automobile

By Douglas Gardner, '07

From times as remote as the days when Greece and Rome flourished, there appears scattered throughout the works of many writers of history and fiction, allusions to the repeated attempts at the construction of self-propelling vehicles. Although many experimenters produced most peculiar, and even ludicrous contrivances, such as wagons moved by huge springs, or by treadmills containing goats or dogs, no success was met with until comparatively recently, but however crude and useless the previous attempts at the construction of such vehicles may have been, they all contributed toward the production of the magnificent automobiles now in use.

The term "automobile" does not include such self-propelled machines as steam road-rollers, traction engines, and locomotives, and, indeed, has little in common with them, but it embraces such vehicles as travel upon ordinary roads, guided and controlled by but one person. The earliest authentic inception of the automobile dates back to the first days of the steam engine. In 1680, Sir Isaac Newton proposed a steam carriage to be propelled by the reaction of the two jets of steam issuing from a nozzle near the ground, at the rear of the carriage. In 1790. Nathan Reed patented and constructed the model for a steam carriage, in which two steam cylinders operated racks running on pinions on the driving shaft. Other attempts of about the same period ended in the production of various self-driven contrivances, the motion of some produced by much the same method as that by which a grasshopper propels himself, others by piston rods directly connected to the wheels, and driven by steam cylinders not much smaller than those employed on the mammoth locomotives now used for heavy mountain service.

The time included between 1824, and 1836, shows a marked activity among those experimenting upon steam wagons, chief among whom was Walter Hancock, an Englishman. His first notable work was the construction of a rather remarkable form of boiler, which reached its final improved state, and was patented in 1827. He applied this boiler to several similar vehicles, the most noted and important of which, was, in the essential points, of the following construction: The carriage had three wheels, the single one in front being the driver. It was driven by a pair of direct acting, oscillating, steam cylinders, mounted on a sub-frame, pivoted to the body of the carriage to permit steering. This machine, known as the "Automaton," ran as a coach between Stratford and London, and during the twenty years of its use, it carried 12,671 passengers and traveled 4.200 miles.

Contemporary with Hancock, were Guerney and Dance, all fellow countrymen, who conducted extensive experiments with steam wagons invented by Guerney and financed by Dance. His final achievement consisted of a machine working as follows: The engine was placed beneath the body of the carriage. and resembled the modern locomotive in both construction and operation. The boiler was worked at a pressure of about 100 pounds per square inch, the steam being dried and somewhat superheated by being passed through the furnace. The fire was provided with a forced draft from the exhaust, which was also used to heat the feed water. The size of the vehicle was almost prohibitive, the weight being a little less than nine tons, the diameter of the wheels five feet, and the speed not that of a fast horse.

Of course, machines so cumbersome could not be popular, although some already mentioned went for distances of hundreds and even thousands of miles in the transportation of passengers and freight. However, they met with no real success or appreciation, and from about 1836, not much more is heard of self-propelled vehicles, until within the last few years, when the invention of quick-steaming boilers, internal-combustion engines, and the increasing knowledge of the use of electricity rendered a light, compact, and serviceable vehicle possible.

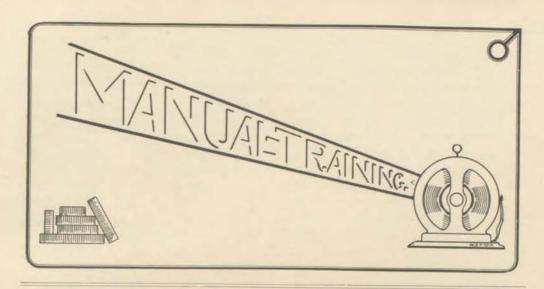
The great improvements in the last three methods of propulsion named caused the further evolution of the automobile, as self-propelled vehicles then began to be called, to advance along three distinct lines, one for each of the motive powers named.

Taking first the internal combustion motor, or ordinary gasoline motor, as it is called, we find that its popularity has increased until it is used on automobiles almost to the exclusion of steam engines or other motive powers, because of the cheap cost of operation, of the elimination of complicated mechanism, and of the strong and serviceable car produced. The mechanism of the motor car has resolved itself into three distinct parts, namely, the motor, the mechanism governing the power transmission, and the fuel supplying and igniting devices. The motor, the essential part, which has rendered such a machine as the motor car possible, began to be developed in Germany and France, beginning in 1884, when Gottlieb Daimler invented the small, high-speed, gasoline engine, followed in 1885 by the invention of the single cylinder, enclosed-crank and flywheel engine, now chiefly used on motorcycles. In 1886, Carl Benz invented the single-cylinder, horizontal, water-jacketed motor which was applied to a threewheeled carriage. From these forms of the motor the modern high-powered gasoline engine has been developed and adapted to the automobile, and such improvements have taken place that now a motor of two, four and six cylinders, weighing about five hundred pounds, and developing from 12 to 120 horse-power is placed on an automobile, occupying a space of not more than $40 \times 20 \times 15$ inches, and driving the car at a maximum speed of over 100 miles per hour, in cars especially built for racing. In the ordinary touring car, or runabout, as pleasure vehicles are called, a motor of from 20 to 50 horse power is usually employed, giving a speed of from 5 to seldom more than 60 miles per hour.

About the same time that the gasoline motor was being developed. Serpollet and others in France began to adapt the steam engine to small road vehicles by diminishing its size without detracting from its power or efficiency. With the exception of substituting a steam engine for a gasoline motor, steam driven automobiles do not differ greatly from gasoline cars in the remainder of their construction, but at the same time steam cars do not meet with the popularity or success of gasoline cars, because of the amount of complicated mechanism about the engine which has to be well taken care of, of the cost of maintainance, and of the danger of the close proximity of gasoline and other inflammable oils to the fire necessary for the generation of steam. However, steam trucks for heavy freight work have been successfully used, and several popular types of pleasure vehicles are being manufactured.

The use of electrically driven cars dates back about as far as that of gasoline automobiles, but they do not meet with any more success than steam cars do, because of the inability of the storage batteries, used for the source of power, to transport the car more than 30 or 40 miles without recharging. However, within their range of work, they have become popular in the form of stylish vehicles, such as coaches, hansoms, landaus, and light runabouts, and because of their noiselessness, cleanliness, ease of operation, and freedom from other disagreeable characteristics peculiar to automobiles, it is hoped that stations may be established at frequent intervals over the country where the batteries may be charged and other repairs made.

Probably no recent invention has such a bright future before it as the automobile has. The latest statistics show that the amount of money invested in automobiles is represented by many millions of dollars, and that hundreds of thousands of motor cars are being produced annually throughout the world, ranging from the little \$500 runabout to the miniature hotel on wheels, costing \$25,000 and more. Abroad, where their fine roads are the pride of the nations, pleasure and business journeys are now being largely made in automobiles, and in this country the pleasure of possessing ones own means of transportation has created a widespread interest in the building of good roads. Automobile enthusiasts predict that with the advent of fine highways, motor cars will come into such general use that traveling will be almost exclusively by automobile, crowded cities will be unknown, and the pleasure of living will be increased many times.





GILBERT JAGGARD



LUCY BAKER

A Modern Machine Tool Shop

By FRED THILENIUS

While visiting some of the eastern cities last summer I had the opportunity, with a friend, to go through one of the largest machine-tool works in the United States. It is located in Hartford, Connecticut, and occupies three good sized city blocks. It differs from other eastern factories, in that nothing has been done to beautify the exterior with vines and shrubbery, but once inside we forgot all these outward shows and lose ourselves in observing the wonderful machinery. We are accompanied by a guide, who is an expert machinist,

and who is employed solely for the purpose of explaining the machinery to visitors.

On entering, our first impression is that of activity. Everything as far as we can see is whirling or jumping or moving in some course. There seems to be comparatively few workmen in proportion to the amount of running steel, but we soon notice that any more would be superfluous, for one man sometimes takes care of six or seven machines. Thus the working force is cut down as much as possible, and yet this

company, we are told, employs over two thousand five hundred men. The first wonder we come upon is an automatic miller, which cuts gears complete after one adjustment. What is more, when it becomes hungry, it calls its keeper, who feeds it another steel biscuit, after which it resumes its iron chew. As we pass on we see equally as complicated workmanship in the form of automatic lathes and drillpresses, each one different according to the piece it turns out. We find that this entire floor, nav, the whole six-story structure is devoted exclusively to the making of special parts of machinery.

From this building we are taken through a tunnel to the forge shop. Already we hear the thump of the steam hammers and the ringing of anvils, and, as we emerge, we are almost deafened by the terrible noise and blinded by white heat. Our guide leads us over to one of the five-ton hammers. As he is telling us of its virtues, he takes a hazel-nut from his pocket, throws it carelessly on the lower die, moves a lever which brings down the huge ram with force enough to shatter cannon balls and then hands us the kernel unmarred.

One half of this place is occupied by the tool and drawing room. Here, we are told, they make tools and dies and work out new designs. For this purpose, there are thirty-five draftsmen and fifty tool-makers. We are attracted by a bright stream of shooting stars diverging from the rim of an emery wheel, and on stepping over to it we find the man measuring his piece of steel with a micrometer. He tells us he must get it within 6-1000 of an inch of being true or it is no good.

