

Nautilus

November

Vol. 12

No. 1



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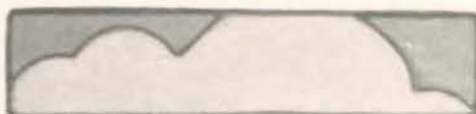
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THE NAUTILUS



Build thee more stately man-
sions, O, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave the 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.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

NOVEMBER, 1908

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NOTICE.

The Nautilus is published once every two months, in the general interest of the Manual Training High School, at Kansas City, Mo., and is entered at Kansas City Postoffice as second-class matter.

The subscription price is 55 cents per year by mail and 50 cents to pupils of the school, three regular issues, 10 cents per single copy, annual 35 cents.

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

THE NAUTILUS,
Manual Training High School,
Kansas City, Mo.

No more convincing proof of school loyalty, of school spirit, and the enviable esteem which Manual enjoys in the minds of its patrons and pupils, could be shown than the surprising enrollment at the reopening of school this year.

It was supposed by many in authority that on the opening of our new, splendid and larger sister high school, the Westport High, for various and obvious reasons, the enrollment at Manual would be much smaller, and that probably she would return to single sessions; but on September 14 the number exceeded 1400, which determined at once that we would have to continue the double sessions. The enrollment is now 1492.

While the teachers and pupils are anxious to return to the single sessions, still it is exceedingly gratifying to see what a strong hold the school has upon the community; it is evidence of the good work and influence of Manual's teachers and their earnest endeavors to maintain a reputable and exemplary school.

So long as such school spirit is preserved, Manual will never return to single sessions because of a lack of pupils. Let us strive earnestly to have and to hold this coveted esteem and support.

THE NAUTILUS

Manual welcomes to her fold three new teachers: Mr. Harry Shepherd, in the Mechanical Drawing Department, who **Manual's New Teachers.** is a graduate of Armour Institute, Chicago, and who comes to us from Albion, Idaho, where he was director of the Drawing Department of the Idaho State Normal.

Mr. Shepherd comes to us highly commended, not only for his fine character and efficiency as a drawing teacher, but also on account of his lively interest in clean high school athletics. He has consented to assume the management of our baseball team.

To the History Department we welcome Mr. S. B. Apple, Jr., who comes to us as an honor graduate of Baker University, and who last year served successfully as superintendent of the Baxter Springs, Kansas, public schools. Since Mr. Davis wished to be relieved for a while of the guardianship of a literary society, that he might assist Dr. Hall in track team work for the sake of his health, Mr. Apple was asked to chaperon the ION society, which society Mr. Davis has cared for so enthusiastically and successfully for the past three years.

Since Mr. Apple distinguished himself as a medal winner in debate and oratory for his alma mater, Baker University, a splendid harvest of literary and oratorical results may be expected from the ION's, under the direction of their new chaperon.

The third addition to our faculty, Miss Mildred Keating, is one of Manual's own home products, class of '07, who last year, as a post graduate, rendered excellent volunteer service to the Domestic Art Department under Miss Casey's guidance.

No more useful and stimulating prizes have been established in our school than the Kumpf Prizes which Mr. Geo. Armin Kumpf, son of the worthy and lamented Edisonian Ex-President of the Society. Board of Education, has presented to the Edisonian Society. The prizes are

two checks for fifteen dollars each, to be awarded to the Junior and Senior members of the Edisonian Society who severally make the best record in physics or chemistry. The awards are to be based on the pupil's daily standing as well as his examinations in these subjects.

Mr. Kumpf and Mr. Phillips were fraternal classmates at Central High in 1869. These prizes were established in memory of his deceased son, Walter Armin Kumpf, whom he recently lost.

The first Edisonians to win these prizes were: Mr. Arthur Atkinson in chemistry and Mr. Ambrose Langworthy in physics, winning the fifteen-dollar prize offered in these subjects respectively.

The Edisonian society and the faculty take great pleasure in thanking Mr. Kumpf for these generous and beneficial gifts to our school.

It is safe to say that never before has the Nautilus been so well supplied with posters as this year. Eleven posters were ready for the first issue. They were

Nautilus Posters.

judged by Westport and Central art teachers—Miss Cook of Central, and Mr. Sass and Miss Rapp of Westport. The results of this contest follow:

First prize. Willa Cloys

Second prize. Irene Zwart

Third prize. Hazel Henthorn

A cut of the poster winning first prize appears elsewhere in this issue.

During the coming year we should like to have more cuts for the local department and some illustrated articles in other departments.

On October 24, the annual reception of the Nautilus staff by Mr. and Mrs.

Nautilus Reception.

Phillips was given at their home, 3021 Forest Ave. A very pleasant evening was spent in games, recitations and music.

We wish to extend a vote of sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Phillips for the delightful time we had; and can bespeak for the staff of next year, and years to come, an event which will be long remembered and cherished.

On October 13, members of the local post of the G. A. R. assembled at the home of our principal, Mr. Phillips, to present to him a letter expressing their feeling of appreciation and esteem for the fine spirit of loyalty and patriotism which Mr. Phillips has always promoted.

The paper resembles an army commission in form, the G. A. R. badge appearing at the left with the words, "Columbia Looks to the Public Schools for Patriots." This motto is original with Mr. Phillips, and a copy of it has recently been placed in the first floor corridor, above the picture molding and opposite the office. The message the letter carries, follows: "Accept the warm and friendly regards and appreciation of the officers and members of this post for loyal and patriotic interest on all occasions, zealous teacher of our youth, worthy citizen, whose high services to this city, state and nation command our heartfelt respect and esteem." The paper bears the signatures of E. J. McWain, commander, and J. A. Hays, adjutant, and also the official seal of the post.

The Nautilus, speaking for the school, wishes to felicitate Mr. Phillips on this great honor.

Another very valuable addition has been made to our library. The gift comes from the "Allerlei," our German magazine, and consists of a collection of books. The collection includes eleven volumes on German prose (patriotic, oratorical and fiction); Bötticher and Kinzel's "History of German Literature"; and Neubauer's "History of Art and Culture in Pictures." The latter work will be a great help, not only in German, but also in ancient history, since it treats of the earliest periods of civilization.

It is the custom of the "Allerlei" each year to appropriate the proceeds from the issue toward buying books for the library. Our German library

now comprises about fifty volumes. This year, after purchasing the books mentioned, there is a balance remaining. We certainly feel very grateful to the "Allerlei," and in particular to Miss von Unwerth, under whose guidance the magazine is published, for this valuable gift.

Remember that no matter how well-informed, how smart and ambitious the pupil may be who intends to compete for a prize for intellectual excellence, two of the prime conditions for his winning are, to begin his preparations early and to work in the proper way a little every day, faithfully, patiently and energetically. Don't be too self-confident, for often the rival with less talent, but more of the dynamite of work in his spirit, wins because he began early and toiled unremittingly right up to the "day of trial and judgment." We refer to all of our school contest events, athletic and intellectual.

The first literary contest that will be called off is that for the grand prizes offered by the Sons of the Revolution. The subject is the "Literature of the American Revolution."

The second literary event due will be the essays for the ten dollar gold piece offered by the Kansas City chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, subject, Early Settlements Along the Missouri River from Earliest Times Down to the Civil War.

Next comes the inter-society and school-at-large contest in recitation and original oration, then the inter-high-school contests at M. S. U. in original essays and debate; and, finally, the preliminary contest for commencement.

Whatever contest you propose to enter:

"What you can do, or dream you can, begin it!

Boldness has genius, power and magic in it;

Seize this very minute,

And begin it!"

FINE ART



S HERBERT HARE

EDITORS

Agnes Meyer

Paul Baker

Billikens Brings Honors to Manual

Every one in Manual has doubtless seen some of the items lately appearing in the newspapers in regard to Billikens, The-God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be, and his creator, Florence Pretz, a Kansas City girl who used to go to Manual. But it is probable that few of us realize what a wonderful success this little figure is having in all the cities of America, and how intimately this success is connected with our school. In the first place, all the art training Miss Pretz ever had was given her in Room 26, Second Floor. From this school she went to Emery, Bird, Thayer's to earn her living making drawings of rooms in perspective and coloring them, for the interior decorating department of that store. Then she accepted a similar position in Keith's furniture store, and it was while working there that she made, one day, the little clay image of Billikens, to add to the collection of a friend who liked such things. The first dozen Billikens were ordered from this clay model, by teachers in the Manual Training High School; and it was not until she had these orders that Miss Pretz made some casts to sell, for it had never occurred to her that the little thing she made for a moment's fun could have any monetary value. From Kansas City, the figure found its way to Chicago, where Mr. Grover of the Craftsman's Guild took it up. In Chicago it created quite a furor, and within two months, over a hundred dollars had gone to Miss Pretz as her per-

centage on the sales made by the Guild. Then three wealthy business men formed a company and contracted for the rights of the name and image, and its fame began to spread. Billikens and Miss Pretz have been written up in the newspapers of every city of any size in the United States from New York to Denver, and last month "Billy" crossed the water, and two London papers, the "Express" and the "Sketch," told their readers all about him. The Billikens Company is now organizing a London branch and intends later to open houses in Paris and in Munich. So the fame of our little Manual god is becoming international.

There is a play now running in Chicago, "The Broken Idol," this is avowedly built up about Billikens, and a large newspaper syndicate is talking of running a full-page Sunday serial relating to his adventures, during the coming year. This serial is to be illustrated by Miss Pretz, who has made many charming pen and ink drawings for various magazines since Billikens brought her into notice. Altogether, from this one little clay model, made in a moment's sport, this former student of Manual has secured an excellent income for years to come, and made herself a name that is known all over the country and even outside its limits. She wisely proposes to use this income in further study of art, and there is little doubt that Manual will continue to have cause to be proud of her as long as she lives.



LITERATURE AND HISTORY



J.H. Hutton

EDITORS

Mary Oldham Harold Evans

"The Little Blue Girl"

Howard H. Richards, '09

The sun was shining, as only a Colorado sun can shine, beating down into the little town with an almost cruel intensity. Trees are a luxury in the West, and the few small specimens outlining the principal thoroughfare offer but little shade, so that the street, with its rows of low frame buildings, is now hot, silent and deserted.

There is just one exception to these buildings and that is a pretentious stone edifice. The first floor has "Banking Co." in great gilt letters on its windows; the second is devoted to offices, and is consequently deserted, for the air is too invigorating to be wasted, and business in Colorado is largely transacted on the street; the third floor is the most important of all, being thrown into one great hall, and here it is that all the balls, fairs and meetings of the town are held. It is not a particularly attractive hall. Bare walls upon which the finger of Time has gleefully traced strange dust pictures, about fifty chairs and a rather jingly piano, compose the entire furnishings.

At present some of the windows are open, and suddenly a note floats down into the stillness of the street, then another and another, until the "fire music" of "Die Walkyre" is leaping and crackling from the piano under the touch of an almost superhuman master-hand. The fire seems to be dying, now the "slumber song" sobs and sings, and then once more the crackling comes, until "fire" and "slumber" mo-

tive are blended together in one glorious harmony of sound.

In the street below, door after door has softly opened, and dark forms have stolen across the street, until the unconscious player above has collected a breathless, admiring audience beneath her windows.

"It's the Blue Girl," they whisper to one another, and some shiver slightly and draw closer together.

The music comes to a sudden stop; there is a few minutes' pause, and then a figure appears in the doorway below. Such a strange little figure it is—a girl of about twenty, with a thin pale face, great blue eyes, and a slight frail body clothed in a blue Mother-hubbard gown. "What a homely little thing!" is the first thought, but one has only to look into those eyes to alter the opinion, for there is such a sweet serenity and peace in their depths, and the girl is so strongly magnetic that one is forced to recall the familiar lines, "And those who came to scoff, remained to pray." She is a well-known and beloved person in the small Western town. When she first came, two years ago, her strange blue dress and still stranger music had caused some talk, but, after all, she was only a poor, little consumptive, and so the mothers took her and her erratic ways to their hearts and worshiped her.

She was a sincere Christian, and the fact that she claimed to be in intimate communication with the angels threw an air of mysticism about her and

caused the timid to speak in whispers when her name was mentioned. She said it was the angels that had ordered her to wear a loose blue gown, so she unquestionably obeyed. Scoffers had remarked that blue suggested that she was dominated by the wrong class of spirits, but her devoted friends indignantly hushed such flippant suggestions. They did not question; they only knew that she had a sunny smile and sweet manner impossible to resist, and that when she played some great mysterious power seemed to guide her hands.

As she stands in the doorway a moment, she looks almost a spirit herself, her hands are nervously clasped near her throat, and her eyes gaze unseeing upon the familiar faces, then a smile of recognition comes, and her friends eagerly crowd about her.

While she talks, her eyes have wandered to a great blue peak that stands alone among the surrounding mountains. Was it coincidence or fate, that out of all the pine-covered hills there should be but one with a bleak, bare crest of blue stone?

"That is my mountain," the girl had said when she first arrived, and she had grown to look upon it as something almost alive. Now, as her eyes rest on it she smiles, as she says, playfully, "How dreary Blue Chief looks today! I believe he wants me up there to keep him company. Cheer up, old fellow," and she merrily blows a kiss to the unresponsive hill. Then, growing suddenly serious, she turns to the people around her. "When I die, you must carry me up there. I almost think the mountain was made for me—to be my tomb."

"You are getting gloomy, little girl. The sun is nearly down. Let us take a walk before it grows too cold for you," and the speaker, a well-knit handsome man of about twenty-five, forcibly takes possession of the girl and hurries her away.

"How he loves her!" say the women, tenderly looking after the pair.

"I fear he will lose her," one remarks. "Poor thing, how white she looked to-day."

Meanwhile the two are walking slowly toward the hills; the man is

talking earnestly and the girl tries to listen, but her eyes and thoughts will wander to old Blue Chief, whose head is bathed in glory from the last rays of the sun. What is it the man is saying?

"I wasn't listening to you, dear," she said, turning to him apologetically, "What were you asking me to do?"

"Give it all up for a little while, little girl, and let the world and its wickedness take care of itself. You say the angels love you and are watching over you. I know it is useless to dispute that idea of yours, but can't you see, dear, that you are growing weaker every day? You are quietly slipping from me, and you refuse to let me try and hold you back. I want to place you in a good doctor's care; he would soon put some color into those cheeks, and then I will fill that busy brain of yours with cheerful thoughts, and together we'll make you strong and well. Won't you let me—won't you do that much for me, little girl?"

The girl's eyes fill with tears, but she silently shakes her head. "You are so true, dear, and I love you—but what good has it ever done you?" The man tries to interrupt, but she passionately continues: "I have brought nothing but sorrow into your life. I want your love—I want you, but I never can marry you. I cannot say 'forget me,' for it would break my heart if you did. I know I am spoiling your life, and yet I am too selfish to let you go—and you won't go, dearest, will you?" turning suddenly to him, her hands nervously clutching his coat and arms.

"Wild horses couldn't drag me, little girl." The voice was supposed to be cheerful, but there was a suggestion of a break in it that made the girl move closer to the man's side, and the sympathetic silence was not broken until they reached the little brown house perched on the side of a hill, with "Rocky Rest" spelled in white stones on its terrace. Then, turning an April face, the girl playfully pulled the man onto the porch.

"Mother, here is your best sweetheart," she called. "He is going to stay to tea, and then he is going to make music with that flute of his," and still talking and softly laughing, she pushed him into the house.

The man was a good musician, and the sweet music with soft piano accompaniment caused many couples to pause and listen that night, as it floated through the open windows. They played until the man grew tired. Putting down his instrument, he leaned over the girl and lifted her hands from the keys. "I believe the angels do assist you," he said, half seriously, "you are perfectly inexhaustible to-night."

The girl did not smile.

"I feel they are with me," she said softly, and followed him onto the porch.

After he had gone, she stood motionless. It was moonlight, and the surrounding mountains with their mysterious dark shadows almost told the secret of the universe. The light fell upon the girl, throwing her pale face and somber blue dress into strong relief, and causing her to look weird and unreal. Suddenly, with a passionate gesture, she threw out her arms.

"I am such a weak and unworthy servant!" she sobbed: "teach me to be strong, give me more proof that I may walk with unwavering faith and cry aloud to unbelievers, 'Life is but a day, the great Promise is true, and beyond our little sphere is the real world and the wonderful, glorious life in death!'"

Carried away by her emotion, she sank upon her knees, and when she finally arose, there was an inspired, exultant look upon her face.

The next day the little town was set talking, for word was passed around that the Blue Girl, who never had so much as touched a harp, would give a concert in the evening and play entirely upon that instrument. When questioned by the woman with whom she lived, one of her adopted mothers, she had answered simply:

"I prayed for some sign, some proof that I could give the people of the existence of angels, and they told me I should soon play upon a harp."

By eight o'clock, the big hall was crowded. Friends and scoffers alike, all had come to see the miracle. The harp stood waiting upon the little stage, but minute after minute ticked itself away and the Blue Girl did not appear.

The people, who had been growing restless and impatient, suddenly became silent and interested, for a man, with a face so white and drawn one hardly recognized him, had stepped upon the stage. "Friends," he began, vainly striving to steady his voice, "our little Blue Girl said the angels promised her she should play upon a harp. The promise has come true, I think. She died half an hour ago."

The next night the moon looked down on a strange, unusual scene. Upon the almost inaccessible peak of Blue Chief was a crowd of people. A silence had just fallen among them, and a man came slowly forward until he stood beside a deep, newly made grave. He raised his hand, "May the love of God and the peace that passeth all understanding be with us, as we know it is with her, now and forever."

Once more the silence falls, broken only by uncontrollable weeping and the sound of working spades.

Then, one by one, the people move away, until a long black line is swinging down the mountain. The steady tramping of their feet and the crackling of the underbrush sings a dreary requiem, as it is borne through the night to the lonely man who, lying face downward, is fighting the great battle of almost unconquerable grief and despair.

Grandmother's Garret

Grace Reardon, '09

How dear the old garret had become to me! It was one of those immense sunny garrets in a Chicago suburban home, and no place on earth seemed so tempting to me as grandmother's garret on a rainy day. There I fled for refuge, armed with a good book, a whole army of snow apples, and a le-

gion of nuts. Curled up on the three-legged couch amidst a host of downy pillows, what cared I for the rainy weather?

Thither I hastened one rainy afternoon in October; but, upon arriving there, I carelessly threw aside my book and lay down on the couch. As I

lay there my attention was attracted by a mouse that was vainly trying to discover the contents of a little red trunk. Immediately the idea dawned upon me: If this little creature were so inquisitive to know the contents of the trunk, why should I not be interested? With much curiosity, I knelt beside the trunk, and when I raised the lid my astonishment was unbounded. There was a gown of the purest white satin, with slippers, gloves and hat to match, and farther down I spied a huge package of letters. How easy to read the story! These were grandmother's wedding clothes and the letters she had received from grandfather when he was in the war. I softly closed the trunk and walked to the window.

There were the playthings my mother had loved so dearly when a girl. A dilapidated wax doll, bald from old age, hung limply from a tiny wicker rocker, surrounded by tin soldiers, rag cats and dogs, and a vicious-looking china lion. Fairy tales, Mother Goose rhymes, and various books lay strewn upon the floor, while a few china cups and plates hinted vaguely of a set of doll dishes of which my mother had once been sole owner. Over the fire-

place hung grandfather's sword and his tattered blue uniform; there, too, was a tiny flag given to him by grandmother, when he left for the war, and pinned to it was a faded letter, written to him by Grant, just before the close of the war. Ah, his unbounded pride in that letter!

In a little oak cabinet that stood by the window, I found much to interest me. There was the last doll of each child for five generations, and a piece of timber from the first schoolhouse built in Grundy County. There, too, was a piece of the wheel from the wagon that grandmother and her relatives had traveled in from Virginia to Chicago, many years ago; and there was the first dollar that grandfather had earned, when he was a boy many years before. Lastly, there was a letter written on bark by Shabonna, a friendly Indian chief, warning them of the approach of a hostile tribe from Starved Rock. Yes! The great garret had worked its way to my heart, and hereafter in the picture gallery of my memory, there will hang a no more brilliant or alluring picture than that of my grandmother's garret.

The Manners and Customs of the Early Germans

Joseph E. Johnston, '09

Of the present world powers, Germany ranks as one of the greatest. In fact, ever since the German tribes crossed over the Alps into Italy and put the finishing touches upon the decaying Roman Empire, the Germanic influence has had more or less to do in shaping the history of the world. But if we would know why this is so, we must consider when this great race was being created—back to the days when Caesar and Augustus ruled mighty Rome—and see what was the state of society that ruled these many different wild German tribes.

Ancient Germany, or the region then inhabited by the Teutons occupied about the same country that it does now, being bounded on the south and west by the Rhine and Danube, and on the north by the Baltic and North seas. The

greater part of this country was covered with dense forests and deep morasses. The buffalo, bison, elk, bear, wolf, boar and many other large animals were very numerous. The people were consequently of a roving nature, and spent much of their time hunting, in preference to the more settled life of farming. Trees grew to an immense size and were used more or less for the manufacture of boats, often holding, it is said, as many as thirty men. It is positively known that the Germans came from Asia; but, when we first hear of them, they have already settled in Central Europe and are divided into six different tribes: the Goths, Vandals, Burgundians, Lombards, Angles and Saxons. With the last two we are better acquainted, as they are, indirectly, our own ancestors.

Like many other wild tribes, the Teu-

tons spent most of their time fighting. It was their very religion, being considered not only a sacred, but an imperative duty. They elected their leaders according to their ability to fight, and woe to that leader who allowed himself to be outdone in tests of strength and skill during a battle. The Germans held their weapons very sacred; and, besides making them the usual marriage gift between a bridal pair, they swore by them, much the same as the Bible is sworn by at the present time. For the cavalry, a spear was used of such a length that it could be used at either short or long distance fighting; but, in addition to this, the infantrymen carried weapons with which they could hurl missiles a great distance. For their shields, the skins of wild animals were used previous to the introduction of iron and steel; but, with the advent of these metals, they used a shield of a long, narrow style, designed to protect the whole body. The Germans took much pride in their shields, usually painting, ornamenting with figures, or inlaying them with gold and silver.

There can be no doubt of the fighting ability of the early Germans. The mighty Romans had swept all before them—to the east, south and west—but when they turned north and faced these blue-eyed, light-haired barbarians, they had a different story to tell.

The most pronounced thing about the Germans during their fighting was their indomitable spirit and sometimes almost superhuman courage. Before a battle, the women and children were moved to a near position. There were two reasons for this: one was to help dress the wounded, the other to inspire the men. It is said that armies, beginning to give way, have been rallied by women, and that women have been found in armor among the dead. The Germans were allowed to retreat, provided they rallied again, but to abandon their shields was worse than death, for they were not permitted to join again in the religious rites or to enter the assemblies. The German method of fighting, though odd, was quite successful; the infantry and cavalry were mixed together and fought side by side. This was done so that

the two could better protect themselves. In a charge, the infantrymen, being very fleet of foot, kept up with the cavalry by holding onto the horses' manes.

As the Germans never inter-married, their stern blue eyes, light hair, and gigantic stature (being some seven feet in height) were distinguishing features. In their earliest days, it was customary to kill weak, sick or deformed children; and, when the Germans became useless from old age, they voluntarily killed themselves. Quoting Mentzel, "An existence devoid of strength and beauty appeared to them to be worthless; and, according to their religion, the joys of heaven were only granted to those who fell by the sword." The Germans were absolutely afraid of nothing. Their great strength and fighting ability were probably due to the simplicity and the purity of their manners, together with their outdoor exercise.

Unlike Rome and other ancient nations, the Germans considered the training of their children very important. They were taught swimming, wrestling, the arts of the chase and the use of weapons, as well as the endurance of hunger, heat and cold. It is said of one German, that he was able to leap, with the greatest ease, over six horses. One of the favorite amusements of the young men was the sword dance, in which the young men danced with the most expert and curious movements, between sharp swords and the points of lances, without receiving the slightest scratch or injury. The boys were not allowed to carry arms until they had proved their ability to use them, which was generally about the age of 12 to 15. Then, in one of the assemblies, the boy was given his shield and javelin. This was the first honor given to a boy.

The Germans were sub-divided into minor nations and had two forms of government, the regal and the republican. In the regal form of government the rulers were known as kings, while in the republican they were called chiefs. There was little power attached to these offices, as the Germans preferred to govern themselves. The nations were divided into cantons

and the cantons into districts. On affairs of little importance the chiefs and kings met, but for all other business the people held assemblies. The assemblies met out in the open at night, either in a new or full moon, which was considered the best time. When they were finally assembled, they sat down armed, for the Germans never transacted any business, public or private, without being armed. The priests brought the meeting to order, having a special power on this occasion. Then the speakers, usually depending upon their rank or oratorical ability, were heard. If the assembly did not like a proposal, it was rejected with a murmur; however, if they did approve of it, they clashed their javelins, for nothing was more agreeable to them than the sound of their arms. Before this assembly, accusations and Capital offences were punished, the punishment depending upon the nature of the crime. Traitors and deserters were hanged upon the trees, while the ordinary criminals were fined in horses and cattle. The appointment of a chief was also decided upon; and, lastly, questions of war and peace.

Considering the conditions under which the German people lived, their home life was ideal. The children were taught to love and respect their parents and especially their mothers. This cannot be emphasized too strongly, for it was one of the foundation rocks of the whole race. In those days, the women were, as a rule, despised and considered inferior to men, but the Germans considered the women their equals and in some respects their superiors. The Germans also made their homes very hospitable, it being regarded as a crime to turn a stranger from their doors. He was invited to partake of anything they had, and when a person was forced by poverty to turn a stranger away, he was taken to the next dwelling and given the best that could be provided for him.

Now, is it a wonder that a race so hardy, so virtuous, and so freedom-loving, should, when brought in contact with civilization, make itself felt; and, as the years went by and it became more and more civilized, grow into a great and powerful nation.

New Gifts to Manual

The Letter to Mr. E. D. Phillips Speaks for Itself

Dear Friend and Former Schoolmate:

To stimulate a greater interest among the students of the Manual Training High School in the study of German, not simply by securing a practical use of the German language; but, also, by acquiring a broad acquaintance with the notable history and rich classic literature of the German Fatherland—I am pleased to present to the "Deutscher Sprach Verein" of your school two annual prizes of ten dollars each, to be awarded respectively to the young lady who is adjudged best in the expression and delivery of a choice selection from classic German literature and to the young man who delivers the best original German oration.

In offering these prizes I am largely

prompted by a fond desire to preserve the name and memory of my beloved father, who took such an active interest in the building up of Kansas City's public schools, and who was for several years a solicitous member of our Board of Education. For this reason, I desire these gifts to be known as the HENRY R. SEEGER PRIZES.

I am further prompted to act in this matter from the fact of my long acquaintance with and continued friendship for Prof. Phillips (we were boys together in other high school days and classmates in the first high school established in Kansas City), and in appreciation of the good work he is doing in the schools of our city.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) W. H. SEEGER.



ELOCUTION AND MUSIC



EDITORS

Ina B. Donnelly

Marcy K. Brown, Jr.

Ever since the dawn of culture broke upon the world, elocution and music have been considered the greatest artistic accomplishments in the possession of man. Now, in the broad midday of culture, they have become powers, makers of destiny and changers of the world's history. Great orators and musicians have swayed the opinions and minds of more people, have prompted more people to action, have inspired in more breasts noble feelings of love and high passion, than all the books ever written. Orators like Demosthenes, Cicero, Webster and Clay, have changed methods of governments and destinies of nations. Musicians like Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert and Listz, have given to humanity in the "wild, weird music of war" and the soft, sweet melodies of peace and love a medium which charges the feelings and emotions to a pitch which no other art can equal.

All people have the highest respect for a man who can address a vast assemblage in a brilliant and striking manner. Such a person commands attention everywhere he goes. Other men feel that in him is a strong magnetic power that can sway their feelings and opinions and make them think as he thinks. Just as a wind bends the frail stem of a reed, so can a man of strong personality and character make other men's opinions bend to his own. It is the innate power of the knowledge of his own convictions that gives him

power to do this. A man, to make other men think with him, must have great power of thought. It is not every man who can sway an audience; it takes together with thought, character, and no obstacle is too great, no labor too mighty for such a combination to overcome.

Although the power of music is equally great, its influence lies in a different field. Elocution deals with human speech, music with human feelings. To enjoy a good speech, one must not necessarily be classically cultured; but, to enjoy the operas of the great composers, one must have within him a love of the beautiful and a feeling for the sublime.

In everyday life, elocution and music are invaluable. If a person never intends to be an orator or musician or take up a profession that demands music or oratory, he will find that they give a culture and refinement that nothing else can give and that they broaden the mind and enlarge the faculties to a degree unattainable in any other study.

Many arts have grown up, flourished and died; many arts that were known to the ancients have been irrevocably lost, but these two arts of the mind and soul—music and elocution—have lived and flourished throughout the countless centuries and will continue to live as long as the human mind has the power to think and the human voice the power to speak.

Function of the Public-Speaking Class

Emmet Russell, '10

Most people have a vague notion that a public-speaking class is a kind of incubator for the hatching of fluffy, yellow little orators, such as those who strut out at the spring contest to say their cock-a-doodle-doo and receive their blue ribbons. But the public-speaking class means something more than this. In fact, its least business is to study that which is generally called oratory. For there is something behind oratory—indeed behind all that which makes for advancement—and that something is thought. In the English department, the correct use of our mother-tongue and the appreciation of her literature is taught; in the manual training department, accuracy is insisted upon; in the history department, the judgment is trained; in the science department, the ability to prove conclusions from data at hand is strengthened; in the mathematics department, logical reasoning is developed; in the language department, the memory is trained; but, in the public-speaking class, we have to deal with the "power behind the throne"—thought.

The mind has a tremendous power, which is very seldom fully developed. It is a vast Niagara waiting to turn the mill of our destinies—a Niagara whose power, converted into electric thought, would light the world of our life and furnish its power for all our activities. It is very easy to talk without thinking; it is not very difficult to think without talking; but to combine the two—"aye, there's the rub." And it is this ability to think as one speaks which is so rare and so desirable, indeed almost necessary.

No one can expect to lead others who cannot think, for he who does not think for himself must follow some other person's thought. Of course, any one could exist without using his brains; many do. The public-speaking class is not for such. It is for those who know that mere animal existence is a disgrace and that God expects

work out of every one in the world. The work in public speaking trains the pupil's mind to think by setting him to thinking. The important subject of voice-culture is not by any means left out of consideration; but it is, however, mainly left to the student, whether or not he shall practice the vocal exercises. If he is anxious to improve himself, he does; and, if not, among other things, his grade decreases.

Extemporaneous speaking is one of the most important phases of the work. It is absolutely necessary for a man who expects to accomplish anything in any of the professions, in business, in a labor organization, or in politics, to be able to express his opinions and to give his reasons for them whenever or wherever he may be called upon. And training along this line also strengthens the character. Christ was one of the greatest public speakers the world has ever known, although he preferred a small audience, because in that way he could reach the individuals.

The study of the oration is, of course, the most prominent feature of the work. America has need of that paradoxical combination—the honest politician. The politician influences the public mainly by means of his speeches. The sermon is only one form of the oration, therefore the study of oratory is invaluable to the clergyman. Every one should be able to prepare and deliver a speech—not memorize it—if he have occasion.

The study of public speaking is not an easy one to enter upon merely for the credits; it requires as much work as most subjects in the school curriculum. I consider it one of the most, if not the most, valuable of studies, for its message is "think" and think of what you are doing at the time you are doing it.

Q C sharp, B sharp, and help the new department. This means YOU.

The Sonata

Augusta Busekrus, '09

The sonata of to-day is one of the finest among instrumental forms. It was during the seventeenth century that the sonata was first noticed by the masters as a musical vehicle. Even then, when the opera and oratorio were spreading rapidly from country to country, composers scarcely had time to notice its possibilities. Many early composers used it in varying forms, and with varying number of movements; but one among them, Haydn, was the first master to produce something good. Bach composed a still better and more modern form of the sonata. The word sonata is from the Latin word *sonare*, meaning to sound, and the sonata really is a "sounding piece." The sonatas of Beethoven truly justify their name, being more expansive and a great deal fuller than those of earlier composers. His sonata is composed generally of four movements, the allegro, adagio, scherzo and finale.

I like to think of these four movements as four different people, each with his peculiar temperament and

mode of thought, each with different feelings and ideas, but all bound together with a bond of sympathy and friendship. Allegro, a lively and energetic person, is an American. He opens up the conversation by mentioning some interesting topic, gives his vigorous arguments for or against it and closes brilliantly. Adagio is a dreamy, rather sad and meditative Spaniard. He commences slowly and speaks with a rich drawl. His ideas are rich in fancy, but tinged with melancholy. Scherzo, in sharp contrast, is a gesticulating Frenchman. He is persuasive and sweet in a quick, excited way, and one likes to listen to him. Lastly, Allegro's English cousin Finale has his turn (in). He weighs what the others have said, gives his own opinions, and reaches an unanswerable conclusion. He leads up to it in a firm, sweeping way which carries his listeners with him.

True, many, many sonatas cannot be personified in this manner. It is well, though, to weave a story or romance about such musical studies, and it is also a great help in giving expression.

Life Is What We Make It

An Oration Delivered in the Public-Speaking Class, November 3, 1908

Harold E. Wheelock, '09

It has been truthfully said that from the same material one man can erect a palace and another a hovel, the magnificence or the crudeness of the structure depending wholly upon the architect. The difficulties which often cause the downfall of one man may but serve as a stepping stone to something higher for another. Whether we use the materials given us to our advantage or disadvantage rests completely upon the individual concerned; we are given the rough and unpolished substance for the purpose of remolding

and retouching until it develops into the perfected product. We assuredly could not expect the finished product to be more finished or more perfected than would correspond to the amount of energy which we ourselves would be willing to sacrifice in its behalf. If we desire the most out of life then, we must be willing to put the most into life.

The future will be just what we make it. Our purpose will give it its character. There is no bright hope, no bright outlook for the man who has no

great inspiration. A man is just what his resolution is. If a person has the purpose within him of creating the best in life, then he establishes in his nature a fertile soil for the growth all those characteristics most essential for his advancement. It is the man with a definite aim in life and a hope for the future, who makes a name for himself. The one who strives for the unobtainable is the one who continually advances; for, if a person should reach his goal, he would be content to go no farther.

The world is full of melody, and in every human ear there is a harp strung to the purest harmony. But how rare are they that are sensitive enough to catch the sentiment of the finer strains. There is music in the softest whisper and unison in the loudest noise, yet seldom is there an ear tuned to the pitch capable of echoing their melodies. So, in life all around us, we are constantly hearing voices vibrant with the sweetest music and blessed with the highest sentiments which are calling us to opportunities now at hand; but, unless we are capable of

appreciating their beauty, they soon die away and are gone forever.

Ruskin tells us that the earth we tread beneath our feet is composed of sand, soot and water, and he tells us that if nature has her perfect work the sand will become very hard and white and have the power of drawing to itself the rays of the sunlight and become a sapphire. The soot will become the hardest and whitest substance known and will be changed into the diamond, and the water will become the blush of beauty in the face of the sweetest flower. Thus, in the beginning of human life, the crude and potent elements are all present, but the sand will never radiate the sapphire's hues, the soot never sparkle with the diamond's luster, nor the water weave its web of beauty, until the serene sunlight of an ambition, high and holy, shines forth into life with ever-increasing brightness.

* * *

"Life is real; Life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

An Eastern Critic on a Sample Lesson by Mr. Glenn Woods.

"Glenn Woods is one of the live musical spirits of Kansas City. As choral director and teacher of music in the Manual Training High School, Mr. Woods is attracting much attention. In a class room recently, the following lesson was going on: Of the twenty-two pupils at the blackboard, but one showed weakness in the tests, and one of the class was made to clear matters in her mind, the teacher directing, but not talking. The class age was twelve to fifteen. The writing was rapid and unhesitating. Relative minor of A major, harmonic form; C sharp minor, melodic form; D minor, harmonic form; relative minor of B flat major, melodic form; relative minor of

G flat major, melodic form; G sharp minor, harmonic form; F minor, harmonic form; relative minor of B flat major, melodic form; D sharp minor, melodic; relative minor of A flat major; B flat minor, harmonic form; relative minor of C sharp major. Write signatures of following minor scales: E flat; G sharp; D, B flat; C sharp, C, F, F sharp; B, E, A flat; A sharp. This was no special test work, but the regular review feature of daily recitation. In addition, the class had analyzed twenty-two of the best hymns and some songs, were fluent readers, produced refined, agreeable tones, and adored music and their teacher."

—New York Musical Courier.

We wish to take space here to extend our thanks to Mr. W. H. Seegar for the prizes he has so generously given to the "Deutscher Sprach-Verein."



EDITORS

Marie Hedrick

Harold Allen

Brevities

A wonderful mirage was witnessed at Honolulu on the eighth of October, an exact reproduction of the Pacific fleet appearing in the southern sky. The squadron was then approaching that port from Samoa, and its distance from Honolulu was about one hundred miles.

An eyeglass has been discovered which enables the wearer to see on all sides, and even behind, at the same time. It is ingeniously effected by means of reflections. This device, which is called the periscope, when employed by deaf persons increases their safety by enabling them to perceive the approach of dangers of which their ears give then no warning.

—Youths' Companion.

To punch holes through glass, cover the glass plate with a layer of soft putty or clay and punch a hole through the latter to the glass with a stick or lead pencil of a desired diameter. Then pour melted lead into the hole. When cool, the hole will have been duplicated in the glass.—Popular Mechanics.

There are in use to-day about 9,500,000 telephones throughout the world. Of these, the United States has 7,000,000, Europe 2,000,000, and the remaining 500,000 are scattered over the remaining parts of the globe. This, together with the fact that the Bell companies alone record an average of 75 calls per year for every person in the United States, shows the importance of the telephone to the American people.

—Popular Mechanics.

One hundred thousand gallons of water sterilized by electrically generated ozone, are used daily by the Pittsburgh homeopathic hospital. Dry air is passed through the ozonizers, and the ozone produced is mixed with the water by means of aspirators. Three ozonizers are used for sterilizing water, while two provide the ozone used for sterilizing instruments and bandages.

—Scientific American.

A new process for making an insulator has appeared. It resembles ebonite and consists of a mixture of tan-bark with one-third of sulphur. The whole is heated until the sulphur melts. The mixture is well stirred and then cooled, when it takes the form of small black grains. These are put in a pressure mold and heated, the result being a block of insulating material of any form.

—Electrical Review.

In an experiment performed by a machinery company in Ohio, a toad was put under a pressure of 11,000 pounds. It was thought that the animal would be killed, but when the pressure was removed the toad winked its eyes contentedly, stretched its legs and hopped away.—Popular Mechanics.

At the present rate of consumption, the entire supply of anthracite coal will be consumed in sixty years.

In developing electric lights, 99.8 per cent of coal is usually wasted.

London bridge since its construction has had a traffic equal to the population of the world, and it is still in perfect condition.

The Portland Cement Factory at Cement City, Mo.

By Mr. Holiday

On Saturday morning, October 17, Professor Phillips and a number of the men teachers of the Manual Training High School met at Independence, as per previous agreement, and set out for a tramp, having for its purpose a visit to the cement factory at Cement City, an outing to obtain sweet communion with Mother Nature, and sufficiently vigorous exercise to enable them at midday to enjoy to the utmost the tempting contents of the well-filled baskets which their "better halves" had kindly prepared. It is the purpose of this brief article to give some notion of what was seen and learned at the cement factory.

Cement City is about three miles north of Independence, upon the bank of the Missouri River, at the foot of a bluff about 225 feet higher than the ground upon which the city stands. It consists of the large buildings of the factory and the houses which the company has built for the laborers employed. The factory buildings are of cement. They stand upon ground made from the accumulation of river sediment for many ages past. For this reason much difficulty was experienced in getting the pillars which support the buildings to extend down deep enough to rest upon unyielding rock.

The material from which the cement is made consists of limestone, shale clay and glacial loess quarried from the bluff above. This material is carried by chutes down into the factory. In such a factory many of the processes and details are known only to the managers and vary with materials used and experience acquired in the work. Portland cement is a chemical compound, being a hydrate of lime, aluminum, and silica. At Cement City the lime comes from the limestone, the aluminum from the clay and glacial loess, and there is a sufficient percentage of silica and water of constitution in the raw materials for the purposes required, without further additions of

these materials. This causes the materials to be suitable for what is known as the "dry" process of manufacturing and permits a great saving in that one or two processes, otherwise necessary, can be omitted.

The raw materials are roasted in a huge revolving cylinder 10 to 15 feet in diameter, lined with fire brick and 200 or more feet long. The cement is ground to powder by feeding quartzite ocean pebbles in with the roasted and roasting materials. These pebbles are rolled and shaken up with the cement material until it is ground to the desired fineness. It is an interesting fact that all of these pebbles are imported from Europe. Our ocean beach pebbles contain too much soft-rock to make it pay to glean those of quartzite for use as grinders in the cement-making process.

The perfected cement is carried by elevators to a huge store room or bin, where it is dropped and put into sacks ready for the market.

The magnificent machinery employed in this huge plant is quite interesting. Huge engines drive the enormous rotary cylinders of the plant and the rest of the machinery. The engines and all other essential parts of the plant are duplicated. The work goes on night and day without ceasing. The daily output averages 1600 barrels, and the cement finds a market in all parts of the United States, large shipments being made as far away as California.

The cement industry has increased its output enormously in the past ten years, but the demand for it has likewise increased and probably will continue to do so even more rapidly in the near future.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. E. Struckman, the genial and efficient superintendent of the plant, for conducting us through the works and vouchsafing interesting bits of information.

History of Trigonometry

Henry Lohmann, '09

The foundation of trigonometry as a science is accredited to Hipparchus, the greatest astronomer of antiquity, who flourished about 150 B. C. Trigonometry was invented to supply practical needs. The Greeks considered practical application of mathematics degrading to the science, but such application was necessary in the study of astronomy, which was cultivated by the ancient Greeks. Astronomy could not progress without trigonometry, so trigonometry was first developed as a sort of branch of astronomy and continued to be regarded thus for over eighteen hundred years. Because of its association with astronomy, spherical trigonometry was first developed.

The first work on trigonometry was written by Ptolemy, an Egyptian, about 100 A. D. His work, called "Syntaxis Mathematica," remained a standard treatise until the time of Copernicus and Galileo, thirteen hundred years later.

Very little advance was made during the next thousand years, and what little progress was made is due to the Hindoos and Arabs; but it, too, was studied only for the sake of astronomy.

Trigonometry was not introduced into Europe until the fifteenth century, when the Arabian works on the subject were taken to that part of the

world. From this time on, however, rapid advance was made. Here the arithmetical part of the subject was first developed, largely by German astronomers. The work of Ptolemy was translated and revised somewhat. Rheticus, a native of Tyrol and professor of mathematics at Heidelberg, constructed tables which form the basis of the present-day tables. This work was published in the latter part of the sixteenth century. John Napier had, in the early sixteenth century, invented logarithms, which gave the science a great impetus.

Thus far, trigonometry had been limited to the solution of triangles, both plane and spherical. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, the third great branch of the science, was created. This branch, called analytical trigonometry, is due to De Moivre and Euler. The old geometric conceptions of the subject were laid aside; and algebra, which had also been greatly developed in the eighteenth century, was employed. The theorems of these two mathematicians were greatly developed, until now trigonometry has become a broad branch of mathematics, exceedingly useful and the most interesting division of the broader science, namely, mathematics.

The Seismograph

George Cartlich, '09

Seismographs (pronounced Siz-mo-grafs) are instruments for recording earthquakes. The first one was invented in China by Choco in 136 A. D. It consisted of a vessel shaped like a water bottle, around the large part of which eight dragons' heads projected. Upon the inside was a rod which came a short distance out of the mouth of the vessel. When there was an earthquake, this rod fell in the direction of the movement and knocked a ball out of a dragon's mouth, and it fell into the waiting mouth of a frog beneath. This frog then vibrated loudly, and the

attendant recorded the movement. It is said that, at one time, a ball fell out when no earthquake was noticed at that place, so the people said the instrument was "no good." In a few days, however, came a report of a shock which was felt in a far distant place very slightly. Strange as it may seem, the vertical rod is one of the prime factors in our best seismographs, and a simple recording instrument may be made by standing a long rod in sand. When there is a disturbance, the rod falls in a certain direction. The sand prevents its rolling,

A peculiar difficulty arises in constructing a seismograph. The most effective instrument consists of a vertical rod fastened to the earth, having a needle point upon the free end which traces the directions and force of the quake upon a smoked glass. The difficulty comes in obtaining a steady surface to write upon. When the earth moves, where is there a stable object? However, this can be overcome, in a great degree, by using a pendulum which is freely suspended. It tends to remain firm if a certain weight is used, even when the earth shakes violently.

But the time element must also be taken into consideration. Therefore, an instrument has been devised to record the directions and the lengths by having clockwork turning a drum or cylinder upon which is a smoked paper. This drum moves with the earth in a disturbance, and the needle is upon a pendulum. As the time of revolution is known, the time of the deflection of the needle, which is caused by the earthquake, may be calculated. Vertical motions of earthquakes are marked by a pointer, which is held steady by a complex spring arrange-

ment which is free enough to allow the inertia of the pointer to hold it steady.

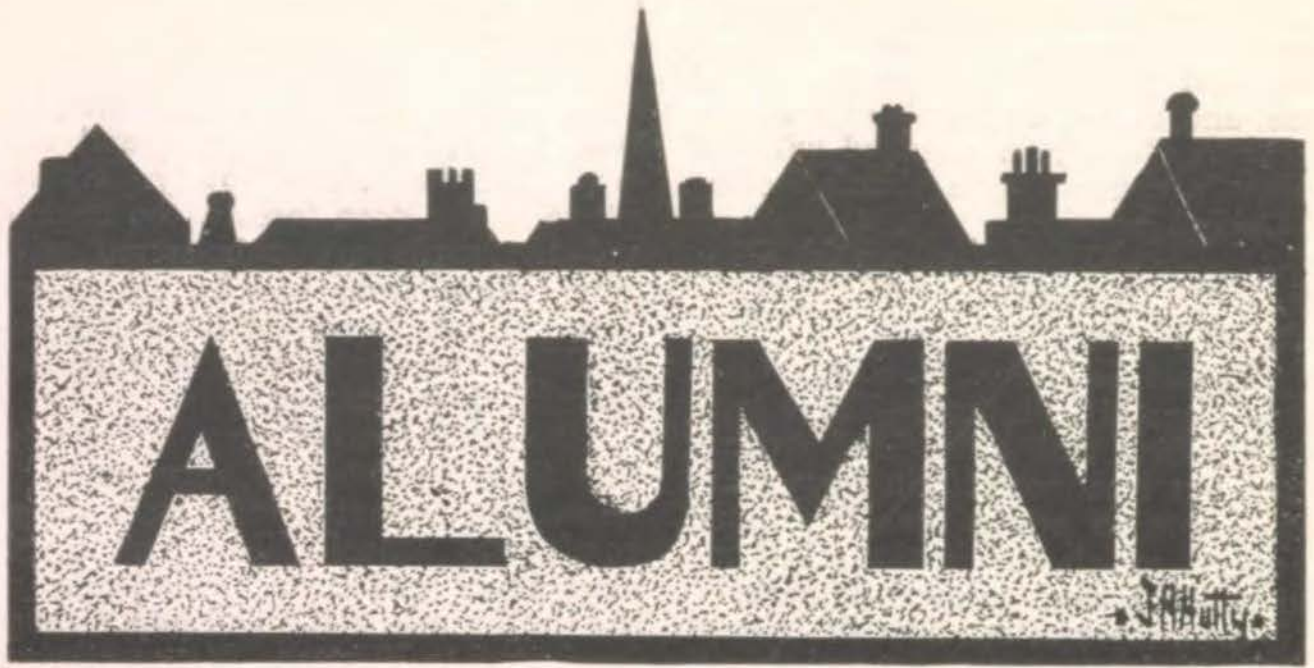
The most effective instrument is one of Gray and Milne. A drum turns by clockwork, continuously, and the pointer writes spirally upon it. The pointer is fitted with a very fine fountain pen, and the drum is wrapped with smooth white paper, which is changed every twenty-four hours. The vertical motion is recorded upon the same paper by a spring pointer. When there is the slightest shock, two electromagnets are jarred together to close an electric circuit. One of these is in connection with the mechanism of a clock and causes the face to suddenly move forward upon the hands, which are blacked, upon the inside. Their impression remains upon the face, which immediately moves back. The other of the electro-magnets is in connection with a pointer, which marks upon the recording paper the precise position it was in when the time was taken. In this way, a record of the horizontal and vertical motions of the earth, the length of the shock and the time at the beginning are recorded in one instrument.

Meteorites

Meteorites come from meteors. Meteors are large shooting stars. Shooting stars may be seen on almost any clear, moonless night; the number visible to a close observer being usually about four or five an hour. They are liable to appear in almost any quarter of the sky, and usually vary in brilliancy and color. In addition to the ordinary shooting stars, there are certain periods of the year when much larger numbers are to be seen, producing what are called star showers. Two of the best known and typical of these showers occur early in August and about the 13th of November. These are known as the August and November meteors. The paths of the falling stars of these showers are, as a whole, parallel, showing that they come from one region of space, but individuals often exhibit curved and zigzag paths. This glancing and deflection of move-

ment is regarded as proof that the substance of the individual meteors is solid. The amount of substance in the individual is, however, believed to be very small; calculated from the energy represented by the light which they give forth, it is believed in the majority of cases that the amount of matter constituting the individual meteor would weigh scarcely more than a grain. Meteorites may be divided, as regards composition, into three great classes: Stone, iron-stone and iron. Probably the largest iron meteorite is the "Peary," from Cape York, Greenland, weighing thirty-eight tons. The Esquimaux called it the "tent," from its shape. Two others near it were called "woman" and "dog" for the same reason. There are numerous other meteorites about which interesting information can be obtained.

—School Science.



EDITOR
Mabel Thornton

The following list are Manual's former graduates, who are now off attending college. It is interesting to see that Manual is represented in a great many of the higher institutions of learning. Most of these are graduates of '08.

Ayer, Earl.	Washington University
Bain, James.	Kansas
Baldwin, Leslie.	Kansas
Bower, Leontine.	Missouri
Bowles, George.	Kansas
Chesney, Louise.	Bradbury
Clemons, Percy.	Purdue
Conkey, Henry.	Missouri
Davis, Claiborne.	Purdue
Dodd, Paul.	William Jewell
Donovan, James.	Morgan Park
Fillmore, Royal.	Missouri
Fredman, Paul.	Missouri
Garrett, John.	Washington University
Goldman, Irma.	Chicago University
Gossage, Ruby.	La Salle
Hallett, Ralph.	Missouri
Kirkpatrick, Hesper.	Warrensburg
McKim, Bruce.	Iowa
McGurk, Ruth.	Baker University
Montague, Rolland.	Missouri
Nagle, Henry.	Kansas
Parker, Ross.	Kansas
Phillips, Ruth.	Missouri
Raymond, Gwynne.	Kansas
Reinhardt, Ruth.	Illinois
Thilenius, Fred.	Washington University
Wheeler, Harley.	Cornell
Witters, Myron.	Missouri
Webb, Clara.	Illinois

It is gratifying to learn that Manual's graduates are doing well either in college, in business or as young teachers.

A recent letter from Mr. Claude Harmon, who is teaching manual training in Crete, Nebraska, High School, tells of the success he is enjoying as a teacher of woodwork and mechanical drawing. At the Nebraska State Fair, the Crete High School won more prizes in manual training exhibits than all of the competing Nebraska high schools combined.

Quoting from Mr. Harmon's letter: "I think as long as Crete can keep ahead in manual training, she is not only capturing success for herself, but for old Manual, which is the mother of this kind of education in America."

The Nautilus congratulates Mr. Harmon on the fine record he is making as a young teacher. This is his second year in Crete.

Mr. Floyd Gamble has been elected to teach manual training and mechanical drawing in the Lawrence, Kansas, High School.

Mr. Henry Conkey of the class of '02 is now taking up senior law down at Columbia, Mo.

(The following is a letter from our worthy alumnus, Mr. Egbert Schenck, President of class '04, Ex-editor Nautilus, and one of Manual's star athletic boys. He is now engaged with his father in conducting a starch factory in Osaka, Japan.)

Aug. 26, '08.

Mr. E. D. Phillips,
M. T. H. School,
Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

My Dear Mr. Phillips:—There is so much to say that I dare not write a letter, but I cannot refrain from sending a note to praise the '08 Annual Nautilus, which has just reached me and which I have enjoyed immensely. It is a pleasure to see how the Nautilus has improved and grown, for it must indicate a corresponding growth and improvement in Manual, and my wishes for her success are just as strong now as they were four years ago.

With a "hello" to my old friends, and a health to Manual, I am as ever, sincerely your friend, and a pupil of a long-short time ago.

EGBERT SCHENCK.

(Extract from a letter of one of our alumni, Miss Dollie Hewitt, now a teacher in Chatham, Alaska.)

To Mr. Phillips:

I'm going to tell you a little about this part of Alaska, but I think with you I shall not have to begin by correcting the fallacious idea that Alaska is synonymous with eternal frigidty. Last winter the thermometer in Hoonah did not reach zero. This summer it has been perhaps a little above 80 degrees in the sun, but the average is about 70 degrees. I have never seen more beautiful flowers than are found on any of the flats that head the numerous little bays about these islands. There are big bluebells, wild salvia, wild peas ranging in color from rich red to deep purple, marguerite daisies almost as large as Burbank's Shasta Daisy, besides others new and strange, too numerous to mention. Even the berries, and they are very numerous, have large showy flowers. The strawberries have white blossoms large as a half-dollar and slightly sweet scented. The salmon berries have large red, bell-

like flowers, and even the little blueberries have flowers ranging from white. The trees are mostly spruce and hemlock, with a few specimens of pine, cedar, alder, crabapple and willow. But the moss is lovely. Everywhere in the deep forests, the ground and the rocks are unholstered with green plush from two to six inches deep. If it were not for the damp, one would never have to build a bed of boughs when camping.

School has proved very interesting. The little Indians are very quick to learn, but perfectly indifferent about coming to school. The parents almost never send them. I had none of the third grade, and I had pupils ranging from 5 to 30 years. My enrollment was 108, but my highest monthly average was 44. Can you imagine keeping so many children—not one of them independent to work ten consecutive minutes without help—busy for six hours a day? It was a tremendous strain at times, I assure you. This summer I had charge of an experiment in the form of a summer school in a canning town. The town exists simply for its salmon cannery. In the winter the watchman is the sole inhabitant. As a school, it was a failure. Then I turned it into a kindergarten. It has proved fairly successful, even under these limited facilities. Properly equipped it should prove very good indeed.

But you should hear me talk Indian! Really, I have a fair-sized vocabulary already. I would hardly need to talk English in school, if I chose to talk Indian. But I only use my Indian talk when the child understands no English. It is a most peculiar language, containing, according to Prof. Kelly (the superintendent of Indian schools in South-eastern Alaska) six sounds not found in the English language. Some of these are very hard to learn to reproduce, for one talks not only with both ends of the tongue, but both sides too.

But I am writing altogether too long a letter, and sometime, perhaps, I will tell you about my hunting trips and of the game and vegetable facilities of this wonderland.

Sincerely your pupil,

DOLLIE HEWITT.

SOCIETIES

MANUAL SOCIETY OF DEBATE.

October 16.

Debate—Resolved: That the \$750,000 spent on Westport High School could have been placed to better advantage had a part of it been used to improve Manual.

Affirmative, Harold Wing and Donald Fitch.

Negative, Harold Evans and Edward Wright.

Extemporaneous Work on Current Topics.

The Presidential Campaign of 1908.
Lewis Nofsinger.

Kansas City's need of an art museum.
Russell Dudley.

The work of the waterways commission.

Harold Wheelock.

October 30.

Debate—Resolved: That voting should be made compulsory.

Affirmative, St. Claire Mendenhall and Donald Fitch.

Negative, Arthur Perry and Russell Dudley.

Debate open to society for ten minutes.

Extemporaneous Work on Current Topics.

The situation in vaccination in Kansas City.

Edward C. Wright, Jr.

Oration on two lines of poetry.

Horace Walker.

Debate—Clarence Flint, affirmative; Russell Richards, Negative.

ION.

October 2.

Debate—Resolved: That coeducation is detrimental to both sexes.

Affirmative, Emmet Schooley and Donald Wilkerson.

Negative, Roscoe Reamer and Clarence Falls.

Current Topics, Airships, Ernest Elliot.

The Initiative and Referendum, Jay Ross.

Current Topic, Lew Starling.

Reading, Peake Vincil.

October 16.

Debate—Resolved: That the government should own and control the railroads.

Affirmative, Warren Heath and Allen Craig.

Negative, William Simms and Frank Oldham.

Current Topic, Geo. Sperry.

Reading, Ernest Elliot.

Current Topic, Peake Vincil.

October 30.

Debate—Resolved: That all elective state officers should be appointed by direct votes.

Affirmative, Jay Ross and Lew Starling.

Negative, Lewis Buxton and Ernest Elliot.

Current Topic, Clarence Falls.

Reading, Allen Craig.

Current Topic, Temple Pearson.

Two Recitations, Prof. Phillips.

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

October 16.

1. Original Oration.....Otis Grant
2. Original Oration....Arthur Brady
3. Book Review.....Ethel Jones
4. Declamation.....Bertie Hawes
5. Extemporaneous Speech.....
.....Enid Smith

October 30.

1. Declamation.....Ethel Brotemarkle
2. Life of R. H. Davis....Gratz Shelby
3. Extemporaneous Speech.....
.....Harrie Keneaster
4. Oration.....Wendell Arrowsmith
5. Book Review.....Martha Nelson
6. Life of J. R. Lowell...Edward Luce
7. Original Oration.....Fred Nelson

O'ITA.

October 16.

- Sketch of Stoddard's Life.....
 Lucile Phillips
 Reading, Stoddard's lecture on
 Spain Marie Hedrick
 Recitation, Spanish lyric.....
 Mabel Thornton
 Discussion of Spanish character, by
 whole society.

October 30.

- Spanish Society..... Juliet Banks
 Spanish Festivals..... Mary Oldham
 Reading, "The Legend of Starei,"....
 Georgia Riley

DEUTSCHER SPRACH VEREIN.

D. 16 Okt., 1908.

ENTDECKUNGEN UND ERFINDUNGEN.

Namen beantworten mit einer Entdeckung oder einer Erfindung im funfzehnten Jahrhundert.

1. Biographic—"Gutenberg und die Drucker Kunst"..... Egmont Betz
2. Aufsatz—"Entdeckung Amerikas"..
 Mildred Hannam
3. Recitation—"Yugendlehren".....
 Gladys Gaylord
4. Aufsatz—"Die Meistersinger".....
 Marie Munz
5. Englischer Aufsatz—"Effect of Discoveries and Inventions on European Civilization."..... Leora Brink

D. 30 Okt., 1908.

PATRIOTISCHE LITERATUR DER
VIERZIGEN JAHRE.

Namen beantworten mit einem patriotischen Sprichwort.

1. Aufsatz—"Der Politischen Zustand in Deutschland in 1848
 Augusta Busekrus
2. Recitation—"Freiheits Lied des Kolonisten"..... Raymond Isham
3. Aufsatz—"Die Freiheits Dichter"..
 Helen Pursley
4. Recitation—"Freiheit".....
 Helen Burke
5. Oration—"Carl Schurtz".....
 Walter Berkowitz
6. Lied—"Die Wacht am Rhein".. Alle

EDISONIAN SOCIETY.

October 2.

No Programme.. Acquisitions acquired

October 16.

- "Surface Tension".... Thomas Moffett
 "Wind and Water Power,".....
 John Spalding

October 30.

- "Scenes of Mexico".... Paul Reymond
 "Products of Mexico".... Emmet Russell
 "The Lumber Industry".. Clifford Seibel

DAPHNE SOCIETY.

October 16.

Scotland.

1. Scotland—Physical Conditions as affecting the People and Literature..
 Era Darnell
2. Life of Sir Walter Scott.....
 Ivy Johnson
3. Extracts from "Lady of the Lake"
 Florence Hickman
4. The Evolution of the House.....
 Winifred McCarty

October 30.

Scotland—(continued).

1. Origin of Hallowe'en.....
 Veronica Cannon
2. Life of Robert Burns.... Mary Sote
3. Extracts from "Tam o'Shanter"....
 Carrie Hulse
4. The Modern House.....
 Eutlia Gillespie

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

October 16.

Roll Call—Quotations on Physical Education. Authors of Antiquity.

- Piano Solo..... Clara McNeill
 Essay "Dances of France".....
 Edythe Snyder
 Piano Solo..... Pearl Roemer

October 30.

Roll Call—Quotations on Physical Education. Authors of 16th and 17th Centuries.

- Essay "Dances of Germany".....
 Helen Snow

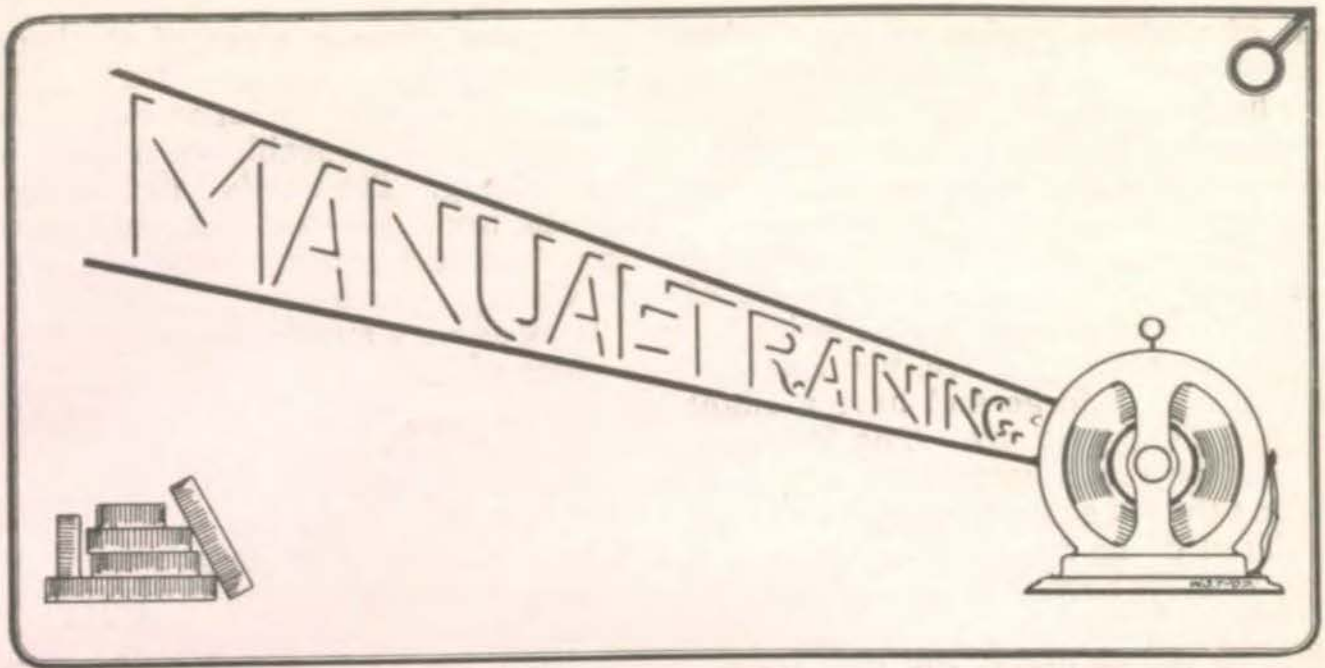
Debate—Resolved: That roller skating is more beneficial than ice skating.

Affirmative:

- Imogene Wilson Lucile Peiser

Negative:

- Florence Fulsom Adaline Mos



EDITORS

Ruth Paxton

Walter Berkowitz

Forging

Harry Siegfried, '10

You have all, no doubt, some time or other, glanced in through the open doors of a blacksmith shop and seen the blacksmith working at his anvil, hammering with mighty blows, a piece of red-hot metal, and heard the chime-like ringing made by his alternate blows on anvil and iron, while the sparks fell in showers. I wonder, however, if you stopped to think of Manual's forging department, or even knew that the manual training department for boys consisted of forging as well as joinery, wood-turning or machine work.

Of the manual training subjects for boys, I have chosen for a discussion, one in which I am at present engaged, and which I find to be very interesting, but overlooked and unappreciated to a great extent by the public. Forging, which is the forming by hammering pieces of heated iron or steel into different shapes, is a branch of mechanics of which we very seldom read. Forging, the same as any other branch of mechanics, requires more or less science, skill and practice, and on it we depend for most of our best cutlery, machine tools, and many other forgings which could not otherwise be made.

I feel somewhat backward in telling you that during my first appearance in room seven, there were still a few signs of that freshman curiosity in some, to snoop around and play with the different tools and machinery that they, as yet, knew little about. I am also sorry to state that there were signs of thoughtless selfishness on the part of most of us by monopolizing the different forges which we fancied most. All this, I might say, squabbling for the best positions as we thought, was upset a few days afterwards by our esteemed teacher, Mr. Ellis, who changed our positions. The first day being short periods we did not work. The second day on returning, work began with a raid on the aprons which hung on the hooks around the room. The aprons are made of leather, chiefly to protect the clothing from flying sparks. There were two lucky ones out of the entire class, for they captured the only two new aprons, while the rest of us had to contend with the old and soiled ones. When we had our aprons on and our sleeves rolled up (for you will probably observe that forging is not the cleanest work in the school), we were prepared for what we thought might be the starting right in and hammering

out of a steam engine or some other complicated piece of machinery, but our high ideas were destroyed when we were called by Mr. Ellis to one of the forges and shown how to start a fire. Our coal is called "smithing coal" which is mined in Piedmont, West Virginia, and, unlike other grades of coal, it contains very few impurities.

As I mentioned above, you have, no doubt, seen a forge and have a slight idea of its appearance. The forges at Manual are more improved or modern in that the old sooty brick chimneys are replaced by an iron hood over the fire box and connected to a pipe that reverses and runs under the floor and then to the chimney, the pipe having an air suction which carries away soot, sparks and smoke, while the trouble of pumping a bellows is remedied by an automatic blast which is controlled by a valve in the front of the forge. Both suction and blast are made by centrifugal fans in the rear of the room and are driven by two electric motors. Our forges are made entirely of iron, and there are twenty in number for the use of the pupils. They are arranged in pairs, two forges being back to back, with a water tank between each pair. On the right-hand side of each forge is an iron box which is filled with the smithing coal, and the first thing to be done by the first class, of which I am a member, is to pound the coal into small pieces, allowing no lumps to remain. We then take some of the shavings that were brought from the joinery room and which the freshman had made in their efforts at planing, and put about a handful of them over the tuyere, the hole through which the air is forced for the purpose of blowing the fire; then, after laying a little half-burnt coal or coke on top of the shavings, we light them and turn on the blast, and in a few minutes have a white-hot fire. Some of the broken coal is mixed with a little water and banked around the fire to keep it from spreading. The building of the fire, although the easiest, is also the dirtiest part of forging, and only the first class has the trouble of starting a fire each morning.

After demonstrating our first exercise—the process of drawing down an iron rod of small diameter to a conical point

—we were given a piece of stock on which to practice the same. Then the noise began; and, without an exception, room seven was probably the noisiest in the building. The anvils which we use are cast iron with steel faces and hence do not possess such a ringing sound as the wrought iron ones.

It looks very simple to see one forge a piece of iron or steel into a certain shape and according to dimensions, but on trying yourself it does not always work just the way you think it will. There are numerous points to be considered in forging, and a person has to keep wideawake. One of the first principles is not to make the stock too hot and thus burn or melt it, and not to hammer or bend it while cool, as it is liable to break or form a cold shut.

The following are some of the exercises which we have forged since school commenced: the drawing down of a square point and round point, drawing down a flat taper, bending a quarter-inch rod into a circular ring, but not welding the ends, a meat-hook, an awning rope fastener, a hook and staple, and the exercise that finished our first quarter's work and which differs from the others, is the making of a bolt which involves the process of upsetting. Upsetting a piece of iron means shortening its length and widening its width at a certain place, which in our case was at one end for the purpose of forming the head. Drawing out a piece of stock is simply lengthening it and thus lessening its thickness. One very interesting exercise that we made was a machine steel ring with a body seven-sixteenths inches square. We were given a piece of machine steel about one and a half inches square and a little over half-an-inch thick. It was first heated and the corners flattened thus forming it octagonal. It was then hammered to nearly round, and a hole punched through the center with the hand punch till it would fit over the end of the horn of the anvil. The stock was then alternately worked on the horn and face of the anvil until the body was seven-sixteenths inches square. A special pair of pick-up tongs was used in making this exercise. The last things to be done were to smooth and blacken it. The smoothing

was done by placing a little water on the anvil and the hammer and striking the ring lightly while at a dark red heat, the water forming steam and blowing away the scales that have formed, thus preventing them from being hammered into the exercise and making it rough. All the exercises are blackened by a swab with a little oily waste fastened to it. It is rubbed over the exercise while slightly hot and held in the smoke of the fire. A nice dull black finish is thus formed that will wear nearly as well as a coat of paint. The tools that we have thus far used in our work are: the square, prick punch, hardy, file, calipers, hammers, quarter, three-eighth and one-half inch tongs, pick-up tongs, hand punch, set hammer, flatter, hexagonal former, sledge hammer, swages, bolt tongs,

cupping tool, wooden mallet and block.

One other thing I wish to mention is the cleaning-up time, which occupies all of the ten minutes from the warning bell till the passing bell. When the bell rings, we have to cool off our stock, then sweep up and put all tools away, and next we have a general wash up, or, rather, it ought to be a bath, for sometimes some of us look as though we had been mixing the coal with our faces or hands. You can probably imagine our feelings as we rush to our other classes, as the last bell rings, likely unaware that we might have overlooked some of that soot in our ears or on our necks, or, a few black spots on collar or shirt, and perspiring as though the temperature was a hundred, but content with our day's work.

Fireless Cooking

Helen Barnes, '10

The pupils of the Domestic Science department have been very much interested in a series of experimental lessons given in connection with the fireless cooker, very kindly lent them by the Bahr Furniture Company.

The cooker used consisted of a tight oak box about six feet long, two feet wide and two feet deep. The cover was tightly hinged and fastened with firm clamps. The inside was divided into three compartments, the center one being larger than the other two. In the center of each large compartment was a cylindrical compartment lined with aluminum. The space between the dividing walls was packed with asbestos wool and covered with aluminum. There were granite kettles with air-tight covers in each cylinder. Pads of cotton flannel filled with the asbestos wool serve as covers for each compartment.

One of the various demonstrations with this cooker was the cooking of oatmeal, prunes and a pot-roast. The foods were partially cooked in the granite kettles at night and the lids securely fastened. The kettles were then placed in the cooker, covered with the pads, the lids securely fastened, thus excluding the air as much as pos-

sible, and allowed to stand over night. In the morning, upon removing the kettles from the box, the foods were found well cooked and steaming hot. This solves for us the proper cooking of cereals and allows us to bid farewell to all digestive troubles resulting from improperly cooked cereals.

No housewife possessing a fireless cooker, need remain at home on Sunday morning to prepare the midday meal since potatoes, soups, boiled chicken, vegetables and many other appetizing dishes may be prepared the night before or early Sunday morning.

In using the fireless cooker, care must be taken that all foods to be left in the cooker must contain as many heat units as possible, in other words, the kettle and its contents must be at boiling point. A kettle full of food will remain hot much longer than one only partially filled. If a small amount of food is to be cooked, it should be put into a small vessel, placed inside the large kettle and surrounded with boiling water. Meat to be cooked in the cooker must boil thirty minutes first to insure the thorough heating of the meat, while other foods require only about five minutes.

The scientific principle of fireless

cooking is the creating of a partial vacuum so these cookers will not only keep foods hot, but will also keep them cold for the same length of time. Ice cream may be placed in a receptacle and kept for hours.

The process of fireless cooking has been used since ancient times. The Egyptians used the same method; they heated their food over an open fire, then buried it in the ground, packing it with hot coals.

Nearly every country has used this process in times of war, especially the

American Indians. The Japanese were perhaps the first to use it for household purposes, although not very extensively. At the present day nearly every housewife in Germany, of any means at all, owns a fireless cooker. There are comparatively few used in our own country which is doubly remarkable, for Americans are eager for novelties, and the cooker is undoubtedly a remarkable labor-saving device. It will probably be only a matter of a few years before they are used in every home.

Economical Wood-Turning

Emmet Schooley, '10

When the average youth of Manual Training High School finishes his course in wood-turning, he undoubtedly thinks he has gained a very nearly complete understanding of that subject. No doubt, he has received much valuable information in regard to the plain hand lathe, which is very good for its class, but there are still other forms of woodworking machines of which he knows nothing. Now, it is not my purpose to give the reader a list or catalogue of different kinds of lathes, but rather to give a fair idea of one, known as the "Variety Lathe."

This machine, though somewhat different from the common lathe, generally does the same work, producing boxes, goblets, and various articles, with which we are familiar, at the rate of about one thousand per hour, everything being uniformly made. The lathe consists of the frame or bed, the headstock, the tailstock, and the tool-rest, and other numerous small arrangements, difficult to describe clearly. By the help of these small conveniences, the work is done quickly and accurately, for the operators have only to push certain levers, which actuate the cutting parts. The wood to be used is fitted to the revolving spindle by means of a chuck, which receives the wood rough from the sawmill. But instead of a plain hand rest, the machine is equipped with a sliding rest, upon which is fitted a collar that supports the wood, and on one side car-

ries a tool to cut off the square wood into a smooth, cylindrical surface. The tailstock is moved by a lever with its fulcrum bolted to the lathe bed. By simply pushing the lever, the entire tailstock is moved along the lathe bed, and will move until it strikes certain regulating bolts. Then the slide rest also moves before it, carrying the collar and the tool to reduce the wood to the desired diameter. The cylinder, thus made, must necessarily be perfectly straight for the slide rest travels over a track which is parallel to the axis about which the cylinder revolves. Simultaneously with the aforementioned operation the inside may be hollowed out to any required size or shape, by tools fixed tightly to the tailstock. After setting the shaped cutters for forming the object, the operator presses a lever with his knee or foot, causing the cutters to force themselves into the revolving wood. Each different object is made by a special cutter. The entire article will be finished about three seconds after the cutters are applied, a parting tool having automatically severed the finished piece from the rest of the cylinder.

All of these somewhat complicated movements are accomplished in much less time than it takes to tell of it, and taking into account the rapidity, together with the absolute correctness of everything made, it can be seen that this form of machine is very economical and is valuable to the manufacturer as well as the consuming public.

The Modern Beef-Packing Industry

Harl Bartlett, '10

Although enormous numbers of cattle are slaughtered daily in Kansas City's packing houses, many Kansas Cityans have no idea of how it is done. For the benefit of these, I will attempt to describe the manner in which cattle are slaughtered and dressed in one of these establishments.

The packing house in question consists of two large brick buildings connected by several bridges and surrounded by an unpleasant "dark-brown" odor. Into the top floor of the largest of these buildings, the cattle are driven from the stock yards, coming over a bovine "Bridge of Sighs" called a chute. On arriving, they are driven into large pens, where they await their fate.

Negroes, walking on planks above the heads of the cattle, drive a few animals at a time into a long pen about four feet in breadth. Then a number of gates in the pen are closed. These are so placed that they divide the long pen into several small ones, each containing two or three cows, and thus preventing them from injuring one another. A negro walks above the heads of the ill-fated animals and, with a light sledge hammer, hits each one between the eyes. One by one, they drop to the ground like lead, very seldom having to be hit the second time. One side of each of the small pens is next raised and the floors tilted in such a manner that the stunned and dying animal rolls out into the dressing room.

This is a very large, nearly square room as long as the narrow slaughtering pen. It is full of hanging bodies, half-an-hour earlier living animals, but now only beef. Blood-covered men move about performing their various appointed tasks. As the animals are dumped into the room, one man cuts their jugular veins and two others hang them up heads downward on small trolleys running on tracks. For each of the small slaughtering pens, there is a separate one of these tracks. They are fixed about ten feet from the floor so the hanging bodies may easily be reached by butchers standing on the floor. One man cuts off the head, puts it in a box and rolls the body on to two men who deftly skin it. The next man slits it open, removes the various internal organs, dropping some down chutes to lower stories and placing other portions in different receptacles. Another man saws the beef into halves; and yet another hangs each half by the leg on an endless moving chain.

As the body moves along on this chain, it passes through numerous jets of water, past men called "trimmers," who remove the scraps of fat, on past a man who cuts off the tail, and past still others who carefully wash and dry it. The beef is now put on another track, weighed while still hanging by the leg, stamped by the meat inspector and allowed to slide down a long incline to the next floor. Here the bodies, still warm, are pushed into the cooling rooms where they remain until sold.

LOST!

**BE
LOYAL**

YOU have lost a chance to make The Nautilus a better advertising medium, if you do not patronize our advertisers at every opportunity. It will only require a little forethought on your part and will do much good.

THE NAUTILUS WANTS POSTERS

This poster won first place for the first issue. Who will win the second?



Make a poster for The Nautilus, or for any particular department—the “Literary,” “Science,” “Music and Elocution,” “Manual Training,” “Locals,” “Business,” or any other department. These posters will be judged by a competent committee and the prize poster published. This time Miss Willa Cloys made the prize poster. Will you win the laurels next time? TRY.



EDITORS

Gladys Dancy

Otis Grant

Our Fifth Cross-Country Run

On the Friday following Thanksgiving, Manual's fifth annual cross-country run will be held. Although the course has not been definitely decided on, it is the intention now to run toward Bonner Springs. A four and one-half mile walk, a four and one-half mile run, a big dinner and a ride home at night will conclude the outing! Last year prizes consisted of a basketball, a silver loving cup, a pair of run-

ning shoes and a jersey, given by the Schmelzer Arms Co. This year the prizes will be four loving cups.

Cross-country running is a form of athletics which is becoming more popular every season. The large schools and athletic clubs throughout the country are using it as a means of developing Marathon runners. The large number of boys and teachers that make the run every year shows how Manual regards this sport.

The Inter-Class Track Meet

Since football was abolished at Manual was left without a fall sport, the faculty have been endeavoring to find something with which to interest athletes during the fall term. Heretofore, the only athletic event held during this quarter was a cross-country run, held the Friday following Thanksgiving. This year the faculty decided on a track meet between the four classes.

The meet was held Saturday, October 17th and won by the seniors. The teams were evenly matched despite the differences in age, size and experience. The juniors were doped to win the meet, and their downfall can be laid to one man, Mr. James Schwab, a senior, who won four firsts and one second place for a total of twenty-three points.

In this meet, Mr. Schwab demonstrated that he is one of the most versatile athletes ever developed at Manual. He won the 100-yard dash, the shot put, the broad jump, the hammer throw and got second place in hurling the discus.

Credit is also due Mr. Shepherd, a recent addition to our corp of mechanical drawing teachers, for his coaching and managing of the senior team. Mr. Shepherd has succeeded I. W. Eimer as manager of the baseball team. His experience in the great American game should enable him to produce a winning team next spring.

To aid in promulgating clean, wholesome athletics as well as to add interest to this meet, the Manual Society of Debate presented the victorious senior

team with a beautiful silver loving cup. Students interested in athletics greatly appreciate the Debaters' interest along this line.

Should the meet become an annual affair, the benefit to the track team would be inestimable. Many boys who would not think of trying in a big meet will participate in our little home affair and thus aid Dr. Hall in finding new material for his track team.

For reasons that probably can be surmised, the records in this meet will not be published. It suffices to say that no world records were broken. Following are the summaries:

Pole Vault—First, Hamilton, Senior; Second, Bingham, Junior, and Clements, Freshman, tied.

Running Broad Jump—First, Schwab, Senior; Second, Goldberg, Sophomore; Third, Reamer, Junior.

Shot Put—First, Schwab, Senior; Second, Kanatzar, Junior; Third, Hamilton, Senior.

100-Yard Dash—First, Schwab, Senior; Second, Koenigsdorf, Sophomore; Third, Breamer, Sophomore.

1-Mile Run—First, Richards, Senior; Second, Davidson, Senior; Third, Stewart, Freshman.

Discus—First, Kanatzar, Junior; Second, Schwab, Senior; Third, Wiberg, Junior.

440-Yard Dash—First, Koenigsdorf, Sophomore; Second, Breamer, Sophomore; Third, Atkinson, Senior.

220-Yard Dash—First, Koenigsdorf, sophomore; Second, Breamer, Sophomore; Third, Atkinson, Senior.

½-Mile Run—First, Richards, Senior; Second, Campbell, Sophomore; Third, Stewart, Freshman.

Hammer Throw—First, Schwab, Senior; Second, Tarbell, Sophomore, Third, Kanatzar, Junior.

Owing to a high wind it was impossible to run the hurdles. These events could not have changed the results, except to give the juniors a chance to win second place.

The Score:

Seniors.....	47 Points
Sophomores.....	20 Points
Juniors.....	13 Points
Freshmen.....	4 Points

The Unknown

Roy Guettler, '09

He came. He was there; yet no one seemed to know very much about him.

Williamsburg, the town where he landed, was a place of about ten thousand inhabitants and depended on manufacturing industries for its chief support.

He gave his name as Harvey Harrison, but would not answer questions concerning his past or whence he came. He was rather good-looking, tall, and strongly built, with a frank face, blue eyes, brown hair and a square jaw that expressed determination.

The position he got was in the Williamsburg bank, sweeping floors and dusting furniture. But he quickly grew out of this, as his employer soon found him to be unusually bright and eager for work. He ultimately became assistant cashier.

