

NAUTILUS



NOVEMBER



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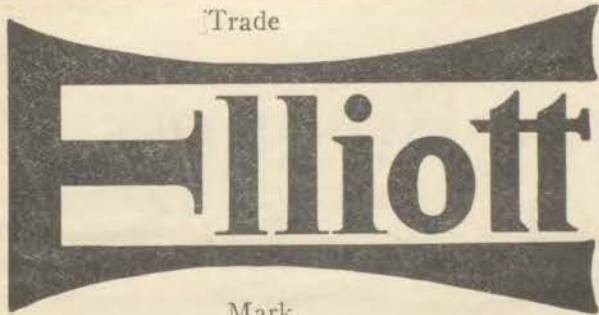
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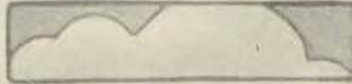
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THE NAUTILUS



Build thee more stately mansions,
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, 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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Contributions are requested from all members of the school. Address all communications to

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

During the brief twelve years of Manual's existence, she has been called upon many times to take the lead in some important project or to start some reform for the good of the community. Once more Manual is to become the pioneer. This time, however, it is to help in the exhibition of a large collection of old prints that have been gathered from all parts of Old England.

Rev. Charles W. Moore, well-known through work in the Institutional Church of Kansas City, which he founded, while on a recent tour of England succeeded in obtaining a very large and also exceedingly rare collection of old prints. Through the aid of the British Museum, Mr. Moore obtained information as to where these prints could be found. After a very long and tedious search he succeeded in obtaining this collection of some eleven hundred pictures. Many of these prints had decorated the palaces of the nobility of England. There is no picture in the collection less than one hundred years old. They are all the works of great masters and their genuineness has been proved. At the request of our principal, Mr. Phillips, permission was obtained from Mr. Moore to exhibit this collection at Manual. A committee composed of art teachers from the five high schools of Greater Kansas City, representatives from the Art Institute and

Women's Federation of Clubs, are at present engaged in separating the pictures into seven groups for the exhibition, which will occur Dec. 4 from 9 a. m. till 10 p. m., and on Sunday, Dec. 5th, from 2 to 6 p. m. Free admission tickets can be obtained for the asking at this school, Central High School, Westport High School, Kansas City, Kas., High School, Independence High School, Findlay Art Co., Swan Art Co., the Art Institute or Bryant & Douglas Book Store.

In behalf of Manual Training High School we desire to express our sincere appreciation to the Rev. Chas. W. Moore for his generous thoughtfulness in providing so excellent a treat for the advancement of art in our city.

But few changes in the personnel of our faculty have occurred so far this year. Miss Nettie Humfeld and Miss Elizabeth Morton of the Domestic Art department secured

Changes in Our Faculty.

leave of absence to, take a special course of study in the teachers' college at Columbia University, New York; and the Misses Mabel Thornton and Mabel Robinson, both graduates of Manual, are filling their places.

Miss Anna Burchard of the Domestic Science department was transferred to the ward school manual training field of work and Miss Elsie Kirk, also a graduate of Manual, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

At last Spanish has been added to Manual's language course, and 135 pupils are learning the language of Cervantes, Velasquez, and Calderon. Now that our country has such close commercial relations with Spanish-speaking people in Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico and the Philippines, no more desirable study could have been added to Manual's curriculum.

Manual is to be congratulated on securing such a cultured gentleman and efficient language teacher as Mr. Frank A. LaMotte, who not only speaks and writes Spanish fluently,

but who is also an experienced teacher of German and French. Mr. LaMotte is a graduate of the Wisconsin University and last year taught French and Spanish at the Kansas University.

We are proud of our new orchestra, and grateful to Mr. Riggs for organizing it so early that it was ready to play at our first assembly. It was inspiring to have a large student orchestra to accompany the school in the singing of Manual's Ode at our first assembly.

Manual's Orchestra.

It is a capital plan to have our orchestra help us in singing at assemblies. It adds enthusiasm to the singing, stimulates the members of the orchestra to take more interest in their rehearsals, and popularizes music at Manual.

Singing at Assemblies.

Now that the Board has furnished a suitable high school song-book, so that every pupil can have both the words and the music, singing will be made a regular and popular feature of every assembly hall meeting.

The Nautilus desires to give recognition to the attractive and unique manner of decorating a part of the walls of the lower hall. The "Gallery of Honor" is a

The "Gallery of Honor."

collection of photographs of those pupils who have brought honor to Manual through intellectual excellences. It now contains twenty-five pictures—a three years' growth—and we sincerely hope to see many more added by next June. This "Gallery of Honor" does more than merely show who have won distinction in academic work. It also shows that Manual is just as proud of her intellectual athletes as she is of her physical athletes. May this loyalty never diminish, for as long as the school takes pride in intellectual accomplishments it will not degenerate to the low level that has practically ruined so many of our modern schools.

The Nautilus wishes to announce the establishment of the "Honor Roll."

"Honor Roll."

Every student, boy or girl, securing an advertisement for any issue of the Nautilus, will have his or her

name placed on this "Honor Roll." We hope to see more names placed here in the January issue.

Honor Roll.

Grace Bull,	Arthur Nicholet,
Helen Kittery,	Warren Heath,
Ralph Lichtig,	John Jenkins.

There is a new society at Manual. The Pan-Civic Club has organized with the purpose of developing a knowledge of methods and problems of government, especially the

The Pan-Civic Club.

problems of the various branches of the city government and their relation to the general welfare of the people. Familiarity with parliamentary rules, and skill in their use, drill in debating and original investigations of social conditions, are other features of the plan of organization.

One of the most interesting and also, perhaps, most useful phases of activity of the club will be the addresses of prominent citizens on special subjects. Two such addresses are to be delivered before this issue of the Nautilus reaches its readers. Mr. Elmer Powell, attorney, on November 5th, gave a forty-five minute consideration of the theme "Municipal Ownership: Is It the Remedy?"

Mr. L. A. Halbert, secretary of Kansas City's Board of Pardons and Paroles, will discuss at the following meeting, "Tendencies and Influences That Make the Criminal and Some Influences That May Save Him." Parents and teachers as well as the general student body are invited to attend these addresses.

That there may be good government there must be an informed as well as an honest citizenship.

The Nautilus wishes to congratulate Mr. Gustafson for his success, thus far, in the organization of this club, whose purpose is so thoroughly practical and enlightening. Credit is also

due him for the skill used in securing the co-operation of prominent citizens in this enterprise. We trust enough good, active members will have been chosen, that we may place the names of the officers in our next issue in the directory of chartered clubs.

Again the "Allerlei" is generously increasing the number of volumes of German literature in our school library. The "Allerlei" as is well-known is a German magazine published

"Allerlei" Gift to Manual.

once a year by the Deutscher-Sprach-Verein and the students of our German classes. Its object is to stimulate a desire in the pupils to learn the German language. Over twenty dollars' worth of books, the proceeds of last year's publication have been ordered and are expected within a few weeks. The entire purpose of this magazine is purely to help Manual, and we urge all to lend their support for its success.

Lord Nelson's dying words at the Battle of Trafalgar should be the living words of every loyal Manual pupil, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" No true Manual pupil will have done his duty unless he pays his full subscription in advance for the Nautilus.

It takes money to publish a high-class magazine like ours. This money can come from but two sources—subscription and advertising.

Let every pupil resolve to buy his own magazine and not to play the pirate or to steal its contents by being a "joy" reader.

If every one of our 1,600 pupils will pay the annual subscription price of 50 cents, the Nautilus fund would amount to \$800. Let us all subscribe and thus help the Staff to publish the best High School magazine in America.

Every loyal alumnus of the Missouri State University would be interested in seeing the

The M. S. U. Columns in Marble. beautiful re-production in marble of the cherished columns of "M. S. U." which Principal E. D. Phillips has had made in Florence, Italy, and it is now on exhibition in our trophy case on the first floor.

Mr. Phillips, who is a devoted alumnus of "M. S. U.," has this unique replica of his alma mater made for his own personal gratification; but the probabilities are that when his fellow alumni see what a lovely and appropriate souvenir it makes, all of them will be longing to possess a duplicate of this marble miniature of the old and original university building that was burned in 1893.

It is gratifying to have such a high official as the Assistant Minister of the Department of Commerce and Industry write to our Principal for information about our school's name and work have reached the ears of the officers of the French Republic.

The letter of inquiry is signed by M. Callide-Chefde, Bureau au Ministère du Commerce et del Industrie, Paris, France.

Although there are several other things that Manual sadly needs to complete her building and to render her more efficient as an up-to-date, high school, still she is suffering

Manual's Need of a Better Gym. chiefly on account of the lack of an adequate room and equipment for her gymnasium. The cramped little room in the basement and its limited apparatus are totally inadequate for physical work. This year, through the personal aid of Ex-mayor Beardsley, the Y. M. C. A. has agreed under certain financial conditions to allow our team to use the new Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, and we wish to express to Mr. Beardsley and to

the Y. M. C. A. management our sincere thanks for this gracious privilege. But this arrangement can't be continued from year to year.

That was a royal compliment indeed which the Royal Live Stock **Compliments Show management of the Royal Live Stock Show to Manual.** tended to Manual in inviting the teachers and pupils of the Commercial Geography class to spend one day visiting and studying the live stock exhibits of this splendid exposition.

This courtesy furnishes the pupils an excellent opportunity for securing data for their study of this practical subject and at the same time gives them a wholesome recreation in coming in contact with skilled stock raisers and their high-class products of the farm and the range.

On behalf of the school the Nautilus wishes to thank the directors of the Royal Live Stock Show for this rare and timely invitation.

It is a well-known custom of the University of Missouri to hold an annual debating and elocutionary **M. S. U. Scholarships.** contest in which are given away two \$125 cash scholarships. One scholarship is given to the boy who is judged best in a debate upon a given subject, and one scholarship to the girl who is judged best in an oration, a recitation, or composition of any kind, on any subject she may choose. The scholarships are given in cash installments during the student's Freshman year at the University.

Only senior students in the High schools of Missouri are eligible to compete.

This year's subject for debate has been announced. It is—"Resolved, That the commission system of municipal government should be adopted for Missouri cities."

Last year, Manual carried off the honors in this debate. This year we should not only win the debating scholarship, but likewise be successful in the recitation contest.

Start working now, keep at it, resolve to gain success—then *win!*



EDITOR
Russell Dudley

The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

While America ranks among the first in point of wealth, her people have long been regarded as unappreciative of fine art; yet in the very heart of her largest city stands a museum which bids fair to become a leader amongst those of the world. This institution is known as the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The trustees of the original museum, which occupied an old house in Fourteenth Street, probably did not then realize what an immense institution they were founding. The first great step in its rapid growth was the purchase of General di Cesnola's collection of Cypriote antiquities, which made it more than a mere private collection. It then became an established organization and under the direction of General di Cesnola, who was appointed in 1879, it was enlarged and its collections increased until it now occupies a conspicuous site in Central Park, with its main entrance on Fifth Avenue at Eighty-second Street.

The buildings, which have been added to from time to time, now form one complete and continual series of galleries covering several acres in all. These galleries, of which there are in the neighborhood of forty, are well arranged and filled with the rarest objects of art obtainable,

many of which have been endowed or loaned by wealthy patrons, while others have been purchased by the museum.

Among the most interesting of these are an Etruscan bronze chariot of the sixth century B. C., wall paintings from Boscoreale, and a Roman bronze statue of Emperor Trebonianus Gallus. Also of great interest are—the Dino and Ellis collections of arms and armor; the Moses Lazarus collection of fans; the Avery collection of spoons; the Crosby-Brown collection of musical instruments; and the Burgundian Gothic tapestries. The largest gallery in the museum is that which contains J. Pierpont Morgan's collection of Chinese porcelains, but perhaps the most exhaustive group of objects is the Heber R. Bishop collection of jade, which occupies a room elaborately decorated in Louis XIV style.

The first floor of the building is devoted largely to groups of statuary. In the center is the Hall of Casts, which contains reduced models of such buildings as the Pantheon and Notre Dame. On the second floor the collections of paintings are very extensive and include some of the finest specimens in existence to-day.

Probably the most valuable work of art is Rosa Bonheur's famous "Horse Fair," which was presented to the museum by W. K. Vanderbilt. Almost every one knows of this wonderful picture of animal life, but no one can possibly conceive of the mastery of its handling without careful study of the original. America should consider herself extremely fortunate in possessing such an exceptional work of art.

In connection with the museum is a free library of reference, comprising over ten thousand volumes on art. The museum is now under the direction of a competent body of men headed by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Its popularity tends to show the growing interest of the American public along artistic lines, an interest which, it is hoped, will call for more such splendid institutions as the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Creator of Billiken Now a Teacher in Manual

So large is the enrollment in our Free Hand Drawing Department that Mr. Phillips was forced to ask the Board of Education for another teacher.

The Nautilus is delighted to announce that one of Manual's graduates, Miss Florence Pretz, class '03, was the fortunate selection for the place.

While Miss Pretz was an undergraduate she was one of Manual's most promising young artists, and since her graduation she has made wonderful progress.

She devoted two years to careful study in the Art Institute of Chicago, and as an original designer has worked for many high-class pub-

lishers and commercial firms in both Chicago and Kansas City.

Probably no artist ever became more popular or universally known on account of something that the fertile fancy and deft fingers produced in "merry sport," than Miss Pretz did in the creation of her little fun god, Billiken, which is so well known both at home and abroad.

The Nautilus proudly welcomes Miss Pretz into the teaching force of her Alma Mater and hopes that her success as an artist designer and her influence as a teacher will stimulate many of our pupils to emulate her example in this interesting and useful field of work.

The Work of Alexander Rindskopf

Manual is always interested in the success of her alumni and has reason to be specially proud of the artistic work of Alexander Rindskopf, who is now established in Kansas City as a designer of interior decoration. Mr. Rindskopf was for three years a student at Manual and attracted considerable attention with his work in the art department.

He afterwards spent a year in New York and then entered the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia, where he remained for a period of three years, making a systematic study of the history of design in all its branches, both ancient and modern.

Special study has been given by

him to the French art of design—to those exquisite styles of decoration which gained prominence during the reigns of Francis I and Louis' XIV to XVI. These are styles which strongly appeal to him and which survive, while many of the more modern and conventional forms of design, he believes, will pass with other fads of the age.

Mr. Rindskopf, who, by the way, is a member of the Sketch Club, a prominent eastern organization of artists, has opened a beautiful studio in the Commerce Building. He will remain in Kansas City for a year or two, after which he expects to continue study abroad. Manual wishes him the greatest success and all the honors which are due so thorough an artist.



EDITORS

Ruth Paxton

Arthur C. Perry

The Artist and the Burglar.

Wilmot Heitland, '12.

In the luxurious studio of Stephen Barrick, artist and philanthropist, only one light broke the darkness. This was near a large unfinished canvas, in front of which, in a large antique chair, sat that well-known young man himself, carefully scrutinizing and criticising every part of the picture. It was a life-size portrait of his sister, Sylvia, upon which he had been working for many weeks, and which was now nearing completion. With a master's skill, he had reproduced her dark, red hair, her ivory skin, her delicate arched lips and dark blue eyes. There was the witchery of the Orient in her face, in the peculiar manner in which she had arranged her hair and in the richness and harmony of the colors in the robes in which she had arrayed herself.

Stephen had been sitting before the painting for an hour or more, studying it first with a small mirror and then without. As he raised the glass for the last time preparatory to making a final examination of his work, a strange sight was reflected on its surface.

Framed in the large doorway of the studio, one hand grasping the woodwork, the other holding a pistol, hanging limp at his side, stood a boy of about eighteen or nineteen years. It was evident that he had come to rob, but the sight of the picture had appealed to the better side of his nature and he had stopped, temporarily at least, his purpose forgotten. He was gazing steadfastly at the painting, a look of rapt admiration on his sensitive young face. It seemed an oasis in the desert of his degraded life and his

soul was drinking, drinking, as if it could not get enough.

The artist did not fail to notice the expression in the boy's eyes. He knew that look, and he knew what it meant.

He turned abruptly to the boy in the doorway.

"How do you like it, son?" he ventured, smiling.

The boy started.

"Why—I—er—oh—I forgot!" he stammered.

By this time the artist was at his side.

"Come, lad," he said reassuringly, "put up the gun. Do you think I'd arrest a boy who looked like that at sight of a painting? No, I'm going to be your friend. I want to help you. Come over here and sit down. Now, tell me all about yourself. What is your name?"

"David, sir, David Queston."

"Where do you live, David?"

"Nowhere—we travel about. My father is a—a burglar just as I—was."

Stephen grasped his hand.

"Thank you for saying 'was,'" he said warmly, "I know you'll stick to it. Have you ever tried to draw?"

"Yes, often, but my father tore up my pictures. He said it was a fool's occupation and he wanted me to be a man—so he made me steal."

"Have you ever been caught?"

"No, my father trained me too well."

"How did you happen to come here?"

"My father sent me here. He said that you had a great deal of money, so I came to rob you. But the picture was too much for me. I couldn't resist it."

There was a knock at the side door of the studio and a sweet feminine voice called, "Stephen."

David stood up.

"Who's that?" he whispered, glancing at his rough clothes.

"My sister," answered the other, "the girl in the picture."

"Oh!" expectantly.

"You can step over here if you want to get out of the light. You'll have some new clothes to-morrow."

The knock was repeated.

"Come in," called Stephen, advancing toward the door.

At sight of a stranger, the girl paused.

"This," said Stephen, "is David Question, sister."

She acknowledged the introduction with a smile and a nod of her small queenly head.

"David is to be my pupil," continued Stephen, "and a very promising one he is."

"My brother," said Sylvia, "seldom takes pupils, and he is very particular in his choice of them. I think I ought

to congratulate you upon your good fortune in obtaining so excellent a teacher." She smiled at her brother who blushed crimson at her frank compliment.

"Thank you," said David with genuine feeling, "I certainly am the most fortunate fellow on earth."

* * * * *

In the great gallery was a very large crowd of people who moved ceaselessly to and fro among the many paintings on exhibition.

"What is that large picture over there with such a great crowd around it?" asked one American visitor of his French companion, "that one of the girl with the red hair and blue eyes?"

"That? Why, that is the painting which took the first prize. It is by David Question, an American. Fine picture, that!"

By this time they had reached the painting.

"H'm, mighty pretty woman. Who is it?"

"It's his wife."

A Goodly Company

Grace Reardon, '11.

Truly, the unimaginative person has my sincere sympathy. How little pleasure he must receive from life, who sees and hears only the cold, bare facts. How monotonous life must seem to him who plods on in the regular routine, and cannot lose himself in day-dreams or imaginary wanderings.