We omit the rest of the plant which is composed largely of warehouses and minor shops, and our last transition is from hence by a bridge to the assembling room. Here we have an all steel structure built on the plan of Convention Hall, being, however, only 75 feet wide, but having twice as much floor space. As the name implies, this is where all parts made throughout the plant are brought together. Here we find no less noise than in the other places. There is an incessant chipping of chisels, clashing of iron, and rattling of chains, amid which four traveling cranes are thundering along continually, picking up and dropping machines, of which we are told there are six hundred at the present time. We follow the guide down a narrow passage which has been left as a breathing place for bosses and visitors. Here men are crowded around certain machines, rushing their completion with all possible speed, there they are rubbing down and painting steeds, impatient to leave, and still farther over they are boxing them up and packing them on cars. Once out in the quiet again, we stop a moment to think if we have not been dreaming, for it is only a step after all from chaos to quiet.

The Evolution of a Piece of News

By LAMOUR S. AUSTIN

The history of printing is too long and broad to be given in detail here; suffice it to say that printing was discovered by accident. A man saw the imprint of a leaf on soft clay, and had enough brains to see the benefit to be derived from it.

Let us come to the present time. Printing has become a coupling link in the chain which brings towns, cities, state, and countries within speaking distance of each other.

Now follow the course of the publication of a piece of news. Suppose we take a trip to a newspaper office. As we cross the threshold to the counting room, the click of the typewriters greet the the ear with a hearty welcome. We journey up to the reporter's office and there see the chief detailing men on different items. There is to be a ball game between Manual and Central, and a reporter is assigned to it.

At the park the reporter is caged in an especially provided box on top of the grandstand. From there he can get a good view of the diamond After the game, he writes a report of the game and it is sent to the composing room.

The body of it is given the linotypist, whose machine has worked wonders in typesetting, by setting a line at a time. from which it derives its name, lin-otype. It is a large affair, with a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter. The mould for the type is a reversed indentation of the letters in copper. These are fed down from compartments by pressing a key. When a line is finished a set of mechanisms take the line to a compartment where molten lead is forced through a line mould against this set of letters. The lead is hardly melted and when it comes in contact with the cold mould, it is hardened and the line is pushed through to an apartment at the operator's side.

A heading has to be set up. There are many styles and sizes of type. These are kept in cases, which are divided into many little boxes, each box being for a certain letter or character. Lead plates are used for spacing between lines. The printer now takes a "composing stick," a sort of steel box, open on one side and the top, with a handle adapted to the hand, and the opened end being movable

for different lengths. The "stick" is set for the desired length and the printer sets up the heading.

The heading and body are now placed in the right order and then put in with other matter to fill up a page. A "matrix" is now made, that is, a sheet of wet tough pulpy paper is put over this page of type and then beaten with a stiff brush. The impression is then placed between two pieces of heavy cloth and dried under pressure by steam heat.

The matrix, now finished, is then clamped in a half round steel form, with the type indentations turned in towards the center. A lead compound is poured in, and when cool a half round plate with type face is the fruit of all the labor.

We now journey to the basement, where the presses stand ready to grind ceaseless feet of paper between their huge rollers. The capacity of some of these presses is a paper containing 12 sheets. Three rolls of paper, one above the other feed into the press at one time. The "stereotype" plates are so arranged that the paper runs over the one then under the other, thus printing both sides. At the other end of the press, the three sheets come together and are cut and folded.

The distribution of the paper is interesting to the onlooker. After being printed, the papers are sent in elevators to one of two rooms. One is the city room, while the other is the mailing room. Those sent to the city room are counted and tied up—then sent to different parts of the city to be distributed by boys.

In the mailing room the address is put on the paper by a machine, a brass box in which a roll of the mailing list passes over a ribbon, saturated with paste, they are then gathered together and put into mail bags, which take them to their destination.

Christmas Dinner Served to Ten People

By Blanche Hess, '08

MENU.

Consomme, Wafers.
Celery. Olives.
Sweet Potatoes a la Southern.

Creamed Peas.

Riced Irish Potatoes.

Roasted Turkey. Oyster Dressing. Giblet Gravy.

Cranberry Sauce Sweet Tomato Pickles. Waldorf Salad in Apple Shells.

Cheese Straws.

Mince Pie. Cider. Cheese, Ice Cream in Peaches. Fruit Cake. Coffee.

Candies. Nuts. Fruit.

THE TABLE—The centerpiece was a five-pointed star of holly, in the center of which stood a tall crystal vase filled with white carnations. Small pieces of holly were scattered over the cloth.

The Cover—In the center of the prescribed twenty-four inches was a service plate, dinner size. At the right of this the silver was placed, in the order of its use, the soup spoon for the first course being the farthest from the plate, then the dinner knife and two teaspoons and then the ice cream spoon placed next the plate. At the left of the plate were placed the forks, dinner, salad and dessert. At the upper left-hand corner lay the napkin, at the upper right-hand corner the bread and butter plate, and just above the plate, the coffee spoon was placed.

THE SERVICE.

FIRST COURSE—Relishes and consomme placed before guests were seated. Wafers passed.

SECOND COURSE—Soup plates removed; turkey was carved at the table and plates served with the meat, dressing and Irish potatoes by the host; peas and cranberry sauce served in small dishes. Sweet potatoes, pickles and gravy were passed.

THIRD COURSE—All dishes removed from the table; crumbs were brushed from the table, and the salad plates, containing salad and cheese straws were placed.

FOURTH COURSE—Salad plates removed; plates containing the pie and a slice of cheese placed; glasses of cider placed.

Ice cream placed, cake passed.

FIFTH COURSE—All dishes removed; cups of coffee placed; plates for the candy, fruit and nuts placed; large dishes containing these placed on the table.

The entire meal was served by one girl, trained in the Domestic Science Department of Manual, with only the assistance of a maid in the kitchen.

THE Cost—Chicken, 65 cents; celery, 20 cents; olives, 25 cents; sweet potatoes, 25 cents; Irish potatoes, 10 cents; peas, 25 cents; turkey, \$2.25; oysters, 60 cents; cranberries. 15 cents; apples, 15 cents; wafers, 25 cents; mince pie, 25 cents; ice cream, 80 cents; nuts, 60 cents; fruit, \$1.30; bread, 20 cents. Total, \$8.25.

Bread

By Arnold Hofmann, '07

It is not my purpose to give information on the manufacture of bread, one of our most common articles of diet (the fair pupils of Manual are all experts in that art, and the young gentlemen who are interested may learn from them), but rather to give an account of the different methods of preparation used by the peoples of different lands and different times.

The exact time when bread first came into use is not known, but in Switzerland bread has been found in the ruins of old lake dwellings which were the homes of the men of that prehistoric period known as the old stone age. Its preservation is due to its having been carbonized in the fires that frequently destroyed these pile dwellings. This bread is in a round loaf and weighs in some cases as much as eight pounds.

In the Bible, bread is frequently mentioned. The Egyptians knew the art of baking. With the march of civilization travelers carried the knowledge of breadmaking into Greece and soon the Greeks knew sixty-three different ways of preparing it. Later, in Rome, public bakeries were established, together with mills for grinding the grain. Specimens of Roman bread have been exhumed at In the northern part of Pompeii. Europe the making of bread progressed very slowly, the people mixed the ground wheat or corn with milk or water, and ate it without further preparation. Even at the present time there are places in modern countries where loaves of bread are unknown. The bread in use in the rural parts of Sweden consists simply of rye cakes, which are baked twice a year. They are as hard as flint and some people believe they would make an excellent

material for macadam if it were not for the expense. However, a supply of them in the house might serve as a good safeguard against burglars.

When Cortez came to Mexico he found a form of bread which was made by grinding soaked corn between two stones and forming the product into round cakes and baking these upon heated earthen plates. The corn cakes or "tortellas," as they are called in Spanish, are still the most common form of bread used in Mexico. They are prepared in the following manner: The dry corn is soaked in lime water over night. This softens the hull of the grain "and causes the outside hull to fall off. The hulled corn is then placed upon a large stone and ground into a dough, between the large stone and a smaller one placed over the hulled corn. This dough is formed into round cakes and baked on a tin placed over hot coals or on the stove. The excellent taste of these cakes when served warm cannot be equalled by our bread.

Fermented or yeast bread requires more time and handling in the preparation than any other bread. For the latter reason people fear uncleanliness in its manufacture. Before the kneading machine was invented and at the present time in small bakeries, objections are made to kneading bread by hand. In Russia and some parts of Germany, however, they do away with this and use their feet. Some prefer this; others bake their bread at home.

In our modern steam bakeries, however, we need have no scruples about cleanliness, for hands and feet are used as little as possible in making our bread our indispensable food product.

From the Grave

BY WILL O'DONNELL, '07

One evening I was musing in a country graveyard—musing over my troubles, and the foolish vanity and utter heartlessness of the rich; when, to my surprise, the lock of a nearby tomb fell from its place; the door opened on its creaking hinges, and I staggered back in horror! There stood a resident of the grave! Fixing me with a singularly pitying look, in a low voice he said to me:

"My sleep is sweet within the grave.

No sounds I hear; no storms disturb my
peaceful slumber.

Do not fear the grave.

Above my head the cold white stones are numbered.

After all the waves of life wash over thee,
After all the fights with might and iron
tyranny—

Why fear the grave?

Sleeping with me are the best-both good and great.

I am not lonesome; and I am at home.
I strive not here to get a hungry bone;
I do not know
Why rich men standing oe'r the grave, grow

Why should they fear? Why should their eyelids quiver?