He was not long in his advanced position before he met Dolly, the presi-

dent's daughter, who was just home from an Eastern college.

Dolly liked him for several reasons. He was handsome; he was a good athlete and loved water sports, and was at home with a guitar. But still she would have liked to know more about his past.

Things went on in this fashion till the autumn leaves began to fall, and one moonlight night, out on the Ohio River in his canoe, Harvey popped the question.

Now, Dolly knew she could not accept him, because when she was but a child, her father, who was a confirmed aristocrat, had betrothed her to the son of a friend. Although Dolly had not seen her fiance since she was a child, there was so much mystery and romance about it all that she would not disobey her father's wishes. Although Harvey thought his case to be hopeless, he would not give her up entirely.

Preparations were now in progress for the annual country fair, which was to be held at Williamsburg. The fair was to last a week. Each day was devoted to some athletic contests, such as baseball, races, track meets and the like. Saturday, the last day of the fair, was to be devoted to water sports, the two-mile canoe race being the biggest event of the week.

Harvey was working hard preparing for the canoe race. Every day after working hours, he would get out his seventeen-foot canoe and paddle over the course a few times.

At last, Saturday came, and as it was the last day of the fair, farmers came from all over the country. The swimming matches had been finished and some of the boat races, but Harvey had taken no part in these as he was saving himself for the big event.

When the call was sent out for the last race, Harvey brought out his canoe, placed it in the water, and paddled off in the line of the twenty racers who intended to compete.

It was a splendid sight, to see the canoes in line, each man dressed in canvas trousers and light shirts, with their paddles in front of them and resting at ease, while the little launch chugged merrily along taking the canoes in tow to the starting place.

Each bank of the river was lined with spectators cheering their favorites as they passed by. Dolly was among the spectators, and when she saw Harvey as he cleverly guided his canoe she almost wished—but what's the use.

At last, the launch stopped and the canoes lined up for the start. The signal, "Get ready!" is given. The contestants are on their knees in the bottom of their canoes, "like grayhounds in the slips, straining upon the start." Bang! goes the pistol. Twenty paddles bend at once, and the race is on.

During the first mile Harvey kept in

fourth place. At the next quarter-mile mark he had moved into third place. The mile and a half post saw him a close second, and he was doing his best.

The race narrowed down to a struggle between two. The spectators were wild with excitement. One excited farmer threw his hat into the air; and, as a breeze was blowing toward the river, he lost his head covering.

The race was drawing to a close. Harvey and his opponent were a good hundred yards ahead of the others. They were abreast now, and the tape was but a few canoe lengths ahead. The race looked like a tie. But suddenly, when they were but ten yards from the finish, his opponent's paddle snapped in two, and Harvey won by a good canoe length.

Among the spectators was an elderly gentleman of refined appearance, who watched the race intently. When Harvey reached his dressing room the gentleman tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You paddle your own canoe very well, my son."

The young man stared for a moment and then cried, "Well, what are you doing here, father?"

"I just dropped in to see an old schoolmate, who, by the way, is the father of your future wife," came the reply, "a certain Mr. Jennings, president of the Williamsburg Bank."

* * * * *

"Yes, Harvey has a good position waiting him in New York," his father was explaining that evening to Mr. Jennings, "but I just wanted to see what kind of stuff he is made of; and, about that marriage business, he was so stubborn that every time I mentioned it he flew into a rage. And so he never knew just whom we had picked out for him."

In another room, Dolly and Harvey were discussing a somewhat similar subject.

Basket Ball

The problem that confronts our basket ball coach is to develop a team out of young and inexperienced material. What Manual wants is a team that will

win three games about the end of the season. Julius Koenigsdorf is the only last year's regular left. This will make his third year at center.

Ralph Powell, captain of the last year's "scrubs," Lee Montgomery, Walter Bracken, Harry Kanatzer and Gratz Shelby, five of last year's substitutes, should make the team. These and about fifteen others are the material to be used. Owing to difficulty in finding a suitable hall, practice did not begin as early as usual.

The same plan of selling tickets that was used last year will be used again, with the exception that Manual will play in every game. This will be even better than last year's bargain.

This year's team has but one chance to make a better record than the team last year, and here's hoping that they do.

How Cornell Won

Rose O'Hare, '11

It was the close of the baseball season, with the Farrin and Cornell High Schools tied for the city championship. One more game, one more victory, and either Farrin or Cornell will have won the pennant. Never before in the history of the two schools had the race for championship been so keenly contested. All through the season the two contending teams had been racing neck and neck, and this was the decisive afternoon. The critical moment had arrived, which would bring victory to one and defeat to the other; but they were so evenly matched that the result of this final game hung in the balance.

The weather indications were ideal. Both schools attended in a body, occupying separate bleachers; and such enthusiastic rooting had never before been heard in Unionville. Long before time for the game, the bleachers were filled to overflowing, the overflow taking up its station along the outer edge of the outer field. This made ground rules necessary, and it was agreed upon that a hit into the crowd should go only for two bases.

Each team took its fifteen minutes practice, and after the umpire had announced the batteries (Cornell, John Parker and Jim Green; Farrin, Max

Taylor and Ralph Jennings) and given his order to play ball, the final game was on.

It was a great game. For nine short and snappy innings, Cornell strode to the plate, struck her little strike and strode back to the bench. It was a silent crowd on that bench. They weren't hitting, but they were waiting. It seemed to be a long time coming, but they were confident that the rally would come. Until it came, there was nothing to do but to wait, and wait in silence. In those nine innings, only one Cornell batter hit safely and one man had seen first. It was the same with Farrin. They were not hitting either, but were silently waiting for a change to break in their favor. The change broke, but this change favored the other team. It happened in the tenth, the glorious tenth, and it came with the suddenness of a cyclone. One man was out when centerfielder Grimes got away on a bunt. Parker was up next and hit the first ball into the crowd. That was enough; Cornell was off. The bang of one hit was followed by the bang of another. It was a grand rally. Before it ended Cornell had batted seven big runs across the plate and won the game, the pennant and the city championship.





EXCHANGES

OLIVE M. THOMAS

EDITORS

Lucile Phillips

Harold Wing

The Nautilus is grateful for the many interesting exchanges received so far this term, and we hope that we may be honored for the rest of the year by their regular visits. Among the magazines which were particularly interesting to us were: "The Advance," Arcata, California; "The High School Forum," St. Joseph, Mo.; "The Mercury," Milwaukee, Wis.; "Student Lantern," Saginaw, Mich.; "The Herald," Atlantic City, N. J.; "The Review," Galveston, Texas; "The Echo," Superior, Wis.

"The Record," Sioux City, Iowa, has a very interesting October number. The locals are exceptionally good.

"The Far Darter," St. Helena, Col., is a pleasing paper, but why not have a few more "Darts" that are well-pointed?

We wish to thank the "Reveille" of the Western Military Academy for exchanging with us. They have a very complete and up-to-date paper. All departments are well written, and the cuts are particularly good.

The commencement number of the Westport "Herald" is very interesting, and it has a pleasing cover design, but Indians are generally supposed to know how to hold a paddle.

THANKS.

Nautilus, Kansas City, Mo., coming as it does from a Manual Training

High School, contains several well-written scientific articles, besides the usual assortment of stories and departments. It is well-arranged and has a pleasing cover.

—Students' Lantern.

The Nautilus we find in many ways a source of inspiration. The separate departments for art, science, and the like, are an unusual and especially noteworthy feature in such a publication.

—"Crimson and White."

The Nautilus, Kansas City, Mo.—Your annual is without a doubt the best exchange we have had for a long time. It is, indeed, a fortunate school that can get up a paper such as yours is.

—"The Yeatman Life."

SAVED POSTAGE.

The following letter was received from his sister by a young fellow who was away on his vacation: I am sending by mail a parcel containing the golf coat you wanted. As brass buttons are heavy, I have cut them off to save postage.

Your loving sister, J.

P. S. You will find the buttons in the right-hand pocket of the coat.—Ex.

"I have cut off my nephew without a shilling," whispered the dying magnate. "I wish there were some way of doing even less for him. When you telegraph the news of my death to him, please send the message collect!"

—Cleveland Leader.

Teacher—"Who can tell me what a caterpillar is?"

Johnny—"I know, teacher, it's just an upholstered worm."—Ex.

St. Peter (at the gate)—"Where from?"

Student—"Manual Training High School."

St. Peter—"Did you pay your subscription to the Nautilus while on earth?"

Student—"Er—No-o-o."

St. Peter—"Below for yours."

A grave-digger dug a grave for a man named "Button," and when the bill came in it read, "One Buttonhole, \$1.00."

Bible Student (preaching his first sermon)—"Yes, friends, I am trying to follow the divine injunction, to cast out the sick, heal the dead, and raise the devil."

Diplomatic Bachelor (who has forgotten whether the baby is a boy or girl): "Well, well, but he's a fine little fellow, isn't she? How old is it now? She looks like you, doesn't he?"
— Puck.

Sister Ann—"Did you get any marks at school terday, Bill?"

Bill—"Yus, but they're where they don't show."

"Prisoner, the jury has declared you guilty."

"Oh, that'll be all ight, my lord! Your're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."

O'Flannagan came home one night with a deep band of black crape around his hat.

"Why, Mike!" exclaimed his wife: "What are you wearin' thot mournful thing for?"

"I'm wearin' it for yer first husband," replied Mike firmly. "I'm sorry he's dead."

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the magic curlers."—Ex.

Teacher—"Johnny, you must comb your hair before you come to school."

Johnny—"I ain't got no comb."

Teacher—"Borrow your father's."

Johnny—"Pa ain't got no comb, neither."

Teacher—"Doesn't he comb his hair?"

Johnny—"He ain't got no hair."

—Houston Post.

Theron—"If I should throw you a kiss, what would you say?"

Eva—"I'd say you were the laziest boy I ever saw."

Prof. A. (holding unruly pupil by collar)—"I'm afraid Satan has a hold of you."

Boy—"I'm afraid so, too."

What is a hug? A hug is energy gone to waist.

He who hath money and refuseth to subscribe for his High School Paper, but rather looketh over his neighbor's shoulder to behold the contents thereof, is like unto an ass which having a manger full of hay cribbeth that of his blind companion and then brayeth with brutish glee.

He—"What did your father say, darling, when you told him my love was like a broad and rushing river?"

She—"He said, 'Dam it.'" —Ex.

Telegram to father: "Am sick; have no money."

Father in return: "Am well; have plenty."

Little Jack Horner

Sat in a corner

Eating a Christmas pie.

He put in his thumb

And pulled out a plum

And a hairpin

And a collar-button

And a penny

And a match

And a tack—

And he said, "My, but ain't that cook careless?"



Miss Jenkins (pronouncing some hard words in freshman English class): "Now, pupils, I want you to look sharply at the page while I pronounce the words. I don't want to glance up presently and find all your eyes on my face."

Little Freshie (aside): "You won't find mine there; I want mine, myself."

Atkinson (translating in German): "What made me a goat?"

Mr. Apple: "Tom, tell of the age of the Patriarchs."

Tom C.: "I don't know how old they were."

Miss Casey: "What is wool?"

Gladys: "It is the fur that grows on goats."

Miss Van Meter: "What is the meaning of Cathay?" (China).

Anton Klee (understanding her to say cafe): "It's a dining-room."

Substitute: "Why did the monks go off to themselves?"

Clarence: "I suppose they just 'got the habit.'"

Mr. Kizer (speaking of Lamb): "Miss Eldred, don't you think seven years was too long for a gentleman to court a lady?"

Minnie: "I don't know very much about it."

Frank (translating in German): "The queen looked at the scrolls with open eyes."

Wright: "Why do people laugh in their sleeves?"

Wheelock: "Because their funny bone is there."

1st Senior: "That was a very appropriate hymn the choir sang at the funeral of Mr. Smith, the milkman."

2nd Senior: "What was it?"

1st Senior: "Shall we gather at the river?"

Although the seniors won the meet
Not all the freshmen were there to compete,

But there is Keith Clemons, the freshman wonder,

Who nearly put the seniors under;

With his high jump of 5 foot and—

He lent the freshmen a helping hand.

Although the seniors won the prize,

It caused Dr. Hall no great surprise;

And we'll prove true yet, you watch

and see,

Although we are the said "freshies."

Archie D. Orme.

It is said there was a girl in cooking
who would not boil the water for fear
of hurting the germs.

Teachers often like some of their
pupils so well that they want to see
them after school.

Mr. Woods: "The people seem to be getting ready for Thanksgiving. They are even stuffing the street cars."

Somebody was accusing a certain girl of being a flirt, when Mary Louise Topping interrupted, saying, "Well, that's nothing, I winked at Peake Vincil."

Miss Gilday: "It was so nice traveling in Europe; I found everything just as I had studied it in 1776."

Mr. Phillips told Harold Wing not to fly off with the local box key at the end of the year.

If Paul Baker were to turn a somersault, we would have a baker-roll (Baker-roll).

During the P. O. P. parade, it was remarked by some one who was watching fathers boost up their children that it was a fine time for a "hold-up."

One day at school, during the noon hour, Florence Acton heard some girls hurrying off to go somewhere after school. They were going to the skating-rink, but Florence, thinking they were going to the matinee, called after, "You had better go early and get a good seat!"

In Juliet Banks' essay the following passage was found: "And in the tavern all sorts of people might be found during the day, consuming wine and gossip."

Miss Gilday was talking one day about "poleless telegraphy."

Mr. Swanson in Algebra: "Mary, what is the average of A and C?"
Mary: "B?"

Mother: "Now, Bobbie; William Penn was a short, stubby man."
Bobbie: "I suppose he was the original stub pen."

Civil Government Teacher: "Why is it necessary to light a city at night?"
Harold Evans: "So we can study our lessons at night."

LOOK ON PAGE 50

The following note was put in the local box addressed to the Editor-in-Chief: "People who live in glass houses should not hold hands." I wonder what Henry has been doing?

Miss Fisher (in Latin): "Ellwill, what is the word for small?"
Ellwill: "Dimicant."
Miss Fisher: "Better say 'Democrat' while you're about it."

Miss Topping says that all the models in still life in Room 26 are hers. The models consist largely of whiskey bottles, jugs and steins.

Pupil in English (constructing a sentence after a model): "Most girls are born pretty, some acquire beauty and others buy it."

Marcy: "Who is the largest candy manufacturer?"
Mabel: "I don't know. Who is?"
Marcy: "Battling Nelson."
Mabel: "Why, I thought he was a pugilist."
Marcy: "Last month he made a 133-pound chocolate drop."

(Murmur.) Mr. B: "What's the matter? Are you in love?"

If it takes ten years to get a \$50 rug (the one now on the stage), how long will it take to get a \$50,000 gym?

After Mr. Stigall explained that all green things manufactured starch, he was asked if freshmen were included.

The Latest.

A freshman dropped a penny in the local box and wondered why the gum didn't come out.

(A to B, speaking of the way a Frenchman pronounced 'curiosity'):
"My, how he murders English in saying 'curosimy'!"

B: "Not so bad as that; he only knocked one eye out."

Cushman, eating ice cream: "I am beating Mabel."

Henry L.: "I wonder if that's a wife-beating case?"

Mabel: "Not yet."

Miss Eveland pronounced Augusta Humbroch's name, first "Brumback," then "Humback." Miss Gallagher suggested that the next time it would be "Bareback."

NOTICE PAGE 53

Did you know that when blackberries are green they are red?

Paul Rauch wore a sweater to school one Friday. Cushman suggested that he wore it in order to save his collar for a dance that night.

Willa: "Paul, are you studying your French?"

P. R.: "Why, of course not. I'm only trying to find out where the lesson began."



A "ROYAL" PETITION

O! Sophie, Sophie!
Spare my Flock!"

James Meyer

Mr. Phillips in Assembly Hall: "Now we have had the business, so we are ready for the desert."

Pupil: "Pass around the napkins first."

Paul Baker: "Throw that olive here, and I'll catch it in my mouth."

Cushman: "Paul can catch anything in his mouth."

Husband (to wife): "If you buy one of those new gowns there will be a direct war (directoire) in the house."

Mr. Kizer: "If the old Englanders represented a garden scene by a pasteboard tree and a bench, how would they represent a forest?"

Miss Evans: "With a pasteboard tree placarded: 'This is a forest.'"

A freshman told the subscription clerk that he wanted to prescribe for the Nautilus.

Pupil in cooking (who had some water boiling on the stove): "Miss Stewart, shall I turn the water off?"

Miss Stewart: "No, turn the gas off."

Mr. Kizer: "Miss Meyer, what do you understand by the word 'flourish' used so often in 'Julius Caesar'?"

Agnes, with a wave of the hand: "Well, I always imagined it was some kind of a toot."

Miss Gilday calls Mary Oldham's hair pink!

Last year there was such a cry against the rule which forbade girls having mirrors in their lockers that this year bright, shiny lockers were supplied.

Some incoherent remarks in history: "In England, people were put in debt for prison."

"The Quakers were people who would not swear."

"Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson eloped to an island."

Autumn styles for high school folks: For editors of music and elocution—yell-oh!

For writers of stale locals—stripes.

For youthful freshmen—all shades of green.

For the promising junior—rose color.

For business editors—checks.

For Daphnes—pepper and salt.

For unsuccessful seniors—indigo blue.

For the subscription clerk—copper (in case of extremity).

Mr. Morse: "That bell rang just six minutes too early."

Freshie: "Will we get out earlier?"

In commercial geography:

Jay Ross laughs, "Ha! ha! ha!", Clare Croucher laughs, "He! he! he!", and Paul Baker sits back and grunts.

Teacher: "What is your reason for not voting for Taft?"

Pupil: "It would be too expensive enlarging all the doors in the White House."

This is the philosophy of one of our women teachers:

"All men are silly after all;
They are just boys grown tall."

Why is Mary Louise Topping like Kansas City? Because she is built on a bluff.

(Heard in an essay in Mr. Kizer's English class) "A young man was seen walking down the street with a young lady and a cigarette in his mouth."

Mr. Kizer: "Mr. Barrick, what is the meaning of 'Amor vincit omnia'?"

Mr. Barrick: "I don't know."

Mr. K.: "Well, you ought to learn that. Miss Van Dorstan knows; don't you Miss Van Dorstan?"

Beth (promptly): "Yes, sir."

('Amor vincit omnia' means love conquers all things.)

(Cushman Farnum in society meeting reporting as chairman of sick committee): "We bought \$3.00 worth of flowers for (a) Penny."

Robert: "A rat jumped out of my stove this morning."

Harry: "Did you shoot it?"

Robert: "No, it was out of my range."

"What makes Harry so stuck up?" asked the junior.

Experienced Senior: "I suppose he has been eating some hard tack (s)."

Miss Fisher's definition of a man is a stomach with two legs.

Miss Gilday objects greatly to a phonograph. She said she would just as soon listen to Bryan talk.

Miss Steele: "What did the Crusaders do when they came in sight of Jerusalem?"

Pupil: "They took off their shoes and walked bareheaded to the city."

A pupil in a Kansas City school was asked a question on examination as to the manner in which the Indians lived. His answer was that Indians lived in their peewees.

Juliet: "Two heads are better than one when you don't have to buy the hats."

Miss Fisher (in German): "What is the word for idleness?"

Honest Boy: "I'm not acquainted with it."

A green little senior, in a green little way,
Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day,
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little senior's green little grave.

A GOOD ONE ON PAGE 55

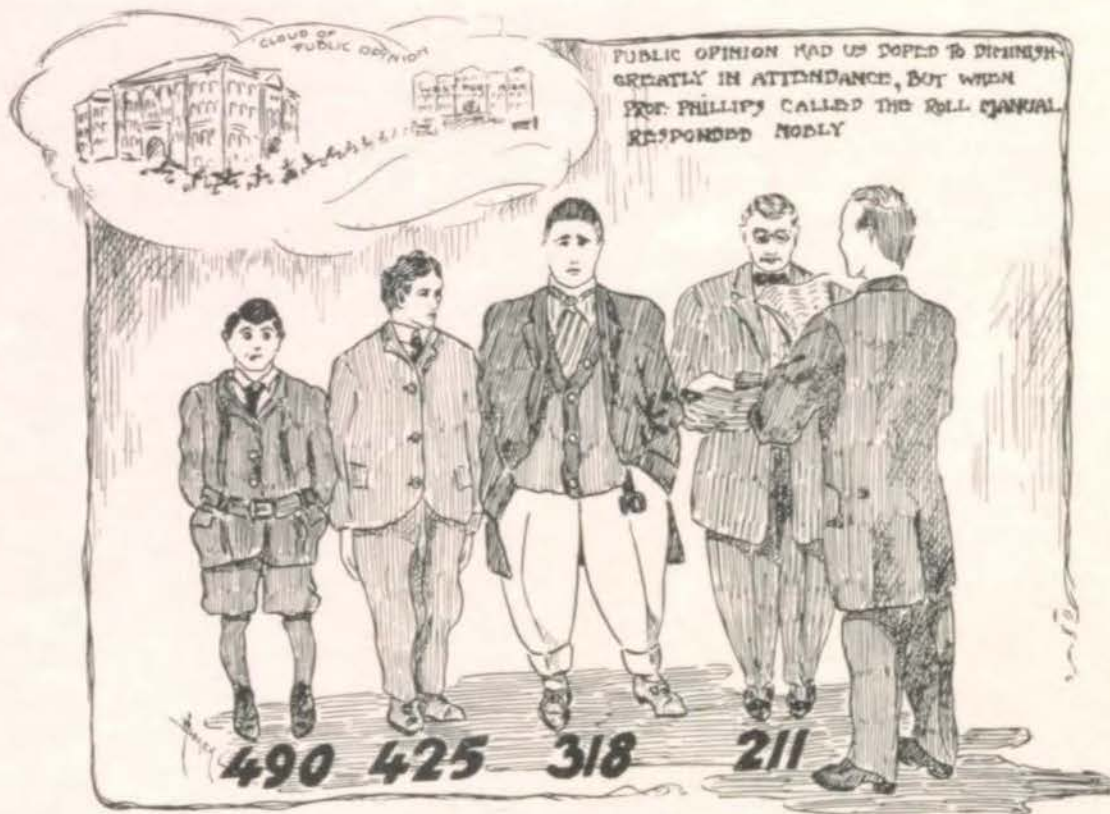
Teacher: "What became of Ninevah?"

Pupil (promptly): "It was destroyed."

"And what became of Tyre?"

"It was punctured."

Pupil: "I didn't know that Carlyle was a doctor, but he must have been for he wrote the essay on 'Burns'."



Would She Accept Any Other Kind?

Miss Heyl asked a freshman drawing class if any one had a match, and by way of explanation: "I mean a combustible one."

Paul Rauch says he eats everything but onions. Look out!

Mrs. Case says her fifth hour juniors are taking senior ways a year sooner than they are entitled to. Their usual answer to questions is, "I don't know."

Miss Gilday has two Wings.—She is ready to fly.—"Already?"

Teacher: "Miss Van Dorstan, have you always understood that the King of England was at the head of the church?"

Mr. Flint: "No."

Freshie (in Latin): "Miss Fisher, why do they always call a ship, she?"

Miss Fisher: "I don't know, sonny, unless it is because they are managed by men."

Yale Levinson was saying that in Chicago there was a single man at the head of the departments in the government. Miss Gilday asked, "Does this cut the married man out of such a position?"

1st Freshie: "If you flunked, would your mamma lick you?"

2nd Freshie: "No, my mamma doesn't believe in corpulent punishment."

Mr. Kizer: "Does any one know why the Miller in Chaucer's Prologue wore a white coat?"

Every one looked dense.

"To keep warm, I suppose," Mr. Kizer remarked calmly.

Mary Louise in a debate: "I'm like Mr. Phillips, I have to use notes."

Miss Sullivan: "It is the Spaniard's idea to have a fountain playing around in the yard."

Agnes Meyer was talking about some people who stopped at a hotel, but she said they stopped up a hotel.

Senior: "When I was in the car yesterday, I fell right back into a man's arms!"

P. G.: "I don't blame you."

In a test, one question was, "Give the date of the founding of Providence."

Roy Guettler: "Do you want the year?"

Miss Eveland was heard talking in Civil Government about "free-lunch" counters. Shocking!

Mr. Burnett: "If I had a school, I would have ali girls."

"Bobby, were you looking through the keyhole last night at your sister and me?"

"No, mother was in the way."

There has been a change this summer in the roasting oven. It is now in Room 13.

Mr. Kizer says if a man were struck by lightning on the 13th of the month and it came on Friday, he would call it unlucky.

Pupil (in joinery): "May I put this stain on myself?" Teacher: "Yes, but it would look better on the exercise."

One day when Cushman, Velma and Florence came into the room together, Miss Fisher said, meaning the two girls, "I'm so glad to see you come in without your arms around each other."

Teacher: "How many sonnets did Shakespeare write?"

Horace Walker: "One hundred fifty." (150)

Teacher: "Exactly one hundred fifty?" (150)

Horace: "No, one hundred forty-nine." (149)

Anxious Teacher: "Now, Yale, you must study your lesson, or what kind of a citizen will you be?"

Yale: "I'm going to be a Democrat."

Mr. Sherling: "What produces or makes the butterfly?"

Homesick Freshman: "Hot biscuits."

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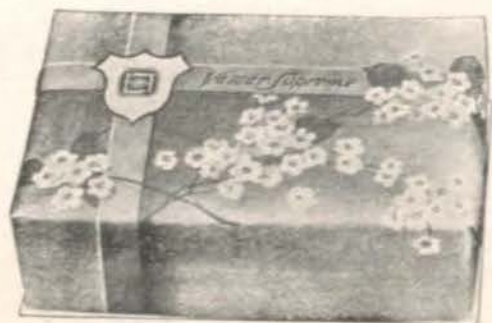


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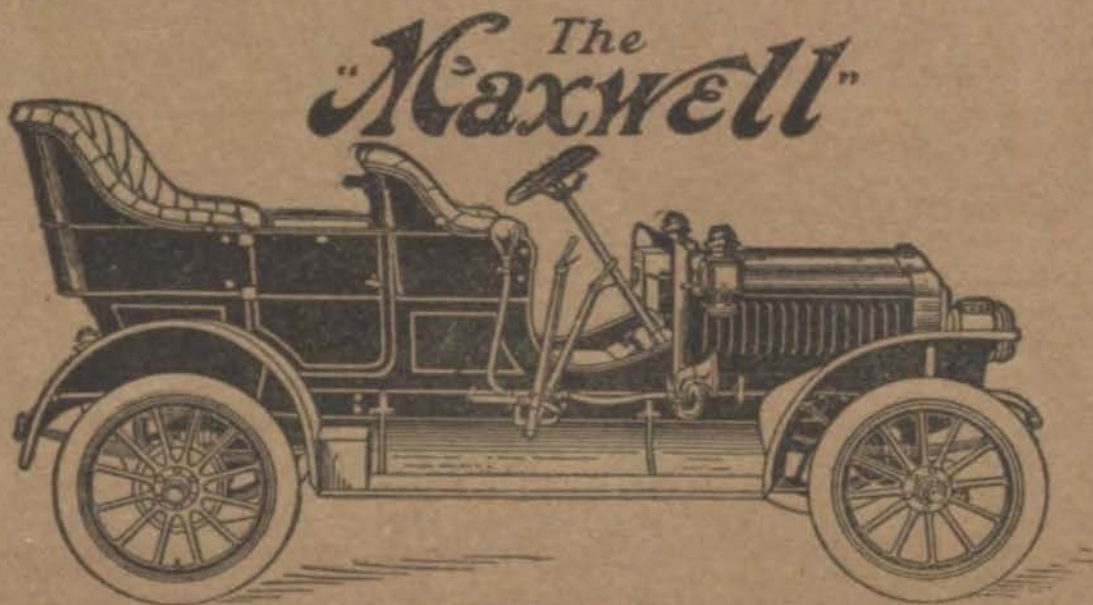
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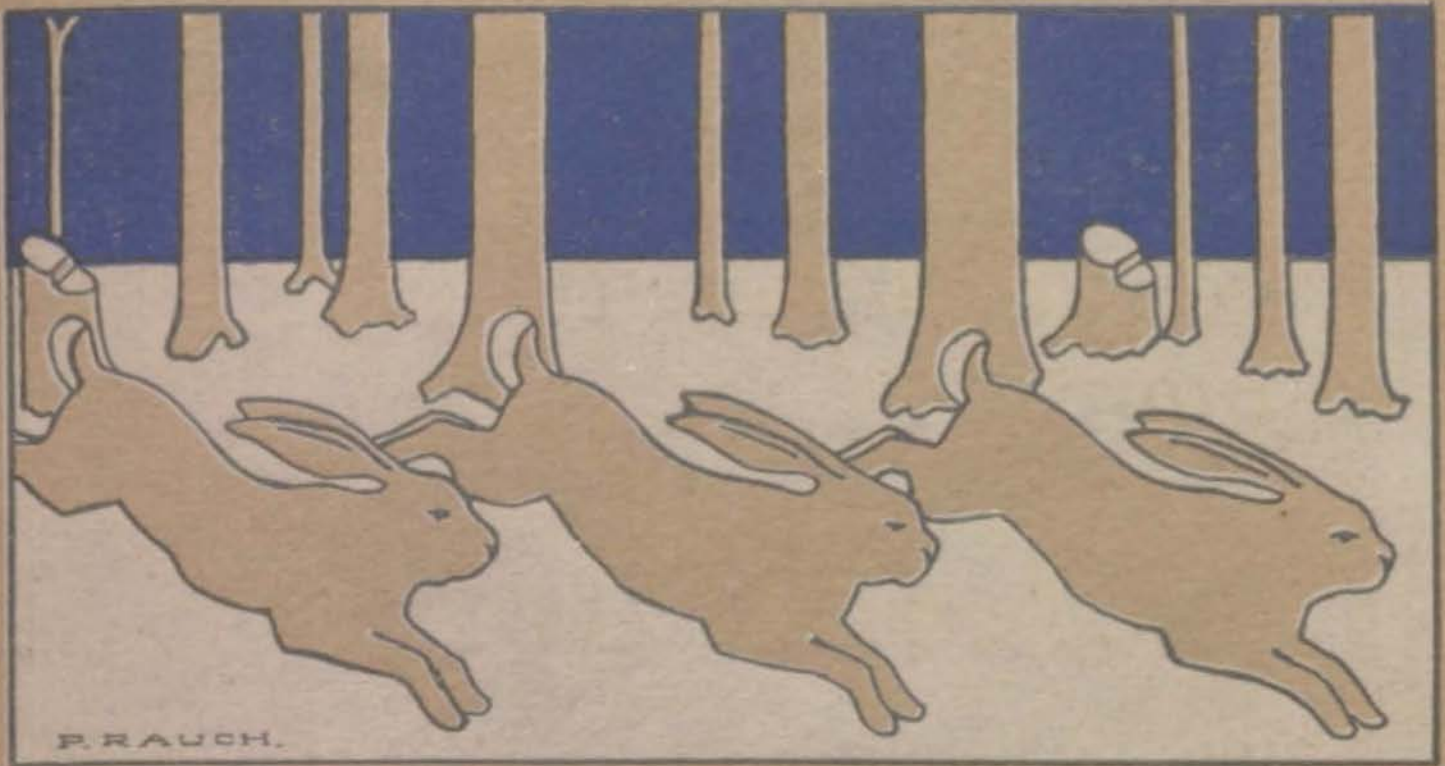
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All words in shorthand are spelled by sound. There are five positions, representing the five vowels, and by writing any of the above consonants on *i* position which is the line, the letter *i* will follow each written character, thus:

a *e* *i* *o* *u* *mi* *ni* *si* *di* *hi* *li* *ti* *thi* *wi* *yi* *gi* *pi*

Now if this is true of *i* position, it is also true of all positions, thus:

a *e* *i* *o* *u* *ma* *me* *mi* *mo* *mu* *sa* *se* *si* *so* *su* *ha* *he* *hi* *ho* *hu* etc.

NOTE.—A dot on *i* position is *I*; on *o* position *O* or *owe*; on *u* position *you*.

Read and write the following sentences several times:

— • — x ○ — — — x — — — x
 • — — • — — x — — — — — — — — — —
 —
 —

KEY TO THE ABOVE SENTENCES

Ma I se yu? He ma no me. Do yu no me? I sa I no yu. Do yu se the wa to go to the se? Ma we go to? Yu no he ma li to yu.

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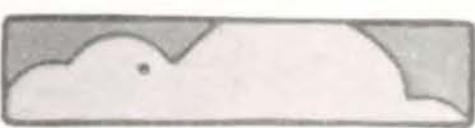
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THE NAUTILUS



Build thee more stately man-
sions, O, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave the 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.

VOL. XII. No. 2. KANSAS CITY, MO. JANUARY, 1909

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NOTICE.

THE NAUTILUS is published once every two months, in the general interest of the Manual Training High School, at Kansas City, Mo., and is entered at Kansas City Postoffice as second-class matter.
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THE NAUTILUS,
Manual Training High School,
Kansas City, Mo.

Recently two of Manual's teachers resigned to accept positions in colleges and one has been compelled to retire because of ill health. Mr. Ellis has gone to Kansas

Changes in the Faculty

University as an instructor in metal work, and Mr. Stigall has been called to the Warrensburg State Normal to become head of its Biology department. Miss Topping has given up teaching because of her health. We congratulate Kansas University and the Warrensburg State Normal upon having secured such able instructors, but regret very much to see Mr. Stigall and Mr. Ellis leave Manual. We are very sorry to lose such an excellent teacher as Miss Topping and hope she will soon regain her health.

These changes, of course, have brought about others. Mr. Cushman now has charge of both the Machine Shop and Forging classes, and we are glad to see Mr. James Bird back as Mr. Cushman's helper. Mr. Rupert Peters has been transferred from the principalship of Westport ward school to take Mr. Stigall's classes in Biology and Botany. We are glad to have Mr. Peters with us again.

An able successor has been secured to assume the good work which Miss Topping has so well carried on. Miss Delle Miller, Miss Topping's successor, is a graduate of Central High School.

Kansas City. She studied at the Art Institute, Chicago, and also spent one year at "Kara Shop," Richmond Hill, New York. Miss Miller has also done designing work for Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, art publishers of Chicago, and, for some time previous to her appointment to Manual, was a teacher in the Art Institute here in Kansas City.

It is interesting to note that Miss Murphy, Miss Campbell, Miss Topping and Miss Miller, were all pupils of Mr. Phillips, when he taught at Central.

We welcome Miss Miller and hope that she will find her work and associations at Manual congenial.

If a good thing is worth repeating, it should be pardonable, here, to review some of our recent assembly programs. Speaking of them generally, we do not believe there has been a better series than that given so far this year.

The first program after the November Nautilus went to press (November 5), we had Dr. A. Ross Hill, the new president of the State University, who spoke briefly, but forcefully on the importance of experience in various directions before deciding upon a work for life. He supplemented his argument greatly by giving, as an example, his own experience, how his aspirations passed through law, farming, book-keeping and finally education, according to his environment.

A novel feature of the program was the reception accorded to Dr. Hill. As he entered the west entrance, escorted by Professor Phillips, President Hill's picture was thrown on the screen, while the school stood, singing "Old Missouri," the song of the University. Just before Dr. Hill spoke we were treated to excellent vocal music by Miss Mildred Langworthy, whose beautiful voice and splendid facial expression made us feel the joy of the French folk songs, although not many understood the words. After Dr. Hill's talk the school sang "Manual's Ode."

The program on November 19 was very entertaining and somewhat out of

the ordinary. President Rose of the Musicians' Union with forty-two fellow members, led by Mr. W. O. Wheeler, gave us an excellent musical program, which comprised the following selections:

"Coronation March".....Folkunger
 "Venetian Love Song".....Nevin
 "The Sextet from Lucia".....Donnizetti
 "Poet and Peasant".....Suppe

A special feature of the afternoon program was the rendition of a fine violin selection by Miss Mari Frances Whitney, a talented violinist, who was graduated from the Kansas City schools and has studied abroad.

Mr. Rose and Mr. Wheeler were so well pleased with our Assembly Hall for concert purposes that they expressed their desire to hold a monthly rehearsal there if a symphony is organized next year. If this is done, as we hope it will be, Manual may consider herself very fortunate.

Many good things come unexpectedly. Such was the situation here on November 19, when Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, while making a tour of the city, stopped at Manual, as well as at the other high schools in the city, and spoke to our morning school. The point Dr. Butler made was that thought is the power behind all man's activity, and that nothing is of any value unless it causes one to use some brain effort. President Butler has recently returned from Berlin, where he lectured in exchange with a professor from the University of Berlin.

More recently Professor Phillips has received a letter from Dr. Butler expressing his thanks for the reception he received here and also a handsome wall picture in the shape of a Guerin drawing of the Library Building at Columbia University. It is very gratifying to us to receive this beautiful memento of Dr. Butler's visit, and to have him speak in such appreciative terms of our school.

At our regular assembly December 3d, we were taken through the high places of European beauty via stereopticon pictures, as guests of Dr. Moore of the Institutional church. Dr. Moore showed us many beautiful views, made by him in England, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, St. Petersburg, Venice

and Rome, which, supplemented with interesting notes of each picture, furnished very interesting and instructive entertainment. Such pictures must make every one wish to cross the broad Atlantic and see the beautiful churches of London and Rome and visit the land of the midnight sun, where we might forget to go to sleep in awe of the beautiful scenery and the lack of darkness to suggest bedtime.

One of the most finished programs of the year was given by Manual's Glee Clubs December 17. The clubs were assisted by Mr. Arnold Hoffman and Miss Gladys Baldwin, the former a graduate of the class of '07, and the latter a '08 post-graduate here now. We may well feel proud of our glee clubs, for the work done by them this year greatly exceeds that of former years. The program given was as follows:

"O Lord Most Holy!"—Both clubs.

(a) "Merry June."

(b) "Lift Thine Eyes"—Girls' Glee Club.

"Schubert's Serenade"—Both clubs.

(a) "Heavenly Father."

(b) "Pale in the Amber West"

Boys' Glee Club.

The Sextet from "Lucia"—Both clubs.

In speaking of the programs given thus far, we are also anticipating some excellent work from the various school organizations during the second term.

To stimulate a greater interest among the students of Manual in the study of music, Mr. H.

Another Prize for Good Work E. Schultze, who needs no introduction to the public, has offered an annual prize of five dol-

lars to be given to the pupil in the third year music class, who shall be adjudged best in the work of the entire year. Last year Professor Schultze was so well pleased with the way the work was conducted that he gave a book, Bannister's "Music," which was made more valuable and precious since it went through the Pepper Building fire. Miss Helen Sabra Lord, a graduate of the class of '08, was deem-

ed the best pupil, so it was to her the honors fell last year. There should be a keen competition for this prize during this year. The Nautilus on behalf of Manual's students takes this opportunity to thank Prof. Schultze for his generous and stimulating offer.

Dates for Society Open Sessions.

G. A. A.....	February 4
I. O. N.....	February 18
Daphne Society.....	March 4
A. L. S.....	March 18
Edisonian Society.....	April 1
O'ita Society.....	April 15
M. S. D.....	April 29
Elocution Department.....	May 13
Glee Clubs.....	May 27

Owing to a mistake made in the November issue of the Nautilus, it is necessary to state here that the second prize poster was made by Miss Hester Lauman, who also designed the cover. Miss Zwart's poster was second best, but being a post-graduate she is not eligible to compete.

Since last issue eight excellent posters have been handed in, some entirely original, others original applications. The decision of the judges, Mr. Sass, Miss Rapp and Mrs. Cook is as follows:

First choice.....	Edith Flensburg
Second choice.....	George Cartlich
Third choice.....	Pete Frank

The first choice poster shows a large touring car approaching on a broad, swell, paved street and underneath has the very appropriate words:

**"I auto—You auto
All auto subscribe
For the Nautilus."**

The poster is very artistic, well executed and apt. The printing deserves special notice.

Because of the dark background, no satisfactory cut could be made from the original, hence no cut appears in this issue.

The New Posters

FINE ART



ARTISTS

Agnes Meyer

Paul Baker

The Art Department wishes to appeal to the loyal supporters of the Nautilus for contributions. We wish to thank the pupils for their support so far; they have shown great interest, especially in the line of posters, but we need more. Contribute anything you like, posters, headings, cover designs, sketches, cartoons, but please contribute something.

If you feel that you are not talented enough to do your own drawing and have a bright idea, bring it around to one of the art editors and let them do the work. If we can't get drawings, we want ideas. Several things have been suggested already, and we thank those loyal pupils for their interest.

SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

Artists have been aided in striving to express their thoughts and feelings principally by two mediums. One of these, sculpture, or the art of expression by giving a desired form to marble or other material, owes its origin to idolatry. In ancient times, long before history began, men sought to heighten the ardor of their devotion by having a visible object to receive their prayers. They began, in a crude way, to carve images of their gods. This occurred in different lands, but the first country to form a style peculiar to herself was Egypt.

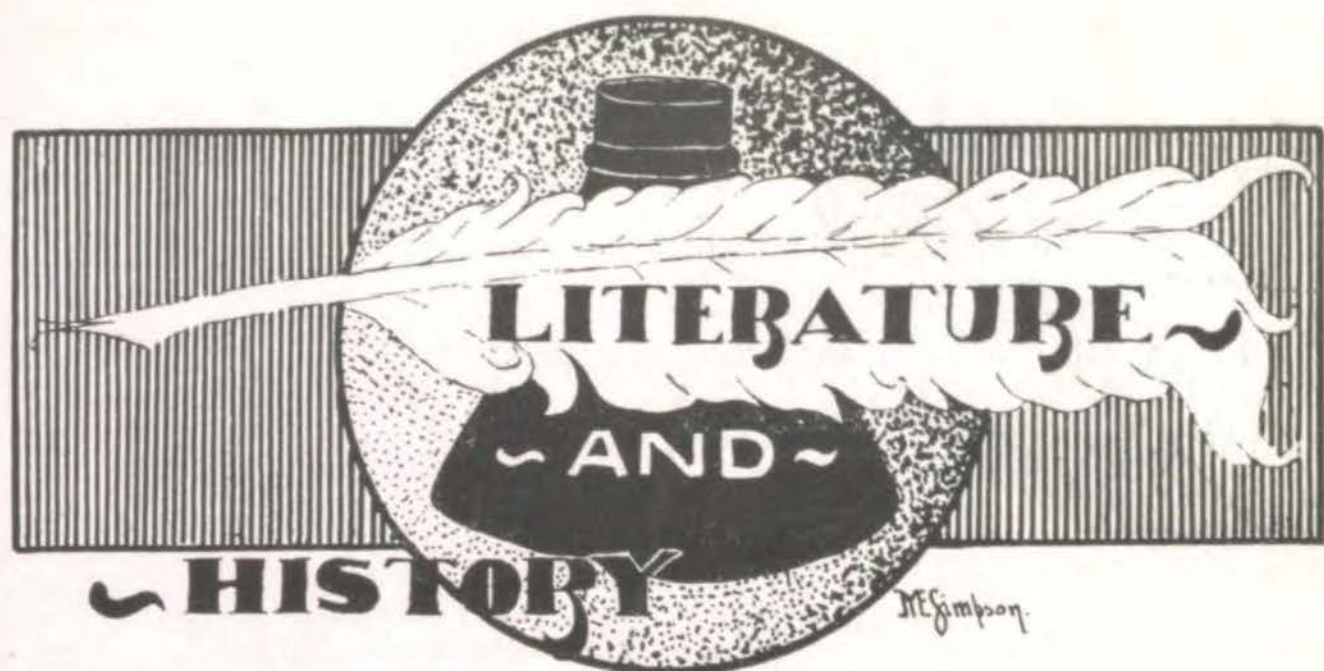
Egypt's sculpture was closely associated to her poetry and religion. It was stiff, with almost no action. The story often accompanying the figure in hieroglyphics. The gloomy and grave was what Egypt mostly depicted in her art in stone.

When Greece held sway over all the world we still see that sculpture was the favorite mode of expression. This

was because the strength and prowess of the body, which was so greatly admired at that time, could best be portrayed in the curves and planes of a stone or marble figure.

It was not until the Christian religion had sent its softening influences throughout Europe that painting, a second medium, was resorted to. Physical subjects were put aside for spiritual ones. The stern, hard face of the warrior was superseded by the gentle one of the Madonna. The tender passions inspired by the sight of the Holy Child could not be depicted by unfeeling stone—colors were needed and used.

Perhaps now, we had best say that honors are equally divided. Sublime works of art have appeared in marble, but equally beautiful are their rivals on canvas. Both originated in religion and both have been the means by which we have learned what frightful horrors and wonderful beauties dwell in the minds of genius.



EDITORS

Mary Oldham

Harold Evans

"NINETEEN'S" FIRST BUM.

Geo. Cartlich, '09.

"Nineteen" rose early one morning and, with ten cents carfare and lunch, went to the West Bottoms to hunt work. Turning away with the rest of the disappointed seekers, he met Roy. After exchanging their respective opinions of the company which would not hire them, they decided to hunt work in the country a short distance from town. "Then let's catch a 'side door'; that's better than walking."

"All right! But we'll call up our folks first." So they called up their folks, told them their plans and stopped for an inventory. Each had a pair of overalls done up in newspapers. "Nineteen" had a lunch, and Roy forty-five cents. As it would not do to spend any of that for carfare, they walked to the "Southern" tracks in Sheffield. It was circus day, and they stopped on their way out to sit upon a box car and watch the circus form its parade. Here, also, they put on their overalls.

Noon came, and the wheezy little switch engine was still making up a freight, so they ate lunch and waited. At last the regular engine hooked on and the train started. As it passed them, "Nineteen" caught an "empty" and crawled in the side door. Roy got the one behind and came to "Nine-

teen's" car by way of the little end door. "Nineteen's" heart thumped. It was his first experience. They crouched in the forward end till they reached open country, when they took furtive glances out now and then. All the way up the grade of the Blue Valley the engine puffed and wheezed. Occasionally as it stopped, the boys would lie flat against the end in the corner. At other times they would stand near the door and watch for familiar landscapes.

It was on this long grade that "Nineteen" decided upon his "mark," and put the figures "19" upon a certain cross piece in a corner in front. It was also along here that Roy told "Nineteen" that his girl was down in Kansas visiting another girl whom they both knew. So an idea immediately took form in the words, "When we get through work we'll go to Kincaid." Kincaid was the town in Kansas. "It's a go! Kincaid or bust!" And they shook hands. About this time the nineteenth milepost was passed so they shook hands again.

"I tell you, I really think we'd better go a little way out if we expect work," said "Nineteen."

"I think so, too!" affirmed Roy solemnly. So they stayed on until they

reached a little town thirty-nine miles out called Cleveland, and jumped off between the cars and a granary. A young farmer was unloading wheat nearby and eyed them wonderingly. "Any work around here?" they asked.

"Well, we're all through over east, but they say as how some fellows need hayin' hands over west."

"All right, thanks," and the wanderers "clumped" along the board walk down the one street of the town, followed by the frankly curious stare of the natives.

Out upon the dusty road they struck up a song and immediately became happy. Surely, this hoboing was an ideal existence. They obtained directions and advice from every passerby, and startled the cattle and fowls with "I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark," which they could not get right together, and "Suwanee Ribber" which they could. Upon reaching a little brook which intersected the road under a plain plank bridge, they sat down and dangled their feet over the water a couple of feet below. "I'm going in wading."

"Same here." In a jiffy shoes and socks were discarded, and the two pair of feet were being refreshed in true tramp fashion. After a little, Roy went to the other end of the bridge, washed off the mud and sat upon the planks again. "Nineteen" then came out and began to put on his socks. As Roy's feet were wet he could not walk to his shoes, so he told "Nineteen" to throw them to him. Of course, one of them went too far.....

Climbing the hill, they again inquired for work and were directed to a certain house. This they found after a little walk, but the men folks were in the field. So after another little walk they found them. No, they didn't need anybody as they had hired two men that noon. No, they didn't know of anybody that did. So the two asked where they were and how far it was to the next town. They were about three miles over the line in Kansas. The Missouri Pacific was four miles farther, at the town of Bucyrus. "Kincaid or bust!" So they started to Bucyrus. On the way they found an apple orchard and promptly filled their stom-

achs and their pockets. When they arrived in Bucyrus they went to the depot, where they found that the main railroad through Kincaid was not the Missouri Pacific, as Roy had been told, but the M. K. & T., while only a roundabout branch of the Missouri Pacific went through. Paola was fifteen miles down the track and two small stations were between, Chiles four miles down and Wagstaff seven. No trains stopped at Bucyrus that night, so they bought a nickel's worth of ginger snaps and walked to Chiles. While on their way the sun set and they compared it to a burning straw stack upon the horizon. They arrived in Chiles after dark, and, after getting a drink and inquiring for work, went to the depot to wait for a freight.

The station was literally a depot. There were no passengers around and the place was dark, so they lay down upon the platform and tried to sleep. This sweet rest was wooed in vain, however, they had had nothing but sandwiches for dinner and ginger snaps and apples for supper; the floor was hard and the south wind chilling. Altogether, hoboing was quite a bad business. About nine-thirty a train went through, but it didn't even hesitate. Soon after, Roy remembered a haystack about half a mile back by the track. So the footsore tramps made their way thither and crawled in feet first. My! how warm that straw was! A bandanna handkerchief keeps the straw out of one's neck nicely, and a soft felt hat doubled and flattened fits the cheek like a pillow. Then, if straw is pulled over one's head carefully, the chaff does not fly, and the wind cannot chill one..... Sometime during the night they awoke and saw that the moon was shining brightly and up some distance. A whistle broke their slumbers, again a great noise shrieked past, became still and again shrieked away. they only shoved their feet deeper into the stack and yawned lazily. Their only chance to leave Chiles that night was gone—opportunity had knocked, and they had opened not unto it.

The moon was in mid-heaven when they again awoke. Said "Nineteen,"

"Let's walk on down to Wagstaff—maybe something stops there."

"Come on," and they rubbed their eyes, unfolded their pillows, put them on their heads and walked in the moonlight to Wagstaff. It was a little more hope-inspiring, for a light was burning in the station and a block signal post was up. Notwithstanding all this, however, they crawled into an "empty" and dropped asleep upon some loose, clean hay. When they arose the sun was upon the horizon, so they ate a couple of apples and again "hit the ties" for Paola.

Of all the walks "Nineteen" had ever had, he decided that that one was the worst. It was eight miles and the track was horrible. Ties are certainly not put in for the comfort of pedestrians. As "Panhandle Pete" puts it, "They ought to have 'Railroad Tie Regulation.'" One either has to take long running steps, or short woman-sized ones. The other alternative is to take one step on a tie and the next step between, so one counts, "A tie an' a hole, two ties an' a hole, three ties an' a hole, one telegraph pole," etc. But when the holes are either five or six inches deep or filled with large sharp stones, this becomes wearisome. When they thought they had gone about six miles, they saw a house close to the track and stopped for a drink. An old nigger was sharpening an ax in a shed, and a young one was turning the stone. The elder told them how to reach Paola by road, two and a half miles, and gave them a drink of well water. That water was about the best "Nineteen" had ever drunk. They reached Paola at eight-thirty o'clock and went to a railroad restaurant, where fifteen of the forty cents went for coffee and "sinkers." "That coffee," said "Nineteen," "was pretty good, too!"

They then went to the Frisco depot, which the Katy also used, and inquired the distance to Kincaid. They were told that it was about fifty miles, so they went to a bridge over Bull Creek, crawled under and waited for a freight which was making up in the yards. It came about ten o'clock and they got onto a "gondola" (coal car), and from there, crouching, ran to an "empty" with only an end door open, and got in.

It had been used for coal and there were several large lumps remaining—also, much dirt and dust. A loose board was found, taken to the end door, and balanced upon two large lumps. "Nineteen," after putting 19 upon the cross piece, sat upon one end with shoulders against a side and end, while Roy took a similar position upon the other end. It balanced perfectly and the board was strong.

Long stops were made and much switching done at each station, showing that it was a local. That made it bad for bumming as their car was liable to be left at any station. And that is exactly what did happen. So, after discovering that something was moving and they were not, they peeked out. The main part of the train was upon the main track. The engine was switching back from leaving them. Swiftly climbing out, they waited till the rear "brakie" looked the other way and jumped across to the "gondola." Crouching down, they waited till the train started and then crawled along the outside of a cattle car ahead and in the side door, which was open. This car had racks upon each side, so they climbed up in one of these, "Nineteen" on one side and Roy on the other. It is undoubtedly the hardest riding known. The racks are only shoulder wide at the top and slant in till they join the sides about two feet below. The space formed is triangular and the hypotenuse is made of small angular slats. They passed two stations in this way and Roy poked his head out as they approached the third.

"This is Kincaid," he shouted. Scrambling out, they shook hands as the very car they were in was sidetracked. They were just removing their overalls when the "brakie" approached. "How far you goin'?" "Go in' right here," they told that astonished person. Why a hobo would stop in Kincaid was more than he could figure. "We're goin' visitin'," vouchsafed "Nineteen," and going forward he put 19 upon the cross piece. The stock yards were next to their private car and in a pen was a pump and a trough. There they washed and shook their coats. As Roy's shirt was soiled, he turned it wrong side out with much success.

They went to town and learned from the postmistress with whom their friends were receiving mail. Then they startled the mother of one of the girls, who told them that the girls were out fishing and would not get home until dark. However, she directed them to the house where they were visiting to stay till she could leave the store (her mother whom she was visiting was temporarily in charge of a drug store). It was two o'clock and they had had no lunch. They followed her directions and found a picturesque little home surrounded by trees. A hammock was on the side porch, so they took possession and snoozed all afternoon, wondering now and then if they were at the right place. Their hostess returned in the evening, and they gathered eggs, fed the chickens and carried in water, while she prepared supper. That supper was great, and they both ate until they were ashamed of themselves. After supper it rained and rained and then rained. After the rain the girls arrived from fishing.

They spent a very pleasant evening listening to a graphophone and talking, although the boys were somewhat embarrassed at being in work clothes. However, they explained the circumstances of the visit and were excused. At about nine, after being told how to dodge the constable, who, it seemed, always went about in carpet slippers, they said good bye and went to the stockyards. A fine rain was still falling, so they got into an "empty" on a switch and went to sleep. After possibly two hours, a great noise awoke them, and they looked out in time to see a long freight slow down and stop at the "Mo. P." crossing.

They ran along the track until they saw a door slightly open on a "cooler." They got into the car and pulled the door nearly shut. A pair of voices approached and lights flashed through the door.

"There's a door loose."

"Umh-humh, better close it."

"Let's look in first, we don't want to smother anybody." So the lanterns were set upon the car floor and the heads of the "brakies" thrust in. After telling the boys that they didn't ever want to leave a door like that open, that it was liable to fly and kill somebody, they asked the eternal "bum-question," "Where you going?" They told him Paola, as no hobo tells how far he is going. Had they any money? No. Then they had to get out. So out they got and the "brakies" left. Presently one returned on his way to his end of the train.

"Say, pardner," said Roy, "We ain't got no money and we just got to get out of this little burg. We'll lay low till we get to Paola." All this was said very humbly.

"Well," said the "brakie," "Us fellers ain't lookin' for 'bo's' all the time." And he passed on. So they got into an "empty" with a regulation sliding door—refrigerator cars have swinging ones and all air tight—doubled their hats and lay bum-fashion upon their stomachs along the side near the door, with their cheeks pillowed in their hats and their hands under them for warmth.

At Paola, Roy was asleep, and "Nineteen" feigned sleep when the train was stopped. And it was well that he did. The two "brakies" put lanterns inside and looked for a little at them and then withdrew them. The train jerked and moved on towards Kansas City.

It was yet dark when they recognized the yards in Rosedale, and when the train stopped they climbed stiffly out. "Nineteen" had not put his signature upon the cross piece! They washed, still hobo-fashion, in a watering-trough on Southwest Boulevard and climbed the hill to Penn Valley Park.

Day broke as they fell asleep under a tree in the park. They awoke about seven-thirty and went home.

"Didn't get any work?" said "Nineteen's" folks.

"Nope," he affirmed.



JANE ADDAMS.

Mary Louise Topping, '09.

About twenty years ago, two young girls left college and went to Europe to complete their studies. These girls were Jane Addams and her friend, Ellen Starr. Full of life and energy and keenly interested in all they saw, they traveled from place to place until they came upon Toybee Hall in London, a place which immediately fastened itself upon the interest of these two girls to the extent that they longed to establish something like it in America. The impressions made here seem to have had a more lasting effect upon Miss Addams, whose natural talents seemed to be in the line of social settlement work.

It did not take a long time for Jane Addams to decide upon her course. After returning to America she went to Chicago, where she spent two weeks in deciding upon a suitable locality to begin her labors. She went about town with the newspaper men who were sent into secluded and unexplored parts of the city, with city physicians and with policemen, until she finally decided upon the Nineteenth Ward, then known as "the toughest ward in Chicago," where crime, immorality and filth were rampant. What almost superhuman courage this woman must have had to undertake such a task as that of reforming the hard lot of these people! But she went about her work in such a way as to invite, first toleration, then respect, then confidence. All did not come at a single stroke. She went to the Nineteenth Ward, took an old mansion at the corner of Halstead and Polk streets, cleaned it up, and named it Hull House in honor of the man, Captain Hull, who built it. In this way this haven of refuge and inspiration for Chicago's poor was founded.

Then began the work which has proved Miss Addams a genius in her line, as great as any in other lines. It is true that she met with some failures, but so have all other geniuses. Miss Addams would very likely agree with

Edison, who said, "Genius is perspiration, not inspiration," for the work was very, very hard for her, both mentally and physically.

Her first work was to get acquainted with the people about her. She invited them to her house and treated them as equals, thus winning their confidence without arousing their already overdeveloped suspicion. She established gymnasiums, reading rooms, kindergartens, day nurseries, where mothers, who worked away from home, could leave their children to be cared for.

The Jane Club was formed for young women and girls who worked in the city and had no homes. Music classes were organized, and schools, reading circles, dining halls, and coffee-houses were established, until Hull House and its additions became a regular colony, even being supplied with its own post office and bank, of which Miss Addams was postmistress and cashier, respectively. It was not long before the influence of this colony was felt all over the ward.

Seeing the dreadful condition of the streets and alleys of the ward, Miss Addams applied, herself, for the position of garbage inspector and, much to the surprise of many people, received the appointment. In two months afterwards, she had transformed the worst part of Chicago into the most sanitary. By this time, Hull House was famous all over the United States, and Miss Jane Addams was a well-known woman.

Besides being a settlement worker and an able politician, Miss Addams is a writer and lecturer of note. She has lectured in almost every city of any importance. Everywhere "Saint Jane of Hull House" is received with great respect and admiration. The University of Wisconsin conferred a degree of Bachelor of Law upon her for her work in sociological development. While she did not invent a new field of sociology, she expanded greatly one already discovered. In addition to

these honors, Miss Addams received at the Paris Exposition the highest honor that could be conferred upon a woman, that of Superior Juror.

It seems superfluous to say anything further about Miss Addams' character, her acts speak so plainly for her, but we cannot hear good things too often.

She is direct of speech, but not blunt, and entirely womanly with none of the masculine air that one would expect to see in a woman who has lived so much in the world of action. She is unrestrained and approachable, making the humblest person feel perfectly at home in her presence, and she is absolutely without any of the conceit and bigotry one might expect in a so much praised and honored woman. Figuratively speaking, she is much too great-minded and level-headed to be spoiled by praise. She is living her life in the way she believes it was intended that she should, and she considers her great

work, which has used so much of her strength, not a sacrifice but a privilege. It was always her wish to live with the working people, and she made it possible to do so.

It is not strange that she is worshiped, almost, at Hull House, and all over the United States where she is known, and that her ideas of social settlements, as she carried them out in Chicago, are forming the foundation of other similar settlements in the country.

Jane Addams, indeed, deserves a place in history, foremost among our great women. When we study her life and work we cannot but agree with the Chicago Tribune when it says, "When some people's poet of the future Chicago sets the life of the toiler to music, somewhere the refrain of it must echo of Miss Jane Addams, the founder of Hull House."

A COIN OF 1799.

Wilson Duncan, '12.

In introducing myself as a talkative gossip on my own affairs, I give as an excuse the fact that for forty-three years I have been faithfully treasured as a keepsake and I confess that it has made me conceited to such an extent that I take keen pleasure in relating my history to people whom, I fear, think me a perfect bore.

In the first place, I was born in the year 1799, as the date on me shows, at the mint in Philadelphia on the twenty-third of October. As it was a cold, rainy day, I guess I was destined from the start to be a cold and distant creature from my fellows and to have an adventurous career that would make a fastidious coin hold up its wings on the eagle in holy horror and the head read a benediction for the future rest of my soul.

I was put into circulation on the twentieth of December, through a local bank and after four days I was spent to provide a Christmas dinner for a poor family and I consider it one of the best services I ever rendered. I feel proud to think that I am now in possession of a direct heir of this happy family, although my master does not know it.

After residing a few days in the grocer's stocking, I was again used for change to a big, burly Englishman, who didn't seem well pleased with anything or anybody, and the next day I was hustled off on a big sailing vessel which I learned was bound for England.

When I arrived in London the day was dark and a thick fog overspread everything. I felt that my evil spirit was still pursuing me, so I was not surprised when I was spent for a drink of wine, and for a week I was forced to endure all the noise and blaspheming of a low-class saloon.

As I was the only American coin the saloon keeper had ever seen, I was taken from the strong-box and for twenty-nine years was kept as a souvenir of the hated Yankees.

At the end of that time my host was shot in a brawl, and I descended to his son, who, in the year 1812, enlisted as a sailor in the war with the United States, and when he was captured and taken to New York it fell to me to bribe the jailer and secure his escape. But I really felt sorry for the jailer when he was sent to the guardhouse,

(Continued on Page 30)

ELOCTION AND MUSIC

W.E. Heitland
'12



EDITORS

Ina Donnelly

Marcy K. Brown, Jr.

TARISIO AND THE FIDDLES.

Arthur Brady, '10.

Probably one of the strangest and most unique characters in musical history is Luigi Tarisio, an Italian, who lived during the last part of the 18th century, and first half of the 19th. To understand about this man's work, we must know something about the times before him. Half a century before him, Stradivarius, Amati and Guarnericus, the masters in the art of violin-making, had flourished. Their instruments had been sold for high prices, but now they were in new hands. Time and the French Revolution had scattered these instruments. Therefore the owners of them knew little of their value.

Tarisio carried a small kit of tools from town to town, and went around, as our scissors-grinders do today, calling out for furniture or anything else to mend. However, even though he mended furniture and so forth, Tarisio lived principally by his wits. But, as he went around in this manner, he occasionally received a musical instrument to repair. Now Tarisio was a good violinist and a fine judge of such instruments and always carried a fiddle around with him. He often got an old Cremona violin to mend, and in such a case there always was a bargain or a trade. Tarisio was very, very shrewd, and when he found a fine instrument, he would attempt to play upon it for

the owner. Invariably there were a number of awkward squeaks produced. Then he would take the little cheap fiddle that was all strung up and had a pretty varnish, which he carried with him, and would play beautiful pieces upon it. He would then show how much finer his fiddle was than the old Cremona violin. After a good deal of shrewd bargaining, Tarisio always got the fine violin, even though his methods were not at all times strictly honest. Collecting these old violins soon became a mania with Tarisio. His cry of "Furniture to mend," changed to "Violins to mend." He tramped all over Italy, France and Spain in search of them. His little attic room in a small Italian town soon became crowded with violins.

At last, Tarisio thought of selling some of his instruments. Putting a few of his poorest ones in an old sack, he walked to Paris, which was then the music center. When he went into one of the large music houses there, the manager was going to put him out at first on account of his shabby, hobo-like appearance. But, nevertheless, Tarisio took out one of his fiddles. The dealer, who was also a judge of instruments, immediately recognized this as one of the fine, old Cremona violins. However, the dealer concealed his awe and

amazement, and offered to buy it of Tarisio for some very small sum. But Tarisio was not to be fooled. He also was shrewd, and he knew the value of his instruments very well. Finally, he departed with a good sum of money, although he had not received quite the full value for his fiddles.

In a few months he appeared in Paris again. This time the dealer did not attempt to throw him out of his store, but sought him. The other dealers did the same, for they had seen his violins. This time Tarisio received full value for his violins, and during the rest of his life always had a ready market. After a few more visits to Paris, his appearance changed. He no longer looked like a tramp, but wore a good coat and began to carry his violins in cases.

In the town in which Tarisio lived, he was regarded as a very mysterious person. No one was ever admitted to the little attic room where he kept bringing the violins which he collected; and, consequently, the villagers were curious and made up all sorts of stories about him. He would come home, stay a few days, then go away again for long periods. But one day he was seen to enter his room and not come out again. The village people always watched what this mysterious man did, so, after several days, they notified some of his relatives who lived in a nearby town, and the door to his room was broken open.

Inside, on a couch, Tarisio was found lying dead. But what surprised the people most were the violins. There

were violins and violins, violins everywhere. The shelves on the walls were full of violins. The floor was covered with violins. Some were in their cases, some were not. It must have been a sight to behold.

The news of finding all these fiddles soon spread. Finally, one of the Paris dealers heard of Tarisio's death. He hurried with all possible speed to the little town in Italy and immediately hunted up Tarisio's relatives. He wanted to see the fiddles. When they showed him the violins, it took all the power he had to subdue his amazement. He offered the relatives 3,000 francs for the whole lot. The relatives thought the Frenchman crazy for offering so much for an old pile of junk like fiddles (they thought nothing of fiddles), and agreed to the contract immediately, before he could have time to change his mind. The dealer took back to Paris two hundred and eighty-nine of the finest violins in the world. He probably sold them for more than twenty-five hundred times what he gave for them.

Tarisio undoubtedly was the best judge of violins that has ever lived. At this time there are hundreds of factory-made violins turned out every day, all labeled "Antonio Stradivarius." But Tarisio did not care for the label. He could tell a true Stradivarius by the looks of it, or by the sound. And this Tarisio, who started out little better than a modern tramp, became the greatest violin connoisseur and collector ever known.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT ON ORATORY.

Marjorie Morton, '09.

Ever since man has existed, there have been orators. As long as the world is inhabited by intelligent beings, there will be among them some who are able to sway the masses by their eloquence.

It has been found in history that wherever men have had great obstacles to overcome, a strong people in every sense has developed. On the same principle, orators have developed. In vicin-

ities where affairs have moved along peacefully, there is rarely found an orator worthy of the name.

On the other hand, in communities where there have been controversies to settle, uprisings to quell and authority in its sternest sense exerted, there will invariably be found eloquent speakers: especially where there is a great cause to be upheld or a great truth to be revealed.

As an example of the great eloquence employed in conveying and upholding a truth, perhaps the earliest and by far the best that may be cited is the teaching of the disciples. No teacher of the truth in modern times has succeeded in reaching the hearts of the people and swaying them to such an extent as did these forerunners of the world-religion.

A later era brings Demosthenes to the sphere of oratory. How could he, in his great speech against Philip, have stirred the people so, if he had not sought to convey to them that thing which was nearest his heart—the welfare of his country? An evidence of the fiery eloquence of Demosthenes as given in this same speech was the exclamation called forth at its close. When the people heard Cicero, they said: "How well Cicero speaks!" But of Demosthenes they said: "Let us go against Philip!" Cicero's speech was polished and beautiful to hear, Demosthenes' was eloquent.

In our own country the Revolution discovered a host of fiery speakers. James Otis, roused to the highest pitch

of indignation by England's injustice to the colonies, brought forth his famous speech against the Writs of Assistance, Patrick Henry, his great "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" speech, and Samuel Adams, his address on American Independence.

The Civil War proclaimed Jefferson Davis an orator when he gave his speech on withdrawing from the Union, and Lincoln in his famous speech in which he says: "A house divided against itself cannot stand!"

Even the Indians have developed orators, when the things they held dear to them were attacked. Tecumseh spoke for the rights of the Indian, at Vincennes; Black Hawk spoke for the same thing; and in both speeches there is an eloquence equaling, if not exceeding, that of the white man.

It has been said that an orator is born and not made. Granting this, the fire of the orator will only smoulder unless something arouses him to fight for and protect that which is nearest him. As long as man has interests then, so long will there live orators.

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC ON MORAL LIFE.

Ethel M. Lewis, '09.

There are many, many things in the world which have a great influence on moral life, but the influence of none of them exceeds that of music, especially in cultivating a love for the beautiful. Its effect is usually superior even to the kindest, most sympathetic words. When one is sad or discouraged, he would much rather have his friend play or sing for him than try to cheer him by means of words. Music seems to have a meaning that cannot be expressed in words, one that touches the heart instantly. Have you ever tried to account for this difference? Truly, it is a difficult thing to do, but if we will think of music as the language of the soul, perhaps we shall be able to understand the reason for this difference. It is a rare thing to see an evangelist who is not assisted in his work by a singer or a chorus. He would probably not be nearly so influential over the congregation, were he to try to hold serv-

ices without this assistance; but, suppose he were to attempt to carry on his work without any music whatever, what would be the result? Alas, poor man and congregation, the result would probably be unworthy of mention. I might show you a rude sketch, possibly one used as an advertisement, and tell you that it is a picture. Although you should study it carefully, it would probably have no effect whatever on you. Now let me show you some beautiful picture, the "Sistine Madonna" for instance, and at the first glance it would have a profound influence on you. It is the same way with words and music. Words are the outflow of the mind, but music, as Robert Schumann has said, "is the outflow of a beautiful soul." Perhaps you have never considered music such an important feature, such an effectual science, but it usually has a much greater influence on moral life than do words.

Perhaps you will think that poetry has as beautiful an influence as music. It has, yet there are many, many people to whom poetry does not appeal. Others, too, do not understand it. Which would be more apt to effect an illiterate person, one of the classics of English poetry or Schubert's "Serenade?" Undoubtedly the latter, and why? It is due to the fact that beautiful music, whether understood or not, appeals to the majority, while if we have not studied literature, classical poetry has little fascination for us. Even a child will listen with intense interest to a musical selection, even though it be a very classical one, but find the child who cares to listen to the

gems of classic verse. He is hard to find, for his mind has not yet been so trained that such things delight him. Although an ear and a mind trained for music are of great assistance in the appreciation of music, they are not really necessary, and the ignorant man often enjoys lofty music quite as much as the educated one. Have you ever stopped to think that probably no one composition means the same to any two people? Notwithstanding this fact, it seems to have a beautiful, uplifting influence on each of us, and we earnestly unite in our love and praises for this, the grandest of all arts and sciences—music.

LIN McLEAN'S CHRISTMAS.

Delivered in Public Speaking Class, December 21,

By Otis Grant, '09.

A very interesting Christmas story is Owen Wister's story of Lin McLean's journey in search of Christmas. When Wyoming was a young state with a future instead of an old state with a past, as the author tersely puts it, it was the custom for the cowpunchers to draw their pay at certain intervals and journey to the city to reap the fruits of their labor.

This Christmas, Lin followed the custom as far as drawing his pay and going to Denver. But then, when he saw how eagerly the little children gazed upon the toys in the store windows, Lin's heart was touched and he decided to make some poor child happy.

The object of Lin's charity was a ragged newsboy. The cowpuncher took the little fellow to the theater and then to a hotel, where the child of the street was given a good dinner and a clean bed to sleep in for once.

Lin's philanthropic actions would not be considered very beneficial by most of us. Still he did the best he knew how and received greater good than the millionaire does by endowing a college which benefits thousands.

The story shows that in the hearts

of these rough followers of the strenuous life, there lurks much of good, more, probably, than in the hearts of those who profess great sanctity.

When a man is on the downward course and he starts once more to regain the level he once held, the helping hand extended toward him comes from the class of Lin McLean, a class that is known the world over for their fearlessness, independence and daring, a class that honors the name "American."

When the mighty orator in the council halls says that war is inevitable, it is men like Lin McLean who take down the musket and go forth to battle.

It was one hundred eighty men like Lin McLean who chose to die rather than surrender the Alamo to an army they despised, and it was eight hundred men like Lin McLean who revenged the Alamo at San Jacinto, wiping out an army of sixteen hundred.

So when you read in admiration of the lives and deeds of great statesmen and politicians, remember after all that it is upon the sturdy shoulders of the class of Lin McLean that rests a nation's welfare,

ALUMNI



EDITOR
Mabel Thornton

ALUMNI NOTES.

Manual's class of '01 has indeed been scattered to the far parts of the world, and in every way has distinguished itself as a remarkable class.

Carl Simmerschied is a teacher of chemistry in University of Ill.

Grace Phillips is assistant librarian in M. S. U.

Trumann Roe—a coffee planter in Cuba.

Ben Lindsey—engineer out west.

William F. Smith—giver of \$25 Prize for best Annual Nautilus cover design.

Edith Stoner—grand president Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Clark and Robert Randall—electrical engineers.

Harold Beard—now in Philippines.

Darwin Delap — Rush Medical School in Chicago.

James Kilroy—promising young lawyer.

William Kline—Chemist.

Sarah Birdsall—in literary world.

Clara Hoernig—kindergarten teacher.

Roy Davis — another promising young lawyer.

Dan Haines—now returned from Philippines.

Emma Humfeld—Manual Training director in Westport High School.

Nettie Humfeld—Manual Training teacher in Manual.

Warren Thornton—doctor.

Frank Berry—teacher of wood-work in Manual.

Ivan Hayes—teacher of mechanical drawing in Manual.

Walter Jahr—dentist in Kansas City.

It is with extreme regret that we learn of the death of Mr. Arthur Wright, a graduate of the class of '03, who died November 8, 1908. Mr. Wright's death was the more sad because he was just on the eve of entering his profession in New York State, as an expert accountant. He was the winner of the \$500 scholarship of Washington University, from which he was graduated after a four years' course.

Mr. Cooper Milne '03, maker of electric motor that helped us win a medal at the World's Fair, is likely to be appointed as Manual Training teacher in Evansville, Ind. The new Manual Training High School is to be erected this summer if money is furnished to build the school.

Miss Ruth Phillips was one of the fortunate students at M. S. U. Because of her being a member of the "Choral Club," which furnished the music for the inauguration exercises, she was permitted to witness all the ceremonies connected with the installation of Dr. Hill as the new president of M. S. U.

We regret to note in a recent issue of the "Missourian," the illness of Miss Eleanor Canny. Miss Canny is a graduate of the class of '04, and is now a sophomore at Missouri University.

A very interesting postal was received from Mrs. Gross, formerly Miss Alice Murphy, a teacher in our Art department. The postal was sent from Yokohama, Japan.

W. B. Gillmore, class of '04, is principal of the Optima Public Schools, Oklahoma. He sends greetings to Manual and says that he "can't get along without the Nautilus," which is his "Alma Mater inspiration fount."

News from Washington University was also received. It was through Mr. Fred Thilenius, who graduated from Manual last year. Mr. Thilenius advises our students to be extremely careful of their penmanship in writing

up their Steam and Electricity note books.

(Extract from a letter from Percy Clemons.)

Since I have been at Purdue I have become acquainted with Prof. Cooper of the English Department. He has been somewhat interested in my High School and would like to have a catalogue. If you would send me one to give him, I would consider it a great favor.

My room-mate, Dan C. Hayne, with whom you doubtless remember having an interview this fall, is the only Manual boy, outside myself, here. It is our wish that dear old Manual may prosper and do others as much good as it has done us. Hoping you will consider my request, I am,

Yours truly,

PERCY C. CLEMONS.

West Layette, Ind.

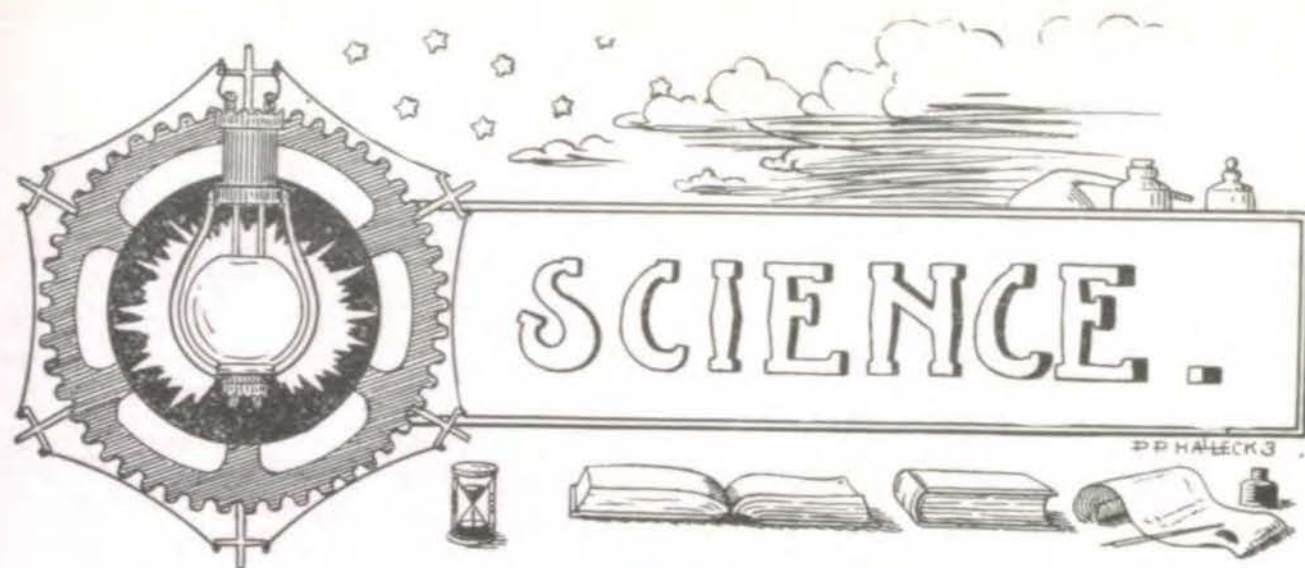
NEWS FROM MEXICO

We are also fortunate in hearing from a Manual graduate of '08, who now lives in La Barra, Mexico. This one is Mrs. Gerkins, who was known here as Miss Wilrose Carson. Here is an extract from a letter received by Mr. Phillips; it is a graphic description of the burning oil well. Mrs. Gerkins says:

"But of all the matters of interest I feel sure you would most wish to read the story of the greatest oil fire in the history of the world. We were greatly excited to see the immense billows of black smoke rolling upward, with huge columns of flame. Perhaps it would be well to tell you here, that the well was first bored eight inches and sunk eighteen hundred feet.

"On the fourth of July, the flowing oil caught fire from a burning coal in the engine. The flame went beyond control; many attempts have been made to check it, but it was still burning,

almost as fiercely as at first, after nearly two months. The roar was terrific, and when at last we came to the great pit, there was presented such an indescribable scene that even now I thrill at the thought. There were columns of smoke and flames, hundreds of feet high and covering an area of four hundred and sixty feet east and west, and six hundred north and south. The well by this time was two thousand feet deep and a great seething, boiling caldron of oil, which would spout up fifteen or twenty feet in the center. This fresh oil would catch fire and the flames would burn with renewed violence. I was told by the engineers that the loss of petroleum was fifty thousand barrels a day, which later decreased to twenty-five thousand. A corps of experts worked for months to check the fire, but in September it went out by natural causes."



EDITORS

Marie Hedrick

Harold Allen

SCIENCE AT MANUAL.

One of the Biology teachers, Mr. Shirling, is trying an experiment with his classes. One class studies what is termed as Applied Botany. The work done in this class is along more practical lines; the text-book is rarely followed and more experimental work is done. Some of the subjects taken up so far are: the relation of insects to plants, injuries of animals to forest trees, galls and gall insects, plant propagation, as well as some actual experimenting in grafting and budding. In one of the Zoology classes the study of sea-anemone, star-fish, etc., is discarded, and things nearer home and more directly related to our own lives are studied, such as birds and insects. Much illustrative material is needed and new cases have been provided. The use to which these have been put demonstrates the success of this experiment.

An interesting experiment was also performed with the bicycle, while the Physics classes were studying the subject of power. A weight was tied at the end of a one-half inch strap, at the other end of which was hung a balance, the latter being fixed to the seat of the bicycle. The tire was removed from the rear wheel and the strap hung over the rim. Then one of the pupils mounted the bicycle and "rode" as fast as possible. The horse-power was de-

termined by multiplying the weight, the circumference of the wheel and the number of revolutions in one minute, and dividing by 33,000. It was found that about one-fifth of a horse-power was exacted under ordinary conditions.

One of Manual's pupils, Paul Raymond, has become quite a taxidermist. He has mounted eighteen birds and has a collection of sixty-four skins, including a muskrat, ground-hog, squirrel, and a Colorado wildcat. This same person has also constructed wireless telegraph apparatus and communicates by "wireless" daily with Harry Siegfried and other equally fortunate Manual boys. These boys have received messages at a distance of 600 miles and have sent messages 30 miles.

Santa Claus did not forget Manual during his sojourn in Kansas City. A large and powerful motor and fan have been installed in the Chemistry laboratory. The fan is so arranged that it will carry all fumes out of the room. At present the apparatus is connected with the table of the Instructor only, but it is expected to be connected with the pupils' tables soon, four suction-holes being at each table. This is a decided improvement. One more addition—the individual hoods—will make the apparatus nearly complete.