I am an imaginative person, I am happy to say, for had it not been for my vivid imagination I fear the six weeks we were in quarantine might have seemed like so many long, weary months. However, as it was, the time passed very quickly, for did I not in my imagination entertain many guests every day?

One morning Little Red Riding Hood and her wolf brought me a quaint little wicker basket filled with every conceivable sort of sweetmeats. Their company so buoyed me up, that I went on a short journey with them. It was a cool May morning, and as we skipped along the dusty road we spied Little Boy Blue and Bo Peep in the opposite field, apparently searching for something. We called to

them, for we were the best of friends, and they informed us that some of the sheep were lost; but added that if we would help find them, they would then join us on our journey to Madam De Stael. Accordingly, we set to work searching for the stray sheep. As I paused a moment, I heard a faint tinkle down by the brook, and thinking it was a sheep-bell, I hastened to the stream. There, however, I found the Lady of Shallot mourning about her shattered mirror, while Little Nell was vainly essaying to sooth her. I was overjoyed at seeing these two dear friends again, who agreed to accompany us to Madam De Stael's home as soon as the sheep were found. The mere thought of the whole party being delayed because of a few stray sheep disgusted the Lady of Shallot, and she remarked sarcastically, "Tell Bo Peep to

Leave them alone, and they'll come home

Bringing their tails behind them."

However, I was spared imparting this wise advice to Bo Peep, for as I resumed my task of searching for the lost animals,

I heard a long, low whistle, and turning, saw dear old Rip Van Winkle and his dog leading back the lost sheep. He always had been a favorite with every one, but now he certainly was the hero of the hour. He entertained our little party as we set out on our journey by relating the last quarrel he had had with Dame Van Winkle, until we met Daisy Miller. She had never before seen or heard of Rip Van Winkle, but that made no difference to Daisy (no one was a stranger to her), and in a short time they became dear friends, and Rip found himself overwhelmed by admiration for the little coquette. As we passed the neat, vine-covered cottage where Evangeline lived, she called to us saying that she was entertaining a few guests she would like to have us meet. There to my delight and astonishment sat my friend from babyhood, Mr. Scrooge, with Tiny Tim close at his side; while Priscilla and John Alden were listening intently to Oliver Twist's account of his life at Fagin's. David Copperfield was showing Little Emily about the cottage, which seemed

so wonderful and palatial to her, after living so many years in the Boat-House. We were all friends in a minute, and a happier party never sat down to dinner. While we were thus engaged Mr. Isaacs and Silas Lapham drove up to inquire about a paint-mine which was nearby. However, when they learned that this was Evangeline's home, and that they were intimately acquainted with all her guests, they were only too glad to join our party and drink to the health of the blushing hostess, as Oliver Twist openly declared his love for the Acadian maiden. Yet, the final surprise of the day came when we all went down to the summer-house. There sat Feathertop and Hiawatha on each side of Madam De Stael, discussing whether or not the moon was made of green cheese, while she occasionally threw on bright coals of thought to make the flames of conversation soar even higher than they had heretofore. While here, our glee swelled to its highest, for what party would not be gay with Madam De Stael as its leader? My joy and happiness were unbounded till I heard a stern voice say, "Grace, it's ten o'clock, and time to take your medicine."

A Story of 1812.

Dorothy Atkinson, '11.

One bright morning in 1812, Sarah Ryan, a little Canadian girl sat in the library of her father's house near the Niagara border. Although it was not yet ten o'clock, she had finished her morning tasks, and had taken her towels to be hemmed into the library where it was quiet. She was only eleven years old, and the prospect of a little play in the garden when she had finished her task, made her fingers fly the faster.

As she sat there sewing busily, the door opened, and two gentlemen in uniform came in. But as her father's house was headquarters for the captain of the troops stationed nearby, she was not at all surprised to see them there. Knowing that she would not be in their way at all, and that they would not mind her being there, she made a little courtesy, and reseated herself.

The captain and his aid-de-camp took chairs near the other end of the long room, and commenced an earnest conversation. Sarah paid no attention to

their talk, until the Captain exclaimed in a loud tone:

"I tell you, Walton, we simply must contrive to let General B—— know of our predicament. The Americans are steadily closing in on us. We are practically surrounded now, and it will be but a short time until they find our hiding place."

The situation was just this. Captain Graham and a small detachment of English soldiers were in hiding in the woods near the Ryan home. The American forces surrounded them, but up to this time, had been unable to locate them exactly. Just a little the other side of the Americans was a large encampment of British soldiers under General B——. The problem now was how to get a message to General B—— through the American lines.

Sarah knew all this, and as she heard the captain's exclamation she suddenly had an idea. Why could not she on her little pony "Antelope" carry the papers

through the lines? Surely no one would suspect a little girl, and then these soldiers who had all been so nice to her would be saved.

She jumped up, and running to the captain, told him of her plan. He did not like to accept it, but realizing that it was feasible, and that this was really a desperate case, he at last consented. Her mother's permission was soon obtained, and in less than an hour she was ready.

Her mother sewed the papers in her dress, and bandaged her hand. She was told that if any one attempted to stop her, she was to say that she was on her way to the surgeon of the British army. Then one of the soldiers brought around her pony, and she mounted and rode off, waving her handkerchief to the group on the steps.

From the moment when the idea had occurred to her, she had been so hurried that she had not had time to realize what she was about to do, but now as she cantered along in the deep shade of the forest trees, she became suddenly terror-stricken at the thought of what lay before her. But then in another moment, she thought of the gallant captain and soldiers who were depending on her. How would she feel to go back to them now! To have raised their hopes only to disappoint them by proving too cowardly to face a little danger for their sakes! No, she would go on, and no matter what happened, she would do all that was in her power for them.

While she had been occupied with her thoughts, Antelope had carried her farther than she realized, and she was suddenly startled by a harsh command to halt. A tall soldier with raised musket stepped out from the bushes, but as he caught sight of the little girl, he quickly lowered it, and inquired more gently

where she was going, and what her business was.

"To the surgeon of the British army, sir," she replied, showing her bandaged hand.

"I am sorry, miss," the soldier said, "but the general's orders are not to let any one pass without his permission."

"What's the trouble, Rothwick?" inquired a deep voice from the other side of the road. Sarah turned quickly and saw a tall officer looking at her with kindly eyes. The sentinel saluted and explained the matter. From the deferential way in which he spoke, she realized that this must be the great American general. She had heard a great deal of his sternness, and waited in fear and trembling to hear what he had to say. When he finally spoke he addressed the sentinel in the form of a command:

"Rothwick, let the young lady pass." Then turning to Sarah, in a much gentler tone, "I hope Miss that your hand will soon be healed, and I regret exceedingly that just now we have no surgeon with us who could give you quicker relief." The sentinel stepped aside, and after heartfelt thanks to the kindly general, she rode on.

Once clear of the lines, she drew a long breath, and then whipping her pony to a gallop, she finished the remainder of her journey at such a pace, that long before the sun touched the top of the tallest trees, she slipped from her saddle tired but happy, in the camp of the English army. Her mission was accomplished, and with the help of the information contained in the papers, General B— would be able to save the detachment, and return her to her home in safety.

Sarah Ryan was the author's great-grandmother.

The Dream of Fate.

Carradine B. Elliott, '11.

I am nothing but an old miner, alone in this world without friends and desiring none. I have become fascinated with the strange, bitter and lonely life I lead. My name?—Well—they call me, "Brooding Tom." My real name?—Ah, that, like my past life, is dis-

carded. Discarded, not forgotten. I can never forget that past so full of shattered hopes, yet strangely captivating. Not sweet, but bitter.

Thirty years ago I could have been found in New York, just out of an Eastern college. I had entered a

promising architect's office and success seemed assured. But that little affair at college. You imagine what it was? A girl? Yes, a girl. I was at college for six years and while there I renewed an acquaintance with a girl playmate of my boyhood. Soon I was in love. Hopelessly lost. I thought she loved me, too. We were engaged. Commencement night I left and went to New York. I went back six months later and John Irvine, my life-long friend was still there at school. He liked the girl pretty well, too, and didn't try to hide it. Well, the girl said she liked him. Soon that peculiar love of despondency, that strange morbidity in my nature, made me feel like a martyr. I called on the girl and when leaving, suddenly, yes rudely, asked for the engagement ring, and was gone.

I grew more despondent. I loved the girl, yet my love was embittered with a strange hatred. Hatred for whom, myself, the girl or Jack? I knew not. I centered it on Jack Irvine. Poor, dear Jack, how I long to ask his forgiveness for the curses I hurled at him in my dreams. Well, he can stand them all for he is happy to-day. Married the girl? No doubt about that. Yet I cursed him, cursed my best friend. Cursed the fellow whom the best little girl in the world judged better than myself. I soon let my business duties get so far behind that I was discharged, and for five years I roamed about leaving a mourning mother and father spending a large part of their wealth searching for me. Perhaps they are dead now. Well, the world is a strange and ever-changing place.

These somber thoughts crept through my dreamy mind as I allowed my broncho to trot leisurely along the faint trail, for 'twas not the first time he had done so. I had been wandering around the wild Northwest for twenty-five years, working and dreaming life away. I am now on my way to a new mine. I have ridden now for three days and have yet seven miles to go. The mountains rise majestically above me, their tops vanishing into the threatening clouds. The wind which has been changing all day

now blows viciously from the North, and it has turned intensely cold. I whip up my pony and he gallops swiftly around the mountain side. The sleet and snow begin to fall and soon the trail is covered with ice, but time is precious and I urge the pony on. I must get to the new mine to-night or freeze, for a northern blizzard is terrible. I have gone about two miles and my pony whirls me around the turns in the trail without noticing the treacherous ice. But suddenly, as we dash down a steep descent, he falls.

Sometime later I find myself lying in the trail considerably shaken up. I get up. The sleet has stopped falling, but the snow is getting deeper. I am stiff with the cold. I can see my pony nowhere. Perhaps the faithful fellow is in the gulch below dead or dying. I stagger along the side of the mountain in a vain search for shelter. The trail widens and stretches out between the mountains. Five miles to go. As I plod on I become curious to know how long I lay on the trail. So opening my coat I take out my watch, not the clumsy affair you would expect a miner to have, but a fine gold one. I strike a match and shield it with my coat. I glance at the watch and find that I could not have been unconscious for over fifteen minutes. The match flickers, I gaze for a second at the picture in the face of the watch and smile bitterly as the thought runs through my mind that I love another man's wife, for the picture is of the girl. I put the watch away and begin to plod on blindly. The trail I am on becomes dimmer. Surely this is not the right one. I think for a moment of turning back, but where to? This trail leads somewhere. I begin to advance once more and the trail leads into a valley stunted with pine trees. On and on I trudge. Deeper grows the snow; more numb grow my hands and feet.

Then I see a dim light coming from beneath what seems to be a door. I quicken my pace and soon reach a small log cabin. I knock but can scarce hear myself, the wind whistles so loudly. No one answers, I push the door open and step in. Before me is a picture I can scarce describe. A

man of my own age but with hair as white as snow, seated before a huge fireplace, the blaze throwing a yellow glow upon his snowy hair and handsome features. He holds a small picture in his lap and his eyes are fastened upon it, as he leans towards the fire in silent reverie. I stand for a moment awed, my soul seems to join in his reverie; and my mind, searching in the realms of the past, pictures in the fire the girl I love. There he sits. Here I stand. Our eyes seemingly fastened on the same girl in the fire. I cough, he glances up quickly and stares in wonder at me, then smilingly, he says:

"Come in friend. Caught in the storm I suppose. It certainly is a bad night. Come up to the fire and get warm. Sorry, but I have no chairs."

"Thanks, I respond, my teeth chattering. I was on my way to Cleargoods mine, but my pony fell and left me lying in the trail about a mile from here."

"Well, make yourself at home. You can't get there through this storm. Are you hungry?" he asks rising.

"No, I had supper at the Green House."

Sitting down beside me he says: "There's coffee warming and as soon as it is warm we'll have some. You need something to warm you up."

I cannot help noting how handsome this man is, his white hair giving a grand dignity to his bearing and his soft brown eyes seeming to radiate love.

"Dreaming?" I ejaculate, though I don't know why I do it.

He looks at me, smiles, and his eyes assume a far-away look, and he answers softly:

"Yes; dreaming of college days."

For a moment he seems to forget me. He ignores me. Then laying the picture which he had taken in his hand on the floor he arises and starts for the old coffee pot which is singing in the fire. When his back is turned I glance at the picture.

Heavens, it is the girl! I arise, pull out my watch, glance at the picture in the face, and then at the one on the floor.

"Good Lord!" I ejaculate, backing off.

"What is it?" he asks, quickly turning around.

"The picture, the girl, the devil—I stammer, picking up the picture on the floor and showing it to him alongside of the one in my watch.

He takes the picture reprovingly, and puts it in his pocket. He stares at the one in my watch and then at me.

"Good heavens!" he murmurs softly.

We are silent a moment.

"Tom," he cries, grasping my hand, and then I see in those eyes John Irvine, but I am so bewildered that I cannot speak.

"Don't you know me?" he says softly.

"Yes, Jack," I murmur, his sweet nature seeming to penetrate and conquer my harsh one.

"But Jack, the girl! Didn't you marry her? Where is she?"

"Good Lord, Tom, are you crazy? The girl was engaged to you and you left so suddenly we all thought you had gone crazy, but she left school and went, no one knows where. Home perhaps. I came out here to get away from the place, for you know Tom, I loved her too," he said tenderly.

"And I thought she loved you, so I came out here to get away from there," said I.

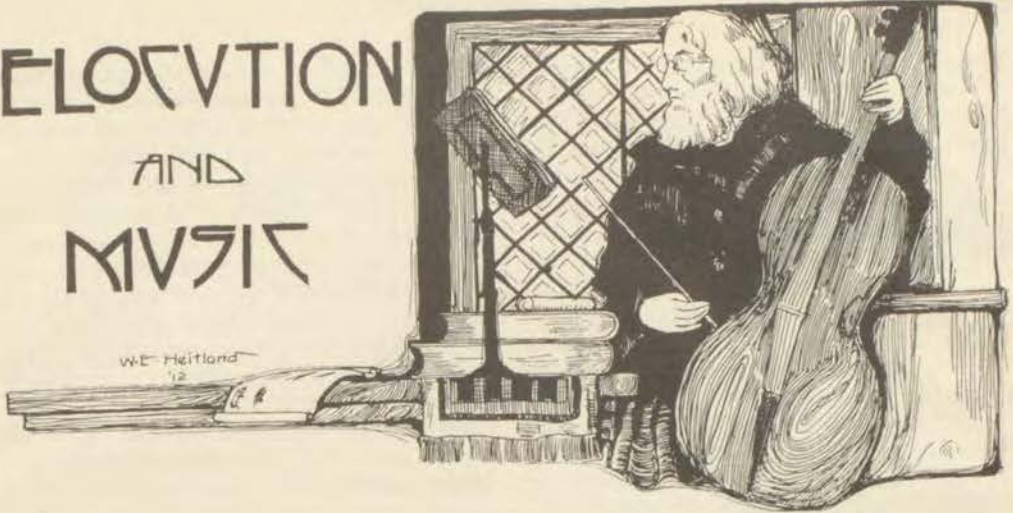
For a moment we stand in silence still grasping each other's hands, and gazing wonderingly into each other's eyes.

"I thought I loved your wife," said Jack wistfully.

"And I thought I loved yours, Jack," I answered, my voice breaking.

And there we stood, Jack handsome, majestic, loving and tender; I hardened and grizzled, both gazing at the same girl, in the watch, and in the fire.

ELECTION AND MUSIC



EDITOR
Paulena Schweizer

Luck.

Joseph E. Johnson, '10.

One of the greatest delusions a person can have is to get the idea that the ups and downs, the fortunes and misfortunes in life are mostly a matter of luck. It is not only foolish, but dangerous to think this—foolish because it is not true, and dangerous because when one gets this idea life usually becomes a failure. Success follows those only who beckon to it, beckon with hard, earnest work. Luck neither gives nor takes success away—in fact, has absolutely nothing to do with it. We know that thought precedes action and action precedes results. Therefore thought must precede results. Hence if the results in our lives are unsatisfactory to us, are not what we would like to have them, something must be wrong with our thoughts, and since we have the privilege of thinking as we choose, we are, therefore, individually responsible for every single result in our life. Neither does it matter what the circumstances or conditions in our life may be. A person born in a hut on the Missouri River can become just as much of a success as one born on Armour Boulevard if he be willing to make the effort. Certain thoughts are bound to bring certain results, and success respects the thoughts, not the thinker.

Many, yes most, of the world's

greatest men are those who have received the hardest knocks, have had the hardest fights, and apparently have had the hardest luck (if we may call it that) and yet have become the most successful men. Surely not because they worried over the fact that their path in life was harder than the average nor because they sat down and waited for luck to bring success their way. They knew that, irrespective of the circumstances or conditions in their life, every result was just as they made it, and they struggled for good results. Millet, the great French artist, is a fine example of what a young man can make of himself, even though working against the most adverse circumstances. The greater part of his life was one of the utmost poverty and privation, and it was because of this that he lost his young wife. But Millet refused to be downed, for deep buried in the heart of Millet was the thought that he could, he would, he must, succeed; and, finally, Millet became the greatest painter of modern France.

Benjamin Franklin is another fine example. Born one of a large family and at a time when it was probably much harder to make one's way in the world than it is now, young Franklin was soon thrown on his own resources.

The struggles and hardships which confronted him would have defeated the average boy, but not Franklin. He could see the pinnacle of the mountain and with an untiring will, ceaseless energy, and constant effort he climbed to that pinnacle—and his name went down in history.

Abraham Lincoln is another convincing illustration of one's power to shape one's life as he desires, even in the face of the greatest odds. The details of Lincoln's life are too well known to need mentioning, but being born in a log cabin, having to study by the light of a fireplace, and living much of his early life in the backwoods splitting rails for a living cannot exactly be called fortunate circumstances. Yet, look at the results. Not only did he become a great lawyer, a great politician, a great statesman, a great character, but he lived to be the savior of his country and bring to it liberty and freedom in its fullest sense. Thus any number of lives of successful men could be mentioned, who, in every case, won their success by hard work, not luck.