The wine, the flowing cup, the merry beer, Are always near;

All these and more—how happy are the rich."

Smiling a ghastly smile, he paused a moment and his gaze wandered to the great farm and beautiful mansion in the valley below us:

"Ye rich; within the cell no beggars bother; Thy helpless brother asks for alms no more For starving ones;

The poor here cease to pester thy good heart.

But, oh, take care, ye living rich;
All round the rich are writhing, groaning,
twisting

In their graves.

Oh, the hells at last you suffer in your graves!"

Looking back at me again, with a world of tenderness in his voice, he said:

"But, oh, you poor—your troubles o'er— No more bending 'neath the load the rich impose;

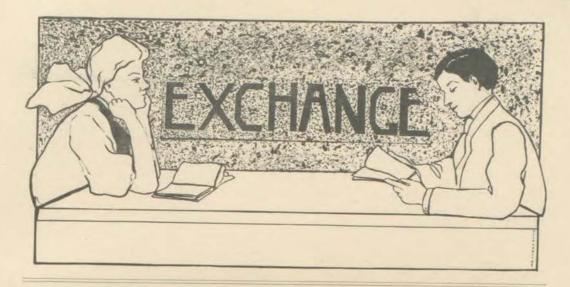
No more standing in the yoke where day by day

You have labored—labored from the cradle to the grave.

Sweet shall be the music in your ears, Hushed shall be thy conscience to all fears; Listen:—

Round about their worthy heads
Angels sing unto thy dead;
Driving off all thoughts of care,
Bringing to them Heaven's rest.
Lulling them to sleep again
With Cupid's songs, and chime of bells.
With smiles of joy and welcome, then,
Hold out your withered hands, my friend,
Unto the grave."

With a lingering, yearning look he stepped back; the door closed on its rusty hinges; and I returned to my lonely thoughts.





ERNEST ST. JOHN



RUTH REINHARDT

With this issue, the last of Volume Ten, we wish to give our sincere thanks to those Exchanges who have favored us with their regular visits.

Also we wish to thank those papers that have been so kind as to mention the NAUTILUS.

The exchange list of the NAUTILUS is too large to publish. It would, if printed, take up much space that can be used to much better advantage in some other way.

The commencement number of the Record, of Sioux City, is a good paper. In your exchange column, why don't you commend sometimes, instead of always criticizing?

The Advocate: Your paper is excellent; the story always adds much towards making it a little classic, but the cover design is not up to the character of the paper.

We find that the *Jacksonville Nautilus*, has enlarged its exchange column, for which we are much pleased. The story, "Billy's Sweetheart," is a bright, but realistic little sketch.

"Why does an Indian wear feathers in his hair?"

"To keep his wig wa'm."-Ex.

Senior—"Last night I dreamed my watch was gone and at last I got up to see."

Freshie-"Was it gone?" Senior-"No, it was just going."-Ex.

The Cascadillian is a fine paper. It is the largest one we receive. The cuts are splendid. The paper has conveyed to us the idea and plan of the work in educating these people. The little classic, "The Apples of Literature," is exceedingly interesting. We wish to thank Mr. Hayne for his remembrance of his Alma Mater.

We agree with the Hakiwinn, in saying that the Oregon Monthly is among the best exchange received.

Red and Black, of Salt Lake City, is an intensely interesting paper. much enjoyed by us.

The Luminary, published by our sister high school is much enjoyed by Manual. We are always anxious for its issue, and we believe every department is up-to-date. We would feel it more than a task to attempt to criticize a single nage.

The Westminster Monthly is a well arranged paper, but we do not find an exchange column. We believe the paper would be better had it such a page.

The Heraldo, from Denver, is an interesting little paper. "His Heart's Desire," is such a pathetic little story.

The April number of the Exponent is excellent, except that the exchange column is not as extensive as we would like to see it.

The Ilakawinn is a very good paper. The cover design and contents are especially appropriate.

The High School Herald always has a good paper, with a very simple but artistic cover.

It is most interesting to know that we have received a paper from Manila, called the Philippine Education. The paper was sent by Dan Hayne, of the class of '02, who is surveyor there.

The appearance of some of our exchanges would have been greatly improved, had they been mailed in envelops instead of being tightly rolled or folded as many of them were,

A SAD WEEK.

The year had gloomily begun For Willie Weeks, a poor man's

SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun, And he had very little

MON.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues; I've nothing here but ones and

TUES." A bright thought struck him and he said

"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will But when he paid his court to her,

WED."

She lisped, but firmly said, "No.

THUR."

"Alas!" said he, "then I must die! I'm done! I'll drown, I'll burn, I'll

FRL" They found his gloves and coat and hat; The coroner upon them

SAT.

-Ex.

A teacher in a Connecticut district school gave one of her pupils these two sentences to correct.

"The hen has three legs."

"Who done it?"

The little fellow looked at his slate a minute and then seriously wrote;

"The hen didn't done it. God done it." -Ex.

"Do I bore you?" asked the mosquito, politely, as he sunk a half-inch shaft into the man's leg.-Ex.

Pupil (reading)—"The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead."

Teacher—"Do you think his forehead was square?"

Pupil—"Sure! He was a blockhead." -Ex.

Teacher (to arithmetic class): "If three hundred and sixty-nine indictments caused John D. Rockefeller to give thirty-two millions to higher education, how many indictments would have to be found against the small boy with the fish pole, a box of worms and trout biting, to make him avail himself of the opportunity for learning that is thereby offered?"—Ex.

Minister—"I saw you at church today, Johnny, and you were very good and quiet."

Johnny—"Oh, yes; I was afraid I would wake pa up."—Ex.

Mother—"You said you had been in Sunday School."

Johnnie-"Yes'm."

Mother—"How does it happen your hands smell fishy?"

Johnnie—"I—I, carried home the Sunday School teacher's papers, an'—an'—the outside paper is all about Johah and the whale."—Ex.

Young Wed-"I want accommodations for my wife."

Hotel Clerk-"Suite?"

Young Wed-"You bet she is."-E.v.

Tommy—"I looked through the keyhole when Sis was in the parlor with her beau last night,"

Father—"And what did you find out, my son?"

Tommy-"The lamp, sir."-Ex.

Life is a school in which flunkers are not given another exam.—Ex.

The Review, of Sacramento, Cal., has a very attractive cover. It is one of the neatest papers we receive.

Yeatman Life, St. Louis, has made its first appearance (this year), as an exchange. We welcome it and are sorry we have missed the other numbers.

If t-o-u-g-h spells tough,
And d-o-u-g-h spells dough,
Does s-n-o-u-g-h spell snuff
Or simply snow?—Ex.

Wireless telegraphy—A line of high school girls fifty feet apart with a secret at one end.

I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat;
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.—Ex.

TO THE SCIENCE PROFESSOR.

I'll write what you want me to write, Mr. Brooks,

Tho' wrong it may seem to me, And whenever I look through a microscope,

I'll see what you want me to see.

Tom-"Pa, what is a board of education?"

Pa—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle,"—Ex.

Whatever trouble Adam had No one could make him sore By saying when he told a joke, "I've heard that gag before."

"Did you ever see a sheep saw wood?"
"No, but I have seen a lamb chop."

Ex.

Tramp (as he hurries over the back fence)—If he ain't the rudest dog I ever seen! He not only made me get up, but he took my seat!—Ex.

If a game of baseball
Should be held in Japan,
Would a spectator there
Be a Japanese fan?
I've no doubt the effect
On the eyes would be pleasant,
If only each fool
Were a Japanese pheasant. —Ex.

"Here, hold my horse a few minutes, will you?"

"Sir! I'm a member of Congress."

"Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance."—Ex.

"You can push a pen, but a pencil must be lead."—Ex.

"Shall I brain him?" said the hazer, And the victim's courage fied, "You can't; he is a Freshman; Just hit him on the head."

"Is this a fast train?" asked the passenger who was tired of looking at a station at which the train was not supposed to stop.

"Of course it is," was the conductor's

reply.

"I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it's fast to?"—
E.x.

DEGREE OF SENSE.

There's "fine sense" and "coarse sense,"

Each good in its way,

But the man who has horse sense

Knows when to say "neigh." —Ex.

THE TRIALS OF A YOUNG GENIUS.

Shakespeare wrote his plays,
Milton wrote his verse;
But when I try to phrase
They say I need a hearse. —Ex.

He—"He's gone to the bad." She—"Who?"

He—"The missionary, of course."— Ex.

First Miss—"He said I was a poem."

Second Miss—"Did he scan your feet?"—Ex.

O Seniors, pity the Freshmen,
Be sure you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darlings
Have never been "flunked" as yet. — Ex.

Mary had a little lamp,

An obliging one, no doubt,

Whenever Mary's beau came in,

The little lamp went out.

—Ex.

KEEP PUSHING.

One step won't take you very far;
You've got to keep on walking.
One word won't tell folks all you are;
You've got to keep on talking.
One inch won't make you very tall;
You've got to keep on growing.
One little "ad." won't do it all;
You've got to keep 'em going. —Ex.

A HOE-MADE JOKE,

There was an old doctor lived long ago
Who hired a fellow to shovel his snow;
But instead of a shovel he gave him a hoe,
For he was a hoe-me-a-path, you know.

—Ex.

"SMALL AD" JOKE.

The honeymoon had just finished waning when he meandered home at 2 a. m.

"I suppose," he remarked to his better half, "you will class me as a brute?"