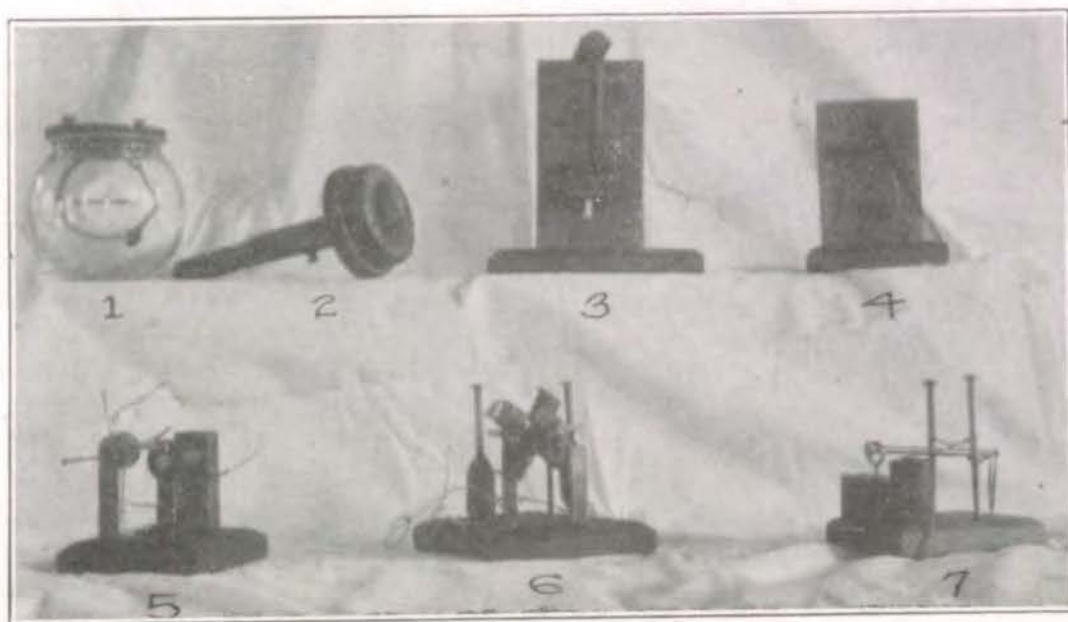
SOME SIMPLE ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENTS.

David Caleb, '09.

The accompanying cut represents a few simple electrical instruments that were made by the writer for the purpose of illustrating a talk before the Edisonian Society. It is my purpose in this article to discuss the steps in making them and to show how simply such things can be made. They were built as cheaply as possible from common materials along ideas of construction which were, in the main, original.

I will begin by describing the galvanometer, numbered 1 in the cut. A coil of fifty turns of No. 30 copper wire, having an inside diameter of two and one-half inches, was first wound

with shellac across the needle for a pointer. The needle and pointer were then hung in the coil by an untwisted silk fiber passing through the hole in the cardboard. The needle and pointer should swing freely about one-eighth of an inch above the scale. If it does not balance it may be made to do so with small drops of shellac. The ends of the coil were then soldered to heavy copper wires used to suspend the whole in a glass vessel, to protect the instrument from air-currents. To use it, level the instrument with the coil in a north and south plane. The pointer will then point east and west. The connections are made through



This is best done by winding and shellacing the wire on a paper tube, which, after drying, is withdrawn from the coil. A circular disc two and one-half inches in diameter was then cut from cardboard. A small hole was punched in the center and the circumference divided into seventy-two equal parts, each part representing five degrees. The disc was then fastened inside the coil with its plane at right angles to that of the coil. A piece of a magnetized steel watch spring three-eighths of an inch long was used for a needle. The ends were filed to a point and a small hole bored through the middle. A piece of glass capillary tube two and one-fourth inches long was fastened

the supporting wires. Crude as it seems if properly made, this instrument will respond to very weak currents, such as those produced when a silver coin is placed above the tongue and a copper one below, the two being connected to the galvanometer by means of wires.

Figures 2, 3 and 4, indicate telephone instruments, figure 2, a receiver. A nail carrying a coil of one hundred and fifty turns of No. 30 wire on the head end, was driven into the crotch of a U-shaped piece of wood until the head was 1-32 inch below the plane of the arms of the U. This served for a magnet. The diaphragm was a circle of sheet-iron cut from the bot-

tom of a tin can, and gave good results. It was clamped between two pieces of wood which were screwed tightly against the arms of the U. These pieces held it firmly about 1-32 inch in front of the magnet.

Figures 3 and 4 indicate different types of microphones or receivers. The first consists of two carbon blocks mounted on a sounding board with a carbon rod held loosely between them. The pointed ends of the carbon rod rest in small conical holes in the blocks.

Figure 4 indicates a simpler type. It is merely two nails driven into a sounding board and a third nail laid across them. The microphone depends for its action on sound waves. When a sound is produced in the neighborhood of the microphone, it causes the resistance between the carbon blocks or nails to vary, thus varying the current flowing in the receiver. If these microphones be delicately adjusted and connected in series with a battery and the receiver, a watch ticking near the transmitter may be heard in the receiver.

Figures 5 and 6 indicate different types of motors. A piece of a large nail two inches long was fitted with washers one inch in diameter and wound with No. 22 magnet wire. A board was used as a base and the nail mounted as shown. Four nails were then stuck radially into a cork one-half inch thick and three-fourths inch in diameter. Another large nail was used for a shaft. Both ends were filed to a point with a square place near one end; also, the cork was then mounted on the nail shaft so that it could be rotated. The pointed ends of the nail resting in punch marks in sheet copper bearings which were so placed as to cause the heads of the nails in the cork to pass in front of the magnet. One end of the magnet winding presses on the square place on the shaft in such a way that when one of

the nails stands in front of the magnet, contact shall just be broken between the wire and the corners of the nail. Connection is made through the winding and copper bearings. The direction of rotation will change if the position of the cork be changed.

Figure 6 indicates a motor of essentially the same design, except that the field is of two nails driven vertically into a base. Each nail carries a magnetizing coil, so connected as to make opposite poles on top. Also the armature was a cross, cut from tin with arms one-half inch wide and two inches long. The arms were wound with two layers of wire to within one-half inch of the ends, which were bent at right angles. The coils were then all connected in series and the connection soldered to separate bars on a four piece commutator made from a piece of brass tube. Both armature and commutator were mounted on a nail fixed to rotate between the field magnets. Brushes of sheet copper bear on the commutator, and are connected in series with a battery and the field windings. The direction of rotation will depend on the connection of the brushes.

Figure 7 shows a telegraph receiver. The magnet is a piece of a large nail with a coil of wire around it. The armature is a nail pivoted by means of a string tied around its middle and stretched between two other nails. At the magnet end of the nail a screw-eye was fixed to form an anvil. The opposite end was held down by means of a rubber band for a spring.

The key was a nail driven into a block of wood and bent so as to bring its head down near to the head of another nail in the block. By connecting the key and receiver in series with a battery, dots and dashes may be spelled out into the language of the Morse code.

THE TRANSIT.

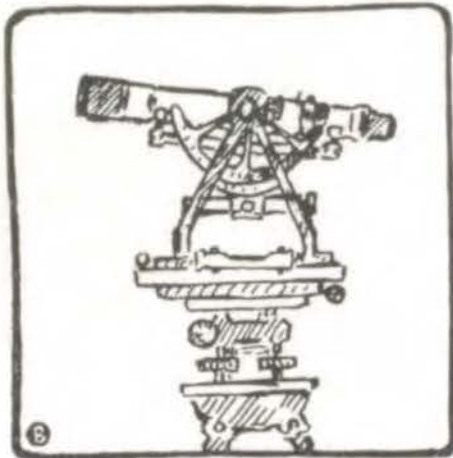
Elizabeth Karges, '09.

Perhaps some of our Manual students, especially the girls, have wondered what kind of an instrument it is which the boys use in the vacant lot across

from school. This instrument is one which surveyors and engineers use for measuring horizontal angles, and, with certain attachments, for measuring

vertical angles. It is called the transit and was first invented and made by a Philadelphia firm in 1831.

A modern engineer's transit consists of more than three hundred and fifty distinct pieces. Although it appears quite complicated at first, this impression soon disappears if each part is



studied in connection with the other parts. The great value of the transit as an instrument of precision is due to the telescope, by which great exactness in sighting is attained, and also to the graduated circle and its vernier, by which angles can be read with ease and accuracy. All other parts are to facilitate the use of these two.

To measure an angle, three points

or objects are needed. The transit is set up directly over one of the objects. The instrument is then zeroed; that is, the graduated circle and its vernier are revolved until the zeroes on each are exactly together. The vernier is clamped to the graduated circle and the telescope pointed at one of the given objects. The vernier is then unclamped and turned, with the telescope, until the telescope points to the other given object. The number of degrees over which the vernier has passed is in the angle of the transit. If the work is done accurately, the angle will be correct to minutes.

The transit is sometimes, but incorrectly, called the theodolite. The theodolite is a British instrument, invented prior to the transit, which is capable of performing the same work as the transit. The chief difference between the transit and the theodolite is that in the former the telescope is shorter and can revolve completely, or "transit," while in the latter the telescope is too long and cannot "transit"; the telescope of the theodolite can be reversed, only by lifting it out of its "Y"s (supports) and replacing it end for end, which is a very imperfect substitute for the revolution of the telescope in the transit.

"PHYSICS THE TERRIBLE."

Emmet Russell, '10.

"Taking Physics?"

"Nope."

"Say, you're lucky."

"Why, are you?"

"Yep, got to—it's in the course."

"Awful, isn't it?"

"Simply fierce."

What a tale of woe! And yet scores of pupils "take Physics" every year, in spite of the warnings of those who have gone before. "It's in the course."

What is the nature of this terrible monster, demon, giant, dragon, ogre, or whatever it may be which goes by the simple cognomen of Physics? The name is from the Greek *phsikos* meaning natural. Thus Physics, in its broadest sense, is the Science of Nature. But its significa-

tion has been narrowed to the common application, the Science of energy and of matter. Energy is the ability to do something. Matter is anything which fills space or takes up room. The several branches are: Mechanics, treating of energy acting on bodies, or "force and its effects," Sound, Light, Heat, and Magnetism and Electricity, treating of the principal known phenomena and laws of Nature grouped under those heads. Other branches may be developed in the future.

The ancients seem to have had little and crude knowledge of Physics. Even Aristotle made great errors in his philosophy of the subject. Archimedes made valuable investigations in the realm of Physics. He established the

principle which bears his name, that "a body immersed in a fluid loses a portion of its weight equal to that of the fluid it displaces." He made many applications of the lever, notably during the siege of Syracuse, 214-212 B. C. He is reported to have said, "Give me a lever long enough and I will move the world."

During the Middle Ages scarcely any advance in Physics was made. Roger Bacon was the most brilliant luminary of this period. He was considered a magician and was repeatedly imprisoned by the Franciscan Order, of which he was a member, for this heinous crime. He is thought to have discovered gunpowder and to have invented many curious machines. He himself mentions a mechanical chariot and a flying-machine.

The Renaissance brought a great awakening in Physical research. The philosophy of Aristotle, which had stifled original work for so long, was demonstrated to be incorrect by Galileo Galilei, in the time of Shakespeare, Cervantes and Milton. He applied the pendulum to the measurement of time; and also improved the telescope and applied it to astronomy. Torricelli invented the mercurial barometer in the same (the seventeenth) century. He filled a glass tube about a yard long with mercury, then, holding his finger over the open end, inverted the tube in a bowl of mercury. When he took his finger away, the mercury fell a few inches, leaving a "Torricellian" vacuum (a vacuum, because the top was closed and all the air had been forced out by forcing the mercury in). The column of mercury varies in length with the pressure of the air, so that this tube, properly mounted, may be used as an aid in determining atmospheric conditions. Isaac Newton made many important contributions to the science of Optics. His principal work was the discovery of the law of universal gravitation, that "every particle in the universe attracts every other particle. The direction of this attraction is the straight line joining the two particles. Its magnitude varies directly as the product of the two masses, and inversely as the square of the distance between them." He harmonized sci-

ence with his religion, a task which few had been able to perform up to that time. Among the other great physicists of the period may be mentioned Gilbert, Boyle, Hooke and Sir Christopher Wren.

In the eighteenth century less advance was made. Franklin made some important experiments with electricity, and Watt invented the steam-engine.

The nineteenth century brings a host of scientists and inventors: Morse and the telegraph, Bell and his telephone, Ohm, Galvani, Volta, Tyndall, Joule, Young, Langley and Edison.

Our own century promises to eclipse all preceding ages. Edison is still at work, Marconi has made the wireless something more than a dream; radium has been discovered; the Wright brothers are winning the war against the spirits of the air—the Battle of Fort Meyer has made the victory certain—and in time popular superstition, ignorance and skepticism may possibly be overcome.

In our enthusiasm we have neglected to search diligently for the terrible creature called Physics, and I do not think we could find any terrible embodiment of that science 'twixt the Primeval Chaos on the east and the Judgment Day on the west. Science is as a David pitted against the Goliath of Arrogance and Conceit. It has terrors only for the conquered giant, but to those who will but live in harmony with the scientific spirit of searching after truth, Physics is a bright light by which to read the Meaning of Things. We shall, I suspect, one day find that the phenomenon of religion lies within the domains of science.

Yes, Physics is "in the course"—decidedly so. It is the explanation of a large part of the Course of Things. Moreover it is impossible to "get out of" "taking Physics," for every step taken, every movement of the hand, every syllable uttered has its law. It is only necessary to devote the energy now wasted in vilifying Physics to the study of it, to become enthusiastic over its possibilities.

SOCIETIES

MANUAL SOCIETY OF DEBATE. November 13.

Oration—Life is What We Make It
.....Harold Wheelock
Oration—Toussaint L'Ouverture ...
.....Ralph Powell
Debate—Resolved That Fraternities
Are of Value in Colleges.
Affirmative Negative
W. Cushman Farnum Marcy Brown
(a) Niagara Falls.
(b) Rienzi to the Romans.....
.....Prof. Phillips
Oration—Interstate Commerce.....
.....Kenneth Bailey

December 11.

Debate: Resolved that the study of
Literature is of more value than the
study of Mathematics.
Affirmative Negative
Harold Wheelock Edward Wright
Russel Richards Clarence Flint
Extemporaneous work on current
topics.
St. Clair Mendenhall
Harold Evans
Paul Rauch

Extemporaneous debate.

Affirmative Negative
Harold Wing Horace Walker

December 23.

Debate: Resolved that the President of
the United States should be elected
by popular vote.
Affirmative Negative
Paul Baker St. Clair Mendenhall
Ralph Powell Lews Nofsinger
Oration (original), McMillan Hollister
Extemporaneous debate.
Affirmative Negative
James Schwab Russel Dudley
Oration—Future of American Indian
.....Kenneth Bailey

I. O. N. SOCIETY.

November 13.

Debate: Resolved that all school chil-
dren should be vaccinated.
Affirmative Negative
Will Hathaway Clarence Falls

Current Topic—"The New Union
Depot".....Randall Dorton
Essay—"The Education of a Civil
Engineer".....Emmett Schooley
Current Topic—"Airships".....
.....Porter Craig
Reading—"The Passing of Senora
Pete".....Allen Craig

December 11.

Debate: Resolved that the attorney
for the defense is justified in trying
to secure the acquittal of a prisoner
whom he knows to be guilty.
Affirmative Negative
R. Dorton D. Wilkerson
F. Briesch George Sperry

Current Topic—"Evolution of the
Automobile".....Howard Curtis
Current Topic—"Situation of Football
Today".....Roscoe Reamer

December 23.

Original Poem.....Randall Dorton
Life of E. A. Poe.....George Sperry
E. A. Poe as an Author.....
.....Emmett Schooley
Current Topic—"Finance".....
.....Fred Briesch

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

November 13.

Book review.....Elizabeth Karges
Essay.....Lynwood Smith
Extemporaneous Speech, Roy Guettler
Essay.....Bertie Hawes
Two recitations.....Prof. Phillips

November 25.

Current topics.....French Moss
Essay.....Ethel Brokemarkle
Short Story.....Harrie Kaneaster
Original Oration.....Miles O'Connell
Book review.....Edna Hollingsworth

December 11.

Debate.....{ Fred Nelson
.....} Otis Grant
Speech.....Paul Welhner
Declamation.....Harrie Kaneaster
Essay.....Julia Mathews
Original Oration.....Chester Bell
Short Story.....Martha Nelson
Extemporaneous Speech.....
.....Wendell Arrowsmith

O'ITA SOCIETY.

November 13.

Paper on Jane Addams.....
Mary Louise Topping
 Talk.....Miss Sublette
 First chapter of Serial Story.

November 25.

Piano Solo.....Jeanne Kohler
 Recitation.....Mabel Thornton
 Piano Solo.....Mildred Wakefield
 Recitation.....Paulina Switzer
 Second Chapter of Serial Story.....
Read by Agnes Meyer
 Recitation.....Ruth McGurk

December 11.

Stoddard's Lecture on France.
 Edna Dunn, Grace Reardon.
 Third Chapter of Serial Story.....
Read by Paulina Switzer
 Problems that Beset Girls, Paper....
Ruth Paxton
 Round table discussion.

DEUTSCHER SPRACH-VEREIN.

D. 13 November.

Aufsatz "*Schumann*"....Marie Wetter
 Klavier Solo *Der Glueckliche Bauer*
Schumann.....Marie Surface
 Aufsatz "*Mozart*".....Marie Munz
 Duet "*Wiegenlied*" Mozart.....

.....Helen Pursley, Mary Burke
 Aufsatz "*Chopin*".....Milton Feld
 Klavier Solo *Valse, Chopin*.....

.....Augusta Busekrus
 Aufsatz "*Beethoven's Musicalische*
Erziehung".....Herbert Ziegler
 Klavier Solo *Adagio, Sonata Pathetic,*
Beethoven.....Leora Brink
 Aufsatz "*Mendelsohn*".....

.....Eileen Burkhardt
 Klavier Solo *Jagdlied, Mendelsohn*.....

.....Augusta Busekrus
 English Essay "*Effect of Music on*
Moral Life".....Ethel Lewis

D. 25 November.

Aufsatz "*Deutsche Dichter in Amerika*"
Gladys Gaylord
 Scene von "*Bibliothekar*".....

{Eldon Henry
{Herbert Ziegler
{Walter Berkowitz

Vorlesung "*Zwei Koenige*".....
Fraeulein von Unwerth

D. 11 Dezember.

Recitation—*Der Affe*. Dorothy Stevens
 Originale Geschichte.....Charles Davis
 Komisches Lied—*Liebe Lene*.....
George Zimmerman

Scene von "*Bibliothekar*".....
{Mildred Hannam
{Marie Surface

Argument—"*Deutsch ist die wichtigste*
Sprache, die in den Universitäten
gelehrt wird".....Egmont Betz

D. 23 Dezember.

Ein Lied, *Heilige Weihnacht*.....
Eileen Burkhardt

Ein Aufsatz "*Weihnachten bei den*
Armen".....Fred Hinkle

Recitation "*Weihnachshandel*.....
Maria Wetter

Ein Lied, *Schlummerlied*.....
Helen Pursley

Dialog *Der Weihnachtsbaum*.....
{Chas. Davis

.....{Paul Zweifle
 "*Ein Weihnachtsgeschichte*".....

.....Walley Husher

EDISONIAN SOCIETY.

November 13.

"Birds".....Mr. Shirling
 "Elevators".....Cloy Shambaugh

"Some Simple Electrical Apparatus"..
David Caleb

November 20.

Administrative Department Chosen...
 "Eds."

December 18.

"Radium".....Dean Bush
 "Seismographs".....{Arthur Atkinson

.....{Harold Allen

December 23.

"Designing of Spur-Gears".....
Ambrose Langworthy

DAPHNE SOCIETY.

November 13.

United States—the Thirteen Colonies.
 Origin and Settlement.....

.....Louise Worthington
 Life in the Colonies..Veronica Cannon

Literature as the Outgrowth of This
Pearl Emahizer

Domestic Science.....Gertrude Allen

November 25.

United States (Continued).
 Origin of Thanksgiving...Ethel Kirk

Review of "The Spy," by Cooper...
Lena Samms

Domestic Science.....Carrie Hulse
 Thanksgiving Story, Winifred McCarty

December 11.

Germany.
 Sketch of German Literature.....
Veronica Cannon

Schiller and His "Wilhelm Tell"....
 Pearl Emahizer
 Lessing and His Works.....
 Eva Darnall
 Domestic Science..... Stella Pye

December 23.

Origin of Christmas Festivities.....
 Gertrude Allen
 Duet..... {Elsie Kirk
 }Marie Landon
 Original Christmas Story.....
 Elinor Kizer
 Mandolin Solo..... Carrie Hulse
 Duet..... {Louise Worthington
 }Pearl Emahizer

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**November 13.**

Piano Solo..... Ruth Benson

Reading..... Pearl Anderson
 Paper..... Ethel Madick
 Vocal Solo..... Lucile Peiser

November 25.

Quotations..... Society
 Paper—"Public Playgrounds".....
 Emma Pursley
 Talk on Travels Abroad, Miss Hoernig
 Essay—"Pumpkin Pie." Mabel Clausen

December 11.

Quotations..... Society
 Paper..... Eunice Eisele
 Piano Solo..... Pearl Roemer
 Jokes and Conundrums, Edythe Snyder
 Spanish Dances..... Ruth Harrington

December 23.

Christmas Quotations..... Society
 Violin Solo..... Hildur Rudin
 Story..... Bertha Friedman

A COIN OF 1799.*(Concluded from Page 16)*

and I was confiscated along with several newer fellows, who laughed at my size and accused me of being an Englishman.

I was deposited in a bank and sent to the treasury, where for forty-eight long, weary years I rested in solitary confinement in a vault where the dust was thick and the cobwebs nearly choked me. Oh! the anguish of those years and the thought of never seeing daylight again!

I had just about given up hope when in 1860 I was given in payment of a bank note, and I was then transferred to the pocket of a Southern soldier, who carried me to his home in Kentucky, and for a year I was treasured in the family bank, which consisted of a porcelain pig with a slot in its back, and was kept in the safe.

In 1861 the pig was suddenly broken, and I was hurriedly put into a sack with about a hundred others and taken to the war by the son of the household. I was examined by him and put next his heart as a lucky piece, which certainly proved lucky for him, because the next day I was hit by a bullet which glanced and wounded him, but if it had

not been for me he would have been killed.

While unconscious, a Union soldier searched him and took me back with him to camp, and when the war was over I was treasured by him for years until he died in 1900. I was then taken by his son to Kansas City, where I was kept in his desk for seven long years. The desk was sold, and I was forgotten by him, so that I was very sad and thought I had lost my value, but I found I was mistaken for I was found by a small boy and taken to the bank to be priced, and I found I was really worth more than all the rest of them, and from that day my head smiles peacefully and the eagle screams defiantly.

So now I rest peacefully in his pocket book, never to be forgotten and always content with the thought that though I have passed through a strenuous life I am still young (as I look almost new) and am worth more to him now than I was worth one hundred and nine years ago to his great-grandfather.

Yours truly,

A Silver Dollar.



EDITORS

Ruth Paxton

Walter Berkowitz

"A NEW EDUCATIONAL ERA."

Ernest W. Elliott, '09.

When we look over the educational world of to-day we find, not the old time regime of Latin, Greek and Mathematics, but a newer and more progressive course of study in which the older sciences are linked with the practical art of Manual Training. A decade ago this new movement was in its infancy, and few thought it would be successful; to-day its worth is recognized, and its future success is assured, not only in America, but in every country where education flourishes. Today the Manual Training school is not, as some people would have us believe, a second-class institution (or trade school), but one in which scholarship and attendance stand high and in almost all cases higher than in any other kind of school. Even those schools which at first scoffed at the new idea of teaching the practical arts are giving way to this swiftly progressing movement and are gradually introducing Manual Training into their courses. Such has been the short and successful contest for the existence of this art, and now the school without Manual Training has need of improvement.

Let us look for a few moments at the reasons for teaching Manual Training in our schools. In the first place the shops make practical use of the principles which Mathematics teaches, and in so doing benefit the pupil by teaching him that there is a practical side even to science. Again, every one cannot expect to study and practice a

profession. Somebody must do the world's engineering and manual work. Here, it is, that the manual training school comes into use and in its wide and expansive courses gives its pupils a slight glance into every line of work and in this way helps to decide one of life's most important questions—"What shall be my life work?" Unlike those schools which exclude it, the manual training school opens new lines where as much genius can be displayed as in any of the so-called professions. Has not Edison done as much for the world as Webster? Who knows how many boys who have the genius of an Edison are living almost useless lives, struggling through the profession of a Webster because their genius was not brought in touch with the right line of development. Then if a manual training school does the one thing of bringing talent into contact with the right sort of work, the manual training school is a grand success. We should not overlook the domestic arts for herein lies just as much of the world's future as in the shops. The teaching of scientific cooking may, and in all probability will, mean the disappearance of the dyspeptic. No longer will red-hot paving stones be served under the "nom de plume" of biscuits. In truth, domestic felicity will be assured. So it is evident that the material prosperity of the world hinges greatly upon our manual training schools.

Athens rose and fell, yet the world

still admires her wondrous architecture. Its magnificent beauty is astounding. It is only after admiring such architecture that we realize our own deficiency in that art, and where can the world look, but to the manual training school for the development of her architecture, so that when ages have passed and our time has been relegated to the rank of antiquity we may, as the old

Greeks did before us, leave monuments of our civilization in beautiful architectural work; and may Manual take great pride in the fact that she is the pioneer in the field of this new educational era.

Her mission is not simply to make useful, as well as scholarly men and women, but to dignify all legitimate labor so that our men and women can render better service to society.

HOW THE FOREMAN'S POSITION WAS OBTAINED.

Egmont Betz, '09.

A tall, unpretentious looking young man was walking slowly down a quiet side street in a flourishing lumber town of Northern Michigan. His head was bent as if in deep thought, and there was a worried look on his face. Denton Roberts was the sole supporter of his mother and three little sisters; he was employed in one of the large lumber mills of the town as assistant operator of one of the large saws which cut the rough timber into planks. His pay was small compared to the family's expenses, and it kept him busy to make both ends meet.

These conditions had not always existed, and Denton's thoughts ran back to the time, nearly five years before, when his father was living. Those had been indeed happy and care-free days for Denton. As manager of the mill in which his son now worked, Mr. Roberts' position had been such as to command the respect of every one, and his income had been more than sufficient to meet all their needs. Never, in all his life, could Denton remember hearing a slighting remark against his father, and from his own experience he had found him to be a kind and indulgent parent.

Denton's education had all been obtained in the public schools of his native town. He had finished the grammar school at the age of fourteen, well up in his class, and had almost completed the high school. At the time which he started, a new feature was just being introduced into the high school—a manual training department. The boys were to be instructed in joinery, turning and pattern making. He remembered the discussion between his

mother and father as to the advisability of Denton's taking the course; his father had argued against it, saying that his son would never have to work, and that it would only be a waste of time.

But his mother decided that Denton should take the manual training. He himself had never considered it on a practical basis, but thought it a sort of recreation, and took it because it was something different.

He had not been permitted to finish the high school course, however; misfortune is liable to come to the most prosperous of families. How well he remembered that fatal afternoon during the Easter holidays of his last year at school, when his father was brought home on a stretcher, dead from an accident in the mill; the hysterical grief of his mother, and his earnest though ineffectual attempts to console her; the day of the funeral, and the sorrowful homecoming after it. How he had wandered aimlessly about the house, stunned and dejected. And then there was the first morning of work at the mill. He remembered, as if yesterday, the interview with the new manager, who had employed him out of regard to the memory of his father, and paid him a comparatively large salary, which still seemed pitifully small to Denton. He was incapable of doing the work, however, and he knew it; but then and there he made up his mind to overcome this inability, and show these men that his worth was not all in his father's memory. And at the end of three years, when he had been promoted to his present position, he thought he had won; but here he had ceased to rise,

and now—now his father's small fortune was gone, a mortgage on the home was falling due, and his expenses exceeded his income.

All this Denton was reviewing in his mind, on his way home from work. He thought of many schemes for getting out of this hole, but none seemed practicable. True, he was a candidate for the position of foreman of the sawing room, but what of that? There were several older men and more experienced, one of whom was sure to get the place. He looked with greedy eyes upon that position with its salary more than double his own, and in it saw the only way out of his predicament. He was confident of his own ability and felt certain that he could "make good," if he were only given a fair chance. But he knew it was all of no avail.

Next morning, when he arrived at the mill, he found everything as usual, and began another day of hard work with a heavy heart. One by one the great logs were swung into position, sawed up, and sent upstairs to the planing room to be smoothed down.

The logs were balanced in a chain loop, attached to a set of grooved wheels running on a suspended track and sent to the saws. A rope attached to the chain was used to move the log into position. One was now coming towards him, pulled by his helper, Prather; but when only a few yards away it stuck, and refused to move. Prather was pulling on the rope with all his might, when suddenly it gave, and ran swiftly to the end of the track. The log swung far out by the force of its suddenly arrested motion, and in swinging back, crashed into the cast iron wheel which transmitted power to the saw by means of a belt. The accident was not considered seri-

ous, and Denton immediately went to the supply room for a new wheel; but with a sinking heart found that there were none in the place, nor in town, and would not be for more than a week. He was dismayed, because it necessitated the shutting down of his saw and threw him out of work until the wheel could be placed.

This certainly was hard luck, and as he walked home he revolved the matter in his mind. Suddenly his face brightened as an idea came to him. Retracing his steps to the mill, he obtained from another saw the measurements of the broken part, and then hurried to the high school building. He had thought of his nearly two years' practical training in pattern-making and casting in his manual training work. Explaining the situation to the principal, he easily obtained permission to use the school shops; and, with the help of his former teachers, had a new wheel completed within four hours.

The horizon was beginning to clear for Denton. Taking the wheel to the mill, it was put in place, and the next morning work was resumed, full four days before the other wheel arrived. When the manager heard of this prompt action on Denton's part, he called young Roberts to him, and asked an explanation. Denton told his story, and requested a week's trial at the position of foreman. After a short hesitation, the manager consented, and that evening when he went home, Denton Roberts was the happiest young man in town. Needless to say, he "made good," and today at the age of thirty, is assistant manager of the mill, and is very glad that his father did not prevent his taking the course in manual training in the high school, for it is to this that he owes his success.

MANUFACTURE OF LEATHER.

Alex. J. Reider, '09.

There are many kinds of leather, made for many purposes and each kind intended for a particular use. The manufacture of leather may be defined as the curing of hides by many processes into a fine piece of leather; leather that may be used for almost

anything in the material world today.

Leather is made by three general processes and with three classes of substances. Thus we have (1) tanned leather, in which the hides and skins are combined with tannin or tannic acid; (2) tawed leather, in which skins

are prepared with mineral salts; (3) shamoied leather, consisting of skins combined with oils or fatty substances. The heavy leathers are procured from full-grown oxen, horses, and other large animals. The lighter stock of leathers come from calf, sheep and goat skins.

The art of tanning leather has been modified very much in late years. Twenty years ago it took about a year from the time the hides were put into a vat till they were taken out, but now with chemical processes it is done in one-fourth of that time. The best tanning of harness collar and saddle leathers is oak tanning. That does not only apply to those particular leathers, but also to sole leathers. The two kinds of barks used in tanning are oak and hemlock, the first being the better. All leathers tanned for shoes and gloves are tanned by the chrome process. This process is unknown to any one but the

tanners who use it for the tanning of high grade leathers for shoes and gloves. The leather tanned by the chrome process is said to be the best in the world. Therefore this process is kept as a secret of the business. There are many other processes of tanning in use, but the above-mentioned are the principal ones. The reason for so many different processes is that every tanner has his own particular application and uses of his tanning.

The principal states producing leather are Wisconsin, in the North; Pennsylvania, New Jersey and several New England States, in the East; California, on the Pacific Slope produces a leather of fine color, which is especially adapted for saddles. None in the world can excel this leather for quality. This quality of the color must be attributed to the climate in which the bark used for tanning grows.

NEW SYSTEM OF STUDY.

An article in Popular Mechanics tells of another step forward in education. The system should be of interest to those to whom the advantages of practical experience linked with theory, appeal.

The University of Cincinnati was the first to adopt the system, which consists of one week's work in the class room and shop, alternated with a week's work in the factory. Since then many

universities have adopted it and its advocates have increased wonderfully.

The student is paid a nominal wage in the factory, which is sufficient to aid him materially in his education.

The students work in pairs, thus aiding each other very much.

This alternating weekly between factory and university should increase the value of Manual Training considerably and increase its practical possibilities.

Personal

**Be
Loyal**

Will the person who wants the **Nautilus** to succeed financially, call on Mr. Advertiser on the slightest occasion and tell him that he came because of his Nautilus Ad?

ATHLETICS



EDITORS

Gladys Dancy

Otis Grant

"THE BOY."

Miles O'Connell, '11.

The boy didn't want to; no he didn't. But father spelled "must" with a deal of precision and earnestness. Consequently the boy did.

But when he arrived it was obvious to all concerned that the boy didn't want to; no he didn't. So he was classified as a person of doubtful desirability and one who was not to be troubled. Consequently he wasn't.

The boy was not bad to look upon. He wasn't tall; neither was he short. He wasn't fat; neither was he thin. He seemed, in fact, to be very strongly put together, and to have several desirable physical endowments, not the least prominent of which was a wonderful pair of legs.

However, he continued to entertain the idea that he hadn't wanted to; no he hadn't, and, therefore, in athletics as elsewhere, he didn't. But although his purpose not to was perfectly clear, he worked with a faithfulness that might almost have been called training. But it wasn't training; he did it because it pleased him so to do, and beyond a doubt it pleased him so to do because he did it.

But with those who were engaged in the particular line of work in which the boy seemed languidly interested, it was different. There was a very imperative, indeed, a most imperative

reason why some one should cultivate an appetite that could devour a mile of track with extraordinary dispatch. There had been vague rumors that had at last become a most disheartening fact that the other "knowledge factory" over the hill and across the lake had hidden away within her hated fold, a perfect wonder—nay, a very phenomenon of a miler.

Now the school to which the boy swore unwilling allegiance had never in all its history been defeated in that particular event—the mile run. Now, however, it seemed highly probable that it must needs suffer a stain to be placed upon its bright shield and to bear it thus forever. But one noble spirit rose heroically to the occasion and in a burst of unparalleled eloquence roused his brethren from the stupor into which they had fallen on receiving the awful news mentioned above, and with an impassioned voice demanded if they were going to let "any sawed-off, little, snub-nosed piece of nothing" run off with the laurels which they had hitherto worn unchallenged. No! They swore it by the rector's old black coat and every one of his scanty hairs. Consequently the air was filled with stir and bustle, indicative of compliance with their solemn oath.

Those who had aspirations in the 1760 yard line glanced at the before mentioned legs of the boy with something suspiciously akin to envy; while those who hadn't any aspirations glanced at them with something which was unmistakable bitterness when they (the aspirationless ones) reflected upon what the said legs might do if their owner hadn't taken it into his head that he didn't want to; no he didn't.

But the boy remained serenely indifferent to both envy and bitterness.

"Wouldn't I be a pretty little thing," he soliloquized one early spring afternoon, "working my fool block off for that bunch of roughnecks? Talk to me of school spirit. I'd like to know what there is in that old barn to rouse any school spirit. Glory! huh!" looking angrily upward, "lot o' glory in having a bunch of tomcats yowling "Rah! Rah!" at you, and you needing a forty horse-power suction pump to draw a whiff of air into your bellows."

Again he grunted and looked upward. He had wandered down the road about a mile from the school and had thrown himself down a few paces from the roadside. The bare trees and bushes of the woods that covered the surrounding country afforded him a seclusion for which he was not altogether ungrateful. He lay beneath the twisted branches of an old oak, so absorbed in his uphappy thoughts that, for a time, he could not enjoy the sweet freshness of the new season. But the soft breeze gradually fanned away the bitterness of his reflections and turned them into more pleasant channels. He began dully to draw enjoyment from the quietness of the place and from the subtle fragrance that gently assailed his nostrils. The sprightly twitter of a bird upon a branch above only served to deepen the luxurious drowsiness that was creeping over him. His eyelids dropped a little. He was vaguely aware of his surroundings; and now he became vaguely—very vaguely aware of something faintly unpleasant. Or was it pleasant? He could not tell. Anyway, it was not worth debating. By degrees it was born in upon his drowsy senses that the sensation was caused by an odor, but he was too

nearly unconscious to distinguish its nature. Then he became dimly aware of something—somethi—yes, a sound. A very agreeable sound that rose and fell; grew louder, fainter; nearer, farther. A sound that lulled him on—on—on—.

Suddenly he awoke. Surrounding him and almost choking him were dense, shifting volumes of smoke; while from all sides wicked little red imps of flame peeked at him and poked their wicked little red tongues at him.

He arose to his feet and stared stupidly around. In an instant his senses returned, and he saw, much to his relief, that the volumes of smoke were not so dense as he had at first imagined. In fact, they were not volumes at all, but only thin clouds as arise from a small blaze. The first had the appearance of having been recently started, for, so far, it had only consumed the underbrush. But there was imminent danger of its gaining a hold upon some of the trees and thus becoming a formidable forest fire. This danger was greatly magnified, but for the fact that there had been practically no moisture for some time.

The boy possessed some presence of mind, so before hastily departing he stooped to pick up his cap. In doing so, he dropped his watch. As he returned the timepiece to his pocket, he caught a glimpse of its face. It was two o'clock.

Upon regaining the road he immediately turned his face toward the school and fell into the pace which he took upon the track.

The whole distance back was up a steep hill, and he knew that without his light track clothes it would be a hard pull. But he also knew that if once the fire got fairly started, a portion at least, of the school must go, for some of the buildings were almost entirely surrounded by a part of these very woods.

The first three-eighths of the mile went fairly well. He ran smoothly and comparatively easily. But he was not in the best possible condition, and this, with the pace and steep grade of the hill began to tell upon him. He began to breathe perceptibly shorter, and although he maintained his even

stride he ran with increasing distress. In spite of him, his pace slackened, but at an almost imperceptible degree.

He ran on for half a mile, apparently without any further weakening, until suddenly his legs wobbled. But only for an instant. He caught himself and struggled on. His legs moved mechanically now, and his breathing was difficult and painful.

He turned a bend in the road and caught sight of the main school building three hundred yards ahead. The sight gave him new strength, and lifting his drooping head he quickened his pace and covered the remaining distance in fine style. At least so said a number of boys who were dismissed from a chemistry laboratory at just five

minutes after two.

It did not take long for the boy to tell his story, and it did not take long to put out the fire, but what interested the students most was what an amazingly short time, all things considered, it had taken the boy to cover that mile.

"Say, you surely are going to try for the track, ain't you?" one of the fellows asked the boy as he stepped wearily toward the door of his dormitory.

The boy forgot all about the fact that he hadn't wanted to, no he hadn't, and so he nodded assent.

The school still talks of how a great race was run in 18—; and how the marvel from over the hill and across the lake was beaten by—O, by just "the boy."

CROSS COUNTRY VICTORS.

On the morning of November 27th, one hundred thirty-nine strenuous Manual students and teachers assembled at the west end of the Minnesota Ave. car line in Kansas City, Kansas, the starting point of the fifth annual cross country walk and run.

At a given signal the crowd started on a five and one-half mile walk. It certainly was "cross country." Fences, hedges and other evidences of civilization were treated with little respect. When five and one-half miles had been covered, the contestants came out of the wilderness onto Parallel Road.

Here noses were counted and the four and one-half miles run into the thriving metropolis, Bethel, was started. The course extended along Parallel Road for three and three-quarter miles and then turned north three-quarters of a mile over a dirt highway.

Porter Craig was the first to cover the distance. His time was thirty-one minutes and thirty-three seconds. Arthur Atkinson was second, William

Jewell third, Joseph Johnson fourth and Robert Davidson fifth. The first four thus winning each a silver cup, and the fifth a leather purse. A big chicken dinner was furnished and then the boys amused themselves in some rather undignified games. They returned home on the Leavenworth line late in the afternoon.

By duplicating his last year's cross country victory. "Coffee" Craig has won Manual's confidence in his ability to represent the school in the spring meets. As Craig left school during the first semester, he did not have this privilege last year. It was unfortunate that Howard Richards, Manual's other star distance man did not enter this contest. The race would have been a battle royal between these two little giants of the cinder path, and would have settled the question as to their relative ability. The fact that Richards did not enter the run should not, however, detract from the honors of Porter Craig, twice winner in Manual's annual cross country run.

WITH THE BALL TOSSERS.

The diamondites who will represent Manual next spring in the baseball forum will have a pretty stiff contract to fill. First, they must retain the city championship which the crimson now holds. Second, if they cannot possibly

win the pennant in the **Missouri-Kansas League**, they must, **at least**, put up a game fight against old and experienced adversaries.

Manual is fortunate in having Harry Shepherd as manager and coach. It is

his plan to develop a scoring machine, not a collection of stars. He is aided in this by the fact that his players are young and "to fame unknown." At first thought this seems a disadvantage, but any one familiar with the ways of ball players, knows that stars often play for individual glory instead of for the good of the team. In the parlance of the sporting world this is known as playing to the grandstand. No element that can enter a team's work is as detrimental as this vice.

Owing to the fact the ball players had no fall practice it is impossible for us to state in this issue just who has a chance of making the team. There are five of last year's players in school now, which means that there are places for eight or nine new men on the squad.

In the backstopping department Shelby looks good. He was substitute catcher last season and is slated for a regular place under the bat. On the mound will probably be

Hamilton, a last year's twirler. When Hamilton develops a little more head-work he will be a star. Lee Montgomery, who earned an "M" in the outfield, and Earl Miller will try for the other position on the rubber.

Goldberg and Grant will be a nucleus to build an infield around. Goldberg should hold his own with any infielder in the league. Contesting for the other positions on the diamond will be found a variety of youngsters. The best known are: Reamer, who played on the ION team last year; Albert Grant, captain of last year's "Eds"; Shipley, a left-handed first baseman; Bremer, a fast sophomore player; and Batell, a clever little short-stop.

The garden positions will be filled by fast hard-hitting fielders. Among the candidates are: Bracken, Williams, Smithey, Moffet, Powell, Atkinson, and, no doubt, many others who will make themselves known when the first call for volunteers has been sent out.

BASKET BALL.

The season opened with good prospects. Dr. Hall now has fifteen picked men, practicing daily on the Y. M. C. A. court. A first and second team will be chosen from these. The first team will play eleven games at home, one each with Topeka Highs, St. Joseph Highs, Haskell Indians, Wm. Jewell second team, Warrensburg second team, K. C. K. Highs, Lawrence Highs and three games with Central. We are planning to have other teams meet our second five as curtain raisers. Thus most of the games will be double-headers. The

out of town games begin with Wm. Jewell, Thursday night, Jan. 7, at Liberty, and the season at home will begin Saturday night, Jan. 16, when our first team will meet Topeka High.

Success with season tickets last year has led us to use the same plan again. However, this year the ticket admits to eleven Manual games instead of seven as last year. If we succeed in bringing other teams to play our second five, the season ticket admits to those also. The price is \$1.00. Let us have a great crowd of supporters, and a successful season.

TRACK.

The material to work with is excellent. And if the boys do their part the team developed will be a winner.

In the long distance events, Craig and Richards have proven their worth. Davidson, J. Campbell, Miller and Stewart are working along this line.

In the quarter mile, Manual should be ably represented by Roy Campbell, Koenigsdorf, Hollister, Atkinson and Joe Campbell.

Schwab, Hamilton and several of the quarter milers are good sprinters. In the hurdles, Perry, R. Powell, Far-

num and Wm. Jewell are expected to "make good."

In the pole vault, Hamilton, Bingham and Clemens won points in the inter-class meets.

Schwab, Goldberg and Reamer are the broad jumpers upon whom Manual pins her faith.

The high jumpers are Schwab, Koenigsdorf, Bingham, Clemens and Perry.

The weight men are Kanatzer, Schwab and Koenigsdorf.



EXCHANGES

EDITORS

Viola Humfeld

Paul V. Rauch

It is the object of the Exchange Department to help other papers by its criticisms, to receive help from other papers by noting what they have to say concerning the Nautilus, and to copy anything which we think may be of interest to the students of the Manual Training High School.

"The Loyal Son's Gazette."

A few literary selections and a few good locals would make the Gazette more interesting.

The Forum, St. Joseph, Mo., is a good paper, but we think it would be improved if it were not published so often and more energy expended on a single number.

The Nautilus, Jacksonville, Ill.

We think it would be a good idea to have the printer cut the pages of your magazine apart before you send it away.

The Christmas number of the "Jayhawker" is exceedingly attractive.

The Christmas number of "Ink Spots," Mason City, Iowa, was an especially good number. The exchange columns were full of good jokes.

The "Spirit," Seattle, Wash., shows a fine school spirit.

We wish to thank the editors of the "Kyote" for honoring us by the regular visits of their paper. It is an interesting paper and any staff may gather many new ideas from its pages.

We have just received the "Nautilus," Kansas City, Mo. It is published once every two months, but this fact is more than made up for by its excellent quality. It is certainly better to publish a paper as good as the "Nautilus" once in two months, than one of the average kind every month.

"The Students' Lantern."

General Jackson was once riding behind his regiment on a forced march; and, happening to glance up into a persimmon tree, discovered a private. Asked by the General why he was so far in the rear, the private replied:

"Eatin' 'simmons."

"Persimmons!" roared Jackson. "Why, they're not even ripe yet."

"Like 'em green just now," explained the soldier.

"And why?" asked Jackson, softening a little.

"To draw my inwards up to fit my rations," was the answer.

—Ex.

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore⁽¹⁾
By saying when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."

—Ex.

When Bill went off to college to enlarge his stock of knowledge

It was jest a year ago this fall,
And his trunk was overflowin' with
great books by authors knowin'
And dictionaries great and small;
There was all the old-time writers, and
the up-to-date inditers
Of the greatest thoughts that men
have thunk;
Ald with pride our hearts was thump-
in', and we knowed he'd 'mount to
sumpin'

When we gazed upon Son William's
trunk.

But this year I helped at packin', and I
feel there's sumpin' lackin'

In the line of stuff that Bill has took;
There's a football, tennis racquets, and
of candy sev'ral packets,

But I didn't come across a doggone
book;

There's some boxin' gloves, a sweater,
and—this proved a great upsetter—

A pipe and lots of cigarettes;
And we're wonderin' which trunkful—
the bookish or the junkful—

Will be the eddication Willie gets!

Mother (to son just home from college)—“John, bring me a piece of wood.”

Son—“Ma'am?”

Father (graduate of Yale)—Trans-
pose from the recumbent collection of
combustive material upon the threshold
of this edifice, the curtailed excrescence
of a defunct tree.”—Ex.

A Freshman's Soliloquy.

I wonder who Ex. can be,
His wit is full of vim,
For many jokes in The Nautilus
Seem to be signed by him.

After everything had been removed
from the suit case Johnny's mother
said: “But, my son, were you not go-
ing to take a tooth brush and soap?”

“No, I thought I was going for a
vacation.” —Ex.

“Do you love me?” asked the paper
sack.

“I'm just wrapped up in you,” re-
plied the sugar.

“You sweet thing!” said the bag.

Judge—“Do you know that drink
drives a man to the devil?”

Prisoner—“Yes, your honor; it
brought me before you.”—Ex.

Teacher—“Tommy, translate 'rex
fugit.'”

Tommy—“The king flees.”

Teacher—“You should use 'has' in
the perfect tense.”

Tommy—“The king has flees.”

Latin.

All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death! They surely earn it.

—Ex.

The Role of the Tramp.

Housekeeper—“Who are you?”

Tramp—“Madam, I am an after-
dinner speaker.” —Ex.

Ambition.

Teacher—“You ought to be ashamed
of yourself, Johnnie, going to school
and not studying. When Roosevelt
was your age he was through college.”

Johnnie—“Yes, and when he was
your age he was president.” —Ex.

Foot of the Class.

Teacher—“Johnny, if your mother
had twelve apples and used six of them
in making a pie, what would she have
left?”

Little Johnny—“Please ma'am, the
skins and the cores.” —Ex.

Teacher (reading an excuse)—Please
excuse Mary for being absent from
school on Friday as she fell in the mud
on the way to school. By doing the
same you will oblige her mother.

—Ex.

“This is our latest novelty,” said the
manufacturer proudly. “Good work,
isn't it?”

“Not bad,” replied the visitor, “but
you can't hold a candle to the goods
we make.”

“Oh! are you in this line, too?”

“No. We make gunpowder.”—Ex.

Grandmother—“When your grand-
father was courting me he always
kissed me on the brow.”

Granddaughter—"If a man kissed me on the brow, I'd just call him down a little bit."
—Ex.

He Was Well Educated.

On a warm and sultry day two tramps were playing a game of poker behind a haystack. One of them dealt.

"What are you going to bet?" he asked the other.

"I've got a pretty good hand, so I'll open the jack pot for a hundred dollars."

"All right. I'll see that and raise you a thousand!"

"Good! I'll just make it a billion dollars."

"I'll see your billion, and, just to make it interesting, I'll raise you a trillion dollars."

"Whew! You must have a good hand. But I'll stay, and go you just a quadrillion better."

"That suits me. I'll make it a quintillion better than yours."

The other tramp hesitated and looked at his cards intently. Finally he said:

"The pot is yours. You win on education."
—Ex.

Percy—"Johnnie, I'll give you a quarter, if you get me a lock of your sister's hair."

Johnnie—"Gimme a dollar and I'll give you the whole thing. I know where she hangs it."
—Ex.

"What relation is a doorstep to a doormat?"

"What relation?"

"A stepfarther (stepfather)."
—Ex.

Obeying Orders.

Sentry—"Halt! Who goes there?"

Private Jones—"Friend who has a bottle."

Sentry—"Pass, friend! Halt, bottle!"
—Ex.

Leap Year.

John Hancock Smith—"Martha, I'd like to ask you somethin', but I don't know just in what words or form to put the question."

Martha Washington Jones (vivaciously)—"Don't get discouraged! We'll go straight home and I'll get the grammar and the dictionary!"
—Ex.

Suspicious Evidence.

"A pretty girl in a hammock slung in an apple orchard awoke suddenly and frowned at the young man who stood before her.

"'You stole a kiss while I was asleep!' she exclaimed.

"'Well,' stammered the young man, 'you were sleeping so soundly—you looked so pretty, so tempting, I—yes, I admit I did take one little one.'

"The girl smiled scornfully.

"'One!' said she. 'Humph! I counted seven before I woke up.'"
—Ex.

The Freshman Viewpoint.

The Sophomores ignore us,

The Juniors endure us,

The Seniors disdainfully smile.

But that don't annoy us,

We're happy and joyous,

We're bound to be there after awhile.
—Ex.

A Proper Fraction.

The Fraction leaned over and touched the Whole Number on the shoulder.

"Say," she whispered nervously, "is my numerator on straight?"
—Ex.

"Oh, my!" Ada exclaimed, impatiently. "We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, you should say," Clarence replied, rather tartly.

"Ours?" she cried joyfully. "Oh, Clarence, this is so sudden."
—Ex.

Cautious Customer—"I want a piece of meat without any fat, bone or gristle."

Bewildered Butcher—"Madam, I think that you would better have an egg."
—Ex.

"Dese automobiles are a nuisance," growled Dusty Dennis as he scowled at a passing touring car.

"What's the matter, pard?" asked Gusty George. "One of them run you down?"

"No, but last night they put me in a cell with a chauffeur, and I couldn't sleep for the smell of gasoline."
—Ex.

Easy.

Jones—"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

Smith—"Don't let them turn in."
—Ex.

The Temperature.

"I hear she found the audience rather cold last night."

"They were at first; but when they remembered that they had paid good money to see the show they got very hot."
—Ex.

A sleepy little boy was saying his prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep," he began, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"If" prompted his mother.

"If he hollers, let him go, eeny meeny miny mo."
—Ex.

He—"The boys say I'm getting to be a regular bear."

She—"Indeed?"

It—"Say, sis, ask him whether he growls or hugs."
—Ex.

"What happened to Pat?"

"He was drowned."

"And couldn't he swim?"

"He did for eight hours, but he was a union man."
—Ex.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "what is the half of six?"

Tommy—"I don't know, sir."

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, if two men stole six dollars and agreed to divide it equally between them, how much would they get each?"

Tommy—"Fourteen days, sir."
—Ex.

"Are you good at measurements?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat.

"Then, could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked John.

"Sure," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you got into."
—Ex.

Willie was not only chewing gum, but had his feet sprawled out in the aisle in a most unbecoming manner.

"Willie," said the teacher, "take that gum out of your mouth this instant, and put in your feet."
—Ex.

'Tis Human.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
!!!!????!!!!?—!
—Ex.

"Father, can you tell me who Shylock was?"

"What!" exclaimed the father. "You ask me who Shylock was? Shame on you, boy! Get your Bible and find out at once."
—Ex.

"Oh!" exclaimed the pan boarder as a couple of calves scampered across the meadow, "What pretty little cowlets!"

"You are mistaken, ma'am, said the farmer, "Them's bullets."
—Ex.

Then He'd Move.

Teacher—"If your father owed the butcher \$17.25, the baker \$13.23 and the grocer \$18.05, how much would he have to pay in all?"

Tommy Harlumm—"Nothin'. He'd move."
—Ex.

There is a young lady so fair,
With beautiful golden brown hair,
Her name is Irene,
And she is my queen,
So for her anything I will dare.

—A Sentimental Freshman.
—Ex.

She ventured in the briny deep,
A little while ago,
And yelled for murder, fire, police,
A crab had pinched her toe.
And though at the momentous time
Her screams were plainly heard,
Yet when a lobster squeezed her waist
She didn't say a word.
—Ex.

He—"I love you."

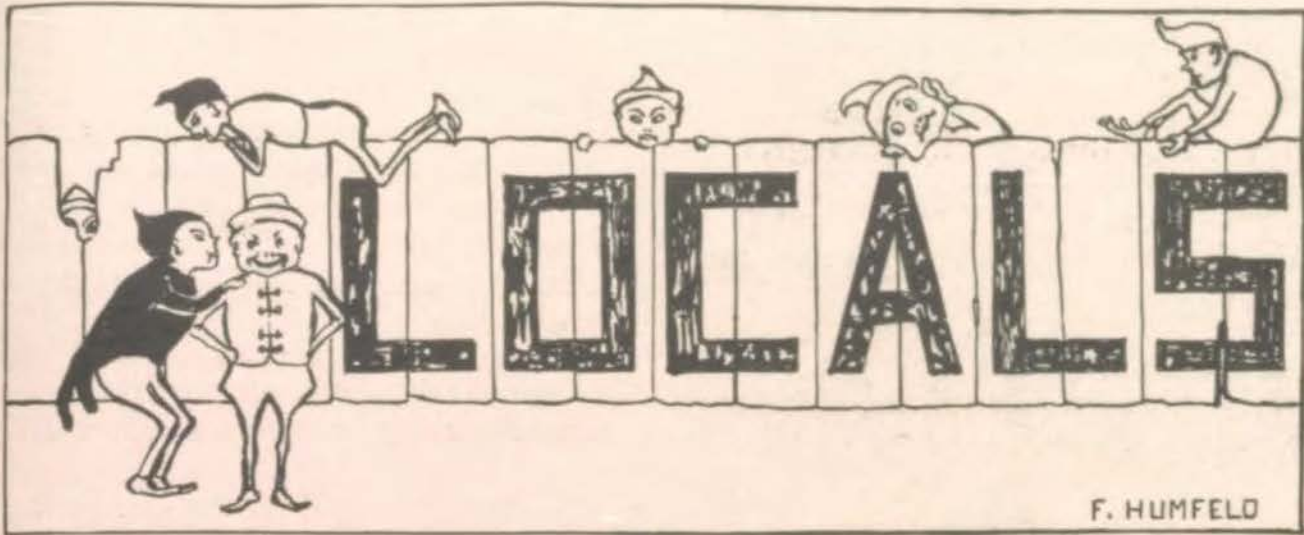
She—"Then say something soft."

He—"Mush."
—Ex.

First Little Boy—"If you had three eyes, where would you want the third one to be?"

Second Little Boy—"Why, in the back of my head."

First Little Boy—"I'd have mine in the end of my thumb, 'cause then I could put my thumb through a knot-hole and see the ball game."
—Ex.



F. HUMFELD

EDITORS

Lucile Phillips

Harold Wing

Juliet—"How can Mr. Bryan be defeated three times when he only has two feet?"

Teacher—"Mr. Mendenhall waves his hand in class as if to say, 'When I ope' my mouth let no dog speak.'"

Distressed Senior—"Shall I take Political Government or Civil Economy?"

Juliet Banks said that when Mr. Gustafson asked what peroxide was used for he looked straight at her. Never mind, Juliet, your hair is not the peroxide color.

Willa—"Mr. Apple is a peach."

History teacher before a test—"Now, what do you want discussed, or leave off the prefix if you like (cussed)?"

Georgia Riley has received a letter directed, "Mrs. Georgia King." What?

Elizabeth Karges in talking about Brutus and then people in general—"Whenever you do wrong you try to throw the responsibility off onto some one else."

Mr. Kizer—"You don't know what I do."

Whenever you are introduced to some one down at school, and you are naturally shy and don't know what to say, just ask, "Who is your English teacher?"

History teacher—"What is a direction? Did you ever see one?"

Addison R.—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"Where?"

Addison—"On a medicine bottle."

Cushman Farnum had been talking to Mary Louise in Public Speaking, Mr. Cowan in commenting on an oration by her stated that she could make a Jane Addams, but she must be careful of her associates.

Aldine Sloan (after wiping her face vigorously with her handkerchief)—"Is my face all wiped off?"

Caroline Greer—"No, it is still there."

Teacher—"Bobby, why are you scratching your head?"

Bobby—"Because I am the only one who knows where it itches."

Teacher (awakening)—"Is there any one in this room?"

Burglar—"No, sir."

Teacher—"I thought there was."
(Falls asleep again.)

A seismograph was set up in Room 12. A Freshman on seeing it asked—"If a man fell on a banana peel would this seismograph record it?"

Senior—"No, you would need a phonograph for that."

It took a week to make a trap;
It took but a moment to set it;
It took a day to catch a skunk,
But it took thirteen days to regret it.

Girl—"I can't."

Mr. Cowan—"I wish you would can those 'can'ts.'"

Miss Fisher (seeing boy yawn)—"I have never seen a rhinoceros before, except in a circus."



'09 Retrospection

The local editor found a rubber band around one of the locals. It was significant, for the local needed stretching.

Teacher—"When was the Revival of Learning?"

Wheelock—"Before the last exam."

"Where is salt found?"

Ora—"In the kitchen."

Teacher (reading)—"And in a short time the 'lyre' ceased and—"

Innocent Freshman—"Oh! what did you say?"

Mr. Kizer (in English the day after test)—"Are there any here today that did not take the test yesterday?"

Mendenhall (who noticed some absentees)—"No, but there are some absent today that took the test yesterday."

Juliet Banks says that if a man holds his napkin on his right knee, what if food should fall on his left knee?

"Oh! Those City Girls."

1. Eighty-eight girls went out one day,
On a long (?) cross-country "hike";
And of all the exclamations!—
You never heard the like.
2. One girl was there with a crack in
her brain,
She called out to us once shrill:
"Hurry, girls, get off the train,
The *track* is coming down the hill!"
3. A certain girl said to the one at her
right,
When she saw a small fat sheep:
"Oh, see that little pig so white,
Lying there so fast asleep."
4. The other girl was just as far off
From the nature of things, as she;
For she exclaimed, with a haughty
scoff:
"A little white pig there never
could be."
5. She was a teacher, who came along
laggin',
And said (and she made us all
stare):
"Oh, girls, look quick, do you see
that wagon
Turn into a field!" ("Twasn't fair.)
6. One teacher, whose name I'd rather
not speak,
Remembered this being leap year;
And, taking advantage of this "Cal-
endrical (?) freak,"
Took up with a man, and naught did
she fear.
7. Off they went for a buggy ride;
We knew not when they'd return.
She did not get mad, when we called
her "bride,"
Nor the rice that we threw did she
spurn.
8. Other things happened in quick
succession.
"Oh, see the gentleman!" one girl
cried.
Another, with her usual honest
confession,
"Tis naught but a farmer," simply
replied.

—Minnie Eldred.

Why is an automobile like a hearse?
Because all are dying to get into it.

Teacher—"Name one of Ben Jonson's plays."

Edna Ross—"The Quiet Woman."
(She meant "The Silent Woman.")

Teacher—"That must have been a tragedy."

(Heard in girls' crowded cloak-hall)
—"Isn't this regular 'peach' jam?"

Freshman—"Where you goin', to joinery?"

Junior (entering Room 10, Music)—
"No to the Jawery."

Miss Fisher—"What do you want?"

Harry—"Oh, nawthing."

Miss F.—"Well, you've got it, haven't you?"

Nofsinger—"Is 'Fruyd' interesting?"

H. Wheelock—"No. It is so dry you have to drink a great deal of water while reading it."

Teacher—"Chester, look and see if 'Charles V' is in the bookcase."

(In society meeting) President—
"All in favor signify by saying 'aye.'"

Chorus—"Aye."

Pres.—"Contrary, same sign."

Chorus—"Aye."

Pres.—"The 'ayes' have it."

A smart boy at Manual has discovered that the best way to raise turnips is to take hold of the tops and pull gently.

Miss Fisher—"Howard, what are you chewing?"

Howard Richards—"Nothing."

Cush. F.—"He is just cutting his teeth."

Mabel Clement—"How do you spell catalysis?"

Harold Wheelock—"I can't spell it in the day time, I went to night school."

Miss Heyl (to a Freshman class)—
"You girls that are whispering will be up on the board in a minute."

Some one suggested that if Mr. Roosevelt goes to Africa he might have an engagement with Miss Anna Conda or Miss Allee Gator.

Carrie Alkire says you must pronounce her name with the broad sound—owl car.

A girl was trying to say that Elizabeth Karges sits right in front of the teacher, but she said, "Elizabeth sits right under the teacher's desk." Poor child!

Mr. Kizer was trying to say that heating apparatus was only recently put in churches, but he said that heating apparatus was recently put in stoves.

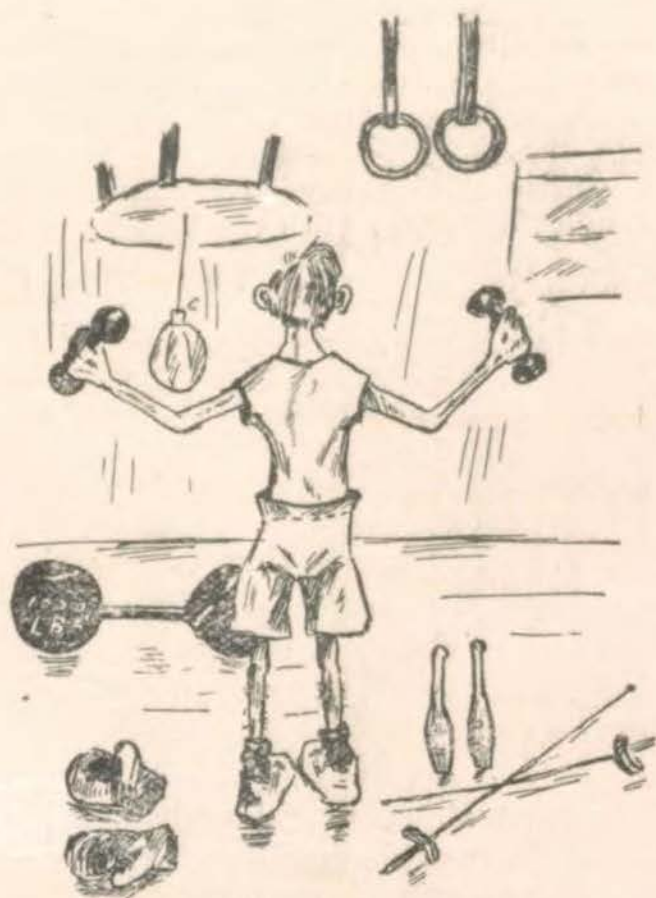
Georgia R., nearing the school—"I'm going to eat this cream-puff if I have to swallow it."



'09 Introspection

Just a few days before the twenty-seventh of November, a teacher asked Paul Rauch what the cab-rates are here in the city. Poor Paul thought it quite a joke, and said, "Well, I don't know, exactly."

The teacher added, "Oh, excuse me, but you will have reason to know before long."



A timely hint for Boys with Aspirations

We would all get a loving cup if we could run as fast as the pictures were run in Assembly of December 3.

Mr. Woods—"I shall have to spank every one of the basses and tenors."

Pupil—"I suggest a strip of court plaster."

(Beth Van Dorston) coming out of cooking room after making candy—"My! I am stuck up."

Willa—"When Henry VII was *in* the throne the people revolted."

One day Will Guernsey did not have his lesson and his teacher said she was going to have Will's psychology teacher analyze his mind. We wish Mr. Holiday success.

Translation in French—"And while he was listening to his wife, he heard his dog."

Do you know Marie Hedrick? Yes? Why do you suppose she always has so many eatables in her locker to lunch on, after the twelfth period? O well, never mind; she is just growing.

Miss Eveland in an English class—"I never could read Milton's poems without making everybody laugh, so I'll have you read. I won't butcher it, I'll let Mr. Kizer do that," (meaning, of course, read Milton).

The class was discussing the misfortunes of John Hancock, when Florence Acton turned to her neighbor and said, "Poor John."

Mary McAuliffe—"Why are you putting on your gloves before you put on your coat?"

Bessie—"So I won't have to put them on after."

Freshie (a boy)—"There were only two in our class who got "G"—me and another girl." (Was it in English?)

Mr. Davis (in Ancient History)—"Now did this happen 3,000 years before or after Christ?"

Freshie (scratching his head)—"I don't remember."

Bartlett (in Physics)—"Mr. Page, if we were in a vacuum would we swell up?"

Mr. Page—"Some people don't need a vacuum."

(After election) Mr. Cowan—"Is Leo the only one absent?"

Ora—"He's a Democrat."

Albertine—"We certainly had a hard test on bugs and insects today."

Agnes—"Oh, is that so? Well, speaking of insects, how is your aunt (ant)?"

Penny—"Why is it that Freshie's head is tied up?"

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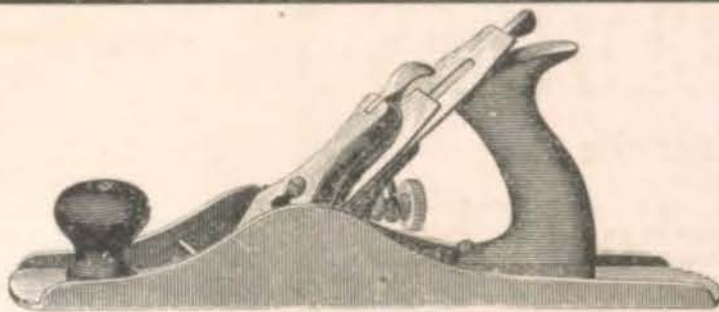
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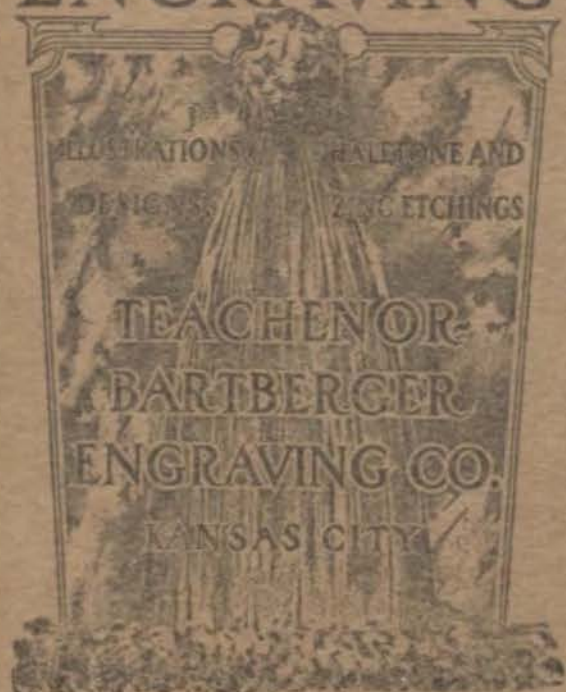
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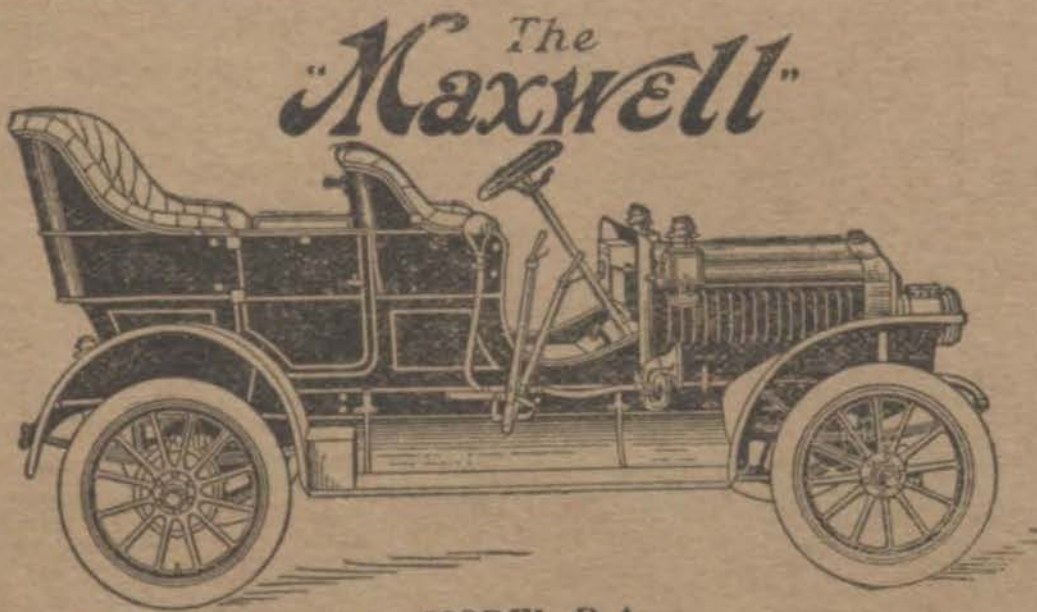
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dome more vast,
Till thou, at length, art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
by life's unresting sea.

—*Oliver W. Holmes*

VOL. XII. No. 3.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

APRIL, 1909

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THE NAUTILUS,
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The Nautilus Annual will be out class day, June 14, unless something unforeseen intervenes.

Nautilus Annual. The announcement is made in this issue

that those interested in the paper may know of the plans. The issue will be similar to last year's in size and general appearance, but here is the important point, the general appearance is not all that makes the magazine, there must be something to back up the appearance. The quality of the contents must correspond to the outside. Material is what we want and lots of it. Do not get the erroneous idea that you cannot write something good because you are a freshman—or a senior. You have studied English to learn to use it as a tool. Use it. There is no better way to employ what you have learned in the class-room than to support your school paper. Do not permit a few to dominate the paper. Teachers and editors are only too glad to offer suggestions. Those who are handy with the pen or brush should not neglect this opportunity to hand in illustrations and caricatures, and those who have brilliant ideas but cannot reproduce them should give the suggestions to one of the art editors. Such suggestions will always be acknowledged on the drawing. Do not forget that poetry makes a very acceptable contribution. All material for the An-

nual must be in the hands of the editors on or before May 14.

The sale of the Annual will be conducted as it was last year. Numbered tickets will be placed on sale beginning May 14. The number of extra copies printed will be strictly limited to the number of tickets sold. The price will be thirty-five cents per ticket as stated in the notice. Purchase your tickets early.

Those present at the reception given Mr. Woods and his successor, Mr. Riggs on the evening of January 28 witnessed something which will doubtless be recalled by them many times in the future. Manual's Glee Clubs have always shown a commendable spirit of appreciation, but this occasion has made it more manifest. The Clubs bade farewell to their leader, who has accepted a musical position in St. Louis, and welcomed to Manual Mr. Riggs, who has already shown his aggressive spirit in organizing an orchestra.

A short program of musical selections was given in Assembly Hall. Miss Ina Donnelly, president of the Girls' Glee Club, paid a beautiful tribute to Mr. Woods in behalf of both clubs. After the program, refreshments were served in the lower hall. The stage and hall were decorated with large ferns.

No centennial of any great American, perhaps, has been so widely and reverently celebrated as the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Even many Southern cities which fought so bitterly against the man, held services in his memory. Lincoln was a great man. Some in their enthusiasm have spoken of him as the greatest man since Christ was on earth. Whatever his place may be, we are glad to cherish his memory, and Manual may be proud to have been honored with a Lincoln celebration given here by the "Lincoln Circle" of the Grand

Army of the Republic. The program was an inspiration from the heralding of the "G. A. R." Color Guard by the bugler of the Third Regiment to the sounding of taps. Mrs. Evans of the "Lincoln Circle" led the school through the salute to the flag, which salutation the pupils had previously committed to memory. The "G. A. R." Quartet sang "The Flag" with a feeling that must have inspired every one with a deeper spirit of patriotism. Colonel L. W. Waters spoke of Lincoln as he knew him as neighbor and statesman. Colonel Waters is one of the few men now living, who knew Mr. Lincoln personally and intimately. The ladies of the Circle also presented the school with a handsome bust portrait of Lincoln, and the pupils showed their keen appreciation by the enthusiastic spirit in which they sang "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "America." It was an interesting feature to the young people to see about 75 old soldiers of the "G. A. R." all seated together in front of the stage.

The advent of Prof. Riggs is accompanied by a good omen. He called for volunteers for an orchestra and fifteen recruits enlisted. The enthusiastic spirit which they display at their rehearsals assures us of some fine work in the future. The school has purchased a bass viol, and Mr. Cushman has consented to play the instrument and to assume the directorship of the musicians. Success to the new Manual Training High School Orchestra! The following is the membership and instrumentation so far:

- Mr. Riggs and Mr. Cushman, Directors.
- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Mr. Frank Cushman..... | Contra Bass |
| John Law. | Trombone |
| Miles Standish..... | Drums |
| Lloyd Taylor. | 1st Violin |
| Sam Goldberg. | 1st Violin |
| Buford Williams..... | 1st Violin |
| Charles Calhoun. | 1st Violin |
| Gladys Baldwin. | 1st Violin |
| Emmett Russell..... | 2nd Violin |
| Elmer Eichenlaub. | 2nd Violin |

Hildur Rudin.....	2nd Violin
Helen Sylvester.....	2nd Violin
Herman Knabe.....	1st Cornet
Otto Jacobs, Jr.....	1st Cornet
Hazel Carter.....	2nd Cornet
Jack Haley.....	Clarinet
Colonel Hanes.....	Cello
Wilson Duncan.....	Piano

The University of Missouri Glee Club and Mandolin Club, while in Kansas City on February 3rd, treated Manual to a short but spicy program, consisting of two numbers from each club. The few selections given reflected excellent work. We may feel proud to see Robert Fairman, Raymond and Collin Lee, alumni of Manual, in such an organization.

The "M. S. U." students showed a marked appreciation at Manual's singing the M. S. U. ode, "Old Missouri," while the Glee Club and Mandolin Club were marched to the stage through the whole length of the hall, and likewise when Manual's students sang their own ode set to the tune of "Old Missouri," as the clubs left the hall.

The programs given by Manual's Societies began February 4, with the "Girls' Athletic Association." It was a pleasing variation to see something other than a play given in the short time which is allotted at assemblies. The program, consisting of folk dances, was entertaining and at the same time very instructive. Many of the students probably saw these folk dances here for the first time. The difficult "Vafa Vadmal," the national dance of Sweden, was exceedingly well done. The most novel feature perhaps was the peasant dance of Holland done in wooden shoes. The modern classic dance was quite artistic and impressive. The entire program spoke very well for the work done by the society and their chaperon, Miss Hoernig.

A very "stagey" sketch was presented February 18, by the ION's. The play was written by Arnold Hoffman who has shown his ability along this line on several previous occasions. The sketch takes for its setting the eighteenth century in Germany. Barmant, an old composer compelled by want to live with a tailor, trusts his manuscripts to a former student to sell. The latter, however, gives the manuscripts out as his own and returns to the old composer a pittance for them. The emperor, learning about the old composer, visits him, but is not convinced of the latter's ability. During a concert given by the student who stole the manuscripts, the real composer is disclosed and amply rewarded.

The play was well carried out in spite of difficulties. It was very unfortunate that two of the cast were prevented from taking their parts. Jay Ross made a very good comedian. The music given during the program added much to the quality of the play.

Members of the Daphne Society appeared March 4, in a very artistic little farce, "All's Well That Ends Well," presenting, among other things, a very significant problem, the servant in the house, or rather the difficulty of securing one for that place. One pretty feature was the poppy dance performed by girls in green dresses and carrying large red poppies. The dancers wore hats consisting of larger poppies. It occurred to us that such a head-dress would be an improvement upon the hats of similar shape now frequently worn by women, because of their combined beauty and simplicity. Eleanor Kizer played the part of an old mammy very well. The whole performance reflected the usual thoroughness which characterizes all work done by the girls.

ION Day.

Annual Visit of M. S. U. Glee Club and Mandolin Club.

G. A. A. Open Session.

The Daphne.

FINE ART



S HERBERT HARE

ARTISTS

Agnes Meyer

Paul H. Baker

TANNER, THE AFRO-AMERICAN PAINTER.

Among the modern painters who are attracting the notice of the artistic world, stands the name of Henry Ossawa Tanner, the successful African painter. He was born in 1859, a native American, son of Bishop Benj. T. Tanner of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art under Thomas Eakins. For three years he taught art at Clark University, Atlanta, Ga. He showed such great talent that a few friends encouraged him to go abroad. With their financial assistance he went to Paris and soon distinguished himself as a pupil of Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. From 1896, when his paintings received honorable mention in the French salons, up to the time that the French government purchased two of his paintings for the Luxembourg, his career has been a series of successes. He has won medals at the Paris Exposition of 1900 and the Pan-American Exposition of 1901; also the Walter Lippincott prize, Philadelphia, in 1900, and the Harris prize of Chicago. His paintings enrich the Wilstach collection, Philadelphia; the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg; the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art, and the Chicago Art Institute. He has settled in Paris for professional purposes and is there held in the highest honor by his fellow craftsmen and the art-loving public. His two paintings which have been purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg collection are entitled, "The Resurrection of Lazarus" and "The Two Disciples." Here he is found in

company of distinguished American artists, among them Whistler and Sargent.

His paintings deal wholly with Biblical subjects, and there is a kind of realism in them (therein lies their charm) which places him in a unique class almost by himself among the moderns. As Mr. Cortissoz points out in the New York Tribune, his work differs from the archaeological reconstructions of Tissot and also from those moderns who have "sought to interpret the Scriptures in paintings based largely on the aspect of life at the present time." Such painters as Von Uhde, who have "placed the Saviour among modern peasants," or Beraud, who has "introduced Him into a company of fashionable Parisians," leave the impression of somehow forcing the note of building up their scenes in a fictitious manner." Mr. Tanner, on the other hand, exhibits "an artless simplicity." He seems able, we are told, "to project himself back into the past and to paint religious subjects realistically," making his "appeal on broad human grounds, painting his sacred figures simply as men and women moving against their natural background."

Much attention has been attracted to Mr. Tanner's work by a recent exhibition held in New York at the beginning of a visit to his native country. Among his other paintings, outside of the two above mentioned, there are, "Christ and Nicodemus," "Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet," and "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh."—Condensed from the *Literary Digest*.



LITERARY

LITERATURE IS A CRITICISM ON LIFE

M. ARNOLD

F. HUMFELD

EDITORS

Mary Oldham

Harold Evans

"A MODERN MARK ANTONY."

Grace Lucille Reardon, '11.

As the train stopped at Newport station, Mark Antony descended the steps with a frown on his usually smiling face, that hinted vaguely of a gathering thunderstorm of temper. Since he was the only passenger whose destination was Newport Station, the train roared away almost instantly. Alone on the rickety board platform stood Mark Antony, surrounded by a regiment of suit cases, golf clubs, tennis rackets and fish poles.

Antony glanced anxiously around him, but he saw not a living soul. He looked eagerly into the little waiting room; but, seeing no one, sat down on the shady step to wait till some one should appear.

"Hang it all!" he muttered. "The boys are having the time of their lives up there in the mountains to-day. I promised Helen I'd run down for a week or so this summer, and of course it had to be the very week I wanted to go with the fellows. Here I've never seen her, but because she's my mother's half-sister's aunt's niece, I have to lose out on the camping party and come to this God-forsaken country to Helen Brannock's house party. She was going to meet me, but she's like all other women I suppose, never does what she says she'll do."

He drew out his watch and glanced at it with a frown. He looked around, but saw no one; so, taking his white hat from his head, and using his suit case as a pillow, he lay down to wait, simply wait. Just as he was settled, he heard a soft, low whistle, but upon starting to his feet saw nothing save a tiny white dog running towards him.

"Well, hello old fellow," Antony laughed, as the tiny white creature curled up at his feet. "It seems to me that you're about as much out of place here as I—"

He stopped suddenly, however, for he saw a young woman coming toward him. "Perhaps it's the ticket agent's wife," he thought, as he noticed her huge straw hat and gingham apron.

He rose quickly, and, as he did so, she called, "Is that you, Mr. Antony?"

"This can't be Helen Brannock!" he thought. "Yes, I'm Mark Antony," he answered; but as she drew nearer he noticed that she was very pretty, and had dainty white hands and remarkably small feet.

"Oh, Mr. Antony, I'm very sorry. Have you been waiting long? Helen was called to Chicago quite suddenly, and told me to come to meet you. Well, the truth of it is, I forgot all

about you and was out fishing when I heard the train whistle. I had no time to change my clothes, so I came just as I was. Of course you'll excuse my being so late, but you understand, don't you, Mr. Antony?" she asked roguishly.