On the other hand, the world is full of failures, full of men who have never made a success of anything. Every day the papers tell of some person's downfall—a mistaken plunge in the stock market, a misappropriation of some bank's funds, or any one of a number of reasons—and yet every single failure was brought about by the person that failed. He first thought wrong. The ruined drunkard can usually go back to the time when he was a clean, healthy chap, and tell you when he took his first drink, just a social glass and did not think it would be harmful. Look at the result. The trouble first started in misdirected thoughts. A short time ago a large Western firm found that one of their employes was short several thousand dollars in his accounts. He blamed some woman for his downfall. But that was not the trouble. The man let his thoughts go astray. He got the idea that by using his employer's money, he could make a lucky plunge and live like a prince, but like hundreds of other people he got what luck usually gives those who depend

upon it—failure. The stock market furnishes us with any number of examples of men who are trying to win financial success through luck. And how many men have ruined their lives through such folly. Of course now and then a Patton comes along and wins a fortune, but you will find that brains and not luck are the cause of it. Pity the man whose only hope for success lies in some form of chance.

There are any number of instances of so-called luck which in reality are only the result of hard work. The examination room often furnishes us with instances of this. No doubt you have often seen some one receive a fine grade in some study, and immediately the less "fortunate" students would comment on that person's good luck. If you investigate such affairs you can generally explain a good grade or a poor one. Only a short time ago a good example of this came to my observation. A shorthand teacher instructed her pupils to write out each lesson twenty-five times. Most of the pupils thought it unnecessary to do so and contented themselves with an average of ten times. However, one pupil did the required work. In a short time a test came. The only person to pass was the one who had followed the teacher's instructions. A number of those who failed wondered why they failed and commented upon their fellow student's good luck.

I knew a young man who recently won a valuable scholarship. Many people have called him lucky, but I know how he won it. He began preparing early in the year and when the examination finally came he had no trouble in winning. The Yale-Harvard football game of last year is an exceptionally fine example of this so-called luck. After a fierce struggle, Harvard managed to nose Yale out by the narrow score of 3-0. It certainly seemed lucky for Harvard to get a field goal just before the final whistle. But the story has since come out how the game was won. It seems that a member of the Harvard team had figured out months before that a field goal would probably win from Yale and he immediately started practising field goals. He worked hard not only during the foot-

ball season but several months before it. He would go home at night and stand for half an hour at a time by the wall in his room and practise swinging his foot in a straight line. All the time he had just one purpose in view—to defeat Yale. The result was that at the critical moment, after both teams had struggled fiercely for over an hour, and when it seemed certain that the game would end in a tie, young Kennard came from the side lines where he had been waiting for the opportunity, and kicked a field goal just three minutes before the final whistle. Of course many people murmured "lucky Harvard," or "poor

Yale," but there was no luck about it. Kennard got only his just reward—success.

And thus, friends, it is all through life. We are absolutely the result of our own efforts. So the next time failure stares you in the face, know that you are responsible for that condition, and instead of blaming hard luck or some outside circumstance, cross-examine yourself, see where you made your mistake, and then proceed to correct the error. The path may be rocky, and the hill may be steep; and, though luck will surely leave us at the bottom, yet grit, determination and work will surely take us to the top.

The Value of the Elocution Department.

Randall M. Dorton, '11.

Among the various departments connected with an educational institution, there is none more beneficial to the pupil to-day, than the elocution department. It is clearly seen that the American nation, now more than ever before, demands people who have the ability to express their thoughts clearly, concisely and effectively. It is the ultimate desire of the elocution department to effect this purpose; to train the pupil to stand before an audience, and to express his thoughts forcefully in his own language.

The cultivation of oratory, as an acquisition of the arts of rhetoric and elocution alone, would be practically of little value; it is to be considered rather as the development of all the intellectual and personal powers required for the work of the public speaker. These powers are developed through the various phases of public speaking; namely, the prepared speech, extempore speech, current topic talks and debates; one not only acquires self-possession, but also the ability to recall facts while facing an audience. Quintilian said, "The richest fruit of all our study, and the most ample recompense for the extent of our labor, is the faculty of speaking extempore." If it was so important in Quintilian's time, should it not be considered very important to-day?

The part, probably, most beneficial to the speaker, is the criticisms received from the whole class; and in no class are criticisms more favorably received. Those mannerisms which detract from the effectiveness of the speech are detected; the stage deportment—that is, the facial expression and general attitude—is criticised; the grammatical constructions are also open for discussion; lastly, the speech as a whole, the excellence of the outline, and the clearness with which it could be followed are criticised.

The subjects chosen for debate are of present, local, national, and international interest. The debates are of more practical value than any of the other work in the department; because a continuous conflict of opinion prevails in every station of life. Those who have not the power to set forth their own opinion may possess brilliant ideas, and even originate wise plans, but they will always find it difficult to secure the co-operation of others. Therefore the ability to debate a question skillfully and forcefully is of great value. The interlocutor ability of the pupil naturally develops itself in the debate. While the extempore speech tends to develop the interlocutory power, it is with much more difficulty than in the debate.

It should be impressed, especially, upon every Junior and Senior in the

school, that elocution is the master of all arts. It is an accomplishment and an education in itself, if we consider it of value to have a natural as well as

an artistic way of expressing ourselves. It all tends to enlarge and elevate human personality. It matters not how much we say, but how we say it.

Early History of Music.

Winifred McCarty, '10.

Music has been in existence in some form as far back as there are any records of man's existence. The Chinese claim that music began in China, three thousand years before Christ. From carvings on monuments we know that both vocal and instrumental music was known in ancient Egypt, Arabia, India and several countries of Asia Minor. Our modern instruments are much the same in principle as the carvings of the first musical instruments. Vocal music was probably first, then followed a natural desire to tap time in regular beats, and the making of instruments of wood, stone, skin, metal, or clay.

Scales were then discovered. An early scale was the pentatonic or five-toned scale of the Chinese. The Hindoos are said to have had thirty-six scales although they mention sixteen hundred in their writings. The ancient Greeks laid the foundations for our modern scale system. They regarded poetry, music and art as necessities of life. The union of poetry and music have added greatly to the study of music. Music has increased in quantity and in beauty all through the ages, until now it forms a part of the life of almost every human being. In earlier days only the rich could study music, but now nearly every one has some knowledge of this beautiful art.

Maxims.

The artist who loves himself better than his art is not worthy of that art.

Have respect for him who does well what he attempts, and does all that lies in his power.

The musician needs character just as the theologian, the statesman, and business man.

Every one can hear the voice of nature, but he only hears music in it who has music in his heart.

Coleridge said that some are like musical glasses—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.

Music speaks from the heart and to the heart, it expresses emotions, but cannot describe scenes and situations.

Would you be successful in life, trust not to luck, but do your every day's duty well, so only will you achieve success.

Artists are as rare as diamonds. They must be polished before they show all their beauty. Life's cares usually do the polishing.

The musician who addresses the heart has the most hearers; he wields the greatest power, and is longest remembered.

You may graft a tree and improve it after it has reached some growth; but the good artist springs up from the seed, you cannot graft him.

The Inter-Society Contest.

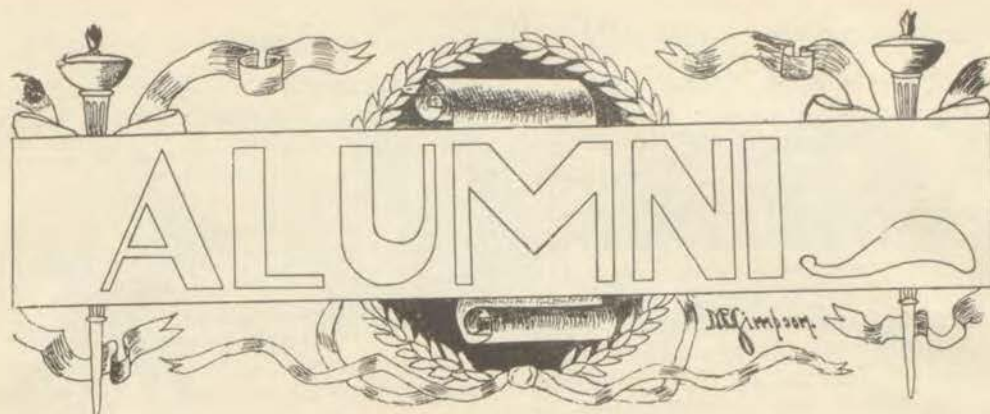
Fellow Classmates:

Now is the opportune time for those desiring to enter the Inter-Society and School-at-Large Contest to begin preparation. Select your subject and enter with the determination to win. Don't delay, as "procrastination is the thief of success."

Mr. Phillips says that the four medals are made, paid for, and ready to be delivered.

"Swift heels may get the early shout—
But, spite of all the din,

It is the patient holding out
That makes the winner win."



EDITOR
Gladys Dancy

It is highly gratifying to us to know that so many of Manual's graduates have entered college. This is in perfect accord with the demands of the times. In all the legitimate fields of labor in the commercial, mechanic arts and agricultural lines, as well as in the learned professions, competition has become so fierce and qualifications so exacting, that a man can scarcely hope to rise very high in his chosen profession unless he is a graduate of a good high school and has afterwards specialized extensively at an up-to-date college or university.

Manual Pupils Beginning College.

Ackerman, Henry. Kansas U.
 Allen, Harold. Kansas U.
 Bailey, Kenneth. Kansas U.
 Barrick, Ralph Kansas U.
 Berkowitz, Estelle. Kansas U.
 Block, Constance. Wellesley
 Bowes, Victor. Kansas U.
 Brown, Marcy K. Missouri U.
 Bush, Dean. Kansas U.
 Darnall, Era. Missouri U.
 Davidson, Earl. William Jewell
 Denny, Marie. Baker University
 Donnelly, Ina. Kansas U.
 Erwin, Thomas. Kansas U.
 Evans, Harold. Kansas U.
 Farnum, Cushman. Wisconsin U.
 French, Lois. Ohio Wesleyan
 French, Winifrid. Ks. State Normal
 Gleason, Helen.
 Columbia Teachers' College
 Gleason, Julia.
 Columbia Teachers' College
 Grant, Otis. Missouri U.

Grant, Albert. K. C. Vet. College
 Henry, Eldon.
 Washington University
 Hisle, Clarence. Kansas U.
 Humfeld, Nettie.
 Columbia Teachers' College
 Lipsis, Alice. Kansas U.
 Lohmann, Henry.
 Washington University
 Lord, Helen.
 Miss McClure's Music School
 McKin, Elizabeth. Iowa U.
 Mann, Robert. Missouri U.
 Marley, Robert. Ks. State Normal
 Meyer, Agnes. Kansas U.
 Mitchell, Frank. Kansas U.
 Murphy, Edward. Nebraska U.
 Phillips, Lucile. Missouri U.
 Rauch, Paul. Illinois U.
 Rogers, C. Merle. Purdue
 Schwab, James. Kansas U.
 Schloss, Jeannette.
 Warrensburg Normal
 Seible, Clifford. Kansas U.
 Shields, Frank. Missouri U.
 Shryock, Gail. Missouri U.
 Sperry, George. Rolla School of Mines
 Summers, Foster. Minnesota U.
 Stevens, Elmo. Missouri U.
 Underwood, Andrew. Kansas U.
 Wellner, Paul. Kansas U.
 Westfall, Mabel.
 Women's College, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Woods, Lois.
 Women's College, Jacksonville, Ill.

Miss Mabel Thornton and Miss Elsie Kirk are now distinguished as members of our faculty, the former assisting in Domestic Art and the latter in Domestic Science.

Success for a Manual Boy.

(From K. C. Star.)

Royal D. Bradbury, a graduate of Manual Training High School, has been appointed head of the department of concrete engineering and structures at the institute of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association. Since graduating from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mr. Bradbury, though still in his early twenties, has been a member of the technology staff. He is also the consulting engineer for the Boston Elevated Railway Company and for others of the public service corporations of Boston. Mr. Bradbury's mother, Mrs. W. K. Bradbury, lives in Kansas City.

The Honorary Scientific Society of the University of Kansas has elected to its membership Ben H. Nicolet, who graduated from Manual in 1907 and who has been a student at K. U. only since then. He entered the university as a sophomore, his five years of work in the Manual Training High School making it possible for him to pass an examination exempting him from the freshman work. Mr. Nicolet has made a specialty of chemistry courses in the university. Last year he won one of the W. R. Nelson prizes for laboratory work. He is 19 years old.

This is a convincing proof of the wisdom of taking 5 years to finish the High School course at Manual.

We are rejoiced to hear that one of Manual's graduates has received high honors at the university. Kathryn Hankins, a graduate of '03, was for a time at the Prossio Preparatory School. She is now at Missouri State University. Last year she received the Rollins Scholarship, fifty dollars, which is annually awarded to the Junior in the Academic Department who has the highest average grade for that year.

Miss Elsa M. Rysley, one of Manual's alumnae, is now in business for herself. She has her office in the Commerce Building and is a public and

law stenographer. May she find that her work at Manual will help her in the "school of life."

Herman Henrici, a former Manual student, and graduate, is now working at 702 Delaware St. He is manager for the W. T. Osborn Electrical Engineers and Contractors.

Miss Agnes Meyer of '08 is home from college on account of ill health.

Editor-in-Chief, The Nautilus.

Dear Sir: Prof. Phillips recently asked me to send you an account of our November science meeting to be published in the Nautilus for information of the students. If you can publish this account, we shall be greatly favored.

Very truly yours,

JOHN B. LEAKE.

It is the custom of the Alumni Association of the **Edisonian Society** to invite some person outside of its own membership to deliver a scientific address at its November meeting. This meeting is held on the morning of Thanksgiving Day in order that our alumni attending engineering schools may be present. Last year the association secured Prof. P. F. Walker, head of the Mechanical Engineering Dept. of Kansas University, as speaker for the occasion.

Prof. Walker chose as his subject, "The Engineering Profession." His development of this subject, besides being very interesting, proved to be most instructive and profitable, especially to those contemplating taking up this profession. This year the association has secured Prof. Geo. C. Shaad, head of the Electrical Engineering Dept. of the University of Kansas, recently of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to deliver the Thanksgiving address. His subject has not been chosen, but will be announced later. The association assures you of a most interesting address and extends a cordial invitation to all interested, to be present.

JOHN B. LEAKE,

Secy. A. A. E. S., '08-'09.

K. U. Engineering School, Lawrence.



EDITOR
Emmet Russell

Notes.

It is gratifying to find Manual teachers considered experts outside of the school. Mr. Cushman was recently called in by the Mallam National Perforating Machine Co., to tell them what was wrong with some gearing.

The double periods for laboratory work are proving their value in science classes. More thorough work can now be done than formerly, and in a way that gives the pupils a deeper insight into the subjects, even though no more laboratory exercises are attempted than with the forty-minute periods.

There are undoubtedly many pupils in Manual who are quietly making amateur experiments along some line. Harry Siegfried and Paul Raymond are communicating by wireless telegraph; Harl Bartlett has constructed several aerial crafts of a polyplane

type, which fly without an engine. The editor would be very glad to have descriptions and sketches of any scientific apparatus you may be making. Let us make THE NAUTILUS truly representative of what Manual students are doing as well as of what they have learned of others' deeds.

"The mere mass of the concrete floor and side-walls of the locks at Gatun will be sufficient to give them great stability, but, with a view to adding a further safeguard in the event, say, of earthquake shock, the government engineers intend to reinforce the concrete by embedding in it no less than seven thousand tons of old rail. This metal consists partly of a light rail which was used during the era of French construction, and partly of more modern American rails, which have been so badly bent that they can no longer be used in the track."

—The Scientific American.

Weeds of a Vacant Lot.

Gertrude Wilson.

One day the Botany class, instead of meeting in Room 34 and listening to the footsteps of the mechanical drawing boys overhead, met for recitation in the vacant lot across the street. This lot is well known to Manualites as a makeshift athletic field and a supplement to our gymnasium. The lot, despite the fact that it is yearly tramped over and worn hard and bare by the track-team boys, is a great weed

patch. Our recitation period was spent here for the purpose of studying the "Weeds of a Vacant Lot."

As far as possible during the short fifty-minute period, we listed the names of the weeds found. Some had grown, bloomed and scattered their seed, then died, their earlier place now taken by those adapted to the warmer summer weather. It was evident that several crops had grown on

the same ground during the season, each crop dropping its thousands of seeds for the next year's growth. This helps to solve the question as to why weeds are "weeds," that is, why they are such troublesome plants and so difficult to get rid of.

There is a continual struggle for existence among these weeds. They must all vie with one another for air, room, light, and for protection against destruction by man. The ones that come up first have the best opportunity to spread out and grow, getting the light and air. Many others spring up all around, but if they are not strong enough to push the first ones aside they will be crowded and cannot mature. Here we find an example of the survival of the fittest. If the weeds are cut often, they will become stunted, but the strong ones continue to produce seed. This enables only the hardier ones to live. This struggle, with the survival of the ones best adapted to endure unfavorable conditions, has been carried on for so many generations that weeds are strong and hardy and hard to "weed out."

Hidden in among the weeds we found a bean plant, a tomato plant and

a corn-stalk. The corn-stalk was stunted because it was crowded by the weeds and so could not get the proper nourishment. Some of the most numerous plants found were: Plantain, crab grass, foxtail grass, goose grass, pepper grass and burdock. The following is a full list of all of the weeds found: Crab grass, sprouting crab grass, goose grass, green foxtail grass, yellow foxtail grass, blue grass, tickle grass (tumble grass), stink grass or candy grass, Limber Will grass, white clover, red clover, green pigweed, prickly amaranth (pigweed), creeping amaranth (pigweed), burdock, curly dock, broad leaf dock, cockle burr, horse weed, ragweed, ironweed, knotweed, smart weed, pepper grass, dandelion, plantain, common thistle, bull nettle, Texas horse nettle, sow thistle, prickly lettuce, wild lettuce, blue verbena, white verbena, yellow oxalis, cotton weed or velvet leaf, lamb's quarters, worm seed, poinsetta spurge, garden spurge, wild cucumber, milk weed, elder, canada fleabane, sunflower, morning glory, dog fennel, running mallow or cheeses, jimson weed, corn (single stalk), bean plant (single plant), and tomato (single plant).

Aluminum.

Randall Dorton, '11.

Although iron is generally thought the most common of our metals, aluminum is even more abundant. In fact aluminum constitutes about 8 per cent. of the earth's crust, and is, therefore, more abundant than any other metal. It is the basic metal of all clays, just as sodium is the basic metal of common salt. With from 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. of metallic aluminum, every clay bank is, so to speak, an aluminum mine. It enters into the composition of nearly all rocks. The ruby and the sapphire are practically nothing more than aluminum and oxygen. The turquoise, the topaz, the garnet, and the emerald confess their constituent to the analyst.