"Oh, no," she answered calmly. "You are too late to classify."—Ex.

"Now, the season of the green apple has arrived," said the teacher, "and—" "Yessum," shouted Tommy.

"How do you know, Tommy?"

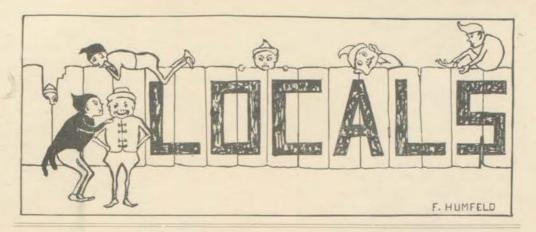
"I've had inside information ma'am."

—Ex.

How are the mighty fallen,
No more the third is he;
Instead we christen Dowie
Elijah 23,
—Ex.

Judge—"What is your age, madam?"
Aged Witness—"I've seen thirty-two
summers."

Judge—How long have you been blind?"—Ex.





ROYAL FILLMORE



HULDAH SIMMS

We wish to express our most hearty thanks to our numerous contributors for the interest they have taken in the "Local Box" this year, and we feel sure the never before has the school responded so gallantly to the call for school spirit as in the past year.

A saving grace for all mankind.
An antidote for woes, we find,
A gift, not to be lightly spent,
A gracious gift, divinely sent,
. A sense of humor,

Mr. Hankins was bewailing the fact that he hadn't the money to buy flowers, so wouldn't call on the fair one on Easter.

"Surely your presence is sufficient," said a friend.

"That's just the trouble," moaned poor Willard—"it's my presents she wants." Miss Reinicke: (While posing Oitas, to Ruth Reinhart) "You don't mind being squeezed, do you?"

Ruth: "No, ma'm." (Here's your chance, boys.)

RECEIPT FOR SUCCESS.

Take Honesty, one cannot get too much!

And Truth, a brimming measure; add a touch

Of Strong Determination; season here With Humor, good; who follows this may fear

No failure, for this recipe, I guess
Is tried by all who truly win success.

When the world has been unkind, When life's troubles cloud your mind, Don't sit down and frown, and sigh, and moan and mope.

Take a walk around the square,
Fill your lungs with God's fresh air;
Then go whistling back to work, and smile
again and hope.

—Clipping from a newspaper 1,000 years hence;

During the recent excavations in the Western and Central parts of the State of Missouri, U. S. A., the walls of one of the finest high schools ever known to be in that part of the country were revealed. Many relics of great value to collectors, because they give good hints of the manners and customs of these people, have been brought out of the ruins.

Among these was the article pictured. The object is about three and a half inches long, including an ivory handle and a ring on the end of the egg-shaped tin bowl. Inside the bowl is some hard substance which, when the bowl is moved rapidly makes a sharp metallic ringing sound.



It is not certain what use this object was put to, but scientists believe that it is a "rattle," which is said to have been used to a great extent in the schools of this country as an article of amusement for the children of the Freshman Class. (Particularly 1910.) It is said that at one time there were at least two hundred of these "rattles" in use, constantly dur-

ing the years of 1906 and 1907. The relic was found about midway between the north and the south walls, and it is supposed that it fell from the second floor. (Freshmen are not allowed on the first floor, you know.) It is believed by the men who are investigating these ruins, that more of these relics will be brought to light.

The rattle found is in a moderate state of preservation, but shows signs of having been used a great deal. There are several dents in the tin bowl and upon the handle are some indentations which are analyzed as being tooth prints.

Note:—The only explanation we can offer for these dents is that they were made during the fierce struggles between the Juniors and Freshmen for possession of the article.

I took her little hand in mine,
I clasped her beauteous form;
I vowed I'd shield her from the wind,
And from the world's cold storm.
She turned her hazel eyes on me,
Her tears did wildly flow,
And with her pouting lips she said:
Con found you, let me go!

She sang soprano sweetly, Her voice was like a lyre; One Sunday she ate onions, And busted up the choir.

When they washed the windows in forging, Mr. Ellis asked the pupils if the light hurt their eyes.

Miss Drake—"Why haven't you your lesson?"

Conwell—"I haven't procured my pony for this oration, YET." -

Mr. Peters (substituting in English): "Now, if you are a morning pupil, write A. M. on the top of your card; and afternoon pupils do the same. (Write A. M.? Why, Mr. Peters?)



You've heard about John Leake, And the organ he did play; Although the sound was weak, "Twas great, they all did say.

It took John nigh three months
To build this great, great thing;
There were many, many failures,
Before the thing would sing.

John's fame is now secure, In our dear, dear old school. Was it not always said That hot air is John's tool.

Miss Sublette: "I think it is perfectly lovely for a married man to have a wife."

CAN ANYBOBY TELL ME HOW THIS POEM ENDS?

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
As full as a son-of-a-gun,
And two moons rose over the city
Where there should have been but one.

'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Rises in the far glorious West:
The rapid river slowly run,
The frog sits on his downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious leaps from bough to bough,

A piece of paper fell from Rhoda's book. On being examined, it proved to be an "Ode to a Man." (I wonder who was the lucky man.)

Mr. Page: (After telling a story)— "This happened about a hundred years ago, and I remember it very faintly."

Student: "Why did not the widow marry Sir Roger?"

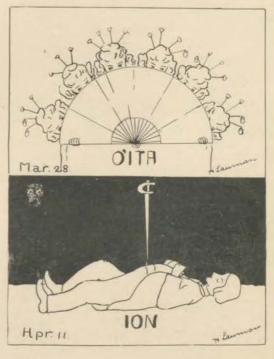
Mrs. Ca.e: (sadly)—"Widows can not do the proposing."

Mary Louise: (on seeing a boy come from the east door)—"There's the end of the hour, see it?"

STUNG.

Pupil: "May I have an alumni tube?"
Mr. Page: "A what kind of a tube?"
Pupil: "One that is graduated."
Mr. Page: "Oh!"

The man who hasn't an ax to grind is usually found turning the grindstone for somebody else.



AND SOME HAVE PROPOSALS FORCED UPON THEM.

She sat, or rather, half reclined
In a hammock, I should judge,
And she was feeling rather blue,
And many times said, "Fudge!" (The slangy
thing.)

The hammock hung upon the porch,
The vines were thick about,
The moon was trying to peep in
And acted like a scout. (The sneak.)

Poor Nelle, she did not see the moon; Her thoughts were of a lad To whom she had just said "good-bye," And, you bet, Nell felt sad.

He begged her to write to him,
And when he squeezed her palm, (Herrors!
She almost thought she liked him more
Than poor old faithful Tom.

Hist! A footstep on the path!
Ah, well she knew that step;
It was poor Tom; she had a date
She wished she hadn't kept. (Imagine, girls.)

She, of course, was girl, dear friend, And now that Tom was here, She really thought she liked him best, And that was very clear. (The horrid flirt.)

During the course of the evening long, And on such an eve as this Confidential, they became, Until this little miss

Wished that Tom would only say,
What she knew Tom wanted to
And, through her skillful cunning
This "duo" did ensue. (The awful thing.)

Nell: Don told me as he felt today
That each boy, however young,
Decided what he'd really say
To "the girl" when he found "the one."

Tom: I dare say—it may be true, But did you ask him, Nell, To tell you what he'd really say, Oh, did you ask him, Nell?

Nell: Oh, don't embarrass me so, Tom, (Of course she'd not appear, To let him think she cared for him) But er—what would you say, dear? Norman: (on windy day)—"Rhoda, you are nearly losing all your hair." Rhoda: (dramatically—"T'is false."

Brilliant Youngster: "Why, Tom, your glasses are dirty."

Erwin: "Oh, that's all right; I can see through the specs."

Mr. Keenan: (Speaking to his 10th hour class)—"Is there anyone here now who is not with me during the tenth hour?"

Miss Hazen: "What kind of fish do we find off the coast of New Foundland?"

Pauline: "Dogfish, I guess,"

NOT FOUND YET.

Mr. Morse's moustache; when it is found, please send to Room 27 at once, as he is in a hurry to get it,

A CHANGE.

In a hammock,
Just the two,
Willie Jones and Mary Drew,
Her hair was brown,
Her cheek as fair
As the fragrant tube rose in her hair.

His eyes were blue,
His lips were red,
The hair was wavy on his head.
He kissed her cheek
In the pale moonlight
When—Great Heavens! his lips
Were chalky white,

LESSON IN GRAMMAR ON COGNATE OBJECT.

He looked a look, Then smiled a smile, She grinned a grin— They walked awhile.

Mr. Kizer: "What is the feminine for swain?"

Margaret: "Swine."



Tank de Lawd Honey to pottin dat local in dis life box

GIRLS.

As oft I've strolled adown the hall, I've wondered what could be, Inside the lockers of the girls, That they gazed at constantly.



So, one sad day, me thought that I, Would peep in one. Alas! My disappointment knew no bounds, 'Twas a broken looking glass.

Miss Heyl: (Explaining perspective)
—"Now, see how easy it is to draw it."
Sophomore: "Y-e-s, but it is mighty hard to tell what it is."

Mrs. Elston: (in rhetoric class) — "You must 'cut out' all slang."

POETRY AS HEARD IN ROOM 23.

Little bits of copper,
Little bits of zinc,
Mixed with strongest acids,
Make an awful —!?