"Yes, oh yes! That's all right Miss a—"

Genevieve Arabella Stephens," she quickly prompted. "I'm merely 'Jean' at the club house, and every one calls me that, so you might just as well begin right now."

"Very well—Miss Jean," he answered, looking at her with a queer smile.

"I think we had better hurry, for it's getting late," Jean said, looking at the fast-sinking sun. "The horse and cart are right over there by that tree, and we can carry your baggage over there in a minute."

Accordingly, Mark Antony filled his arms with luggage, while Jean insisted upon carrying the golf clubs and tennis rackets.

Soon they were jostling down the sandy road, chattering as gayly as if they had known each other all of their lives. The shadows cast by the great trees along the roadside grew longer, and the fields were bathed in the soft red glow of the August sun, when they stopped at the club house gate. There before them, in a verdant little hollow, nestled the Cozy Cove Club House. The golf links rolled away to the east; before them were two splendid sod tennis courts; while Mark caught a glimpse of the lake through the avenue of trees.

"Here we are at last," Jean cried joyfully, as they reached the club house door. "Everybody, this is Mark Antony; and, Mr. Antony, I'll introduce you formally a little later. Now, Art, you take Mr. Antony to his room, won't you please?" she asked, turning to a good-natured looking young man by her side.

"Mr. Antony, ahem!" the young man said with a broad smile.

"Well, Art Phelps! Where on earth did you come from? I'm awfully glad to see you," Mark exclaimed as the two college chums shook hands.

"Excuse us for awhile. Come along old pal!" Art called, and the two young men entered the club house.

That evening after dinner they all went for a boat ride. When they returned, and all the boats had been safely anchored, the party lingered a moment on the wharf.

"Say, fellows, let's have a boat race a week from to-night! What do you think?" Art Phelps asked as they stood looking out over the clear water.

Every one readily assented, so they decided that one week from that very night the race was to be given.

Fifteen minutes later Mark Antony sat alone in his room. "It's not so bad here, after all," he thought to himself. "There are jolly, good fellows, pretty girls, boating, tennis, golf and—Miss Genevieve Stephens. I've met them all, but I like her best. She seems to be mighty nice, but, hang it all, Helen will kick it all over when she comes, yet, I'll show her she can't run me. The boat race is a week from to-night, and I—by gracious, Jean Stephens, I'm going to win!"

* * * * *

All was bustle and excitement, one week later, at the Cozy Cove Club grounds. The small boats lay on the shore, resplendent in their new coats of paint. Mark Antony, in the interim, was greatly excited. During the past week he had grown quite fond of Jean, and now, on this very afternoon when he wanted to win the race for her sake—to gain her praise—Helen was coming back.

The race was to start at four o'clock; but at three-thirty a buzz of admiration arose as Mark Antony appeared in his white yachting suit. Quickly the crowd gathered on the shore, and one by one the little boats were launched. Just as Mark Antony stepped into his boat, a small boy carrying a large straw hat ran up to him.

"Miss Brannock has arrived and sent this hat to you, hoping you would wear it. It is the one she wore when she won the Vassar race, and she thought that it might bring you good luck." The youngster breathlessly delivered his message; then, after

handing Mark the hat, sat down on the wharf to watch the race.

"Well, of all things," Mark Antony thought to himself. "Here, I've never seen her, and she's sending me her hat for good luck; I'll not wear it!" he declared, yet, as he laid it down, he noticed that it resembled the hat Jean wore the day she met him at the train. "I'll wear it," he decided, "but I'll pretend that Jean sent it to me."

Then a pistol was fired; and, placing the hat on his head with a smile, Mark Antony rowed up to the starting point. He knew that Jean was far down the shore at the judge's stand and he felt that would be a great inspiration.

Again the pistol was fired, and the little boats shot off across the water. How evenly they glided along! Then slowly Mark Antony's boat fell behind the others. A shout arose. The crowd cheered him on, but he remained several yards behind the others. The half-mile post was passed and Art Phelps' boat was far in the lead. All of a sudden, Mark Antony seemed to wake as from a trance. He vigorously bent to his oars and slowly but steadily gained, yard by yard, till he was but an arm's length from Art's boat. Antony glanced up and saw Jean on the shore. How excited she was, yet he knew that she expected him to win. Could he? Yes, he must! Once more he bent to his task, and his strong brown arms steadily plied the oars. The two boats were abreast now, and they were but two rods from the goal. Faster and more steadily glided Antony's boat, till she was full length ahead of Art's; then with one mighty effort he crossed

the line five yards ahead of Art Phelps' boat.

A cheer arose! He had won. Yet, had he not determined to win the first night that he met Jean? There she stood now, waiting for him. As he rowed to the shore, she stepped lightly into his boat.

"Oh, Mark, I'm so glad you won. I just knew my hat——" but he interrupted—

"Your hat? Why, Jean, it was Helen Brannock's."

"Mark Antony, you foolish boy, Don't you know that I really am Helen Brannock, your mother's half-sister's aunt's niece, a favorite with the whole family?" she laughingly asked.

"Helen!" he gasped. Then seizing the oars, he rowed quickly around the bend and paused in the shade of some weeping willows. "Now, tell me all!" he demanded eagerly.

"Well, I knew you thought that you wouldn't like me, so I decided to pretend that I was this other girl. I told all the boys and girls about it, and they thought it would be a huge joke. I took great care to be late the day you arrived, and I wore those horrid old clothes on purpose. We've all had lots of fun at your expense, and I want to apologize for acting so," she said, looking at him with a repentant smile.

What his answer was no one save they themselves knew, but when Mark Antony reached his home that night he tenderly placed a huge straw hat in his trunk. Then, taking pen and paper, he wrote, "Dear Mother: Your Mark Antony has at last found his Cleopatra."

THE TRAITS OF A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN.

French Moss, '10.

First, let us see what is meant by a good American citizen. To be a good citizen one must not necessarily be too religious, although he needs a good sense of right and wrong, a sense of honor, a reverence of his God, and above all he should be honest and

straightforward in his business dealings, his home life and wherever he may happen to be.

One of the most important requirements is that he should be law abiding. He should know the laws of conduct for his city, state and country,

for the law does not excuse a man because of his ignorance of the law. Of course, common sense would tell him that it is against the law to kill, steal or commit any of those graver offenses, but he must have a knowledge of laws concerning his property, his taxes, and the management of his business.

Another of the qualities of a good American citizen, is that he be courteous. Nothing will gain friends for a man more quickly than his courtesy. His courtesy should not be reserved for his social life alone, but he should be courteous in his business transactions, on the street and everywhere else.

A good citizen will keep in touch with city affairs, state affairs, and all kinds of current topics, for this will keep him up-to-date and will make him more interested in his country's welfare. Also, when he is interested in in his country's progress and all the live issues going on at the present, he is bound to be patriotic, which is one of the essentials of good citizenship.

A good citizen will make friends with his neighbors and his business associates. There is nothing more despicable than for a man to be a stranger or an uncertain quantity in a neighborhood. When none of his

neighbors know him they will have suspicions concerning him, which they are warranted in having when a man shuts himself up and will have nothing to do with his neighbors. How much it would help him if he would even recognize them when he meets his neighbors on the street.

A good citizen should be charitable also. Although he may not own much of this world's goods, he can give some of it for charitable purposes. If he should devote some of his time to observing where there seems to be more want and distress, he will have spent his time and money to the best advantage. If some of the wealthy men of the city would devote more time and money to individual cases of distress and want, instead of to public institutions, their charity would reach much farther.

It goes without saying that a good citizen should be industrious, energetic, and not idle or extravagant. When a man will observe all these qualities he will make an ideal citizen, a good husband and father, and will have the protection of his government, the respect of his family and friends, and will be looked up to as one of the honorable residents of his community wherever it may be.

[This poem won the first prize of \$3.00 in the Rust-Craft Shop contest for the best Christmas poem. It is copyrighted by the Rust-Craft Shop, 1909.]—Editor's note.

Minnie Eldred. '10.

Merry Christmas to you and to all
whom you know,
For this is the time of the year
When sadness and sorrow and weep-
ing must go;
Heigh-ho! for the season of cheer.

Merry Christmas to those whom my
eyes cannot see,
To my friends whom I hold as so
dear,
To the friends of my friends, whose
friend I would be—
Merry Christmas and Happy New
Year.

[First prize \$3.00 for best prose tribute. Copyrighted 1909 by Rust-Craft Shop.]
—Editor's Note.

Edna Dunn, '10.

Now is the time of year when fond friends and relatives meet—if not in person, at least in greetings. To son and daughter, to father and mother, who so joyously assemble around the huge fire-place, there is no need of printed greetings. However, there are dear friends far away—dear friends who cannot join the merry circle, who cannot be welcomed with

drums and dolls and wreaths of holly and mistletoe, who cannot enjoy the gifts from the Christmas tree. To these I would send good cheer; to these I would send a greeting. To the friends who are far, yet near, I would send a happy future in the coming new year, and, in the old, blessings, joy, and—a merry Christmas.

WONDERFUL WORDS.

Joe Owsley, '10.

Mr. J. Quack Rhetoric was walking very slowly down the street. He was a decrepit, though happy, appearing old man dressed in a suit of dark reddish cloth. His back looked as if some one had stamped some gold leaf on it. He was rather crushed around the waist as if some one had drawn a belt tightly around him.

Looking up the street he saw a boy coming toward him. Instantly his face changed. He drew off his beard, and, wonderful to relate, he looked exactly like an English teacher. He no longer had that jolly appearance, but instead bore a look of fiendish glee. He stepped behind a tree and as the boy was about to pass, reached out and drew the lad to him. The boy recognized him in a second and turned pale. Then Mr. Quack Rhetoric commenced:

"There are three forms of polite usage, Reputable, National and Present. Present use is violated by obsolete and

obsolescent words, and by obsolete significations.

"Reputable use is violated by neologisms. Then there is that pernicious practice of clipping and compounding words, do you hear? Slang is a terrible bunch of words which originate among college and high school boys and other bad elements of society.

"National use is violated by provincialisms, foreign and local words. Also, always be careful of your synonyms, use clear words, don't use colloquialisms in your themes, or equivocal words. Never be guilty of tautophony, and make your sentences short, short, studiously short."

Then suddenly Mr. Quack resumed his other shape and seemed to be a harmless old man again, while the boy gasped for breath. "What wonderful things words are," he said. He acted upon Mr. J. Quack's advice, however, and got an "E" at the end of the year.

[Second prize \$1.00 for best Christmas Poem. Copyrighted 1909 by Rust-Craft Shop.]
—Editor's Note.

James Rawlings, '10.

May love be thine, may peace be thine,
Through all the coming days;
May joys increase and trouble cease
As you travel through life's ways.
May health be thine, may wealth be thine,
All through the coming year;
May Christmas noise and Christmas joys
Bring thee the best of cheer.

THE LILY.

Bee Sperry, '10.

I.

The lily's own charm is its beauty so
white,

Its structure so dainty, so fragile, so
light.

Its fragrance is soothing, is healing
and mild,

'Tis brimful of blessings for aged
and child.

II.

Its pillow the green moss of velvety
hue,

So covered with cooling and life-
giving dew;

Oh, welcome a dew-sprinkled bed of
the same,

Its purity knows not the touch of
a stain.

III.

No toiling, no spinning doth fall to
thy lot,

Thy work but to cheer at the in-
valid's cot,

A heaven-sent mission by Him who
doth mark

The fall of the sparrow, the flight of
the lark.

IV.

If sorrow and trials were henceforth
to flee,

Oh, happy our lives then forever
would be;

But destiny calls us to win the brave
fight,

And blossom and grow like the lily
so white.

TRUE AMBITION.

Emmet Russell, '10.

When the will resolves to conquer
And the soul's prepared to fight,
'Tis ambition stirs to action,
And a life becomes a light.

Let us mingle with the purpose,
Will to suffer and to bear,

That success may crown our strivings
Toward our castles in the air.

When Misfortune's floods sweep o'er
you,

When calamities press high,
Remember this—God's nearest
To the soul with purpose high.



ELOCUTION AND MUSIC



EDITORS
Ina Donnelly Marcy K. Brown, Jr.

"SAND."

Agnes I. Meyer, '09.

Delivered in Public Speaking Class.

There are thousands of men in this world who possess, not only a brilliant mind, but every other faculty which goes to make up the man of success. There are hundreds of men who seemingly possess all these attributes, but lack opportunities. There are an equal number who have the opportunities, but fail to take advantage of them. Regarding opportunity, Shakespeare says:

"Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered,

Shall never find it more."

Again:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
And we must take the current as it
serves

Or lose our ventures."

Everybody has his opportunity. Fate is not so unjust as to supply our neighbor with numerous opportunities and pass us by. Many choice opportunities go unrecognized, and, when this is so, we must not blame Fate, but ourselves. However, the man who grasps the first can easily see the others that lie in his path.

And it is after the man has seized his opportunity and started up the long hill to success, that he discovers to his delight, or despair, that he has, or lacks, that small ingredient which aids greatly in molding success or failure—sand. Sand is that sticking power which keeps the wheels of ambition from sliding backward to failure, at every slack of determination. And there are so many difficulties which mar the placid advance to success that the tracks have to be sanded continually. When a man loses his grip and has no sand he finds himself coasting headlong to failure, where despair with her pessimistic views quickly convinces him about the uselessness of his striving on, as he has no qualities that can lead him to success. At the foot of the hill the wrecks are divided into two classes. Those in the first class are on their knees praying to Success to smile upon them. The others are standing with upraised fists, cursing Success for not having smiled upon them. But Success is strong-hearted, and is moved by neither prayers nor curses.

The man who finds himself in the power of failure through accident, quickly makes use of his sand and

starts once more. Success smiles upon him, and he is drawn, by almost a magnetic ray of hope, to her domain. In fact, all the world smiles upon him. There is nothing unjust mankind admires to a greater degree, than the man who has been knocked down and who, taking advantage of his sand, ignores his fellow bad-wishers, and remounts the ground he has lost.

One of the greatest characteristics of the man with sand, is his wonderful self-reliance. He asks none for advice and is responsible to none for his advancement in the world. He does the best he can and lets his friends scoff or encourage at their will, paying no attention to either. He doesn't care what the world thinks of him, because he has done what he thinks is right. And if his fellow men do not like him, it is their loss and not his.

The man who lacks sand is the flatterer, the follower of toadyism, the man who asks all for their opinions and follows none. He usually stands at the beginning of the journey and remarks, as each man passes him: "If I had his opportunity—"

The funny thing is that we are all born with the same amount of sand. If a baby wishes to cry, no matter how concerned and horror-struck the world appears, he cries, and perhaps adds a few yells to show his in-

dependence. If a young child covets a certain toy, no amount of persuasion will convince him that he does not want it or change his determination to get it. In fact, he appears to go after it with greater zeal.

All great men have had sand. America is a good example to take, as she has had many great men in her history. If Columbus had considered the opinion of the mass, America would not have been discovered. If George Washington had toadied to the king of England and his nobles, our country would never have been free. If Lincoln had been afraid of the tongues of the world, the United States would still bear the stigma of slavery. If Roosevelt had not had sand—and a good deal—would he have exposed the skeleton in the closet of so many big interests? Would he have carved the name in history that will always stand for the square deal?

The man who has conquered success has used the greatest amount of sand, and they must be able to use the most sand for, as James Whitcomb Riley says:

I've allus noticed great success

Is mixed with troubles, more or less,

And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

THE GIFT OF SONG.

Emmet Russell, '10.

The Muses gave to the poet
The rarest of all the arts,
A priceless gem from the mountains
Of thought never sold in the marts.

The delicate whisper of breezes,
The bird's call to its mate,
And the gentle murmur of brooklets—
They gave him the power to translate.

Of the tempest's grand, wild fury,
Of the flash and roar of the storm,
And the awful clash of battle,
They taught him his ballad to form.

MY FIRST RECITAL.

Augusta Busekrus, '10.

Listen! O ye people of great self-possession. Ye, whose hearts are brave as lions, have sympathy for my story. For lo! it is the tale of the "First Recital."

Perhaps a reader of this tale is a lover who loveth in vain. He will sympathize, will if he has not, for his confusion was not less when he asked the fair maiden for her heart, than mine, when I—and thereby hangeth a tale.

Herr Professor would have it that I perform upon the piano. With fear and trembling I obeyed. With patience and long suffering on my part and on my household also, the musical selections were learned and pronounced ready for the evening. But, woe to me, my courage was not ready also. Moreover, it was my first recital. Oh, think of that ye readers! And moreover again, the pieces were of much

difficulty, with many long and finger-stretching octave passages, and in another piece the notes went in and out like a weaver's shuttle.

Behold! the evening arrived when the recital was to be. I listened to the others, who with great strength and skill rendered their selections. Lo! now it was my time. With face of courage but heart of rapid beatings, I played the octave passages. As the noise of many waters were the sounds unto mine ears (and to others). Oh! why did I try to do what could not be done? My heart burned within me and then peace fell upon it; I knew that the worst was over, and lo! with the skill of an Orpheus the tones came forth from my fingers in beauty and correctness, and the whole piece of music was woven into a cloth of beauteous harmony. Thus endeth my tale.

A CELEBRATED COMPOSER.

Helen F. Morris, '10.

Frederick Chopin was born on March 1, 1809, in a village about twenty-eight miles from Warsaw, belonging to the Countess Sharbeck. Her son, Count Frederick Sharbeck, who was Nicholas Chopin's pupil, stood godfather and gave his name to the son of his tutor. His father was then appointed professor of a newly founded lyceum in Warsaw, and the family then settled there.

During the first years of Frederick's life his parents lived in somewhat straitened circumstances, but he lacked none of the necessaries of life and enjoyed all the reasonable comforts of his age. The atmosphere of his home was not only moral and social, but distinctly intellectual. The child was very delicate and his sensitiveness so acute that in his infancy he could not hear music without crying and resisted all attempts toward appeasing him.

Before long Frederick became so wrapped up in music, which attracted him more and more and inspired

him with such a fondness, that his parents, despite his tender years, secured for him an instructor. The first and only teacher of him who became the greatest and most original master of this instrument, was Adabbert Zwiny, a native of Bohemia.

Chopin's progress was wonderful, and Zwiny thought he could do no better than to leave him at the age of twelve to his own instincts and follow him instead of guiding him. At a musicale given for the benefit of the poor, the eight-year-old Chopin played the piano, and, in the opinion of the judges, promised to replace Mozart. He became so widely known, that he was, at a very early age, a guest of royalty. Another proof of his ability was the impression he made on the celebrated Catalini, who gave four concerts in Warsaw. Hearing so much of the gifted boy, she asked to see him, and was so pleased with him and his playing that she made him a present of a watch.

Chopin began to compose soon after his lessons were commenced and even before he could handle a pen. At ten years of age he dedicated a march to the Grand Duke Constantine, who had the military band play it while on parade. His father now provided him with an instructor of harmony, but told his son that his music was not to interfere with his lessons.

Joseph Elsner was also Chopin's only teacher of composition, and Chopin seemed to have more respect for Elsner than Zwiny, yet he had a good opinion of both, for in reply to the Viennese gentleman who told him that the people were astonished at his having learned all he knew in Warsaw, he said: "From Messrs. Zwiny and Elsner even the greatest ass must learn something."

Chopin, at the age of fifteen, entered the Warsaw Lyceum, a kind of school which taught Latin, Greek, modern languages, mathematics and history. Here also, as everywhere else, he distinguished himself as a student. He was always ready for fun, and when the young folks prepared theatricals, he was their main support. He was ever ready with an improviso when any of the players forgot their part. He spent his first holidays at Szaharnia, in Mazovia. After his lengthy holiday visit he returned to his father's boarding school at Warsaw.

One day while his father was out, the assistant manager could do nothing with the noisy boys until Chopin happened along and told them he would improvise a story for them if they would take their seats. Silence was quickly restored and having the light extinguished he began as follows: "Robbers set out to plunder a

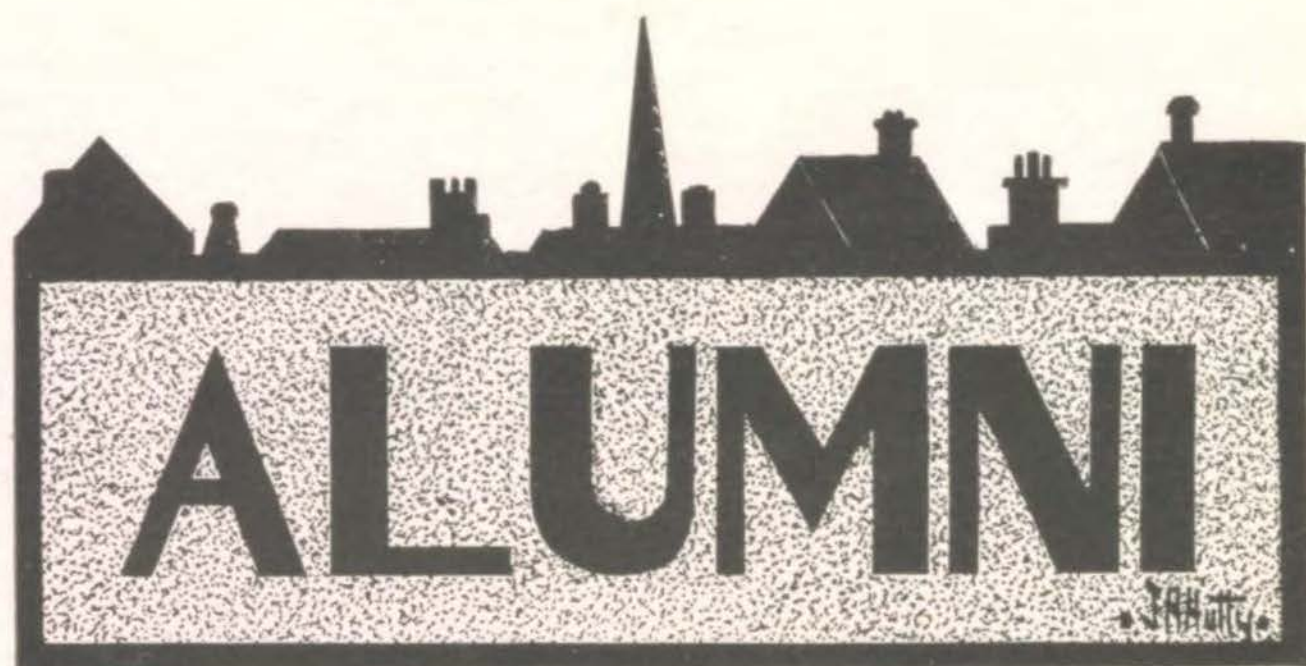
house. They come nearer and nearer. Then they halt and put up ladders that they have brought with them. But just when they are about to enter through the window they hear a noise within. This gives them a fright. They run away to the woods. There, amidst the stillness and darkness of the night, they lie down and before long fall fast asleep." When Chopin reached this part of the story he began playing softer and softer, and when he had finished every pupil was fast asleep. Chopin slipped out and told the inmates of the house, who came with lights to see. Chopin then awakened them with a crashing chord. This was one of the instances where his improvisations astonished all who heard him.

In 1825 Chopin distinguished himself by improving on a certain masterpiece. He had then attained a proficiency far beyond his years, both as a pianist and a musician. He displayed his talent before the Emperor, Alex I, who rewarded him with a diamond ring. In the same year he published Chopin's Opus I.

While Chopin was ever ready for fun, he would rather wander about "wrapped in musical meditations." He left the Lyceum in 1827 and devoted his whole time and strength to music. He spent the greater part of his life in Paris, where he died October 17, 1849.

To understand Chopin's composition one must have something of his nature and his delicate sensibility, and to understand the man one must know something of his life and country. Balzac said "Chopin's composition are his memoirs and his autobiography."

"Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gayety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but, nevertheless, dazzling, passionate and eternal form."—Plato.



EDITOR
Mabel Thornton

ONE OF MANUAL'S BOYS HONORED AT
OBERLIN.

From an article which appeared in the Kansas City Post a short time since, we learn that one of Manual's former students, Chester S. Bucher, is winning honors at college. The article follows:

"Orator, debater, track man, editor of the college paper and associate editor of his college annual. That is Chester S. Bucher of 3408 Central street, a graduate of Manual Training High school and at present a student at Oberlin college, at Oberlin, Ohio.

"Young Bucher has recently been chosen as one of the two representatives of his college in the oratory contests with the universities of Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois. The news of his selection for this honor has just reached his father, together with word from his son that he expects to try for the Rhodes scholarship at the October examinations at Jefferson City."

FRESHMEN ELECT OFFICERS.

It will be interesting to Manual's pupils to know that at the recent election of officers of freshmen class at M. S. U., Royal Fillmore presided and that Rolland Montague was chosen secretary.

COOPER MILNES BECOMES TEACHER.

We are glad to supplement the notice concerning Cooper Milnes (class '03) published in the January Nautilus, by adding that Mr. Milnes has now been elected by the school board of Evansville, Indiana, as a teacher in the manual training department of the new high school. Mr. Milnes now has three classes, one first year drawing, one second year drawing, and one pattern-making class. In a recent letter to Mr. Phillips, he says in part:

"When I arrived here I found the manual work in more or less of a confusion due to Mr. McDougle's (former instructor) leaving, but in a few days we had everything straightened out and running nicely. For a few days the boys tried me to see how far I would let them go. It did not take me long to settle the discipline question, for I had seen good discipline in Manual and I knew what it should be here."

Besides his teaching, Mr. Milnes is preparing the plans for the arrangement of the machine shop and expects to spend next summer there installing the machinery.

Manual wishes Mr. Milnes success in his new and enviable field of work.

WINS HONORABLE MENTION IN POETRY
CONTEST.

In a contest for the best poetry held by *The Savor*, the annual magazine published at Missouri State University, Miss Mary Paxton won honorable mention. Considering the keen competition and high standard in this contest, it is highly complimentary to receive recognition.

BUSINESS MANAGER ON COLLEGE PAPER.

Miss Elizabeth Nofsinger, a graduate of the class of '06, is now a junior student at Wellesley. She has recently been elected business manager on the monthly and weekly paper. This is one of the six major offices bestowed by the senior class. It will be remembered that Miss Nofsinger was associate editor of the *Nautilus* during the year '05 and '06.

STUDENTS PREPARE FOR MAY 1.

The Kansas City pupils down at Missouri State University have organized a club, for the purpose of entertaining the pupils from Kansas City High Schools on May 1st. Miss Eleanor Canny was elected treasurer of the club. This seems a splendid idea, and one that we pupils here appreciate, for we feel that it makes a closer bond between us and our alumni.

NEWS FROM KANSAS STATE NORMAL.

News was received from the Kansas State Normal School at Neodesha, lately, through Miss Nellie E. Mahon, a graduate of the class of '05. Miss Mahon is quite anxious to get a position as teacher in Oklahoma City public schools, in order that she may be near her parents. She has had three years' experience as a teacher, so we feel confident that Miss Mahon will have no trouble in obtaining a position. May she be as successful there as she has been here in Manual and as a teacher in Kansas.

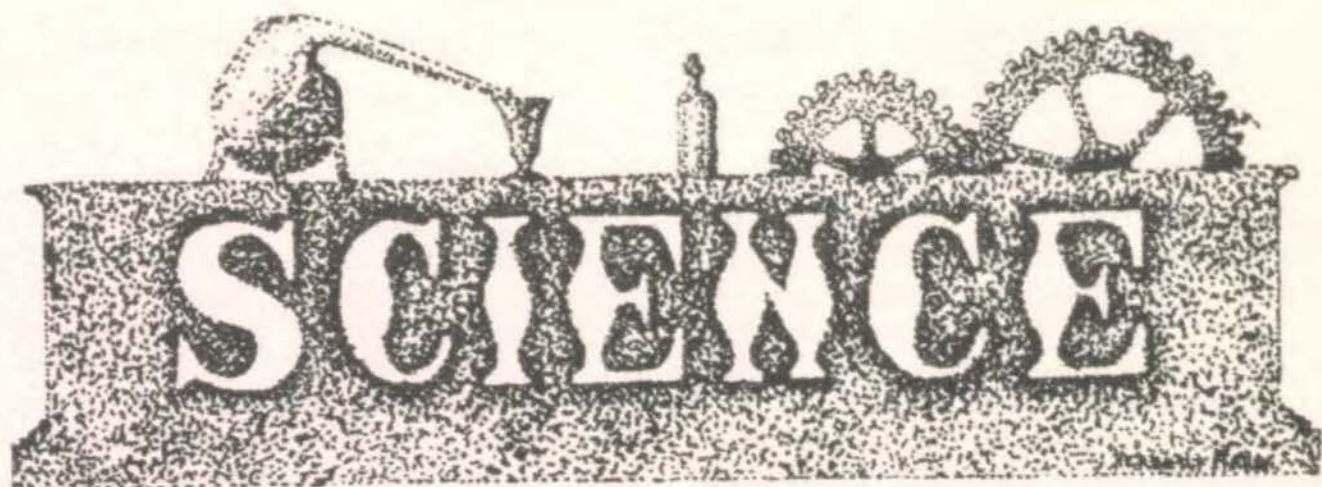
HOME FROM WELLESLEY.

Miss Sara Moffett, who has been attending Wellesley College, has returned to Kansas City and is at home to all her old friends.

REPORTER ON COLLEGE DAILY.

From the *Michigan Daily*, a newsy paper published by the students of Ann Arbor we learn that Mr. Paul Greer, who graduated from this school in 1906, is a reporter on the paper. We congratulate Mr. Greer on this honor and invite him, as well as all other brilliant Manual alumni to drop us a word. We feel confident that Mr. Greer is continuing the good work he did here.





EDITORS

Marie Hedrick

Harold Allen

SCIENCE AT MANUAL.

It seems that Science at Manual has been received favorably and with appreciable success, and, therefore, more contributions are requested for the Annual Nautilus.

Things are progressing rapidly in machine shop, and we will soon be able to see the results of all this labor. A gas engine and several electric motors are being made and special attention is being given to bevel gears. Manual has reason to be proud of her machine-shop work.

Some interesting work has been going on in Mr. Kent's classes lately. The wonders of electric welding have been explained and various persons are now experimenting along that line.

A Manual boy, Harl Bartlett, has become interested in aeroplanes and has succeeded in making one that will rise and fly for quite a distance. It is hoped that he will have greater success along this line, as he undoubtedly will.

Colonel Hanes has succeeded in making a gyroscopic clock and numerous other gyroscopic instruments, and, indeed, has been very successful.

This is a time when numerous experiments are being made to obtain a better, more substantial gas mantle. Arthur Atkinson has been working along this line somewhat, and, having read of the use of egg-shells for this purpose, he determined to try it. He took an egg, made a hole in each end and emptied it of its contents. The shell was then placed on the gas jet, it began to burn, and Mr. Atkinson

made a dash for a breath of fresh air—a martyr to Science!

Some of Manual's students have also been experimenting with wireless telephony. So far, success has been rather meager, but it is hoped that better results will follow.

AN EXCELLENT INNOVATION.

One of the most beneficial things that have been done for the good of our pupils this year is the practice of the Mathematics department in showing the correlation of the different studies with each other and the interdependence of the departments.

In the Mathematics departments Mr. Dodd requested a teacher of history to explain to the section how Mathematics helps the pupil in studying History.

The teacher in Chemistry showed a similar relation between Mathematics and Chemistry; and an English teacher explained how the English should assist in handling Mathematics—all of which illustrates that no one department is independent of another.

A special observation to be made in this connection is that the English department should not be treated as a repair shop for damaged English, by all the other departments. The pupil should not be so engrossed in his Turning or his Physics that he may ignore the use of his English. He should be thinking just as intensely about his vehicle of thought as about the thought itself.

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM OF IDENTIFYING CRIMINALS.

Alan Westerfield, '09.

In connection with accounts in our newspapers of murders and other crimes, we often see mentioned the Bertillon system of identifying criminals, or the identification of criminals by finger prints. The system as used to-day is the result of the combination of all the best plans for identifying criminals. Great improvements have been made in this science since it was first set forth in 1885, by the French inventor, Dr. Alphonse Bertillon. At that time it was called anthropometry, or exact measuring of certain dimensions of the human body and its members. The three principles on which this system is based are: the taking of exact measurements of living subjects; the diversity of such dimensions in subjects, no two closely resembling each other; and the almost absolute fixity of the skeleton after twenty years of growth. Measurements are taken of parts of the body least subject to change in the course of time, such as height, length, and width of head, length of right ear, left foot, forearm and middle finger.

Measurements of different subjects are classified into three main divisions, short, medium and long heads. Subdivisions are formed under these according to length of finger and so on. Thus an index is formed by which any desired subject can be found in a very short time. Supplementing this plan are two other methods—description, as in passports, and photography. In the description, the color of the eye, hair, the complexion, deformities and peculiarities of the body are noted. Photographs of full face and profile are taken from a fixed chair and fixed camera. The entire process, by a measurer and secretary who writes from dictation, takes five or six minutes, measurements being correct to the thirty-second of an inch. The description and photograph are put together on cards of uniform size and classified as stated above.

The system is a valuable help to the

courts of justice. It has been the means of convicting a much greater per cent of criminals than were punished under the old way. However, the system had two slight defects. One of these was the liability of two descriptions of the same subject to vary when taken by different officers. One person might not get the measurements exactly the same as those of another, and when compared difficulty would arise in identifying the criminal. Another defect was its uselessness in dealing with youthful criminals. They would be so changed after maturity that the first description would not fit.

A remedy was found for this in finger prints. It is known that the patterns of ridges on the lower side of the finger do not change beyond recognition, and that each individual has a distinct pattern. This fact, however, was not discovered by Bertillon. It was known to the Chinese long ago. The Turks use finger prints instead of writing their signatures in signing documents. The English were the first to make use of it in criminal identification. Here Bertillon found it and added it to his system. The process of taking the finger prints of a criminal is quite simple. All that is used is a block covered with brass, similar to a large oil stone, some printing ink, a roller for spreading the ink and some ordinary white paper. A little ink is spread on the block with the roller and the fingers of the criminal, one at a time, are pressed on the block and then on the paper. The ink soon dries on the paper showing the pattern of the ridges of the fingers. The prints form themselves into two classes, "whorls" and "loops," according to the patterns. Under each of these are lower divisions—thus forming a catalogued list.

The prints of a finger can be detected on clear glass or paper when a prepared powder has been spread over it. By this method the writers of anonymous letters and other similar criminals are made known.

COMMUNAL LIFE.

Kenneth Baldwin, '10.

In studying Zoology, one of the things which most interested me was communal life. Animals leading communal life live in colonies for the purpose of mutual aid and protection. The individuals work for the benefit of the community, and the community makes it possible for the individuals to exist. Man is a good example of communal life, for, while different men may be farmers, manufacturers, soldiers or trademen, each one is dependent upon the others. Honey-bees and ants are two striking illustrations of communal life among the lower animals.

A colony of honey-bees in the spring generally contains from 30,000 to 40,000 bees, or about six or eight quarts if they are measured. Of this number, one is the queen, a few hundred are drones or males, and the rest are workers. The queen lays all the eggs for the colony, sometimes laying as many as 4,000 in twenty-four hours. These eggs hatch in about three days, and then the workers care for them. All larvae from unfertilized eggs become drones, and are fed accordingly, but the larvae from fertilized eggs may become either queens or workers. If a larva is to become a queen it is fed rich albuminous pollen, but if it is to develop into a worker, it is given less nutritious food.

Five or six days after hatching, the larvae are sealed up in cells and left from seven to fifteen days. At the end of this time they crawl forth as perfect bees. If they are workers, they commence life by caring for the larvae. After about two weeks of nursing they are old enough to commence building "comb" from a wax which they secrete. From that time on they are full-fledged workers, and the labor of gathering honey and pollen, caring for the brood, building comb, and defending the hive, falls upon them. The drones do no good except to help keep the hive warm and to mate with the queen. No honey-bee works for its own good alone, everything it does being for the

benefit of the community. The colony would soon go out of existence if even one of the three or four groups of individuals should perish.

Although the communal life of honey-bees is highly developed, that of ants shows even greater specializations. Nearly all ants live a communal life and are alike in some particulars. For instance, any of the 2,000 or more species contain winged males and females and wingless workers. These winged ants simply carry on the reproduction of the colony. The workers procure food, build the nest, nurse the young and care for and protect their cattle. These cattle are small insects called plant lice, which live on the sap of plants. In order to secure a sweet fluid which the plant lice secrete, the ants carry them to green plants to feed.

In many species of ants there are, besides the regular workers, other wingless individuals, known as soldiers. These soldiers protect the community or home nest and often make war upon other communities. In some species, all the workers are soldiers, and the community lives by robbing and pillaging. They even make slaves of the conquered ants and thus do no work except fighting.



Soldier



Worker

In these robber-ant colonies there are a few large soldiers and many small ones. The large soldiers seem to be officers because they run along beside the column of small soldiers when on the march. In the cut given, the difference in the structure of two so-called white ants is shown. Large head and strong jaws are well suited to fighting, but they would be cumbersome to the worker.

RADIUM.

Dean Bush, '09.

Radium was discovered in 1898 by Professor and Madame Curie of Paris. The discovery was not accidental, but was the result of the following of certain phenomena observed in experiments. It was found that certain rays, which apparently were given off from uranium salts, came from something in, and other than, these salts. By repeated crystallizations, the uranium was separated from this new substance, which was found to give off these rays. Thus a new element in this substance was found. This new element was called "radium" from the Latin *radius*, which means 'ray.' This substance separated from uranium salts is not pure radium, but a radium salt.

Radium is manufactured from pitch blende, which is a compound of uranium and oxygen. After a repeated crushing, washing, and boiling of about eight tons of this raw material, one grain of pure radium chloride will be obtained. France has the only wholesale manufacturing plant in the world. This uranium ore is found chiefly in Bohemia, but it is also found in smaller quantities in Sweden, Canada and Colorado. Since it takes so much raw material to make so little radium, a very small quantity indeed now exists in the pure chloride form. It is claimed that all the pure radium chloride in the world to-day could be heaped on a single tablespoon. This makes it very valuable and it is now worth nearly forty million dollars a pound.

Radium is noted for its radio-activity. The rays that are emitted have been divided into three groups, namely, the Alpha, Beta and Gamma rays, from three Greek letters, "a," "b" and "g." The Alpha rays have very little penetrative power. They may be stopped by a sheet of paper or a thin sheet of aluminum. They also carry with them positive charges of electricity.

The Beta rays have a much greater penetrative power than the Alpha rays, and will penetrate aluminum quite readily.

The Gamma rays are much more powerful in penetrative power than either of the other two. These rays are very much like the X-rays, if not the X-rays themselves.

A few of its strange actions I will mention. A certain man has calculated that a certain quantity of radium after throwing off heat for 1,000,000,000 years would have lost only one-millionth of its volume. It is claimed that a small fraction of an ounce, properly employed, would provide a good light for several rooms and would never require renewal. It will also melt its own weight of ice every hour. A certain man has figured out that the energy stored up in one grain of it would raise 5,000 tons weight a mile high, and an ounce of it would drive a 50 horse-power automobile around the entire globe at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Radium rays are estimated to shoot off into space at the rate of 92,500 miles a second. Radium also has a peculiar effect on living beings. It is said that one grain of chemically pure radium could destroy the life of every one in the city of Paris, provided they were separately and properly exposed to its influence. Professor Curie has said that if he would enter a room containing a kilogram of pure radium he would probably lose "his skin, his eyesight, and his life." It has a peculiar effect on animal life, either retarding the animal's growth or causing death.

The uses of radium up to the present time are very limited. But, as experiments with it continue, there is great hope for many new discoveries and uses to which it may be adapted. It has been tried to cure cancer and diseases of a like character, but only with partial success. The most successful use to which it has been adapted, is to create gems. Taking corundum, which is a typical gem substance, and exposing it to the rays of radium, it may be converted into a ruby, emerald, or sapphire.

Radium is rightly called the "Miracle of Science" and probably opens the way to many new inventions and discoveries.

SOCIETIES

MANUAL SOCIETY OF DEBATE.

January 15.

Debate—Resolved: That a protective tariff is of more benefit to a country than a tariff for revenue only.

Affirmative, Marcy K. Brown, Jr., Arthur C. Perry.

Negative, W. Cushman Farnum, Don C. Fitch.

Oration, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Vernon K. Penny.

Extemporaneous — "The recent attitude of the President toward Congress."—Clarence H. Flint.

Two reputable and lively stories or anecdotes with the points bare, St. Clair Mendenhall.

The heating question in Kansas City, Paul H. Baker.

January 29.

Debate—Resolved: That woman suffrage is desirable.

Affirmative, James W. Schwab, Russell A. Dudley.

Negative, Harold C. Evans, St. Clair Mendenhall.

Original Oration, Russell Richards. Extemporaneous—Three bright, clever anecdotes, W. Cushman Farnum.

Wireless Telegraphy, Lewis N. Nofsinger.

Mr. Nord as a woman imitator, Harold E. Wheelock.

February 11.

Debate—Resolved: That the expectation of an event is more enjoyable than the realization.

Affirmative, Clarence H. Flint, Ralph P. Powell.

Negative, Paul H. Baker, Arthur C. Perry.

Extemporaneous — Talks on current topics by Nofsinger, Dudley, Richards and Lohmann.

February 26.

Debate—Resolved: That the two telephone companies in Kansas City, Mo., should be consolidated.

Affirmative, Paul H. Baker, Paul F. Barnes.

Negative, Edw. C. Wright, Jr., Vernon K. Penny.

The Panama Canal, Paul Rauch. Extemporaneous Debate — Resolved: That a rat is more useful to a woman than a switch in dressing the hair.

Affirmative, W. Cushman Farnum. Negative, Marcy K. Brown, Jr., followed with a general discussion by society.

ION SOCIETY.

January 15.

Debate—Resolved: That a civic center should be established in Kansas City.

Affirmative, Galls.

Negative, Stirling.

Manufacture of Glass, Don Wilkerson.

January 29.

Rehearsal for Open Session.

February 11.

Rehearsal for Open Session.

February 26.

No program reported.

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

January 15.

Worked on program for open session.

January 29.

Worked on program for open session.

February 11.

Recitation Edna Hollingsworth

Current Topic Fred Nelson

Short Story Julia Matthews

Original Oration

. Wendell Arrowsmith

Recitation Martha Nelson

February 26.

Recitation.....Vivian Tutt
 Debate—Resolved: That there should
 be a five-cent fare to Independence.
 Affirmative.....Enid Smith
 Negative.....Edward Luce
 Short Story.....Chester Bell
 Recitation.....Georgia Marshall
 Short Story.....Harrie Keneaster
 Original Oration.....Roy Guettler

O'ITA SOCIETY.**January 15.**

Lecture on Love's Horticulture.....
Agnes Meyer
 Paper on James Whitcomb Riley....
Irene Zwart
 Recitation.....Paulena Schweizer
 Reading.Mary Louise Topping
 Serial Story, Chap. V, Read by.....
Mildred Wakefield

January 29.

Paper, Life of Eugene Field.....
Lucile Phillips
 Serial Story, Chap. VI, Read by.....
Juliet Banks

February 11.

Essay on German Manners and
 Customs.....Carrie Jones
 Essay on German Peasantry.....
Hester Lauman
 Chap. VII of Serial Story.....
Juliet Banks

February 26.

Brief Historical Sketch of Germany..
Edna Ross
 Paper on "The Historical Castles of
 the Rhine".....Florence McGurk
 Selections from Stoddard's Lectures on
 the Rhine.....Georgia Riley
 Paper, "Hamburg".....
Ruth Vanlandingham
 Paper, "Berlin".....Mary Oldham
 1st Chapter of Serial Story, read by..
Hester Lauman

DEUTSCHER SPRACH-VEREIN.**D. 15 Januar.**

Rehearsal of play for Open Session.

D. 29 Januar.

1. Aufsatz—"Winter Spielen".....
Helen Burke
2. Ein—"Winter Lied".....
George Zimmerman
3. Eine Vorlesung—"Der Nordwind"
Katherine Seekinger
4. Debate—"Winter ist besser als Som-
 mer."
 Affirmative, Walter Berkowitz.
 Negative, Ralph Newman.
5. Ein Winter Spiel.....Alle

D. 11 Februar.

Namen beantworten mit einer Bege-
 benheit aus Lincoln's Leben.

I. Teil.

1. Aufsatz—"Lincoln"....Julia Eaton
2. Aufsatz—"Die Sklaverei in Amer-
 ika".....Maria Wetter

II. Teil.

1. Eine Valentine Geschichte.....
Leota Leritz
2. "Ein Liebes Lied".....
Herbert Ziegler
3. Ein originales "Valentine Gedicht"
Fraulein von Unwerth

D. 26 Februar.

Namen beantworten mit einer Bege-
 benheit aus Washington's Leben.

1. Skitze—"Washington's Kindheit",
Paul Zweifel
2. Aufsatz—"Washington als Mann".
Dorothy Stevens
3. "Kaiserlied".....Eileen Burkhardt
4. Aufsatz—"Washington und Baron
 Steuben".....Helen Burke

EDISONIAN SOCIETY.**January 15.**

"Chloride".....Gail Shryock
 "Creosote".....Robert Otto
 "The Block System".....Donald Reid

January 29.

"Oxygen".....Roy Hanks
 "Volcanoes".....Roy Steele

February 11.

"Ammonia Gas".....Lester Strother
 "Scientific Magic".....Harl Bartlett
 "Mountain Railways".....
Kenneth Baldwin
 "The Efficiency of the Steam En-
 gine".....Dennis Steele

February 26.

Worked on Open Session.

DAPHNE SOCIETY.

No programs reported.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**January 15.**

Practice for Open Session.

January 29.

Practice for Open Session.

February 11.

Quotations on Physical Education..
By Club
 Story.....Adeline Mos
 Piano Solo.....Lucile Peiser
 Anecdotes on Lincoln.....
Miscellaneous

February 26.

Piano Solo.....Clara McNeil
 Recitation.....Adeline Mos
 Improviso.....Pearl Roemer
 Basket Ball Practice.



EDITORS

Ruth Paxton Walter Berkowitz

MANUAL TRAINING.

Marshall Wiles, '10.

Manual training is a term generally applied to the use of constructive hand work in schools as a feature of the general education. It includes the work of both boys and girls in different materials. Victor Vos, director of the imperial technical school for engineers at St. Petersburg, first conceived the idea of teaching certain kinds of tool work by means of practice exercises.

Manual training was introduced in Finland as early as eighteen hundred and fifty-eight in primary schools and made compulsory in the schools for the training of men teachers. Four years later it was made obligatory in the primary schools of France. Their program for the training is very complete, but its provisions are not quite realized on account of the lack of work shops and efficient instructors. This lack is being rapidly overcome, for in Paris during one year, one hundred and twenty-four schools were equipped with work shops. Germany has done very little toward incorporating manual training with the work of the common schools. However, a large number of workshops have been established all through the empire supported by individual persons or societies. The pupils are taught after school hours.

The exhibition made by Vos's school at Philadelphia directed the educators of America to a system which they thought would be of great value to

American students. Inasmuch as only about one-sixth of the students that enter high school finish, it was thought that by means of this added manual training course, high school would become more attractive and the pupils would be less anxious to drop out and start in an apprenticeship, and the added feature would draw many to high school, who would never think of going there to get merely the academic course.

Their system has proved a decided success. By this course, students are induced to enter and finish high school and their broader education makes them worthier and happier citizens.

Manual training schools were first looked upon as being for the poorer classes only, but they have proved so satisfactory that the grade schools are introducing the work on a smaller scale. Thus every class of children, both rich and poor, realizes the benefits resulting from this work, so the manual training high schools are now patronized by all classes. Business men take the courses to enable them to detect inferiority in the different classes of workmanship, and many children who would have only plodded along at work in some store, find at school the business best suited to their individual taste, and thus become a success in life instead of a failure.

A TRIP TO THE PICKLE FACTORY.

Renetta Schweizer, '11.

One hundred and fifty girls of the Domestic Science Department of Manual Training High School, chaperoned by their instructors, spent an interesting and enjoyable afternoon at the "Horn Pickle and Preserving Factory." The various processes of pickling were viewed. We were somewhat surprised to discover that all cucumbers were salted in heavy brine for one year before being acidified, this period of time being required for the preservation of the vegetable from the action of any fermenting bacteria. The cucumbers taken from the brine have the appearance of a dried kid glove, being flat and shapeless. The salted cucumbers were placed in large vats filled with water. The water was heated to 130° F. and this temperature maintained until the vegetable had resumed its proper shape. The impurities in the vegetable rose to the top of the water and formed a scum; the cucumbers were then taken from the water and put into a cylindrical sorting machine, consisting of wooden slats, placed at varying distances apart. The largest cucumbers passed through the first section of the machine, where the spaces were largest; those next in size through the second section, where the spaces were smaller; and so on until all had been sorted. The cucumbers were then placed in vinegar and, after standing ten days, were ready to pack for market.

In making sweet pickles, the salted cucumbers were placed successively in three spiced sweetened vinegars, each one sweeter than the preceding one. They were allowed to remain in each of these vinegars three or four days and were then ready for market. Our attendant kindly allowed us to sample the pickles, which we found very tasty.

If dill pickles were desired an ex-

tract made from the dill plant was added to the vinegar.

Another interesting department of this factory was the place where sauerkraut was made. Cabbage was first sorted and any discolored leaves were removed. The heads were cored by machinery, then placed in another machine containing twelve circular saws, which shredded the cabbage into circular shreds. The shredded cabbage was put into large vats, each vat having the capacity of one carload of cabbage. A large man weighing over two hundred pounds stepped into the vat and stamped the cabbage until it was well packed. The man wore over his own shoes a pair of rubber boots, and large wooden shoes over these boots. The wooden shoes were from eighteen to twenty inches long, about ten inches wide, and from four to six inches thick. The vat was filled within a foot of the top with a thin brine. Four barrels each containing five hundred pounds of lead were placed on top of the cabbage. The temperature of brine was maintained at 90° F. for two weeks. This brine prevented the decay of the cabbage, but allowed a certain amount of fermentation to take place. After the two weeks the sauerkraut was ready for market.

Although this factory is obliged to send north for much of its cabbage, as cabbage grown where the nights are cooler is sweeter and firmer than that grown in Missouri, still the home manufactured products can be sold cheaper in the market than kraut manufactured in the North and shipped here, as the freight rates on raw material are less than on the manufactured products.

Catsups, chili sauce, vinegars and syrups were seen bottled for market. Therefore let Manual girls now use home manufactured products.



THE AXE HANDLE.

Clarence Falls, '10.

How little the average American citizen appreciates the modern luxuries of this age! How little he realizes the troubles and worries it has taken to make them! The average citizen never thinks of the making of the small but useful article, the "axe handle." This is one of the smallest of modern utilities, but a description of its making may not be uninteresting.

In the forests of Arkansas and southern Missouri the old hickory tree has lived a peaceful life for many years. While this old inhabitant of the forest is in this peaceful state, the wood chopper comes and fells him to the ground. At this point an end is put to his helping build the forests and a beginning is made to his usefulness in the commercial world.

From the forest the old hickory is taken to the saw mill where he is sawed into pieces which are best fitted for making the finished article. From there the material obtained from the old master of the forest is shipped to the factories, where it is made into the useful article, the "axe handle."

After the material reaches the factory it is first stacked up in the store rooms. The examiner then goes around and sees whether the wood is green. If it is green he sees that it is placed in the drying room, where it dries very quickly. If it is sufficiently dried it is started on its trip through the mill. The first place the stock reaches

is a large buzz saw, and it is here that most of the straight edges are taken off. After it leaves this machine it is in a rough condition, and is taken to the lathes.

The lathes are by no means the common hand lathes, but are of the automatic type. The tool is the shape of a buzz saw, only the teeth are set at angles and are from a quarter to a half inch in width. The machines have patterns set in them in such a way that they are the means by which the tool is guided so as to get the handle the right shape and size. One man can easily look after three of these lathes.

The material is taken from the lathe to a smoothing machine, which consists of two large fly wheels with a canvas belt stretched between them. This belt is covered with a coarse sand which removes the roughness of the handle. From this machine the handle is taken to another one of the same type, excepting that it has a belt with a finer grade of sand. After the material leaves the second smoothing machine, it is ready for the last one, which is on the same order only it uses the ordinary beeswax instead of sand. From here the handle is taken to the packing room and crated.

At this point the axe handle has a great jolt forced upon him when he finds that, after all he has been through, he is sold for the small sum of fourteen and seven-twelfth cents.

A MANUAL TRAINING SUCCESS.

Fred Nelson, '09.

Franklin Fort did not differ from most boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age, except in that he had a little more common sense than the average boy, a fact which all seemed to recognize and which brought for him the "dub" title of "Old Soc," which was considered a very ideal abbreviation for the ancient Socrates, and if not exactly a beautiful "nick" was at least a token of their appreciation.

And now the time had come when he must decide to which high school he should go. His course in the graded

school had not been a trail of triumphs; the very problems which many of his fellow-pupils finished with ease were for a time troubles and puzzles, but in the end conquests.

In discussing the various merits of the different high schools, his parents did not take into consideration the question of social relations and where the more desirable were to be found, but their investigations were to find out the high school which offered the best opportunities to the son of the average man. Franklin, too, realized

that his future was in his own hands and that after his schooling his time would be taken up, not by social obligations, but by making his own way. So it was soon decided that Franklin should attend the new Manual Training School which had only recently been finished in the town, a decision which was exactly in accordance with the wishes of Franklin.

In the high school Franklin found things quite different from anything he had ever known before. Every teacher was proficient in his or her respective department, and they were not called upon to handle fifty entirely different personalities in at least seven different studies. Perhaps it was that very fitness of each to his position that made Frank's shopwork and studies a round of pleasures instead of a constant dodging of questions.

Time passed quickly for Frank in his school work, for he soon became absorbed in it, and was suddenly awakened by the coming of vacation time, which had come upon him only too soon. Vacation time, to some boys, means a continual round of pleasures, but to Frank it meant a seemingly endless chain of duties, with only an occasional link of pleasure to remind him that the better side of work is the occasional relaxation. The one gleam of sunlight with which he maintained satisfaction with himself was the thought of getting back to school.

At last school opened and Frank continued with the work he had found so agreeable, finding even more pleasure in it than before, for new things were given him to master and other machinery was his to conquer.

Thus it was, all through his four years of high school work, each year became one of even more interest than the one preceding, the problems and studies differing a little each year, but hand and brain were equally well trained.

In cases where persistency was the chief qualification for success, Frank was on an equal footing with any boy, and it was this very persistency which made him all the more determined to try for a prize essay after his first attempt had been a failure, and perhaps this same point in his character made

him successful in his second attempt.

Franklin seldom saw any of his school mates of earlier days, a number of whom had gone to other high schools because they thought manual training would be so dirty, and then, too, they would never need any manual training in the future, expecting of course to become men of the "high finance" class immediately after finishing school.

After graduation, Frank, instead of taking the usual course of seeking a job in a bank or a clerkship in a department store, accepted a small but promising job in a new, modern, enterprising machine shop. In this new shop Frank found an outlet for all his practical knowledge, and, although his hints were often taken as jokes, when carried into effect invariably proved successful. Soon his advice was asked instead of taken as a "kid's" wild guess which might be correct. Before many months he was given a small department to manage, more as an experiment than anything else, but which in time proved a success, for his keen insight soon began to save the company worry, time, money, and labor.

Before a year, Franklin found himself running a branch shop of the larger plant with the management of bids for work and labor all under his own care. It was this feeling of responsibility which, instead of weighing him down, as it does most men, spurred him on to more study and harder work.

One day while on a shopping trip (which, by the way, were the trials of his life), preparatory to a trip to a neighboring town which wanted bids for the machinery necessary for a Manual Training school, Frank saw one of his early school friends behind a counter gracefully measuring ribbon for a lady customer. This friend was one who had scorned the idea of ever needing manual training.

Seeing this old friend called to Franklin's mind, the time when his parents and he himself had made their wiser choice. All in all, the success which seems to follow Frank confirms him in his opinion that he will never be sorry he took all the manual training he could, his only regret being that he had not had a higher course in it.



EDITORS

Gladys Dancy

Otis Grant

BASKET BALL.

The Manual-Central series was a very unsuccessful ending of a hitherto highly successful season. The result was unfortunate, because it left the supremacy undecided. If Manual had been defeated fairly, we would be the first to admit it, but we hated to lose the decision after having played rings around our opponents. However, as Mr. Phillips said recently, when he publicly praised the boys for the splendid and manly way they conducted themselves throughout the season, the team has won the most desirable prize. They have played scientific basket ball and have at all times been loyal to their coach and manager.

Each team won one game, and the third promised to be the climax in brilliant playing. The highest expectations were fulfilled; the game was a battle royal, but unfortunately the handling of the game by the officials was very poor.

Umpire Anderson had been warned to watch certain players for fouls. He was so intent in his surveillance of a few crimson-shirted youths, that Central fouled continually without being caught. The official score-keepers were greatly excited and at the end of the extra five minutes were unable to tell who won. Three-quarters of an hour later they conceded the victory to Central.

In contrast with the work of the other befuddled officials, the work of

Referee "Phog" Allen deserves commendation. The twenty-five hundred screeching rooters affected him as much as though they were in Arabia. Allen was always sure of himself and always was master of the situation.

The series showed plainly the work of an individual star against a well-organized team. Only a wonderful break in luck saved the star from defeat. Central hadn't even a mediocre team, but she had a magnificent player.

The most loyal Manual rooter couldn't help showing his admiration for the game fight of "Red" Brown. His team mates fumbled, fouled and missed the basket, but Brown was as sure as death.

In the last five minutes of the last game came the supreme test. Manual depended on her team work; Central depended on Brown. Brown knew Central depended on him alone to win, yet he was as cool as the proverbial cucumber. Luck, no doubt, helped in shooting those two goals, yet anybody can't do it. In praise of his work, we can but echo the words of an excited Manualite, uttered at the close of the third game, "We'll give it to you, Brown. You're all the candy."

The players that formed Manual's scoring machine were among the best in the city.

Captain Koenigsdorf has served faithfully at center for three years and

will be on the team next year. Ill health bothered him considerably and often he played when in very poor condition. His jumping ability at center added greatly to the team's work and played a prominent part in Manual's victories.

The position at right forward was filled exceedingly well by the demon Bracken. His great work against Central has found for him a warm spot in the hearts of Manualites. Bracken, it will be remembered, shot that last goal just as time was called.

Tommy Moffett played an excellent game at left forward. Tommy never played to the grand stand. His work was always steady and reliable, the kind to be depended on. In the Manual-Central games he easily surpassed Brown in free throwing.

To Lee Montgomery fell the difficult task of guarding "The Central Wizard." Lee acquitted himself nobly. His greatest ability is in handling the ball. He shoots swiftly and accurately with either hand and can catch anything he can get his hands on.

At left guard was the speedy Ralph Powell. "Pauley" combines speed and certainty in guarding with accuracy in goal shooting. He is only a junior now and next year should easily be the best high school guard in the city.

Following is the record of the individual players for the year:

	Goals	Free Throws	Fouls
Bracken R. F.....	54	1	55
Moffett L. F.....	33	123	23
Capt. Koenigsdorf C..	27	1	45
Montgomery R. G....	14	0	47
Powell L. G.....	18	0	36

THE SECOND TEAM.

While praising our victorious first team, we should not overlook their brilliant young understudies. The second team defeated several teams from small high schools and also the second teams from larger institutions.

ShIPLEY, PERRY, SHELBY, SKINNER and the Jewells form a team equal if not superior to Central's first team, with the exception of Brown and Bidwell. Several of these youngsters will have a chance next year to show their prowess against the Blue and White.

The second team usually played preliminary games to the first team, but occasionally they ventured out on a tour of their own. There is a story of how they invaded the metropolis of Cameron, Mo. But now it is our purpose to praise, so we will not repeat the disgraceful tale.

The team served its purpose in developing young players and also providing amusement for the young idea.

ODE TO OUR BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Lucile Phillips, '09.

'Twas a fine team of ours,
That team of '09,
That so splendidly played
And won, time after time;
Every boy of the team
Was to Manual true,
So to each of these chaps
Highest honor is due.
There is Koenigsdorf, who
As captain so great
Withstood bruises and blows;
To give up he did hate.
There was Moffett; of course
We will not forget him,
For the ball in the basket
He would toss with a vim!
Next comes Bracken, oh, my!
He was always so swift,
And the way he would play
Showed he has a rare gift!

But if Powell had not
Been as good as the rest,
Then the team would have failed
When 'twas put to the test.
By all means, please remember
Our valiant Montgomery—
In his own quiet way
He preserved unity.
Three cheers for them all!
Never mind if perhaps
They did lose a few points,
They've naught to recall.
Don't think for one moment
One boy made the score,
For with us, 'tis the *five*
We will praise, more and more.
Now Manualites, ready, and for the
team yell;
Yell louder, and louder, for they have
done well!

DANCING.

Ethel M. Madick, '10.

Dancing is an outward expression of an inward emotion by means of rhythmic movements. It has been found in one form or another in all nations, from the most civilized to the most barbarous. It is the oldest form of ceremonial worship. Man gave expression to the feelings of his soul and the thoughts of his mind by means of rhythmic movements before he had the power of speech. These rhythmic movements also preceded music. Dr. G. Stanley Hall says that "Dancing is the mother not only of music, but of poetry." The Greeks formed poetry, music and dancing into one art. The Grecian mother sang to her children songs relating the praises of the gods, the achievements of the heroes and the history of past ages, and, as she sang, she taught them a dance descriptive of her subject.

Being an art, dancing is divided into two parts—that in which the inward emotions are given expression and that in which the mechanical movements are executed. A person may perfectly perform all the movements of a dance, but, if he lack that beauty of expression which comes from the soul, his dancing is as void of meaning and charm as is that music played by a person whose soul is not in harmony with what he is playing. We might admire the player for the dexterity of his fingers, and so might we admire the dancer for his agility, but we would not be uplifted—our souls would not be stirred by a sense of beauty. It is these mechanical movements, wrongly called dancing, which are seen on the stage to-day and which have so degraded the name of dancing.

By many, dancing is called a pleasure of Satan. But the violin was once called a "Satanic instrument," and now it is regarded as one of the most inspiring musical instruments in the world. No change was made in the violin; the change was made in the minds of the people. Surely there could have been no sin in the dances which thrilled the souls of the greatest na-

tions of the world in past times and which formed no mean part in the lives of our ancestors!

Those interested in the subject look forward with eagerness to the time when this slumbering art will be awakened, and they feel that the time is not far distant, since national folk and classic dances are already becoming popular in gymnasiums. Among the most popular of these dances are the Sailor's Hornpipe, the Highland Fling, the Jaleo Espagnole, the Vafva Vadmal, and the Peasant dances of Holland and Germany. The movements of the Hornpipe, which is the favorite dance of the English sailors, are in imitation of a sailor's duties. He is represented as hoisting sails, weighing anchor, and sighting for ships in the offing. The Scotch have such a passion for dancing that they often walk several miles, after the toil of the day, to enjoy the wild and excited Highland Fling. The Vafva Vadmal is a Swedish dance representing weaving, which is one of the chief occupations of those Northern people. The Jaleo Espagnole, like all dances of Spain, is simply irresistible, and requires much turning, bending and graceful swaying. The peasant dances of Holland are very brisk and energetic; the clattering of the wooden shoes adds much to the interest of the dancing. The movements of the Grecian or classical dances are slow, graceful, and expressive, and in any attitude the dancer should be a fit subject for statuary.

It is hoped that the United States will help in this renaissance, or awakening, by adding to the long list of national folk dances one which will be distinctly American. When the awakening comes, the waltz and the two-step, which have been called "wretched relics" of dancing, will be supplanted in the modern ball-room, by real dancing. Then it may be more truly said, than it has been said in the past, that "dancing is the chief joy and the highest expression of life."

TRACK.

Following are the meets in which Manual will participate:

May 1, Missouri High School meet at Columbia, Mo.

May 8, M. V. I. A. A. meet at Elm Ridge, held under auspices of Kansas City, Kansas, High School.

May 15, K. U. Freshmen meet at Lawrence, Kansas.

May 22, Duel with Central at Elm Ridge.

The Chicago meet will be held sometime in June. Only a few of the best athletes will be entered.

Manual's prospects are excellent for a victorious team. Captain Schwab, Craig, Campbell, Kanatzar and

Koenigsdorf are a collection hard to beat. These with Perry, Powell and Farnum and a small army of youngsters should add considerably to our collection of trophies.

One of our boys, Porter Craig, has been trying his ability in the boulevard runs held by the K. C. A. C. A watch and medal tell of his success. Judging from what he has done and his willingness to train, we believe that he is without an equal in the high schools of the West, for any distance from one-half mile up. He and many of his team mates are expected to set new records in the meets this spring.

BASE BALL.

Manual's Base Ball team faces a situation that causes true sportsmen to exult—a battle against odds. With but four old men on the team, we are on the eve of a contest with the best high school teams in the West. Our opponents are: Central, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Kans., and our old friend, Westport.

On Westport's admittance into the Mo.-Kan. league Manual generously overlooked the old grievance. Having Westport on the schedule makes the title "Champions of Western Missouri" a reality. Heretofore, after Manual had defeated Central, the fact loomed up that she had not defeated Westport. Manual starts the season with the championship to defend and hopes of winning a pennant.

Most students regard being a member of a team as merely a great honor and do not consider the athlete's sacrifices. No condition connected with a school calls for as great a sacrifice on the student's part as playing on a team. All other ambitions must be put aside, and many pleasures must be denied.

When the game is close and the loyal rooters are cheering, the athlete is happy. This occurs one day a week. Five other days the player must practice. Practice! Practice! Practice! until he revolts at the very mention of the word. Practice when it's too cold; practice when it's too hot; practice when he

is tired; and practice when his arms are so sore he cannot throw across the diamond. Then when he is worn out he must study until midnight so he can stay on the team.

And all for what? That his school can win. What is his reward? Indifference if the team wins, abuse if it loses. When the season is over he does not even receive a sweater to show that he worked for his school's good. His picture does not adorn the walls of his school. No one even sees that he gets an "M."

Yet people can't understand why an athlete gets discouraged, why he refuses to try for the team. The least a school can do is to support her athletes. Though a school receive medals for literary work until her cases are overflowing, just as long as she does not encourage her team, just so long does she lack school spirit. A school that must read the newspaper to see who won is too mean for a team that ever won a game.

Stand by your team! It fights hard for you!

The schedule for the season follows:

Wentworth Milt. Acad. At Lexington	Mar. 27
Leav. at Leav.	April 3 . . . April 24
Warrensburg Normals at Warrensburg	April 9
K. C. K. at home	April 10 . . . April 27
Westport	April 13 . . . May 1
Centra!	April 17 . . . May 8



EXCHANGES

Olive M. Thomas

EDITORS

Viola Humfeld

Paul Rauch

Let us make the exchange department a matter of special interest in the High School papers. Not one that the students will turn to as a page of jokes, but where the interest will be in seeing the criticisms as well as the compliments passed on the papers of other High Schools. We could not give a criticism on all the papers in the little space we have, so from some we will take a few witty sayings, and in this way a number of our exchanges will be represented.

It is very reassuring for the Nautilus to receive such a note of praise as the following from Dr. A. Ross Hill, President of the Missouri State University: "I am struck with the fine appearance and numerous good articles in the Thanksgiving Nautilus. It is certainly one of the best high school publications that I have ever seen."

We wish to congratulate the St. Louis Central High School on editing a paper such as *The High School News* every month. All the departments are complete and well gotten up.

The Westport Herald ranks among the best of our exchanges. It has an exchange department full of many good jokes. Although it may add greatly to the value of a paper not to have any advertising, yet if the quality of the paper has to be sacrificed for lack of money, we think that a business manager ought to be put to work "chasing" ads.

The commencement number '08½ of *The Trident* is a first-class paper. The heading for the Alumni shows that you must have some artists in your school. The drawings "All in Fun" are also very good.

The March number of *The Fleur-de-Lis*, St. Louis University, is worthy of careful study. The poetry in it is particularly good and appropriate. The stories are interesting, and upon the whole this magazine is a worthy model.

For biography, oratory and solid reading matter, *The Westminster Monthly* of Feb. '09 is an excellent issue.

"THE UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN."

Speaking of yellow journalism, perhaps the deepest shade that has come to our notice is a late issue of the *University Missourian*. The issue was published as a "stunt" by the M. S. U. department of journalism. It is complete in every particular, even containing a chaperon column, where consolation is given out by the yard to discouraged and disgruntled lovers and other incapable persons. The paper publishes on the first page the picture and story of a beautiful (?) woman who figured in a sensational breach of promise suit involving \$75,000. The entire matter is original and reflects a great deal of spirit. The staff showed foresight in printing the issue on yellow paper, for white paper would surely have taken on that color long ere age produced it.

Tiger, your cover design is very conventional and artistic. Your paper is a convenient size, but why not have your jokes together and under a special heading?

The February issue of *The Royal Purple* is a great improvement over the January number. Your exchange department is full of clever criticisms.

Will some one of the M. T. H. S. of Indianapolis please satisfy our curiosity as to the representation of the cover design of *The Mirror*, January number? Your illustrations are all good.

Herald, Atlantic City H. S., your locals are good. Couldn't you inspire some of your literary students to contribute some good selections for your literary department?

Could you reduce your paper to a more convenient size, *H. S. Oracle*, Hutchinson, Kans? The exchange department is exceptionally good.

The Oak has a good showing in the way of literary selections. However, we do not admire your jokes.

The Student Lantern is as good as ever. The valentine verses are all good. However, could your paper be of a more convenient size? It would be more easily handled.

The cover of a magazine should be the exponent of its character. It would be a difficult task to design a proper cover for certain magazines, but *The High School Register*, Omaha, Feb. '09, was a success in this respect.

CLIPPINGS

There was an old man so benighted
He never knew when he was slighted;
He went to a party
And ate just as hearty
As if he'd been really invited.

—Ex.

There was an old man from Dundee
Who used to eat sand in his tea,
Till he woke with a shock
To find that a rock
Had formed on the inside of he.

—Ex.

Mistress—"Did the fisherman that stopped here this morning have frog legs?"

Mary—"I don't know, mum, he wore long pants."—Ex.

She was a student at Vassar,
While he was a Princeton man,
And during the Newport season
They gathered a coat of tan,
Which caused unlimited wonder—
Knockers cried "What a disgrace,"
For each of the pair was sunburned
On opposite sides of the face.—Ex.

The goat peered into the yard. It was Monday and he was hungry. "I'm starving," quoth he, "but I must do it."
"Do what?" inquired a stray horse.
"Take in washing," said the goat as he broke through the fence.—Ex.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

A lawyer was defending a man accused of housebreaking, and this was his plea in defense of his client: "Your Honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, gentlemen, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed only by one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses." The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.—Ex.

"Papa, will you tell me one thing?"

"Yes, my son."

"If crows were to hold a meeting and swear at one another, would that be what they call a caw-cuss?"—Ex.

The Kid—"I want another box of pills like I got for mother yesterday."

Doctor—"Did your mother say they were good?"

The Kid—"No—but they just fit my air-gun."—Ex.

Farmer—"I have seen snow three feet deep around here."

H. S. Student—"That's nothing, I've seen it over my head."

Farmer—"O, g'long, I don't believe it. When?"

H. S. Student—"Just look up any time it snows and you will see it over your head."—Ex.

THE PERILS OF THE TIME.

"Chug-chug!

"Br-r-r! br-r-r!

"Honk-honk!

"Gilligillug-gilligillug!

"The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

"He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motor-cycle from another, an auto truck was coming from behind and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

"Zip-zip! Zing-glug!

"He looked up and saw directly above above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

"There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole, just in time to be run over by a subtrain."—Ex.

Pupil No. 1—"What do they teach Latin for, anyway?"

Pupil No. 2—"Just to give some teacher a job."—Ex.

A Southerner, hearing a great commotion in his chicken-house one dark night, took his revolver and went to investigate. "Who's there?" he sternly demanded, opening the door.

No answer.

"Who's there? Answer or I'll shoot."

A trembling voice from the farthest corner: "Deed sah, dey ain't nobody hyah 'ceptin' us chickens."—Ex.

Lives of flunkers all remind us

We may flunk while we are here,
And, departing, leave behind us

Goose eggs on the register.—Ex.

LOADED FOR FAIR.

"Isn't it funny? When he was alive he used to get loaded on a highball."

"Well?"

"And when he died he was loaded on a bier."—Ex.

WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE FELLOW.

Teacher: "Keep on counting, Chauncey. What comes after seven?"

Chauncey: "7, 8, 9, 10, 10, 10."

Teacher: "Yes, what comes after ten?"

Chauncey: "Jack, Queen, King."

—Ex.

CATCH ON?

Miss M.—To-morrow we will take the life of Sir Walter Scott. Please come prepared.

Rita—"Why is Mr. Kodak so glum looking?"

Nita—"He and Eleanor have just come out of the dark-room where he has evidently developed a negative."—Ex.

She (in a friendly tone)—"Are you going to take supper anywhere to-morrow night?"

He (eagerly)—"Why, no, not that I know of."

She (serenely)—"My, won't you be hungry next morning!"—Ex.

Rasmus—"What did der ghost say ter you?"

Rastus—"How ye tink I know? I never learned de dead languages."—Ex.

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said the dentist to the patient, "I intend to stand outside to draw the tooth."—Ex.

The good woman had just returned from church and found her husband dozing in the hammock.

"John," she said, "you should have heard the new minister this morning. He has a splendid delivery."

"So?" inquired the drowsy John; "how many did he strike out during the game?"—Ex.

Butcher—"Come, John, be lively; break the bones in Mr. Jones' chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John (briskly)—"All right, sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's legs."—Ex.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

"There!" growled Mr. Suburbanite, as he stored the snow shovel in the farthest corner of the basement, "ding you, I won't have to wrestle with you for a few months, anyway!"

Turning suddenly around in the dark, he fell over something that gave forth a nerve-tearing rattle and click. With a wild shriek, he fled up the cellar stairs before the lawn mower could catch him.—Ex.

Ella: "Belle told me that secret I told you not to tell her."

Stella: "She's a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her."

"Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."—Ex.

Bridget—"Why, Master Tommy, whatever is the matter?"

Tommy—"I've put my hand in the hot water."

Bridget—"Sure, thin, it serves you right. You should have felt the water before you put your hand in it."—Ex.

SHAKESPEARE ON BLUFFING.

To bluff is nothing;
But to bluff safely; our fears in our
teachers
Stick deep, and in their royalty of na-
ture
Reigns knowledge that should be
feared; 'tis much they know
And to the profound wisdom of their
minds
They have a daring which doth make
them do
That which they wish. There are none
but them
Whose quizzes I do fear; for under
them
My bluff cannot sustain me.—(Adapted
from Macbeth.)—Ex.

Husband—"You must marry again, dearest, when I am gone, and that will be very soon."—Ex.

Wife—"No, Edward; no one will marry an old woman like me. You ought to have died ten years ago for that."—Ex.

THE WEEK'S EXPERIENCE.

The year had gloomily begun
For Wm. 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
Wed.

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said: "No,
Thur."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die."
His soul went where they say souls
Fri.

They found his gloves and coat and hat,
And the coroner upon them
Sat.

—Ex.

Old Lady (who has given a tramp
a nickel): "Now, what are you going
to do with it?"

Hungry Hobo: "Wall, ye see, mum,
I'd like to buy an automobile, but there
wouldn't be enough left to hire a chauffeur,
so I guess I'll get a schooner. I
kin handle dat meself."—Ex.

Teacher: "Johnny, use the word
'debate' in a sentence."

Johnny: "When I goes fishing I
spits on de bait."—Ex.

Teacher—"Why were you tardy
Johnny?"

Johnny—"School began before I got
here."—Ex.

LOCATED.

"You say that the cook assaulted
you?" inquired the judge.

"He did—kicked me, your honor."

"Where did he kick you?"

"In the pantry."—Ex.

"Oily to bed, and oily to rise,
Is the fate of a man when an auto he
buys."—Ex.



EDITORS

Lucile Phillips

Harold R. Wing

Lester—"Why is it that some people can float and others can't?"

Mr. Page—"Because some people keep their mouths shut and others don't."

Lester—"Then that is the reason most girls cannot float."

Mr. Peters (in Physiology)—"John, how many times in a minute does your heart beat?"

John (without thought)—"My heart beats seventy-two times in a man and eighty times in a woman."

Mr. Peters—"So you pass it around, do you?"

Nofsinger (in English)—"March has come in like a sheep and will go out like a lamb." Better read up on "old sayings."

Mr. Bainter—"Let's take up the 'B' part of that problem."

Small Voice—"Here's where we get stung."

Miss Jenkins—"Ida, give your syllogism."

Ida—"The microbe is an animal, man is an animal; therefore, man is a microbe."

Mr. Page—"Jupiter has eight moons."

Murphy—"Then the inhabitants have to sing, 'The moons have their eyes on you.'"

Mr. Kizer (talking of "Thanatopsis")—"I don't care if all the kings in the kingdoms die—that doesn't console —(pause)

Georgia (tearfully, but emphatically)—"Well, I do."

Pupil (in exam. on Cromwell)—"If Cromwell had served his God as he had served his king, he would not have been forsaken in his hour of need." Note—Cromwell beheaded his king.

Mr. Davis—"What did King James I wish to do to win the good-will of Spain?"

Ralph—"He wanted to marry his son to the infantry (Infanta) of Spain."

Roy Steele says the "Ancient Mariner" is absurd. Such a sense of the ridiculous!

The following example was given for metonymy in third-year English class—"The boy was trying to find the jelly jar." (Unconscious prevarication, eh?)

Mr. Dodd—"Now, is that any plain-er?"

Beth—"No, I'm going home and wash my hair."

Hester L. (translating in German)—"In this chair sits Goethe, who died many years ago."

In Political Economy, the teacher in asking the class if it needed to know more about exchange said—
"How many are short on 'exchange'?"

Harold E.—"I'm short on change."

Susie, coming into cooking, dropped all her books on the floor outside the door.

Miss Stewart—"Don't put your books down until you get into the room, girls."

Miss Van Meter—"Pupils, you should all be Rockefellers in acquiring knowledge."

Arthur Brady—"If we got it as he got his fortune, we would have to get it crookedly."

Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur" and Rider Haggard wrote "She." If Rider Haggard had been Lew Wallace, who would "She" have been? "She" would have "Ben Hur" (been her).

THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER EATEN CREAM-PIE WILL
NOT APPRECIATE THIS



SEEN ALMOST ANY SUNNY DAY BETWEEN 14th LYDIA
AND M.T.H.S.

Teacher (in history)—"Enumerate the six wars England fought with Spain."

Mendenhall—"One, two, three, four, five, six."

Miss Drake—"Are boys naturally lazier than girls, Charles?"

Chas.—"I never was a girl."

The janitors are beginning to complain of the gum in Miss Fisher's waste basket.

Zelma (speaking, of course, of the play at the theater)—"Are you going to 'The Devil,' Otis?"

Otis—"Yes, I am going, but not now."

Mr. Chase's glasses are so weak that he hunts for them when they are on his nose.

(Translating in German)—"They carried their arms in their hands."

Mr. Sterling—"I enjoy taking tramps into the woods." (We wonder what he does with them.)

The "A. L. S.'s" are getting a fine museum. They have some French Moss and an old Bell (Chester) and also a southern officer, viz.: a Georgia Marshal.

(Heard in English Essay)—"Again the man dies."

Miss Fisher—"In German there are two words for eating, animals 'fressen' and men 'essen.'"

Clarence—"What do women do?"

Miss F.—"I suppose they have to cook, the same as in English."

Mr. Kizer—"How would this do for a logical definition? Matter is anything that occupies space, as a hole in the wall."

Mr. Kizer—"Miss Chase, which one of Pope's poems did you find?"

Miss Chase—"The Looking-Glass."

Mr. Kizer—"Quite natural."

Mr. Peters (in Physiology)—"Is any one going to have chicken between now and Monday?"

Freshie—"I am."

Mr. P.—"I would like for you to bring me the drum sticks, the wings and the thigh."

Freshie (in a whisper)—"How greedy!"

Mr. P.—"I only want the bones."

"A TOAST."

Here's not to the girl
When she gets a kiss,
Runs and tells her mother,
But here's to the girl
When she gets a kiss,
Smothers it with another.

—Baker.

Note—Wonder who the girl is?

Mr. Cowan—"Is there any one in here who is interested in photography?" Cushman (indicating Mary Louise)—"Yes."

Florence (when moving a skeleton in drawing)—"Say, girls, that is the heaviest man I ever lifted."

Burma (pointing to her elbow on which is a long scratch)—"I fell on my head last night."

Flint (hearing that noise in water was greater than in air)—"Is the noise as bad to fishes as to us?"

Mr. Page—"Never saw a fish with ears like mine." Nor have we.

Mrs. Elston—"The young nobleman cut a curl from her hair."

Vincil (aside)—"He wouldn't have to cut it off nowadays; he could pull it off."

Mary Louise—"Not by your Uncle Dudley." What do you think of that for an exclamation?

Teacher—"How many ribs have you?"

Fred—"I am so ticklish I never could count them."



Mr. Kizer says that when we die, some of us will go where we won't want to come back and others go where they won't let us come back.

Juliet Banks—"I wish we O'itas could do something really bad."

Agnes Meyer—"Why?"

Juliet B.—"So that it would get into the Post and when we read it we could all look bored (board)."

Miss Gilday (at the close of a class)—"Lecture free; all welcome."

Mr. Burnet (at the end of the hour)—"Now, I've done all the talking."

Pupil (who had been whispering)—"Not quite."

Cush.—“Why don't you order oysters?”

Brown.—“I don't enjoy oysters unless I shoot them myself.”