Although aluminum is the base of every clay bank, clay is not used in its manufacture; and, although it enters into the composition of all rocks,

there are but three minerals that deserve to be classed as ores of aluminum—bauxite, cryolite and corundum. Of these, bauxite ranks first in importance because it can be refined more readily than either of the others. It is found principally in the southern part of France and in the United States. We have small mines in Georgia and Arkansas. In composition it is a hydrated oxide of aluminum, having as impurities, silica, oxide of iron and titanitic acid.

In spite of its remarkable abundance, the existence of aluminum was hardly suspected a century ago. It was not until about 1808 that Sir Humphrey Davy suggested the hypothesis that clay and many rocks of similar formation depend upon some metal as the base. Twenty years later Frederick Woehler, of Germany, proved the hy-

pothesis to be correct. He first isolated aluminum by decomposing aluminum chloride by potassium and obtained it in the form of a powder. Later in 1845, he obtained small malleable globules. In 1856, Deville, a French chemist, by improving Woehler's process, succeeded in isolating aluminum in a state almost pure and in determining its properties. He made some small articles from his product and placed the metal on the market at \$90 a pound. Napoleon III lent his patronage to Deville and paid the cost of his experiments. By experiment after experiment the Deville process was amplified and improved. Other processes were devised and the price fell slowly through the next thirty years. In 1886 it was down to \$9 a pound, and a half dozen concerns were producing the metal, more or less pure.

Then came a revolution in the art of producing aluminum. So far, all the processes were chemical and decidedly expensive. It was about this time that the wonderful development of the dynamo had, for the first time in the history of the world, made electricity actually cheap. Experimenters then turned to electrolysis to free the aluminum from its bonds. In 1886, Charles

M. Hall, of Oberlin, Ohio, discovered a process of reducing aluminum from alumina by electrical means which combine the principles of the electrical furnace and the electrolytic bath. This process put aluminum on a commercial basis for the first time. Its significance is denoted by the following excerpt from an article written by President Taft when he was United States circuit judge:

"Hall's process is a new discovery. It is a decided step forward in the art of making aluminum. Since it has been put into practical use, the price of aluminum has been reduced from \$6 or \$8 a pound to sixty-five cents. This is a revolution in the art."

By still further improvements the price has been reduced until it now ranges between forty and sixty cents a pound.

The lightness of aluminum is one of the most striking properties. Bulk for bulk, its actual weight is a little more than one-third that of iron, slightly more than one-third that of tin, about three-tenths that of copper, one-fourth that of silver and but little more than one-eighth that of gold. Where lightness is desired, aluminum is, therefore, in a class by itself.

Rocky Mountain Beavers.

Alan Murray, '13.

This summer while in Colorado I had the good fortune to see some of the work of Rocky Mountain beavers. I found that beavers do not like to built on very swift or rocky streams. I visited a level valley north of Pike's Peak, through which flows a good-sized stream. In this valley are several beaver dams, only one of which is occupied by beavers. Musk-rats have taken possession of the others, after they were deserted by the beavers. The large dam, which is inhabited by beavers, is about two hundred feet wide, and extends perhaps half that distance up the stream. It is strongly built of saplings and brush filled in with clay and stones. In building a dam, beavers are very careful to have it level on top, so that any sudden rise of water will pass off without harm to

the structure. The lodge, which is placed in the deepest water, is made of sticks and mud. The sticks are so interwoven that it would be very difficult to force an opening, especially in the winter when the mud is frozen hard. One side of the lodge is worn flat, because the beavers bask there in the moonlight (they rarely come out by day). The upper end of the dam, where the water is shallow, is overgrown with willows and water-plants, which make excellent food for the beavers. This end is also occupied by small dams built by young bachelor beavers, which will live there until they mate, when they will either build lodges in the big dam, or found new beaver colonies elsewhere.

A new colony is usually started by a single pair of young beavers, who build

a small, crude affair, having no lodge, but only a burrow in the bank. The entrance to this retreat is carefully put well under water. The next summer other beavers will come, and the dam

will be enlarged and strengthened. In this way the new dam will, in several years, become like the old one. It will then probably be deserted on account of the diminishing food supply.

The Trees of Hyde Park.

Minna Cohn, '11.

One of the interesting things, which probably very few people of this city have noticed, is the variety of trees to be found in Hyde Park. This park is a small area, two blocks square, in the south part of Kansas City; it extends from Thirty-sixth to Thirty-eighth Street and from Gillham Road to McGee.

If you were to go through Hyde Park and try to name all of the trees, you would see how little you know about trees unless you had studied them. Differences between trees can be distinguished by the leaves, by the bark and the general shape of the tree. The varieties of oaks may be distinguished by the acorns and acorn cups as well as by the leaves and bark. After close study sixty different varieties of trees were found including seven varieties of oaks. One of the trees named in the list, the Tamarix, is sometimes classed as a bush but it will grow fairly large, so it may be classed as a tree. It is a horticultural variety.

The Norway maple, which is in the northeastern part of the park, has all of its leaves growing on the outer edge of

Tulip tree (yellow pop-
lar),
Pawpaw,
Magnolia,
Black willow,
Golden willow,
Cottonwood,
Silver berry,
Hawthorn,
Wild crab,
Wild cherry,
Coffee bean tree,
Honey locust,
Sycamore,
Red bud,
Sweet gum,
Pignut hickory,
Bitternut hickory,
Shell bark hickory,
Walnut,
Catalpa,

Paulownia,
Black haw,
Flowering dogwood,
American elm,
Scotch elm,
Slippery elm,
Hackberry,
Norway maple,
Hard maple,
Soft maple,
Koelreutrea,
Smoke tree,
Mulberry,
American linden,
White basswood,
Chestnut,
Chestnut oak,
White oak,
Red oak,
Shingle oak,
Burr oak,

the branches. This peculiar way of growing, which is caused by the light, gives the tree the appearance of a great inverted bowl. One of the most beautiful trees, the black willow, is located in the center of the park. It is tall and has wide-spreading, drooping branches. The horizontal branches of some of the trees show very beautiful mosaics, which are caused by the twisting of the petiole and the size and shape of leaves. Especially interesting ones are seen on the catalpa and linden trees. The largest yellow birch in the city is at the north end. A number of fine, large elm trees may be found in the park, one which ought to be known to every one is the American elm.

Some of the trees, such as the Ginkgo or Japanese maidenhair, the Scotch elm and the white basswood, have been introduced from other countries. The yellow poplar or tulip tree, the birch, magnolia, flowering dogwood, sweet gum, blue beech and various pines and spruces are from different parts of our own country.

It may be of some interest to give the complete list of trees which were found by the botany classes of Manual.

Black oak,
Swamp oak,
Hop horn beam (Iron-
wood),
Blue beech,
White birch,
Yellow birch,
Hercules' club,
Austrian pine,
Norway spruce,
Hemlock,
Juniper cedar,
Arbor vitae,
Larch,
Tamarix,
Ginkgo,
Wahoo,
Ash,
Prickly ash,
Dogwood.



EDITORS

Pollie C. Lamb

Roscoe Reamer

How Manual Training Helped "Chuck" Harris.

W. Chester Bell, '10.

A coyote howled in the distance and caused the cold shivers to run up "Chuck" Harris's spine. He gripped his pony more tightly with his knees and edged forward farther into the crowd. It was a silent, grim, determined yet chiefly untried bunch. They had slept the greater part of the night in gypsy wagons and now, at early daybreak, were on their horses ready to scamper away to the choicest farms in the homestead land opening.

As "Chuck" edged through to better advantage—as a quiet unobtrusive person generally can in the long run—he chanced to pass a woman. There were very few women in the crowd and he was curious to see what sort of a representative of "woman" she would be, so he crowded closer. She was talking half-heartedly with a finely dressed young man. She was hardly more than twenty or twenty-two, so he judged, and he found himself wishing that she would locate near him.

Dawn arrived at last and with it the inevitable stampede, the rush, the dust and uncertainty of a land opening. After hours hustling from one "quarter section" to another, "Chuck" finally drove his stakes, which he had safely carried strapped to his saddle, and neatly nailed his claim upon them. He was just starting at breakneck speed to the office to register when he discovered that his fair

friend of early dawn had filed on the next "quarter."

"Hello," he called cheerily, conventionalities being lax in the more primitive struggles, "I see we are to be neighbors."

"Yes," she called back frankly, "I hope so."

"Oh, I guess there won't be any trouble," he answered and rode away glad in his heart that she was to live so near and wondering if she were to live alone, or if she had any relatives coming and all the other questions peculiar to the situation. "Chuck" was barely out of college where he had earned his own way and after a summer of hard work had "grubstaked" himself to a long winter of landholding until it should begin paying him in the following summer.

His claim was "O. K." so he was told in the registration office, therefore he signed the necessary papers and deposited his fee. As he rode away he met his neighbor again. This time she was with the well-dressed young fellow that "Chuck" had first seen her with. She called to him gladly and it took the edge of the keenness off his lonesomeness to know that some one away out here recognized him as an acquaintance. "Hello," she said, "we came to register. Would you mind showing us how it is done?"

"This is Mr. Wilson, Mr.—?—Oh, Mr. Harris—and my name is Chesney, Mary Chesney."

They soon had their claims approved, and all three started in the direction of their land. She chatted merrily with them both and explained much of her history to "Chuck," or Mr. Harris as she called him. Family reverses had caused her to earn her own way in life and she had decided to teach school in the new settlement to keep up her expenses until she could make a living off the land.

Her brother had planned to come with her. He had been delayed, however, in order to bring his mother. He intended returning to his home in Iowa when his mother and sister were safely settled.

Two weeks later "Chuck" had built his "shack" as he called it, and rode the half mile to Miss Chesney's to see how she and her mother were progressing. He had been working so hard that he could find no time to visit his neighbors. So now he rode over to the Chesney's, this pleasant forenoon. He found Wilson there before him. He had taken quite a fancy to this young fellow and they became fine friends. Wilson's father had sent him into the West to "strike" for himself after having been reared to expect a life of ease and comfort. And the way he took to it so appealed to Harris that he "warmed up" to him immediately.

"Say, 'Chuck,' old boy, how the deuce can you make a shelf that will hold anything without its rolling off," asked Wilson, with a disgusted look on his face. "Why, that's simple," answered "Chuck" after bidding "good morning" to the ladies. "Didn't you go to High school?"

"Yep! What's that got to do with it?" "Why—didn't you take manual training?"

"Nope."

"O, I see. Well, I'll make the shelf."

This incident greatly amused Miss Chesney to think that Wilson couldn't

make a shelf. Soon "Chuck" began to call frequently at the Chesney home and always carried with him a little article of household usefulness to please Mrs. Chesney—and Mary.

During the following winter, he found plenty of work in carpentry and even in blacksmithing, for he had taken forging in school. By spring, he had more than enough money to pay for his farm implements and also for the water rights in the irrigation undertaking.

In the fall he sent for his sister in Missouri who had just completed a course in a manual training high school. She was full of ideas about home decorating and the like and she and Miss Chesney were continually together. She taught Mary how to stencil curtains and scarfs, etc., and soon the two houses were beautiful within. "Chuck" himself was a constant caller and the four young people played "flinch," at which "Chuck" often held a beautiful hand.

"Chuck" became quite popular as a carpenter, and in the following spring he was in great demand. There being few good carpenters wages were high.

Wilson had gone home in the fall, for he could not make the farm pay and his allowance from home gave out. Of course "Chuck" hated to see him leave, but Wilson wasn't a very domestic sort of a fellow and "Chuck" thought that he himself was better fitted to become a "greater" friend of Miss Chesney than Wilson.

Shortly after that Harris started a new house. It was in town and, as the grocer and postmaster put it, "was big enough fer th' Harrises and Chesneys both." And so it was!

Wilson is corresponding with "Chuck's" sister and makes a living on the lecture platform where he talks enthusiastically on the subject "Value of Manual Training to a Boy."

The Value of Manual Training.

Helen McGrath, '11.

Once upon a time there lived a young man whom a certain Elderly Person styled "Billy Boy," not for the want of his having a better name, I suppose, but merely to be on terms of good fellowship. From the information at hand I

am inclined to think that Mr. Billy was somewhat of a village beau and we can picture him on a certain June morning, gaily attired, journeying abroad for a certain important purpose, when his attention was arrested by this Elderly Per-

son's asking, "Where are you going, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Where are you going, lovely Billy?"

To which Mr. Billy responded, like the courteous young man that he was, "I am going to seek a wife, she's the joy of my life, but still she's a young thing and cannot leave her mammy O." It looks as if he were offering apologies for conditions right here.

"How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? How old is she, charming Billy?"

Mr. Billy's sarcastic answer would lead one to infer that Elderly Person was becoming annoying. "She's one, she is seven, she's sixteen or eleven—But—still she's a young thing and cannot leave her mammy O."

Not yet content, Elderly Person inquired, "Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?"

Now, does Mr. Billy command our admiration in his loyalty to 'Young Thing'? He asserts, "She can make a

cherry pie with her mammy standing by—but still she's a young thing and cannot leave her mammy O." One can easily draw conclusions as to why Mr. Billy lived in a second-class boarding house for all we know while "Young Thing" lived with her mammy. We are inclined to think that Mr. Billy realized from the first question put by the inquisitive Elderly Person that "Young Thing" was deficient along domestic science lines—else why his apologetic answers? Attributing all her deficiencies to youth, when we all know they were due to lack of training. We are all in sympathy with Billy, however, and we should be doubly pleased were he in position to reply to his aged inquisitor, "She can not only make a cherry pie but an apple dumpling and can prepare, as an introduction to both, fried chicken and mashed potatoes. Are you not aware that she was a pupil of Manual Training High School?"

How I Made and Filled My Bookcase.

W. Oren Hensley, '12.

When I entered Manual last year I soon realized that I should have to read considerably in order to get the best results from my studies. I had read very little, coming, as I did, from one of those country schools where only "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic" are taught. Therefore I found that the average freshman was far in advance of me in reading. So in order to be on equal footing I should have to read a great deal. As I was working my way through school outside of school hours, I could not go back and forth to the public library without considerable sacrifice of my studies. So I resolved to have a library of my own.

I was so pleased with the style and humor of Dickens that, after reading "Oliver Twist," I purchased "Dombey and Son." I found it to be more convenient to own a book than to borrow it from the public library for I could take as long to read it as I wished. I soon began to buy more books, receiving advice from my teachers as to the best books for me to buy. My means were very limited after paying my expenses; but, by being frugal, I saved enough money each week to buy one or two books. By the end of the first term I had more books than I had room for.

Just as I was beginning to be perplexed about what to do with them, I found in the joinery shop exactly what I was looking for: A chance to make a bookcase. But before I could begin work on it I had to make a certain number of exercises. It took me two weeks to square up the first exercise. However, I had set out to accomplish and the work soon became easy. When all of the exercises had been handed in I was free to make my bookcase. I had to figure out my plan so that each part should fit exactly, sandpaper each board, and be very careful in putting them together. The task was not so easy as I had expected, but it was at last completed. It was more of a book shelf than a book case for it had neither door nor back. It was four feet high, twenty inches long, and seven inches wide with four shelves that would hold about fifteen books each.

Meanwhile I had bought more books until when the case was completed I had almost enough to fill it. The advice of my teachers saved me from spending my time and money on cheap novels. During the summer I have completed the filling and have now sixty volumes of Scott's, Kipling's, Cooper's and Dickens' works.

Mince Pie with Orange Salad.

Emma Pursley, '11.

The visitor, leaning against the wall, listened mechanically to a lengthy account of the work done by the designing class. He was thoroughly tired of it all. This school did not seem much better or even different from the various other high schools that he had visited in this Kansas City, through which he was passing. It claimed to be a manual training school; yet nothing worth while had yet been seen, at least so it seemed to him. He was tired and more than all hungry, and wished to get back to his hotel.

Suddenly, he straightened up, threw back his shoulders, and drew in deep breaths, where, oh where did those delicious odors come from? Visions of turkeys, swimming in cranberry sauce, rose before his eyes, for, wonder of wonders, he smelt what he thought might be mincemeat. "Yet with eagerness and rapture all his visions he resigned" when he heard his guide remark that they would next visit the cooking department of the school. Ah! he had forgotten this part of the work and hurried after his guide with new zest.

He followed his guide into the room and drew back bewildered. It seemed to him that he had never seen so many girls together before. There were girls everywhere, some running about distractedly, some standing about a desk in the center of the room, while still others were opening and shutting drawers, as though their presence there demanded as much noise as possible. At length, all came to the center of the room and clustered around their instructor, receiving, it appeared to him, the directions for the day's work.

His eyes wandered over what appeared to be a large, sunny room around the sides of which ran a continuous table, set at intervals with stoves and sinks. On the outside of this table were set rows upon rows of drawers, and underneath were small openings for their ovens and utensils.

At length, he found what he had been looking for. On a large stove in the corner of the room, stood a huge panful of mincemeat, bubbling and boiling away, giving off the delicious odors that

had so won his heart. It is most true, I think, that a man's heart is in his stomach.

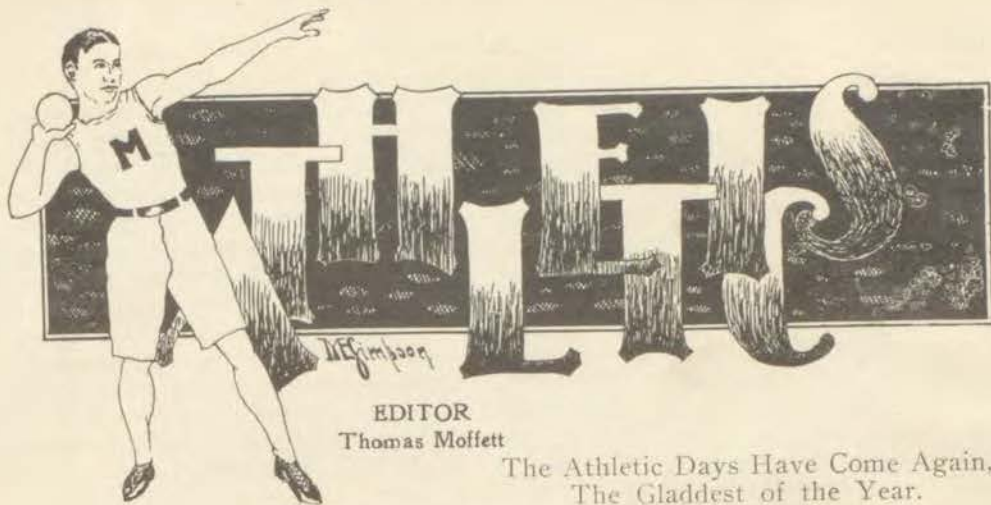
Now his attention was centered on the girls who were dispersing to their various places. Two worked at one stove, and to each had been given a banana, an orange and a dish of some fluffy white substance called "whipped cream." The word "salad" came to his mind. Ah, yes, that was what they were making. Heretofore he had always had a horror of salads; they always seemed so effeminate to him; but, somehow or other, this looked as though it might be worth while. He watched them, interested.