(Happened on a veranda during the summer.)
A pair in a hammock attempted to kiss,
In less than a jiffy they landed like sign
Too bad!
So sad!

Miss Gilday: "I have obtained one degree, and I am very proud of it. It is O. M. (Old Maid)."

Photographer (to Schwab): "Pease close your mouth; we want a picture of your face."

Pupil in Commercial Law: "Suppose I owed a person \$100.00—"

Mr. Peters (interrupting him): "I pity him."

Miss Van Metre: "Arthur, tell me something about a meter."

Eadie: "I can tell about a gas meter."

Mrs. Elston (to lazy Junior): "What profession do you intend to follow?" Oscar H: "Park engineering."

If a pair of red lips were upturned to your own

And no one to gossip about it,

Would you pray for assistance to let them alone?

Well, maybe you would! but I doubt it.

PRATTLINGS FROM ROOM II.

Boy: "I have a barber shop here now." Teacher: "How is that?"

Boy: "Oh, I make shavings on the face side of my stock."

Miss Sublette: "Our track team has some good "splinters" for the dashes, this year."

Mr. Page: "I have sent 5,000 volts through my body."

Bright Pupil: "Did you live?"

Miss Van Metre: "I can't think of anything to do, pupils, so I shall give you an examination," (Oh, Joy!)

Aileen L. and Leota McF. (upon passing a dear litte cottage):

Aileen: "Isn't it a peach?"

Leota: "No, but it would do for a pair."

RECIPE FOR LOVE CAKE.

1 pound of Love

2 lips, well pressed

4 hands clasped

1 shady tree

1 narrow bench

-Stir well and serve after dark.

Sophomore (to another): traced this drawing?"

Soph: "Nobody; I traced it, myself,"

Pupil: "I wish Miss Drake wouldn't talk so loud, my foot's asleep."

The Pin Committee was talking in the hall. A Freshman remarked it was a Standing Committee.

Blasbalg: "Do you think that you can make a real good photograph of me?"

Artist: "Well, sir, I'm afraid I must answer you in the negative."

Chemistry pupils are learning to swear in terms of Chemistry. For example, Roos was heard to say: " By carbonate of soda, I will do it."

Conwell: "Who wrote Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind?""

Miss Drake (to Latin class): "Well I am sure you will all be quite refreshed for your next recitation; you have certainly slumbered peacefully enough, in here."

Freshman: Irresponsible. Sophomore: Irrepressible.

Junion: Irresistible. Senior: Irreproachable.

Senior: "What is that peculiar odor?" Junior: "Oh, that's rubber; some little Freshie got his neck too near the stove."

Mary Louise: "I just love kittens." George McIntyre: "Wish I were a kitten."

Miss Berger: "This is a bad way to start in the new term with all of these absent people here."

FEMININE EGOTISM

Blacker: I saw what I consider the handsomest young lady in the city on one of the down-town streets this morning."

Libie: "Indeed! What street was I on when you saw me?"

Troubles are like baby camels. They grow by nursing.

Question: "Is Prof. Phillips sponsor of the Daphnes?"

Answer: "Yes; when they serve refreshments."

A COMPLIMENT TO THE IONS.

Senior-"Say, Fresh, do you know what we are going to have in Assembly, today?"

Fresh-"Hully Gee. Yes, we're going to have a wild animal show."

Loy is good at poetry. Here is a sample of what he wrote to Leota:

Leota McFarland, Leota McFarland, Leota McFarland, Leota McFarland, Leota, Leota! Leota McFarland, Leota McFarland, Leota McFarland, Leota McFarland, Leota!



Prof. Phillips' leisurely gait.

Miss VanMetre—"Fay, what is the most profane word in your vocabulary?" Fay—"No choice whatsoever."

Mr. Kizer (on April 8th): "I don't deal cards very often, but I guess it's my deal."

HEARD ON A PARTY LINE.

Big Voice—"Hello, is this you, Mary?" Mary—"Yes, but where on earth are you?"

B. V.—"Oh, I'm in ecstacy. But, say, Mary, will you go to the Junior dance with me?"

Marv-"Ye-es, who is it, please?"

Some of the boys in the steam and electricity classes have been heard to define steam as, "ice water, crazy with heat."

Mr. Phillips, in describing a certain hat, began to talk of a handsome oyster plume.

Hanna—"Those who like de bait often get de hook."

The girls in Room 20, sixth period, have found a new use for the new electric lights. The favored ones seated under the lights often glance heavenward and see good image of their own lovely selves smiling down from the white reflector.

OVERHEARD IN THE HALL, 8 A. M. Ed, cummier,

Can't, you cummier. Whachuwant? Gotchour jomtryprop?

Yep, didchu?

Nixy, nota tall. Thatsa hardun, Lemme seeyourn, willyer?

Itsall immalocker.

Cantchugetit?

Stoolatenow. Seeyerthird. Theresthe bellso gorollyerhoop.

Pupil in French—"The little lambs began to sing." Miss Von Unwerth (At end of 6th Period)—"Wait a moment, Ben, what is your hurry?"

Ben Nicolet—"I want to get over to the grocery store before all the cocoanut pie is gone." (Exit hurriedly.)

Mr. Fulton—"How old are vou, Fred?"

Fred H—"I am seventeen now; I would have been eighteen only I was sick a year."

Mr. Kizer—"What was the best poetry of the Victorian Age?"

Hofmann (absent mindedly): "Prose"

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

We hear the physiology class took up the study of the heart on the 14th of February.

Ruth Phillipps was accosted by a friend who hurriedly asked: "Oh, Ruth, have not you a hairpin?"

Ruth—"No, I haven't a thing in my head."

Mr. P.—"Did you ever put anything away so good that you couldn't find it? Well, that's what I have done with the precious little slips you gave me last week in regard to the commencement exercises."

Mr. Kizer (weariy)—"There were certainly precious little from this class."

MANUAL'S STANDING.

Goodness, gracious, sakes, alive!
Central none, and Manual won!
Manual has no cause for tears
Didn't pose as in past years.
To win next year won't Central strive,
Goodness, gracious, sakes, alive!

Miss Ruth Reinhart wishes to announce that she has just reached the foolish age.



I am the God of the Local Pcx,
The God of jokes and fun,
I sit and smile the whole day long,
But am the only one.
In my cozy nook above the realm,
Where funny things you place,
I grin and smile at every joke
No matter what the case.
Sometimes I think I must grin more
To help my master here,
Who, as he reads my latest fun
Seems to lose all cheer.

Sadie: "Here comes Miss Ferguson all dressed up with a ball of twine."

Fred Lott is getting a collection of powder rags. (Girls, take notice.)

Ruth Hunt (teaching Latin): "I don't know about that myself."

Leo Conwell: "I have a pony in the Nautilus office. Shall I get it?"

Mr. Keenan was recently seen racing madly down Troost Avenue. Whether he was late or was performing under the admiring eyes of a bevy of Manual girls, is a matter of question.

Fred Hammil says that he kept company with a girl once whose hair was so red that she had to wear asbestos combs. Adele: "What would you do if a boy were to kiss you?"

Sadie: "I would cry."

Adele: "But if he did it again?"
Sadie: "I would cry—'some more.'"

Ruth McG. said she was going to be a missionary. (Poor heathen!!!!!)

Evans: "I think I saw Mr. Swansen in church last night."

Porterfield: "Oh, Gee! he'll have to go a year before he'll make up for all the 'Fs' he has given."

Miss Edlund (translating in Latin): "This is THAT dog's food, this is MINE."

Banks: "I would like to see William Norris."

Miss Von Unwerth: "He is out." Banks: "How much?" (Exit hastily.)

The shadows of night were falling fast
As down the street there proudly passed
A maiden fair, in skirts arrayed
Of every hue and every shade.
And of what was this maiden made?

Excelsior!

Mr. Page says that after teaching physics so long he ought to be a good monologue artist.

ONE ON THE JUNIOR.

A Freshman stood looking into the office with his mouth half open. A Junior passing by inquired: "Say, Freshie, what are you doing?"

Freshman: "Everybody, you're next."

Mr. Phillips (displaying a tortoiseshell hair pin): "What do you think; I found a two-toothed comb."

Mr. Phillips: "Be sure to remember the date of April 31st,"



Mrs Case says that Mr. Page may have received his name from page, meaning a thin sheet of paper.

Miss Casey (seeing Pearl Z, and Nellie C, standing at the sink on the first floor): "Look at the water nymphs at the fountain."

Mrs. Case: "I just detest the word 'female.' It might be a female donkey or a female jack rabbit."

Mr. Page (while studying electricity):
"Mr. Myers, put down the shades and
we will try some sparking." (Hulda
says this is shocking.)

A VERY IMMODEST GIRL.

Bessie (trying to draw a chair): "Mrs. Miles, I can't get my legs straight."

Mr. Page (to a very sociable and neighborly class): "I understood that this was a PHYSICS recitation."

Mrs. Case (reading, as Flora Rhodes enters the room): "Here she comes! this is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her."

Physiology teacher: "Name the organs of digestion."

Bright Freshie: "The hand organ, mouth organ, pipe organ."

Pupil: "Tom Moore says--"

Teacher: "You mean Henry George?"

Pupil: "Oh, yes, I knew it was some kind of a cigar."

Etherton (at the board in geometry):
"Now, circle B D O is equilateral,"
(What was the matter with him?)

How dear to my heart is the sight of a sandwich,

No matter if chicken or lamb.