Helen (reading an essay)—“Now isn't ‘the high school boy,’ used in this sense, plural?”

Mary Louise.—“No, I think not, although I will admit that most of them think they are plural.”

There was quite a commotion in the hall. “What is the matter?” asked a teacher.

“Oh,” said Fred Nelson, “just a bunch of girls”; then “they are loose in the hall, getting ready to go to Loose-Wiles.”

A teacher was asking his pupils how many had heard a cuckoo. One girl raised her hand, but when he asked her if she really had, she said “Oh, I thought you meant heard of a cuckoo.”

A teacher, in trying to get a good translation, in a certain class, received these answers:

“I don't think I can translate that.”

“I haven't looked at it since last night.”

“I know all but the first word.”

“I'll try reading it at sight.”

“I couldn't get any sense out of it.”

DID SHE AGREE WITH HIM?

Teacher.—“Do you think the ‘Essay on Man’ is interesting?”

Ina Donnelly.—“I think it is very lofty.”

Teacher.—“No wonder; it is on a very interesting subject, isn't it, Miss Donnelly?”

Teacher.—“Miss McKim, have you your lesson?”

Elizabeth.—“No, sir; I left my book at school, so I couldn't get my lesson.” And she wondered why they laughed.

Mr. Hayes.—“What is an angle?”

Bright Freshie.—“An angle is a three-cornered triangle.”

How dear to our hearts is the price of subscription,

When any dear reader presents it to view.

Of him who'll not pay us we shirk from description,

For perchance, dear reader, that one might be you.

Anne.—“We had ground hog for breakfast this morning.”

Addie.—“Ground hog! Mercy! You don't mean it!”

Anne.—“Yes, we had sausage.”

Mr. Chase (in Geom.)—“All the absentees bring up their excuses.”

Ethel Williams.—“A parallelogram is a figure having all four sides parallel.”

One day at school Russel Richards brought some Divinity (?) to pass around. It was of a dark brown color; had nuts stuck in it irregularly, about two inches apart, and when held up to the light, the substance looked like smoked glass; but the girls all gathered around, and smiled, and ate. Funny, isn't it?

Gladys.—“I have such a headache that I can see stars.”

Helen.—“You would make a good astronomer.”

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Miss Fisher.—“Helen, will you not talk so much? You will take cold with your mouth open so much.”

Mr. Kizer (in an examination)—“There's the ten-minute bell; now you have time to gather up the frayed ends.”

Long-faced Senior.—“Mine certainly is unraveling.”

Mr. Burnet—"Do you say 'children' or 'shildren'?"

Pupils—"Children."

Mr. B.—"I bet you don't know what you say."

Teacher, speaking of a solemn occasion, "Oh, it was so solemn, it made one tremble from the toes down."

One time, during the game in which our basket ball team played against that of Bles Academy, there was quite a scrambling over the ball, and a Bles boy, upon sitting on some one, was heard to say, "Excuse me." Fact!

We consider we have a great addition to our orchestra, because Mr. Cushman and a large bass viol have just enlisted.

Mr. Kizer—"Why is English called the mother tongue?"

Richard—"Because she uses it most of the time."

Mr. Burnett—"You have to learn the style in French, just the same as any other style—as wearing a rat."

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble locals. Therefore, keep your head filled with locals.

The way to hold girls in check is to dress them in plaid.

Some one was telling Mary Oldham of the new recruits to a public speaking class, at the beginning of the new term—"Yes, and Russel Richards came in, too," the girl remarked.

"Oh, I wish I'd stayed," said Mary.

•WHAT NEXT•



If people adopted the method of eating spherical concentrated pellets instead of a square meal, it would sound funny to say, "Won't you come and eat pellets with me?"

Girl (on a cold day)—"Mabel, won't you hold my paw and warm it?"

Mabel—"Your paw (pa) is too big for me to hold."

Miss Gilday—"Once I ran across a man in the jail —," then, "well why are you laughing?"

St. Claire Mendenhall was sitting in the Study Hall doubled up like a jack-knife, when Miss Gallagher, approaching him, said, "What a position! You couldn't spend an evening with me!"

Miss Fisher (in French)—"Parlez, monsieur."

Pupil—"Bow! Wow! Wow!"

Miss Fisher says a girl said, in telling about Benjamin Franklin, that he was the son of a chandelier.

"Pet bears are so clumsy" says one of our men teachers, "having feet almost as big as men's."

The day after we received our cards two of our Senior girls went up to the Assembly Hall and played "Last Hope."

Mr. Swanson's interpretation of our principal's monogram—"E. D. P." "Every Detail Perfect."

Ralph Newman—"When can the adjective 'a' be used with a plural noun?"

John Sloan—"It never can."

Ralph—"O, yes it can. You can say a-men."

Fred—"I met a girl the other day with Miss Hazen's disposition."

Mildred—"I wonder where she got it."

Mother—"I am sorry to hear that Tommy Smith tied a can to a poor dog's tail. You wouldn't do such a thing, would you?"

Bobby—"No, indeed, mother."

Mother—"Why didn't you stop him, Bobby?"

Bobby—"I couldn't, mother. I was holding the dog."

"ALL IS VANITY."

When Florence Acton whipped out her powder rag for one final touch, as she started down the hall, Mr. Phillips, who was passing, imitated her most excruciatingly.

Did you ever think of it? Sheepskin is fast disappearing on account of the demand for it every year by the universities, colleges and high schools. In case no more of this valuable material remained, there would be no more diplomas, there would no longer be a reward for the persevering students who toil four years with that prize in view.

Miss Fisher (in Latin)—"What is the meaning of 'mirror'?"

Oren—"Looking-glass."

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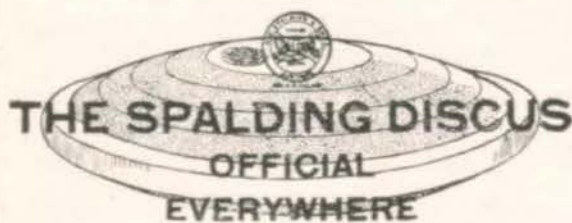
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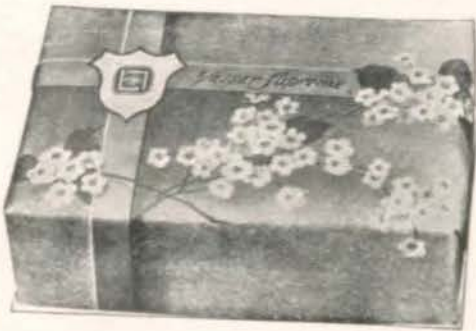
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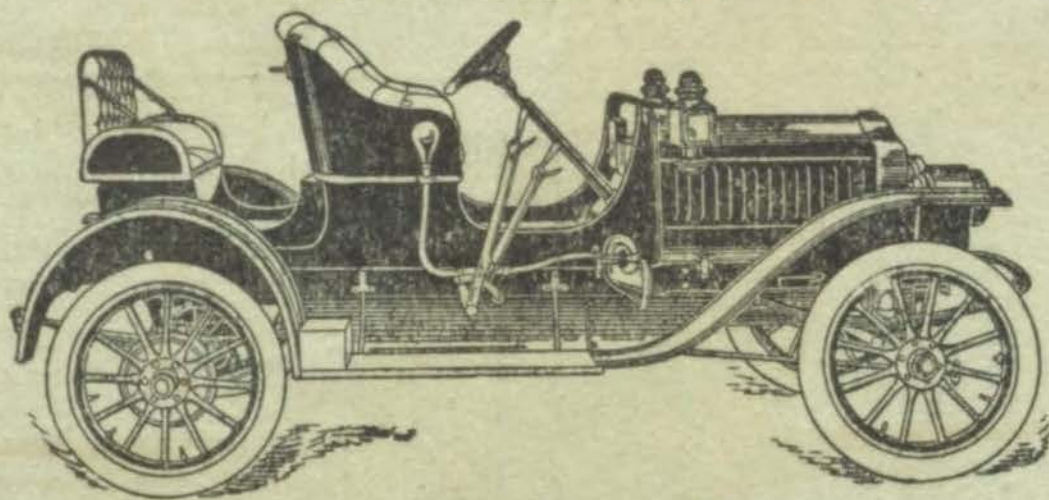
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NAUTILUS

ANNUAL



RUSSELL DUDLEY

VOL 12

1909

NO 4

MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL

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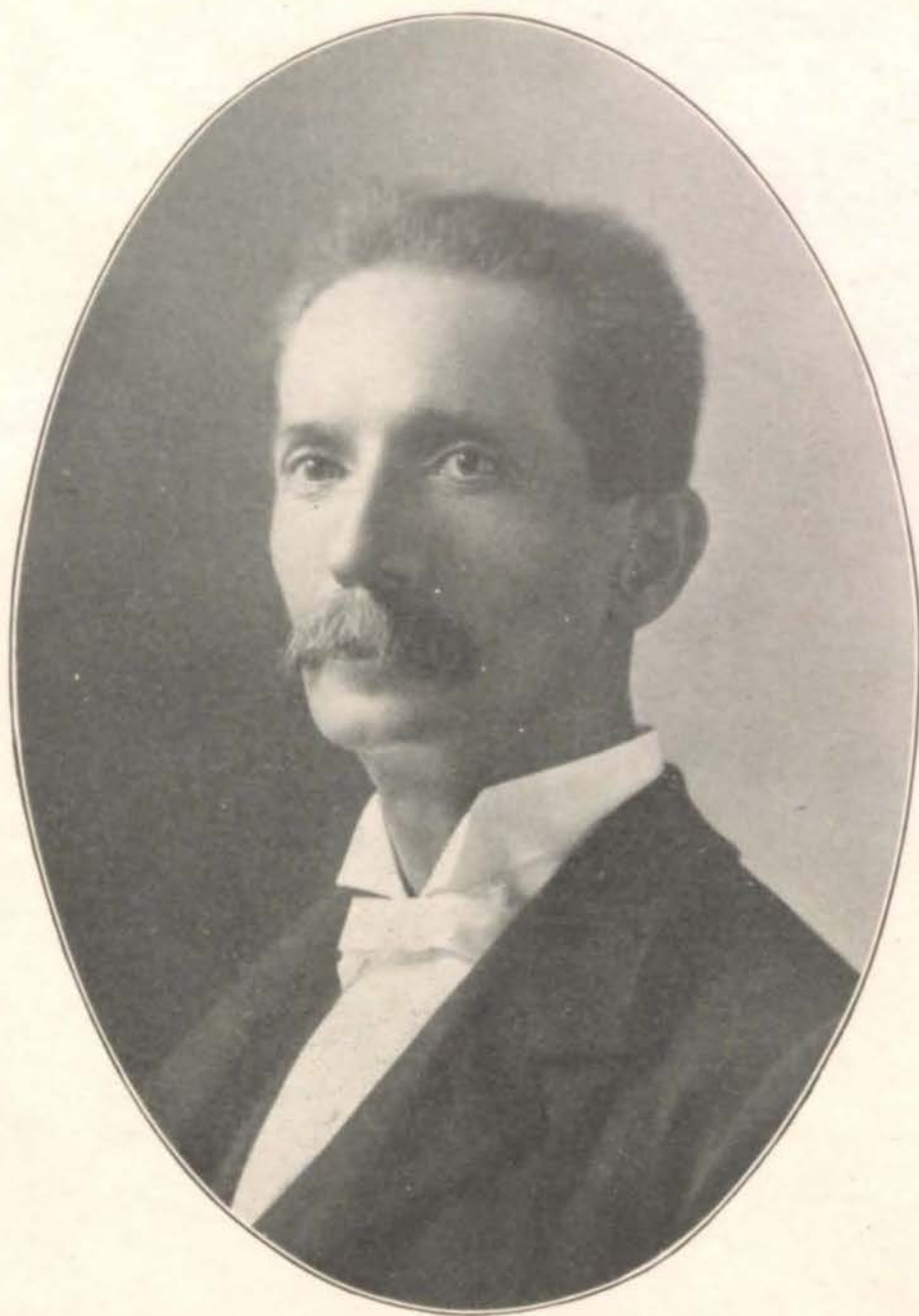
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DEDICATION

To the eminent Seniors of 1909, this book, the Annual Nautilus is dedicated. When you shall have passed forever from the halls of your Alma Mater into the ever-changing current of busy life, may you find in these pages, perennial pleasure in living again the happy scenes of student life at Manual.

Agnes I. Meyer.



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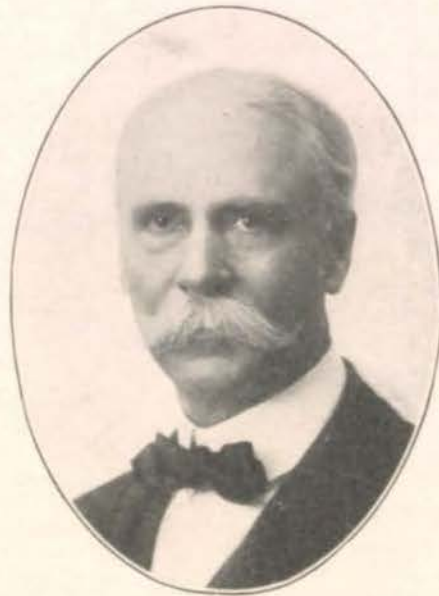
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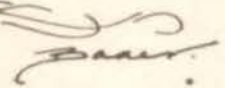
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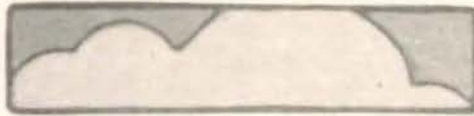
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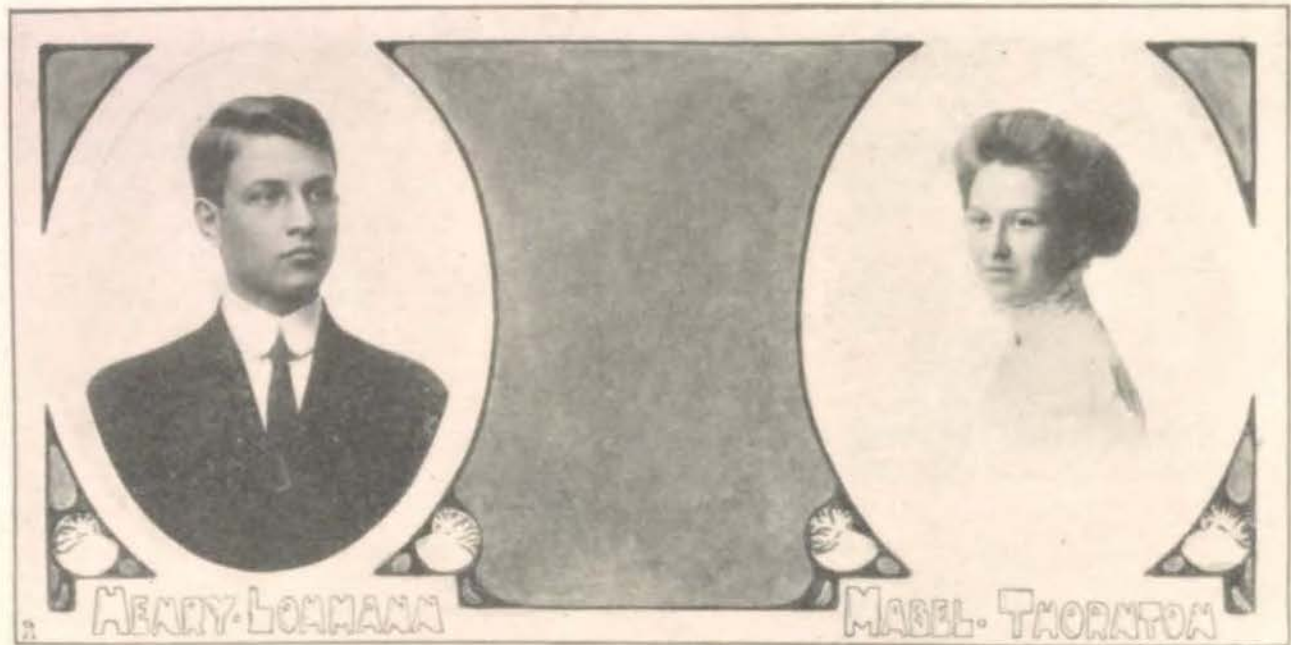
THE NAUTILUS



Build thee more stately man-
sions, O, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave the 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*

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL, KANSAS CITY, MO., ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, AT KANSAS CITY AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.



HENRY LOHMANN

MABEL THORNTON

The designs entered in the Annual cover contest this year were pronounced very excellent by the judges. **The Annual Nautilus Cover Design.**

The committee on awards composed of Mr. Hupert, superintendent of drawing in the public schools; Mr. H. Wood of the Star, and Mr. Teachenor, of Teachenor-Bartberger Engraving Company, awarded the first prize to Russell Dudley, '10, and the second prize to Miss Hester Lauman, '10. Honorable mention was given to Wilmot Heitland, '12, and Agnes Meyer, '09. These prizes of \$20 and \$5 are given annually by Mr. William Smith, a loyal Manual alumnus. The design,

while similar to that of last year, is worked up in a different way, and makes a simple, yet artistic and pleasing cover page. The lettering deserves special commendation.

In presenting the Annual, the staff wishes to thank every one who has in any way contributed to make this year's volume of the Nautilus a success. After all, it is the whole school which makes the magazine; the staff only gathers and arranges the material. In this matter, we have endeavored to serve our trust with the best of our ability and therefore offer no apology. We owe much to the faculty for their kind assistance, especially the teachers in the art department.

It is a good thing to be given the opportunity of hearing some of America's great educators; it gives one a chance to learn how potent a thing knowledge is. It was a great privilege, therefore, to listen to Dr. William Goss, Dean of the Engineering Department of the University of Illinois, who came to Kansas City to speak to the Illinois Alumni. Dr. Goss spoke on the importance of a thorough education before entering into active business life. Character and attainment are two requisites for success, and both are acquired through a slow process. There is too great a tendency among young men to get into the whirl of business, without sufficient training. There is plenty of time; the problems in engineering are by no means exhausted. In fact, great economic problems are just being developed, which the engineer of to-morrow will have to struggle with. Dr. Goss was greatly pleased with the work done here, especially the manual training, and it may be inferred that his visit had much to do with Manual's being placed on the approved list by the Engineering School about two weeks later.

Manual was well represented at Columbia this year. The track team carried off the banner for the largest score by a lead of three points. Otis Grant, Manual's representative in debate, came away with the \$125 Freshman scholarship. Miss Beth van Dorston represented the school in Essay; while her composition was a splendid one, another was judged better. Manual may well feel proud of the showing our representatives made at Columbia.

On March 18, the A. L. S. presented "Kentucky," a sketch written by Miss Lillian Schreiber. The A. L. S. appear to have a distinctly Southern taste, for their plays usually depict Southern life. Kentucky has to do with a pretty Southern girl whose only fault is her desire to ride race-horses. The occasion is a party given at Colonel Har-

wood's home in honor of his daughter, who has just returned from Vassar, but the plans are destroyed by the arrival of Kentucky, who is the colonel's niece. The play closes with an account of an exciting race which Kentucky has ridden at Louisville. Fred Nelson took the part of the colonel very well. The negro characters interpreted by Lynwood Smith and Martha Nelson were also well portrayed. The Sal Jones quartet furnished some good music.

The German Club departed from the usual custom this year and gave an evening entertainment instead of furnishing an *Unterhaltung*. Assembly program. The change was made on account of the Henry R. Seager contest in oratory and recitation, which was held on March 27.

Mr. W. H. Seager, who offered the prizes, presided. The contest was witnessed by a large audience, and the enthusiasm displayed by the spectators should insure even a greater success next year. Mr. Walter Berkowitz won the \$10 prize in oratory and Miss Marie Munz carried off the prize for best recitation. The entire program was well carried out, especially so considering that it was conducted in German. The program follows:

Part I.

- Oration, "Martin Luther" Eldon Henry
- Oration, "Baron von Steuben" ..
.....Walter Berkowitz
- Recitation, "Gerettet".....Marie Munz
- Recitation, "Aus dem Kampf um Rom"
.....Augusta Busekrus

Part II.

- Sketch by members, "Aus dem Jahre 1870."

The Edisonians' program this year might be termed a scientific joke. Indeed, had it not been so it would have been a farce. "Our Chance" was given on April first, on which day every one should be foolishly inclined, even scientists. Albert

Grant, as "Lord High Gazabo" was well illuminated. Gail Shryock, alias "Punguy," was hardly as serious as one in navy blue might be expected to be, but he was a good clown, which, of course, he should have been. To many it is still a mystery how the inside workings of the "funny-graph" were installed. The class in millinery showed knowledge of the latest styles in their decoration of coal hods and dish pans. The feature which brought forth the most applause and laughter was Harry Jewell's performance of the sailor's hornpipe in imitation of the G. A. A.'s.

The Inter-Society and School-at-Large Contest, Manual's annual pay entertainment, was held on April 2. The entries this year were of an unusual quality and the competition was very close. Marcy K. Brown, Jr., of the Debaters won the gold medal for best oration, and Miss Paulena Schweizer, of the O'ita's won the recitation. The A. L. S. carried off both silver medals; Mr. Fred Nelson in oratory and Miss Bertie Hawes in recitation. The occasion was also the first public appearance of our orchestra. The work done showed the progressive spirit of the organization, for they did splendid work considering the short time which they have been together.

PROGRAM

- CHAIRMAN OF THE EVENING,
JUDGE W. O. THOMAS.
- GRAND ENTRANCE OF THE CONTESTANTS.
- MUSIC—MARCH.
"The Cop's Club" (Otto Fessler)
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
- ORIGINAL ORATION.. "A Champion of Liberty"
MR. FRED NELSON, *American Literary Society*
- RECITATION..... "Tobe's Monument"
MISS BERTIE HAWES, *American Literary Society*
- ORIGINAL ORATION..... "Heroes That Failed"
MR. ERNEST ELLIOTT, *School-at-Large*
- RECITATION.. "The Going of the White Swan"
MISS ZORA EVANS, *School-at-Large*
- ORIGINAL ORATION..... "Thomas Jefferson"
MR. MARCY K. BROWN, JR., *Manual Society of Debate*
- MUSIC..... "Ebb and Flow" (King)
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
- RECITATION.. "The Boy Orator of Zapata City"
MISS PAULENA SCHWEIZER, *O'ita Society*
- ORIGINAL ORATION. "Forgotten"
MR. EMMET RUSSELL, *School-at-Large*

- RECITATION..... "King Robert of Sicily"
MISS LILLIAN MUELLER, *School-at-Large*
- ORIGINAL ORATION.
"The Political Mission of Puritanism"
MR. RANDALL M. DORTON, *Ion Society*
- MUSIC..... "Laugh, Boys, Laugh" (Bullard)
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' GLEE CLUB
- MUSIC..... "Come, Gentle May" (Wagner)
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' AND GIRLS' GLEE CLUBS
Mr. Bertrand E. Riggs, Musical Director
- Announcement of the Decision of the Judges and Awarding of the Medals

The sketch "Le Retour," presented by the O'ita's on April 15, was a return in more senses than one, for the O'ita's always have something artistic and entertaining. Miss Georgia Riley wrote the sketch and also took the principal part admirably. "Le Retour" is the story of a girl whose father, a musician, disappeared when she was but a child. Later her mother dies and she goes to live with an aunt. When Violet grows to be a young woman she is inspired by a dream to become a great musician. Plans are made for her musical education abroad, but her father suddenly reappears. The scene is a birthday party in honor of Violet. Miss Paulena Schweizer made a very good Topsy. The pantomime given by six of the girls was very pretty and well executed. The performance was a very finished production

The 'Debaters,' instead of giving a debate this year on April 29, presented a dramatization of Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," by Cushman Farnum and Russell Dudley. The play was presented in two acts and was well staged. Brown, as the villain of the play, did some splendid amateur acting. Lady Mary, the feminine character of the play, was taken by Vernon Penny, who acted this difficult role with great skill. A Freshman remarked that Lady Mary had a bad cold, which probably accounts for the masculine tinge in her voice. Farnum took the part of Monsieur Beaucaire. This play was somewhat heavier than is usually attempted in such a short time, but it was well done and reflected faithful work by the cast and Miss Gilday, under whose direction it was given.

Even to those intimately connected with high school education, it is astonishing what progress the idea of manual training has made since the first Manual Training School was built in St. Louis in 1870. So important has manual training become in the high school curriculum that numerous associations have been organized in its interest. During the week of May third to seventh, two of these organizations convened at St. Louis, one the Western Manual Training and Art Association and the other the Missouri Association of Applied Arts and Sciences.

Manual was represented at this convention by Miss Hazen, of the domestic science department. Miss Hazen is a member of the Missouri Association, and it is to her, that we are indebted for this report.

The Missouri Association was formed in 1908, and the meeting at St. Louis during May was the second big convention. Numerous papers on the important phases of manual training were read and discussed. Dr. C. M. Woodward, Dean of the Department of Engineering at Washington University, outlined the growth of manual training in the United States. Dr. Woodward is the father of manual training in America. Comparisons of the manual training in America and in Europe were made by Professor Ankeny, of Missouri State University, and Professor Morrison, principal of McKinley High School of St. Louis. Dr. Ankeny gave a graphic report of the International Industrial Congress, which he attended in England, last summer. Professor Morrison, who was formerly principal of Kansas City Manual Training High School, defined the positions of America and Europe to be this: The trade schools of Europe are superior to those of this country; but the combined academic and manual training schools of America completely outclass those of Europe.

An important topic to be discussed was college entrance credit in manual training. Up to the present time, students from high school have had much trouble in obtaining credit for their manual training work, but the universities are beginning to recognize the culture value of this high school work.

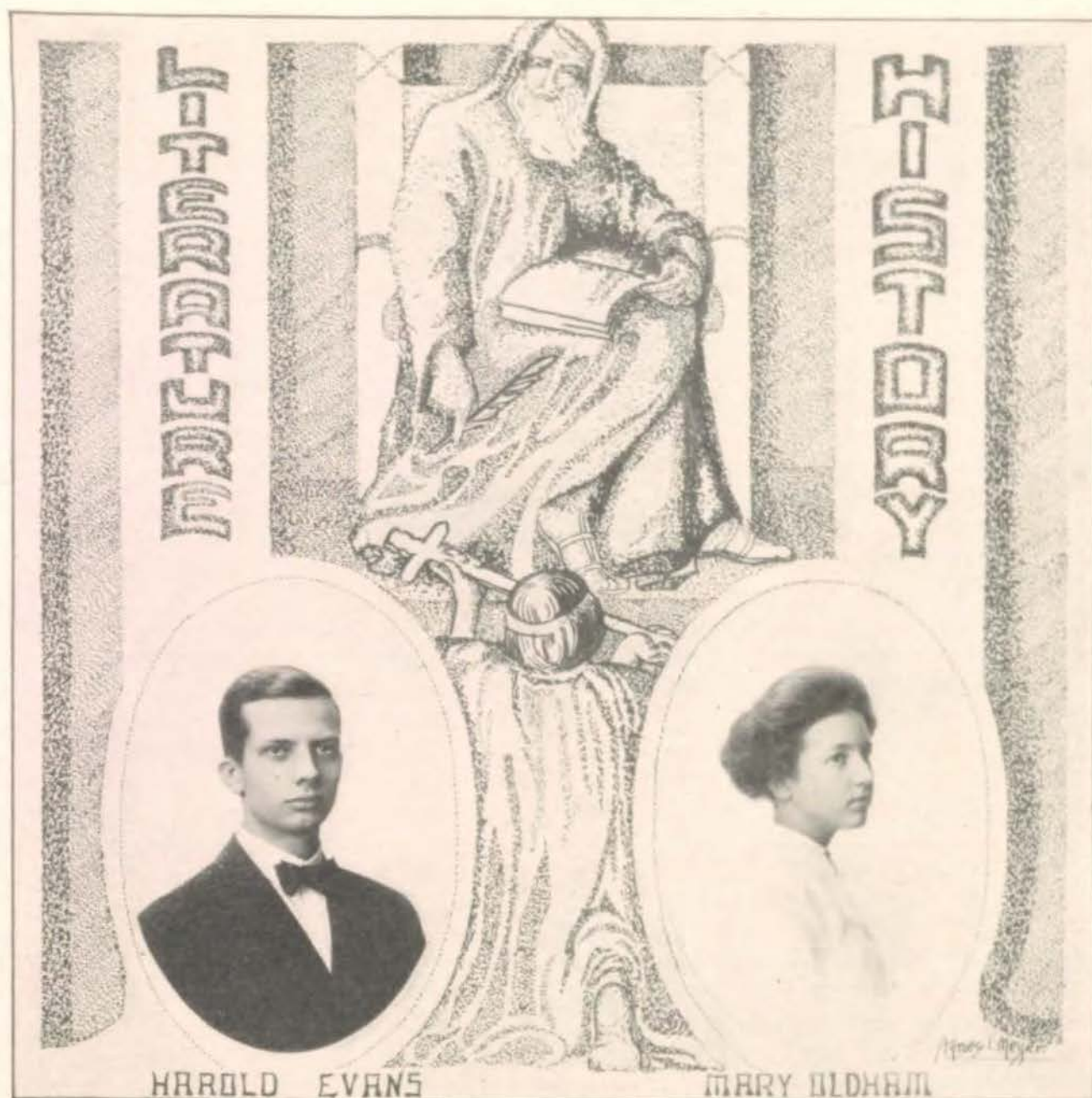
A basis for manual training credits will probably be established at the meeting of the National Household Economics Association, a branch of the National Educational Association which meets in Denver this summer.

Before the session adjourned, officers for the coming year were elected. Miss Hazen, our representative, was chosen secretary and treasurer.

It is needless to repeat here that Manual is in great need of certain material improvements to put her on an equal footing to compete with her splendidly equipped sister high schools, Westport and Central. It is encouraging to know what has been accomplished toward securing these additions and improvements. A committee of influential patrons consisting of Mr. H. R. Farnum, Mr. Edw. C. Wright, Judge W. O. Thomas and Mr. W. J. Berkowitz have requested a statement of Manual's needs from Prof. Phillips and have visited and carefully investigated Manual and the other high schools. They found Manual lacking in several important particulars. There should be an adequate up-to-date Gym., instead of the makeshift now in use; a suitable place to house and to use the 1,500 volume library; a room free from the noises of the street for a study room; an efficient and well-lighted rest room for teachers and pupils, and an additional recitation room or two. Furthermore, the present system of ventilation was found to be very defective. The intake now draws the foul and dust-laden air directly from the street, instead of taking it in from above, where the air is cleaner. Prof. Phillips has placed a complete statement of Manual's needs before the Board of Education and the latter have manifested their interest in the school and wish to come to her aid as soon as means for the improvements can be provided. The committee of patrons are planning to call upon the Board in the near future to propose a method whereby the necessary funds can be secured and every loyal Manual student should make it his duty to interest as many taxpayers as possible in pushing this movement; we owe it to the committee who have started the campaign.

Teachers Convene.

What Manual Needs.



HER TRUE GUIDES.

LELIA M. STEARNS, '10.



IT was almost ten o'clock one very windy night early in June. The stars shone brilliantly. Plodding along with a shawl over her head and shoulders, with her hair and dress blowing wildly, was a small child about seven or eight years of age. Could she have been closely observed, a happy light almost equaling that of the stars would have been seen shining from her eyes. She was free, oh! she was free! Never, oh never could anything induce her to go near a poorhouse again! She glanced over

her shoulder apprehensively. How beautiful the stars were to-night and how restful it would be to lay her head down under them with the soft moonbeams to soothe her to sleep! She was free—yet her life at the poorhouse had not been an unpleasant one. It was only the thought that she was receiving charity—a thing which, young as she was, she abhorred—that induced her to run away. She was sorry to leave her friends. There was bright, curly-haired little Bess whom she had known ever since the child had been brought there about two years ago. It was a cold night in February and the snow was deep on the ground. A man and a woman had

brought her there and left her. They had had a long talk with the matron before going—evidently they were explaining where the child came from, but Nan (this was our little wanderer's name) could not hear what they said. She remembered how the child, then about three years old, had cried and called piteously for "gran'muver" and "aun-tie." The child had stayed with Nan ever since and had learned to love her as dearly as a sister. "Oh, how I wish I could have brought her with me!" Nan sighed. And then there was the kind old matron who had always taken such an interest in Nan. But she heaved a happy sigh as she glanced at the stars and the sympathetic moon again, and tried to dismiss the thought of her friends.

Her footsteps were beginning to lag a little and Nan looked around her. Surely she was far enough away to rest now. She found some straw, and in a rather secluded place, but still where she could command full view of the sky, she lay down and threw her shawl over her. She looked into the beautiful skies and immediately her thoughts were far away. To her, the stars were the studs which dotted the outside of heaven, and the moon was the beautiful gateway by which entrance was gained. And maybe the moonbeams were the carriages which took you to God. And, perhaps, inside the moon was a place where you were clothed in the beautiful, pure white gown and given the snow-white wings. As she lay there, her hands clasped tightly and her eyes fastened upon the firmament, the wall which separated her view from heaven seemed to melt away and her dazzled eyes beheld visions of sweet-faced angels clad in soft white robes. They walked, or rather glided, in a deep blue sky dotted with golden stars many times more brilliant than those Nan had seen on the outside. Suddenly, she heard soft, musical murmurings and saw the angels bending down as if in benediction over her. Soothed by the sound she dropped quietly to sleep.

She was awakened by some one shaking her rather roughly. She sprang up to see a gruff-looking farmer with red whiskers and small, bead-like eyes standing over her. "Oh, sir!" she stammered in a half frightened, half penitent tone, "I-I didn't mean any wrong."

"Who are you?" he asked bluntly, "and why are you here?"

"I'm out of work," said the child, fearing to tell the truth, "and I had no place to go."

"Wa'al, come up to ther house an' ye ken hav' some bread and milk, eny way," he returned. At the house, Nan saw a timid, obedient little woman, whom the farmer addressed harshly as "Mirandy." As soon as the man had left, the woman set out some jam and cakes alongside Nan's bread and milk. Then seating herself, she said in a friendly tone, "Who be ye, an' how'd you get here at this hour o' the mornin', alone?" Nan told the same story that she had told the farmer. "Wa-al," said the woman, "I hain't got no work for ye, but if ye'll be keerful so's the ol' man won't see ye, I'll put ye up a leetle lunch so's ye won't get hungry." Nan thanked the woman for her kindness, and after eating her breakfast, departed with a full dinner pail.

Although she desired to get as far as possible from her much-detested starting place, she could not resist stopping sometimes to climb into an inviting tree or to rest on the soft grass. That night it was cloudy and she dared not risk sleeping outside. So she went to a little farmhouse and asked permission to spend the night there. The people were rather dubious about keeping a stranger within their gates, but after asking a great many questions and holding two or three private consultations, they finally consented to let her sleep on the floor. Nan felt that she was in a very unpleasant atmosphere, but it was either stay there or risk the rain. Once during the night she awoke and saw the woman standing in the doorway, peering at her to see that she was still asleep and doing no harm. In the morning, they offered her only a sandwich, but Nan was thankful even for that, so she took it and went on.

She was not quite so cheerful to-day, for it had rained during the night and the ground was wet. It appeared that the only thing to do now was to find work, and to find it immediately. So she trudged on until she came in sight of the next farmhouse, then after smoothing her hair and straightening her dress, she approached the place.

A coarse-looking woman answered her knock and asked Nan coldly what she wanted. When Nan asked the woman for work, she replied harshly that she needed no help and was about to close the door when Nan burst into tears. "Oh, I am so tired," she sobbed, "it just seems like I've been walking ever since I can remember!" The woman's manner softened a little.

"I think," she said, "thet ye ken find work at the next farmhouse." So Nan went on somewhat encouraged. The next farmhouse was about two miles farther on. There a thin, delicate looking woman with a pinched face and sharp, piercing eyes came to the door. Yes, they wanted help, and were willing to board and room their help in return for good service. At length, the woman, who called herself Mrs. Hilan, agreed to take Nan and send her to school.

Her life there was hard and the people were not congenial. Poor little Nan had to rise every morning at five o'clock and cook breakfast for a large family. All the work had to be done before nine o'clock, for that was the school hour. Her high spirits were somewhat dampened, and had it not been for her thirst for knowledge and her ambition to some day "know 'most everything," the child would have quit her work to become a mere household drudge. Her teacher loved Nan and seemed to understand her. Her school hours were the happiest of the day. Nan had a great fondness for big words and often used them in a laughable way. She was often dreamy and sometimes would stop in the middle of her work and stare fixedly at some object with a faraway look in her eyes. One day, Mrs. Hilan came into the kitchen when Nan was wiping dishes, or rather supposed to be wiping them, for she had stopped with a dish in her hand and was staring at nothing it seemed to the mistress. "What on earth is the matter with you now?" stormed Mrs. Hilan.

"I was merely possessed of a thought," responded Nan dreamily, still looking into space while the water from the dish was dripping on the floor.

"Possessed of a thought, nothing!" sputtered Mrs. Hilan, "'possessed of a demon,' you'd better say!"

At last life there became unbearable. Nan was lying on her small cot-bed crying. "I did it once," she sobbed, "an' I guess I can do it again. An' I will, too!" She sat up suddenly and dried her eyes. "I'll do it this very night," she said resolutely.

The next morning Nan was missing from the Hilan household. Could they have been three miles east of where they were, they would have seen the child, somewhat fatigued, but still walking rapidly. Then passed two more days of walking and hunting for work. On the third morning, she came to a rather large town. She had already been to several places when she saw a neat little white cottage. She knocked and a tall, slender woman with a worn face and kind, sad eyes came to the door. She took pity on the poor little wanderer and brought her in. It was finally arranged that Nan should stay with Mrs. Evanston (that was the woman's name) and go to school. Mrs. Evanston replenished Nan's scanty wardrobe and was very kind to her. But that same sad look was always in her eyes. Mrs. Evanston's family consisted of a poor, old woman, who became very fond of Nan. Nan went to school and was treated almost as if she were Mrs. Evanston's own daughter.

One morning about a year after she had wandered to the little white cottage, Nan was in her tiny bedroom, the windows thrown wide open, happily dusting the furniture. She had been thinking of little Bess that morning—of her large, pathetic brown eyes. Little Bess brought her back to the poor-house days, and she stopped with an awful feeling of guilt. Nan had never told dear, kind Mrs. Evanston, where she came from! The thought made her weak. Just then Mrs. Evanston came in. "Nan," she said sitting on the bed beside the child, "I want to talk a little with you this morning. Do you know, dearie, that you have never told me about yourself?" Nan managed to tell the greater part of her story between sobs and ended pleadingly:

"But, oh, please don't send me back again!"

Mrs. Evanston gently reassured her and then said, "Would you like me to tell you about my little daughter?"

Nan assented eagerly and Mrs. Evanston went on softly: "My husband and I were very poor, so when little Bess wa—"

"Bess?" exclaimed Nan, "Bess!"

"Yes, little Bess. When she was a year old her grandmother took her and we came west. My dear husband died about two years later and left me alone. Shortly afterwards, my father-in-law died and left me a small legacy. I immediately went back for Bess, but when I got there, the old place had been sold and my people had moved—no one knew where. The neighbors only knew that

they had become very poor and had gone away from necessity. From that time I have searched everywhere, but of no avail—oh, my sweet, brown-eyed, curly-haired little Bess!" moaned the poor woman.

"Oh, Mrs. Evanston!" cried Nan, pale with excitement, "did she have brown eyes and curly hair?—did she?"

One night a week later, Nan and Bess were standing on the front veranda of the little white cottage, looking at the beautiful, bright stars. "O Bess," Nan whispered in an awed tone, "I almost believe they led me here!"

EARLY SETTLEMENTS ALONG THE MISSOURI RIVER.

EDWARD C. WRIGHT, JR., '10.

[This essay won the \$10 prize given by the Daughters of the American Revolution.]

The first permanent settlement in that portion of the Province of Louisiana which now constitutes Missouri was made at Ste. Genevieve by the French about 1735. The Province of Louisiana embraced all of the region drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries, and had been so named by Robert Cavelier de La Salle, when he claimed it for the King of France. From about 1700, the French were very active in exploring this country and starting settlements. The *coureurs de bois*, or trappers, traveled up and down the Missouri River, hunting and trapping and making themselves generally familiar with the country. About 1719 they discovered lead in southeast Missouri and when Ste. Genevieve was established, the mines were fairly well developed. In 1720, the Spanish, who had been watching the growth of the French power in this region with growing alarm, sent out an expedition from Santa Fe to drive them back from the Missouri River country. This expedition was massacred by Indians, but it served to warn the French. Fort Orleans was established on the Missouri River above the mouth of the Osage a year later. Three years after it was founded, Fort Orleans was destroyed and its garrison massacred by Indians. The French kept control of Louisiana until 1770, when the country was surrendered to the Spanish, having been ceded to them in 1762.

In 1764, St. Louis was established at the mouth of the Missouri River, being practically the first Missouri River settlement. Two years after it was founded, St. Ange de Bellerive established the capital of Upper Louisiana there, thus greatly increasing its importance. It was already of consequence as the center of the fur trade, which was well built up even at that time, and with this increased importance, it was soon the metropolis of Upper Louisiana. In fact, so closely was it connected with, and such an important part did it play in the life of this district, that a history of early St. Louis is practically a history of the early settlements. Three years after it was founded it was a thriving settlement of over five hundred inhabitants. After the Spanish took possession, Upper Louisiana was ruled by a succession of Spanish lieutenant-governors at St. Louis. These governors so identified themselves with the life of the province that there was no revolution or entire change of regime as might have been expected. French remained the official tongue, and, although the lieutenant-governors were almost absolute rulers, they were so very tolerable and easy-going that life must have been very pleasant in old St. Louis, except for the Indians. They attacked St. Louis in 1780, and killed many of the inhabitants. The people gave nearly every year some distinguishing title and some of these give us very interesting information, as: 1785, "the year of the

great waters," so-called on account of the great Mississippi River flood; 1787, "the year of the ten boats," ten boats having arrived in company from New Orleans, and 1799, "the year of the hard winter."

The beginning of the nineteenth century was a turning point in the navigation of the Missouri River. Up to this time the wooden canoe or "dugout" had been the sole means of navigation. Now came a demand for larger boats. A brief description of the most important types will not be out of place as the navigation of the river was of very vital interest to the settlers for the river was their chief highway. The pirogue, the bateau, the bull-boat, and the keel boat, are a few of the many types that sprung up. The pirogue was built of two canoes, fastened firmly, side by side, with a deck over the whole. The bateau was practically a flatboat. The bull-boat is the most interesting type of them all, for it was probably the lightest draft boat for its size that was ever built. It was constructed of a framework of willow poles fastened together with rawhide thongs. This was covered with buffalo hides, sewed together with sinew and pitched with a cement of buffalo tallow and ashes. No nails were used in its construction. These boats would carry a load of from five thousand to six thousand pounds and were used for the fur trade in the small tributaries of the Missouri, where very light draft was required. The keel boat was brought out to fill the need for a strong, suitable boat to make the trip of two thousand miles against the current to the Yellowstone River. They were well built, modeled sharp at bow and stern, fifty to seventy-five feet long and ten to fifteen wide. They could carry a load of from ten to twenty tons and a crew of about a hundred men, this including trappers and hunters. They were the steamboats without the motive power. All of these types were propelled up stream by oar, sail, pole or tow line as conditions demanded. These boats are peculiar to this river as it is seldom that conditions are found such as are met with on the Missouri River, with its swift current, shifting channel and treacherous snags. So much attention was paid to the navigation of the river at this time

that when the steamboat came, men were found without difficulty to guide them up and down the river safely.

The beginning of the nineteenth century marked a turning point not only in the navigation of the Missouri, but in the life of all Upper Louisiana. The year 1800 saw the province retroceded to France by Spain, and in 1802, formal change of possession was made. A year later the Louisiana Purchase made Upper Louisiana a possession of the United States. In the same year that change of possession was made, the United States started to have their property explored. Lewis and Clark were sent up the Missouri River, and they brought back very glowing reports of the wealth of the country. This brought an influx of Americans, from the Southern states chiefly, but settling was greatly retarded by Indians until about 1812, when treaties were made with them. The United States first attached Upper Louisiana to the Territory of Indiana as the District of Louisiana. This District was controlled by the governor and judges of the Territory of Indiana, but when it had been erected into the Territory of Louisiana in 1805, it was given a governor and judges of its own. When the Territory of Louisiana was changed to the Territory of Missouri, in 1812, Congress authorized the people to choose a house of representatives, but the President kept the power of appointing the governor, judges and other executive officers.

Before the colony had been retroceded to France, life under the Spanish governors was very uneventful and quiet. Taxation was light and land was granted freely for very small fees. Few books were to be found in the settlements and most of these were in the libraries of the priests, so the intellectual side of life was sadly neglected. Although the religion was Roman Catholic, the Protestant Kentuckians, who practically constituted the American Colony from about 1790 to the time of the Purchase, were never molested, provided they worshiped quietly. Forms of trial were simple, but expeditious. There was plenty of the necessities of life and much solid comfort. The gentle, care-free, easy-going people were totally free from that

nervous unrest which characterizes the Western American. The entire freedom from excitement, there being no elections or political life, would have made the colony an ideal place for one seeking rest and quiet.

After 1804, the American spirit of progress began to make itself felt. Under the American governors, a sheriff was appointed, a jail built, and quite a few of the other adjuncts to American civilization were brought in. In 1809, St. Louis took up the responsibility of self-government. Up to this time the rule of the governors had been absolute, but now the people wanted a hand in the government; saloons had come in; the boatmen, trappers, hunters and Indians that were always in the town needed some restraint; the ferriage of persons and vehicles across the river needed some regulation; the roads, not much more than lanes, needed to be widened, straightened and to have the mudholes filled. So St. Louis became an incorporated town, with its first board of trustees in 1809. In 1810, the revenue from property tax, licenses and fines was five hundred and twenty-nine dollars. Ordinances were made dealing with the ordinary subjects of regulation. Slaves were forbidden to be out after nine o'clock at night without a pass from their master; carcasses of dead animals were removed; stone crossings were put in at the principal street corners; steps were taken toward a fire department by compelling each house to keep two buckets for carrying water in case of fire and able-bodied men were organized in fire companies. In short, American progress had started the city well on the way to becoming the metropolis of Missouri that it now is. It was taking hold of all the settlements in the same way

and the simple tranquil French regime was over.

At the session held in 1818-19, the legislature took formal action toward having Missouri erected into a State and made application for admission into the Union. After a long bitter struggle caused by the question of whether Missouri should have slavery or not, and ended by the Missouri Compromise Act, which allowed Missouri to settle it for herself, Congress authorized Missouri to form a constitution and State government. Missouri organized a State government and presented her constitution to Congress in 1820. Exception was taken to a clause in the constitution, with the result that it was not until February of 1821 that a resolution was passed, admitting Missouri into the Union. The resolution compelled her legislature to comply with certain conditions before the President would take final action. On August 10th, President Monroe issued the proclamation that made Missouri the twenty-fourth State of the Union. Alexander McNair was the first governor of the new State.

Since it was admitted to the Union, Missouri has grown steadily and rapidly, and with its wonderful position for trade bids fair to become one of the few greatest states. The steamboat came in time to supply the need for better transportation when the settlements became thickly scattered along the Missouri, and then came the railroad, which gradually superseded the steamboat. The early settlements are now thriving towns and cities and in the rush of business and pleasure to-day, men are apt to forget those early beginnings to which they owe so much, and the Daughters of the American Revolution are doing a good work in keeping the memory of those days bright and fresh.



ONCE-TOLD TALES.

MARY LOUISE TOPPING, '09.

In one of the most impressive of the world's great lyrics, we find this suggestive statement, "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

What girl has not longed to be an author? What girl has not closed her eyes and dreamed of the wonderful tales bound in beautiful volumes, with her name on them as author, and pictured the respect and honor accorded her by an admiring, expectant world to which, one by one, she submits her work?

What girl has not opened her eyes again to the fact that these dreams can never be realities—has not awakened to the realization of her own limitations? Such awakenings are disappointing, but if we believe in this sentiment that "we spend our years as a tale that is told," we may again take hope. For we are all authors, writing by our acts and thoughts each day the story of our lives, a story which will remain after we are gone as our representative in the memory of the world. We owe it to ourselves to make this story read as well as possible.

Our lives are no more or less than what we make them, so it lies with us to make or to mar the beauty of our story. This task seems a great responsibility when we reflect that this story of ours is to be a "once-told tale." For we have not the privilege that a real author has of revising our book or of writing a new work which would redeem a past failure or shortcoming.

The value of our story depends, I believe, upon the early selection of our purpose in life. We may make this selection almost intuitively, may, without thought, fall naturally into the ways of a correct life and then also intuitively separate the right from the wrong of incidents arising.

The character of our story, whether it will be a poor or mediocre piece of work, or a masterpiece—a work which will endure the test of time, depends upon what we select as our purpose and how we observe that selection.

Our story may be a tale of adventure with no fixed plan or plot—merely a rambling, disconnected piece of work,

which will interest only a few people. This sort of life is a realistic one and often a good one.

We may write a sensational story. Like the average modern novel, such a life would be of only momentarily passing interest and when taken out of its surroundings would be of no value.

Our book may be a sad one. There is nothing in the world more refining to a nature, than repeated sorrows, so such a story could scarcely reflect a bad life. Such lives are like songs, for our sweetest songs have sad themes. But song stories need not necessarily be sad. Many people are like songs because of the comfort and cheer they create wherever they go.

That Washington Irving did not write for fame we are sure, by his sentiment expressed in the words: "But, in the writing to amuse, if I fail, the only evil is in my own disappointment. If however, I can by any chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow, surely, surely, I shall not have written in vain."

We may compare some lives to the novel with a purpose—a story of life dedicated to a single all-absorbing hope and spent in years of sacrifice of time, fortune and hope, to gain the end in view. Such lives are likely to be successful, for it is seldom that such a hope is created without something being created to satisfy that hope.

Very early, Lincoln selected the climax of his life. When he was an awkward boy, he and some companions were discussing plans for future vocations. Lincoln was asked what he intended to be.

"Well," said he, "I reckon I'll be President of the United States. People then scoffed at him as they have at almost every other great man, in the beginning, but it remained for Abraham Lincoln to show them that his life was to be one of purpose.

Frances Willard gave up everything—home, family, social position—everything in order that she might work for her cause, her purpose in life.

Lives like these are masterpieces. The living of such a life in an art. Of such lives we may say, as was said of Shakespeare, they are not for an age, but for all time.

What a glorious thing it would be if we could say like Franklin, that, were we given the opportunity, after we had spent our years to live our lives over again, we would not change them.

What a relief it would be to us who

are just starting on this great task, who have written only the introduction to our story, if we could feel that when our life is finished, the last chapter written—the whole would reflect a life with which we would feel satisfied and which would receive the acclamation of the world, and, what is infinitely greater, a "Well done," from the Highest Critic of all!

HAROLD GRAHAM'S ROMANCE.

GRACE WESTERMAN, '10.

Although Harold Graham was forever getting into scrapes he was the most popular boy at school. He was the Seniors' leader and the Freshmen's idol. This complimentary tribute, accompanied by an overabundant supply of good looks, did not trouble him in the least. Conceit was unknown in his makeup. He was always ready for a good time, but loathed anything underhanded; and perhaps it was this frank, honest way that made him the boys' champion and the teachers' favorite.

On this particular afternoon a crowd of boys were assembled in Harold's room impatiently awaiting his arrival, for it was through him their school, the Danver Military Academy, had won the football championship of the State.

"Say, fellows, did you ever see anything to beat the way Harold ate up the immortal Woodruff and went through for that winning touchdown?" The speaker was a tall boy seated on the bed, and in his excitement threatened everlasting destruction to the springs.

"Great," they all chimed in, "but here comes the 'old man' himself. Get ready, boys. Now, altogether," and their lusty cheers rang through the corridors.

As Harold entered the room the sight which met his eyes was enough to fill any one but a college boy with the greatest consternation. Boys everywhere—standing on the bed, the chairs, the trunks—every place but on the floor.

"Well, fellows, this sure is luck, but chuck the game. I'm tired hearing about it," as the boys began their hearty congratulations. "I'm terribly hungry; what do you say to going up town and getting something to eat?"

"Done. It's a go!" chorused the rest. "Who said eat?" called out Vincil Porter, who had been unusually quiet for him. "I've been starved ever since I sang farewell to 'home, sweet home.' The grub we get here is something fierce; hash and beans, beans and ha—woh! cut it!" as a book, thrown none too gently, hit him on the head.

"Oh! you lobster! Get off that pillow, that's not to sit on. Why that's er—lace tucking" and the wrathful Harold gazed at him with reproach.

Vincil reluctantly rolled off the inviting pillow and eyed it with disdain. "Pooh! lace tucking nothing! that's er—shirring. My sister embroidered a whole tablecloth with it," and with a superior wave of the hand he resumed his seat. "Mut!" and a military brush threatened to follow the book.

"Cut the comedy!" "Perish the argument!" "Thought we were going to get something to eat," came from the rest, who were tiring of this by-play.

"All right," said Harold, who had succeeded in rescuing his much-abused sofa pillow.

After a general scramble for their scattered belongings, the boys went noisily out of the door and uptown. They walked, because Danton, like many college towns, was small and did not boast of street cars.

"Well, here's Wilson's, let's go in," said Harold, stopping before a restaurant which was quite up-to-date looking.

"Nix, not for us," exclaimed the rest ruefully. "We had a fuss with old Wilson last week. Come on and go over to the Camara with us."

"Can't do it; I just had a big row with Camara. So you fellows go there and

I'll feed in here. How's that?" And so after discussing their "beastly luck" the boys departed.

Seated in a secluded spot, Harold proceeded to satisfy the impatient needs of the inner man. He was in the midst of the most interesting part when he was startled by a light touch on his arm and a soft voice saying:

"Why, Mr. Brown, this is a very pleasant surprise. I never dreamed of seeing you here." And a very pretty girl settled her fluffy self in the seat opposite the astonished Harold.

"Now what in the——," he ejaculated to himself. But his usual nonchalance did not quite forsake him. Leaning across the table, he looked earnestly at her and asked, "Are you really so glad to see me? I am overwhelmed with pleasure at seeing you." (He certainly was overwhelmed.)

She serenely ignored his eloquence and said hastily, "But do let me give you mother's message before I forget. The last thing she said to me was, 'Madeline, if ever you should chance to meet Mr. Brown, don't fail to impress him with our everlasting gratitude for the kind service he rendered us, and tell him (this with an adorable look from her merry, brown eyes) that our house is always at his disposal.'"

Ah! Harold was beginning to see a little more clearly now. Evidently she took him for some fellow Brown, to whom she and her mother were indebted. And her name was Madeline. He'd always liked that name.

"A mere trifle. The fact that I could be of assistance to you, more than repaid me." He wondered if he were looking the part of a modest hero.

Madeline impatiently replaced a rebellious little curl and studied him with amused eyes.

"Really, Mr. Brown, you are too modest, but I see I am keeping you from your lunch. Oh, no thank you, I'm not the least bit hungry. You see I was out shopping and I felt so warm and tired and this place looked so cool and inviting, I thought I would stop in and get an ice or something. Did you ever notice how refreshing and soothing ices are? Strawberry, especially," giving a vicious little dab at her own which was rapidly disappearing.

Harold assented, and then wondered why he had. "You are stopping in town for a few days?" he ventured.

Evidently she had not heard him, for, after gazing thoughtfully at a ridiculously small pair of gloves, she began slowly drawing them on.

"It's too bad, I am in such a hurry. Right when I am enjoying myself so much." A little dimple ran out, winked at him and scampered back. "I do hope I shall see you again, and if at any time you come to St. Louis don't overlook us. Now you won't, will you?" and with a bewitching smile and a light touch of the fingers the very realistic vision vanished.

Harold returned to his much neglected lunch. But where was his former appetite? Had it vanished with the disappearance of the piquant little face opposite him? "Jove," he thought to himself, "she's a dream, deucedly lucky fellow, that Brown. Wonder how long she's staying in town. I guess I will go call up the Morgan's and accidentally find out if they know anything about her." With this purpose in view he strolled up to the cashier's desk. He was turning to go when the cashier called him back.

"Your sister said that you would settle her bill, she was in such a hurry."

The surprised Harold said something not exactly classical.

"My what?" he gasped.

"Your sister, or at least she said she was your sister, that young lady you were lunching with."

And at last it dawned upon Harold.

"Oh, yes! why certainly! awfully stupid of me," he rattled on, not knowing what he said; and settling the little account, hurried out.

His sensations were in a turmoil; self-disgust, humiliation and incredulity all struggling for supremacy. This was a phase to which his sense of humor did not rise. He was furious. It seemed impossible that a girl, apparently so sweet and innocent, could be bold enough to deliberately relieve him of the price of an ice. But why did not she order more? Perhaps she had only recently duped another in the same way for if they all "bit" as easily as he did she would never have to be hungry. So he rambled on, looking so fierce that the

passers-by turned around shudderingly, thinking he was probably some terrible villain planning a bank robbery.

"Gad, what a disconcerting smile she had, little dimples appearing in most unexpected places to make a fellow lose his head. Just another foil with which she captures her unsuspecting victims," he thought darkly, and squaring his shoulders he started resolutely toward the school to prepare for—as he said, "the everlasting bore"—his sister's party.

* * * * *

The evening was superb. The Graham mansion had never looked more regal. Prospects were bright for an enjoyable evening, and all was in readiness from the pretty Japanese lanterns, which decorated the veranda and lawn, to the daintily prepared refreshments.

"O girls, isn't everything just too dear?" Helen Graham, with the assistance of several of her college chums, who had come home with her to stay over Sunday, was flitting about the rooms putting a final touch here and there. But where is Peggy, Margaret? Primping yet?"

"Yes, I suppose so, you know Peggy is very particular. But here she comes now. Talk about the angels, you know."

Peggy's entrance was greeted with an enthusiastic shower of girlish compliments.

"O girls, don't! You will make me vain. But I am glad you like me. Maybe you didn't look in your own mirrors," and the mischievous Peggy looked at the girls with mock reproof.

"There's the bell! I wonder who it is?" exclaimed Helen. "I do hope it's Harold. I am so anxious for him to meet you, Peggy. Some way (with a roguish look) your ideals are exactly portrayed in each other.

Peggy's blush rivaled the pink of her gown, and giving her shining hair a final pat, she went demurely to the aquarium to look at the fish.

Helen was not disappointed. It was Harold, who, after a fierce struggle with himself had partly mastered his feelings of the afternoon and managed to look comparatively cheerful.

"Harold, meet my friend, Miss Hammon; Harold—Miss Blair, one of my friends from college," and so Helen took him the rounds of the room until, after meeting the sixth girl, he vaguely wondered if his cousin had invited the whole school.

At last they came to where Peggy was deeply interested in a book. She was leaning over so far that nothing could be seen of her but a cloud of pink chiffon and a mass of fluffy golden hair.

"Harold, meet my little friend Peggy—why! what on earth's the matter?"

Harold was blushing furiously.

"Madeline!" he managed to gasp.

"Mr. Brown!" came from Peggy.

Then Helen understood and went into a paroxysm of laughter.

Peggy recovered first. "Oh, how can I ever explain?" and she looked pleadingly at Harold. She evidently took courage, for after gazing reflectively at the toe of a tiny black pump, she went on:

"It was like this; Helen had gone to the florist's and we girls got tired of just talking and playing tennis and decided we would go out and have some fun. The town is so very small, you know, that we felt quite at home and when we saw you go into that restaurant, you looked so good natured and—a—

"Easy," supplemented Harold.

"And gentlemanly," went on Peggy, with a mild hint of reproof "that the girls dared me to go in and—oh! it's too dreadful!"

"Don't try to explain any more," urged Harold gently. "It was all my fault any way, for being such an idiot."

"Peggy, dear, won't you please come here for a moment?" called Helen's mother from the drawing room. So for the time being, the little scene was interrupted.

Harold felt absurdly happy, and as soon as propriety would admit, he captured Peggy, and together they strolled from the scene of excitement to the cool, starlit garden. They were the best of friends now. But as their liking for each other increased, their conversation grew very monotonous—to the moon, for it quietly retired behind a cloud. Was it because repetition tires? And this was the same old scene the moon had witnessed so many times before.

PANAMA CANAL.

LELIA BRAY, '09.

Almost from the time when Balboa crossed the isthmus and looked out over the mighty expanse of the Pacific Ocean in 1513, there has been serious thought of a canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. As early as 1528 a suggestion was made to Charles V of Spain, by one of his subjects that a canal should be constructed, and in 1534 the king charged Cortez with the location of a route and surveys were made. Nothing came of this however, or from similar efforts on the part of other Spaniards, one of whom made extensive explorations. Up to this time, about 1570, Spain had been the only country which had done anything at all in the way of connecting the oceans, but afterwards plans were originated by many subjects of other monarchs. Our own connection with this enterprise is not of such a recent date as one is apt to think. In 1825 a proposal was made to the United States to co-operate with the government then in control to build a canal. This offer was renewed in 1831, and we signed a contract, but no money was forthcoming, so the project failed. Ferdinand de Lesseps, a Frenchman, and the engineer who had had charge of constructing the Suez Canal, saw the importance of a waterway on the Isthmus. He formed a company, bought a concession to build the canal, which had been acquired from the Columbian Government, borrowed money, and began work. This company was so extravagant and wasteful with its funds that it not only ruined thousands of its creditors in France, but completed only one-fifth of the canal, and finally had to go into liquidation with debts against it of more than three hundred million dollars. Another French company was formed which kept up the work.

Meanwhile we began to be very much interested. In 1850, we made a treaty with Great Britain, called the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty by which we agreed that if the Nicaragua Canal were built, it should be absolutely neutral and no country should have control. But in 1901, we signed the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty by which we agreed that if the Panama Canal were built, it should be neutral, but that *we* should have control and regula-

tion of it. A few years ago we tried to buy from Columbia a narrow strip on each side of the proposed route, called the canal zone. They asked too much for it and we refused. Then Panama revolted and we immediately recognized her independence. Panama was very willing to receive ten million dollars for the canal zone, although it cut their country in two, and we were given a protectorate over their two principal cities Panama and Colon. On May 4, 1904, we paid over to the French company, forty million dollars for their rights and property, and a great deal of machinery, which subsequently proved to be rotten and worthless. There was some little discussion about the choice of a route, but in the Isthmian Canal Act of 1902, the President was given power to acquire the Panama route, but if there were obstacles he might buy the Nicaragua route. The former is much shorter and certainly more desirable.

The problem of health in the canal zone was one that had to be dealt with immediately. We have spent many millions improving the sanitary conditions. Since we have jurisdiction over the cities of Panama and Colon we set to work to build a good water and sewerage system and similar improvements. The water used was really unfit to drink, but now it is almost as good as the water we get in our own cities. Great swamps were drained and the conditions so improved that the poor conditions due to climate have been largely overcome. The question of labor has been made much easier by the improvement of sanitary conditions. There are now twenty-five thousand laborers employed constantly to dig the great ditch. This large army of workmen does an immense amount of work. For example, it took twenty years to build the Suez Canal, but at the rate at which we are building the Panama Canal, it would have taken less than a year. These workmen receive good wages, such good wages, in fact, that they rarely stay over eighteen months. In that length of time they have saved what seems to them quite a large sum, and as the enervating climate is not very conducive to hard work they feel like going home. Thus there is a constant

change of workmen and every ship carries home hundreds of them, while every incoming ship brings in just as many more. The skilled labor comes from the United States, and the unskilled from the West Indies and Europe. Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians and Jamaican negroes do most of the work on the canal. Special food and general conditions, similar to what they have in their own countries, is provided for them. The food is nourishing and enables them to do a large amount of work.

This little canal zone is one of the best governed places in the world. The laws are made by the President in so far as they do not conflict with the few enactments of Congress. As soon as we obtained control of the territory, President Roosevelt appointed a commission to take entire control of the zone affairs. At present Col. Goethals is the chairman of the commission, the chief engineer of the canal, and president of the Panama Railroad and the steamship company. The canal zone has a well-organized police force and a good postal service. The mail is entirely under our control and does not have to pass through the hands of a single Panama official, either in Colon or the City of Panama.

It was not until 1906 that it was definitely decided to have a lock canal. It will not only cost much less than a sea level canal, but it can be completed much sooner. Nearly every one has heard of the famous Culebra Cut. Since the canal was commenced, they have been working upon that highest point, and it will be finished in two or three years.

This large cut is four and one-half miles through Culebra and the channel is three hundred feet wide. But that is not the greatest engineering feat. The Gatun Dam will take more time to complete than mere digging. To understand about this dam one must know something about the physical features of the country. The Chagres River flows more than half way across the isthmus, along the line of the canal, crossing it twenty-three times on its way to the sea. As it nears the ocean it flows through an ever-widening valley. Across this valley they are building the large Gatun Dam, which is a mile long, a half mile wide at the base, and one hundred feet wide at the top, and rises to a height of one hundred and fifteen feet. This will give control of the Chagres River and will

form an immense artificial lake one hundred and seventy-one miles in extent, called the Gatun Lake, which will be one step in a series of three locks. The surface of the water at this point and for thirty-eight miles is eighty-five feet above the sea level. The ends of the canal, that is on the Atlantic side seven miles to Gatun and on the Pacific side five miles to Miraflores, are at the sea level, but at the places mentioned there begin the locks. The locks are to be one hundred and ten feet long by one thousand feet wide, and they are to be built with a solid partition in the middle so that one ship can go up while another descends. The latest estimate places the time of completion as early as Jan. 1, 1915, and the cost, including fifty million dollars purchase price and cost of sanitation and government of the canal zone, at three hundred and seventy-five million dollars.

Enormous as this amount may seem, the benefits to be derived from the canal cannot be overestimated. In the first place it will shorten the route from the East to the West by eight thousand miles. This will greatly facilitate commerce. Especially will the states in our own Mississippi Valley reap benefit. We shall be able to trade with the Pacific Coast states at a much lower rate than we could ever obtain from the railroads. Then, too, this country will get its share of the trade with the Orient. At present, the toll through the Suez Canal is so large that we have little or no trade with Asia. But with the Panama Canal all this will be changed.

Other nations will find it more profitable to use our canal, as we will not charge so much toll and it will be a shorter route for them. Our trade with Western South America will be greatly increased, and the Southern states especially will share in the added commercial and industrial benefits. So much for conditions in times of peace.

In war, it is imperative that we have a short route from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is the only means by which we can guard our territory in the western waters, such as Hawaii and the Philippines. This greatest project of the world, greater than even the pyramids, taken up and abandoned by many foreigners, will be completed in the short space of six years by American genius and American money.

FORGOTTEN.

By EMMET RUSSELL, '10.

A certain man in an ancient country had a great debt. But he also possessed treasure of fabulous worth, hidden somewhere. On the day his debt fell due, this man went to search for his treasure. He could find it nowhere. He had forgotten where he had placed it. Search as he might, it could not be found. He went to his creditors and begged for a few days more in which to search, but they refused. He sought out his friends, but they would lend him nothing. "For," said they "perhaps some thief has stolen your treasure already, or, at all events may get it before you do." So his creditors seized him and made him a slave, according to the custom of that time. And he paid in life for having forgotten the hiding-place of his treasure.

Each of us owes a great debt. We also have an infinite amount of treasure. Do we know where that treasure is hidden? When the time comes to pay our debt—to prove our worth—shall we be able to bring forth the treasure we have accumulated?

Every human being is credited with the possession of a mind. This is the faculty which is supposed to think; to translate experience into memories. It is the Supreme Court of the individual, whose opinion on all matters should be given only after careful consideration of the whole question. Thought is not an extraordinary phenomenon of curious interest and rare occurrence. It is not a magnificent Niagara on which Florida and Oregon gaze with admiration. It is the force which builds Egyptian pyramids and Claudian aqueducts, which discovers laws of gravitation and invents cotton-gins. It is the power which brings forth Hamlets and King Lear, and which writes American Constitutions. Why turn out of the great mill

of the mind only one or two barrels of inferior flour per day, when it is possible to produce thousands of barrels of the highest grade? Why do we run this powerful locomotive with only a perambulator coupled on behind; especially since this perambulator too often holds our infant-like self-conceit?

Forgotten! the power which is the key to all other forces! And in its place has come prejudice—judging beforehand. Every one is prejudiced on some questions. Most people make up their minds about important matters before hearing the evidence, assuming to know all before having learned anything. Such persons are unfit to pass opinions in civilized society. Yet prejudice directs the actions of men, the votes of the masses, the policies of nations! How great is prejudice, most noble master of our minds!

If the whole world were suddenly to remember its hidden treasure, and to begin to use it, we could not look for a millennium immediately. To think is only the first step; but the first step must go before the second.

When a man who thinks deeply, broadly, nobly, wisely, arises we call him a genius, a great man. We marvel at his words and gape at him as though he were a prize porker at a county fair. He is one who knows the key to his treasure. He had a debt to pay and unlocked his treasures and paid it. Think of the countless millions who cannot find the key to their treasure, and who must grind away—slaves of their creditors, the world—because they have forgotten. There is a duty for each of us to do which no one else can perform. To find the key; to open the mind; to think—this is the problem.

"O let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake."



FROM A KID SISTER'S DIARY.

AGNES I. MEYER, '09.

"Society pins, society pins,
When a boy gets one, trouble begins."

Jan. 14. Of course I fully realize that I'm a kid sister, but I'd like to inform elder brothers such as mine, that unless they wish to make their sisters' "innocent young souls" boil with ire they needn't inform their best girl, in front of their kid sister, that the latter is as "troublesome as the measles" and a heap "more bothersome than the mumps." (It isn't our fault that we are kid sisters. For my part, I'd rather be the boss of the house, any day.) Well, that's what Tom said to Grace coming home from school, and my dignity was so far insulted that I walked home back of the couple. Now, no sooner had I dropped behind than I began to realize that I had done just what Tom wanted me to do, as he began to tell Grace some facts that were not true. Somehow it isn't as easy for an elder brother to tell facts that are not true when kid sisters are present. That's why I think every boy should have a kid sister attached to him, especially when he's trying to make an impression on his best girl. I couldn't help hearing the following conversation:

"We're going to have a cousin from B— visiting us the rest of the week," began Tom.

"Boy or girl, young or old?" inquired Grace.

"Girl—awful pretty girl. About as old as you I should judge."

"Well, of course, you'll bring her over to the party to-morrow night, won't you? I'll be awfully glad to see her. I have a number of friends living in B—."

We had reached Grace's home by this time and so we all said "good-by."

I could see what Tom was about, but I thought he was doing it rather awkwardly, so I took it upon myself to read Mr. Tom a lecture.

"You can't make Grace jealous in that way." I said as we walked on.

"Well, I'll be a sugar plum," snorted Tom, "who said I was trying to make Grace jealous?"

"I did, Mr. Know-So-Much," I returned. "And I'd like to say you won't gain anything but your pin. (Grace wore Tom's society pin.) And if I wanted my pin back I'd ask for it. I wouldn't tell stories, because you know Alice isn't your cousin."

Tom gave me a contemptuous look and said, "Now, you just see here. I'll thank you to keep your nose out of my affairs for good and all. A kid with a smudge of a nose like yours can't afford to lose any of it."

"All the same," I yelled after him as he walked away, "you'll get your pin back—see if you don't."

Well, when I got home the "cousin" had arrived. She's the daughter of one of mother's dearest school chums, and her name's Alice Graham, and she has gorgeous clothes because she's "come out," and she's too pretty for anything, with the loveliest hair and the grandest eyes and a ravishing nose.

But she isn't as pretty as Grace, I think.

All during supper Tom acted perfectly crazy about her, and they kept saying what a surprise it would be when Bob, that's Tom's best friend, knew she was here.

I just want to say here that if Tom marries Alice I'll just feel terrible. I know Mamma would be glad to have her for a daughter-in-law, but I don't think her temperament would match Tom's at all. Well "it's not what you *want*, but what you *get*, that makes you fat," so I'll be satisfied with either Alice or Grace, but I really like Grace best.

Jan. 15. This morning I read the finest book. It was so sad I just wept and wept so I had to stop reading for fear I'd spoil the cover with my tears.

I was up in Alice's room after breakfast and she let me try on all her dresses. She has a pin just like Tom's (not the one he gave Grace to wear, but the one he can't let any one wear until he's engaged). I was surprised so much that I forgot to ask about it. Not that I'm curious, because I hate those

girls that are only animated curiosity boxes, but I would have just liked to know about it.

Of course, I was invited to go to Grace's party too, so we all started to get ready early. Mamma let me wind my pigtail around my head instead of letting it hang down my back, in such a

actly what I want to say). Anyhow, I didn't blame Tom for acting devotedly to her. She was almost as pretty as Grace.

Well, when we got to Grace's, Alice and I went upstairs, and when Grace caught sight of Alice, she just gave a squeal and they hugged each other until I was afraid they would muss their dresses all up.

Said Grace "Why Alice Graham, Tom told me his cousin was coming up from B— so I never guessed it was you."

"Then you're glad to see me?" asked Alice.

"Glad? Why, I'm tickled to death. I didn't know you knew Tom"

"Why, I've known Tom for ages. He's about the best friend I've got."

"O-O-O-Oh" breathed Grace, catching sight of an innocent looking pin that Alice was wearing, and then she had to welcome other friends who were arriving.

"Isn't Grace a dear?" I asked Alice as we walked downstairs.

"She certainly is" agreed Alice. "Only I do wish I could see her alone a minute. I have something to tell her."

Tom was talking to Bob (Bob is twenty-four years old, although he is Tom's best friend). When we entered the room, and when Bob saw Alice, he acted as though he had not seen her for years and years, which was dreadfully out of place it appears to me, even though they were old friends.

We did have a fine time. My prophecy proved true, however, because Grace gave back Tom's pin.

Jan. 16. How sad it is that youthful hopes should be blighted in the bud (I think that thought is almost too good for me to have written, but it's original, all right). This morning Grace and Alice and I went down town to buy some things for Alice. First of all, we got an ice cream soda and then we bought some candy. Then we looked at some pictures, and priced some handkerchiefs, and Grace bought one. Then

baby fashion. My new dress is three-quarters of an inch longer than my ordinary ones, and even Tom said that, if I hadn't been his sister, he'd have thought I was real good looking.

But Tom never did make such a fuss! He fussed so loud that Mamma had to go in and scold him, and all because he couldn't decide which tie was the most becoming. Finally he decided on a green one and after he was ready, we waited for Alice. Alice was a dream. She was dressed in baby blue and she just shone all over (I can't explain ex-



we went to the glove counter to help Alice select a pair of gloves. When she was ready to try them on, I saw, on the fourth finger of her left hand, a diamond ring. Grace saw it too. When Alice saw us look at it she turned red all over her face and smiling at Grace said:

"That's what I wanted to tell you, Grace."

"Oh!" I cried, feeling all hollow inside of me, "is it Tom?"

"Tom! Why you foolish child! No!" Well sir! Do you know she seemed to

me to be twice as pretty as she had been before she said that.

I think Alice is a grand girl, but I do like Grace a little bit better.

Everything's all right now. Alice is engaged to Bob (I never thought of him), and Grace is going to be bridesmaid, and Tom is going to be best man. I'm really happy that things are as they are, and so is Tom, because I asked him if he was "sore at heart" and he said: "Well, I'll be a sugar plum."

P. S. I forgot to say that Grace is wearing Tom's pin.

HOPE.

GLADYS SEAMAN, '10.

When trouble and sorrow shall darken your way,
And naught shall be left that is cheerful and gay,
Just think of the thousands who've ne'er had a day
Of joy left unclouded by sorrow.

So if grief must come, with its sting and its pain,
To shadow your happiness, do not complain,
For just as the sun shines again after rain
So joy after sadness will follow.

But if, unexpected, some joy comes apace,
Brings peace to your heart and a smile to your face,
Your happiness can't reach the height of its grace,
Till some one else shares in its glory.

ELOCUTION & MUSIC



MARCY K. BROWN, JR.

INA DONNELLY

THE RESCUE OF THE BLACK SHEEP.

MARJORIE L. MORTON, '09.



IT could not be denied that he was a sad scapegrace. When any of the neighboring farmers missed a noticeable proportion of their watermelon crop, they always attributed the raid to Jack Rathborne. On one occasion when old Grandma Peters had lost her turkeys, to all appearances, they were found walking sedately about in a meadow some distance from the house, all of them clad in neat little caps and bootees. Jack Rathborne

again! And so it was in all cases when any mischief was afoot; the ringleader was sure to be Jack.

It was now only three weeks until commencement at Havres College. Six or eight boys were gathered in Fred Seigrist's room, discussing the coming festivities.

"I say, fellows, did Jacky get through?" asked one of the boys.

"Get through? Of course he got through. Did you ever see or hear of anything that Jack Rathborne couldn't do? He is a candidate for graduation in good and regular standing," replied Fred.

"Well, he is a character. I never saw any one who could get into and out of scrapes so easily. I guess he is the traditional black sheep."

"What is that I hear of characters and scrapes?" interrupted some one opening the door suddenly. "That sounds personal, therefore interesting."

"Oh, shut up, Jacky, we were speaking of the British Isles. Talking of characters, though, we have some brilliant specimens in the town that I come from. There is one old fellow who is pretty full most of the time. One night he came home hungry and went into the pantry to find what remnants of boiled cabbage he could. Now his wife had left some collars and cuffs to soak in a bowl of cold starch in the pantry, and he didn't know it. Pretty soon he called out, "Sally! Sally! cabbage's mighty tough, cabbage's mighty tough, Sally." And Sally, on investigation, found him chewing vigorously on the "laundry."

Another time he used a basket when he milked the cow, and was greatly distressed to find that the milk wouldn't remain in the basket. When he returned to the house he told Sally to be sure and have that basket mended at once."

When the laughter had subsided, the boy added, "By the way, there was to have been a temperance lecturer there next Sunday, but he backed out for some reason. Wouldn't it be a lark for some of the fellows to take his place?"

"There's your chance, Rathborne; you are a good speaker. I'll wager my last month's allowance that you can't fool them into believing you are a temperance lecturer."

"I'll take you up," said Jack. "Have to have something to relieve the strain of commencement."

Forthwith, every evening the same boys might be seen together, and one versed in boy nature could see that something was up. After much correspondence, aided by "Webster's unabridged" on the boys' side, Jack was accepted to deliver a temperance lecture at L—— the following Sunday.

* * * * *

Sunday having arrived, beautiful and clear, an ideal day for a lark, the boys appeared at the station. They were much disturbed because Jack had not yet arrived.

"Oh, don't you fellows worry, he'll get here in time. Catch Jack Rathborne missing anything of this sort," said Carl Sissler.

Sure enough, Jack appeared just in time to buy his ticket and catch the train as it pulled out. He gave no explanation of his tardiness, and the boys noticed that he seemed rather preoccupied and serious.

"Jacky is pondering the weighty problem of what to say," teased the boys. "Don't forget and hand them any slang, or they'll floor you sure." "What's the matter, Jack, I never saw you serious so long before. Is your conscience smarting?"

"Yes, it is. You know, fellows, I feel like it is sort of sacrilegious to be playing this prank."

"Say, you are not going to be a piker, are you Rathborne?"

Jack flushed angrily, then, "Of course I'm not. I never have been one, have I?"

"That's so, that's so; leave him alone, fellows, he'll come out of his spell of conscience all right. He has sunk under the weight of his sins, that's all."

Jack made no reply. He took little part in the conversation, and the boys finally left him to his thoughts. It could not be said that they were pleasant ones. A letter from Rathborne, Sr., had put before him the question of his future. Somehow, Jack never before had occasion to feel a sense of real responsibility such as he did now. His life had been wholly one of chance, a happy-go-lucky sort of existence. He had not the least harm in him. The worst that could be said of him was that he was too care-free. He needed something to bring out his better, steadier self.

"Well, boys, here we are in the burg. There is old Miss Simons. She is one of those characters I told you we grew here," said Alan Kerry.

According to the custom of small towns, the entire population was at the station to see the train come in.

"I'll have to introduce you fellows to Miss Simons," said Alan. "I don't want you to miss any of the entertainment that our town can afford you."

So saying, he proceeded to make the boys known to the old lady. She was very effusive in her greeting to Alan.

"And how is James getting along?" she said, speaking of Alan's brother who had been ill at college.

"Why, he is convalescent now," answered Alan.

"Oh, is he? That is a terrible disease, my brother had it and nearly died," she said, wondering what made the boys get so red and fidgety all at once.

The boys left as quickly as possible, being unable to control their merriment longer. As they passed up the street they noticed a very distinguished looking gentleman standing in front of the village drug store. He attracted Alan's attention at once, because he was a stranger, and attracted the notice of the rest because he was speaking to some of the men about the lecture.

"I hope he won't attend. He would see through the whole thing at once," said Fred.

Of course Jack had pretended not to know the boys when he left the train. He had been met by a committee, and was now on his way to the town hall, where the lecture was to be delivered. The house was already filled, and the first person he noticed particularly, was the stranger, whom he also had noticed as he went through town.

"He suspects something," he thought. "I went into this for a lark, but somehow I feel as if I really wanted to make a speech worth while. I feel as if I were responsible to that man for making good.

Jack introduced his subject with evident nervousness. Soon, however, he forgot everybody except the stranger. He was striving to interest and move that one person. He did not seem to be aware of the intense stillness in the hall, nor the astonished expression of the boys from Havres. He did not see the handkerchiefs stealing out. He had eyes for only one person. Soon he saw the stranger put his hand furtively to his eye, then he wiped his eyes openly with

his handkerchief. Jack had accomplished his aim; he had forced the stranger to recognize his power. A few closing words and the lecture was over.