The girls appeared to be drawing a line around the center of the orange. Some succeeded, while others flew to their comrades for help. Then each girl took her knife and made strange marks and signs, using this line for a guide. His interest increased with each passing moment. "Were these girls learning to make strange Chinese letters?" he wondered.

When next he looked, he gasped with astonishment. They were working their knives just under the skin of the top half of the orange and apparently trying to get it loose from the orange. This of course was impossible, thought he, yet there before his eyes, it was done.

The banana had been cut up into small pieces and mixed with the orange pulp. To this was added the whipped cream and the mixture was placed in the orange cups ready for serving. To him it seemed miraculous that all this could be done so quickly and so well.

He saw the girls settling into groups to eat their salad, and now his hunger was almost beyond his control. "If wishes were horses, beggars might ride," he thought, and yet—suddenly from out of a crowd of girls stepped the young assistant. In his mind, he had thought her the youngest and prettiest girl in the room; now he was ready to proclaim it to the world for she presented him with both a small mincemeat pie and a dish of that wonderful salad. He was overwhelmed. "This school certainly was extraordinary, the others were all so tame beside it, and cooking certainly was a most wonderful art."



EDITOR
Thomas Moffett

The Athletic Days Have Come Again,
The Gladdest of the Year.

Annual Cross Country "Hike."

The Sixth Annual Cross-Country "Hike" will be held on Nov. 26, 1909, the Friday following Thanksgiving. This should be the best run in the history of the school. There are many "Marathon Aspirants" in Manual, a few of whom have already proven their ability. The course has not been definitely decided upon as yet, but it is a certainty that it will lead one over hills and through hollows, finally ending with a splendid, yea verily, a magnificent country dinner. Dr. Hall is doing his utmost to make the run this year more enjoyable than last and to do so he must have the hearty co-operation of every Manual boy. He says he wants at least three hundred in the

run. Here's hoping they will all be there. Although Manual has held a cross-country run for the last six years it is by no means a Marathon. Last year the students walked five miles and ran four and one half. This is not too much for any normal, healthy boy. Manual does not encourage running to a greater distance than this, as it is too wearing on the system, especially that of a high school boy.

Five silver trophy cups will be awarded to the first five contestants finishing the run. These beautiful prizes are graciously donated by the "Manual Faculty." Many of the men of our faculty will go on the "Hike" and enjoy the dinner with us.

Basketball.

To make this year a more prosperous year in every way possible, the basketball team of '09 and '10 look forward to the school patrons not only for the backbone, but for the support of the backbone. By this we mean that the students should be as loyal to this year's team as they were to last year's team financially.

The team which will represent Manual this year will be composed of some good, experienced material, being coached by Dr. E. M. Hall, physical director. Three of last year's regulars who have returned are Thomas Moffett, Ralph Powell and myself.

Your honorable servant is playing his fourth year on the team at center and hopes to play up to, if not surpass, his old standard.

"Tommy" Moffett is now playing his second year on the team. He is playing a harder and more consistent game at forward this year.

"Pauley" Powell is also playing his second year on the team as a regular. Year before last he was a substitute player on the team. His work at guard this year is greatly improved over his last year's work.

The new men (?) that have been showing good form this year are Harry Jewell and Lynwood Smith.

These two boys played on last year's second team, Jewell playing guard and Smith playing forward. The other new candidates probable for positions are Will Scyster, who is six feet four inches tall, Henry Koenigsdorf, a six-footer, and Kenneth Baldwin another tall youngster.

This year there will be a six-team league formed which will be composed of Manual, Central, Westport, Kansas City, Kans., St. Joe and Topeka. Each team will play each of the other teams three games. The season will be opened this year earlier than usual. Probably the first game will be played the first week in December.

Season tickets will again be sold for the price of one dollar, the same as they were sold for last year. These tickets will admit the holder to every basketball game or athletic contest of any kind in which Manual's team participates. This will give the students an opportunity to witness more sport than they have ever seen before for the price.

We hope that the students will appreciate the fact that Manual will have an energetic team before them, and we look forward for that good old everlasting, but more energetic Manual spirit.

"JULE" KOENIGSDORF,
Captain, '08-'09.

Track Team.

Although the track season is several months away, active training has begun, and, stimulated by the wonderful success of last year's team, the boys are confident of making this a banner year for Manual in both track and field. The inter-class meet (which of course was won by the mighty Seniors) was a means of giving the coach and manager an idea of what they may expect this year from the team. The showing made by the men in the different events was highly satisfactory. Although it is early in the season several of the records made would be sufficient to win in most any inter-scholastic meet.

Manual is fortunate this year in having many of last year's team in school. These men are naturally expected to do the largest portion of the point winning because they are more experienced and have won points before. Among them we find, in the half-mile and mile, Bookwalter, Leavens, Moffett and Stuart; in the 100 and 220, Koenigsdorf; in the quarter, Gibbs; in the pole vault, Hamilton, E. Eichenlaub, Jewell and Powell; in the high jump, Perry; in the weights Koenigsdorf, Tarbell and Kanatzar, and in the hurdles, Perry and Powell. We have no old men in the broad jump, but hope to find some one before next season opens.

It can readily be seen that even these men would form a team hard to beat. But with the addition of one or

two "old timers" who are back in school and a few "youngsters" who are working faithfully, there is no reason for us to feel anything but jubilant over the prospects for next year. These new men are the ones who will have to form the team in later years and it is more encouraging to us to see a promising "youngster" working faithfully and consistently than to see an old member resting on his laurels.

The cry of Manual rooters this spring will be, "Beat Central." After winning the State Championship and the Missouri Valley Championship, we have always found Central a stumbling block. Central seems to have us "hoodooed" but this year we are going to make one mighty effort to lower the Blue and White when we meet in the annual dual meet. And we have no reason to believe we will not come out victorious. Manual has taken the Missouri Valley meet the last three years and it seems as if we will have little trouble in taking it this year. If we do, it will be a feat that has never been equaled, and one that will probably never be equaled again.

Although we have a right to expect a very successful year, this can only be made possible by each candidate's putting forth his most ardent efforts in training, in an endeavor to place Manual's banner above them all at the close of next season.

HARRY KANATZAR,
Capt. Track Team, '09-'10.

"The Race."

Lora Craig, '11.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Rob?"

"O, over to see some of the boys. Better come go 'long, we're going to have a bully time to-night."

"Can't go, old fellow, but say, what are you doing with that cigarette in your mouth, especially just the day before the annual race comes off? How do you suppose we're going to win out if you don't stay in training, and we positively need that cup in our trophy case up at Manual?"

"One little smoke's not going to hurt any one and, besides, if you're going to preach, Fred, I'm off, so 'so long' until to-morrow."

"Good by," replied Fred, as he watched the retreating figure stroll carelessly down the street. Then he walked slowly home, thinking of the great event which was to come off to-morrow. The annual canoe race with Manual, Central, Westport, Kansas City, Kansas, K. U. Freshman, and St. Joseph entered. His chest tightened at the thought. A little fear entered his heart as he realized the great responsibility to be placed upon him to-morrow, but it was quickly banished. It was to be his first appearance for his school and so much depended on him. Then he thought of Rob.

"I do wish Rob would take care of himself," he soliloquized. "He is depending altogether too much upon his reputation. He knows he is recognized as one of the best High school canoeists in this part of the country, and he is altogether too sure of victory. I've seen him smoking several times lately—but gee, those muts haven't a look in anyway," he added with a sudden burst of confidence.

The morrow was an ideal day. The sun shone on the waters, making it appear like a sheet of silver, while just enough breeze was blowing to relieve the sultriness. Every one was in high spirits. On one side of the Blue in the picnic grounds, hundreds of pennants were being waved, while cheer after cheer burst from the throats of their enthusiastic owners, showing their great confidence in their heroes. On the other side just in front of the

grand stand, facing a straight course of about a quarter of a mile, the tiny line was stretched. The goal that each worked for with the best he had in him—with his loyalty and duty to his school foremost in his mind—the line that meant so much. Along the edge of the river was the boulevard, lined with autos and gleaming with the crimson of Manual and Kansas City, Kansas, the blue of Central and St. Joseph, and the yellow and blue, and red and blue of Westport and K. U. Freshmen. The mighty cheering showed that each was equally sure of success in the next event. Manual was in the lead at ten, Westport and Central were tied for second at nine each and the K. U. Freshmen had four.

It was an inspiring sight to see the boys in the canoes, lined up ready to start on the race that would settle the championship. It was especially inspiring to Fred, whose face showed a confidence and determination hardly to be doubted.

"Look, Rob, at that crowd of Manualites expecting us to win. We've got to do it, old boy, we can't let those other fellows beat us." With this the boys grasped their paddles with a more determined air and looked expectantly at the starter.

Suddenly the great tumult was hushed as the starter raised his arm. At the sound of the shot, six slender canoes shot forward with St. Joseph in the lead. The crowd went mad, a mighty cheer broke forth as if from one great throat. Onward went the boats with the firm, steady strokes of experienced hands. The K. U. Freshmen were about a foot behind St. Joseph with Central third. Rob and Fred in the fourth boat with Rob looking straight ahead at Central's boat, saw nothing but the Crimson banners on the bank, waving in the air and heard nothing but the Manual yell urging him onward. On their boats went, with Westport right behind Manual and Kansas City, Kansas, bringing up the rear. Gradually they approached the turn, suddenly K. U. played ahead. Fred knew they must commence work in earnest. In the

turning, Central gained the lead with K. U. Freshmen second.

"Now is our time," thought Fred as he tightened his hold on his oar. Gradually Manual's boat crept past K. U. Freshmen. Nearer and nearer it got to Central's boat. Then with a mighty stroke they shot ahead. Following Manual, Westport crept past K. U. Freshmen. It was a dead heat between Westport and Central with Manual a boat's length in the lead. Fred felt his work grow heavier and heavier as they neared the end. Looking up he saw Rob looking very pale.

"Brace up, Rob, don't you see we've got to do it?" urged Fred, but Rob shook his head and with a last effort sank into the bottom of the boat in a state of collapse. Fred did not hear the cheers now or see the pennants. He was looking straight ahead at the finish.

"I've got it to do by myself now," he panted, "but I won't fail. I will come in first." He was very near the end

now. O, how he wished that tiny line was just a few feet nearer. He could see another boat gradually creeping upon him. It was Westport and almost even with it was Central's canoe. He could hear the heavy breathing of the men in the boat. Gradually the bow of Westport's canoe came up even with him as he sat in the back of his own boat, straining every nerve to reach the line. Then as it passed him just a little, Fred shut his teeth together with a snap and closed his eyes. Thinking of nothing but the line ahead, he gave a last desperate stroke with his paddle and crossed the line barely a few inches ahead of Westport with Central a close third.

Amid the wild cheering Fred was lifted from the boat and borne off in triumph on the shoulders of the frenzied Manual boys with the deep notes of "I Yell—You Yell—All Yell—Man-u-al" ringing in his ears. The trophy case in old Manual showed another year's championship.

Inter-Class Track Meet.

As usual the meet was won by the Seniors with the Juniors a good second. Several of the records were exceptionally good for this time of the year, especially those made in the 220 yard and quarter-mile. Gibbs ran a brilliant quarter, winning in 56 seconds; while Koenigsdorf captured the 220 yard in 23 1-5 seconds. Many promising candidates "tried out" and some succeeded in winning points. The fact that all did not win points should be no source of discouragement but more of a stimulant to inspire them on to greater efforts and more consistent training. The winners of the events are as follows:

100 yard dash—Koenigsdorf, Junior, first; Hamilton, Senior, second; Hunt, Sophomore, third.

One mile run—Richards, Senior, first; Leavens, Senior, second; Baltis, Freshman, third.

Quarter-mile—Gibbs, Senior, first; Campbell, Junior, second; Martin, Junior, third.

220 yard dash—Koenigsdorf, Junior, first; Goldberg, Junior, second; McCooe, Junior, third.

880 yard run—Richards, Senior, first; Bookwalter, Sophomore, second; Falls, Junior, third.

High jump—Bingham, Junior, first; Perry, Senior, second; third place divided between eight.

Broad jump—Bingham, Junior, first; Hamilton, Senior, second; Koenigsdorf, Junior, third.

Pole vault—Hamilton, Senior, first; Bingham, Junior, second; Harry Jewell and Lynwood Smith, Seniors, third.

Hammer throw—Kanatzar, Senior, first; Koenigsdorf, Junior, second; Hamilton, Senior, third.

Shot put—Kanatzar, Senior, first; Koenigsdorf, Junior, second; Hamilton, Senior, third.

Discus—Kanatzar, Senior, first; Koenigsdorf, Junior, second; Planck, Sophomore, third.

Total—Seniors, 50½; Juniors, 42½; Sophomores, 5; Freshmen, 1.



EDITORS

Edna Dunn

Russell Richards

The Nautilus wishes all its old friends and exchanges a prosperous year. As yet we have received only a few of the magazines on our list. We hope to receive our usual list of exchanges by next issue, for it is through the exchange column that we get in touch with the unprejudiced criticisms of other papers, which greatly stimulates advancement and improvement of our own magazine.

"The Forum," St. Joseph, Mo., is a very complete and interesting paper.

"The Tiger," Little Rock, Ark., has an exceptionally good literary department and is, in all, an interesting paper.

"The Tech. Prep," of the Lane Technical High, Chicago, is one of the Nautilus' most competent competitors.

"The Mercury," Milwaukee, is one of the liveliest papers on our exchange list.

The "L. H. S. Budget," Lawrence, Kansas, can be decidedly improved upon by classifying its ads.

"The Record," Louisville, Ky., is a very neat, attractive little paper.

"The Lorrette," Kansas City, Mo., is an exceptionally attractive paper.

We advise the staff of the "Drury Mirror," Springfield, Mo., to add to their paper's attractiveness and popularity by working their artist harder.

We wish to compliment "The High School Register," Omaha, Neb., on its splendid classification.

Among our college exchanges are the "University Missourian," the "Harvard Bulletin," the University of Kansas' "News Bulletin," the "Student

Life," Washington University, St. Louis; the "Industrialist," Kansas State Agricultural College, and the "Graduate Magazine" of the University of Kansas.

"Ripples," Cedar Falls, Iowa, is a neat little magazine, but could be improved by more cuts and illustrations.

The "Clintonian," Clinton, Ia., is an excellent, concise, well-edited paper and we enjoy the wit of its exchange editor.

We received a very complimentary criticism from the "Artisan," Boston, Mass. It read, "We received many very fine papers at the end of last year. Most staffs try to make the June number something more elegant than any other. This is usually done by introducing a new set of cuts and devoting much space to photographs. In the art of developing 'Commencement Numbers,' 'The Nautilus' (Manual Training High School, Kansas City), is excelled by none. The annual published by Manual is as near the ideal school paper as we have seen. First, the cover is remarkable for its forceful simplicity and its exquisite color effect. Inside of the cover, from the dedication to the last page of 'ads' everything stands for originality, sincere effort, good artistic taste, commendable executive ability. The management of the many photographs is very good; the idea of heading each department with a picture of that department's editor is especially novel. To have the athletic teams photo-

graphed, team by team, and then to have each fellow taken individually speaks well for the business manager's generosity. 'The Nautilus Staff in its Infancy' brings out an idea that any school staff might have used to advantage, yet here again the 'Nautilus' seems to be alone in its originality. May the present staff try to equal the successes of last year and may we find 'The Nautilus' among our exchanges often during the coming years."

DISCOURAGING AN INVENTOR.

There was a bright youngster from Me.,

Invented a way to make Re. ;
But his ma wouldn't let him,
For fear it would wet him.
Now wouldn't that give you a Pe. ?

NO USE FOR THEM.

Canvasser—"Madam, I would like to show you the beautiful silver forks that we are giving away with every half dozen bars of Skinflint Soap."

Lady of the House—"We don't never eat with forks in this house. They leak."

O joy, O bliss forever,
O life that goes on like a song;
Wooing a girl in Lapland,
Where the nights are six months long

First Tramp (in the road)—"Why don't you go in? The dog's all right. Don't you see him wagging his tail?"

Second Tramp—"Yes, and he's growling at the same time. I dunno which end to believe."

How do you spell slow? "S-e-n-i-o-r."

—Ex.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp. "I bathed in the spring of 1886."

—Ex.

The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy, the guide guded the guy, until the guy would no longer be guided by a guide whom he had hired not to guy but to guide. So the guded guy guded the guide. No wonder everybody guded the guded guide guiding a guded guy.

There is meter in music,
There is meter in tone,
But the best place to meter
Is to meter alone.

Mary had a little lamb,
Lank and lean and bony,
When Mary college Latin took,
She swapped it for a pony.
—Ex.

Smart Freshman (to negro janitor)
—Pretty near winter, William; the trees are getting nearly as black as you.

Janitor—Dat's true, sah; nature sho' is wonderful, sah; no mistake. When spring comes dose trees will be almost as green as you is.

—Ex.

Aspirant (to sweetheart)—I press my suit on bended knee.

Young Lady (icily)—Haven't you an ironing board?

—Ex.

Fresh.—I thought you took up algebra last year.

Soph.—I did, but the faculty encored me.

—Ex.

"Johnny, where's your sister?"

"Up in her room."

"I quarreled with her yesterday, and I'm sorry; won't you go and ask her if she will make up?"

"She's making up now."

—Ex.

Pa heard him give the college yell,

For joy he could not speak.

He murmured, "Mother, listen

To our Willie talking Greek."

—Ex.

He who Mrs. to take a kiss
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

I stood on the bridge at the close of the day

Attired in football clothes,
And the bridge belonged, I wish to say,
To the rival half-back's nose



EDITORS

Ethel M. Lewis

Miles O'Connell

Just a few words "lest we forget." We wonder how many funny things are uncorked at Manual every day that "waste their sweetness on the desert air," and are never heard of more. Many and many of them we are convinced. Surely this is not such a prosaic old institution but that more laughable things occur than find their way to the local box.

Now, don't be afraid of the little box. It won't bite. In fact, it likes to be fed and won't make a wry face even if you do feed it something not exactly agreeable, although the pie-tin found in its interior recently undoubtedly gave it indigestion. Keep your eyes and ears open for those illusive pleasantries and capture them red hot.