Though some prefer fudge and all manner of sweets,

Give to me with a pickle the sandwich of ham.,

Lucile: 'Burnell, if you were married and keeping house, would you rather pay \$1.00 or 25 cents for gas?"

Burnell S: "Why, 25 cents." Lucile: "Sure, that is natural."

Bret Boright insists that the ice man has "anice" job.

Girl (translating in French): "She laughed in her beard."

Blasbalg: "Doctor, something is the matter with me. Sometimes my mind is a perfect blank, and my memory fails me constantly. I wish you would treat me,"

Doctor: "I will, but, in view of the peculiar nature of the case I want my fee in advance." TO MANUAL.

(To the Tune: "Grand Old Flag.")
You're a grand old school, tho' your
only M. T.,

And forever may honor be yours. You're the emblem of those years we

Those years of our school joys and toils-

Every heart beats true, when its yelling for you

Where there's never a class nor club, And should old acquaintance be forgot, Please remember the grand old school.

Mr. Dodd (in geo.): "The area of a circle is equal to one-half product of base by altitude."

Mr. Page says one church is the worst place for echoes of any place in K. C. "I once sang in the choir loft and it sounded awful." (What did he mean.)

Work, don't wait; Laugh, don't weep. Boost; don't knock.

Ladies, skip this paragraph! It got into the printer's hands by mistake, and we asked him to destroy it, or set it up wrong side up:

If there's anything worries a damsel

It's something she ought not to know; But you bet she'll find it out, anyhow.

If she gets the least kind of a show. Now, we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,

This poem (?) she's already read— We knew she'd get at it somehow,

If she had to stand on her head.

Miss Von Unwerth: "Now, pupils, if the windows are too cold up, I will put them down."

Mr. Kizer: "A boy was drowning, out at sea; he found a cake of soap and washed himself ashore." Hofmann: "I passed nine cases of measles on Tracy, between Eighth and Fifteenth. Awfully measly street."

(A measly joke).

English teacher: "John, I will have to send a note home to your father about the composition you handed in yesterday. Your grammar was dreadful."

John: "I don't care; my father wrote it."

Boy: "Ethel, are you going to be an old maid?"

Ethel: "Yes; until I get a chance to be something else."

(Ye Gods! This isn't Leap Year.)

Miss Ferguson: "Now to each cup of tea take one teaspoonful of coffee."

Miss Sullivan (to Freshman in bookkeeping): "What do you want, Edna?" - Edna: "I want Mr. Claffin."

Miss Sullivan: "All right; you can have him. I don't want him."



Sadie L. (coming from cooking): "Mr. Bainter, don't you want some taffy?"

Mr. Bainter: "It depends on the kind of taffy."

Sadie (innocently): "Oh, its made of brown sugar and molasses."

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into an auto,
And goggled both his eyes.
And then he sped about the streets—
He went a mile a minute;
But, alas! a copper caught him
And now he's simply in it.

Eph: "The greater poets are all rather effeminate, aren't they?"

Mrs. Elston: "Why so?"

Eph: "Why, they all wear long hair."

Mr. Page (using sand to show the different forms of vibration made by different sounds): "That isn't very musical. I generally use sugar to make it sound sweeter."

George Bowles and Ben Nicolet were seen trying to dance a Highland fling on a dark and lonely corner of Twelfth and Troost the evening of April 1st, Does the date explain these erratic actions?

MR. PAGE'S NEW RIDDLE:

"What is it that we make all the time we never see?"

Answer: "Simple mistakes."

Freshman (English composition): "As we approached the barnyard, we heard the cackling of the roosters and the crowing of the hens."

Augusta Kleeman says she is in love. Who is the lucky person. Perhaps we have a clue. Who has her Oita pin, and whose '07 Central pin is she wearing? Mr. Page: "Very often I find my hot air going through my radiator to the rooms above.

Ben Nicolet says that all third year German students write this inscription on their papers: German "drei" and not only write it, but think it dry.

Said woman to man: "Isn't it hot; my face is burning up?"

Said man to woman: "I thought that I smelled paint burning."

Visitor: "How long are you in prison for?"

Prisoner: "Dunno, ma'am." Visitor: "How can that be?" Prisoner: "Its a life sentence."

Miss Drake: "The Southerners did not believe much in education; I wonder, sometimes, if some of you are not Southerners."

Miss Gilday: "Now, you know it is impossible for anyone to go around without a head (leader)."

Jolly Junior: "Well, Madelein, he is married, so he is ineligible."

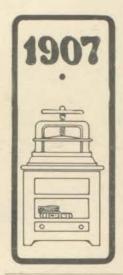
Wise Sophomore He's what? In algebra, did you say?"

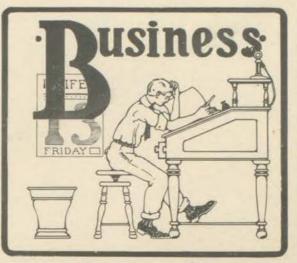
Mr. Page (speaking of the heat of the fusion of substances): "When is the best time to make snowballs."

Montague: "Winter time."

September 10: The evening and the morning were the first day and Percy wished forging would begin.

June 15: The morning and the evening were the last day and Percy had not his tongs done, and so wished forging had never begun.









WILLIAM NORRIS Business Manager



BURNELL STEVENS Subscription Clerk



ROBERT BANKS Asst. Bus. Manager

In this, our Annual, the final issue of The Nauthus for a year, which financially has been the most successful in the history of the paper, the business management feels that it owes a word of thanks to those through whom such success has been made possible.

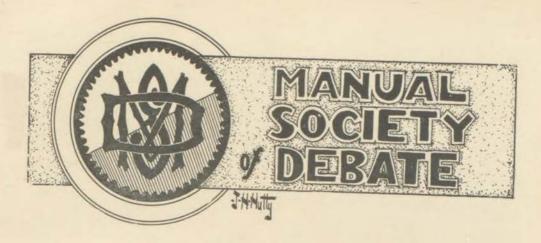
It is known by every one that upon the advertisements in a school paper dedepends the quality of the paper got out, and it is through our staunch supporters, the advertisers, that we have been able to give you what we have. That they believe in the efficiency of The Nauthus as an advertising medium is shown by the willingness to advertise of those who have advertised in former years, as well as by the number of new advertisers we have obtained.

We appeal to you now not to disappoint them, but to show them that now, as it ever was, the motto of Manual is: "Patronize the advertisers in The Nauturlus."

But it is not alone the advertisers that we have to thank, for the loyal support that we have received this year from the student-body has never before been equalled. We have been enabled every issue to print an increase of from one hundred to three hundrd more copies than was ever before needed for that same issue. With such loyal support any staff would have an incentive to work, and we leave school feeling that we have given you the best we have to offer.



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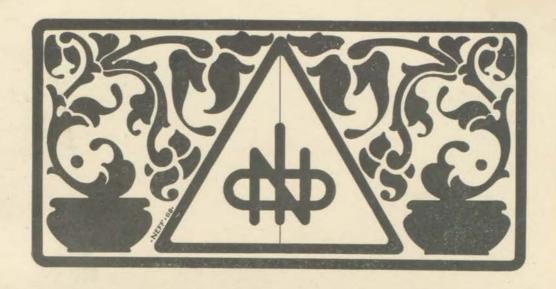
Robert Mann

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A. L. S.



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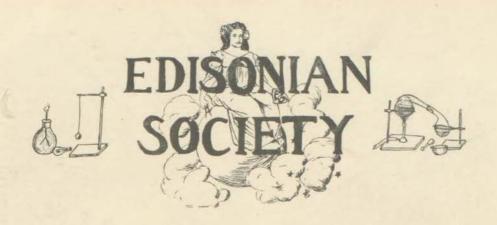
Marie Lampe
Belle Brown
Lucy Norton
Burnell Stevens
Fred Hammil

Gwynne Raymond

Marie Katzmaier
Agusta Busekrus
Ethel Riley
Leora Brink
Matilda Levinson
Lucile Phillips

Henry Lohmann
Richard Sumners
Fred Nelson
Egmont Betz
George Bowles
erguson
Raymond Fritton

Robert Ferguson



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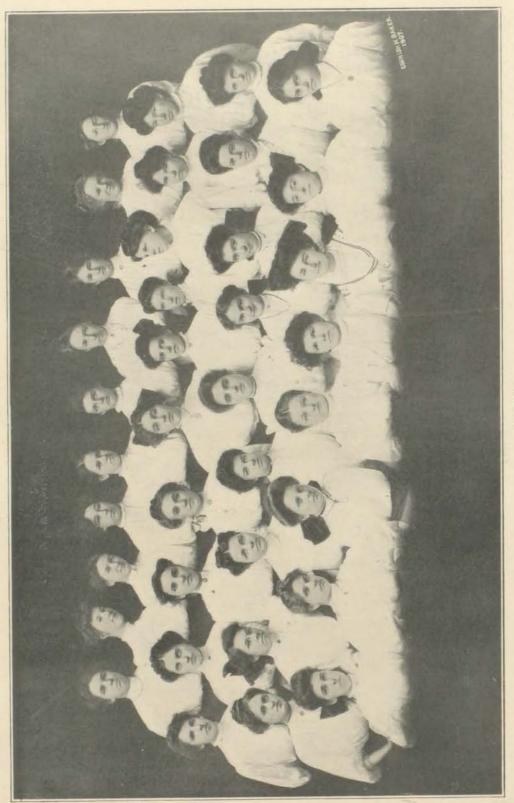
Robert Otto John Leake