Jack hurried off the platform by a side entrance, to avoid the greetings he would have to undergo. As he stepped down, he was met by the stranger, who said to him:

"Young man, may I accompany you to your hotel? I want to say a few words to you."

Jack, much surprised, assented. The hotel was just across the street. When they reached Jack's room, the stranger said:

"Mr. Rathborne, do you know you made one of the finest speeches on temperance that I have ever heard?"

Jack, much embarrassed, made some incoherent reply.

"I know all about the prank you were going to play, but I don't believe it will be a prank after all. I see you are surprised at my knowledge of your scheme. My nephew, who was one of your colleagues, wrote to me of it. Thinking he would be here, I came down to see him. However, I see that he did not come with you. Do you finish college this year?"

"Yes," answered Jack.

"Did you ever think of entering the ministry? I feel that I can tell you that if you would do so, you would become one of the greatest ministers of your time. Perhaps you will believe me when I tell you my name. Here is my card," handing Jack one which read to his amazement, "Rev. Jasper Maas," the greatest minister in the United States.

It remains only to be said that Jack followed the advice of the renowned minister, and to-day the six boys who accompanied him on his lecturing journey speak with pride of how they were the cause of Jack's being a "rescued black sheep."



THE ADVANTAGE OF TEACHING MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ETHEL M. LEWIS, '10.

People are annually growing to appreciate more the advantages of teaching music in the public schools. Many children who have within them the making of great musicians, are given a chance to develop their talents, which otherwise might lie buried in the depths of their souls for years. Many of the little waifs in the tenement districts are given a chance to become great performers or composers. The little boy whom you heard whistling that merry tune, is given an opportunity to help fill the world with beautiful melodies. Every child, from the richest to the poorest, is given a chance to receive a musical education, and, although the course taught is only the beginning of a musical career, it brings out the musical traits of a child and encourages him in making a further study of music.

"But," you say, "many children have no musical talent, and others do not care for music." It is possible that they may not be talented, but they cannot help but love music after having studied it a few months. Why is it that so many of our older people do not care for classical music? It is because they cannot understand it. It appeals only to their sense of hearing, while to those who understand it, it is the language of the soul. As children are educated in music, they learn to appreciate the classics. We cannot care for German literature if we do not understand the German language. Neither can we love music without understanding it. Then if we would make our nation music-loving, we must give all the children an opportunity to learn to interpret it.

Studying music, however, does more

than help one to appreciate it. It instills in each mind a love for the beautiful. The child who learns to appreciate rhythm in music, soon learns to love little rhymes, and later on becomes a lover of poetry. Music always carries with it a beautiful thought. In the greater part of the work in the schools, these thoughts are expressed in words, and sung with simple little melodies. In this way the mind of each child is lifted to realms to which nothing else could lift it. Ofttimes, by singing these simple little songs, a poetic nature is developed, which later finds expression in verse. When one learns to interpret music, the language of the soul, he has learned the language of nature. Likewise, the child who learns to love music will love all of nature as well. Nothing will have a greater influence on character than a love for all that is noble and beautiful, for he who loves the flowers, the birds, and all of nature is the one who loves his fellowmen. Then we would do well to attempt to help the children attain this end while they are yet young, thereby helping them to improve their characters.

And now, since a musical education enables one to understand music better and to love it more, and since it helps to cultivate a love for the beautiful, we cannot but say that it should be taught. And since the public school has long since proved to be the best medium through which to reach *all* the children, we do well to conclude that it is right that music should be taught in the public schools and that the teaching of it is a great advantage, not only to the individual and to the children, but to the nation as a whole.



"THE TRUE AMERICAN."

ERNEST W. ELLIOT, '09.

The awful cloud of the Civil War was fast lowering upon our country. The time was swiftly approaching when the nation, writhing under the struggle of principle against principle, was to rend itself into two sections, both equally strong, both believing themselves to be in the right, and so believing, were both fully determined to wage that bitter struggle to the farthest end, and in that end, *to win*. The Union tottered, as though shaken by an earthquake, and then burst asunder with appalling vehemence and formed itself into two opposing masses of burning sentiment, the North and the South. Would the yawning chasm between these two sections ever again be bridged; would these two masses—could these two masses ever again unite under one government—one flag? If so, who was the man to lead the country through the terrible trial? For the answer we must turn to the election of 1860.

The Democrats had split, and the Republican candidate was easily elected. Abraham Lincoln was the new President. He was the man whom fate had destined to lead our country through its most momentous crisis. His was the consuming task of welding together the dis-severed and repelling forces of the Union. Was he capable of such a super-human undertaking? Europe looked at him, and smiled derisively at the rough, uncouth American; the South disowned him because he opposed slavery; the North trusted him, yet doubted his ability to cope with the great work. There was Lincoln, scoffed at, disowned, doubted, comparatively alone in the awful struggle. Was Lincoln disheartened? Any ordinary man would have been, but the noble Lincoln only took greater determination from the taunting world, and its disheartening and opposing manner only served as a dark screen upon which the true light of Lincoln's greatness was to be more plainly portrayed by the marked contrast.

Let us glance for a moment at the past of this man who had been trusted with the waning life of so great a nation

at its critical period. A poverty-stricken, backwoods boy, a store clerk, a self-educated young man, a country lawyer, organizer of the Republican party in Illinois, State legislator, United States Congressman, President, and to be the savior of the Union, was the life of Lincoln. What a grand triumph was that life! Hosts of difficulties were met, but the indomitable will of Lincoln conquered them all and left him at the moment of his election to the presidency, without a failure in his whole career. But the trials and triumphs of those fifty years were all to be surpassed by the one continuous and heartrending trial of the next five years.

The great Civil War had begun. At first the Union met with reverse. The North was in favor of discontinuing the war. But Lincoln never lost heart. "There shall be no secession," said he, and his whole life and energy were consecrated to enforce that statement. Each day he sent messages of hope to the front and notes of comfort to the bereaved at home. His enormous energy in organizing reinforcements seemed never to falter, for each call from the front was answered. Each day the worries and cares which seemed almost impossible for human will-power to bear, deepened the lines in that sad, kind face. Lincoln labored, prayed, hoped, eked out his entire vitality; he lived only for the Union; his noble life was dedicated to his country. Never once did he think of himself. What man so averse to slavery as Lincoln would not have taken the chance to set free the slaves at once? Lincoln did not. Only when the military service of the slaves to the South made it necessary; only when the salvation of the Union demanded it, then, and not till then, did Lincoln issue his Emancipation Proclamation, which unloosed the bonds of an oppressed humanity.

The war had ended. Lincoln had added to his career a supreme ending, for through his efforts, government of the people, by the people, and for the people had prevailed. But at the time, when his fame was at its highest, when

he had finished his greatest work and was about to begin a greater task, he was murdered—and his soul, like a rocket, always climbing higher and higher, shot off into a well-earned eternity. But by Lincoln's death, a once scoffing world was plunged into grief, the once hating South acknowledged the loss of its dearest friend; the North was hurled into an awful silence.

But Lincoln's achievements alone did not make him great, for there was an inner nature that savored of divinity; that magnanimity which allowed him to love his enemies; that power which gave the lowly product of the frontier a supreme power over all; but, above all these, the kind, sympathetic, forgiving and sadly loving and reproving nature which won the love of his Southern enemies, his Northern doubters, and the European

scoffers. These characteristics alone would have immortalized Lincoln. For his labors and sacrifices we owe him a debt which all the worldly honors can never repay. We may call him "Great," but he was more than great; we may speak of him as the "Savior of the Union," but even that does not suffice; we may call him "The True American"; he would have liked that best, perhaps, because of its simplicity, but that would not repay him, because many are called true Americans who are not.

No! We can never repay him, for he seems to have been made of a finer stock than common men, for even Nature could look approvingly at his noble features, and without blushing could bestow upon him the supremest of honors, and say, "*There was a perfect man.*"

THOUGHTS.

EMMET RUSSELL, '10.

O, Past, how great the heritage!
 O, Present, what neglect!
 The history of Ancient Days
 Has none of our respect.
 The clamoring morrow claims our life,
 And nowise may be checked.
 We struggle onward in the strife
 As bison on the plains stampede,
 Nor aught but voice of impulse heed.

O, come, thou calm and holy Muse,
 Inspirer of the rest!
 Come, thou whose name is Earnest Thought
 See how the world's distressed!
 Thy counsels to our spirits teach,
 That we may live our best,
 For into future ages reach
 The forces that we set to work,
 The thoughts we think, the thoughts we shirk.

Marcella Sembrich

RUSSELL DUDLEY, '10.

One night many years ago, when Adelina Patti was to sing in a certain European city, a little Polish girl stood for hours in the cold, eagerly waiting for the gallery entrance to open. The diva little dreamt that the obscure child who listened to her that night was one day to succeed her as queen of song. This little girl was Marcelline Cohainska, known to the world today as Marcella Sembrich.

When it was announced recently that Mme. Sembrich would retire from opera this season, her remarkable life story was recalled. She was born near Lemberg, in Austrian Poland. Her father, though self-taught, was a musician of considerable ability. That she should become a musician seems only natural, for from earliest childhood she lived in a musical atmosphere. Sembrich herself says she can scarcely remember when she was not studying music. She commenced lessons on the pianoforte when four years old, and at the age of six took up the violin, practicing on an instrument which her father made for her. When seven years of age she played in a string quartette composed of herself and others of the family.

The Cohainskas often gave concerts through the provinces, Marcelline playing violin and piano, and on one of these tours an old gentleman who heard her play was so impressed with her talent that he placed her in the conservatory in Lemberg. There for several years she studied the piano with Professor Stengl, to whom she was afterwards married. She also studied the violin, and at the age of fifteen began singing. Her voice, however, was considered rather small and for this reason she did nothing for it, but continued piano and violin work.

She progressed so rapidly that Stengl decided to take her to Liszt to continue her studies. When the great master requested her to play for him, she asked if it should be Bach, Beethoven, Schubert or Chopin.

"You have a repertoire, then?" Liszt inquired.

"Yes," she replied simply, and seating herself at the piano, she played one of Liszt's own Hungarian rhapsodies. Her interpretation of it pleased him.

"What else can you do?" he asked.

Taking her violin, Marcelline played some difficult arrangements of Polish melodies by Wieniawsky.

"Anything more?" he inquired.

"I think she has a voice," Stengl answered for her.

Then the little Polish girl sang.

"My child," Liszt exclaimed when she had finished, "God has given you three pairs of wings on which to fly to fame! Give up none of them, but sing—sing for the world, for your voice is that of an angel."

As a result, she took up voice culture in earnest, and after a winter in Vienna she went to Lamperti, in Milan. There she learned the method of the old Italian school, and acquired the art of perfect breathing. Lamperti used to say: "No water, no sailing; no breathing, no singing. The voice sails on the breath." She considers her experience with him invaluable.

After studying with Lamperti two years, she was engaged by an impresario in Athens, and there, prior to the date of her first appearance, she was married to Stengl, so that, as she says, she "never took a step on the stage unmarried." She made her debut in *Puritani*, and a brilliant career was predicted for her.

The following year she sang with great success in Milan, and in the spring of 1880 went to London, where she was utterly unknown except to Vianesi, then conducting at Covent Garden. He induced Gye, the impresario, to hear her, and after a rehearsal of *Dinorah*, in which Patti was singing the leading role, the young singer gave an aria from *Lucia*. Although the orchestra was tired out, it rose in a body and applauded her, and she was at once engaged to sing in a company with Patti, Albani and other artists. The following winter she appeared in St. Petersburg, and in the autumn of '83, after four years as an opera singer, she came to New York to share with Christine Nilsson the leadership of the company that opened the Metropolitan Opera House.

At the close of the season a benefit was given for the late Henry E. Abbey, and Mme. Sembrich was announced to play a violin concerto by De Beriot. This was considered a prima donna's caprice; it proved, however, to be a beautiful piece of violin-playing, and after many recalls she added Chopin's A flat ballade on the piano, with such skill and finish that the audience was wild with enthusiasm. She then sang an aria from *Somnambula*, and ended this remarkable performance by playing the violin obligato for Nilsson, when the latter sang Gounod's *Ave Maria*.

The next few years found Mme. Sembrich singing in Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and other European cities, and always with growing success. In '98 she returned to this country and, with the exception of one season, has since remained the first colorature soprano at the Metropolitan.

Mme. Sembrich's voice is of exquisite quality, ranging from G below the treble clef to F above it, and while specially suited to the more brilliant roles, it possesses all the warmth and richness of the lyric soprano. It is said that she

has made colorature human, and that she is different from other singers of her school in the feeling and emotion she imparts to every phrase of the old music. She is one of the few exponents of the pure Italian style of singing and of the Italian repertoire, and is heard to best advantage in Donizetti's *Lucia* and Verdi's *Traviata*.

She said recently that the inspiration of her life had been music. Success, however, was not attained without hard work. It was sound musicianship, combined with untiring effort, that won her renown. She says: "To sing *Lucia* one must study for years. Yet many young singers think that it just requires voice and some knowledge of music. Times have changed. Now life and excitement in everything is wanted. It is so even in pictures and books. But this is only a passing characteristic of the times, for it is the true and beautiful that survive. We used to sing with only twenty-four or thirty players in the orchestra; now there must be seventy-five or a hundred. Formerly a gown of simple tulle would do; now you must have real lace. But after all, *Lucia* sounds just as well in a tea-gown.

At the side of the prima donna during her long career has been her husband, who "has defended her artistic interests in her days of glory just as he did in her youth; he is the guide and counselor of struggling musicians, who know they are carrying their troubles to a sympathetic listener, but he is most concerned in watching over the welfare of the woman whom he saw grow from the little Polish pianist into one of the great singers of the world."

With her nobleness of character and her artistic powers, Mme. Sembrich has won a place all her own in the hearts of the American people, and her retirement will rob the operatic stage of the most unique musical celebrity the world has ever known.



"DIRECT PRIMARIES."

OTIS GRANT, '09.

This speech won the \$125 Freshman Scholarship at Inter-High-School Contest, at M. S. U., May 1, '09.

Resolved: That all elective state, district, county and municipal officers should be nominated by a direct primary under state control.

Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

My arguments on this question shall rest upon three propositions: that this plan of nomination has failed to achieve the result intended, that it has brought inconveniences wherever tried, and that its defects are inherent and cannot be remedied by legislation.

The sole purpose of the direct primary plan of nomination is to permit the party-voters to select their own candidates. To achieve this end, a great majority of the voters must participate in the election, and in the nomination of candidates for State offices the vote should be evenly distributed in order to represent all sections of the State. Here the plan has failed. In the recent Kansas primary, but twelve of the one hundred and five counties cast one-half of their usual vote. Decatur County cast three-fourths of its vote, while Pratt County cast one-sixth of its vote, Shawnee cast an equal vote with twenty-two other counties. The western part of the State by being outvoted in the east has been robbed of the power to help nominate candidates for State offices. Here is a demonstration of this system. Under it the minority rules, certain districts assume enormous power, others are unrepresented, the followers of the boss nominate the candidates, while the honest party voters, not interested in candidates whom they do not know, stay away from the polls. The fact that such results have occurred, and that no legislation can remedy these evils, should speedily cause a repeal of this law wherever passed and should be a warning to other states.

Let us consider evils caused by this system. It has placed poor men at a disadvantage when competing with men of wealth. By spending large sums in advertising, the wealthy candidate can keep his name before the people and insure his nomination. In Illinois, in the last contest for the nomination for governor, Gates spent \$700,000. His successful opponent, Deneen, spent about \$350,000. It is generally believed that these enormous sums were spent legitimately. What chance would a poor man have in such a contest? The "First American" and many others of his character have arisen from the cabin of poverty. If this abominable system survives, many of his kind will be excluded from a place of trust, because they lack the means with which to buy their nominations. In recent years large cities have altered their elections from annual to biennial to escape the cost and turmoil occasioned by frequent elections. The direct primary in providing for another election is strangely inconsistent with what is recognized as a beneficial practice. The cost of recent primary elections has greatly exceeded that of the regular elections. In the State of Kansas each vote cost the taxpayers sixty-five cents. Some counties expended one-fourth of their annual revenue. The practice of direct nominations has given political journals a power which has been used to evil advantage. In the recent primary, some newspapers, by keeping the names of candidates before the public have controlled nominations, often to the detriment of the party as a whole. The class of candidates where the direct nomination plan has been used has deteriorated. In Minneapolis, a scoundrel who was forced to flee from justice was the first to be nominated for mayor by this plan. The next attempt produced a candidate so noted for dishonesty that, although the rest of his ticket was elected, his own party deserted him. Yet Meyers, the affirmative's authority, admits that the plan used in Minneapolis is the ideal plan of direct nomination. In Boston, the public officials nominated by direct vote are as a

class unable to get private employment. From St. Paul, Indianapolis, Baltimore, and other large cities comes the same report of the inefficiency of candidates nominated by direct vote.

The plan of nominating candidates by direct vote has failed, because it is full of inherent defects. The theory is subversive of the American idea of representation. If the people can trust their representatives in legislatures, to make laws with which to govern this great republic, can they not trust representatives to nominate candidates for office? The whole system is one of distrust and skepticism and should be employed only when man has lost all trust in the honesty of his fellow men. Under this system, notoriety, instead of efficiency, becomes the standard of success. The quiet hard-working official is displaced by the fame-seeking demagogue.

The affirmative of this question must prove that every elective officer within the State should be nominated by direct vote. This includes judges.

A judge holds his position by virtue of his knowledge of the law. The direct primary system provides that citizens who know nothing of the technicalities of the law shall determine the candidate's fitness for his position. We would

ridicule the assumption that teachers should be elected by direct vote. Yet judges, like teachers, hold their positions, because of their mental ability. As their nomination depends on their popularity, judges would be forced to cater to the public. A judge who had the moral courage to decide a case in favor of a large corporation, no matter how just his decision might be, would soon find himself out of a job.

The affirmative in advocating this new theory must show that the defects of the delegate system are inherent. This they cannot do. First, the evils are few. Mr. Dallinger and the California Supreme Court are authorities for this statement. What evils there are can be remedied. Eight years ago seventy per cent of the councilmen of Chicago were corrupt. In the meantime, reforms under the Municipal Voters' League have occurred until to-day eighty-five per cent of the aldermen are infallible to bribery. The delegate system is based on the fundamental principle of our government—delegate representation. Place it under the State control, making its evils crimes punishable by prison sentence, and the delegate system will work untainted where the Direct Primary has failed.

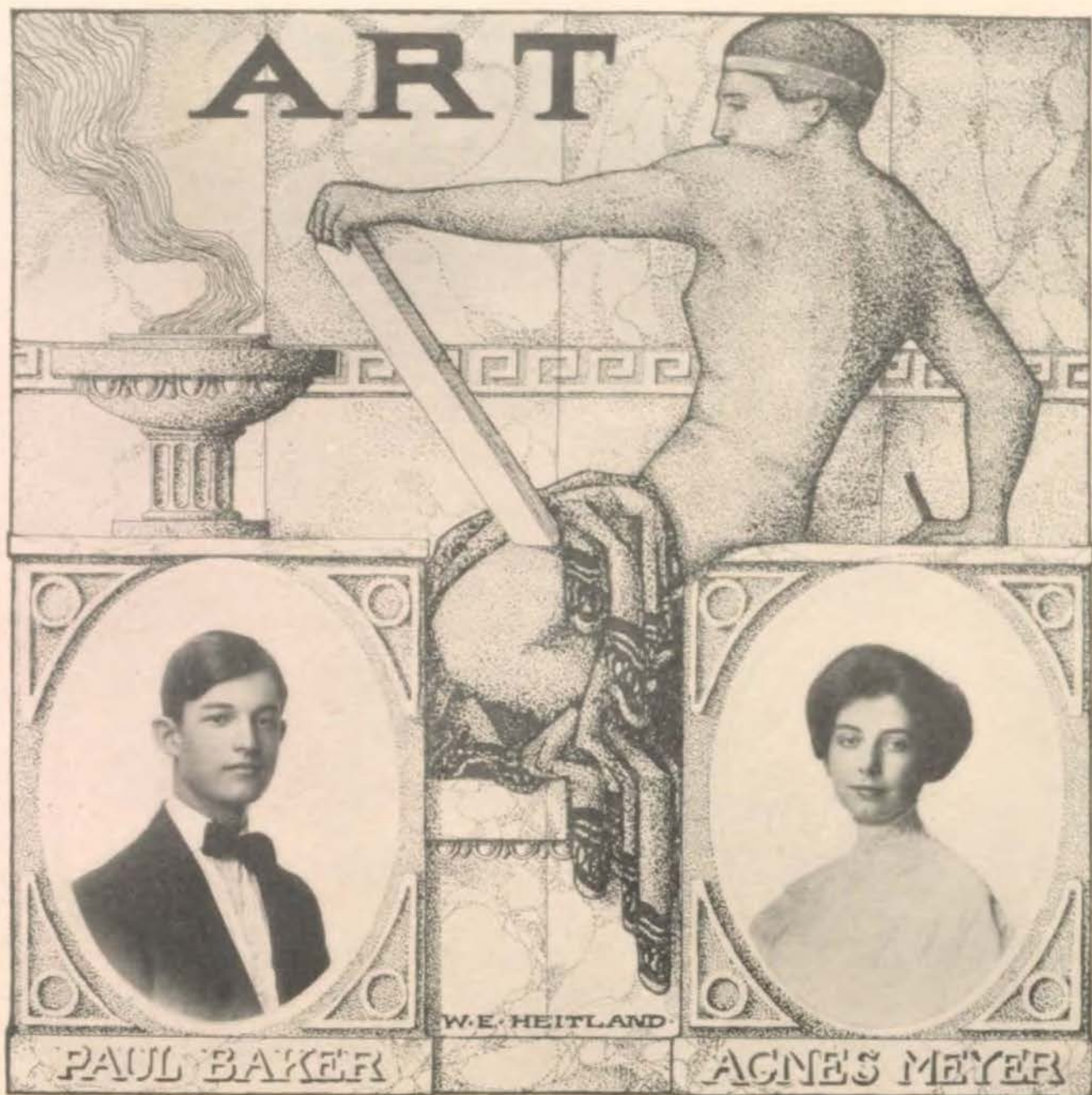
THE MASTER MIND.

CORA BELL GREEN, '10.

Power and peace united stand,
Wisdom and love go hand in hand
Making this a glorious land;
Mind, the master power in man,
Builds for us this temple grand.

Judgment and action we command,
Reason and will we understand,
Making this united band;
God becomes the ruling hand
Teaching all these truths to man.

O mind! how wonderful and grand,
The key to this great universe,
Teaching man to understand
How God rules this blessed land.



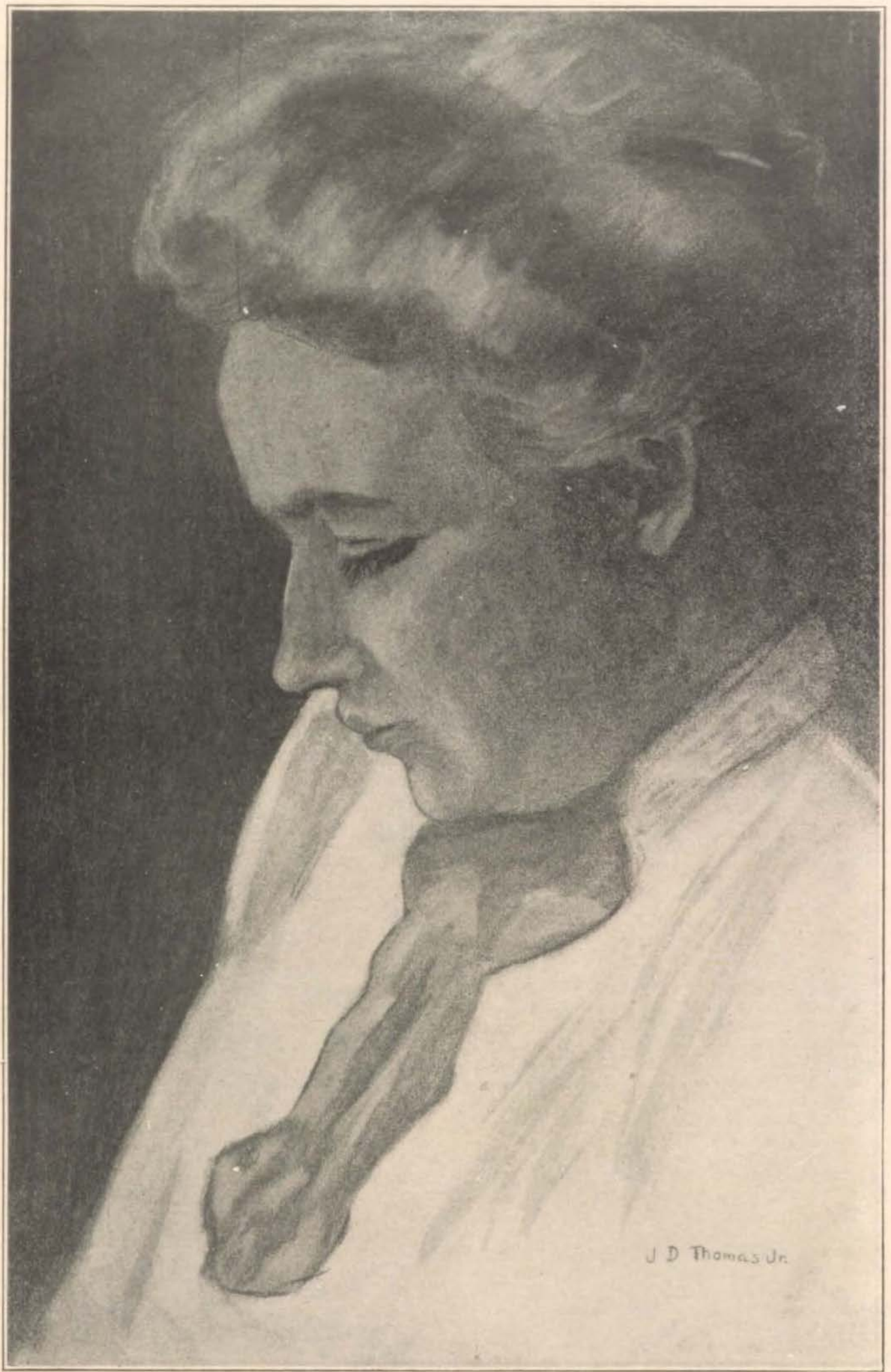
THE BOOK-PLATE.

In the days when people who knew how to read were rare, and owners of books were rarer, every man who possessed a library found it necessary to own a book-plate as well. Usually the design contained his coat of arms, his name, and the words, "Ex Libris"; and occasionally it included some allegorical or fanciful elements, the family motto, or even an appropriate quotation. This design, stamped or printed on the fly-leaf of each of his books, served to identify the volumes, even though they might fall into the hands of the illiterate.

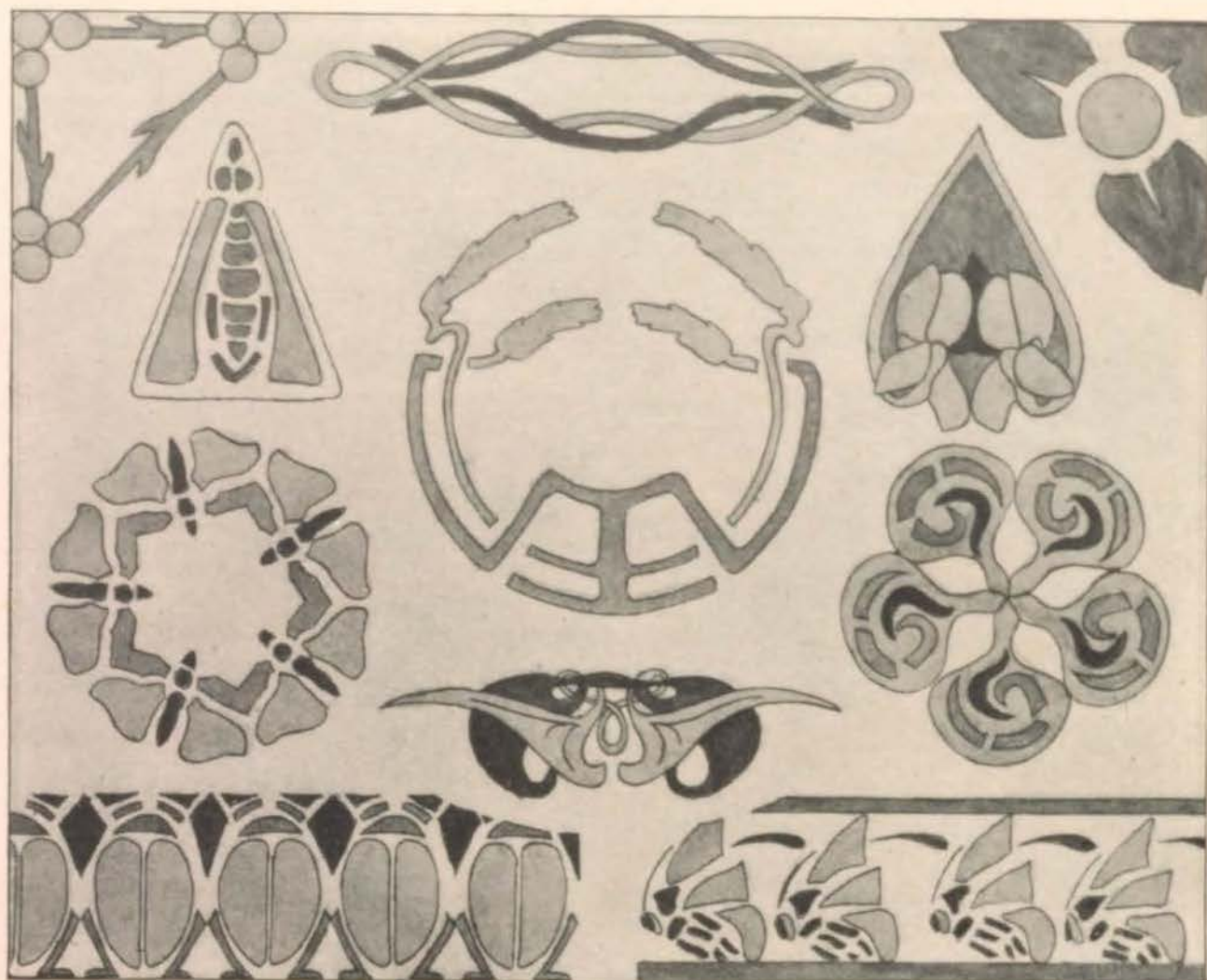
Within the last ten years there has been a great revival of this old love for book-plates. Volumes have been written on the subject. Collectors have gathered together famous examples of the art—plates designed, sometimes, by the greatest of the Renaissance artists—and many of the best designers and illustrators of our own day have turned their attention at times to the production of book-plates for their friends, or for some art-loving patron. So great, indeed, has the popularity of the book-plate become, that few owners of really

good libraries now lack an individual book-plate; and one enthusiast has even proclaimed that "the book-owner without an 'Ex Libris' is a man without a soul."

The book-plate was one of the problems given the advanced design class of Manual this winter, and one of the students, Miss Araminta Sargent, considering the extent and the needs of the school library, determined to make her design, which is reproduced in the front of this magazine for the use of that library. She has used our emblem, the nautilus shell, together with the official monogram, uniting these elements by a carefully planned interlaced design, reminiscent of the early Celtic decorations. The lettering of the "Ex Libris" carries out the line and the arrangement of this interlaced design; and the result is harmonious and graceful, full of meaning, yet simple and dignified, as befits a school. Miss Sargent had the plate etched, so that it could be repeated as often as the growth of the library might require, and has presented the school with the etched plate.



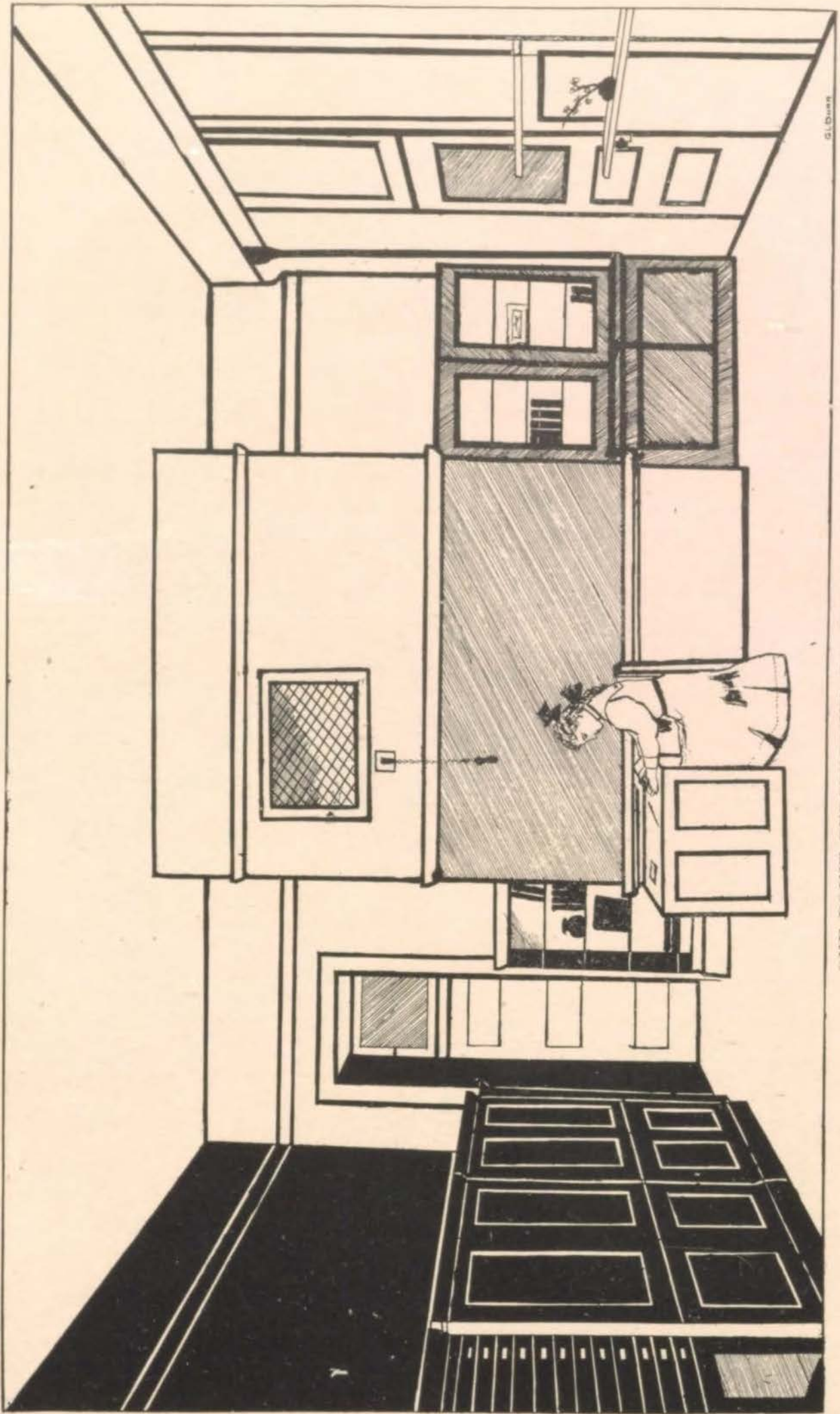
CHARCOAL DRAWING FROM LIFE BY JOHN THOMAS.



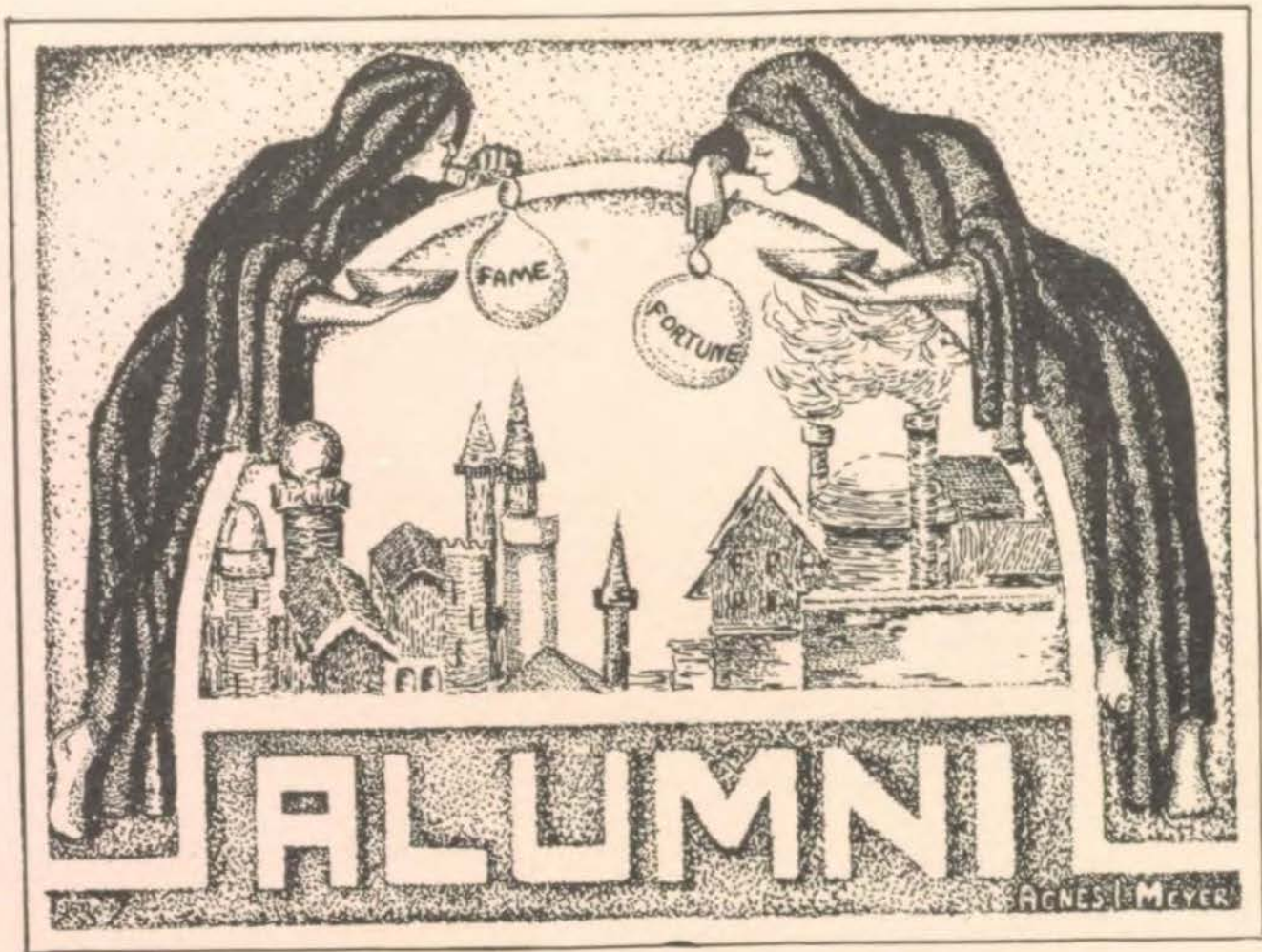
DESIGN.



APPLIED DESIGN.



ONE POINT PERSPECTIVE, BY GLADYS DUNN.
2nd Year Work.



EDITOR

Mabel Thornton.

ANOTHER year rolls around and Manual's Alumni are still making themselves known by their accomplishments. We hear from them from all over this old globe, and it is with pride that we look out upon them all. One of our number may be found in Alaska, acting as kindergarten teacher, another is in Japan, while still others are scattered all over this continent of ours.

Some of them are married, some are single, some off at school, others are teachers, but it matters not where they are, or what they are doing, you will find that they are succeeding, and setting in every case, good examples for us younger members of that most illustrious fraternity the "Alumni."

TEACHING IN KANSAS CITY.

It is with pride that we announce that from Old Manual, sixty-eight of her graduates are now teachers in Kansas City's public schools. They are:

George Arrowsmith, '05; Ruth L. Barrick, '02; Grace Berger, '01; Alma Betz, '06; Martha Betz, '06; Kathrine Boersch, '04; Anna Browne, '05; Elitia Browne, '07; Stella Burkhart, '02; Nora Calvert, '05; Berenice Cannon, '06; Carrie Connet, '01; Anna De Moss, '07; Grace Du Vall, '06; W. L. Eastwood, '04; Nan Gaunce, '05; Agnes Hale, '02; Flora Howard, '00; Clara Hoernig, '02; Frances Hull, '05; Ermine Humfeld, '03; Nettie Humfeld, '04; Boyd Johnston, '04; Helen Keating, '04; Mildred Keating, '07; Anna Klein, '04; Elizabeth Lamb, '03; Angela Leonard, '08; Mary Leonard, '05; Nora Leonard, '04; Elsa Lindgren, '02; Mabel Lofgren, '06; Grace McLevy, '02; Regina Madick, '07;

Hazel Madrick, '07; Hazel Matteson, '06; Clara Morris, '06; Emma Murray, '05; Nellie Olsen, '05; Kathleen Pig, '06; Lucy Queal, '07; Sue Rackerby, '04; Martha Rouse, '01; Grace Sage, '05; Grace Slocumb, '02; Clara Sterne, '03; Beatrice Stevens, '02; Belle Stewart, '00; Anna Stophlet, '02; Jennie Sublette, '00; Pattie Tracy, '06; Ethel Trumbo, '07; Mabel Trumbo, '05; Irene Vanlandingham, '07; Ethel Walker, '02; Ethel V. Walker, '05; Jennie May Walker, '06; Mary Walker, '07; Mary Long Walker, '07; Mary Warmoth, '07; Elizabeth Weaver, '07; Gertrude Weaver, '06; Lavinia Welsh, '07; Ella Wilberg, '06; Marjorie Wilson, '05; Anna Wynne, '01.

NEWS FROM CRETE, NEB.

It is gratifying and pleasing, and does much credit as well, to old Manual, to have her pupils and former graduates spoken of so highly. Here is a part of a letter, written by Mr. G. A. Gregory, superintendent of Crete, Nebraska, schools. He says:

"Every educator is interested in the boys who have been under his instruction and a large part of the reward a teacher gets is the satisfaction that comes from knowing his pupils have gone out into the world and upheld the standard he set before them.

"You will be pleased to know that Claude W. Harman has done first-class work in every way. He has been a gentleman, setting a good example to the boys. He gets along with boys since he has tact and common sense, and uses both. The pupils, every teacher in our schools, all the school board and citizens, admire and respect him for his untiring zeal in behalf of work while in Crete."

This is about as splendid a compliment as one could wish, and we all wish Mr. Harman continued success.

THESE HAVE MARRIED.

A recent letter from Mr. Arthur Wolf of '01, announces his marriage to Miss Frances Danford, of South Bend, Indiana, but formerly of Kansas City. We extend our hearty wishes and congratulations to them.

This item also reminds us of other Manual graduates who are now traveling the road of matrimony. They are:

Willrose Carson, '08; Leslie Frame, '06; J. Lee Hewitt, '99; Alice DeWolf, '99; Virginia Minter, '00; Grace Eleanor Greene, '00; Ben Lindsley, '00; Harry Frazer, '00; J. William Estell, '00; Velma Squeer, '00; Bertha West, '00; Lena West, '00; Louis Swan, '98; Perrin Rouse, '99; Regina Kelley, '99; Flossie Reinhardt, '00; Inez Filley, '00; Robert Clements, '00; Hortense Gerhart, '00; Minerva Shoemaker, '00; Mav Perkins, '00; Edith Rhea Barrick, '01; Pearle Barrick, '01; Beth Boright, '01; Grace Cull, '01; Claude Clement, '01; George Conkey, '01; Leo Crabbs, '01; Lula Fisher, '01; Frieda Trecher, '01; Lena Gilbert, '01; Florence Hall, '01; Maude Hallam, '01; Lois Oldham, '02; Herman Henrici, '02; T. LeRoy Mitchener, '02; Con Murphy, '02; Raymond Neevel, '02; Clarence A. O'Brien, '02; E. Earle Shield, '02; Ruby Barnette, '03; Constance Gerhart, '03; Maude Ingraham, '03; Edna Rollman, '03; Cora Ruckel, '03; Arthur Hallam, '03; Mary Shortall, '03; Hope Stoner, '03; Charlotte Tuttle, '03; Isabell Leonard, '03; Edith Hunt, '03; Clyde Mack, '03; Herbert Poor, '03; Robert Randall, '03; Charles Shoop, '03; Herbert Wehhener, '03; Clara Cosgrove, '04; Selma Crohn, '04; Genevieve Kelley, '01; Linda Loomis, '01; Margaret Hockett, '02; Myrtle James, '02; Lena Lindsley, '02; Anna Amy Little, '02; Lucerne McMiller, '02; Duane Burge, '02; Alice K. Burth, '02; Edna Coleman, '02; Nellie M. Crimm, '02; Nellie Garrett, '02; Wilmetta Wells, '02; Sadie Tudhope, '02; Annis Tripp, '02; Georgia Tripp, '02; Paul Armstrong, '02; Charles Brownson, '02; Charles Christie, '02; George Church, '02; William Coleman, '02; Edward Dart, '02; Marie S. Nettleton, '02; Annetta Eschback, '04; Mary Judith Estill, '04; Regina Lamb, '04; Hazel McCoy, '04; Frances Middlebrook, '04; Grace Pickett, '04; Nellie Vandenberg, '04; Lawrence Bair, '05; Basil Sanborn, '05; Grace Cline, '05; Maybell Metzger, '05; Floribel Needles, '05; Nellie Olsen, '05; Eva May Poor, '05; Fern A. Giffey, '05; Sophia Goodman, '05; Mabelle King, '05.

AN EX-MANUAL STUDENT WRITES FROM
K. U.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Gwynne Raymond. Mr. Raymond left Manual last year, after three year's work, and is now attending Kansas State University, where he is doing splendid work.

Lawrence, the university town, is a pretty little "New England" village on the south bank of the Kaw River, just an hour's ride from Kansas City. The University is about a mile southwest of the center of the town and is located on the top of a high, steep, hill, or rather plateau, for, although it is some hundred feet higher than any of the surrounding country, the campus is quite level. On this beautifully located plot of ground, from which one can see for miles and miles in all directions, are grouped the ten fine buildings which make up the university. These buildings are the Library, the Natural History Museum, the Law Building, two recitation buildings—Fraser Hall and Snow Hall, the former containing the main assembly hall, or chapel, and the offices of the Chancellor, Registrar and other university officers—the Chemistry building, the Physics building, the Medical building and the Gymnasium. Besides these main buildings there is the old North College, the earliest building in the university, which is located a quarter of a mile north of the present campus and is now used by the Music department. There are also now under construction two engineering buildings and an up-to-date power plant, and several other buildings which have not as yet appeared off paper, but for which we have just received a generous appropriation from the state legislature.

I could tell you a great deal that would interest you about each of these dozen or more buildings, but the one building which would probably interest you most is our fine gymnasium. It is the newest building "on the hill" and is considered by all to be by far the best "gym" in this end of the country. It is a brownstone building three stories high. The basement contains large locker rooms with steel

lockers, hand ball courts, punching bag rooms, a store from which towels may be rented and basket balls, punching bags, etc., checked out for use in the "gym." The main features of the basement are a hot and cold water shower bath room and a fine tiled swimming pool. The main part of the first floor is occupied by two apparatus rooms, one for the boys and the other for the girls. These rooms contain all of the best and most up-to-date gymnastic apparatus. The two rooms are separated by a sliding partition, which on being removed throws the two into a large banquet hall, at the ends of these rooms are a banquet kitchen, instructors' offices and a trophy room. Almost the whole of the second and third stories are in one large hall where all important university assemblies, concerts, basket ball games, indoor track meets and class dances are held. On a balcony is a running track 100 yards long. Besides this hall on the second floor are several boxing, wrestling and punching bag rooms and a base ball cage. In the valley just north of the gymnasium are the athletic fields, consisting of two foot ball gridirons, a base ball diamond, a golf course and several tennis courts.

The work of the university is divided into six departments or schools. They are the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, the School of Fine Arts, the Engineering School, the Law school, the School of Medicine and the school of Pharmacy. Of all these the Engineering School has the reputation of being the stiffest thing "on the hill," and I can well testify as to the truth of that statement. Nevertheless, none of the other courses is noted for its easiness. Just at present the classes in the Engineering School are a little crowded, but when we get into our fine new buildings next fall things will be entirely different.

Work at the university lasts from 8:00 to 12:15 in the morning and from 1:30 to 5:30 in the afternoon, but a student is usually on the hill only about four hours per day. All recitation periods are one hour in length and laboratory periods vary from two to five hours in length. The amount

of work a student is doing is recorded by the number of hours' recitation he has per week, laboratory work counting in as half time. Instead of having shop work two or three times a week as at Manual, it is all taken on one day, either from 8 to 1 in the morning or from 1 to 6 in the afternoon. Considerable time that would be lost in starting and stopping work is saved by this method. We have chapel every day from 10 to 10:15, at which a simple service is held and the principal business announcements are made. On Fridays chapel lasts from 10:00 to 11:00, at which time some person of note addresses us. There is also a vesper service every Sunday afternoon at 4:30.

There are many Manualites here—so many, in fact, that I have never been able to find the exact number—but wherever a Manualite goes a great deal is expected of him and he is looked up to with more or less envy by all his comrades. One of Manual's teachers, Mr. Ellis, who is now head instructor in the forge shops, has made himself greatly liked by all his students.

HONORED BY A GOVERNOR.

News from Mr. Bret Boright has just been received, and we're glad to say that he is acquitting himself splendidly at the State School of Mines in Socorro, New Mexico. Mr. Boright stands high in all his studies, and passed the last examination with highest honors. He moreover enjoys the confidence of the entire faculty, the friends and the students of the school.

He was invited to a banquet, given in Governor Curry's honor, at Socorro, last April, and there played for them on the violin. The following week he played again at an assembly and banquet given to Governor Curry at El Paso. His expenses were paid for three

days, besides he was introduced to the officials of smelters in New Mexico, and was offered a position for the coming vacation.

We are very proud of Mr. Boright, and he sets us young Seniors a very good example, in that he proves to us, that we should have a good standing, while off at school, both socially and scholastically.

REPORTER ON "KANSAN."

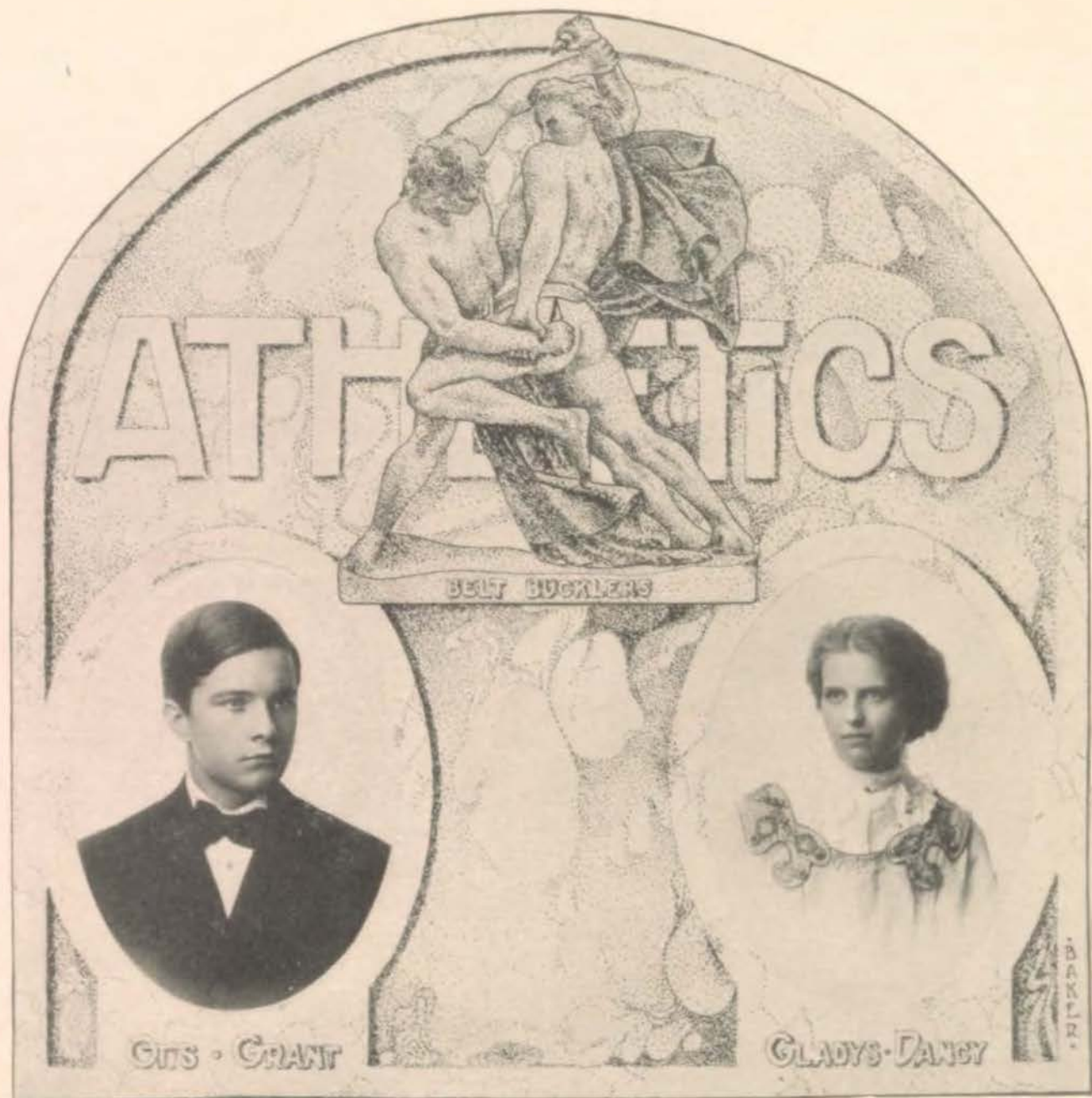
George H. Bowles, a graduate of the '08 class, was accorded one of the highest honors that is accorded a Freshman at K. U., by being appointed as a reporter on the "Kansan," at the mid-year election. The "Kansan" (the official K. U. newspaper), is published every two days by a student board.

INSTRUCTOR IN ZOOLOGY.

Richard Scammon, one of the boys who entered Manual at its beginning, and who later took a science course at K. U., was recently appointed an instructor in zoology at Harvard University.

BECAUSE HE TOOK MECHANICAL DRAWING.

We live and learn; and we are glad to learn from one of our illustrious alumni. Mr. Edward Dart, of '02, sets our boys a good example indeed. Mr. Dart, while an inspector of buildings for an insurance company in New York, came across a building with a serious defect. This fact he reported, but could not, by words, explain exactly the nature of the fault. Jokingly, he offered to make a drawing to show it more clearly. The next day he returned with complete drawing of the defect and also a proposed correction. His plan was accepted and more than that, he was promoted to an official of the company. Now boys, there is a moral to this story. Mr. Dart disliked his mechanical drawing at Manual, but, nevertheless, he had to take it and it came in very handy indeed.



"BILLY."

A Mock Heroic.

FRED NELSON, '09.



HERE was no doubt about it, "Billy" was some ball-playing "Kid." In skill and in perfect contour of features, seldom, if ever, had the world seen his equal, at least so Billy thought. For along with being a said ball-player, Billy was just about as handsome as the renowned god Billikens.

Billy was tall, broad and well developed between. He was one of those young men of whom girls say, "Oh! isn't he handsome?" but off the field, "My! who is that strange-look-

ing man?" All of which goes to show that sport is destructive to the eye for beauty.

But for Billy, Billy, as he termed it, "had played ball since he was knee-high to a grasshopper," which probably accounted for the phenomenal skill with which he picked off "sure hits," a feat done so indifferently that it appeared childish, to say the least. Billy was equally at home behind the bat, "chasing flies," "snagging grounders of the grass-cutting variety," or "tossing the elusive pellet."

But "shark" that the renowned Billy was (that is renowned in Skinville of

273 inhabitants in the summer time), he had been known "many a time and oft" on the "diamond" to three times smite the ozone in vain when a rap meant a score, a slap two scores and a hit a game.

But more of Skinville; Skinville boasted of 273 inhabitants in the good old summer time. It also boasted of a number of extremely pretty country maidens; that is, they were extremely pretty if one prefers the extreme. And among these fair damozels was a young lady in no way averse to the attentions of Billy and in whom Billy was known to be extremely interested.

Now Skinville was a member of the baseball league which attempted in vain to arouse a longing in the sluggish bosom of the Arkansaw gentleman for the National pastime. In this league were three other cities, the population of which ranged from 179 in the shade to 317 in the dry season. In this league team Billy was the "star" player of which the league possessed not a few, although the big leagues had never been known to show themselves particularly anxious about securing any of those "shining lights," this was considered nothing short of an unpardonable oversight and was therefore, their own loss.

For four long, lean, and weary years had these league teams manfully fought for the supremacy and twice had Skinville carried off the honors and two times had Columbine Hill (a rapidly climbing little burg) claimed the "raz." The league was now about to close its fifth unsuccessful season, only three more games to play with Skinville and Columbine Hill once more tied for first place. Excitement in Skinville was at fever pitch; in one week the attendance had leaped from 29 persons to 38 daily. The first of the last series of three games was lost by Skinville; in vain did Billy catch, pitch, run and hit; in vain did he strike out man after man. The Columbine Hill team was out for blood, and got it. But in the second game the Skinville boys were not to be denied for Billy won his own game after a Herculean struggle which would be a credit to a bushleaguer.

The third morning broke clear and bright; nature in every way seemed to

promise a record-breaking attendance. And the promise was kept, for shortly after the noon hour, the crowd began to pour into the park, and when the teams lined up for the final combat with Billy on the "mound," the attendance record had been broken. The crowd in the grandstand numbered $47\frac{1}{2}$ admissions, the half being a diminutive negro boy who had but a dime and who did not want to wait on the outside for a "foul" over the fence before he could get in.

For eight long innings had the two teams battled with equal scores; the score at the end of the eighth stood 18 to 18 in favor of no one, for the teams seemed perfectly matched and practically invincible.

After eight hard innings Billy still held his own and, contrary to custom, allowed the Columbine Climbers two hits and a "pass," but only one score. The Skinville Skinners came to the bench amid the greatest excitement; the crowd in the grandstand was tense with fear lest, in the last moment, the mighty should fall.

The first man up, walked; the second, fanned; the third, sacrificed, and Billy with a man on second and two outs came to bat. The vast mob in the grandstand (?) arose as one man, a hit meant a score and would tie the Climbers. Billy was quiet; with vast indifference he turned to the mob, which was vociferously shouting his name, but in all that seething mass Billy recognized but one face, the face of her. The first movement of his face was a scornful smile. Billy knew himself. The first ball thrown was fouled, the second, third and fourth were balls, the fifth a clean strike, while Billy waited for a good one. Billy for the first time in his life was afraid. He turned as all heroes do to his shrine and with one appealing look turned to the pitcher resolved to die fighting for his team, but first for her.

The pitcher slowly wound his arm about his head in an effort to confuse poor Billy, who in his agony of waiting broke out with perspiration. At last it came, at last Billy struck with might and main (at last Columbine), alas! there is "no joy in Skinville tonight," for at last the mighty Billy had struck out.



BASKETBALL TEAM.

M. S. SWINDELL

A BASKETBALL GAME.

FLORENCE A. FOLSOM, '09.

There was a spirit of rivalry at the West High, between the different classes. Each strove to outdo the others, and the Girls' Basket Ball teams were no exceptions. A cup had been offered to the team winning the championship, and many and hard were the battles fought. The Sophomores had been defeated, and the contest had narrowed to the Seniors and Juniors. Both teams were in fine condition and the fact that each team had won a game made the third game the final one and the excitement was intense.

But, on the day before the game, Inez Clayton had sprained her ankle. "What shall we do?" asked the girls, of each other. "Inez, you are the best player we have, and there is no one to take your place." Inez was the captain, and a great favorite. She hesitated a few minutes before she answered, "Girls, you know Lettie Conway, that quiet little girl who is in our History class?" "Yes, what of her?" questioned Emma.

"You know she plays forward, although she isn't on our regular team."

"Inez Clayton, you're not going to put her on, are you? Why—" began Elsie, but Emma interrupted, "She couldn't take your place, Inez, and anyway—"

But Inez answered, "Girls, I have seen her play and she is all right. I can't play, and there is nothing else to do." "But she, why the Juniors have their strongest guard against you, and there won't be any chance, whatever, for Lettie," objected Elsie.

"Well, Inez is captain and if she puts on Prof. Bentley in her place, we would have to stand by her," said May. The others laughed at the idea of Prof. Bentley, the staid, dignified teacher of Latin, playing forward. But they promised to do their best, and when they were gone, Inez sent for Lettie. "I want you to take my place to-morrow; I can't play you know," she said.

But Lettie shook her head, "I couldn't do it, and the girls wouldn't like it either," she remonstrated.

"You are the only one who can do it. You must show the girls what you can

do," argued Inez. "I can depend on you, and you ought to have the same confidence in yourself that I have in you."

"Well, I should be nervous, or something would happen. It's good of you to think of me, and give me the chance, Inez, and I have wanted to play, for a long while, but I really couldn't do it." "Won't you try? Please Lettie," and so pleading, Inez finally got Lettie to agree to play forward with Emma in the great game.

The gymnasium was well filled on the next day and each side seemed sure of victory. The Seniors were really very uneasy, but it would never do for the Juniors to suspect it.

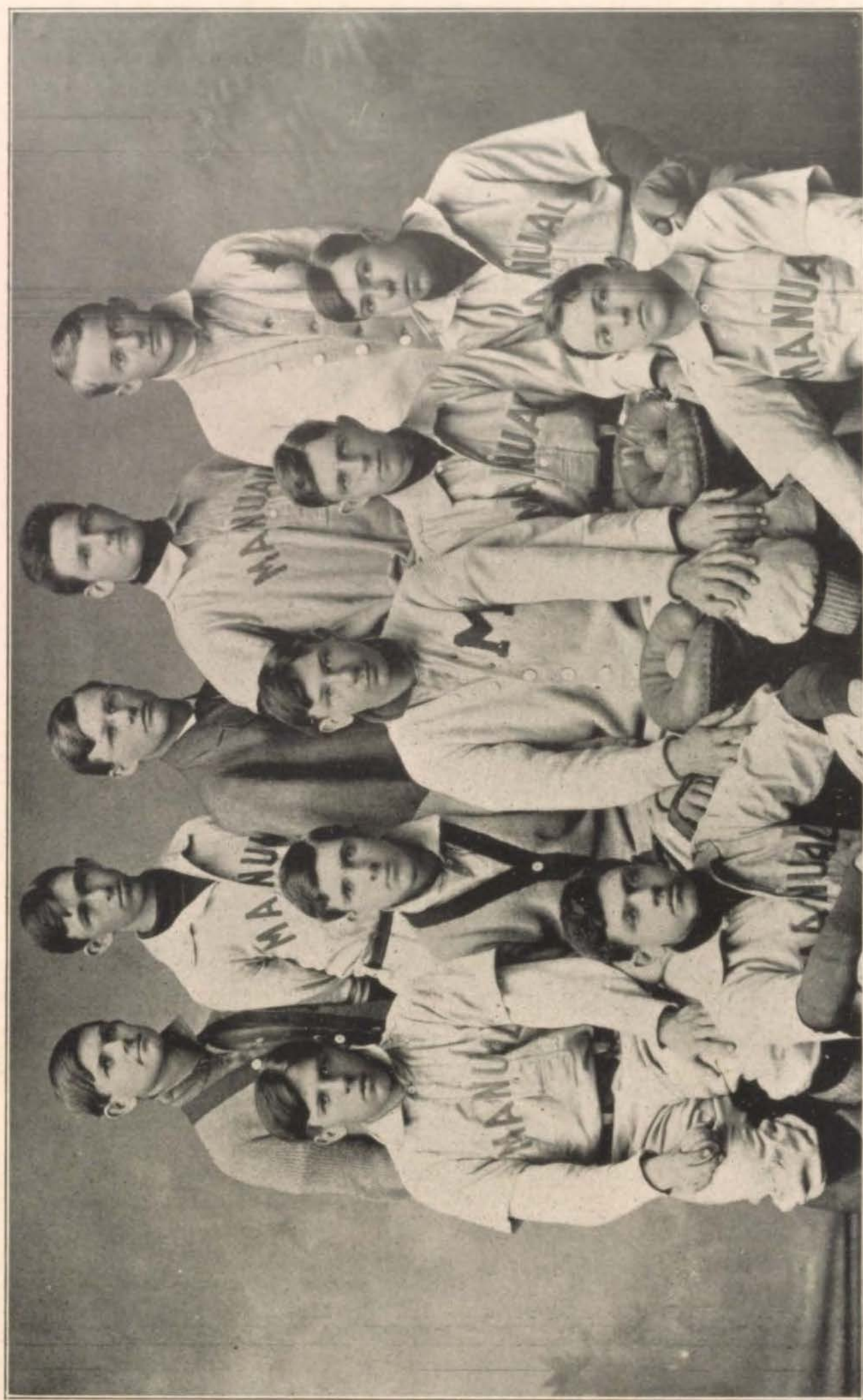
The west basket was given to the Seniors for the first half. The audience had become very quiet, and, as the ball was tossed up in the center, Clarê, the Junior center, caught it, and threw it to a forward who put it into the basket, before the opposing team realized what had happened. A mighty shout went up from the Junior side. Again the ball was tossed up in the center, and again the performance was repeated. "What is the matter with our guards?" asked Emma.

The next time the ball went out of bounds, Lettie stepped out, to throw it back. A guard caught it, and Lettie rushed up, while the umpire called sharply, "Foul, Senior over the line."

The other side lined up and the ball went straight through the basket. But a few minutes later, it went into the west basket. Then it became a battle between centers and guards, and neither side scored again during the first half. When time was called, the girls went to the dressing room to rest.

"We simply have to beat them," said Elsie. "If Emma could throw like Inez," mourned May. "I do wish Inez could be here. We can't win without her," replied Emma.

Lettie flushed, but she answered steadily enough, "Well, we must do the best we can without her." "The Juniors are confident of victory," said a guard.



BASEBALL TEAM.

"Five to two," taunted a Junior, as she passed. Then the bell sounded again, and the players hurried back for twenty minutes of steady, hard work. The Seniors made a basket, and the score stood "five to four," but there seemed to be no hope that the ball would get to the Seniors again, before time was called.

Suddenly, the ball shot over the center and landed fairly in Lettie's outstretched arms. Quick as she was, her guard was ready. Lettie's back was toward the basket, but, as she glanced over her shoulder, she saw Emma standing near. She hesitated a minute, then she threw it

deliberately over her shoulder, toward the basket. "There isn't one chance in a thousand" she thought and she was almost afraid to look around, but cheer after cheer aroused her, just as time was called. The ball had gone straight through the basket, and the score was six to five, in favor of the Seniors.

Lettie was praised and congratulated on every side. Although she protested that it was purely an accident, they insisted that it was her efforts which had saved the day. The Seniors had won both championship and cup.

BASEBALL.

Considering the league standing of the team, baseball this season was a success, but financially it was a failure. In fact, baseball received such little support from the school, that the athletic managers may possibly abolish it for a year or two.

The team this year was composed mostly of "raw recruits." The credit for organizing these individuals into a well regulated machine is due wholly to Coach Shepherd. Many knew but the rudiments of the game. To these he taught "inside baseball"—the playing of the game scientifically.

Pitcher Miller was the "find" of the season. His work on the mound entitles him to honorable mention. John Carrol, captained and caught for the team.

Manual opened the season April 3d, at Leavenworth. The soldiers were easy for the crimson warriors. The mighty Kermeyer, who held the '07 team down with one hit, was driven from the mound. Miller allowed the soldiers but four hits.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E	
Leavenworth.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	—	3	4	8
Manual.	6	2	1	0	0	4	0	1	1	—	15	19	3

Batteries—Leavenworth, Kermeyer, Davis and O'Keefe; Manual, Miller and Carrol.

The second game of the season was with Kansas City, Kansas, April 10th. The Jayhawkers won the pennant last year and Manual expected a hard battle. They were not disappointed. Miller opposed Marsh, the West Side star, on the mound, and succeeded in winning his game.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E	
K. C., K.	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	—	4	4	2
Manual.	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	1	x	—	5	4	3

Batteries—K. C., K., Marsh and Barshfield; Manual, Miller and Carrol.

The next game was with our old friend, Westport. The Southsiders won a fast game 4 to 3.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E	
Westport.	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	—	4	5	4
Manual.	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	—	3	3	2

Batteries—Westport, Carl and Shultz; Manual, Miller and Carrol.

April 17th, Manual met Central for the first time. Central won easily 6 to 1. Hamilton who started pitching for Manual was wild and was replaced by Miller. Stengle for Central was very effective, holding the crimson to four hits.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E	
Central.	0	1	0	0	1	0	4	0	x	—	6	6	1
Manual.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—	1	4	4

Batteries—Central, Stengle and Welsh; Manual, Hamilton, Miller and Carrol.

On April 24th, Manual started on her second trip around the circuit, and again defeated Leavenworth. The game was one sided, resulting 18 to 0. Miller held the Soldiers to three hits, while Manual gathered fourteen.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E	
Leavenworth.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0	3	4
Manual.	0	0	0	2	6	5	0	5	x	—	18	14	0

Batteries—Leavenworth, Davis, Kermeyer and Shields; Manual, Miller and Carrol.

April 27th, Manual went down to defeat to K. C., K., in a hotly contested game. Errors at critical times were mainly responsible for the defeat.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
K. C., K.	0	0	1	0	1	0	4	1	x	7	8	1
Manual	0	1	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	6	7	4

Batteries—K. C., K., Marsh and Barshfield;
Manual, Miller and Carrol.

May 3rd, Manual met Westport and reaped a rich revenge for the former defeat. Miller had the Southsiders at his mercy, and held them down to three hits.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Westport	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	3	3
Manual	4	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	x	6	8	3

Batteries—Westport, Shultz and Donaldson;
Manual, Miller and Carrol.

The last game of the season was with Central. Manual played errorless ball and won easily 4 to 0. Miller held Central to three hits. Carrol caught a fine game

The Score—Central:

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Brockaw, 1st b.	4	0	1	10	0	0
Stengle, p.	4	0	2	0	10	0
Lindgrove, ss.	4	0	0	1	4	1
Morely, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Welsh, c.	3	0	0	9	0	0
Jones, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Filden, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Bidwell, c. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Carson, 2d b.	3	0	0	1	2	1
Total	32	0	3	24	19	3

The Score—Manual:

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Carrol, c.	3	0	1	11	0	0
Shelby, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Goldberg, ss.	4	1	0	2	2	0
Miller, p.	3	2	1	0	11	0
Campbell, c. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0
Hamilton, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Bremer, 2d b.	3	0	1	1	1	0
Batell, l. f.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Murphy, 1st b.	3	0	1	8	1	0
Total	30	4	8	27	17	0

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Central	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3
Manual	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	0	x	4	8	0

THE ALSO RAN.

GEORGE CARTLICH, '09.

Oh! you sing of the trees and the mountains,
Of the woods, and the lakes, and the streams,
You remember the gardens and fountains,
And even sweet maids and their dreams.

You sing of the games and the races,
And have sung since time began,
But *you* always sing of the winner,
I'll sing of the "also ran."

The mile has been run, and the victor
Falls breathless in arms of his friends;
He is cheered till his ears are a-burning,
But what of the "also-rans"?

The "also ran" was as willing,
He ran just as hard as the rest;
To *him* the race was as thrilling,
He should have been cheered with the best.

In the race of the life it's the winner,
It's the one who comes out in the van,
Whose name goes down in history—
But here's to the "also ran"!

HIGH SCHOOL DAY AT COLUMBIA.

On May 2d at Columbia, our athletes again demonstrated the supremacy of Manual. The meet was looked upon as a duel with Central. The meet was not long in progress before the winners were picked.

The day was cold and windy, being very disagreeable to both spectators and contestants. Owing to the high wind, no track records made that day will stand. This disqualifies Wyatt's 9.4 in the one hundred yard dash.

The great "Manual triumvirate,"

Schwab, Kanatzar and Craig, again did good work. Schwab won medals in the dashes and weights. Kanatzar won first in all three weights events, incidentally breaking the discus record with a heave of 117 feet, 6 inches.

Craig won the mile and the half-mile runs.

Atkinson covered himself with glory, by his great finish in the quarter-mile.

Koenigsdorf won points in the dashes and weights, and Hamilton did good work in the pole vault.

MISSOURI VALLEY INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET.

Saturday, May 8th, the M. V. I. A. A. meet was held at Elm Ridge, under the auspices of Kansas City, Kansas, High School.

As one newspaper put it, "It was all Manual!" This made the third time in as many years that Manual won the victory. It also established Manual's undisputed ownership of the handsome Kansas City Star cup.

Captain Schwab and Kanatzar, earned most of Manual's points. Schwab won medals in the dashes and weights and Kanatzar won first in the three weight events. He also broke the discus record with a throw of 124 feet, 1 inch.

Woodbury put up a game fight for Central, but one man cannot make a track team. This fact emphasizes the remarkable showing of our team, for Manual scored in every event except the hurdles. So, although Schwab and Kanatzar were our greatest point winners, yet had it not been for Craig, Koenigsdorf, Hamilton, H. Jewell, Gibbs, Atkinson, Hisle and Mitchell, who worked just as hard for what they got, Manual could not have made such a grand showing. Also let us not forget the "Also rans."

The summaries are as follows:

High Hurdles—Won by Hendrickson, Central; Carl, Westport, second; Woodbury, Central, third; Reber, Central, fourth. Time, 16 1-5 seconds.

Low Hurdles—Won by Woodbury, Central; Hendrickson, Central, second; Fife, Westport, third; Funkhouser, Lincoln, fourth. Time, 25 3-5 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—Won by Mann, Lincoln; Schwab, Manual, second; Campion, Leavenworth, third; Koenigsdorf, Manual, fourth. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

One-mile Run—Won by Redfern, West Des Moines; Kennedy, Omaha, second; Craig, Manual, third; Morse, Central, fourth. Time, 4 minutes, 51 3-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by Brannon, Lincoln; Harris, West Des Moines, second; Gibbs, Manual, third; Atkinson, Manual, fourth. Time, 54 seconds.

880-Yard Dash—Won by Craig, Manual; Matthias, West Des Moines, second; Redfern, West Des Moines, third. Time, 2 minutes, 9 4-5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Schwab, Manual; Mann, Lincoln, second; Koenigsdorf, Manual, third; Wood, Omaha, fourth. Time 23 seconds.

Pole Vault—Won by Woodbury, Central; Hamilton, Manual, second; Neill, Westport, and Jewell, Manual, tied for third place. Distance, 10 feet 10 1-2 inches.

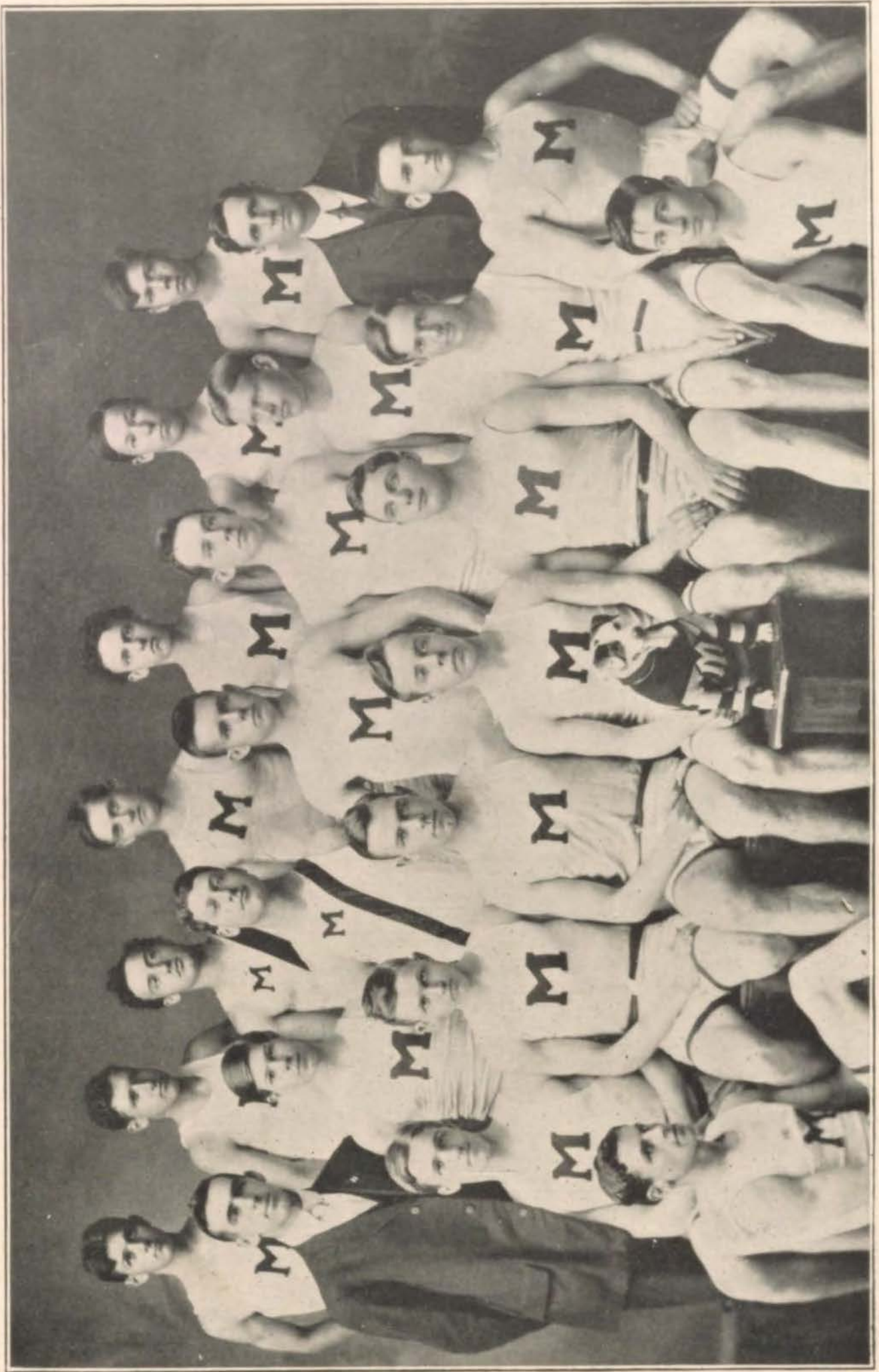
Running High Jump—Won by Wiley, York; Woodbury, Central, second; Mitchell, Manual, Robinson, Westport and Hammett, West Des Moines, tied for third place. Distance, 5 feet 8 inches.

Running Broad Jump—Won by Wiley, York; Mann, Lincoln, second; Woodbury, Central, third; Hisle, Manual, fourth. Distance, 19 feet, 5 1-4 inches.

12-Pound Shot Put—Won by Kanatzar, Manual; Schwab, Manual, second; Carle, St. Joseph, third; Koenigsdorf, Manual, fourth. Distance, 45 feet, 11 inches.

Discus Hurl—Won by Kanatzar, Manual; Schwab, Manual, second; Meyers, York, third; Cline, West Des Moines, fourth. Distance 124 feet, 1 inch.

12-Pound Hammer Throw—Won by Kanatzar, Manual; Calahan, Lincoln, second; Schwab, Manual, third; Carle, St. Joseph, fourth. Distance, 153 feet, 5 inches.



TRACK TEAM.

"SHORTY."

MILES O'CONNELL, '11.

Jesse Francis Fay was everything that his name said he was not. He was remarkably tall, broad, strong and ugly; but the most remarkable thing about him at present was his absence. Indeed, every one agreed that Jesse's was a most unaccountable and alarming disappearance.

Jesse, or Shorty as he was called because he was not short at all, was a very important personage at Daneville. First and foremost, he was a wonderful weight hurler; second, he could always be depended upon to pass in his studies. This latter estimable quality was, of course, important only in that it allowed Shorty to appear upon the athletic field three or more times yearly, and carry off fifteen clear points for Daneville at each and every time of his appearance.

Besides these things, Shorty was a good fellow. He wasn't stingy with his money nor with anything else; so far as his conduct was concerned, you couldn't have told that he was any better than those who had committed the unpardonable sin of being born a year or so after him and consequently being a year or so behind him in his studies; and, provided it was not *too* innocent, he was always ready for such innocent diversion as is best performed after dark. As for his somewhat irregular features, no one ever thought of them—there were no girls to make one fastidious.

But now Shorty was gone, alarmingly and amazingly gone. Shorty could be depended upon to take care of himself. Every one confidently believed that. But the alarming feature was that in three days, an aggregation of strong young men, in company with a much larger aggregation of strong young voices, would journey to Shrevesport to meet another aggregation of strong young men, in company with another aggregation of strong young voices, in a grand annual track and field meet. Two evenings previous, every young gentleman in Daneville had gone to bed with a moral certainty in his heart that they would win; two evenings after, every young

gentleman in Daneville had gone to bed with a moral certainty in his heart that they wouldn't.