We don't mean this as a complaint. We, like the old woman who still had two teeth left and those opposite one another, have much to be thankful for; but we feel that if we don't make a noise now and then we will be sadly neglected. We are a bit jealous of the attention due us and we like to get all that's coming, so we have taken this opportunity to jog your memory and remind you that there is a LOCAL BOX.

Build thee more stable air-ships, O
Mr. Wright,
Before the swift season's flight:
Let each new bi-plane swifter than the
last,
Sail twenty times as high and thirty
times as fast.
For thou shalt become victorious,
Leaving thy old machines for those
who would be glorious.
—Gentry Daggy, '13.

Ralph Perry—"!!-? * — — ?!!!!!"
Leo Capen—"Great snakes, Ralph, what are you saying?"

Perry—"Oh! I intend to try for the South Pole some day, and I'm practicing up so that if anybody slips in ahead of me I can tell the world what I think of him."

In German one day there happened to be a passage relative to a gentleman who "entered in knight's clothes." But Charles Davis translated it: "He entered in night clothes."

Mr. Cowan (sternly)—"You must not pass around candy in this room—when I am not here."

There once was a Senior named Bell,
Who was reputed to be a great swell;
But we never could see
How this ever could be,
For he was just as thin as — Well, it has been said that if Chester didn't drink Missouri River water, you could see through him.

A Very Radical Mistake.
Freshman (entering Room 9)—
"Please, sir, is this the rest-room?"

Visitor—"Who is that large man over there?"
Buford Williams—"Huh! That? That's not a man."

Visitor—"Not a man? That gentleman with the flaring purple bow necktie?"

Buford Williams—"Oh, that's Mr. Hout. I thought you were talking about Julius Koenigsdorf over there."

Dr. Hall (to Freshman)—“Well, little boy, lift up your feet. I know they weigh something, but make an effort.”

Roy Brown tells us that a baby cries because it doesn't know how to cuss.

Mr. Cowan (as Miss Jenkins enters Room 10)—“Glad to see you, Miss Jenkins. Glad you came in.”

Miss Jenkins—“Yes, I thought I'd just step in out of the draft of air in the hall.”

Mr. Cowan—“The Elocution department is a poor place to come to get out of the air draft.”

Here is an inexplicable occurrence—When Mrs. Riggs began to sing in assembly, Mr. Riggs arose and went to the rear of the hall.

Johnny—“Mamma, did you like to flirt when you were young?”

Mother—“I am afraid I did, dear.”

Johnny—“Were you ever punished for it?”

Mother: “Cruelly, dear, I married your father.”

One of Manual's teachers asked a street car conductor the other day to explain the use of his transfer, saying that the directions confused him somewhat.

“Why, it's very simple,” said the conductor. “East of the junction by a westbound car a transfer from an eastbound car is good only if the westbound car is west of the junction formed by said eastbound car. South of the junction formed by a northbound car, a transfer from a southbound car is good south of the junction if the northbound car was north of the junction at the time of issue, but only south of the junction going south if the southbound car was going north at the time it was south of the junction. That is all there is to it.”

Dr. Hall—“Well, keep going, even if you don't move.”

Mr. LaMotte (dictating sentences to be translated into Spanish)—“I've got it.”

Aline Steele—“Yes, he's got it bad.”

Edna Hollingsworth got on a crowded car one winter's afternoon. She had her skates; and, as a gentleman got up to offer her his seat, she said:

“No, thank you, sir, I've been learning to skate all afternoon and I'm tired of sitting down.”

Villain—“Down, down, my beauty, or I will kill you!”

Heroine—“Have you no heart?”

Villain—“No!”

Heroine—“Then give me ten cents worth of liver.”

Some good laughs among the ads.

Little Willie had been very good and as a reward he was allowed to sit at the dinner table when company was present. He wished to appear “grown-up” too, so he took a low chair that brought his mouth on a level with his plate. He ate ravenously of everything, having nothing to say to the guests, for his mother had impressed upon him that little boys should be seen and not heard. At last just after dessert, when there was a lull in the conversation, he suddenly exclaimed:

“Say, dad, you can't guess what I've got under the table?”

“No, my son,” said dad, good-humoredly. “What is it?”

“Stomach-ache!” shouted Willie gleefully.

Won't somebody please furnish Mr. LaMotte with a locker or something of the sort? He even has to carry his hat to assembly with him.

In Merry Old England.

She was a naughty suffragette—
They shut her up in jail;
She wouldn't eat her dinner,
So they had to give her bail;
She headed for a restaurant;
She was hungry, you can bet;
You couldn't tell in half a day
All that little suffragette.

In a German Club Meeting.

Miss Von Unwerth (listening to song)—“Now, wouldn't that be beautiful in pantomime?”

Vivian Tutt (in assembly)—Stop talking, Charles, I can't sing.

Charles Owsley (savagely)—I know you can't.

German Teacher—"What is the word for 'incubator'?"

Lynwood Smith—"Well, the nearest I can come to it is 'hinaus.'" (Hen-house?)

While prowling down the hall on a still hunt for a local the other day, the local editor heard this remark in an unmistakably feminine voice:

"O girls! Don't you think Harry Kanatzar is sweet when he blushes?"

Mrs. Elston—"Now, class, I have some good news. I have decided to put off that oral theme for to-day—"

Oh, Joy!!

Mrs. Elston (continuing)—"and give you a test."

Ugh!!!

First Girl—"Oh! cooking is so interesting."

Second Girl—"Why, I didn't know there were any boys in there."

Warren Heith—"I see where some doctor says that in six generations the American people will be bald. Do you believe it?"

Chester Bell—"Well, if they don't stop discouraging divorce the men at least certainly will be bald."

Miss Drake—"You shouldn't use the slang expression, 'I got bit.' It isn't proper."

Freshman—"No, it's more like getting entirely eaten up with her."

Mrs. Elston—"I am always struck speechless on beholding the great Niagara Falls."

Pupil—"I wish she had it here to behold once in a while."

Miss Jenkins is so polite that she even says, "Pardon me," when she bumps into a chair.

Seen in mathematics room—"No gal. cost 65c."

Berma—"I cost Jack \$2.00 last night."

Notice—On 21st day of October, a hair was out of place on Russell Richard's head.

Suggestion—Richards, why don't you wear a net?

Here lies my wife, "Samantha Proctor,"

Who ketched a cold and would not doctor.

She could not stay, she had to go;
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Miss Hazen—"Name and tell about one kind of apple."

Witty Senior—"The S. B. Apple, Jr., is a variety of sweet apple; not a very good eating apple; learned about in history, mostly not a green apple, but, instead, it is like the maiden blush variety in color; it is new to us, being a young variety—a variety of which the IONS, a species of Manualites, are extremely fond.

Mr. Cowan—"I advise any man to marry a Manual girl. Then you're sure she can cook, sew, and manage a home. I am talking from experience."

Freshie—"Thought you said you got breakfast every morning."

The following "selections" were found among the fly-leaves of a Senior's books:

I.

Shakespeare was a gentleman—
As gentle as could be;
But if he had not writ "Macbeth,"
Much more I could love he.

Macbeth! Wert that thou wast not writ!

All night o'er thee the Seniors sit,
And meditate and think.

Oh, do they? Don't you fool yourself:
This book is always on the shelf,
While Seniors dream and snore.

II.

Chemistry? Ah, that's the time.
There's where they make those smells
sublime.

III.

Before me is my Physics Book—
The study I wish I hadn't "took."
O, Physics Book, till I met you,
What hard work was, I never knew.

I.

The melancholy days are come, the
saddest of the year,
Of growling boys and wailing girls,
and freshies cold with fear;
They crowd the first floor corridor, va-
cation joys lie dead,
And they seem to feel their teacher's
wrath descending on their head;
For they've forgotten all they knew, in
the summer just gone by,
And they fear their teacher's questions,
and fearing them, they sigh.

II.

But where is the class of nineteen nine
that lately roamed these halls?
We miss them sadly, now we're back
within old Manual's walls.
Alas! they all are gone from us, those
mighty ones of yore,
They've all gone out in the wide, wide
world, and we ne'er shall see them
more;
And now we must worship in their
place, a set of Seniors new;
It's only the class of nineteen ten, but
I guess they'll have to do.

In "gym" a Freshie was trying to
dance. Finally she gave up, saying her
hands and feet wouldn't work together.

In Miss Lyons' English class, she
remarked that one of her pupils was
very level-headed. (Now, by geome-
try, we find, that if it is level on top,
his head, which is supposed to be solid,
is then what might be called a block.)
We only hope his character is as level.

Miss Campbell (handing out papers
and wishing to find the owner read-
ily)—"Edith Erickson! Hands up,
please."

Somebody have pity on DeArmond
Steward and Oren Hensley for they
are the only boys in a class of thirty-
six—34 to 2—that is going some.

Mr. Small—"What is a rhombus?"

Cora R.—"A rhombus is a square
that hasn't any right angles."

A Freshman whose name is Whit-
comb has been called Riley by Mr.
Chase several times.

We wonder why, when Ernest S.
is called upon to recite, that Maud J.
invariably answers. (What's up?)

Buford—"I can't get much sense
out of this."

Miss Drake—"Let's have the non-
sense then."

Mr. Holiday—"One learns by his
mistakes."

Junior (aside)—"That is why I am
so wise."

Harold Becker (to a Freshman)—
"Evaporate, little boy."

Mrs. Elston (in English)—"The lit-
tle dirty urchin was rubbing his eyes
and crying with his fists."

The Freshman's Ode to His Teacher.
Here's to the one and only one,
And may that one be she
Who flunks but one and only one,
And may that not be me.

Chas. J.—"Well, I see Cook has
found the North Pole at last."

Freshie—"What—where did he find
it?"

Warren Heath—"I would give a
'ten' if Manual had a new 'gym.'"

Chester Bell—Say are you talking
sense? (cents)."

Fred Hinkle—"I like a dog better
than a cat because he is a better watch-
dog."

In a first year algebra class, this
question was asked by Mr. Small—"In
trinomial, why don't you spell it t-r-
y-n-o-m-i-a-l?"

One of the boys answered—"Be-
cause you ain't tryin' to do nothin'."

Pupil (in public speaking)—"Must
those pathetic stories be taken from
life?"

Mr. Cowan—"Oh, I don't care, they
can be taken from death if you prefer."

Mr. LaMotte (giving examples of
adjectives)—"A blue pencil, a talka-
tive man—but no such thing exists."

Sweater Coats for Outdoor Wear

To properly enjoy the football game and other outdoor activities of Thanksgiving time, you really need a Sweater Coat, as it assures the maximum comfort by its warmth and lightness.

For the athletic girl we are featuring two very clever styles, in beautiful combinations of color.

One, the "Jack Tar" Sweater, has a large sailor collar of contrasting color. It is knit in a plain mannish weave. The patch pocket, cuffs and front are of the same color as the collar. They come in white trimmed with navy, black or light blue; excellent value at \$5.98.

The other style is a fashioned athletic coat, in a plain mannish weave, with double-breasted effect. It has a high military buttoned collar, and comes in white, cardinal and gray; an elegant garment for \$5.98.

The Boys' Sweater Coats come in solid white, navy and Oxford gray; also in Oxford gray with navy blue or maroon trimming down the front and on the cuffs. These are priced at \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5.00.

Tan Sweater Coats, in good weights, made with two side pockets, are especially good for hunting. Priced at \$3.50.

The Newest in Pennants

Remember, we are showing the new line of Pennants made of a fine quality felt with the lettering done by a process of oil painting. The letters are put on so effectively that there is no fading or wrinkling. Their appearance is a decided improvement over the ordinary Pennant, and *the price is not increased.*

Kansas and Missouri Pennants, 8x18 inches, each 25c.

Kansas and Missouri Pennants, 10x26 inches, each 50c.

Kansas and Missouri Pennants, 15x36 inches, each \$1.00.

Manual, Central and Westport Pennants, 10x26 inches, each 50c.

The two larger sizes have a picture of a football player stamped on each one.

We are also showing Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton Pennants, with their respective symbols. The size is 15x36 inches, each \$1.00.

Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.



MARGOLIS 1007 Jewelry Co. Main

"The Close Price Jewelry Store"
Wholesalers, Retailers, Manufacturers.

A Saving of 25 to 50 per cent on your purchases

With the satisfaction of knowing that you are buying from a house of most reliable standing.

DURING CHEMISTRY EXAM.

Question—State clearly what conditions are necessary in order that there may be an explosion of natural gas.

Ans.—1—A leak in the gas pipe in a dark cellar; 2—A darned fool trying to find it with a lighted match.



"YOUR BOSOM FRIEND"

We will appreciate a trial and guarantee satisfaction on quality and promptness of work.

1511-13 VIRGINIA

Patronize These Advertisers

This Piano Plan a Success

The Jenkins plan has won the people. Reasons for low prices on fine Pianos: Buying for six houses; sales reaching into the thousands yearly; all purchases made for spot cash; hundreds upon hundreds of Pianos in stock; the only store where you can examine all grades of Pianos side by side.

We positively save you from \$50 to \$150 on a Piano.

The only store in the Southwest where you can buy the

Steinway, Vose, Kurtzmann, Ludwig, Hardman, Gabler, Harwood, Schaeffer, Standard-Harrington, Elburn

*One Price to All, Commission to None.
Study the Jenkins Plan.*

J. W. Jenkins Sons Music Company

1013-1015 WALNUT STREET

Southwestern Agents for Pianola Pianos. Best Place to Buy a Piano.

EN



ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY

HUNDREDS OF WHEELS pass through our hands every season and we have yet to discover a dissatisfied purchaser.

The Santa Fe Bicycle

which is our leader, pleases all who ride it. It is a handsome, well-made and thoroughly reliable wheel. There is no better sold at

\$20 and \$25

Of course we have other wheels at other prices. Come in and look at them

Kansas City Bicycle Supply Co.

208 East Fifteenth Street.

YES, this IS a Store for Young Men— very MUCH so!

STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES
AND EVERY DOWN-TO-NOW
APPAREL ACCESSORY.

Rothschild's

ON MAIN AT TENTH

Patronize These Advertisers

Telephone Grand 1314 Bell

We Make the Student Rates

Cornish & Baker

PHOTOGRAPHERS

805-812 Shukert Building

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Designers Decorators Craftsmen

Neff McClearey

*Makers of Fancy Pennants,
Flags, Banners, Emblems and
Pillow Tops, Etc.*

2811 GILLHAM ROAD
HOME TELEPHONE M. 4352

BEST \$1.00 GLASSES IN CITY

Nelson & Wright

Men's Furnishings

906 MAIN ST.
Home Phone 2766 Main

School Books

Both New and Second Hand

Wholesale and Retail, City, Country,
and College Books

T. O. CRAMER

443 East 12th Street, South Side,
Between Oak and Locust

First Pupil—Did you pass in
English last year?

Second Pupil—Yes, I slipped
through on a pea (p).

The Manual
Seal Ring



Actual Size

Price \$1.75

F. W. MEYER

JEWELER

1114 Main St., Kansas City, Missouri

The Official
Manual Pin



Actual Size

Official Pin, Price .. \$1.50
Patent Clasp \$1.75

Patronize These Advertisers

The increasing popularity of
Vassar Chocolates is the sur-
est proof of their goodness



Familiarize yourself with this beautiful
package—refuse substitutes. Sold by
all druggists, 60c the pound.

Loose-Wiles

KANSAS CITY

THE word is going 'round, all right. Chaps who demand the snappy, smart clothes are rapidly finding their way to

FELIX & SONS

Eleven East Eleventh Street



FROM START TO FINISH the most scrutinizing attention is given the smallest detail in the construction of

KIMBALL PIANOS SOLD BY THE MAKER

is our ability to furnish the most for the money.

W. W. Kimball Co.

1009-11 Grand Avenue
W. B. Roberts, Mgr.

World's largest and wealthiest manufacturers and dealers. Capital, \$7,000,000.

GO TO
MORTON'S
For Dainty Lunches

Especially Handy for
High School Scholars

Delicious Sandwiches,
Patties, Croquettes, Etc.

Coffee, Chocolate, Etc.

Finest Ice Cream, Plain
and Ice Cream Soda in
the City.

Have your dances at the new
ballroom, Westport Avenue
and Main Street.

1024 Main Street, and Westport and Main
Tels. 676 and 677 Main

Have You Seen It?

Schmelzer'S

UP-TOWN STORE
1216-1218 Grand Avenue

The year 'round floor of

Imported Toys

The swell Concert Parlors

**Edison and Victor
Talking Machines**

Everything in

Athletic Goods

Football, Basketball, Gymnasium Cloth-
ing. All in your own class or
school colors. You see it all at

Schmelzer'S

UP-TOWN STORE
1216-1218 Grand Ave.

Blanche (talking in English)—Isn't 'boy' a general word?"

DeAmond—"Yes, it is among the girls."

Patronize These Advertisers

"The Book Shop"

Headquarters for New and Second Hand School Books. We carry all the latest fiction.

GIVE US A CALL. 320 E. 12TH ST.

There are many good things in joinery for the little Freshies. Among the meats may be mentioned mortise and tenon joint with relish.

KEITH'S

**Furniture, Carpets,
Rugs and Curtains**

Every article marked in plain figures at the lowest possible net cash price. See our values before you buy.



ROBERT KEITH
Furniture and Carpet Co.
Grand Ave. and 11th St.

Why Not

—have some Enlargements made from your choice negatives for the holidays, either in black, white or sepia?



ACKERMAN

Missouri Bldg. 1023 Grand Ave.

Kodak Photographs Finished and Enlarged

FRED'S LUNCH ROOM

OYSTERS CHILI

We make our own pies.

Sandwiches of all kinds.

1104½ EAST 15th STREET
(HALF BLOCK WEST OF SCHOOL)

BARBER

FIRST-CLASS

When you want barber work, go to

J. F. MOORE

1323 E. 15TH ST.

Laundry Agency.

Shoe Shiner.

**Peirson-Lathrop
Grain Company**

501-502 Board of Trade Bldg.

Kansas City, Mo.

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Photographer

Largest and finest equipped studio
in the city.

911 GRAND AVENUE

Opposite Gas Office



Home Phone 884 East Use the Phones Bell Phone 884 East

**P. SETZLER & SONS
BOTTLING COMPANY**

Producers of

SILVER ROCK BRANDS

Ginger Ale, Cider, Soda Waters,
Iron Cola, Mineral Waters, Foun-
tain Soda Waters, Fruit Syrups,
Distilled Waters, Rejuvino Splits

Established 1862

Office and Factory, 3708-14 East 6th Street
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Kansas City's Representative

Book Store

School, Society and Office Stationery, Gift
Books, Late Fiction, Juvenile Books,
Christmas Cards and Calendars.