James Bain
Angus Barry
Fred Wirthman
George Steinhorst

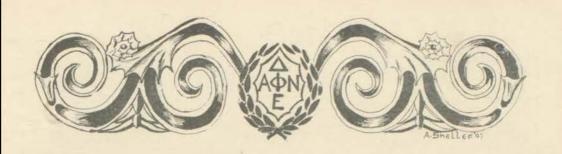
Arthur Page Oliver Walker Ben Nicolet

> Norman Wilson Thomas Ragan

John Garret
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Constance Block
Virginia Brainard
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Elsie Felbeck
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Mabelle Fugit
Maude Himoe

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Allie Hulse
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Irene Neal

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Lucy Risley
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Nell Battin

Ruth Wilcox

Elizabeth Karges

Martha Greenlee

Gladys Dancy

Clara McNeil

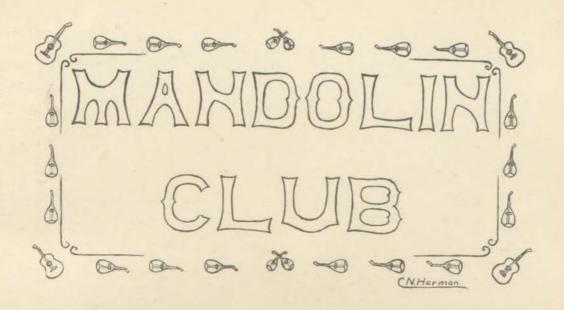
Hazel Gross

May Goldman

Madge Rutenberg

Edith Snyder





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First Mandolins

Clarence Bolles

Sidney Orme

Crayton Boyer

Joe Rebsteck

Vira Wilkerson

Will O'Donnell

Edgar Stern

Second Mandolins

Carrie Hulse

Madeleine Nelson

Guitars

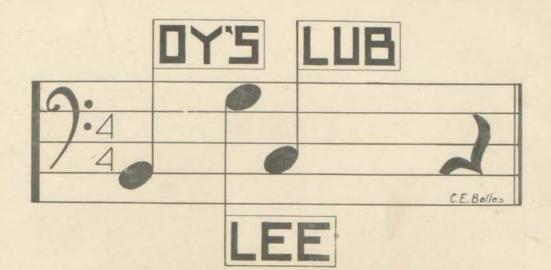
Frank Wells

Helen Burke

Claude Harmon

Pianist Mary Warmoth

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Clarence Heaton

Eugene Miller

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Eph Doherty

· Roy Hanks Arnold Hofmann James Reed

George Sperry

Harold Wheelock

William O'Donnell

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Crayton Boyer

Fred Breisch

Myron Witten

Donald Douseman

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Donald Wheelock

Second Bass

Henry Ackerman Newton Cox

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GIRLS' GLEE GLUB





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Bertha Jewel

Helen Stuart Alma Wade Ethel Weber

Elfrieda Besecke

Hattie Reid

Sadie King Helen Lord

Gladys McAlister Gladys Orem Irene O'Donnell

Lillian Edlund Minnie Enggas

Regina Madick

Harrie Keaneaster Lorrain Heim Bee Sperry

Mary Warmoth

Second Soprano

Lettie Ball Grace Barber Gladys Baldwin Lulu Fulmer Reba Grant Rachel Hartley

Vernese Link

na Madica Jessie Norris Maude Sperry Ethel Trumbo Iulia Cott Julia Cotter Lora Farber

Alto

Hazel Cantouwine Lillian Lehner

Mabel Lee

Lillian Nichoalds Ruby Walkem

Eva Potts





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Reporter	BEN H. NIGOLET
Kenorter	I A A A S A S A S A S A S A S A S A S A

The Class of 1907

One September Sunday, four short, sweet years ago, while the crowded cars went noisily by, a pensive, though determined looking youth sat on those steps, which lead the distinguished visitors from Fifteenth street into the noble halls of Manual. Yea, even on those steps which are trod by the distinguished only-and the Faculty! In his hand a book of poetry he held, and while the common herd was sweltering in vain erdeavors to amuse itself in the parks, icecream parlors and on the boulevards. this unassuming youth was drinking in "the spirit breathed from dead men to their kind"-and keeping cool.

Who was this youth who dared to thus seat himself on those awe-inspiring stones? Was he some renowned personage? Was he the member of that select body, the Faculty? To each of these queries I proudly answer, "No." For, though neither a teacher nor a world's celebrity, he was a representative of that glorious body, the Class of '07, whose members will eventually join one or the other of these ranks of the great. He was there to draw his enrollment ticket and as the sun slowly sank in the west, before that most delicate beacon, the moon, the youth was joined by more of the future presidents or pedagogues. Precisely at that most bewitching hour of night, twelve, our hero received his ticket and precisely at seven-forty-five, the next morning was back to be enrolled and to lay, with his colleagues, the foundation of that grand old class of '07.

It was a well laid and enduring foundation, for our teachers tell us that we are the only class that has ever had a true appreciation for those exalted verses of Milton and the sweet music and humor of Chaucer. We have the reputation in the history department of being the only class that has never mispronounced the word Nebuchadnezzar. Probably because on those days, when the gentleman with the name was up for discussion, the gods so willed it that our throats were all sore. In mathematics, physics and all theoretical work our minds have been so keen and vigorous, that after but forty minutes of patient labor, our teachers have succeeded in making us imagine-nothing.

And, so you see, dear friends and Juniors, that it is only with regret and sighs that we leave old Manual. True, we are smiling, but our smiles are smiles of mingled joy and sadness; joy that we have completed the task, which has so strengthened us that we may now more easily clear the path of those obstacles which might otherwise obstruct our further progress in the world; sadness that we are leaving those physical and intellectual contests that set our hearts throbbing and made the color of old Manual rush to our cheeks; sadness, that we are now leaving those patient, sympathetic and unselfish friends, our teachers, and even sad are we at leaving you, good Iuniors, for you have been most worthy rivals.

May you ever be such to all who may vie with you; may you never do an act unworthy of old Manual, our bountiful and fostering mother. God bless her.

EPH DOHERTY, '07.

List of Graduates

BOYS

Arrowsmith, Dwight N. Austin, Lamour S. Bain, James * Baldwin, Leslie Alonzo * Banks, Robert T. Barbour, Harry Barrett, Chas. A.* Barry, Angus F. Bartley, Elbridge Wesley †† Bird, James Perry Blacker, Morris Bowes, Victor Charles Brain, Horace B.†† Bray, Emerson L.*†+†† Burge, Everett Liman Calvert, James Robert Clark, Morris Holden Clemons, Percy C.
Coleman, John Joseph
Connell, Richard Frank
Conwell, Leo R. R.*
Cummings, Eugene R.*
Curry, William Gordon Doherty, Ephraim, Jr.* Dousman, Donald James Early, John W. Edwards, Clifford Fleischman, Arthur H. Fleming, Clarence E. Gardner, Douglas Dorsey Gerard, J. Wm. Gibson, Homer Wellington Goldstandt, Fred S. Hamilton, John K. Harbordt, Carl Gustav * Harman, Claude N.†† Harnden, William Walter, Jr. Harris, John Byron * Heaton, Clarence Francis Hewitt, Paul M. Hobart, Norman E. Hofmann, Arnold Hull, Edwin A. * Jaccard, Eugene Gilbert Jackson, Arthur Jenkins, Charles O. Kuster, William E. Latshaw, Ralph S. Jr. Leake, John Bertram Lott, Fred G. McVay, Frank Lee Marshall, Roy S. *†† Murray, Robert Grant Nicolet, Ben H. * Norris, William S. O'Donnell, Geo. Wm.*†† Orme, W. Sidney Overly, John Joseph Page, Arthur Clinton Pepper, W. Burton †† Roos, Robert Ross, Gordon Daggatt †† Scearce, George Dawson †† Shawver, Clyde Shawver, Earl W. Shoop, Sam J. Smith, Wilbur W.*

Steinhorst, Geo.*
Stephens, Edwin A. *
Stephens, Charles Elmo
Stevens, Arthur Ewing *
Stevens, Wm Burnell *††
St. John, Ernest W. *
Teachenor, Frank Randall
Thompson, Arthur Harlan *††
Thornton, Robt,
Vance, J. Millard ††
Waddell, Clay *
Witten, Douald
Wright, Roscoe Taylor
Yost, I. Linderman
Yost, Charles Vernon
Zimmerman, William G.
Zurn, Fred William

GIRLS

Aleshire, Grace Alice * Allen, Fay Armstrong, Maude Stewart * Arnold, Libbie * Axtell, Shirley De Bow Barnes, Helen * Baughm, Docenia R. Beatty, Nannie Holden Bergman, Florence Besecke, Elfrieda Anna Block, Constance Brosnahan, Anna Regina Brown, Belle * Browne, Elita Francis * Buckley, Grace Colice Coates, Irene Catherine Constable, Dorothy Craig, Ariel S. Deming, Burla Ruby DeMoss, Anna May Denny, Erma Chapin Dillon, Erma Chapin Dixon, Adah Kathleen Donohue, Maude Dyer, Mabel Edlund, Florence K. Elliott, Beulah Elston, Margaret * Faris, Bessie Leland Fiquet, Marie A. Folsom, Charlotte Fulmer, Lula Charlotte* Gibbons, Eula Fay Goldman, Irma Green, Zoe Hands, Marguerite * Hardesty, Etta Harrelson, Lena †† Heinlein, Mina Ladine Humfeld, Fannie Q.*†† Jackson, Hazel *†+†† Jewell, Bertha Belle Johnston, Louisa P.* Katzmaier, Marie * Keating, Mildred Elizabeth Kellerman, Lucile King, Sadie Belle Koehler, Mariha A