To reach Shrevesport the evening before the meet, to practice moderately their yells and songs on the streets until one or two in the morning, then to retire to a well earned repose, until it was time to arise and begin the sterner business of supporting their team, all this had been the unbroken custom of the Daneville boys whenever the meet was held in Shrevesport. Consequently, when three days had elapsed since the beginning of our story, and the third of May had arrived, that day was like similar preceding thirds of May in Shrevesport. Peaceful residents were entertained until late at night and early in the morning with resounding bellows, melodious snatches of song, and the highly edifying notes of tin horns and cow bells. Sundry detachable articles disappeared from accessible places and appeared again in inaccessible places. Strange writing was scrawled upon fences, walls and buildings, informing all readers of Shrevesport's immediate and imperative need of her ma-ma-ma, and of the twisted, broken, "frazzled," and generally "spifflicated" condition in which she would be left on the morrow. Only the songs and shouts were not so confident, the number of detached articles not so large, and the writing not so boastful as on previous occasions, for thoughts of the absent Shorty arose constantly—thoughts which had a most dampening effect upon the spirits of the young gentlemen.

Sadly and more mystified than ever, the Daneville rooters made their way to the field of events the next afternoon. But under the necessity of out-yelling Shrevesport, their spirits soon rose, and only occasionally did their thoughts return to Shorty.

The weather was extremely warm for the first part of May, and the earnest rooters sweltered as they yelled and danced. Myriads of gay pennants waved over the crowd; a hundred different sounds arose in one grand discord. Out



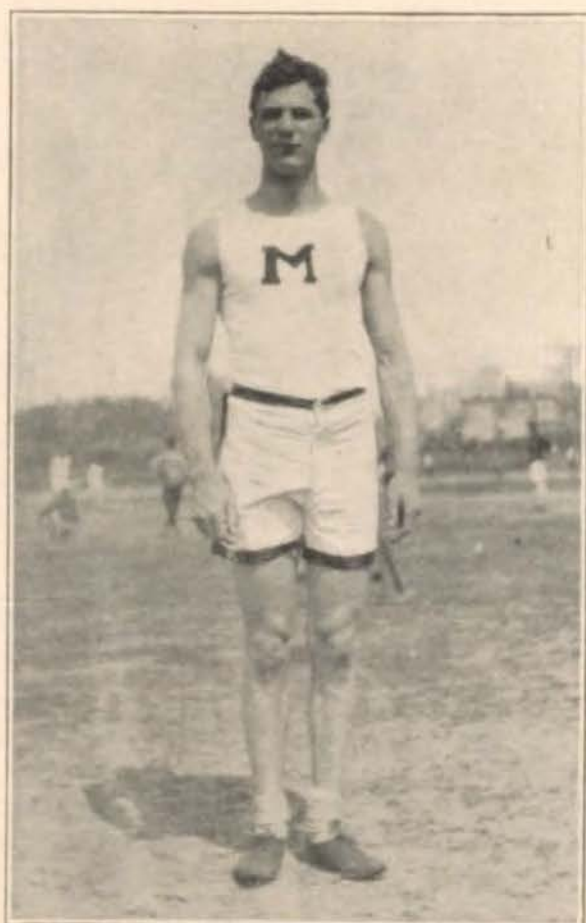
SCHWAB, Captain, '09.
100, 220 yd. dash; Discus, Hammer
and Shotput "M" '07.



KANATZAR.
Hammer, Shot, Discus.
"M" '07.



CRAIG.
Mile and Half-Mile.
"M" '05, Football.



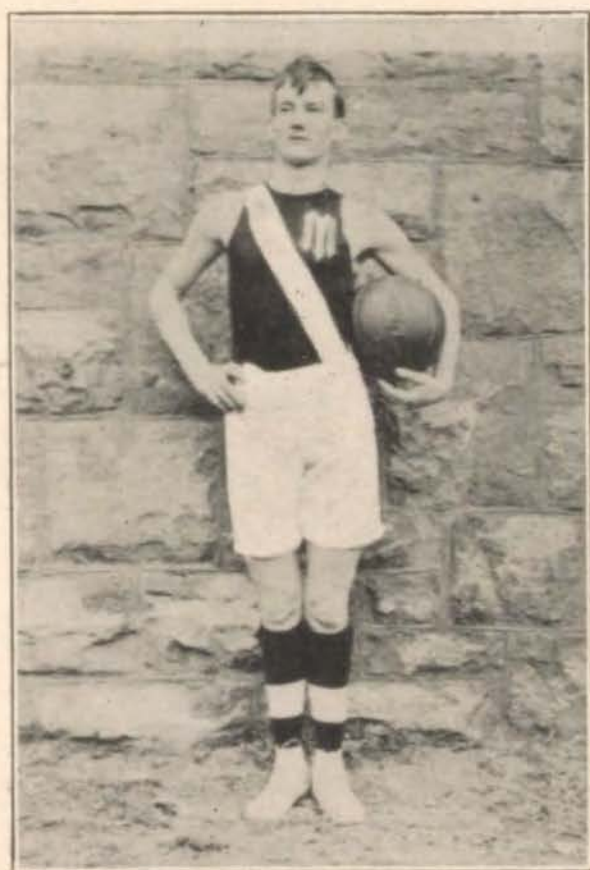
KOENIGSDORF.
Captain Basketball Team '09.
"M" '07, Basketball.



HAMILTON.
Pole Vault "M" '09.



ATKINSON.
Quarter Mile "M" '09.



BRACKEN.
Basketball "M" '08.



MOFFETT.
Basketball "M" '09.

on the track the athletes were wrapped in their bright-hued blankets. The Daneville representatives talked with serious faces about Shorty, while the Shrevesport boys were jubilant over his absence. With no Shorty, Crane of Shrevesport was sure to win the weights. Presently the meet began, and then the events followed each other with rapidity. The schools kept well together, first one being a few points in the lead, and then the other forging ahead.

The games were drawing near their close. First in the shot put and hammer throw had gone to Crane; the other place had been divided about equally between the schools. Every one knew that the meet depended upon the discus throw, and every one knew who would take it. All were waiting for the event to begin, part in gloomy silence, part in wild joy, when suddenly a great commotion arose among the athletes who were just issuing from the dressing rooms at the last call for the discus hurlers. The Daneville men came pouring forth, bearing a remarkably tall, broad, and ugly young man in their midst. The Daneville rooters recognized Shorty and suddenly went wild.

"You confounded old stick-in-the-mud, where have you been keeping your little personality?" asked a Daneville boy, as he affectionately pounded Shorty in the ribs.

Shorty grinned, "Well, I got a card from an uncle of mine the day before I left Daneville," he said; "so I decided to come up and see him, and then I thought it would be pretty good to come off without saying good-by. When I got here my precious uncle was gone, so I just decided to stay until the meet."

"But why didn't you come before it was all over?" some one asked.

Shorty looked exceedingly foolish. "Well—ah—the fact is—ah—I didn't want to meet any of you, so I tried a short cut out here and got lost."

While the fellows rebuked Shorty for his action, yet they were secretly glad he had come; and as he went forward to take his place in the ring, the crowd cheered him as lustily as ever. When the results of the discus throw were announced, they ran thus: Fay, Daneville, won; Crane, Shrevesport, second; Whipple, Daneville, third. Shorty had saved the day for Daneville.

THE MANUAL-LAWRENCE DUAL MEET.

The track season opened with a duel with Lawrence High School, in which the Jayhawkers finished a poor second. This meet showed clearly that Manual had a track team of which she might well be proud.

Captain Schwab brought home medals in the 100 yard dash, the 220 yard dash, and in the weights. An athlete is rarely found who is a star in both track and weight events.

Harry Kanatzar easily won first place in the three weight events. He smashed the Kansas discus record with a throw of 124 feet, 7 inches. Harry was destined to break a discus record in every meet he entered. Craig won the mile and half-mile runs. In the mile, he was closely followed by "Tommy" Moffet, our basketball hero.

Koenigsdorf began in this meet to develop the habit of following close on Schwab's heels in the dashes. He also scored in the weights.

Atkinson showed class in the quarter. This was his first year on the team and he certainly made good.

Eugene Hamilton won the pole vault with A. Powell second. Hamilton, when fully developed, will make a great vaulter.

The other points were won by Hisle in the road jump, Perry and Mitchell in the high jump, and R. Powell in the hurdles.

The services of Manager Bainter and Coach Hall cannot be overestimated. Old Manual greatly appreciates what they have done in placing the crimson banner ahead of all others.

WHY DADDY CHANGED HIS MIND.

AGNES I. MEYER, '09.

Now young Michel Van Digger Monroe
Was the idol and worshiped hero
Of the class of year ten;
Of all of the men,
He was king of athletics, prince of the
pen,
And the captain of baseball, you know.

But young Michel Van Digger Monroe
Had a very stern Daddy, and so,
When he learned that his son
Had quit study for fun
(For so he termed baseball, high jump
and long run);
He decided to cut his allowance quite
low.

Before doing this deed indiscreet,
He decided he'd see the next meet,
Catch the boy in the act,
Show him just where he lacked;
(For he'd promised to stick to his text-
books when packed,
Off to college—of stern education the
seat.

He arrived rather late, a mistake in his
plan,
As he took his seat, grumbling, he saw
the young man
(Yes! He was a fine lad;
He had never been bad,
That's why this last freak made his Dad-
dy so mad),
He was kneeling, well-poised, on the
track, where they ran.

Then the pistol rang out and away the
boys sped;
And Daddy did want him to lead, but
instead
He was way at the end,
Looked as if he might mend

Up the lap, but the long helpless stretch
seemed to send
Dad a spasm, his heart sank like lead.

But he glanced up at last, at the rous-
ing hurrahs,
Something really had happened or why
this applause?

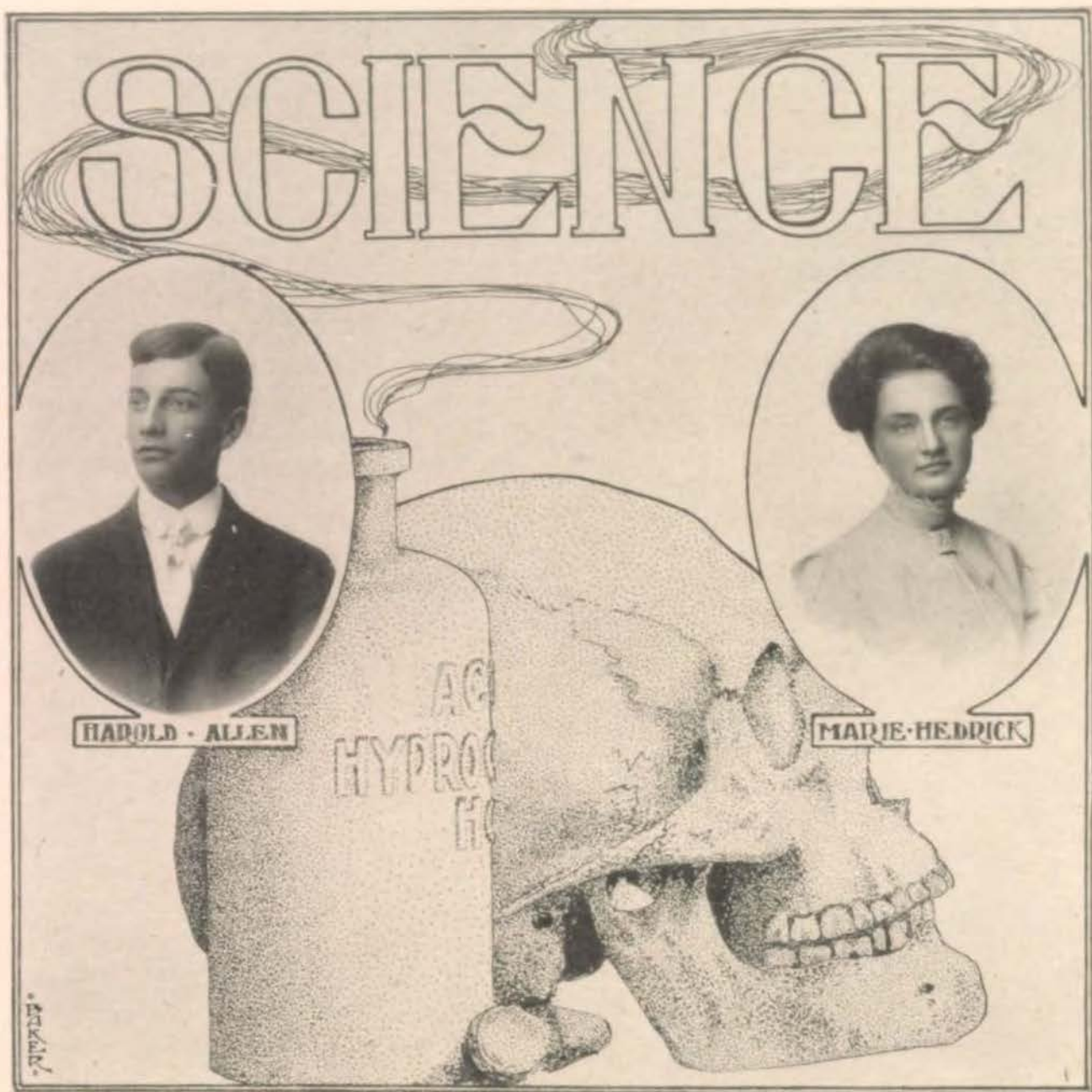
Then he jumped to his feet,
And mounted his seat;
And joined his own voice in the noise
made to greet
His son, yes, the leader, his son, was the
cause!

And he yelled and he howled and he
shouted with force,
And forgot all things else but his son,
who, of course,
Came in with first place, simply walked
off the race;
And the stern Dad rushed forward to
meet face to face
The boy whom he'd rooted for till he
was hoarse.

And so, for he thought his young son
was so fine,
He asked all his college chums with them
to dine;
And he said in his pride,
With his son by his side,
"Why, my boy could do anything that
he tried,"
And he pointed him out with the state-
ment, "He's mine."

"Why, that boy's the best runner in all
U. S. A.;
He beats all the others as if it were
play;
What I say is so,
I'll furnish the dough,
Back to text-books—he never need go;
His allowance? Why—willingly double
I'll pay!





SCIENCE AT MANUAL.



THE Science at Manual has received an indorsement which is fully substantiated by the results obtained in all departments; there has been much original work, and the year of 1909 will be prominent in years to come on account of the notable progress made.

The Chemistry department is to be praised, as well as its patrons. A compact, neatly constructed electric furnace has been made by David Caleb. This furnace will be used, mainly for demonstration purposes, the high temperatures obtainable by its use making it

possible to prepare such substances as calcium oxide, calcium carbide, metal calcium, phosphorus, and other substances requiring high temperatures.

In Physics, David Caleb has also proved himself useful. He, with the aid of Mr. Page, has re-made an old transformer which the latter received from Mr. Kent. Four coils were made, consisting of 30,000 turns of number thirty wire weighing fourteen pounds. The wire proved to be over eight and one-half miles long, and it is readily seen what an immense amount of work was entailed by the winding of the coils. When constructed the instrument has registered 20,000 volts, giving a spark of about nine inches long.

The classes in Biology have not had as many field trips as were desired on account of the bad weather, but it is seen by the flower calendar which they have produced, that they have availed themselves of their opportunities.

In the machine shop, work has gone on very rapidly and extensively. Many of the boys enjoy the work to such an extent that they do extra work four days in each week. The result of this work consists of a two horse power generator, which is being made by William Leavitt, a gasoline engine by Lewis Nofsinger, two fan motors, and two hand-lathes, the latter being in process of construction.

A number of baking powders have been tested in the Chemistry department recently. Aside from the difference in composition of the various brands of baking powders, it was found that, in order to get the same amount of carbon dioxide, in some cases it was necessary to take two and one-half times as much powder as in other cases. Most of the baking powders containing alum and acid calcium phosphate in place of cream

of tartar and tartaric acid, are sold at approximately one cent an ounce, unless premiums are given, in which case the price of the cream-of-tartar baking powders is asked. That is, without the premium, you may get fifteen ounces for fifteen cents; with the premium, you get sixteen ounces for fifteen cents, the baking powders in both cases being practically the same.

Manual has also been very fortunate in having some mature lectures by scientific experts. Dr. Perdue, of the Kansas City Hahnemann Medical College, delivered a lecture on April 30th before the Edisonian society and its visitors, on the subject of "The Manufacture and Testing of Portland Cement." The talk was greatly enjoyed and was exceedingly instructive.

On May 7th, Mr. Herbert M. Page gave a talk entitled "The Electronic Theory." This was very beneficial to the hearers, as well as interesting, giving the development of the various steps in obtaining knowledge of electricity.

THE OLIVA.

HESTER LAUMAN, '10.

It is on a long, smooth, sandy beach, the home of the wee oliva. To find its house is very interesting, although the search is difficult, for one must make use of the keenest eyesight. This tiny snail makes its abode an inch or so under the sand and is found in about six inches of water at low tide. How such a small bit of life can exist under the weight and roar of a mighty ocean is beyond human understanding. Its resting place is disclosed by a bubble-like mound of sand about the size of a coin. But it is upon securing the oliva that great care must be taken, for, should it be dropped, upon reaching the sand again it immediately disappears by burrowing swiftly downward, this being its mode of defense.

The oliva is a conical shaped shell snail. The largest specimens found on the Pacific coast are perhaps one inch in length and one-half inch in diameter. The remarkable feature of the shell is its exquisite coloring. Soft, velvet-like shades of purple are combined with restful shades of olive green in this small masterpiece, and in the glimpse of the lining which may be seen, is revealed a pearl-like interior.

The olivas belong to the order Mollusca, genus Gastropoda, deep-water snails. They are a low species of Gastropoda, however, their superiors in the family being many, the Nautilus for example. Though the rest of the family may swim or sail, they are content to burrow their way, snail-like, slowly but surely.

FLOWER CALENDAR OF THE BOTANY CLASSES.

The opening up of the spring weather has been unusually late this season. Nevertheless, the following "Flower Calendar" may have a few dates that are interesting, if not surprising to you. The list is presented as it was given by the pupils in the Botany classes with the help of their teacher. These are the dates when the first flower of its kind was seen in bloom.

Some few of the dates are surprisingly early, and may be accounted for by the fact that the plant was in a sheltered place. A few others not listed, were reported, but we were unable to name them from the poor description or fragments of plant brought in. All are out-door plants.

The list was made up to May 1st.

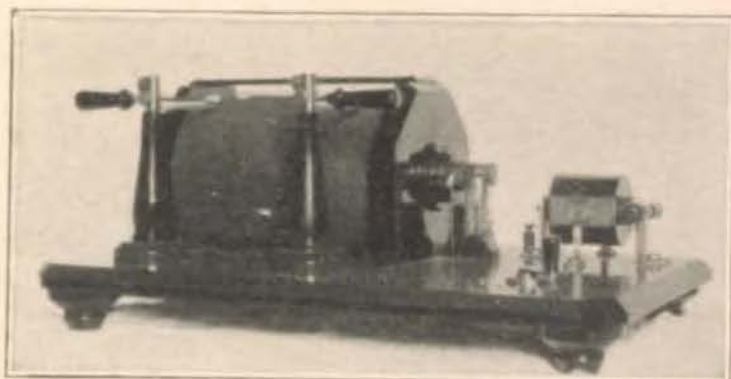
Feb. 10.	Dandelion.	April 4.	Narcissus.
Feb. 22.	Soft Maple.	April 4.	Apricot.
Feb. 27.	Blue Violet.	April 6.	Bridal Wreath.
Mar. 3.	Elm.	April 6.	Magnolia.
Mar. 4.	Crocus.	April 6.	Pansy (cultivated.)
Mar. 6.	Hazel.	April 6.	Flowering Almond.
Mar. 6.	Pussy Willow.	April 8.	Lilac.
Mar. 7.	Tulip.	April 8.	Apple.
Mar. 7.	Pink Oxalis (wild.)	April 10.	Sweet William or Phlox (wild).
Mar. 8.	Large-toothed Aspen (tree).	April 10.	Pawpaw.
Mar. 14.	Sweet Violet.	April 12.	Wild Strawberry.
Mar. 18.	Carolina Poplar.	April 12.	Dentaria (Pepper Root).
Mar. 18.	Hyacinth.	April 12.	June Berry (wild, tree).
Mar. 19.	Bluebell.	April 12.	Fragrant Sumach (wild shrub).
Mar. 19.	Shepherd's Purse.	April 12.	Verbena (wild).
Mar. 21.	Snowdrop.	April 12.	White Clover.
Mar. 22.	Spring Beauty.	April 13.	Primrose (cultivated).
Mar. 22.	Jonquil.	April 13.	Hard Maple.
Mar. 26.	Forsythia (shrub).	April 15.	Wild Crab.
Mar. 26.	Japanese Quince.	April 15.	Ground Ivy.
Mar. 27.	Myrtle.	April 17.	Indian Tobacco (weed).
Mar. 27.	Peach.	April 17.	Wild Onion.
Mar. 27.	Plum (cultivated).	April 17.	Wild Plum.
Mar. 28.	Yellow Violet.	April 17.	Ash tree.
Mar. 28.	Peucedanum (Fennel-leaved Parsley).	April 17.	Syringa.
Mar. 28.	Isopyrum (False Rue Anemone).	April 18.	Bleeding Heart.
Mar. 29.	Pear.	April 21.	Raspberry.
Mar. 29.	Lily of the Valley.	April 21.	Blackberry.
April 1.	Cherry (cultivated).	April 21.	Red Haw.
April 2.	Blue Flag (dwarf).	April 22.	Uvularia (Bell Flower, wild).
April 2.	Draba (a weed).	April 25.	May Apple.
April 3.	Blue Violet.	April 25.	Androsace (weed).
April 3.	Yellow Oxalis.	April 25.	Corn Speedwell (weed).
April 4.	Buttercup.	April 25.	Tansy Mustard (weed.)
April 4.	Currant.	April 25.	Violet Oxalis.
April 4.	Box Elder.	April 25.	Wild Pansy (Viola Tri-color).
April 4.	Dutchman's Breeches.	April 25.	Wild Ginger.
April 4.	Gooseberry.	April 26.	Buckeye.
April 4.	Red Bud.	April 27.	Rocky Mt. Cherry (cultivated).
		April 27.	Neckweed (Veronica).
		April 27.	Virginiana Maculate (Wild Geranium).
		April 27.	Bladder Nut.
		April 28.	Yellow Puccoon.
		April 28.	Bluebonnets.
		April 28.	Yellow Sweet Clover (weed).
		April 28.	Oaks.
		April 28.	Wild Hyacinth.
		April 28.	Wigelia (Bush Honeysuckle).
		April 29.	Black Haw.
		April 30.	Macrocalyx Nyctelea (weed).
		April 30.	Birch.
		April 30.	Dogwood (cultivated.)
		April 30.	Columbine.
		April 30.	Calycanthus (Strawberry Shrub).
		April 30.	Halesia (Silver Bell tree).
		April 30.	Snowball.
		April 30.	Grape.
			Not seen till May 2, but evidently in bloom several days earlier:
			Wild Larkspur.
			Chickweed.
			Chaerophyllum (Chervil, a weed.)

THE INDUCTION COIL.

HARRY SIEGFRIED, '10.

The induction coil, invented by Mason and improved by Ruhmkorff, is one of the most useful, as well as peculiar, of electrical apparatus of the present age. The induction coil, a few years ago, was of little use, but since the invention and improvement of the gasoline engine, it has become very common, and perhaps one of its greatest uses is for ignition. It is also the principal mechanism in the transmitting apparatus for wireless telegraphy and is extensively used by doctors for treatments and for the X-rays.

An induction coil consists of a primary coil, usually of two layers of cotton-



THE FINISHED COIL.

covered, coarse, copper wire, generally number ten to sixteen, inclosing a core made of a bundle of soft iron wires. This coil is inclosed in a secondary coil of very fine covered copper wire, usually from number thirty to thirty-eight, several hundred times the length of the primary, from which it is insulated by a hard-rubber or fiber tube.

While exact formulae for the construction of the transformer have been calculated, science has, as yet, secured none for the induction coil. Since there are no formulae for the exact amount of each material used in the construction of induction coils for giving certain lengths of sparks, it is necessary to build them by the "guess and try" method, or to refer to the instructions given by some one who has built a coil similar to the one desired. But, as first stated, coils are very peculiar, and it would be impossible for any two persons to take

equal amounts of material and make a coil, which, when completed, would give the same lengths of sparks.

I made two attempts at making an induction coil, the first time having little success, while the last time I had better success, enough, in fact, to make up for my failure in the first. The last coil was built to give a two-inch spark and was designed by myself. The coil when finished, gave such extraordinary results that I have given its formula below for those who might wish to construct one like it. The cost is very little, not exceeding four dollars, and when finished, if carefully built, will give a spark five inches in length. This size of coil, if bought, would cost fifty to sixty dollars. It is not the material in it, but the time it takes to build it and the workmanship.

Before proceeding farther it is necessary to discuss a point in regard to the secondary winding. This wire may vary in size, as stated before, from number thirty to number thirty-eight, the latter being the smaller wire. The using of these different sizes has an effect on the character of the spark. If, for instance, two coils were made exactly the same, with the exception of the secondary windings, and on one, one pound of number thirty cotton-covered magnet wire was placed, and on the other a pound of number thirty-eight, the sparks on the last one would be considerably longer than on the first one, but the sparks would be fat and hot, while the coil wound with thirty-eight would give thin sparks. So, for all-round purposes I would recommend a coil to be wound with number thirty-four wire.

The first step to take in building this coil is to purchase three pounds of soft iron wire, preferably Norway iron wire, size number eighteen. This wire, after being straightened, is cut into lengths of twelve inches so as to form a bundle twelve inches long and seven-eighths inch in diameter. This core is wrapped with one layer of tape to hold the wires together and to insulate the primary winding from it. The primary requires

seventeen ounces of number fourteen, double cotton-covered magnet wire, and it is wound on the core in two layers and within three-eighths of an inch of each end of core. One layer may be separated from the other by placing a piece of paper between them. Care should be taken to get this wire wound as tight and as even as possible. When this has been completed, an insulating tube made of fiber should snugly cover the primary winding. This insulating tube should be one-eighth of an inch in thickness. You are now ready for the winding of the secondary, which will be

next secured, and about five hundred strips of a good grade paper, three by fifteen inches. The wire is first put through a small hole bored in (a) and after wrapping several turns of paper around the axle or spool, the wire is wound back and forth within one-half inch of each end, a layer of paper being placed between every layer. When wound to four inches in diameter, the coil and winder are boiled for three hours in paraffin and then, after being cooled, taken off the winder and the next one wound. The two, when finished, are slipped over the primary and in such a

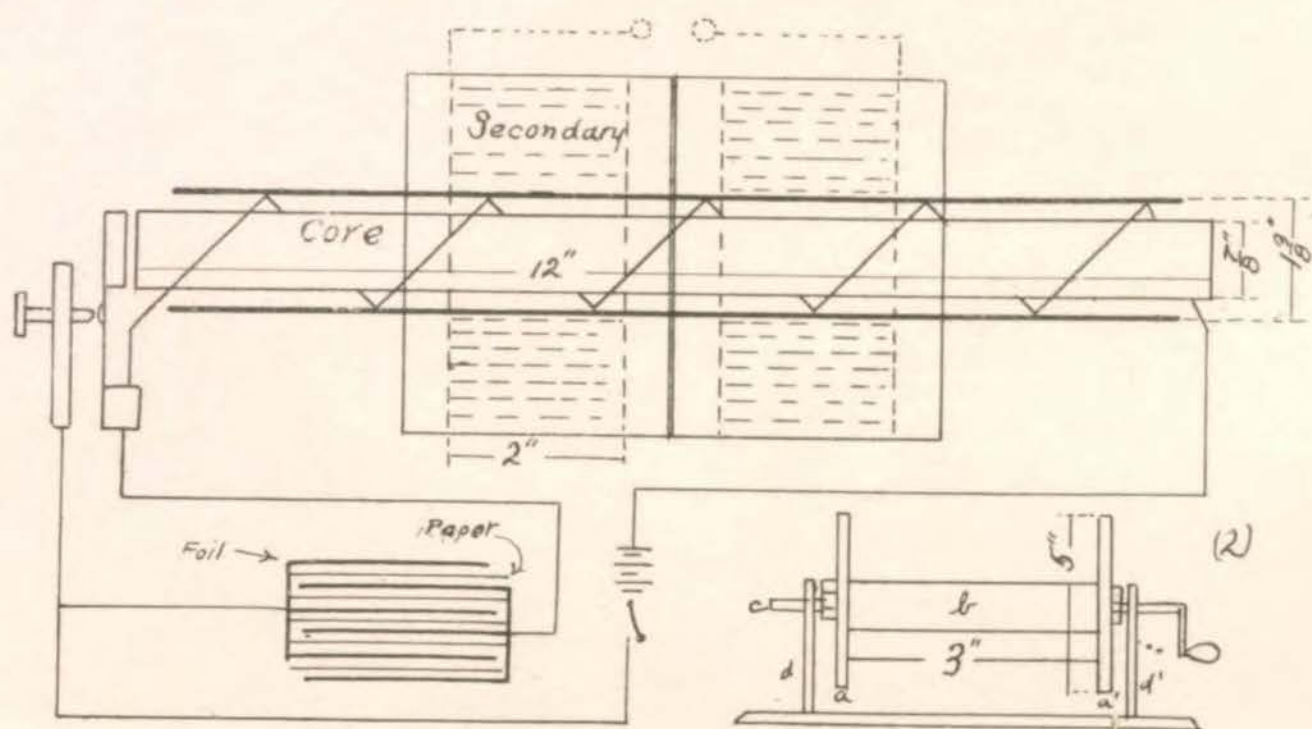


DIAGRAM OF COIL AND WINDER

wound in two sections. This will require much more time and skill than the previous work and, for its winding, a winder will have to be made. Referring to the diagram (2), (a) and (a') are two circular disks of wood or metal five inches in diameter, and a hole is bored in each, large enough to admit axle c, which is threaded on each end. The cylinder (b) is three inches long and one-sixteenth larger in diameter than the outside of the insulating tubing. Axle, cylinder, and disks are bolted together on each end and the whole put on standards (d) and (d'). A handle is also put on one end with which to turn the winder.

Three pounds of number thirty-four single cotton-covered magnet wire is

manner that the two inside ends of the coils are joined, the outside of each being the terminals for the spark gap. It is advisable to buy the vibrator. The condenser is made from forty sheets of tinfoil, eight by ten inches, arranged so that every other sheet has a lug on one side, and the others a lug on the other side. Paper sheets, ten by twelve inches, are placed between the foil leaves, and connecting all the lugs on both sides, the vibrator, condenser and coil are then connected as in the diagram.

As every boy has his own ideas as to how the coil should be finished or mounted, I will not attempt to describe a way here, but an idea can be got from the photograph of the coil, and how it looks when completed.

THE BLOCK SYSTEM OF SIGNALING ON AMERICAN RAILROADS.

DONALD REID, '10.

The terms "block signal" and "block system" are sometimes considered as terms hard to understand, but their meaning is simple. "Block system" is used to describe any means of keeping two trains traveling in the same direction on the same track at a minimum distance apart. The system was tried in America only after its long use in England.

The simplest method of maintaining this interval between trains has been called the "Telegraph Block System." It was first used on the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Philadelphia.

The railroad is divided into sections, each called a block. These blocks vary in length from several hundred yards where trains are frequent, to several miles. For the sake of illustrating the working of the block system, I will designate one block by the letters A—B. In the manual or hand system of blocking there is a semaphore and a signal cabin at both A and B. When the train enters the block at A the operator there turns the semaphore arm to a position which designates "stop." The semaphore arm is left in this position until the train passes B, when the operator there telegraphs the man at A to that effect. The semaphore arm is then moved to a position which indicates "all clear," and another train may enter the block. There is also another distinction which is to be made under this head, that of absolute and permissive blocking. In the absolute method no train may enter a block until the one preceding has left it. In the permissive method a train may enter the block before the one ahead has left, but the engineer proceeds with the knowledge that the train is in the block and therefore runs slowly. This permission to enter the block is given either by a third position at the semaphore or is delivered in writing to the engineer.

The next method to take up in order is the controlled manual or "lock-and-block" system. The apparatus used in this method consists of a series of elec-

tro-magnets so connected to the levers that control the semaphore signals, that the operator at the outgoing end controls the lever at the incoming end. For instance, when a train leaves A toward B and A's lever is put to "stop" it cannot be put to "all clear" until B unlocks A's lever, which B will not do until the train has cleared the block. To guard against B unlocking A's lever too soon, there is an automatic arrangement by which A's lever cannot be unlocked until the train has left the block. Of course where trains are run under the permissive system the automatic part of this becomes useless.

Under the head of controlled manual blocking comes also the electric train staff. A train staff is a brass-bound rod of wood about 20 inches long. In the electric train staff system, at each end of the block is a pillar holding ten or more staffs. No train may leave either end of the block without a staff. The pillars are electrically connected so that a staff, having been taken from one pillar, another cannot be taken from either one until the first has been replaced to one or the other of the pillars. Each staff has attached to it the key of switches (if there be any in the block), and is arranged so that the key cannot be withdrawn until the switch is closed. This does away with all possibility of running into open switches. The main drawback to the manual and controlled manual method is the number of operators it requires, the many signal cabins, and the expense of fuel and light for the operators. For this reason the automatic system of blocking has been devised.

One of the automatic systems uses the enclosed disk signal. The greatest argument for this is the fact that the working parts are protected from storms. The disk, about 18 inches in diameter, is made of silk stretched on an aluminum frame. This is fixed to the armature of an electro-magnet. When the block is clear and the magnet energized, the armature holds the ring up out of sight and the approaching engineer can

see only the back of the case which is painted white. This is the "all clear" signal. When a train enters the block and a shorter electrical connection is made, gravity pulls the disk down where it can be seen, thus displaying a "stop" signal. Another automatic signal is the electric semaphore, which is the latest development. The semaphore arm is moved from "stop" to "clear" by a one-sixth horse power motor. When released, the arm returns to "stop" by gravity. To work the signal motor, from ten to sixteen Edison-Leland cells, which are placed at the foot of the semaphore post, are used.

The cost of installing disk signals is reported at about 400 dollars per signal, and the cost of maintenance at about 67 to 100 dollars per year per signal. In seven years blocking on the Chicago and Northwestern with over three million signal movements per year, the number of false "clear" indications has been about one false indication to one million movements. Thus considering the cost of installation and maintenance and the number of possible errors, the block system saves not only life, but is a great saving in money to the railroads using it.

RUBBER.

ELIZABETH KARGES, '09.

Rubber has been known for more than a century and a half, but it did not come into extensive use until about fifty years ago. The first accurate knowledge which science had of rubber was afforded by a French naturalist in 1736. He went on an expedition to Peru, where he found the inhabitants wearing rubber shoes and rings.

After this knowledge was obtained, rubber became one of the chief things which scientific men worked on. Toward the end of the eighteenth century it was used in surgery, for tubes, springs and for the purpose of erasing pencil marks from paper. It was very expensive, however, a half-inch cube costing one dollar and fifty cents.

Great progress was made with rubber and at the beginning of the nineteenth century Mackintosh entered the field as an inventor. Great difficulties were met with, for by the time the sap from the rubber tree reached Europe, it had hardened and had to be dissolved. It had been discovered that rubber could be dissolved in ether, but ether was too expensive for commercial use.

Mackintosh found that naphtha, an oil produced from the distillation of tar, was a good solvent for rubber. By exposing the rubber to this oil he converted the substance into a waterproof varnish. He immediately obtained a patent

and fabricated a garment which took his name. This garment was a great improvement on what had gone before, but it had one fatal defect; it could not be adapted to extreme cold for it would stiffen.

About the middle of the nineteenth century the famous process of vulcanizing, that is, undergoing a change produced by a high degree of artificial heat, was discovered by Charles Goodyear, a native of Connecticut. He made a compound of sulphur and rubber which made a sort of gum. While sitting by a very hot stove one day, he happened to drop a piece of gum on the stove and found that instead of melting it charred like a piece of leather. He nailed the piece outside the door, where it remained during a night of extreme cold; when he took it down in the morning it was flexible. The discovery was made and the existence of vulcanized rubber was assured.

This discovery very soon made the manufacture of rubber goods one of the chief industries of the world. It is estimated that there are over five hundred uses to which rubber is put and that in America and Europe there are one hundred thousand persons engaged in its manufacture. In the household, on railways, in machine shops, in wearing apparel—everywhere, it is in use!

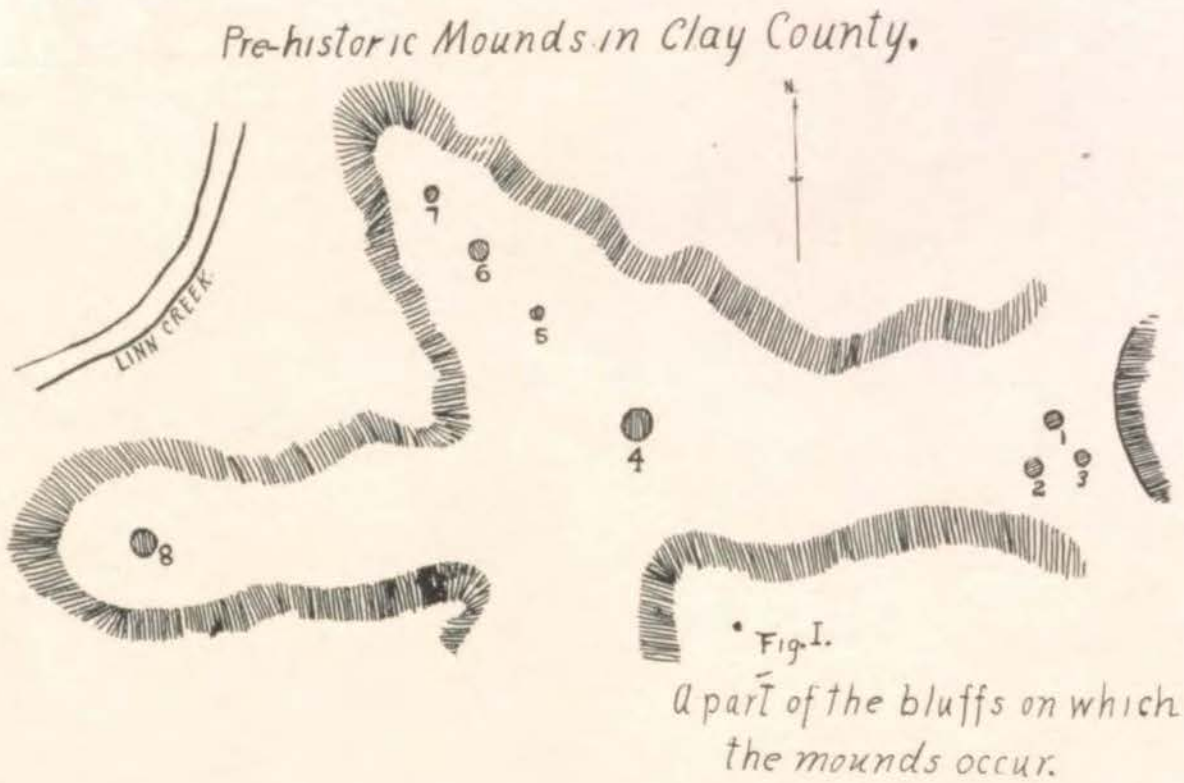
PREHISTORIC MOUNDS IN CLAY COUNTY, MISSOURI.

CLYDE MORGAN, '11.

There is a series of mounds for a distance of three-fourths of a mile along the high bluffs overlooking Linn Creek in Clay County, Missouri. These bluffs are in the southwest portion of Clay County, near the boundary line of Platte County. A commanding view can be had of the Missouri River Valley about the mouth of the Kaw, from these mounds, which are two hundred and fifty feet above the river.

The mounds are arranged mostly in groups of three and there are usually two of these groups on the high portions

diameter and four to six feet high. The sepulcher mounds have a stone wall in them two feet wide and about four feet high, that encloses a space about eight feet square. Some of these mounds have an entrance two feet wide and three long. (Fig. 2-3.) The builders of these sepulchers, showed a skill of masonry in the exactness and durability of their construction. The walls were built of thin layers of limestone, laid flat on each other in such a way as to form a regular perpendicular face. No mortar of any kind was used between the stones.



of the bluffs. On one of these high points, there is only one mound, that of a large sepulcher, in which, probably, was buried a man of high standing in his tribe. (Fig. I.) The mounds that are in groups of three are arranged either in a triangular form or in a straight line.

From all outward appearances, the mounds are alike and seem to be nothing but irregular, oval-shaped earth mounds. Although some are made entirely of earth, the greater part of them have an interior construction of stone. The mounds are from twenty to forty feet in

This limestone is not found within a hundred feet of the hill. The stones had to be borne up to the mounds from a distance of, at least, a quarter of a mile.

There are three different kinds of mounds on these bluffs; those for sacrifice, observation and sepulcher. Those of observation are earth mounds in which nothing in particular is found. The sacrificial and sepulchral mounds are constructed nearly alike. There are several of the mounds for sacrifice on different parts of the bluffs. Mound No. 2 is evidently a cremation vault. There was found in it a large quantity of charcoal

and ashes, with fragments of charred bones. The walls of the mound had been subjected to long-continued heat, and the clay inside was reddened from the burning. Mounds Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 8 were used as sepulchers. In No. 3 several skulls and one skeleton, with fragments of others, were found. With some exceptions, all seemed to have been buried either in a sitting posture or lying down with the knees bent up. The bones are so far decayed that great difficulty

them, the character of the land and the condition of the bones found in them. Evidently the mounds were kept free from the growth of forests, so long as they were used for sacrifice or sepulcher. Yet they are covered with trees of great dimensions, and there are evidences of other generations of tree growth preceding this one. On mound No. 5 there stood a red oak stump which showed two hundred rings of growth. In 1879 a man found a burr oak fifteen and three-

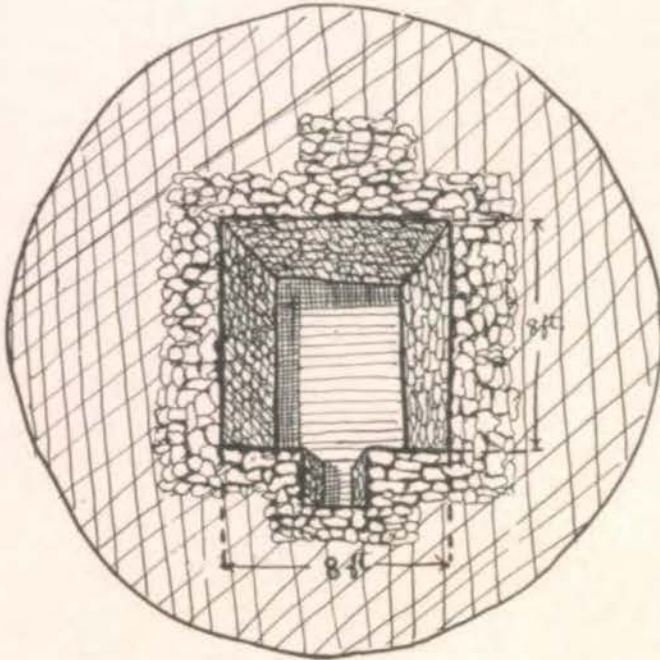
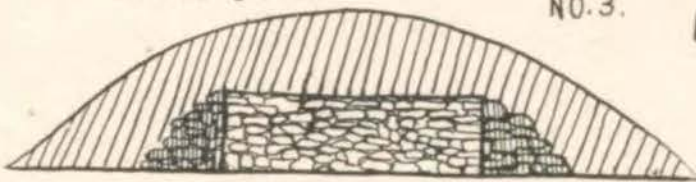
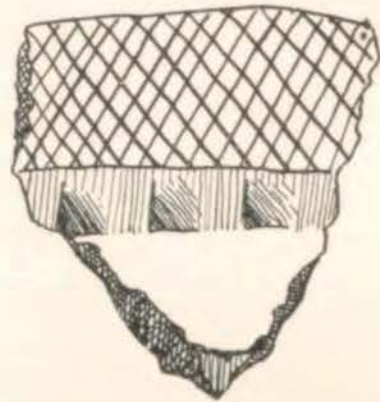


Fig. 2
Top view of no. 2

Fig. 3
cross section of stone Mound
NO. 3.



Fragments of Pottery,
from the kitchen camp
at Linn Creek.



Wagon 9-3-12.

was experienced in removing them. One man succeeded in preserving, to a certain extent, two or three skulls, by covering them with a thick varnish as soon as exposed. In mound No. 4, a large earth mound for observation, was found a large, black spear point. With this one exception no pottery nor stone implements of any kind were found in the mounds.

The great age of the mounds is indicated by the growth of forest trees on

fourths feet in circumference that was well in the stage of decay. On other mounds there are decayed stumps three and four feet in diameter. The mode of burial of the Mound Builders could not have been better adapted for the preservation of the body. The way of burial was equal to that of the old country, where bones several thousand years old are found in good condition. Yet the Mound Builders' bones are in a decomposed and crumbled state when exhumed.

Although no pottery nor stone relics are found in the mounds they have been found in great abundance in a kitchen camp along the banks of Linn Creek. On a trip I made especially to examine this ancient village site, I found fragments of pottery in great numbers. Then there were arrow heads, spear points, perforators, skinning knives and numer-

ous other things used in such a camp. The site was well chosen, as the bluffs protect it on three sides against the elements and possible enemies. The little valley is fertile and well watered, making an excellent place for the Mound Builders to carry on their simple agriculture.

THE SOLAR ENGINE.

Eldon B. Henry, '09.

The common everyday steam engine that you are acquainted with, is the kind run by the burning of coal, oil, or gas beneath a boiler; and in the case of the coal in particular, you see great, black clouds of smoke rolling out of the smoke-stack or chimney. Did you ever stop to think how much of a nuisance this smoke is? I suppose you have, especially if you were in a position where you had to breathe it. Well, this kind of engine I am going to tell about is entirely different. There is no smoke whatever, in fact no fuel is used other than that which we all use. In short, this engine receives its energy from the sun.

A large "hot-bed," as the farmers and florists call it, has been prepared by a man of Philadelphia Frank Schuman, by name. This "hot-bed" was made in the ground eighteen feet wide and sixty feet long, and was covered by two layers of common window glass one-inch apart. In this "hot-bed" were placed coils of iron pipes painted dull black. The rays of the sun pass through this glass and fall on the pipes. Now glass has a way of trapping the sun's rays, by allowing them to pass through into the "hot-bed" and not permitting them to pass out again, so that the air inside keeps getting hotter and hotter. Also any black, rough substance has the habit of absorbing any surplus heat lying around loose, and consequently the pipes get the benefit of this heat. Now, suppose water were put in these pipes, the result is, the water is heated and changed to steam. The temperature obtained inside the "hot-bed" is between 240 degrees and 300 degrees Fahrenheit, while the boiling point is 212 degrees.

While Mr. Schuman was carrying on his first experiments, the sun proved to be a very unfaithful-working companion, and thus the temperature was not quite high enough to develop high steam pressure, so the inventor had to discontinue the use of water and search for something else more satisfactory. This new agent was ether, which boils at a much lower temperature than water. He filled the coils of pipes with ether and ran his engine with the vapor from this. To avoid waste, he collected the condensed vapor at the exhaust of the engine, and it was then passed back through the "hot-bed" and again changed to vapor and so on. With this arrangement and with very unfavorable sunshine, Mr. Schuman was able to pump over 100,000 barrels of water. What, then, would be the result in good, bright sunshine, and in the tropical regions, where the maximum amount of sunlight is to be had? The question starts the imagination working, and it seems almost too good to be true, but, nevertheless, it is true, and some day it will probably cause a complete revolution the world over in the manner of obtaining power.

An important possibility of this engine is that of manufacturing liquid air cheaply. It was estimated by the inventor that liquid air could be produced, with the assistance of a solar engine, at \$1.00 per ton. There is a way for shipping and handling this form of air now, without much loss, so that it could be used to run engines and especially automobiles, since it boils and produces a high vapor pressure at such a low temperature.

MANUAL TRAINING



A LOST ART.

ALAN WESTERFIELD, '09.



A VISIT to a curious little shop with a weather-beaten violin creaking to and fro over the door was the reward of one of my rambles while wandering about an old, half deserted, southern town. The shop was very appealing to one in a reminiscent mood. With its antique appearance and display of peculiar stringed instruments, it summoned up all I had read about the old Italian violin-makers and their lost art. As I strolled aimlessly down the street the

violin seemed to wave a joyous welcome and acting on the impulse I raised the latch and stepped in. The interior proved even more interesting than I had imagined. The many-paned window let in a soft, subdued light, which did not proclaim the shabbiness of the place, but rather lent an air of antiquity and romance. In one corner two enormous bass-viols reclined, smaller members of the stringed family reposed on shelves, while others were arranged along the wall. Everywhere about were sets of tools and paraphernalia unfamiliar to the unskilled eye. In the midst of all this stood the ancient workman just adding

the finishing touches to a specimen of his handiwork. He turned at the sound of my step and I saw a white-haired old man with the hands of a toiler and the face of a saint. I told him how I had been attracted to his shop by the quaint sign swinging in the wind and seeing that I was a willing listener, he related its history.

The "Gilt Violin" (for it had once been gilt though now no trace of that veneer remained) was an heirloom in his family. The Pressendas had it in Italy when Stradivarius flourished in Cremona—the golden age of violin-making. In his Venetian shop the earlier Pressenda had worked out his model and having perfected it to his entire satisfaction had gilded the instrument and set it up as the Pressenda model. It had been handed down along with the secrets of its manufacture, by each successive generation, always insuring success to the holder. Carlo Pressenda brought it, at the beginning of the struggle which was to unite Italy, to America to the little shop where it now was.

The old man stood gazing fondly at the ancient violin murmuring to it words of endearment as if it heard and understood.

The Pressendas, he said, had always kept to their original way of making violins. Other makers, as the times changed, had gone into factories or slighted their work so as to produce cheaper instruments. But he had scorned to lower the quality of his workmanship to gain a few paltry dollars. His grandfather had received hundreds of florins for a single violin. Why should not he demand the same amount? But there were a few discerning individuals even in this day who appreciated his violins. He sold one now and then. The one he had just finished had brought a good price. He picked it up lovingly and drew forth a sweet Italian melody.

He told, with his face all wreathed with smiles, of his good fortune in securing, through the aid of a friend, a tree of an unusually good quality for his use. Some of the pieces were brought forth for my inspection. It was maple and had been cut on the quarter. He had been very careful that axes should be used in cutting the trunk, as saw marks

would hide any defects in the wood. The tree had grown in the best possible location—on the south side of the forest in a sunny hollow. Only the wood of the south side of the tree was considered fit for his purpose. After the wood was cut in wedges, blocks and strips for the various parts of the model, he stored it in a little open shed on the roof, where it would mature after five or six years. When it had been exposed here, he put it through the process of steaming discovered by his ancestor. The pieces were then finished to the desired size and glued together. One of the last and most important operations in its construction was the varnishing of the violin. His varnish was his most prized possession. The recipe was never to pass out of his family.

The varnish, he explained, was the secret of the great violin-makers. Two or three Italian geniuses had brought this to great perfection. When they finished instruments with this coating the violins were masterpieces of their kind. The color of this varnish was dark amber, but when applied to wood it appeared many shades lighter. In the ignorance of this day, it was thought by some that violins of a rich amber hue had received the varnish of the old masters.

My old friend pointed out the fallacy of this theory with an indulgent smile. His face was sad again, however, when he informed me that his varnish was not as good as that which his father had used. Somehow, here in America, he could not make his varnish as he used to. His violins did not compare with the earlier ones. The age of violin-making was gone and he would soon follow.

Here he again resorted for comfort to one of his pets, an exquisite violin darkened with age, but with a voice full of plaintive sweetness. As the soft entreating strains floated out through the falling dusk, footsteps loitered as they passed the open door. I looked at the ancient workman. With closed eyes and peaceful face, he played on, lost in reverie. Quietly I stole out into the balmy air of the southern night while the violin told its companion of Italy, his native land.

MARJORIE'S CONTRIBUTION.

ALICE HAZELL, '10.

"Oh, Ethel, isn't it just dreadful about that big fire at the Children's Home last night? It is too pitiful to think of those dear little children, many sick and some lame, with all their clothes burned up, and no place to go. A few were injured during the fire, too; I wish we could do something to help them."

The speaker was one of the three girls who were strolling down one of the shady streets of the little town. She was sixteen or seventeen years of age and her name was Marjorie Brown. Her deep, brown eyes told of an equally deep nature, while her rosy cheeks and glossy brown curls possessed some quality that tempted the passerby to turn for a second look. Marjorie had not lived in the community very long, and the young people of the town had at first seemed inclined to be shy of this charming city girl, but they had overcome that feeling and now she was becoming quite popular among them. The other two girls, Nell Keaton and Ethel Meridith, were about as different as two girls could be, and yet remain friends. Nell was tall and slender, rather quiet and reserved; she thought a great deal, but said little. Ethel, on the other hand, was a careless, easy-going sort of girl, who very seldom exerted herself unnecessarily.

"Yes, Marjorie, it is bad, I know, but they are collecting a relief fund, and I shall urge father to give a large amount. We couldn't do anything with what little money we have, and from now till time for school to begin we shall be so busy with our Sunshine Society work that we shall hardly have time to take up anything else."

"That reply is like you, Ethel. But girls, that last sentence gave me an idea. Why can't the Sunshine Society do something to help? We might give an entertainment or concert or something, and raise some money to send to them, and that money would be our very own because we must work hard if we do it. I, for one, am in favor, and am willing to do my part."

"Just the thing, Nell"—it was Marjorie speaking—"I am glad that you thought of it. Suppose we go around and see Mamie now, and, if she likes the idea, she can call a special meeting tomorrow. We must have the money in three weeks at least, and it will take every minute of that time to prepare for an entertainment of any sort."

Accordingly they bent their steps toward Mamie's pleasant home on Reed Street, and being fortunate enough to find her at home, were soon deep in a discussion in the interests of the Children's Home.

* * * *

It was a large, pleasant, sunshiny room, the furnishings speaking of utmost care and exquisite taste. On one of the soft couches lay Marjorie, with the bandaged limb resting on a pillow, and an expression of pain on the usually smiling face. A slender little woman in a white dressing gown sat by her and caressingly smothered her hair, while she inquired anxiously whether Marjorie did not "feel better now" and "how it all happened."

"Yes, thank you Mother, I feel much better. It was all so quick, I hardly know how it did happen. I didn't see the horses coming until they were almost upon me, and then I was so frightened that I jumped somehow, and slipped and fell with my ankle twisted under me. It is a wonder I am not hurt worse. Nell and Ethel and I came by Mamie's and decided that the Sunshine Society would send some money to the Children's Home. We are going to give a concert three weeks from to-morrow evening to raise the money, and now I can't take any part or help at all, and I wanted to so much." The ordinarily firm lips quivered ever so slightly.

"It is too bad you cannot take part with the others, dear, but perhaps you can help in some other way. I must go downstairs now for Father and Dick will be here soon, but when I bring you your dinner we will try to think of something you can do."

Marjorie responded to the loving smile with a dreary and despairing one, and then on being left alone, she began wondering if there really could be any possible way for a girl with a badly sprained ankle to give substantial help to the needy children of the Home. It was true she had money which her father had given her, and he would gladly give her as much more as she desired, but that plan did not suit her. That money would be her father's gift and not her own. She must do something herself. It must be the fruits of her own labor.

"I might write a book" she laughed to herself, and then a little more seriously, "or write a story and send it to a magazine. But oh, dear, three weeks is too short a time for me to do anything, and I want my contributions to go in with the others!" Her thoughts wandered on thus for some time, when suddenly an eager, excited look came into her eyes; she clasped her hands, and a happy smile brightened up her face. "Good" she thought, "that's the very thing! I am sure I have enough money for it, saved from my own allowance. How lucky! Mother is going shopping to-morrow and she will be glad to get what I need. Yes, and I'll keep it a secret too, from every one but mother till it's all finished." "O Mother!" she cried as her mother entered with a tray of tempting dainties—and then she told her plan.

Three weeks later the Sunshine Society was eagerly preparing for the concert to be given that night, when a boy was admitted bearing a big box and the following note:

Dear Friends:

Please accept the contents of this box as my part of the contribution of the Sunshine Society to the Children's Home.

Yours truly,

Marjorie J. Brown.

The next day several of the girls called on her. She was resting in a large easy chair on the veranda with the lame foot propped up in front of her. She was dreamily wondering what the society thought of her contribution, when Nell rushed upon her.

"Oh, you darling Marjorie! How could you do it? Your part was the nicest and most useful gift of all." The others came crowding up and Marjorie was overwhelmed by the exclamations, remarks, and questions which were pressed upon her on every side: "How did you happen to think of it?" "The little dresses were splendid, and the tiny aprons were so dainty!" "Superintendent Evans sent special thanks for your contribution, because he said the clothes were of immediate service." "Nearly all the children's clothes were burned and they need dresses and aprons badly. And they were made so neatly! Where did you ever learn to sew so nicely?"

Marjorie smiled at this and answered, "Why, before we came here to live, I attended the Manual Training High School, and all the girls were taught sewing and freehand drawing and a great many other useful things besides our regular academic work."

"How nice that must have been. I wish we had manual training in our High School. It must do the girls a great deal of good. Do they teach you anything else that will be as useful as sewing when you are out of school?"

"Yes, the girls who care to do so, may take courses in millinery and cooking. The boys have courses in forging, joinery, turning and mechanical drawing. Some people laugh at the idea of manual training in a school, but for my part I would not exchange anything for my knowledge of it. It has not only taught me to appreciate more highly the laws of order and beauty, and how to be more independent and resourceful myself, but it has also helped me to make myself more useful to others."



THE HISTORY OF COSTUME.

MARY AUSTIN, '11.

Ever since the days of Adam, man has been trying to solve the problem of dress, and is still working on it. When his common sense has suggested a reform his vanity has smothered it and in the long run his vanity has won out.

In cold countries men covered themselves with tight-fitting garments beginning with skins, while in warm climates they wore flowing robes and but few of these. The shirt was the earliest known garment of a distinct pattern and its origin is lost in antiquity. The earliest leg coverings were like the modern trousers, although there is no record that they were turned up at the bottom.

It is quite interesting to note that as early as four thousand B. C. the Egyptians wore plaited skirts and wigs on ceremonious occasions. Their sandals were made of braided papyrus. The Assyrian and Persian costumes were much more elaborate than the Egyptian. The principal garment belonging to all three of these countries was the tunic. It was made close fitting and used as an undergarment, or richly embroidered and used for an outer garment.

The Grecian gowns were made of a rectangular piece of goods sleeveless and fastened on the shoulders with buckles or clasps, usually worn with a belt and more or less open at the right side. They wore a broad-brimmed felt hat with a very low crown. The sandal was often one of the most costly articles of dress for women, being adorned with gold embroidery.

The toga was the outer garment worn by men as peaceful Roman citizens. It was a loose-flowing mantle of irregular form, in that way different from the Grecian, which was a rectangle. The toga was made of wool and covered all the body except the right arm.

In the 14th century both men and women wore a garment called cotehardie. That for men was like the cassock of a few years ago. For women it was generally cut low in the neck fitting closely above the waist and very full and long in the skirt.

Archbishop William called a council of churches in 1096 and it was decreed that men wearing long hair should be excluded from the church during life and that their souls should not be prayed for after death. Fashion and luxury grew until laws had to be passed to regulate the taste of all classes in dress. Nobles were exceedingly zealous of wearing gorgeous garb. Many a monarch depended upon the splendor of his apparel and that of his retainers to impress his own subjects as well as the rulers of other lands.

Just how far individuals can influence dress is a matter of opinion, but there have certainly been cases in history. Louis XIV regulated the wardrobe of all the court ladies. They were no longer free to dress as they chose. He gave to each a complete costume and a quantity of exquisite lace. Henri III of France, an effeminate king, covered himself with jewelry, even to wearing earrings; and his courtiers at once adorned their ears. The fashion spread to England. Charles I, at his execution, wore in one ear a single pearl drop. The beautiful Mlle. de Fontanges captivated her lover, Louis XIV, while out hunting, by tying her hair back with a blue ribbon, the ends falling over her forehead. Every one at once abandoned elaborate head-dresses and adopted it, until it in turn became very elaborate. Necessity called modifications into existence, and fashion at once proceeded to make them as elaborate as possible.

In 1711 hoops and panniers again came into fashion and grew enormous. Even men began to wear panniers fitted into their coat skirts. Powder was used on the hair and patches on the face.

Marie Antoinette introduced the hedgehog style of head-dress, a bush of hair frizzed all around the head. It was so high that the women had to kneel in the carriages. She also introduced many quiet colors. The hats were changed seventeen times during her reign.

Perhaps the most peculiar mark of distinction the hat ever conferred upon its wearer was in France, where bank-

rupt Jews were compelled to wear a green hat.

Empress Josephine introduced the empire gown of soft clinging materials and without a pressure on the figure.

About 1827, skirts grew wider and hats larger as the sleeves were puffed out. The monstrous balloon sleeves came in the thirties. By 1837 sleeves grew a little smaller and pointed bodices came with the hoop skirt, which were worn for many years. By 1872 the Dolly Varden costume came with the bustle.

When one glances down the centuries at what man has been adorning himself with, thinking it beautiful, one at once becomes disgusted. For instance, in the time of Elizabeth, the long pointed bodices, the immense full skirts and those hideous ruffs. All the lines of beauty that we admire in a graceful woman's figure or in a child's cheek, or a beautiful vase, are converted into hard, cruel ones. For once, in Empress Josephine's time, art was contented with what fashion dictated.

CAKE-BAKING.

MINNIE E. WARREN, '09.

I awake with a start, and a thumping of heart

And I groan, "I sure will be late";
And alas it appears, too true are my fears,
For the clock has already struck eight.

Then quickly I rise, how fast the time flies!

But at last I am ready to go.
"Hurry, hurry," I thought, "for you know that you ought
To have been there long ago!"

Then at last I arrive, just exactly eight five,

(The school clock was ten minutes slow),
While I grab out a pan, the recipe I scan;
I put on an oven, turned low.

Cream the butter just so, add the sugar so slow

That the mixture is even clear through;
Dry ingredients next, and you must not be vexed
If it takes a long time so to do.

Have a pan buttered so, then pour in the dough,
In the oven at last, how I'm glad!

But on turning you find dirty pans of all kinds,
But this does not now seem so bad.

In a jiffy they're done, and now comes the fun;

The girls all laughingly tease,
But you're glad, you declare, that you were not really there,
For you snoozed while they worked, if you please.

Then you vainly debate on your lessons of late,

But in vain, not a lesson you know,
And you shiver and shake, while you glance at your cake
And it seems to bake only too slow.

When at last it is done, and your icing begun,

You declare that cake-baking is fun,
Spread your icing so white on your cake
O so light,
And behold, your cake-baking is done.

Proudly home then you go, with your cake white as snow,

Then the family all say it looks nice,
Bring their knives and their plates and a slice each one takes,
And your cake is all gone in a trice.

A COUNTRY SPECIMEN.

AUGUSTA BUSEKRUS, '09.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said," sang Margaret blithely one early dawn, as she tripped through the wet grass toward the pasture where Sue and Peggy waited patiently to be milked. She let down the bars and began her task briskly, ceasing to sing, but musing pleasantly on the choice of her vacation.

"How glad I am to get far away from smokestacks and street cars. It's nice to be allowed to do things around the place. He didn't think I could milk old Sue, but I've done wonders in two weeks. I've learned to pick raspberries as fast as Aunt Mary or the hired man, can hitch the horses to anything, throw my own saddle and—"

"Good morning, will you please tell me if this is Mr. Stanley's place?" asked a masculine voice suddenly, quite close.

Margaret jerked her sunbonnet farther over her face and looked up.

"Yes, sir," she replied, and looked at him curiously.

He carried a dusty suitcase, his shoes and clothing were gray with dust and she wondered if he had walked from the station, six miles away. Anyway he was a prepossessing chap, with a strong face, grave, brown eyes and a splendid pair of shoulders.

"I came a day sooner than I expected and was compelled to walk the distance. Is Mr. Stanley at home?"

"Yes, I believe he is up now. I think he was expecting you to-morrow," she said rather stiffly.

"I wanted to examine this country for specimens, and was directed here by a nephew of Mr. Stanley."

Margaret was filling her pail as the stranger spoke. Yes, she had heard of a young man coming to board a while. She wondered which nephew it was that had directed him.

"If you will go to the house now, you will probably see him," she murmured coldly.

"Thank you, I will," returned the stranger, feeling rather annoyed. Margaret did not like having intruders coming into her retreat. She wondered why

her uncle took a summer boarder. And just to-day, when Aunt Mary and Uncle Mark were going to town. She had intended having the whole day to herself, read, roam around, wade in the ravine, or pick a dish of fine berries and eat them with cold cream under the shade trees; but here was a summer boarder to spoil her day of solitude. Well, what of it? He didn't know that any nature-loving young lady would likely be in this field for specimens. Margaret picked up her pails now full of warm, sweet-smelling milk and went to the house. The young man was sitting on the porch, having got rid of the white dust, and was conversing with her uncle. Her aunt was busy getting breakfast as she went in.

"Who is your summer boarder, aunt?" she asked as she strained the milk.

"Mr. Marshall, from Pennsylvania University, Margaret; I'm sorry, but I must go to town today, do you think you could cook him some dinner just this once? I didn't think he would come till to-morrow."

"Why, of course I will, auntie, you know I've been trained in cooking at Manual," Margaret answered brightly.

At breakfast she was introduced and as her last name was pronounced she observed the stranger start a trifle, and caught him looking at her keenly several times during the meal.

By nine o'clock her aunt and uncle gone and the house work done, Margaret donned a neat print dress and dainty sunbonnet preparatory to gathering some of the late strawberries. Her glossy brown hair, sweet blue eyes and rosy face looked charming under the bonnet frills. As she stepped on the porch she saw Mr. Marshall seated at the farther end studying some colored plates. He looked up with a smile of greeting.

"You are always busy, it seems?"

"Yes, busy playing. And you?"

"I gather bugs," he said so simply that Margaret laughed gaily and retorted:

"Why don't you gather strawberries? It's lots pleasanter, I'm sure."

Raymond Marshall seemed to think so too, for he put down his book, took up his hat and followed her into the

strawberry patch. Soon they were talking as if they had always known each other, and then he asked suddenly:

"You aren't going to cook my dinner to-day, are you?"

"No, if you object," with a smile in which lurked an alluring dimple.

"Well—er, I don't want to trouble you" with a look at the sunbonnet which certainly was ardent for so common an article.

"Oh, you won't. Don't you know I'm a full-fledged product of the Manual Cooking Department, in Kansas City?"

"Why, I have a friend there, whose name is the same as yours and the one who directed me here—Robert Montrose, is he related?"

"Indeed he is, my brother."

Margaret felt less and less grieved that she was deprived of her lonely day. At dinner she out-did herself. The biscuits were light, the creamed peas and new potatoes the acme of excellence, the lettuce tender and crisp, the strawberries

with cold cream delicious. When Mr. Marshall drank a toast to Manual Training schools, with a cup of fragrant tea, Margaret admitted there were worse things than summer boarders.

As the summer drew to a close Aunt Mary remarked to Uncle Mark:

"Well, I'm not surprised that Mr. Marshall fell in love with Meg, for she is a sweet and smart little body. Just look how healthy those rambles with the professor have made her," she added as Margaret came into view of the couple on the porch. She certainly made a pretty picture of rosy happiness and young love, in her light blue dress and the same dainty, captivating bonnet covering her curls. She greeted her aunt with a kiss followed by a blush which too easily betrayed her happiness.

And Raymond Marshall wrote to his friend:

"Thank you old chap. Never thought you were a match-maker. You knew I'd find the perfect specimen here and I did."

MUFFINS.

BEE SPERRY, '10.

The muffins we make up in room thirty-seven
Are as light and as airy as the seraphs of heaven;
The secret of mixture we're told not to tell,
For fear some great demon should break up the spell.

Their color is delicate, tempting and brown;
Their equal will never be found in this town.
They puff up and swell when put in their pans,
And seem to be proud of their power to expand.

Sometimes it may be that the mixture goes wrong,
And then exclamations are exceedingly strong;
But error is human, and natural and right,
And 'tis not very often that we see this sad sight.

To room thirty-seven the teachers all flock,
Prepared for the worst in the form of a shock;
But surprise and thanksgiving are seen to take place,
When the muffins are sampled and approved at first taste.

If fortune and good luck perchance give you hold
Of wealth, power, influence, and blessings untold,
Take care that this fortune goes not to your head,
To cause it to swell like this form of light bread.

COFFEE: IT'S HISTORY AND CULTIVATION.

AUGUSTA HUMBRICK, '09.

Because of the many and contradictory myths told of the early cultivation of coffee, the early history of the plant is rather obscure. The first definite knowledge concerning the use of coffee, is that it was first used in 875 A. D. This knowledge is found in the papers of an Arabian sheik, who gives Abyssinia as the birthplace of the coffee plant. From Abyssinia, in the fifteenth century, it was taken to Arabia, where as a beverage it so appealed to the people that they began to cultivate the plant extensively. Because of its tendency to keep its consumer from falling asleep, coffee became very popular among the Arabian Mohammedans, who, during their religious rites, were forced to undergo long periods of sleeplessness. The priests declared that it was an intoxicating drink and was therefore prohibited by the Koran. Punishments from their God, however, did not keep the Arabs from indulging in the drink and cultivating the plant and so extensively, that now the name coffee is always associated with that of Arabia. After making its way into all parts of Arabia, slow progress was made. It was not until the sixteenth century that coffee houses were established in Constantinople. Here also, it became the subject of much controversy. So fascinated were the people with the appearance, aroma, and taste of the new beverage, that they forgot to attend the mosques and in consequence brought the anger of the officials of church and state upon their heads. High taxes were resorted to, but all such legislation proved to be in vain. In England, coffee was introduced in the seventeenth century and that in a peculiar manner. A Greek, Pasque Rossie by name, a servant of a merchant of Turkey, daily prepared the coffee for his master and his master's friends. So pleasing did the drink become to the guests, that their repeated visits occasioned the merchant much inconvenience. To get rid of this nuisance, Rossie was sent, by his master, to London—there to open a public coffee-house. This he did and soon the coffee-house became the headquarters of a

group of people who, while drinking coffee, discussed the politics and literature of the time. Yet the introduction of coffee into England was not attended with instantaneous success. In 1675, Charles II, tried to suppress the coffee-houses by a royal proclamation, in which was stated that they were the resort of disaffected persons "who devised and spread abroad divers false and malicious and scandalous reports to the defamation of His Majesty's government and to the disturbance of the peace of the nation." In the annals of France, coffee was mentioned as having been introduced in about the year 1640, and in 1660 it had become a favorite drink among the people of all classes in Europe.

Until the year 1690, Arabia supplied the known world with coffee, but in that year a few seeds were given to a merchant of the Dutch East India Company. He carried the seeds to Java, where they flourished so abundantly that the culture on an extended scale was immediately commenced. In 1729, the coffee seed was taken to the West Indies, from whence the cultivation has spread throughout the New World. Coffee is now cultivated in all civilized countries of the tropical world.

The coffee plant is an evergreen shrub or tree that grows in certain places to the height of eighteen to twenty feet. The leaves, oblong-ovate, smooth, tapering, and shiny, are six inches in length and two and one-half inches in breadth; the white, fragrant flowers produced in great clusters in the axils of the leaves are made up of a five-toothed calyx, a tubular corolla of five parts and five stamens. The plant in blossom presents a very attractive appearance. The fruit is a dark-red berry much like our cherry. Within the yellowish pulp of the berry, two plano-convex seeds with the flat sides pressed together are to be found. These seeds are the raw coffee seeds of commerce. They are, in color, a soft green; in texture, they are tough and horny, and are devoid of that aroma that characterizes the roasted seed.

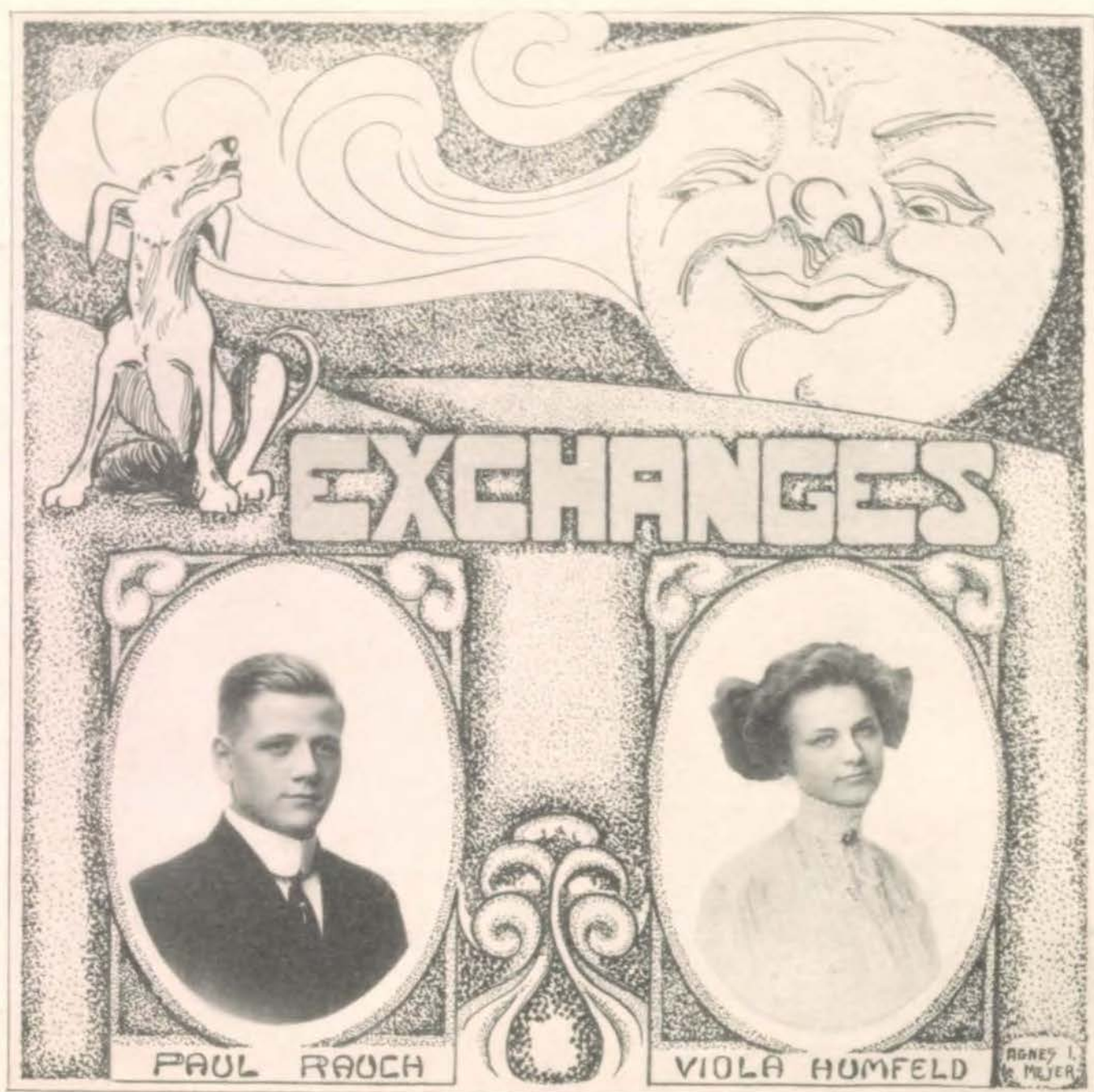
For the cultivation of coffee, hillside plantations, well-drained and fertile, are the most desirable. The seeds are first planted in nurseries from whence they are taken to a permanent plantation when they have attained the height of about three inches. Here the young plants are placed in rows at about six or eight feet apart. Much labor and money is needed to keep the plantation weeded and drained and to ward off from the young plants those dangers known as the coffee rat, the coffee bug and fungus growths. Two of the latter are very troublesome, the *Hemeleia*, growing within the substance of the leaf, and the *Pellicularia Kolerota* or coffee rot, which covers the affected leaves with a slimy film, under which the leaves become black and drop off, as do also the clusters of berries. In the second year, the coffee trees bear fruit, and in the third year they produce a remunerative crop. The berries, when of a sufficiently dark red color and when the skins have become much shriveled, are picked and sent to the storehouses. Great care is taken as to the maturity obtained by the berry before picking, for the color of the commercial coffee depends upon the redness and dryness of the skin of the berry.

At the storehouses, the seeds are taken from the pulp by means of two roughened cylinders moving in opposite di-

rections. The berries are forced between these cylinders and when they emerge they are covered only by the parchment. Now the seeds are spread out to dry, and at the proper time are put between two heavy wooden rollers and then the broken parchment and husks are winnowed away. The seeds are next passed through a long tube containing holes of different diameters. This is for the purpose of sizing the coffee seeds. The different sizes of coffee grains are next hand-picked to free them from any defective grains. Great care is taken in the sizing of the grains for the size of the grain, determined by the locality in which the plant was grown, is one of the things that make coffee of different grades when placed upon the market. Size, color and shape of the seeds determine their value. After being sized the coffee is packed in bags, all of which are of the same capacity.

Yet before coffee can be used, it must be roasted. In the process of roasting, the grains swell up because of the liberation of gases within their substance—their weight decreasing in proportion to the extent to which the operation of roasting is carried. This is an operation requiring great care, the person in charge having to use his own judgment as to the proper heat it takes for the adequate roasting of different qualities.





We wish we had the tact to say right here just what we ought to say regarding the merits and demerits of school papers. But then tact, or no tact, we must say something, and we trust that our opinions may be received in as kindly a spirit as they are given.

The "High School News" of St. Louis is a very complete and interesting paper. You have some excellent jokes. Your "Field Day" cuts are very suggestive.

The art number of the "High School Register," Omaha, is very instructive. Your paper is quite complete.

The "Clio," Idaho Falls High School; you get out a very neat little paper and should feel proud, but there is one thing that we think would improve it and that is, to keep your exchanges together in one place, instead of scattering them, throughout the magazine.

"Mirror," Indianapolis, Ind., has some fine poetic talent in the school. Why not have a more lengthy exchange column?

"Crimson and White," Albany, N. Y., is represented by a good literary department. We thank you for your regular visit.

We wish to thank cordially the exchange editors of the "New Trier Echoes" for devoting one whole column of your paper to compliments and praises of the "Nautilus," and our Manual Training High School. Although we do not feel that we deserve everything that has been said, we are very proud to have a paper such as the "New Trier Echoes" mention us in terms of so much credit.

The "High School Tiger" of Little Rock, Ark., is a very attractive paper considering that it is published every month. The cover design is good and the paper is of a very convenient size, but we think it would add greatly to its worth if it had different headings for its different departments, and all the articles belonging to one department were kept in one place.

The "Slater High School Monthly." We think that it might be a good idea to have an exchange department.

The "Trumpeter," Wentworth Military Academy. You publish a first-class paper and we believe that some people might enjoy reading it, therefore we think it might be advisable to cut the pages apart before sending it away.

We wish to commend heartily the staff of the "Observer," Chillicothe, Mo., on the April number of your paper. The idea of dedicating that special issue to the University of Missouri is very good. All the articles and notes of what is going on at the University are interesting and show a patriotism to your State school. The issue is a great advertisement and ought to inspire some of its readers with an ambition to go to college.

The "Nautilus," Kansas City, Missouri, is the only paper that we receive that is bound in truly magazine form. The cover design is very different from the ones usually seen. In some places the print shows through the paper so as to spoil the wording on the opposite page.

—The Mirror.

Judge: "Why did you hit this man?"

Prisoner: "What would you do, Judge, if you kept a grocery store and a man came in and asked if he could take a moving picture of your cheese?"—Ex.

A gentleman went into a bakery and ordered a Washington cake, but the clerk, instead, gave him a chocolate cake. "O, no," said the gentleman in disgust, "I meant George, not Booker."—Ex.

Van: "Why is a three-legged stool stronger than one with four legs?"

Freshman Boy: "Because three of a kind beats two pair, I suppose."—Ex.

"Say, Harry, wat's de best way to teach a girl to swim?" asked a young boy.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts your left arm under her waist, and you gently takes her left hand——"

"Come off! She's my sister."

"Aw! push her off de dock."—Ex.

At the Club.

"Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

"Not very."—Ex.

Mother: "Tommy, are you teaching that parrot to swear?"

Tommy: "No. I'm just teaching it what it shouldn't say."—Ex.

Little Ville fell into Anheuser Bush and tore Schlitz in his pants; He came out a sadder Budweizer boy, Pabst so and Pabst not.—Ex.

Judge: "You are charged with breaking a chair over your wife's head."

Prisoner: "It was an accident, sir."

Judge: "Didn't you mean to hit her?"

Prisoner: "Oh, yes. But I didn't mean to break the chair, sir."—Ex.

Hans: "Fader, de palmist who examined my hand said I was very economical about some dings."

Father: "Did he say vat dey vere?"

Hans: "Yes. Soap and water."

—Ex.

College Honors.

"Dear father," writes a college son,
 "I'm working day and night;
 Have taken the first place in Greek
 And passed exams. all right.
 Allowance seems a little small,
 Was pretty short last week."
 The sire's reply was brief and terse:
 "You don't need cash for Greek."

Again he writes: "Dear father, I
 Am chosen to debate
 'Twixt Yale and Harvard, you can bet
 I feel 'tis something great.
 I'm hard up. would be much obliged
 If something down you'd chalk."
 Father's reply again is brief:
 "You don't need cash to talk."

The latest letter reads: "Dear dad,
 I'm on the football team,
 Am quarterback, must hustle though,
 And don't have time to dream.
 I need spot cash." The dad replies:
 "Inclosed check bears my name,
 Just fill it in; your ma and I
 Will come up to the game."—Ex.

"Here's a fellow," said the answers to
 correspondence editor, "who wants to
 know what musical instrument produces
 foot-notes."