Bryant & Douglas
922 Grand Avenue

K.—Could you support my
daughter?

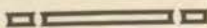
M.—Oh, yes, with a little as-
sistance from my rich relatives.

K.—Have you rich relatives?

M.—Not now, but I will have if
I marry your daughter.

**FRED M. MORAST
SHAVING PARLOR**

904 East Fifteenth Street



Will cut your hair to suit you
Best service to all



1102 E. 15th St.
4121 E. 6th St.
822 Spruce St.
504 E. 10th St.

**Both
Phones**

HOME TEL. 6272 MAIN

BELL TEL. 1069 MAIN

Sell Your Old School Books at the

Kansas City Book Exchange

Books Bought, Sold and Exchanged

715 MAIN ST.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Carl Shaer

will furnish to you

**The Best Things
to Eat**

Delicatessen, Groceries, Meats

Phones | Bell 759 Grand
Home 4991 Main

15th Street, near Troost

R. T. THORNTON DRUGGIST

Keeps a Full Line of
Manual School Supplies

CHOICE CANDIES

Funke's Chocolates a Specialty

Prescriptions Delivered to Any
Part of the City

Telephone Bell Grand 2330
Telephone Home 552 Main

GIVE HIM A CALL

Corner 15th and Virginia Avenue

G. H. BLUMB

LUNCH ROOM and
CONFECTIONERY

Short Orders at All Hours

Good Noon Lunch

1315 E. 15th Street

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Manual High School Students===“Attention!”

☐When in need of barber work, call on W. E. MAY, at 1102½ East 15th Street.

☐We are equipped for the best of all kinds of barber work and hot or cold baths.

☐Help those that help you. ☐Remember the place, 3 doors east of Troost. ☐First-class shoeshiner in connection. ☐Laundry agency.

Moriarty

A U T O M O B I L E S

PACKARD MOTOR CARS

“Ask the Man Who Owns One”

1508-10 GRAND AVENUE

Patronize These Advertisers

BROWN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

1114-16-18 Grand Ave.

THE RECOGNIZED LEADER

A high-grade school, run by educated men and not an antiquated relic, run by incompetents who have never finished ward school work.

Brumm & Perkins' PHARMACY

St. John and Askew Aves.

Home Phone East 78

Bell Phone East 628

C. H. ADKINS SHAVING PARLOR

*Electric Massage and Shampooing
Strictly first-class work and
UP-TO-DATE SHOP.*

15 North Askew Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.

ENGRAVING



GO TO ART DEPARTMENT

OF

Campbell Glass and Paint Co.

1421-23 Walnut Street

KANSAS CITY

For All Kinds of

PAINTS AND GLASS

HOME PHONES 2727 AND 7810

Patronize These Advertisers

PHONE 1253 MAIN

Green Jewelry Co.

Artistic Diamond Mounting. Makers and Repairers of Jewelry. College and Class Pins. Original Designs Submitted. We make the Pins for Manual.

Southwest Corner 12th and Grand, Second Floor

French Waists Belts
Neckwear Handkerchiefs
Hosiery Leather Goods

Louvre Glove Co.

6 E. 11th St., 2980 Main, Home Tel.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DRAWING & SURVEYORS'
INSTRUMENTS



\$171.00



Architects & Engineers' Supply Co.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BLUE
PRINTS, OFFICE SUPPLIES,
MOTOR CYCLES, REPAIRING.
1010 GRAND AVE., K.C. MO.

Mr. Small—"What is your reason for that statement?"

Promising Geometrician—"One line perpendicular to two lines is parallel."

THOSE CREAM PIES

They melt in your mouth. Hot every noon. Also pies of other kinds, cakes, cookies, etc.

Miss O. E. Teed's Home Bakery

Corner 14th
and Lydia

YOUNG MEN

**FACTS ABOUT THE
VETERINARY
PROFESSION**

It pays. It is an honorable profession. It offers official position, local, state and national. It yields every advantage to be gained by the study and practice of medicine. It is the most useful, best paying, least crowded vocation open to those who prepare to enter it. Call for catalogue and other information.

Corner 15th and Lydia
Kansas City, Missouri

Kansas City Veterinary College

Patronize These Advertisers

OUR effort is directed towards clothing young men, who have clothing ideals---who insist that their clothing shall be smart, up-to-date and essentially masculine.

**Our New Store
Is Now Open**

1020-22-24-26 WALNUT

Woolf Brothers
Furnishing Goods Co.

One of our Irish Freshmen, having made a good recitation in algebra, was asked by Mr. Chace if he had ever studied algebra before. "Not yet," was his reply.

Shur-On Eye-glasses

**Julius Baer
Optician**

19 EAST 11th ST.

Shur-On Eye-glasses

I. C. S.

"Electrical Engineering Complete"

This course for sale.

Enquire at Nautilus office.

Patronize These Advertisers

Kansas City Business College

Northeast Corner Tenth and Walnut, Kansas City, Mo.

Dement, Graham, Pitman or Gregg Shorthand.

Easy to learn as any system worth learning. We have placed students in good positions after a three months' course. Twice as many teachers of shorthand constantly employed as any other school in the city. Individual instruction.

A Penman of National Reputation.

We invite a comparison of his work with that of any other penman. Send for free specimen.

Our Telegraph Department

is equipped with the very best instruments, and in charge of a man who has had many years of experience.

Our Business Course

is the result of twenty-five years' experience and is SECOND TO NONE.

CHAS. T. SMITH, Proprietor

Suite 4, Arlington Building

Kansas City, Mo.

Telephones: HOME, Main 2671. BELL, Main 3341X.

Dorris

Built in Missouri and Built to Last

ASK THE OFFICIALS OF THE STAR CUP RUN

Chairman, W. G. COUMBE
Pilot, A. M. BLAKE

H. N. STRAIT
W. G. WHITCOMB



HALL BROS., Agt. Home of the "Dorris" 1110 East 15th Street
KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE **BIG SHOE STORE**

BOTH KANSAS CITIES

SPICK AND SPAN FROM STYLE-VILLE

KEEN,
KOLLEGE
KUT KICKS
FOR THE
MANUAL
CHAP

"THE
BIG
SHOE
STORE"

CHIC
KOLLEGE
BOOTS—THE
SMARTEST
EVER—FOR
THE MANUAL
MISS

1016-1018
Main St.
K. C., Mo.

ROBINSON'S

550
Miss. Ave.
K. C., Ka.

K. C. V. C. and M. T. H. S. LUNCH ROOM

*Best place to eat—Best things to eat
Quick service for the Manual Students*

D. H. EDWARDS

TRY US East, One-Half Block from School

USE
THE
BEST

FAULTLESS STARCH

FOR
LAUNDRY
WORK

FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

WHAT MANUAL WEARS=

“SAMPECK”
CLOTHES

Where Manual Wends
Its Way to Find Them

Gordon & Koppel
Clothing Co. 1005-7 Walnut

The Manual
Seal Ring



Actual Size
Price\$1.75

F. W. MEYER

JEWELER

1114 Main St., Kansas City, Missouri

The Official
Manual Pin



Actual Size
Official Pin, Price . \$1.50
Patent Clasp \$1.75

BEST \$1.00 GLOVES IN CITY

Nelson & Wright

Men's Furnishings

906 MAIN ST.
Home Phone 2766 Main

R. T. THORNTON
DRUGGIST

Keeps a Full Line of
Manual School Supplies

CHOICE CANDIES

Funke's Chocolates a Specialty

Prescriptions Delivered to Any
Part of the City

Telephone Bell 2330 Grand
Telephone Home 552 Main

GIVE HIM A CALL

Corner 15th and Virginia Avenue

School Books

Both New and Second Hand

Wholesale and Retail, City, Country,
and College Books

T. O. CRAMER

443 East 12th Street, South Side,
Between Oak and Locust

Grace W.—“My, that girl must be awfully fond of music.”

Polly Lamb—“Why?”

Grace—“She has three brass bands on each hand.”

It was announced in the Kansas City Star for Nov. 8, that Mr. Ivan Hayes and Mr. Barry Fulton, teachers of *botanical* drawing, were absent on account of sickness.

THOSE CREAM PIES

They melt in your mouth. Hot every noon. Also pies of other kinds, cakes, cookies, etc.

Miss O. E. Teed's Home Bakery

Corner 14th
and Lydia

Patronize These Advertisers

WHY PAY MORE?

\$3.00 to \$6.00

SHOES

\$2.00 and \$2.50



Samples---Manufacturers'
Close Outs---Too Late Ship-
ments---That's Why.

HINKLEY'S SAMPLE
SHOE
STORE

BASEMENT S. W. COR 11th & WALNUT
Entrance Both Streets

Carl Skarr

will furnish to you

**The Best Things
to Eat**

Delicatessen, Groceries, Meats

Phones { Bell 759 Grand
Home 4991 Main

15th Street, near Troost

PRINTED ENVELOPES

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

At 20 per cent saving

**Berkowitz Envelope
Company**

1918-20 Wyandotte St.

GO TO
MORTON'S
For Dainty Lunches

Especially Handy for
High School Scholars

Delicious Sandwiches,
Patties, Croquettes, Etc.

Coffee, Chocolate, Etc.

Finest Ice Cream, Plain
and Ice Cream Soda in
the City.

Have your dances at the new
ballroom, Westport Avenue
and Main Street.

1024 Main Street, and Westport and Main
Tels. 676 and 677 Main

Patronize These Advertisers

WANTED—

Two young men and four young women who are willing to work at \$2 per day to pay half of tuition.

Central Business
College 1312-1314
Grand Avenue

Home Telephone Main 1104
Bell Telephone Grand 921

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Physiology
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and Political Economy
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C. F. Gustafson
Director

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

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and German
Mary Fisher
French, Latin and German
Della Drake
Latin
Nina Drake
Latin

Gertrud von Unwerth
German

Hedwig Berger
German and Latin

F. A. LaMotte
Spanish

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Director
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Corinne Bone
Martha Rouse
Assistants
Mabel Thornton
Harriet Reynolds
Mildred Keating
Mabel Robinson

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Dr. E. M. Hall
Director

GIRLS' PHYSICAL CULTURE

Lena Hoernig
Director

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Mabelle Hazen
Director
Belle Stewart
Grace Ferguson
Assistants
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Helpers

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Assistant in Joinery
and Turning
Boyd Johnson
Assistant in Joinery
Frank Cushman, Jr.
Director Forging and
Machine Work
James P. Bird
Helper
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Instructor in Applied
Steam and Electricity

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Director
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Bookkeeping
Eva J. Sullivan
Bookkeeping and Type-
writing
Leonora Rackerby
Typewriting
E. M. Bainter
Commercial Law, Commercial
Geography and Business
Arithmetic

STUDY HALL

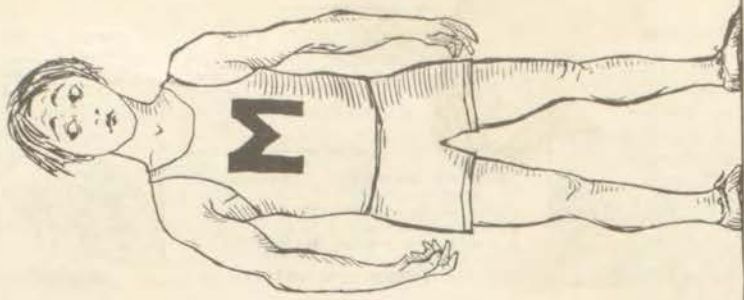
Eleanor Gallagher
In Charge
Helen V. Eveland
Substitute

LIBRARY

Helen V. Eveland
Mrs. A. C. Lavine
Matron
Mary Canny
Chief Clerk
Ethel Pickett
Assistant Clerk
Wm. Raney
Custodian

SCHOOL BOARD

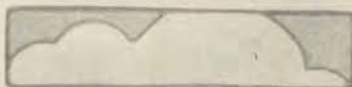
J. C. JAMES, President; F. A. FAXON, Vice-President; Jos. L. NORMAN, Secretary; E. F. SWINNEY, Treasurer.
J. M. GREENWOOD, Superintendent; G. B. LONGAN and F. D. THARPE, Assistant Superintendents; MILTON MOORE, J. S. HARRISON, HALE H. COOK, JUDGE H. L. McCUNE.



KELLY

MISS SCHOOLBOARD; WHEN IS IT GOING TO COME MY TURN???

THE NAUTILUS



Build thee more stately mansions,
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. XIII. No. 2.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

JANUARY, 1910

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Editor-in-Chief
John E. Clifford, '10.....
Business Manager
Gladys Dancy, '10... Associate Editor

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Music and Elocution.

Paulena Schweizer, '11.

Science.

Emmet Russell, '10.

Manual Training.

Roscoe Reamer, '10.

Pollie C. Lamb, '10.

Athletics.

Thomas Moffett, '10.

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Russell Richards, '11.

Edna Dunn, '11.

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Miles O'Connell, '11.

Ethel M. Lewis, '10.

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Russell Dudley, '10.

Business.

Temple Peirson, '11, Asst. Bus. Mgr.

Roy E. Steele, '10, Subscription Clerk

Mr. J. M. Kent.....

Faculty Financial Manager

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-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.

Manual needs a new gymnasium because, first, the pupils of the school need physical culture; second, the teams competing for inter-school honors need a court on which to practice and to play; and, third, the growth of the school, the growth of the athletic spirit and the comparative conditions of this equipment in other high schools, demand a new gymnasium for Manual.

It is a recognized fact that physical culture is a valuable part of a high school course, else why should there be any gymnasium at all? Now since this is an established fact, the only questions left are how large and how elaborately equipped this feature should be? It is only natural to conclude that the best gymnasium should be established where it will do the most good to the most people. This is undoubtedly true, but look at the conditions in Kansas City. Manual has far more pupils enrolled than either Central or Westport, yet it is the only one of these three schools not supplied with an adequate "gym." Manual's "gym." is so small and so poorly equipped that the student body as a whole has actually ceased taking any interest in it, thus defeating the prime object of its establishment—education in physical culture.

At present, there is but one small connecting link between the "gym." and the student body in Manual. This is the basketball team. How long this

connection will last is hard to say, unless some steps are immediately taken to give Manual a better "gym."

The present court is so small that the practice of the team there is of little or no benefit to them. The limited apparatus, though crowded badly against the wall, still interferes with the playing. The exposed steam pipes at one side keep the players in constant danger of being injured; and, to cap all this, a large steel post directly in the center of the court—makes fast playing impossible.

But, aside from the defects of the "gym's" hindering the boys from practicing, consider the point that on account of the smallness no league games can be played in it, thus forcing our team work against the added disadvantage of playing on their opponents' home courts. Really, this is not fair. Manual is supposed to hold her own against all High Schools in athletic contests. But our boys are only human. Though we consider our team the best in the Missouri Valley (and represents the largest High School in Missouri), how is it possible for them, handicapped by the lack of these two great assets to victory—practice and a home court, to be victorious over teams which have every advantage and convenience conducive to good playing? It is not our policy to give petty excuses for a defeat in any contest when the conditions are fair, but in this case if we said nothing, we should be doing injustice not only to ourselves but also to those pupils who will attend this school in the years to come. Let the people of Kansas City consider this matter, then let them do their duty as citizens and give Manual a new and better "gym."

The following editorial staff has been elected for the "Allerlei." "Allerlei," our German paper, for this year:

Editor-in-Chief.	Raymond Isham
Literary Editors,	Local Editors
Ethel Lewis,	Maria Wetter,
Gladys Gaylord,	Marie Munz.
Business Manager.	Herbert Ziegler
Ass't Bus. Mgr.	Charles Davis

As has been the custom heretofore,

the "Allerlei" has purchased additional volumes for our German section in the library, with the fund realized from last year's publication of the magazine. With this last addition, we now have one of the most extensive German libraries in the Western High Schools. The following collection of books has been imported from Germany this year:

Brockhaus Kleines Konversations Lexicon (in 2 Vols.).

Andersen's Maerchen.

Grimm's Maerchen.

Baumbach-Erzaehlungen.

A B C Bilderbuch (German A B C book).

Liebe Alte Reime (German nursery rhymes).

Raabe—Chronik der Sperlingsgasse.

Raabe—Halb Maer, halb mehr.

"English Student," (Text book used by German pupils, studying English).

Bretano and Arnim—Des Knaben Wunderhorn.

Uhland's Gedichte.

Novalis und Fougue.

Boehlan-Ratsmaedel Geschichten.

The "Allerlei" has but one aim in view—to help our school. It endeavors to stimulate a desire in the pupils to study German, and it is building up a reference library for the use of those now studying this foreign language. Give the "Allerlei" your assistance! Contribute stories and procure advertisements. Make 1910 the greatest year of success of this magazine.

See Miss Von Unwerth or any of the staff for information regarding subjects, length of essays, rates on advertising, etc.

The I O N literary society of our school challenged the Debaters to a debate to be given in

Debating place of the former's

Contests. annual society program at assembly.

The Debaters have accepted the challenge. We look forward to some interesting and enthusiastic speeches from the members of these two societies.

This debate calls to mind the pressing need in Manual of a debating team to represent our school in contests with other High Schools. We should not be satisfied in competing with

these institutions in athletic contests alone, but we should show them that we are proficient in argumentation as well. This is not an experimental undertaking. Other schools have already organized debating teams and it is up to us to have Manual represented in these contests. The Nautilus heartily endorses the formation of such a team or set of teams and congratulates the I O N's most heartily for taking the initiative in this progressive movement.

During the Assembly following the beautiful Moore Art Exhibit in Manual, three rarities were shown the school. 1st. A large and handsome engraving of St. Wolfram's Cathedral, in Abbeyville, France, by Wm. Bergess; 2d, a genuine virgin lamp from Judea, dating back to the time of Christ; 3d, the 1st volume, Rollin's Ancient History, printed 1737 and containing 35 copper prints. It was announced that these valuable works of art had been presented to our school by Rev. Charles W. Moore. It was also announced that not only did Mr. Moore give these presents to Manual, but also gifts of equal value to Central and Westport, and in addition, a print of some kind from his collection to every ward school in Kansas City.

We most heartily thank Mr. Moore for his twofold generosity to us, first, in allowing the art collection to be exhibited here, and, second, to present us with these artistic gifts, which are now occupying a prominent place in our halls.