Koogle, Virginia * Kunzman, Edna Louise Latshaw, Constance Leavitt, Marjorie Lehner, Lillie Leonard, Bridgid Madeleine Levinson, Matilda Ludlow, Lucile MacAlister, Gladys
McClellan, Florence
Madick, Regina *
Milburn, Roxie E.*
Miller, Gladys M.
Mitche'l, Gertrude Catherine
Morgan, Emily Elizabeth
Morgan, Claire Reed
Munger, Ruth Elizabeth †† Munger, Ruth Elizabeth †† Murphy, Kathryn Frances Murphy, Marie Nesch, Burde Josephine Nordhope, Nettie Rosella Norris, Jesse Marguerite Norton, Twila Moffitt Orem, Gladys Rachel Pardee, Margaret B. Pepper, Gertrude * Phillips, Marie *†† Phillips, Ruth *†† Pigg, Beaulah Nell Piper, Alice Lora Pringle, Nelle Queal, Lucy M. * Reid, Hattie Eudora Reinhardt, Rhoda Margaretha Richardson, Alice Elvira * Ripley, Elsa M. Rodgers, Maude May Ryle, Harriett Inez Sage, Blanche Evelyn *†† Sampson, Susie
Sargent, Araminta Merrill†+††
Scearce, Mary P.
Sears, Helen Clara Seymour, Clara Angeline Sheckley, Flora Pearl Shelden, Ada Catherine *††
Sheller, Adele *††
Shockley, Pearl *††
Siegel, Eva P. * Silverman, Ada Simms, Huldah *†† Smith, Naomi Gillespie Sommers, Frances Spalding, Mary Elizabeth Sperry, Maude * Stewart, Helen Tinkham, Grace Edith Trumbo, Ethel * Vanlandingham, Irene Dulois Walker, Mary
Warmoth, Mary Thompson ††
Weaver, Elizabeth Isabelle
Welsh, Fannie ††
Welsh, Lavinia Clayton *
Westfall, Gladys Wilcox, Ruth Wood, Nellie Frances Zacharias, Sadie *

^{*} Star pupils-those who have never received a failure in the four years' course.

[†] Never absent. †† Never tardy. †+†† Never absent nor tardy.

PROGRAM

OF THE

TENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

Manual Training High School

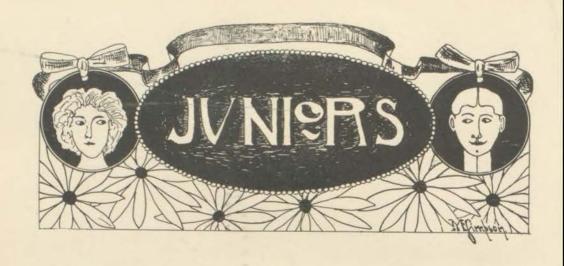
June 12, 1907

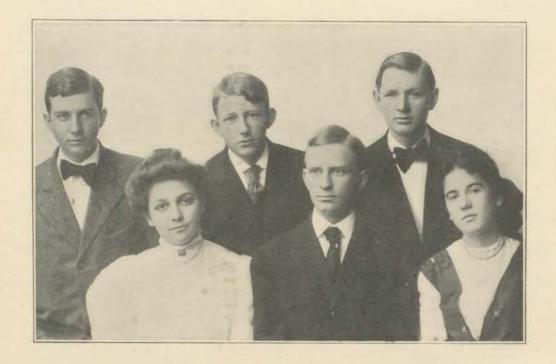
1.	INVOCATION - REV. CHAS. MOORE, of the Institutional Church.		
	MUSIC-"Joys to Springs" MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' GLEE CLUB	4	Geibel
	ORATION—"A Plea for Imposing Heavier Restriction on Immigra- tion to United States, America." MR. LAMOUR S. AUSTIN		
4.	Essay-"The Newer Chivalry"		
5.	Music: Piano Solo - Shubert's "Impromptu," Op. 90, No. 4 Miss Maudr Armstrong		
6.	ORATION -"A Long Neglected American Naval Hero" - Mr. Leo R. R. Conwell	ě	
	Essay-"The Fascination of Difficulties" Miss Marie Phillips	*	
8.	Music -" Hawaiian Melody" - Mr. Ephraim Doherty, Jr., and M. T. H. S. Boys' Glee C	LUB	
	ORIGINAL POEM - "Commencement Sentiments" - Miss Blanche Sage		
	Essay - "Pippa Passes" Miss Alice E. Richardson		
	Music: Piano Solo-"Rigoletto"	7.0	erdi Listz
12.	CLASS PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS MR. EPHRAIM DOHERTY, JR.		
13.	MUSIC: VOCAL SOLO -"Hay Making" MISS SADIE KING	123	
14.	PRESENTATION OF CLASS OF '07 TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION PRINCIPAL E. D. PHILLIPS		
	PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS TO THE CLASS OF '07 BEHALF BOARD OF EDUCATION TO LANGE P. FAMILIES.	OF	
16.	Hon. Isaac B. Kimbrell Music-"Charms" Manual Training High School Glee Clubs	-	
SPECIAL HONORS-			
	Miss Alice E. Richardson, winner of M. S. U. \$125 Freshman So Miss Elsa Ripley, Chicago University Scholarship. Miss Margaret Elston, Western College Scholarship, Oxford,	Ohio.	
	MR. ARTHUR E. STEVENS, winner of the Kansas City Law Schola	rship	











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Vice-President	
Secretary	ESTELLE BERKOWITZ
Treasurer	MYRON WITTERS
Sergeant-at-Arms	ROLLIN MONTACHE

The Juniors

To rise, to flourish, and to pass away, is a law from which no class is exempt. But this law, natural and inexorable though it is, is not a leveler. Though fixed, it is flexible. It implies and involves different methods of rising; different manners of flourishing; different glories in passing away. Some classes have risen alone, unaided, surely and swiftly to honor and reward; others slowly, awkwardly, leaning on the faculty's everlasting but aching arm. Some have shone by their own inherent light, others like the moon-with borrowed glory. Blazes of different majesty have lighted the steps down which all have walked into eternal oblivion.

The "Class of '08" lives in the second period allotted by this law. Our record has its place in Manual's history. We would not here discuss its standing, nor compare it with those of other classesto their detriment. Our fellow pupils may wonder at our original brilliancy, may marvel at our phenomenal development, may drain the dictionary of its epithets in our praise. In loving fancy they may weave about us imaginary robes of spotless purity; in ardent imagination they may bow before our august presence; in fond conception they may touch the hem of our garment and be changed; their love may glorify us; their zeal may crown us; their affection may idealize us-we cannot help this. To be sure we cannot truthfully say that all this is unfounded in fact, but we do say that we have done all in our power to stem this tide of superlative praise until our illustrious predecessors should have finished their work and passed away.

We have tried to aid, not to hinder, the good and honorable Seniors in their heroic efforts to impress their worth upon an unappreciative and unresponsive student-body. They have our sympathy and our respect. In whatever measure our glory may have detracted from theirs. our policy to extol only their virtues has been crossed. In attempting to impress our sincerity in this regard upon you we realize that we labor under difficulties. Junior classes have, oftener than not, sad to say, been affected with a deep-rooted sense of vast importance. This has often led them into expressions of selflaudation, conceived, as it were, in arro-

gance and brought forth in egotism. But we would ask you to remember that no one ever accused the "Class of '08" of that fault. Personally, we have never been able to detect the slightest hint of it, and we do here, and now, confidently affirm that no Junior ever boasted a syllable to give color or currency to the glory that envelops our name. We stand before the school's tribunal of intelligence and discriminating judgment, unpretending, unassuming, not counting consequences, accepting its decision.

But nevertheless and notwithstanding, as we are now about to enter upon the last span of our allotted four years, it seems fitting and proper that we should rest for a few moments from our increasing work and brain-exhausting study to contemplate our brief past, our present state, and future prospects.

We are carried, in imagination, back to the fall of '04. We see hosts of prospective Freshmen moving from all parts of the city to one point-the school of their choice; we see the halls of Manual gradually fill; we see the teachers (the same we have grown to love) take these fresh, simple, natural, poetic youths, and maidens, and in a cool, calculating manner, map out their fates on yellow cards. We see these same pupils in their respective classes day after day, year after year; we notice their devotion to study; we are charmed by their beautiful decorum; we see the teachers cramming their recipient minds with useful knowledge; we see the pupils startling their teachers with questions and answers. We look again. We see many exalted among their own; we see others placed early in positions of honor; we see others decorated with gold and silver-commemorating triumphs over equals and elders.

Again we look. The days move on. The vision changes. We see the reward of labor. We see that pent-up greatness break its bounds; we see them overwhelming in the highest positions the school has to offer; we see them in their daily work and in contests at home and abroad unchecked in their achievements, supreme in their strength, triumphant in their scholarship! We are witnesses to the faithfulness, the honor, the majesty, of the "Class of '08."

PAUL FREDMAN.



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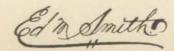
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