"Tell him a shoe horn." replied the
 sporting editor.—Ex.

Ashes to ashes,
 Dust to dust,
 If Latin don't kill us
 Geometry must.

Little drops of water
 Poured into the milk
 Give the milkman's daughter
 Lovely gowns of silk.

"Mother, Mother, Mother, turn the
 hose on me," sang little Willie, whose
 mamma was dressing him.

"What do you mean?"

"You've put my stockin's on wrong
 side out" he said.—Ex.

"Do you allow dogs in this car?"
 "No, but just keep still and nobody will
 notice you."—Ex.

A man who was steering a yacht
 His course through the water forgacht,
 And he struck in the mud,
 With a sickening thud,
 While the captain swore a whole lacht.
 —Ex.

He held the maiden's hand and said,
 "May I the question pop?"
 She coyly bent her pretty head—
 "You'd better question pop."—Ex.

An Irishman was strolling through a
 cemetery in Connecticut when he came to
 the grave of a lawyer. On the tomb was
 written, "Here lies John Brown, a lawyer
 and an honest man."

Said the Irishman, "Wa'al, begorra! I
 wonder what caused them to put two men
 in one grave."—Ex.

In heaven above
 Where all is love,
 There'll be no faculty there;
 But down below
 Where all is woe,
 The faculty, they'll be there.—Ex.

After his quarrel with the landlady,
 the boarder said, haughtily: "At least,
 you will allow me to take away my be-
 longings with me?"

"I am sorry," was the reply, "but your
 other collar has not yet come from the
 laundry."—Ex.

The Radiator.

Jack: "Some people call me stingy.
 Do you think so?"

Ethel (pushing him away): "Well,
 Jack, I must say I think you *are* a little
 too *close*, at times!"—Ex.

Willie: "The teacher licked me 'cause
 I was the only one that could answer a
 question."

Mother: "Absurd! Tell me, dear,
 what was the question?"

Willie (between sobs): "Who put
 the bent pin on teacher's chair."—Ex.

When William kicked the dynamite
 He flew o'er dale and hill.

"I must," his father said that night,
 "Collect a little Bill."—Ex.

"Doin' any good?" asked the curious individual on the bridge.

"Any good?" answered the fisherman in the creek below. "Why, I caught forty bass out o' here yesterday."

"Say, do you know who I am?" asked the man on the bridge.

The fisherman replied that he did not.

"Well, I am the county fish and game warden."

The angler, after a moment's thought, exclaimed: "Say, do you know who I am?"

"No," the officer replied.

"Well, I am the biggest liar in eastern Indiana," said the crafty angler, with a grin.—Ex.

Teacher: "Compare 'Sick.'"

Pupil: "Sick, worse, dead." —Ex.

"Pat, what is it you have in that jug?"

"Whiskey, sor," answered Pat.

"Whom does it belong to?"

"To me and me brudder Moike."

"Well, say Pat, pour yours out, and be a good man."

"I can't, sor; mine's in the bottom." —Ex.

Need Regulating.

Little Elmer said one day, "Mama, my stomach says it's time for dinner."

"Well, dear, go and see what the clock says," replied his mother.

Elmer, coming in a moment later, announced: "The clock says my stomach is ten minutes fast."—Ex.

"Mother," said a college student who had brought his chum home for the holidays. "permit me to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

His mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear.

"I'm sorry, George, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

"I say, mother," shouted George, "I want to present my friend Mr. *Specknoodle*."

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr.— What was the name again?"

"MR. SPECKNOODLE!" George fairly yelled.

The old lady shook her head sadly.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."—Ex.

Modern Proverbs.

Every Junior has his day.

The road to school is paved with stumbling blocks.

Fortune favors the Bluffer.

A word in the head is worth two in the book.

Silence gives a zero. —Ex.

A Stitch in Time Saves Exposure.

If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing the quickest way possible.

Never do to-day what the teacher will forget to ask for to-morrow.

If a thing is worth putting off, put it off as long as possible. —Ex.

A word on the cuff is worth two in the book.—Ex.

Early to bed and early to rise, is well enough for Freshmen and flies.

But Juniors and Seniors must have some fun, and their work doesn't need to be done. —Ex.

She often wrung men's bosoms in a careless sort of way,

Yet she wasn't what you'd call the worst of flirts.

But an humble working-woman doing washing day by day

In a laundry where she had to wring men's shirts. —Ex.

Tailor: "Shall I pad the shoulders, my little man?"

Jimmy: "Naw, pad the pants. I need that most." —Ex.

"What you say goes," he sadly said,

With eyes and heart aflame.

She glanced at the clock and turned her head,

And softly lisped his name.—Ex.

A Senior: "See that little leaflet blown by the breezelet floating on the wavelet."

His sister: "You had better go out in the back yardlet and soak your headlet under the pumplet."—Ex.

Teacher: "What did Caesar say when he crossed the Rubicon?"

F-x (just awakening): "The dice is cast, you lose, I got three deuces."—Ex.

Pat: "The next wan of thim automobilly shofurs that runs over me'll be sorry for ut."

Thomas: "And why's that?"

Pat: "I've got a stick of dynamite in me pocket."—Ex.

The Waning Honeymoon.

"I forgot something," said the husband.

"Yes," pouted the wife, "you forgot to kiss me."

"That may be, but what I came back for was my overshoes."—Ex.

Commercial Geography: "Why does Missouri stand at the head in mule raising?"

Fisher: "It's the safest place to stand!"—Ex.

First Pupil: "What's the electrician doing over at the school house?"

Second Pupil: "Putting in an electric switch."

First Pupil: "Gee, mully, if they're going to do the licking by electricity, I quit."—Ex.

"Hey, mister?"

"What?"

"Nothing, I jes wanted to see if you were deaf."—Ex.

Jakey: "Fadder, a shentlemans haf fallen troo de coal hole."

Old Isaac: "Clap der cover on him, quick, mein tear, vile I runs for der boliceman. Ve must arrest him for trying to steal our coal, or he'll sue for damages!"—Ex.

She was comely, very comely,
And he gazed upon her dumbly,
With a feeling of affection mixed with awe.

"Speak!" he cried, "My queenly beauty,

Tell me what shall be my duty."

Then she murmured, "Twenty-three."

—He twenty-thraw. —Ex.

James: "I get a penny every time I take my cod-liver oil."

Thomas: "What do you do with them?"

James: "Mother puts 'em in a money box till there's enough, and then buys another bottle of cod-liver oil."—Ex.

A Case in Point.

"'Evil communications corrupt good manners,'" quoted the teacher. "Now, Johnny, can you understand what that means?"

"Sure!" replied Johnny. "This mornin' pa got a communication from ma's dressmaker that made him swear."

—Ex.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last.'"

"What's the matter with Titewad's face?"

"A friend gave him a safety razor and told him that every time he shaved he'd save fifteen cents; he's been shaving himself night and day ever since."

—Ex.

Why does a blush always creep up a maiden's cheek? Because if it ran it would kick up too much dust.

—Ex.

My Rosary.

The coin I spent on thee, dear heart—

Oh, that it might come back to me!

I count it over while the tear drops start—

Oh, hully gee!

You came to me an angel rare,

When all my soul with grief was wrung;

You came, and gave your sympathy for fair—

And I got stung!

Oh, memories, why don't you turn

Away? Let me forget my loss!

I wonder if we dubs will ever learn—

It makes me cross,

Sweetheart,

It makes me cross!

Preparing for the Worst.

Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes Papa," said Maurice; "I am going to make believe I am asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."—Ex.

Teacher: "Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography!"

Johnny: "No mum. I heard you say the map of the world was changing every day, and I thought I'd wait a few years till things got settled." —Ex.

"Heavens, man! How did you ever get so dirty?"

"Twelve years ago I made a bet dat I wouldn't take a bath till Bryan was elected, an' I ain't de guy to back out." —Ex.

Mrs. De Flat: "Can you show me anything new in folding beds?"

Dealer: "Only this, madam, and it is really quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring and it turns into a washstand and bath tub. After your bath you touch another spring and it becomes a dressing case with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press these three buttons at once and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, madam, except that when you die it can be changed into a rose-wood coffin."—Ex.

Teacher: "Now, we will represent the moon by my hat."

Kid: "Teacher, is the moon inhabited?"—Ex.

The Net Results.

A Kansas schoolboy persisted in saying "have went," much to the distress of his teacher. To break the habit she required him to stay after school and write "have gone" 500 times. While the boy was at work the teacher was called from the room and when she returned the paper lay upon the desk with the 500 "have gones" upon it, and at the bottom of the paper was written: "I'm through and have went home."—Ex.

Pat: "What shall I do with the dirt that is left over?"

Mike: "Dig another hole and shovel it in." —Ex.

In the cistern little Willie
Drowned his little sister, Lillie;
Father couldn't find his daughter,
Now they sterilize their water.—Ex.

As He Bids Good-By.

Drowning man: "Drop me a line."

Funny man: "What's the use? There ain't no post-office where you're going."

Delicate Nose.

"I thought you applied for the position of chauffeur?"

"So I did, sir."

"And now you say you don't want the job."

"Yes, sir; that's what I said, sir."

"What's wrong?"

"I saw your machine, and I can't stand the smell."

"Why, didn't the last one you run smell?"

"I never run one, sir."

"Never run an automobile, and yet you apply for the position of chauffeur?"

"Yes, sir; you see, I learned the business in a correspondence school!" —Ex.

The Latest Fad.

We've got the wireless telegraph,
The seedless raisin, too;
No doubt the scientists ere long
Will find a beerless brew.

The boneless fish is quite au fait,
We'll soon have dirtless dirt;
But here's a new one—have you seen
The latest hipless skirt?

Oh, girls, what follies you commit
In ruthless Fashion's name!
But, though we find you hipless, we
Will take you just the same.

Yet just one favor we must ask—
No matter how you're laced,
For heaven's sake don't cultivate
A worthless waistless waist.

—Ex.

House Hunting.

Monsieur (to the concierge): "You tell me that no dogs and no pianos are allowed in these flats. Now there's somebody playing the piano downstairs, and as I came up I met a dog."

The Concierge: "I beg monsieur's pardon. Monsieur does not understand. That was my dog, and that is my daughter playing the piano."

—Ex.



One day when Zelma Burke was walking home from school with another girl, she said, enthusiastically, "Oh, look what a dear cottage; do you know I am just in love with cute little cottages like that." Then after a while, she began to talk about the vast amount of sewing she was doing for graduation (?). Now girls, can't you put two and two together?

A teacher was telling his class about a certain man who was fond of cutting up all sorts of animals and examining their bodies, "Why, he was quite a cut-up," remarked Fred Nelson.

Grace R.: "Edna and I had the dreadfulest time getting on the car. Edna's foot was sore, so she hopped with one foot, and hung on my coat-tail with the other."

Allan Craig: "Girls ought to call their rats rabbits, because they are more like hair (hare)."

One time in Assembly, when Mr. Phillips was going to make some remark, he said he would start with an interesting overture, and just then the Edisonans, who were behind the curtain, accidentally (?) rattled some tin pans.

Man is not the only descendant of animals; some girls are descendants of bees.

This sign, which was noticed in a store in Lawrence, might have done good service for the Nautilus: "Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Are you a man?"

Teacher: "What is contained in the stomach?"

Bright (?) Freshman: "The fowles of which there are five: a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

Miss Pyle: "Are you looking for trouble?"

George (who is looking studiously about): "Yes, ma'm; I am looking for nty geometry."

Wheelock (in a reminiscent mood): "Sometimes I want to be a lawyer, sometimes a farmer, sometimes a short story writer and then at others an engineer. I tell you the only way out of it, is to marry a rich man's daughter."

This sentence closed one of Georgia Riley's essays, "Love rules."

Have you ever seen those illuminated hands, fastened on the wall of the Assembly Hall and pointing east? Mr. Raney will tell you they point to the fire-escape, but don't you believe him; they point to the cooking-room, for isn't that where fire escapes?

Miss Jenkins: "Why aren't you writing?"

French Moss: "Because I'm thinking."

Some one had said, that Wilmot Heitland was living at Royal Fillmore's home, when a witty person said, "Oh well, he cannot fill Royal's place!"

Bright youngster looking at some hot snowy white biscuits, "Why those biscuits were cooked to a white heat."

One day Willa Cloys snatched a local editor's notebook of locals and sat on it, whereupon some one remarked that she would blunt the points of the locals.

What Did She Mean?

Miss Sublette: "Has any one a horse and buggy, or just a little pony-cart; something like that, that we could haul a piano in?"

Teacher: "Now where did we stop yesterday?"

Rachel H.: "We were just beginning the assassination of Lincoln."

A Poor Guess.

In an English literature class, Paul Rauch said that the beldame in the poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes," was a beautiful old woman. Note: She was a "shuffling creature" with "palsied hand."

Don't let your unpaid bills accumulate: it's too checky (cheeky).

In a test, the pupils were required to classify some authors into different groups, and afterward Zora Evans said she was afraid she had put some men "in the wrong pew."

Get Elizabeth Karges to tell you a joke some time, and then watch her laugh.

Teacher to pupil, who was lounging in his seat: "How do you like going to school?"

Pupil: "Oh, I like to go to school, but I don't like it after I get there."

One day, Mr. Phillips went into the Botany room and began to pick up certain flowers and call them by name, when the teacher told him they were having a test and the pupils were allowed no help.

Teacher: "Haven't you your lesson?"

James: "I've looked it over."

Teacher: "You mean, you have overlooked it."

(At the Glee Club) Director: "Why on earth don't you come in, when I tell you to?"

First Bass (meekly): "How can a fellow get in, if he can't find his key?"

When Mr. Davis called on Rachel Hartley, she said: "Wait till I get my notes."

Miss Eveland was substituting in a fourth year English class. She let the pupils take turn at being teacher and afterwards would call for criticisms on the way they conducted themselves. When she called for criticisms on Paul Rauch, Horace Walker said, "I don't like the way his hair is brushed."



Essay on a Cow.

A cow is an animal and is born while very young. (So is a calf.)

A cow is useful in two ways: it gives milk. The milk is good to drink, also white; so is the right hind foot, except on brown cows, and theirs is black.

The milk is also good to eat, if you freeze it. To freeze cow's milk, you use ordinary cold ice, and, after the milk is thoroughly chilled, you set it out in the sun for an hour and a half (anyways twenty minutes), then cut into small stripes like noodles, and serve while still warm.

Cows' milk straight is too strong, therefore, always divide it with the town pump or meadow brook, before using. If you pour two days' milking from fifteen cows, into the well, you can have milk all winter. (Sure; my paw does.) All cows give milk and butter (but no eggs).

Cows have horns—so have automobiles—but a cow can't blow his horn; he gives you the horn, and you make the noise. All cows like red; some of 'em

will follow you all over the field to get a little bump at it, and if you are a gooder runner than him, you beat; but if he catches up with you, you don't run—you can fly or ride.

A dead cow won't hurt you, neither will a live cow after he's killed.

The cow has a tail also, which hangs by one end and swings to and fro (mostly fro); they use the tail to bat flies with.

Cows generally end up in a slaughter house, where they and their old friends finally meet.

"Thus endeth a cow."

Horace Walker was trying to explain what a cloud is, so he said, "When air absorbs water it takes it up." "Well, that's queer," remarked Mr. Kizer, "When a man absorbs water he takes it down."

In French one time, a girl translated thus: "He burned his enemy in his tower," meaning, "He shot his enemy in the head."

"Young man," said Dr. Hall, as he grabbed a frisky Freshman by the arm, "I believe the devil has hold of you." "I believe he has, too," was the meek reply.

There was some commotion in the room; "What's the matter?" asked the teacher. Harold Evans explained that they had found a long dark hair on Paul Rauch's coat.

"Oh, well, you needn't talk, Harold," replied the teacher, "they could easily find a long dark hair on your coat."

St. Clair Mendenhall is going to spend much of his future in editing a dictionary, and he is going to print compromise, thus: comprom-ise. Ask him, and see.

Miss Eveland: "Why was the idea of toleration premature at this time?"

Mr. Flint: "Because it was in its infancy."



The



to C. G. G. G.



Smith 11

Teacher (in giving the theory of idealists): "Now, see that tree out there. You think it is green, but the green is just in your mind." Goodness knows we have plenty of it.

This world of ours is a sad old world,
And it gives its share of knocks;
But, boys, don't try to brighten it,
By wearing rainbow socks.

WEATHER FORECAST.



A cloudy knight.

Mr. Page (speaking of magnets): "They have some magnets that are very powerful, that will draw a considerable distance."

Senior: "I know of a magnet that drew me five miles, one night."

Baby whimpered for a drink;
Willie filled her up with ink.
Mamma, laughing at the lad,
Fed the babe with blotting pad.
Papa, quick as quick could be,
Took a filler, which you see
Used to fill a fountain pen,
And pumped the baby out again.

Miss Gilday: "The Greeks looked upon an ugly person as something being wrong with him."

Mendenhall (sotto voce): "Hump! Glad I wasn't living then."

Esther: "No, Mary Louise does not wear a bow on her hair, but she wears a beau at her elbow."

Annis: "Oh, *he's* only a little rosette." (Don't take it too hard, Richards).

Miss von Unwerth's Cure for Spring Fever.

Take intermittently Pole, Popenspäler and Wesselhœft every hour; a good dose of Thomas' grammar after every meal, and during the night dream of foot notes.

Here's to our Freshies so green
And awkward and tall and lean;
Who come to school day after day,
To do nothing else but play;
And then they sit and fret and cry,
'Cause they can't be Sophies by and by.

Gertrude S.: "How did you ever become interested in that story?"

Elizabeth K.: "I liked the way it ended."

Elizabeth Karges: "Why do they have the telephone wires up so high?"

Julia M.: "To keep *up* the conversation, I suppose."

Julia Mathews: "Only fools are certain."

Susie McGuigen: "Are you sure?"
Julia Mathews: "Of course I am; I'm certain."

In the oratorical contest, Marcy K. certainly did it up "brown."

Mary (straightening her hair, after a barn dance): "That barn dance ought to be called 'Rough on Rats.'"

Query: "Is William Jewell any relation to the college?"

Clara: "You must have been standing on your dignity, in that picture."

Era: "Oh, no; I was standing on a stool."

The good die young. Here's hoping that you may live to a ripe old age.

A LESSON IN PHYSICS.

A Travesty.

Scene: A large dry-goods box desk, littered with apparatus, behind which stands the teacher with a sink and a water faucet in one corner. There gambol in a herd of boys, who swarm into seats surrounding a lonely and also homely looking girl and immediately go to sleep.

Teacher: "Hum, hum. We will commence the hour's festivities by doing a short problem in review. Every one borrow a pencil and tear out the fly leaf of their algebras, and solve it. If Heaven were 3,691,322 miles above sea level and an Irishman dropped a brick from there at three o'clock last Thursday, which hit the Atlantic Ocean at nine o'clock Friday, how long will it take an E in Algebra to fall to a P after quadratic equations have been reached?"

There is a silence of a few minutes, broken only by the clatter of busy pencils, the regular clank of the steam pipes, the musical hum of the trolley cars, the patter of the class in the room above, playing ring around the rosy, etc., etc.

Teacher: "How many have answers? Only you Clarence? Well, what do you get?"

Clarence: "I think that that problem is insoluble, but from experience would say about three and a half periods."

Teacher: "Well, we will take your word for it. We will now begin the

study of heat. Isadore, you may give the definition of heat."

Isadore: "The puppy chewed up my book, so I didn't get to get my lesson."

Teacher: "Chauncey?"

Chauncey: "Heat is a-a-a sort of a warmness."

Teacher: "I will make it warm for you in a minute. That is not a specific heat definition."

Chauncey: "You didn't say specific heat."

Teacher: "Adolphus?"

Adolphus: "I hurt my finger last night, so I——"

Teacher: "Jonah?"

Jonah: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Bartholomew?"

Bartholomew: "Neither do I."

Teacher: "Is there any one here that knows anything?"

Clarence: "I do, teacher."

Teacher: "Then give us the definition of heat."

Clarence: "Heat is an expeditious oscillation of the molecules, occasioned by attrition, or abrasion, by the reciprocal action of chemical agents on one another, or other causes."

Suddenly a bell rings; the teacher falls through a trapdoor in the floor, just in time to escape the boys, as they hurdle the desk, and rush out to gain the promised pie from the cooking girls.

Freshman (to art editor): "Do you draw very much?"

Agnes Meyer: "Not in the shape of salary."

Mr. Cowan: "He wants to use more pause (paws)."

Marcy: "Yes, he does need more gestures."

Brady (in Physics): "How does an aneroid barometer work?"

Mr. Page: "Works all right."

Harold Evans (sharpening some girls' pencils) "This is a good way to make points."

One day when a procession with some loud music went by the school, a teacher said, "Is that our orchestra?" Indeed!

Lettering Seen on Some of the Freshies' Books.

Not good on Sundays or holidays.

We close at 9 p. m. sharp.

Open all night (on the library table).

Admission free.

External use only.

Poison! Beware!

Latin Prose: Good on Mondays only.

Closed by Judge Wallace.

Closed for repairs.

This way in.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT PEDAGOGUE.

I.

It is an ancient Pedagogue,
And she stoppeth one of three;
"By thy false hair and painted cheek,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

II.

"The warning bell is long since rung;
I am belated now;
If I am late for my next class,
I'll slander thee I vow."

III.

She holds him with her skinny hand,
"There was a boy," quoth she,
"And he was in my English class;
His years here number three."

IV.

She holds him with her goggled eye,
The poor Junior stood stone still,
And listens like a dumb Freshie;
The teacher hath her will.

V.

The Junior leaned against the wall,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient girl
While he doth quake with fear.

VI.

"The boy, he was intelligent,
He always had his work,
And while the others minus got,
Very seldom did he shirk.

VII.

"His work, it usually was brief,
But always it was right,
But gosh! the jokes he used to spring,
They certainly were a fright."

VIII.

The poor Junior leaned 'gainst the wall,
As without breath or motion;
As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean.

IX.

But lo! when the 'port cards came out
And his comrades got a "G,"
This poor, deluded third-year lad
Got nothing but a "P."

X.

Farewall! farewell! thou innocent,
But this to you I'd tell;
If you would have a winsome "G,"
You'll have to cheat like—everything.

XI.

He succeeds best, who grafts the best
On matters great and small,
For I have taught full many a year,
And think I know it all.

XII.

He went like one that hath been stung,
And is of sense forlorn;
An idler, yet a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Slightly Ambiguous.

Lois French made this remark in history one day, "After the battle of Bull Run, the Confederates went home by the bushels, and the Northerners began to develop arms."

Our janitors sleep on the wrong side of their beds sometimes, because occasionally we see our flag on top of the building, waving with the stars downward.

Homer: "Do you have birthdays?"
Zelma: "Why, yes; do you think I am an old maid?"

Mr. Apple: "Now, give me an example of an artificial monopoly."

Fred Nelson: "Artificial gas company."

Miss Eveland: "The Spanish-American War began during my last year in the ward school.

Harold: "It was in my first."

When a knock was heard in millinery the other day, Miss Casey was heard to remark, "Oh, there's my man, now."

Mr. Holiday was speaking of the goose-foot of the Mississippi River. Some one said a goose-foot had only three toes.

"Some geese," said Mr. Holiday, "have five toes."

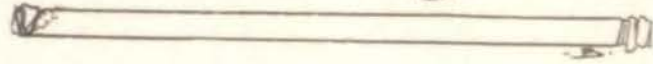
Miss Drake: "Minnie, have you read your review?"

Minnie: "No."

Miss Drake: "Well, that is the way you get your E's (ease)."



THE NAUTILUS STAFF IN ITS INFANCY



AGNES I. MEYER, '09.

"A sunshiny shower

Won't last half an hour."

Agnes is fully equipped to compete with any comer—conversationally. Her remarks, which are sometimes slightly sour on the surface, are sweet underneath. She is an advocate of woman suffrage and will probably be a great addition to the movement.



PAUL H. BAKER, '09.

"His bark is worse than his bite."

Paul is a good bluffer and now is disclosed the reason. In his younger days, he had much practice and has now perfected the "art." Paul is very fond of cream pie, also.

MARIE HEDRICK, '09.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merits."

Marie is very modest and unassuming. She has held the office of secretary in the class of '09 for two years. She might become private secretary to the Standard Oil Company, because of her reputation as a "Star Chamber" councilor.



HAROLD M. ALLEN, '09.

"Man is born unto trouble."

Although Harold, when a *small* baby, did not appreciate this saying, he does now when *small* has left him and he is left to shift for articles of science. Were he not so modest, we should know more to say.



RUTH PAXTON, '10.

"All's well that ends well."

It is said that Ruth is going to make use of some material which was given to her for the Manual Training department, but which contained such valuable information concerning domestic science that she decided to keep same until some future date, when she could start a private school of her own and enlarge the cooking ability of some girls. It would be well if notice were taken of this.

WALTER BERKOWITZ, '10.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Walter has great oratorical skill (?). The Junior class recognized his ability when they chose him for their president. He will succeed the present world-renowned "talker" to the oratorical platform and perhaps will try further—in politics. His experience as president of '10 class, might stand him in good stead in this line.



INA DONNELLY, '09.

"Her eyes were like stars."

We are assured, by her innocent expression, that she was not guilty of putting her hair up on curl papers.



MARCY K. BROWN, JR., '09.

"Some must have their fun whoever they poke."

Poor Marcy, he likes cream pie, but he recently knocked the domestic science department, publicly, and does not dare to show himself near that place. Marcy is very (?) good looking when he has his hair cut.



GLADYS DANCY, '10.

"She had an open countenance."

It appears to be a natural thing for Gladys to take in as much as possible. Possibly a fly was going by just as the photographer snapped the camera. But such editors who are always on the alert for news are the kind that make the Nautilus a "Howling Success."



OTIS GRANT, '09.

*"Whether I please or whether I tease,
I'll give you my honest mind."*

Otis does not cater to public taste. He also has a taking way—he took a scholarship while visiting M. S. U. Otis is a mortal enemy to grafting corporations.



MARY OLDHAM, '09.

"There was a look of heaven upon her face."

But conditions apparently have changed. The cause? Really it is very trying on the nerves to read some of the material handed to the literary editors. But her agony is now at an end. Will it make any change in her—to the good?



HAROLD EVANS, '09.

"All is vanity."

Harold must have thought himself good looking when a small child, for he has not "changed himself" a whit. He even combs his hair the same way.



MABEL THORNTON, '09.

"Sober as a judge."

But that is a "has been." Now, she is just the opposite of dreaming. Her eyes are always bright and beamy, probably caused by reading of the doin's of the Alumni and the thought that after this year she will have the same joys as they.



HENRY LOHMANN, '09.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Henry, as his christian name indicates, means chief of the house. Here's hoping that this fellow, who out of a babe has become editor-in-chief of our school paper, may keep "rolling" and may make similar strides in advance, after his graduation.



EDWARD C. WRIGHT, JR., '10.

"His sweet smile haunts me still."

We cannot help but admire his handsome display of teeth. But he has another "set" now. (We, of course, refer to his natural set.) Wright is only a Junior; nothing very definite can be said about his future.



W. CUSHMAN FARNUM, '09.

*"Nowhere so busy a man as he there n'as
And yet he seemed busier than he was."*

To be sure it is a business manager's place to look busy. But "Cush" has "sold space" also; and, in the future, may be able to sell ladies' hats. "Cush" is passionately fond of "Jewels," but recently had the only one in his possession stolen.





LUCILE PHILLIPS, '09.

"That I fain would see."

"When seen, make a note on't."

Such are the troubles of a local editor. Not enough people mark the points to their jokes. However, with the training she has received, she will probably make an excellent contributor to "Puck."

HAROLD R. WING, '09.

The tricks a colt getteth at his first backing

"Will, whilst he continueth, never be lacking."

Harold was destined to become local editor of the Nautilus. Early in life, he began to point out the funny things as they occurred. It is said that he will become editor of the humorous column in a big monthly magazine.



VIOLA HUMFELD, '09.

"They win that laugh."

Viola has cause to laugh. She got all "E's" during the last year. We might mention many funny things about Viola, only she is so quiet we have never discovered them.



PAUL V. RAUCH, '09.

*"I will take it all as children's play,
For I am as I am, whoever say nay."*

Paul is a very good fellow. He has a very odd way of expressing his mirth, which the girls think is a "cute" laugh. Paul hasn't changed much from his babyhood days, except that his task as exchange editor seems to have made his hair stand on end.



HORACE W. WALKER, '09.

"The hero is he whom the world can see is doing the best he can."

Horace did the best he could to look pretty when he had this picture taken. How well he succeeded—we will leave you to judge. But this we know, he did the best he could in the business interests of the Nautilus, and this was par excellence.



PEAKE VINCIL, '09.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Peake was a nice, chubby looking baby, but time has wrought changes. It must be inferred that he has worked too hard, yet there seem to be no thought furrows on his brow.



In the good old school time,
 In the good old school time,
 Strolling through the long wide halls,
 With your books and mine.
 When you copy your lessons,
 And I do the same,
 It is a very good sign,
 That we will both be failures,
 By the good old summer time.

Miss Steele (in History): "John, what is this the picture of?"

John: "Pantheon."

Miss Steele: "What is the Pantheon?"

John: "A skating rink."

Mr. Cowan told the Public Speaking Class to study their Literary Digest as they do their Bible. The pupils followed his advice and next day all reported minus.

Teacher: "If you plant an onion upside down, it will turn over and grow up. But of course it can do it easily. It is strong."

Harl Bartlett: "Speaking of chewing-gum, have you your Physics spearmint (experiment)?"



The debaters did not have a "\$10,000 Beauty" in their open session. It was a Penny Beauty instead.

Miss Gilday: "When we cannot raise wheat in this country any more what are we going to do?"

Will Guernsey: "Raise Cain."

Mr. Kizer: "Girls, don't bring your bread in here any more. Some one might pick it up and throw it at some one."

Ruth Paxton: "Are you a full Senior now?"

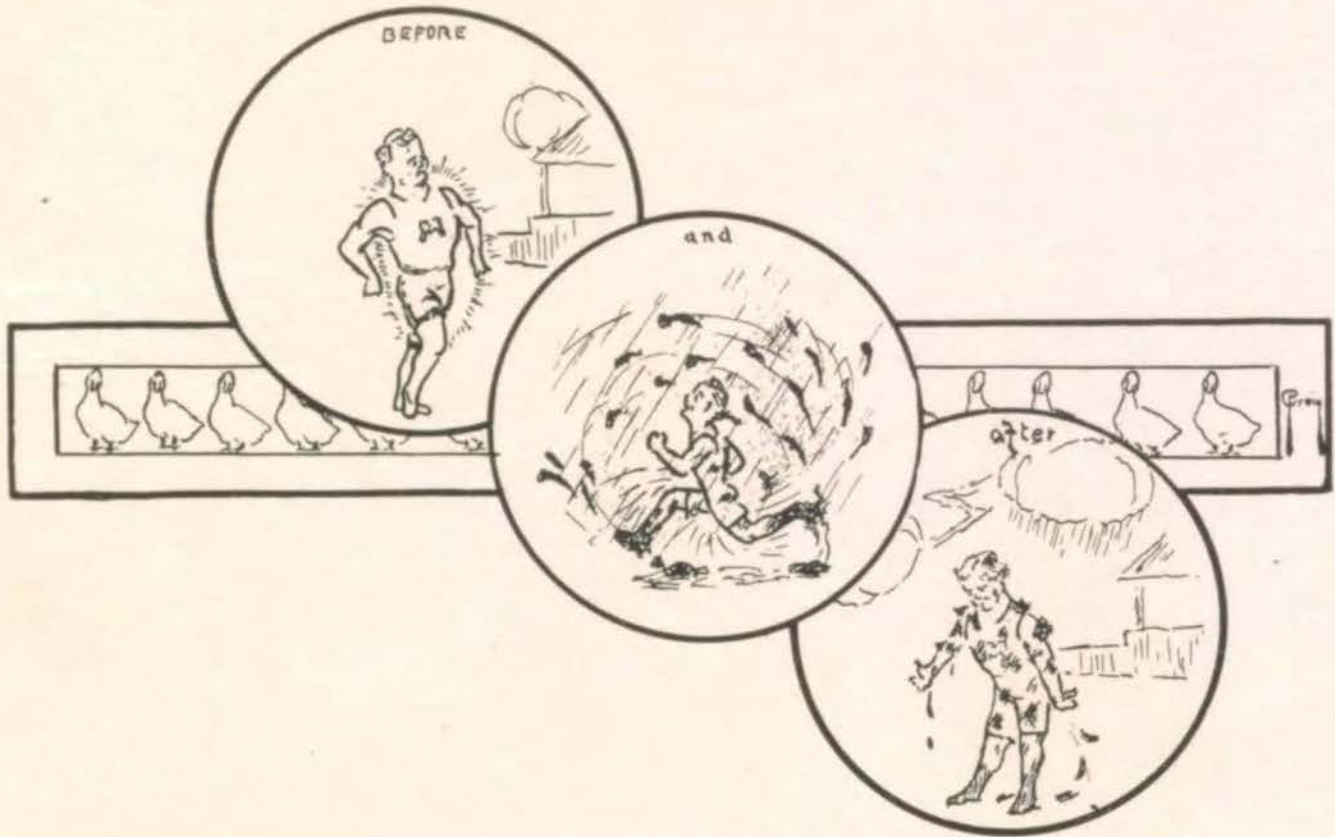
Lillian Briggs: "No, but I will be after I have eaten my lunch."

A Freshman, who, riding on a street car, had been greatly engrossed in the study of her Algebra, suddenly asked the man beside her if they were on this side of Manual Training High School, or the other? "This side," answered the gentleman; whereupon she was satisfied.

Miss Berger said that any one would know that the Easter Nautilus was a spring number, because there was so much poetry in it.

Teacher: "One shouldn't compare civilization to barbarism, any more than one would compare you to six-year-olds. It might be disastrous to—a—to the six-year-olds."

A Freshman had a piece of gum,
Its color was white as snow,
And everywhere the Freshman went
The gum was sure to go.
It went with him to school one day,
Which was against the rule,
The teacher took the gum away,
And laid it by to cool.
(A few boys who sit near the stage
in Assembly Hall, take notice).



AT THE MISSOURI VALLEY MEET.

Teacher: "In London, a person is charged twenty-five cents for riding so far in a cab, but if there are two people together, each is charged just half of that."

Gallant (?) Senior: "Me for company."

How Did He Know?

When Harold E. heard that Mabel Thornton had been made critic for the O'ita Society, he exclaimed, "Oh, she'll make a good one."

In the Junior meeting, when speeches were being made for Ruth Paxton, who was nominated for an office, Arthur Perry said, "Yes, and she has a lovable disposition."

Senior: "Freshie, do you know why they didn't play cards on the ark?"

Freshie: "No, sir."

Senior: "Noah sat on the deck."

The Passing Throng.

Whence they came, and where they went,
And why they rushed along;
I powdered o'er these questions,
As I watched the passing throng.
I gazed with keenest interest
At the faces weak and strong,
And my heart was warm with pity,
As I watched the passing throng.
In sore distress, I turned to leave;
Then I swore, both loud and long,
For my pockets had been plundered,
As I watched the passing throng.
—Juliet Banks, '09.

BUSINESS.



Four oval portraits of young men, arranged in a decorative frame. The portraits are set against a background of stylized, swirling lines. Below each portrait is a nameplate with the person's name and title.

HORACE W. WALKER
ASST. BUS. MGR.

W. CUSHMAN FARNUM
BUSINESS MANAGER

EDWARD C. WRIGHT
ASST. BUS. MGR.

PEAKE VINCIL
SUBSCRIPTION CLERK

BUSINESS REPORT.



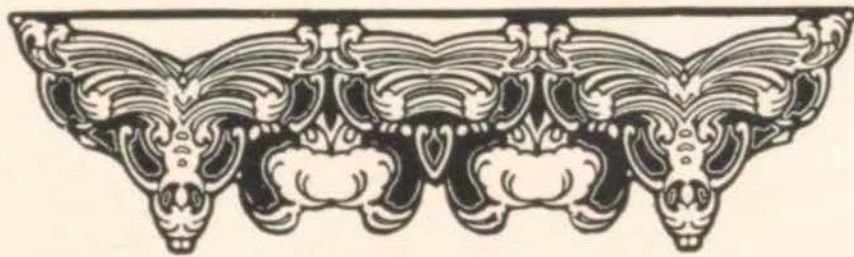
IN ORDER to give the pupils an idea of the financial standing of the Nautilus, the business management submits the following report of receipts and expenditures for the year. Last year's staff left a balance in the bank of \$122.10. The first three issues brought in \$429.01 from subscriptions and cash, and \$435.30 from advertising, making a total of \$986.41. Our first three issues cost \$556.95, which leaves us a balance in the bank at present of \$429.46. It is difficult at this time to estimate exactly the cost of this issue, the Annual, but it will be about \$610.00. About fifteen or eighteen dollars of this was spent for an entirely new set of cuts of the school board, which will be good for five or more years to come. Our advertisements will bring in \$211.50 and we estimate our cash sales and tickets at \$90.00. These two items, added to our balance on hand, gives us a total of \$730.96. Deducting the cost of the Annual, \$610.00, leaves \$120.96 for next year's staff.

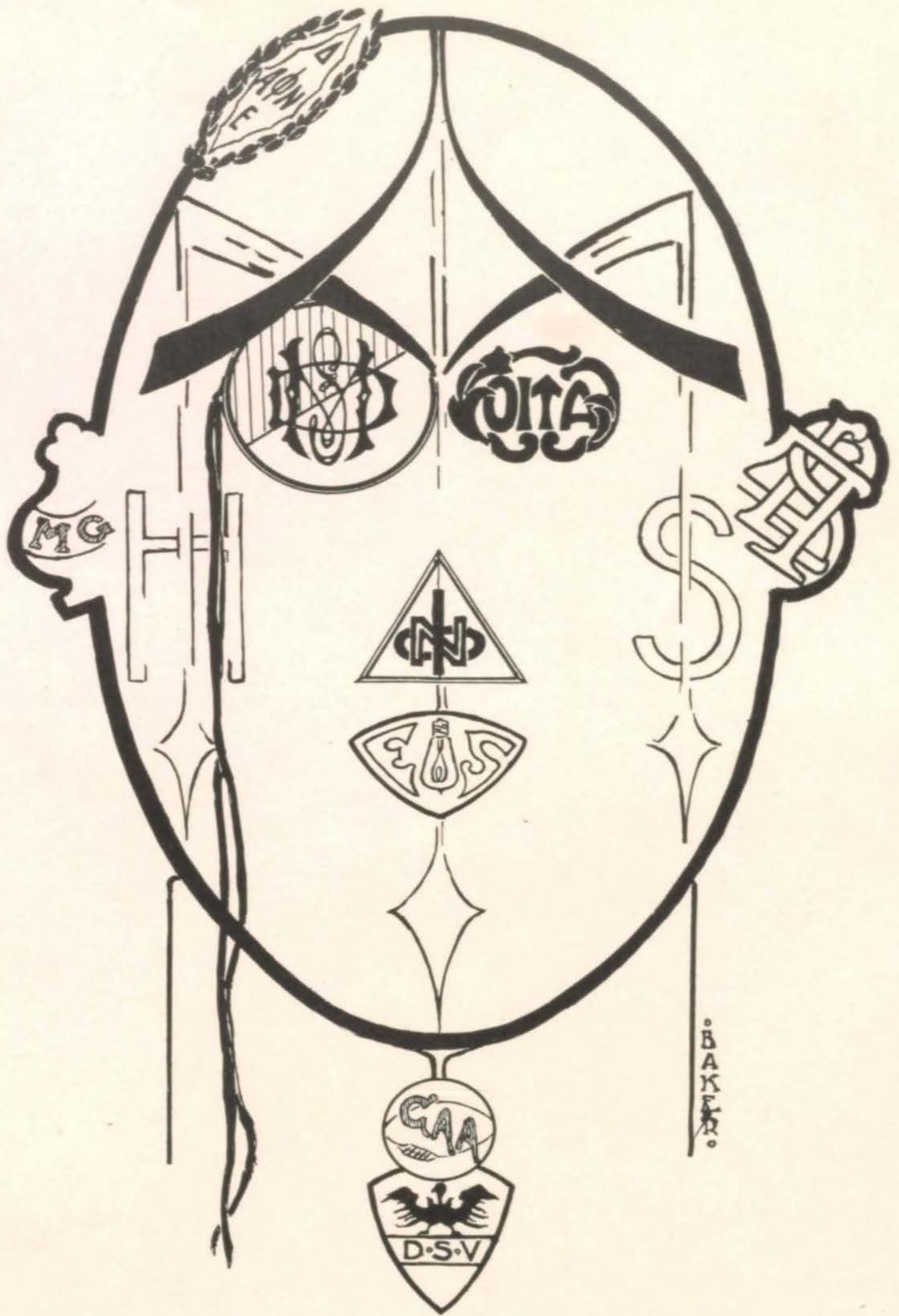
As can be seen by this report the Nautilus would have been in a bad

way had it not been for our advertisers. They have been our mainstay and here the business management wants to thank them for their support. Our magazine can be made an excellent advertising medium or it can be made a very poor one, according to the actions of our students. There are hundreds of pupils who really patronize our advertisers on account of their ads, but neglect to say anything to them about it. That is what discourages them as they do not see the results of their advertising. Don't be afraid to tell a business man that his advertisement has been seen and that it has brought him a customer.

Out of a school of fifteen hundred pupils only seven hundred subscribed to the Nautilus. Where is your loyalty and school spirit? You elected this staff. Don't let them do all the work without your help. Next year subscribe at once so that the staff can know how many copies to print.

While the business management is glad that its year's work is completed, still it is with regret that we can no more have the pleasure of "chasing the elusive ad," for our own edification and for the financial success of the Nautilus.





BAKER



MANUAL SOCIETY OF DEBATE.

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY of DEBATE

Organized December 1898

Colors—Crimson and Old Gold

OFFICERS.

President.Harold Wing
Vice-President.Paul Rauch
Secretary.Kenneth Bailey
Treasurer.James Schwab
Librarian.Harold Evans
Critic.W. Cushman Farnum
Reporter.Henry Lohmann
Sergeant-at-Arms.Harold Wheelock
Sponsor.Mr. A. M. Swanson

MEMBERS.

Kenneth Bailey	Lewis Nofsinger		
Paul H. Baker	Vernon Penny		
Marcy K. Brown, Jr.	Arthur Perry		
Paul Barnes	Ralph Powell		
Russell Dudley	Paul Rauch		
Harold Evans	Russell Richards		
W. Cushman Farnum	James Schwab		
Donald Fitch	Horace Walker		
Clarence Flint	Harold Wheelock		
Henry Lohmann	Harold King		
St. Clair Mendenhall	Edw. C. Wright, Jr.		
Archie Ehle	Edward Murphy	Marshall Wiles	McMillen Hollister



ION SOCIETY.



Organized November 1901

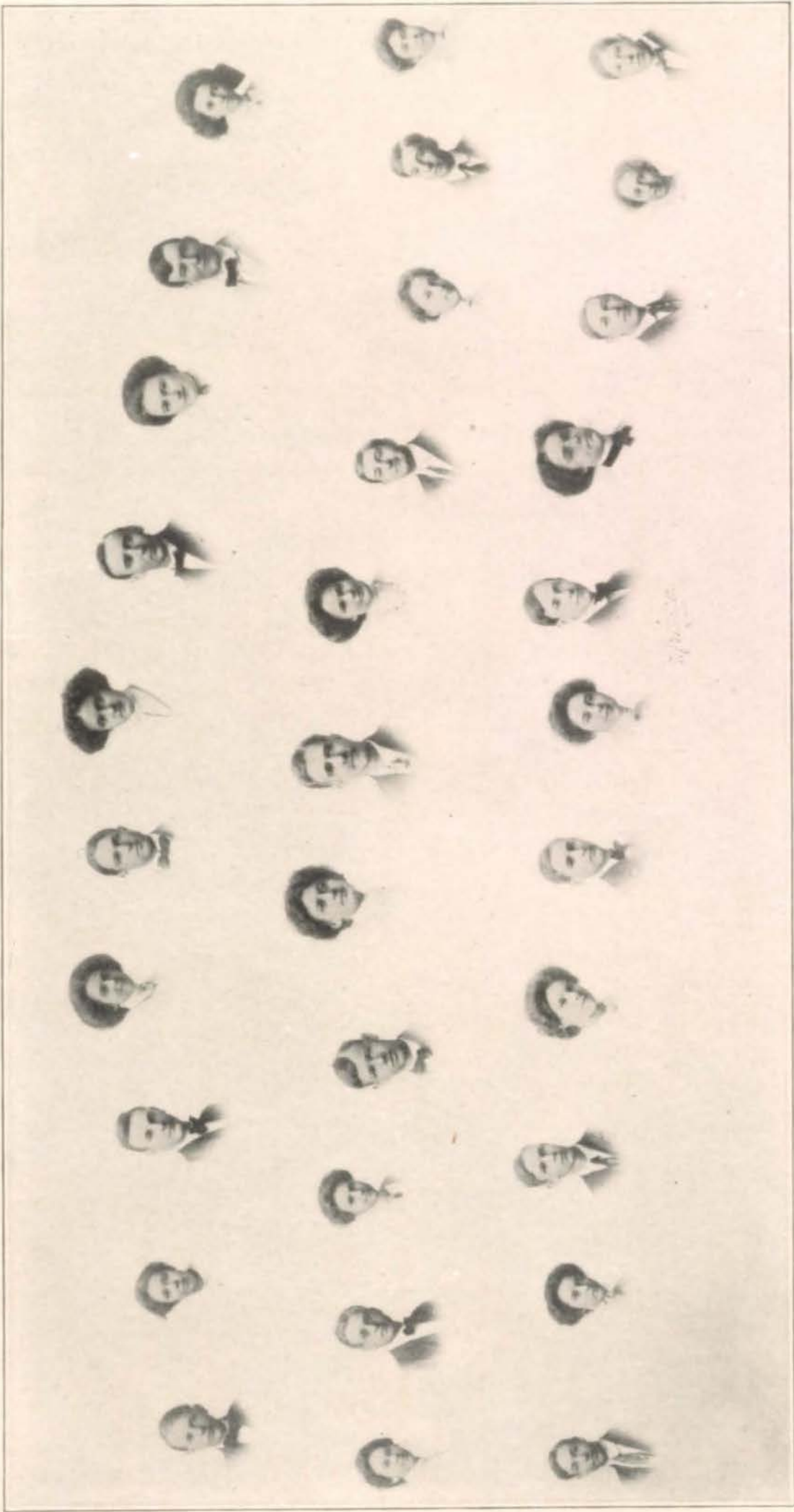
Colors—Olive Green and Crimson

OFFICERS.

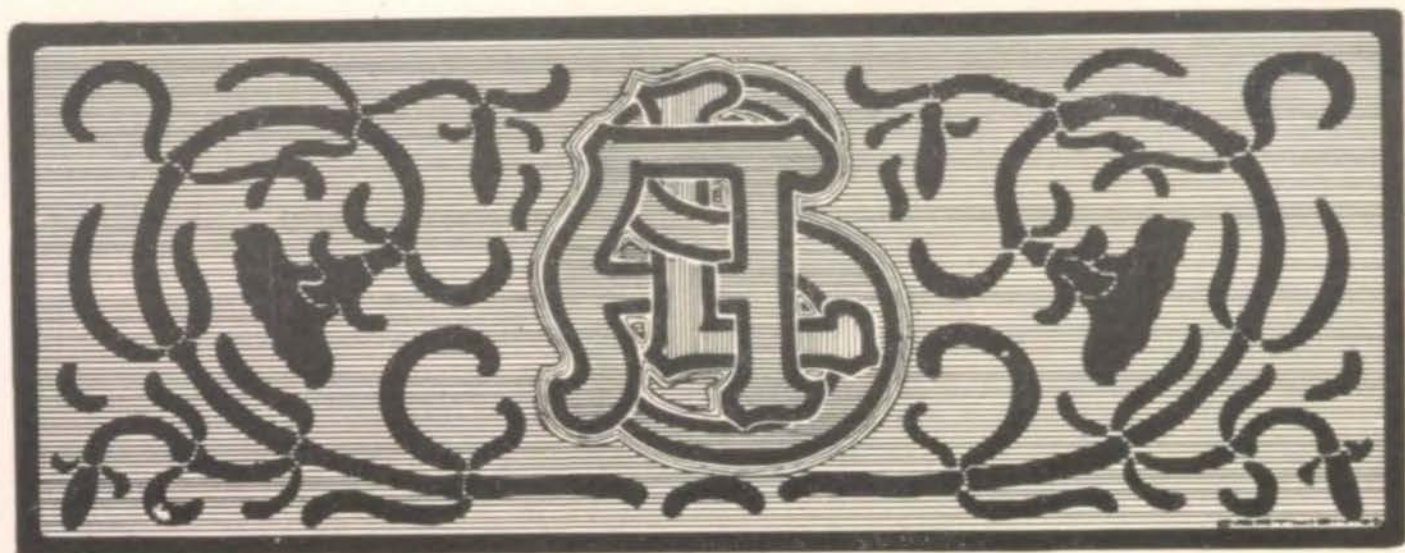
President. Don Wilkerson
 Vice-President. Porter Craig
 Secretary. Fred Breisch
 Treasurer. Jay H. Ross
 Critic. Roscoe Reamer
 Sergeant-at-Arms. Geo. Sperry
 Sponsor. Mr. S. B. Apple, Jr.

MEMBERS.

Fred Breisch	John Thomas
Porter Craig	Leland Cannine
Allen Craig	Leo Cappen
Randall Dorton	John Clifford
Don Wilkerson	Temple Pearson
Clarence Falls	Warren Heath
William Simms	Emmett Schooley
Peake Vincil	Jay H. Ross
Geo. L. Sperry	Lew Starling
Roscoe Reamer	Harry Kanatzar
Joe Mead	Howard Curtis
Harold Stearns	Will Hathaway



A. L. S. SOCIETY.



Organized November 1901

Colors—Pink and Green

OFFICERS.

President.Walter Bracken
Vice-President.Martha Nelson
Secretary.Elizabeth Karges
Treasurer.George Cartlich
Critic.Ethel Jones
Reporter.Chester Bell
Sergeant-at-Arms.Charles Skinner
Sponsor.Dr. P. B. Burnet

MEMBERS.

Chester Bell	Roy Guettler
Walter Bracken	Ethel Haley
Arthur Brady	Bertie Hawes
Ethel Brotemarkle	Edna Hollingsworth
George Cartlich	Kurfers John
Ruth Donigan	Maud Johnson
Otis Grant	Ethel Jones
Roy Brown	Elizabeth Karges
Yale Levinson	Miles O'Connell
Edward Luce	Undine Scofield
Georgia Marshall	Gratz Shelby
Julia Mathews	Charles Skinner
Cornelia Murphy	Enid Smith
Fred Nelson	Lynwood Smith
Martha Nelson	Vivian Tutt
Gladys O'Connell	Buford Williams
	Charles Owsley



O'ITA SOCIETY.



Organized March 1902
 Colors—Old Rose and Silver

OFFICERS.

President. Mary Louise Topping
 Vice-President. Georgia Riley
 Secretary. Lucile Phillips
 Treasurer. Edna Ross
 Sergeant-at-Arms. Juliet Banks
 Critic. Mabel Thornton
 Joatamon. Marie Hedrick
 Sponser. Miss Jennie Sublette

MEMBERS.

Mary Austin	Ruth Paxton
Florence Boyer	Edna Ross
Juliet Banks	Grace Reardon
Edna Dunn	Edna Rose
Anna May Gentry	Georgia Riley
Marie Hedrick	Leila Stearns
Carrie Jones	
Jeanne Kohler	Paulena Schweizer
Hester Lauman	Mabel Thornton
Kathleen Milburn	Mary Louise Topping
Florence McGurk	Ruth Vanlandingham
Hattie Norton	Mildred Wakefield
Mary Oldham	Dora Wheelock
Lucile Phillips	Irene Zwart



DEUTSCHER SPRACH-VEREIN.



Organized 1905

Colors—Black, White and Red

BEAMTEN.

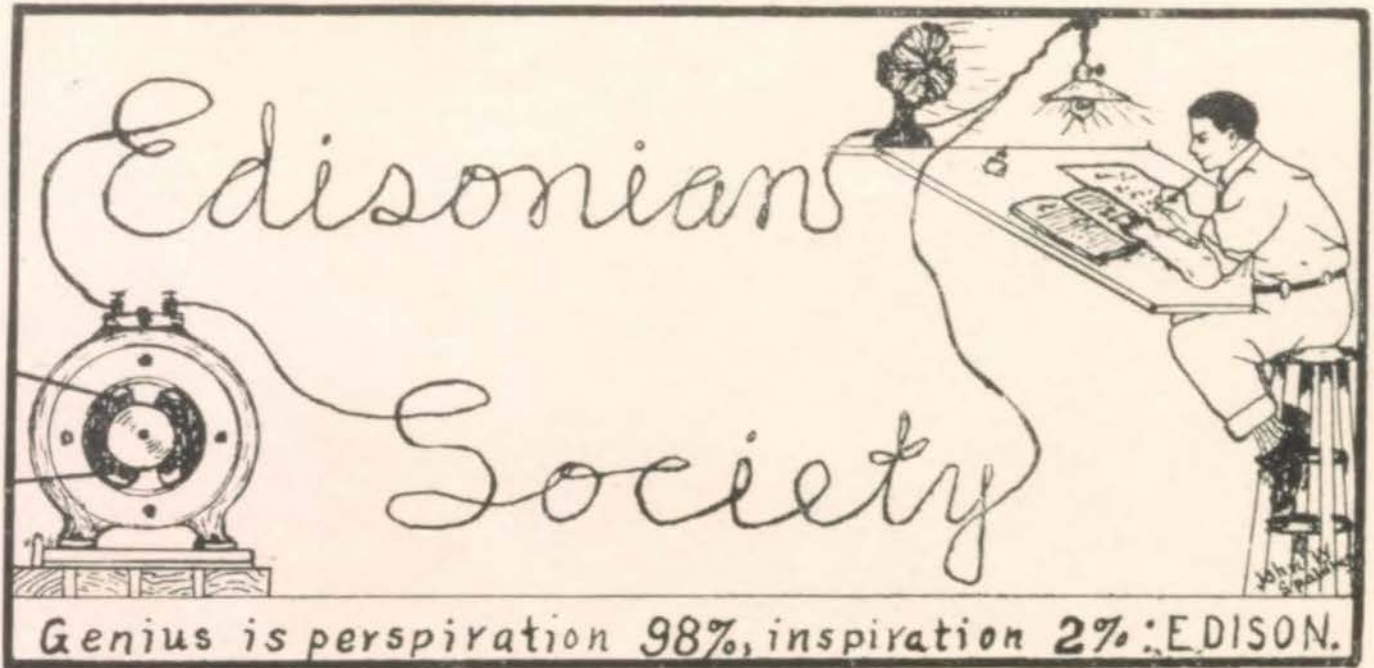
Praesident.Walter Berkowitz
 Vize-Praesident.Milton Field
 SekretaerHerbert Ziegler
 Kritikerin.Maria Wetter
 Tuersteherin. Augusta Busekrus
 Program Komitee. { Mildred Hannam
 { Eldon Henry
 Sponsor.Miss Gertrud von Unwerth

MITGLIEDER.

Rebecca Beckenstein	Walter Berkowitz
Mildred Bockamohle	Egmont Betz
Helen Burke	Charles Davis
Eileen Burkhardt	Milton Field
Augusta Busekrus	Eldon Henry
Julia Eaton	Fred Hinkle
Gladys Gaylord	Walley Husher
Mildred Hannam	Raymond Isham
Leota Leritz	Clarence Eichenlaub
Ethel Lewis	John Marvin
Marie Munz	Herbert Ziegler
Marie Surface	George Zimmermann
Katherine Seckinger	Paul Zweifel
Gertrude Weber	
Maria Wetter	Dorothy Stevens



EDISONIAN SOCIETY.



Organized 1906

Colors—Gold and Purple

OFFICERS.

President.	David Caleb
Vice-President.	William Jewell
Secretary.	Harry Jewell
Treasurer.	Roy Hanks
Critic.	Harold Becker
Sergeant-at-Arms	Lester Strother
Sponsors.	{ Mr. H. M. Page Mr. C. F. Gustafson

MEMBERS.

Harold Allen
 Arthur Atkinson
 Harold Becker
 Harl Bartlett
 Dean Bush
 Kenneth Baldwin
 David Caleb
 Albert Grant
 Harry Jewell
 Carl Williams
 George Bridges
 Harry Lind
 Sanford Withers
 George Bowman
 Addison Richards
 Earl Kirkham
 Alan Westerfield

Gail Shryock
 Clifford Seibel
 Dennis Steele
 Roy Steele
 Cloy Shambaugh
 Lester Strother
 Roy Hanks
 Harry Siegfried
 William Jewell
 Herbert Gordon
 Ambrose Langworthy
 Thomas Moffett
 Robert Davidson
 Paul Reymond
 Donald Reid
 Emmet Russel
 Robert Otto



DAPHNE SOCIETY.



Organized 1907

Colors—White and Purple

OFFICERS.

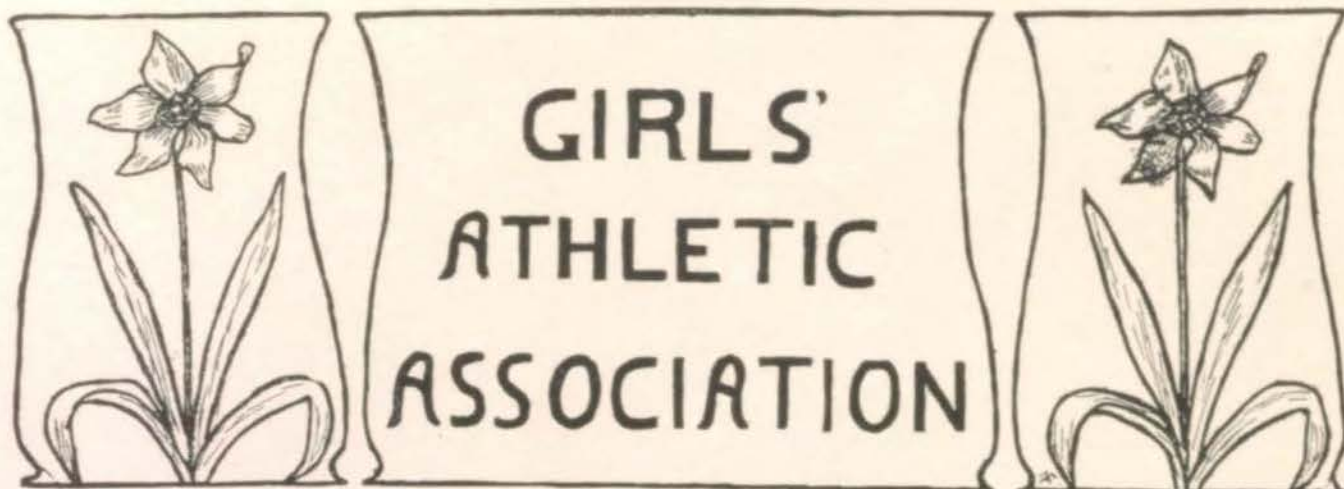
- President. Lena Winters
 Vice-President. Carrie Hulse
 Secretary. Eleanor Keizer
 Treasurer. Pearl Emahizer
 Critic. Lena Sams
 Sergeant-at-Arms. Gertrude Allen
 Sponsors..... { Miss Mabel Hazen
 { Miss Belle Stewart
 { Miss Grace Ferguson

MEMBERS.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Elsie Kirk | Era Darnell |
| Gertrude Allen | Georgia Stephenson |
| Eutha Gillespie | Lena Sams |
| Carrie Hulse | Stella Pye |
| Winifred McCarty | Eleanor Keizer |
| Marie Landon | Lena Winters |
| Winifred Warren | Pearl Emahizer |
| Edith Foster | Ethel Kirk |
| Mary Sote | Louise Worthington |
| Leland Glover | Elizabeth Gorman |



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



Organized 1907

Colors—White and Gold

OFFICERS.

President.....Ethel Madrick
 Vice-President.....Clara Mc Niel
 Secretary.....Emma Pursley
 Treasurer.....Pearl Roemer
 Business Manager.....Lelia Loomis
 Sergeant-at-Arms.....Bertha Friedman
 Sponsor.....Miss Lena Hoernig

MEMBERS.

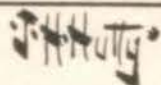
Cora Randolph	Ruth Harrington
Kittie Schmidt	Hazel Henthorn
Tillie Moskovitz	Silvia King
Pearl Anderson	Lelia Loomis
Ruth Benson	Ethel Madick
Florence Casad	Clara Mc Niel
Mabel Clausen	Adaline Mos
Gladys Dancy	Minnie Wright
Carrie Dooley	Lucile Peiser
Gladys Dunn	Ellen Peters
Eunice Eisele	Hazel Purnell
Florence Folsom	Emma Pursley
Bertha Friedman	Pearl Roemer
Mildred Gatts	Hildur Rudin
Hettie Shumway	Edythe Snyder
	Elizabeth Morrison



BOYS' GLEE CLUB.



DELTA



OFFICERS.

- President.....Harold E. Wheelock
- Vice-President.....Eugene Miller
- Secretary.Geo. Cartlich
- Treasurer.....Alex Rieder
- Sergeant-at-Arms.....Roy Hanks
- Librarian.....Joe Meade
- Pianist.....Miss Augusta Busekrus
- Leader.....Prof. B. E. Riggs

MEMBERS.

- Harold Wheelock
- Roy Hanks
- Lloyd Taylor
- Will Wiberg
- Fred Nelson
- John Weston
- George Cartlich
- Valdeen Baker
- Carl Smithy
- Chester Bell
- Alex Rieder
- Eugene Miller

- Otis Foun
- Charles Looney
- Joe Mead
- Richard Steinhorst
- Julius Koenigsdorf
- St. Clair Mendenhall
- Joe Johnston
- Warren Heath
- Yale Levinson
- Gail Shryock
- Arthur Wiberg
- Herbert Ziegler



ORCHESTRA.

MANUAL ORCHESTRA

Organized 1909

OFFICERS.

President.....John Law
Vice-President.....Charles Calhoun
Secretary and Treasurer....Miles Standish
Director.....Mr. Frank Cushman
Leader.....Mr. B. E. Riggs

MEMBERS.

Mr. Frank Cushman—Contra Bass
John Law—Trombone
Miles Standish—Drums
Lloyd Taylor—1st Violin
Sam Goldberg—1st Violin
Buford Williams—1st Violin
Charles Calhoun—1st Violin
Gladys Baldwin—1st Violin
Colonel Hanes—Cello

Emmett Russell—2nd Violin
Elmer Eichenlaub—2nd Violin
Hildur Rudin—2nd Violin
Helen Sylvester—2nd Violin
Herman Knabe—1st Cornet
Otto Jacobs, Jr.—1st Cornet
Hazel Carter—2nd Cornet
Jack Haley—Clarinet
Eugene Miller—Piano



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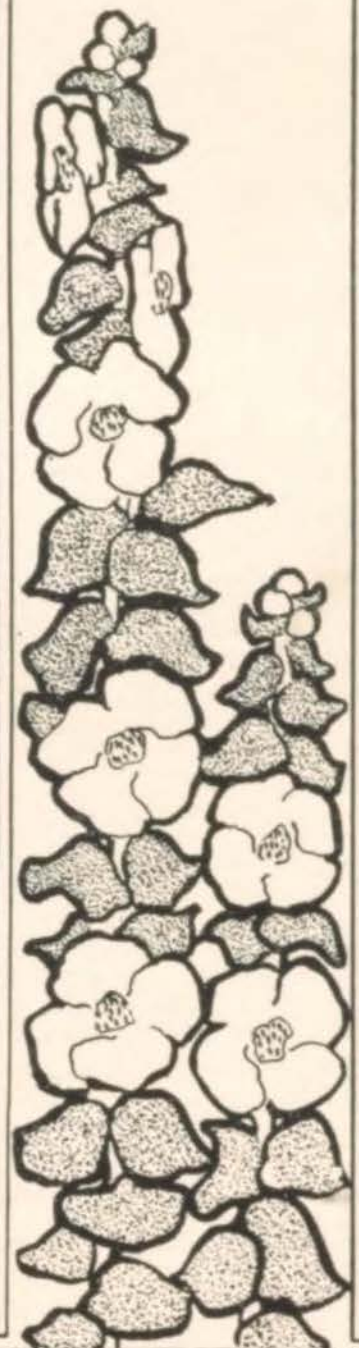
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Carolyn Alkire	Lillian Mueller
Gladys Baldwin	Mary Maloney
Edith Bergman	Bonnie Murphy
Bertha Besser	Helen Morris
Lelia Bray	Edna Miller
Lillian Brammell	Rachel Madson
Frances Bates	Hazel Roland
Claire Crouch	Gladys Seaman
Ina Donnelly	Lucille Stewart
Katherine Darnall	Georgiana Sappington
Vida Dozier	Ruth Sweeney
Margaret Eichenauer	Theresa Slocomb
Lillian Edlunds	Bee Sperry
Edith Flensberg	Elizabeth Swaesdall
Ruth Goodrich	Lillian Trumbo
June Goldman	Winifred Warren
Hazel Hayne	Margie Whitley
Augusta Humbroch	Jessie Whitley
Ariel Herring	Ina Wade
Rachel Hartley	Mar'on Cowlick
Genevieve Hagar	Grace Williams
Emma Klee	Ada Frick
	Bessie King



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THE SENIORS.

PAUL H. BAKER.



YES, it has been an eventful four years, probably the most interesting four years any member of this class will ever spend in high school. It has not only been a step in the life work of every member of the class, but a marked step in the history of Manual. Curiously at first, but with ever-increasing interest and astonishment, has our little home world (faculty, patrons, parents, and under-classmates) watched the development of this glorious class. We are not only demurely proud of ourselves, but very proud of Manual, the school which has reared us. So, we hope, is everybody else proud of us and of the great school we have tried so hard, befittingly to represent. We leave it to you, kind reader, to decide whether or not we have succeeded in holding up the dignity of this school.

We do not wish to sing our own praises; and, unlike the most noble and worthy Class of 1910, we refrain from "speaking for ourselves" or of ourselves; we prefer that others speak for us. Needless to say, this class early comprehended the fact that it had a grave dignity to sustain. We ever refrained from bringing our bottles to school as Freshmen, and found it possible to dispense with even our rattles and other playthings by the time we reached our Sophomore year. During our second and third years we "worked" hard and earned a reputation as earnest and conscientious students; we forbore the temptation to ride our "hobbies" and, following the great crusade to eliminate gambling in effect throughout the United States, we ran out the "ponies." These

"supports" we left for our Senior year and we are indeed sorry that our successors of '10 have not followed our lead and reserved their "stall" for their last year. They have made a loud noise, a big bluff, endeavored to rush things, and as a result the faculty and everybody else is next to the shallowness they have tried so hard to conceal. Speaking of the Class of '10, we wish to acknowledge the superiority of their "artistic taste," especially in regard to their beautiful and befitting Junior "Prom." invitations.

Ever before, during the course of our high school career, we have looked forward to this final moment which we are now so swiftly approaching; but now joyful expectation is, in most cases, tinged with regret at leaving. In some instances this regret has so overwhelmed the student that he has decided to remain for another year and have all his noble thoughts toward the school wiped out by association with his next year's class; he feels that it would be fatal to leave with such tender memories as he now harbors. But the class must leave behind the congenial associations of dear old Manual and go forth to do its share in the world's work. Now, more than ever before, do we appreciate the magnitude of the benefits that have been derived from following the advice of our seemingly severe and unjust teachers. They have, in reality, ever been patient and sympathetic toward us, always working for our good. This we shall realize more and more as the undertakings of the future are met and overcome. In closing, we hope that the faculty and our under-classmates, whose memory we shall ever cherish, will not entirely forget the Class of 1909.



List of the Graduates of the Manual Training High School.

1909.

Boys:—

Allen, Harold Murray
Atkinson, Arthur G.
Bailey, Kenneth E.
Baker, Paul Hedley
Barrick, Ralph Leon
Betz, Carl Egmont
Bower, Clinton S.
Breisch, Frederick E.
Brown, Marcy K., Jr.
Bush, Dean T.
Caleb, David Thomas
Cartlich, George
Craig, Porter W.
Davidson, Robert Lee
Egner, Carl C.
Elliott, Ernest
Evans, Harold
Farnum, W. Cushman
Gleason, John
Grant, Albert
Grant, Otis
Guernsey, Will Wayne
Guettler, Roy
Hanks, Roy N.
Henry, Eldon Benton
Hisle, Clarence Eppa
Hollister, Edward McMillen
Jewell, William R.
Landes, Roy S.
Langworthy, Ambrose Allen
Levinson, Yale
Livers, Arnauld R.
Lohmann, Henry R.
Longshie, George E.
Luce, Edward
Mead, Joseph Edwin
Mendenhall, J. St. Clair
Miller, Eugene
Mitchell, Frank G., Jr.
Montgomery, Lee R.
Mueller, Gilbert
Murphy, Edward E., Jr.
Nelson, Fred
Newman, Ralph
Otto, Robert G.
Rauch, Paul
Rawlings, Junius
Ross, Jay Harvey
Schwab, James
Seibel, Clifford W.
Shambaugh, Cloy D.
Shelby, Gratz D.
Shipley, Clyde
Shryock, Robert Gail

Sperry, George Lyndon
Stein, Lester Erwin
Steinhorst, Richard
Strother, Albert Lester
Sutorius, Oscar
Thomas, John Duguid
Underwood, Andrew B.
Van Pelt, Burrill R.
Vincil, Peake
Walker, Horace Wood
Welhener, Paul H.
Westerfield, Alan Downing
Wheelock, Harold Eugene
Wilkerson, Don Harold
Wing, Harold
Woodward, Robert C.

Girls:—

Alkire, Carolyn
Anderson, Pearl
Banks, Juliet Louise
Blosser, Elsie Lorena
Boersch, Mabel Louise
Bowser, Inez Leora
Brammell, Lillian Frances
Bray, Lelia Winslow
Brokaw, Burmah R.
Burke, Zelma L.
Busekrus, Augusta Pauline
Burton, Grace M.
Cannon, Veronica A.
Chase, Marianna
Collins, Olive Irene
Crouch, Claire
Darnall, Katherine
Day, Marion
Denny, Marie
Doherty, Ellen Marguerite
Donnelly, Ina
Dozier, Vida Lora
Eichenauer, Margaret
Emahizer, Pearl
Evans, Zora Lee
Feist, Adele N.
Flensburg, Edith Margaret
Folsom, Florence
French, Lois Adams
Goodrich, Ruth
Greenleaf, Martha
Hartley, Rachel Eunice
Hawes, Bertie Gary
Hedrick, Marie Adaline
Herring, Ariel
Hoppenjon, Glenna May
Humbrock, Augusta

Humfeld, Viola May
Hutcheson, Lucile
Johnston, Leanora B.
Jones, Carrie Myrtle
Jones, Ethel Jean
Karges, Elizabeth
Kirk, Elsie L.
Klee, Emma L.
Lang, Lydia
Laudenberger, Blanche E.
Lehman, Maude Violet
Leonard, Nell
Leritz, Bessie La Vein
Loomis, Lelia Ethel
McAuliffe, Mary Teresa
McCurdy, Elizabeth Wyatt
McKim, Elizabeth
Madsen, Laura
Maloney, Mary M.
Meyer, Agnes Isabel
Morris, Louanna
Morton, Marjorie L.
Mueller, Lillian Marguerite
Munger, Florence Helen
Nayter, Marie E.
Neevel, Margaret
Nelson, Madeleine
Nelson, Martha S.
Oldham, Mary Paine
Phillips, Lucile
Preston, Maud M.
Rider, Lois Eleanor
Riley, Georgia E.
Ross, Edna Jean
Rudin, Hildur
Sams, Lena Elizabeth
Sappington, Georgianna
Schramm, Lida Mabel
Schwaesdall, Elizabeth C.
Sheahan, Alice Elizabeth
Shumway, Hettie Jane
Slocomb, Teresa
Smith, Enid
Struble, Rachel
Thompson, Hildred
Thornton, Mabel
Topping, Mary Louise
Van Dorsten, Beth
Warren, Minnie Elizabeth
Whipple, Myrtle Coconino
Whitley, Jessie E.
Whitley, Margie
Wieman, Bessie
Worthington, Louise

PROGRAM
OF THE
TWELFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
OF THE
Manual Training High School

JUNE 16, 1909

1. Music—"The Ideal Overture"(Daniels).....
..Manual Training High School Orchestra, Mr. B. E. Riggs, Director
2. Invocation—Rev. E. F. Schwab, Pastor Prospect Ave. Congrega-
tional Church.
3. Music—"Merry June" (Vincent).....
Manual Training High School Girls' Glee Club, Mr. B. E. Riggs,
Director.
4. Oration—"Thomas Jefferson"..... Mr. Marcy K. Brown, Jr.
5. Essay—"Soap Bubbles"..... Miss Agnes Isabel Meyers
6. Music—Violin Solo, "Mazurka" (Musin)..... Miss Hildur Rudin
7. Oration—"Alexander Hamilton"..... Mr. Harold Evans
8. Essay—"The Educational Value of Domestic Science".....
..... Miss Pearl Emahizer
9. Music—(a) "Old Oaken Bucket," (b) "Po' Little Lamb" (Dun-
bar-Parks)..... Manual Training High School Boys' Glee Club,
Mr. B. E. Riggs, Director.
10. Debate—The negative of the question debated at the last "M.
S. U." inter-high school contest, May 1st. Resolved:
"That all elective state, county, district and municipal
officials should be nominated by direct primary, under
state regulations." Mr. Otis Grant
11. Essay—"A Goodly Company"..... Miss Mabel Thornton
12. Music—Vocal Solo, "Carina" (Tory)..... Miss Zelma Burke
13. Class President's Address..... Mr. Paul Hedley Baker
14. Music—Tenor Solo, "Love's Sorrow" (Shelly) .. Mr. Roy N. Hanks
15. Presentation of the Class of '09 to the Board of Education....
..... Principal E. D. Phillips
16. Presentation of the Diplomas to Class of '09 on Behalf of the
Board of Education.
..... Judge H. L. McCune, Member Board of Education
17. Music—"Pilgrims' Chorus" (Wagner).....
..... Manual Training High School Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs,
Mr. B. E. Riggs, Director.

SPECIAL HONORS.

- Mr. Otis Grant, Winner of M. S. U. \$125 Freshman Scholarship.
Miss Augusta Humbrock, Winner of the "D. A. R." Medal given by Elizabeth
Benton Chapter, for best examination in United States History.
Miss Augusta Humbrock, Winner of Kansas City Law School Scholarship.
Messrs. Henry Lohmann, David Caleb and Eldon Henry, Winners of
\$500 four years' Engineering Scholarships at Washington
University, St. Louis, Missouri.
Mr. David Caleb Winner, of Walter Armin Kumpf Chemistry Prize (\$10).



SENIORS.



SENIORS.



SENIORS.



SENIORS.



SENIORS.



SENIORS.

JUNIORS



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Vice-President.....	Gladys Dancy	Sergeant-at-arms	Roy Steele
Secretary.....	Ethel Lewis	Reporter.....	Emmett Schooley
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THE JUNIORS.

WALTER J. BERKOWITZ.



JUNIOR classes of the past have ever boasted of their modesty, have sung their own praises with most unbecoming egotism. Junior classes to come will undoubtedly do the same for only once in the history of an institution is it possible to find an entirely independent and peculiarly gifted group of persons. Such a period has now arrived and the class of 1910 with all its inborn grace and condescension, bows low in acknowledgment of the acclamations of the many who recognize its unbounded pre-eminence. It needs no ode, no epic, to express its overwhelming superiority of brains, brawn and beauty—it speaks for itself.

Though comparatively few in numbers, it amply excels in brilliancy of thought and action. It proves the truth of that ancient law—When quality is best, quantity is limited.

In all fairness to past and future classes, we hasten to admit that there are always individuals of some intelligence in every organization. These few, however, shine forth with extraordinary power over the immature minds of their classmates, and cast o'er their fellow students the glamour of their own effulgence, undeserved as this reflected glory may be.

But the class of 1910 is not remarkable for any especially notable adherents, every member is a star of the first magnitude.

With unerring instinct we have chosen a class pin which is the essence of artistic beauty. Unmindful of the bad example set us by older and supposedly wiser students we have chosen neither a door plate nor a green turnip, but have selected a graceful unostentatious insignia of perfect taste and sure judgment.

But let us view the achievements of this class from the standpoint of an outsider and lo! we see that never before in the history of Manual has such a really

praiseworthy student body glorified the lower hall, successful in all its undertakings, yet possessing that retiring modesty which so characterizes the truly great. Never before, I say, has such a thing occurred, but now a change has come over our school; it was left to the class of 1910 to establish a standard of unqualified excellence.

Small and faulty Freshmen, no longer need you sigh in vain for a model of perfection after which to fashion your insignificant selves; Seniors, from the airy heights of world-reforming oratory, cast a backward glance at those who tread hard upon your heels! Behold the result of perseverance, the result of opportunities grasped! In a word, behold the colossal marvel of the class of 1910!

After many hundred years will have passed and the pupils of the high school will wish to refresh their memories with the deeds of the ancient heroes of their classes, they will open ye old-time records and read:

"And it came to pass in the year 1906, and in the ninth month and the twelfth day of the ninth month, that there appeared in Manual an host of people of both sexes and of exceeding grace. And they approached the teachers in kindly manner and lifting up their voices, they said, 'Behold, O teachers, we come to learn while for knowledge we sorely thirst.' And the teachers listened with eagerness to the words of the multitude for it was the first time that such words had ever been spoken. The teachers were exceeding glad and gave them of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. But it came to pass that the teachers could not render sufficient knowledge unto them and when three years had come and gone, the scholars had learned all that was possible. Then did the teachers greatly rejoice to hearken unto their words. When they lifted up their voices the Freshies and Sophies trembled and the Seniors ceased their chatter and marveled greatly. Yea, verily, the class of 1910 had become the pride of dear old Manual."



B.

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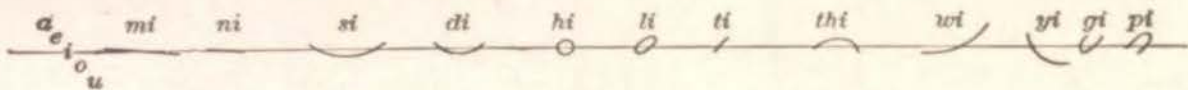
100 words written with 100 strokes. Eclectic Shorthand speaks for itself. You can both read and write this lesson in one hour or less. Try it, and mail sample of your work for correction, we will then send you two additional lessons, free of charge.

SHORTHAND LESSON No. 1

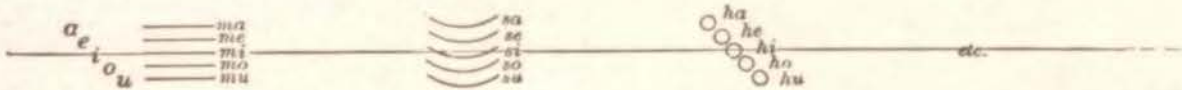
Memorize the following characters:



All words in shorthand are spelled by sound. There are five positions, representing the five vowels, and by writing any of the above consonants on *i* position which is the line, the letter *i* will follow each written character, thus:

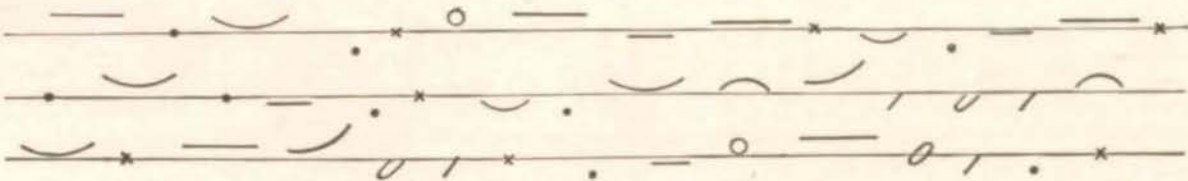


Now if this is true of *i* position, it is also true of all positions, thus:



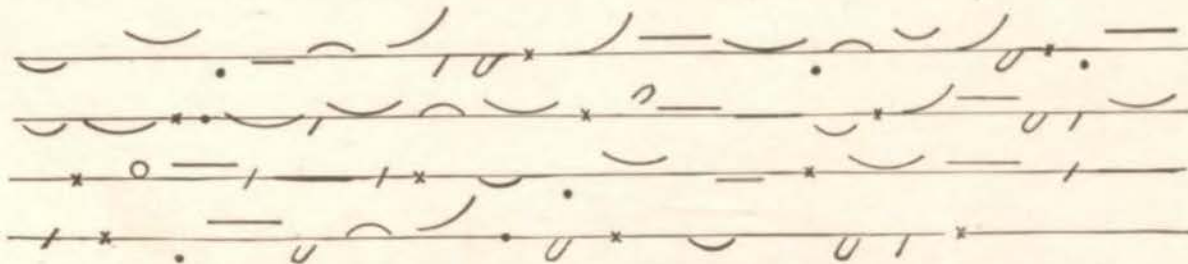
NOTE.—A dot on *i* position is *I*; on *o* position *O* or *owe*; on *u* position *you*.

Read and write the following sentences several times:



KEY TO THE ABOVE SENTENCES

Ma I se yu? He ma no me. Do yu no me? I sa I no yu. Do yu se the wa to go to the se? Ma we go to? Yu no he ma li to yu.



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