The Nautilus staff regrets very much to hear that on account of ill health, Wilmot Heitland will not be back to school this year. We will miss his sunny smile—and his posters and department headings.

A list of those students who have helped the Nautilus by securing for her an advertisement: Ralph Lichtig, Renetta Schweizer, W. Oren Hensley.

IMPORTANT MANUAL EVENTS FOR 1910

1. M. S. U. Freshman Scholarship Boys, 8 A. M.—Girls, March 26th.
Keep Them in Mind. Preliminaries — Saturday, Contest, Final Prelim- 10 A. M.
2. Elizabeth Benton Chapter—Contest in American History, Examination, Saturday, May 14th, at 9 A. M.
3. Kansas City Law School Scholarship, Examination in Civil Government and American History, Saturday, May 14th at 9 A. M.
4. Inter-Society and School-at-Large Contest, Preliminaries on or before Saturday, March 5th. Grand Finals, March 25th.
5. Spring term examinations, June 2nd, 3rd, and 6th.
6. Awarding Manual Prizes—June 3rd.
7. Class Day—June 6th.
8. No school—Tuesday, June 7th.
9. Commencement, June 8th.
10. Report cards issued, June 9th.
11. Baccalaureate Sermon, June 5th.
12. Last date for Seniors to enter for Commencement Program, Friday, April 29th.
13. Final contest for Commencement Program, Saturday, May 14th, at 8 A. M.
14. Last chance to get name on the list for graduation, Friday, May 27th.

Dates for the Society Open Sessions.

G. A. A.....	February 17
I O N.....	March 3
O'ita.....	March 17
A. L. S.....	March 31
M. S. D.....	April 14
D. S. V.....	(night) April 16
Daphne.....	April 28

Keep working on your Inter-Society and School-at-Large contest piece. Remember the Preliminaries are on or before March 5th and the Grand Finals on March 25th. Keep working.

HELP THE LIBRARY

The necessity of an adequate school library is undisputed and the method to obtain it is not easy. Men leave fortunes to endow colleges, to found fel-

lowships, to establish chairs in educational institutions, and incidentally to perpetuate their names. No one in Kansas City can forget the name of Thomas H. Swope. The magnificent gift which he presented to this city will endear him to the hearts of our people for generations to come. It is to be regretted that the pupils of Manual are not able to do as much for their school as Colonel Swope was able to do for the city; yet each in his own way can do something towards building up the school library. The pupils who have already contributed a volume have rendered a great service to the school. It is probable that in the giving they have received an amount of pleasure commensurate with the sacrifice they have made. If each of the pupils of Manual would contribute, what a library we would have? Are there not more miniature Colonel Swopes in this school? Can our loyal Manualites resist the desire to help make Manual's library worthy of Manual?

Eliot—Adam Bede, Romola, Daniel Deronda.

Gardner, H. S. Y., History of England.

Swift—Gulliver's Travels.

Sewell—Black Beauty.

Irving—Life of Washington.

Blackmore—Lorna Doone.

Strickland—Queens of England.

Twain—Life of Joan of Arc, Innocent Abroad, Prince and the Pauper.
Froude—Short Stories in Great Subjects.

Austen—Pride and Prejudice.

B. Tarkington—Monsieur Beauclaire.

Sheridan—The School for Scandal and The Rivals.

Stubbs, C. H.—History of England.

Mills, E. A.—Wild Life on the Rockies.

Colby—History of England.

Scott—The Talisman, Heart of Midlothian, Tales of a Grandfather.

Bronte, Charlotte—Jane Eyre.

Fisher, Mary—Gertrude Dorrance, Twenty-Five Letters in American Literature.

Riley—Child Rhymes.

Thompson-Seton—Wild Animals I Have Known.

Wirt, Wm.—Patrick Henry.

Stevenson—Treasure Island

Du Chaillu—The Viking Age.

Bullfinch-Hale—The Age of Fable.

Wallace—Ben Hur.

Thackeray—Henry Esmond, Vanity Fair, The Virginians, Pendennis, The Newcomes.

Kipling—Captain Courageous, Kim.

Henry van Dyke—Little Rivers, Fenimore Coope's Novels.

Walton—The Complete Angler.

Bright, J. F.—England, History of, Vol. I.

Taylor, H.—England, History.

Burroughs—Birds and Bees.

Classic Dictionary.

Marlowe—Dr. Faustus.

Lanier—Boy's King Arthur.

Cable, G. W.—Old Creole Days.

Pattee—American Literature.

Cooper—The Pilot.

Matthews, B.—The American Character.

Scott—Quentin Durward.

Eliot—Middlemarch.

Bulwer—The Last of the Barons.

Wiggins—Donald and Dorothy.

Hugo, Victor—Les Miserables.

Wm. Matthews—Conquering Success and Self-Help, and Getting on in the World.

The poster contest is on. The best poster submitted up till January 10th is presented in this issue. It is the work of Elberta Mohler. It calls attention to the Music and Elocution department. The poster which stood next in merit was drawn by Wilnot Heitland, while Grace Westerman's poster was judged third. All the posters submitted give evidence of clever and artistic skill in both design and execution and the artists are entitled to a full measure of praise.

There is a splendid opportunity just now for poster work. So many subjects deserve attention, for instance: the various departments of the magazine, the new "gym." for which we will continue to clamor till we get it, notable school events, and many others. It is the purpose of the Nautilus to reproduce such posters as the committee on awards will judge best. Come now, you Manual artists. Get busy.



EDITOR
Russell Dudley

The Venus de Milo

The most beautiful of all ancient sculptures and the one which holds first place in the religious statuary of the Greek and Roman mythologies is that known as the Venus de Milo, which is conceded to be the worthiest existing embodiment of the goddess of love. Its perfect symmetry and faultless proportions combined with the mystery concerning the position of the missing arms, make it a most fascinating subject for discussion among lovers of art.

The statue was found by accident in 1820 on the island of Melos, on the site of the ancient city. A young Greek peasant, delving in his field one day, found that his spade met with unusual resistance. Patient digging disclosed what first appeared to be a vault, but which later proved to be a series of niches. In hope of making some precious discovery he entered hurriedly, and beheld, to his astonishment, a magnificent statue of a woman. In one of her hands she held an apple, a fact which led him to suppose that she represented Aphrodite, the Venus of the Greeks, to whom Paris awarded the golden apple in the myth of the three fair goddesses at the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis.

A manuscript over the signature of Dumont d'Urville, discovered by M. Jean Aicard, reads: "The statue rep-

resents a woman; her left hand is uplifted and holds an apple; the right grasps a mantle, which is draped in graceful folds about the hips and falls to the feet. But unfortunately both the arms have been mutilated and are actually detached from the body." Lieutenant Matterer writes: "When M. d'Urville and myself first saw the statue, the left arm was still attached to the body; the right was broken off at the wrist, but the left was almost perfect; the hand was uplifted and held an apple." These statements prove that when first found the statue was in perfect condition. The French sailors could not agree with the Greeks upon a price for the treasure, so resolved to take it by force. A hand to hand fight followed, during which the Venus was broken. In order to conceal their action, it was decided to present the statue as having been found in this condition.

It was brought to Louis XVIII by M. de Riviere, French ambassador at Constantinople, and on the same vessel which conveyed it were brought some marble fragments from the island, among which was a piece of an inscribed statue-base with an inscription in characters of the second century B. C., or later. This piece has since disappeared and although a drawing of it still remains, there is much uncertainty as to whether it really is

a part of the statue. It is believed by some that the ancient sculptor Scopas, on account of the similarity between the Venus de Milo and his conception of the goddess, may be its author, though there exists no proof for this.

The statue, which occupies a conspicuous place in one of the largest salons in the Louvre, is of medium height. It is in two pieces, the junction coming just above the drapery, and several smaller parts, including the left arm, were made separately and attached. There are certain irregularities in the form which show that the sculptor was not a copyist, but an originator of his own ideal. For instance, the right cheek is somewhat larger than the left and the corners of the mouth are not exactly alike; while the drapery is simple and designed to avoid all unnecessary folds which would interfere with the harmony of the whole figure.

The work is in the finest of Italian marble and though it shows some wear and is said for this reason to be at first disappointing, its beauty, when studied, impresses one as does hardly anything else of its kind in all Europe, excepting the Lion of Lucerne. It is the embodiment of the Greek idea of fate, expressing, with all the dignity of a goddess, the tenderness of human nature. "And yet," says Mr. Tudor Jenks, "I do not think any appreciative beholder can see the original statue and fail to recognize in her more than womanhood or humanity. Mere womanly beauty, mere artistic success, have been achieved in other statues. Neither of these attributes

makes this loveliest piece of sculpture in the world; neither of them, nor both of them, alone could give the masterpiece its supremacy. I believe her claim to pre-eminence is unassailable, and I believe that the passing of the years will not shake her from her throne.

"Place her beside any of the masterpieces of ancient or modern art, and they shall but confirm her serene, august superiority. She is the touchstone of good art. The Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de Medici, are parvenus; the Jupiter or Zeus of Phidias, the massive head of Juno crowned, even the chaste huntress, Diana, seem to beg for removal from her overpowering presence. Michael Angelo's Moses becomes a very theatrical old gentleman under the withering clarity of her gentle, penetrating gaze. The superb 'Torse' of the Vatican, is perhaps worthy to serve as the porter within her gates. Her gentle poise has more of force than all his muscles, or those of the monstrous Farnese Hercules. Only two statues might remain in her imperial presence—the Dying Gaul and the Grinder. The first is entering her kingdom by the holiness of death; the second is too humble to lose cast in any presence."

When one considers what this means, it seems absolutely unimportant what was the action or pose of the the broken arms, and certain it is, that whether or not the question is ever answered, the Venus de Milo will remain unrivaled until her marble crumbles and the world is bereaved of the greatest treasure art has given mankind.

Notes.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the first year work in Manual's free-hand drawing department has been a study of American art pottery. Careful drawings of several kinds of pottery were made, after which the pupils visited an art shop, where a more thorough study from a greater variety of designs furnished interesting and instructive material for themes. In this way the work of the art department was correlated to that of the English department.

Manual was well represented in the exhibition of paintings and craft work recently given under the auspices of the Fine Arts Institute. Leather work, stenciling, hat pins, belt buckles and stick pins, as well as trays and tea

stands of hammered brass and copper were shown. The work was well mounted and reflected much credit on our art department. All the designs were original. Drawings from the plant or flower were first made, from which the conventional designs were formed. The purpose of the work is to teach the pupil to make from simple materials, beautiful and tasteful things for the home and for personal use; also to develop taste, ingenuity and cleverness in combining colors and in utilizing everyday materials. The following pupils were exhibitors: Edna Rose, Ethel Forsythe, Ida Hislop, Enid Elliot, Willa Cloys, Georgiana Sappington and Aileen Frenkel.



L I T E R A T U R E

EDITORS

Ruth Paxton

Arthur C. Perry

Bringing in His Man

Howard H. Richards, '10.

Bud Wilson was a "bad man"—gambler, horse thief, stage robber and all-round disturber of the peace. From the Brazos to the Rio Grande his unsavory fame extended, and the sheriffs of a dozen counties went about with writs in their pockets calling for his arrest. But somehow an opportunity for serving them never presented itself, for Bud was as elusive as the Irishman's flea.

After shooting up a town of an afternoon, he was likely to be heard of as holding up a stage at a point fifty or a hundred miles away the next day, or running off some choice bit of horse flesh that took his fancy. No halo of romance extenuated Bud's misdeeds. If he had ever done a kindly or generous deed it had never come to light, and if he had a friend or confederate it was never known. He was simply a morose, reckless outlaw, with sufficient low cunning to escape the clutches of the law. The sheriff of Escondido had long desired an interview with Bud, a fact of which the latter was not in ignorance, and when, almost under the very eyes of that functionary, Bud traded horses without the formality of consulting the wishes of the other party to the transfer, the sheriff grew exceeding wroth.

All proffers of assistance he waved aside. "It's him or me this time, boys," said he grimly. "He's heading for the

Caballo Mountains, and I'll bring him in alone or stay in the hills with him."

So, in the edge of the evening, the sheriff of Escondido rode out of the main street alone and was swallowed up in the dusk.

All night he rode, guided by the stars, stopping but twice to rest his horse, and just as dawn was breaking, drew rein at a ranch house on Willow Creek. Here it was his purpose to pass the day. From information that he had gathered he believed that he could pretty nearly locate Bud's refuge in the mountains, and by traveling at night and avoiding the scorching heat of the day on the plains, he hoped to cover the three-hundred miles with his horse in condition for a quick return trip.

An hour before dusk he was on his way again, and sunrise the next morning found him two hundred miles from Escondido, prepared to camp in a grove of cottonwoods for the day.

At break of day on the third morning he was among the foothills, and after an hour's rest he was pushing on toward his goal.

As the sheriff rode slowly over one gentle declivity after another, his searching gaze wandered from point to point, alert to discover any evidence of the proximity of his quarry. He hoped to take Bud by surprise, believ-

ing that the outlaw would be unsuspecting of pursuit. As he emerged from a little gully a tiny curl of smoke floated from the side hill a half mile away and dissolved in the thin morning air. It was merely a white speck seen for an instant against the fleckless blue of the sky, but to the sheriff's practiced eye it told him of the location of his quarry.

Turning his pony's head, he rode back for a short distance into the gully he had just quitted, dismounted, hobbled his pony, and ten minutes later was scrambling like a mountain sheep up the sheer side of the hill, sheltered from view by rocks and bushes. His object was to gain a point above Bud's camp from whence he could locate a likely path of approach. Should the outlaw sight him, it meant fight or immediate flight, and the sheriff of Escondido was averse to having a wounded prisoner on his hands three hundred miles from the jail.

For a half hour or more he climbed warily, watching for the tiny curl of smoke that guided him. Then he stepped on a stone that turned beneath his weight, grabbed unavailingly at a near by bush, and pitched headlong among the rocks. He was conscious of an excruciating pain in his ankle, and then came a blank.

When his senses returned the sheriff found himself propped in a sitting posture against a rock, with his ankle broken, from which the boot had been cut away, swelling and throbbing with shooting pains.

A few paces distant, stood Bud, regarding him with a glance of some concern. For a moment the sheriff and the outlaw eyed each other in silence, then the latter thoughtfully stroking his stubbly chin, observed: "Well, this here is a devil of a fix, ain't it?"

"I reckon I'm in a devil of a fix," answered the sheriff.

"Just infernal luck," resumed Bud, petulantly. "Here I am ninety miles from nowhere, nothing to eat, nothing to drink, nothing to smoke, ain't even had a fresh chew in three days. Yesterday my bronco got snake bit and I had to shoot him. Then this morning, while I'm sitting on a rock up

yonder, wondering what in blazes I'm going to do, I see you come hopping along looking for me. Then I slipped back into the gully and send up a little smoke so you won't get lost, figuring you'll leave your pony somewhere handy and come up afoot, which you do. And then, while I'm sliding down the other side of the gully, figuring on finding your bronco and getting out of range before you are on to the game, you tumble down and break your ankle."

"Well, there's nothing to stop you from taking the pony now," said the sheriff grimly, "only as a last favor you might leave my gun on that rock yonder. I reckon you can get out of sight long before I can crawl to it, and I might want it."

"Aw," said Bud morosely, "you don't reckon I'm low down enough to leave you here with a broken ankle to die of thirst in these cussed hills? My tongue is as dry as a board now and I've only been about twelve hours without water."

Without a word the sheriff unhooked the canteen that hung at his belt and handed it out toward the outlaw.

"No," said Bud resolutely, "if you're going to get back to your house and friends alive you'll need it yourself. I'm going to bring the bronco up the gully now, so long."

"So long," said the sheriff.

An hour later, Bud came in sight leading the mustang, which he hobbled and left at a point directly beneath where the sheriff lay. Then came the agonizing task of getting the injured man down the hill. Half crawling, half sliding, supported in part by Bud's arms, the journey was at last accomplished after the sheriff had twice fainted from the pain of the fractured ankle striking the rocks.

Once in the gully, Bud set about the construction of an Indian traverse for the sheriff's transportation. Cutting down two stunted saplings with his clasp knife and lashing crosspieces to form a framework, he stretched both his own and the sheriff's poncho thereon, making a rude kind of a hammock, into which he lifted the latter almost bodily. With the free ends of

the saplings lashed securely to each side of the saddle and the butts dragging on the ground, Bud had extemporized a vehicle, such as the Indians in their migrations used to transport the aged or infirm and their camp equipage.

The sun was now several hours high and beating down upon the glowing sand with an intensity that rivaled a furnace in its heat. Had water been procurable Bud would have waited till night before making the start, but well he knew that long before that time the sheriff's shattered ankle would have thrown him into a raging fever, and forty miles away he knew where the cool, sparkling water, that his own parched lips craved, was flowing.

Only a desperate man could have calmly faced the ordeal that lay before him. Free and unencumbered, with a fresh horse under him, and a well filled canteen against his hip, a man might still hesitate to make the trip. But already well past the point where thirst is merely an undesirable discomfort, with a tired horse to lead and a maimed delirious man to care for, the bravest man might well quail before such an undertaking.

Bud, however, was no stranger to discomfort and was used to taking long chances with his life at stake, and his feelings were more largely compounded of a morose rebellion against his "luck" and a contemptuous criticism of the sheriff's awkwardness than of fearfulness of his ability to reach the haven of cottonwoods along the stream.

When they left the last declivity of the foothills and set foot upon the level plain, the heat from the gray sand billowed round them like the waves of an advancing tide. Instinctively Bud turned his head for one brief look. Behind them lay the mountains, low and flat, topped with stunted trees and shrubs, an impassable barrier, implacable as Fate; their rough sides scarred and riven, their rocky ramparts stretching away on each hand, frowning like the walls of some ancient fortress. Before them lay the plain, an immensity of dull gray sand overflowed with pulsating

waves of heat. Beyond were trees, and water—if they could live to reach it.

The human mind is a curious thing, impelling the body it inhabits to perform prodigious feats that the latter would gladly shirk. Bud's body, after a few hours of weary plodding across the sand would have lain down upon the baking surface and hidden its scorched face upon its arms to shut out the sight of the awful sun that danced and grimaced and mocked his sufferings with diabolical glee. But his mind, detached, observant, compelling in its insistence, forced him on when every step had become exquisite torture, when his bloodshot eyes could see nothing but the glare of the cruel sun upon the sand, when his tongue, blackened and hard like sun-dried leather, could no longer moisten his cracked and bleeding lips, and in all the world there seemed to be but one living figure, toiling for all eternity, across the burning sands.

Behind him plodded the bronco, head down, its glaring eyes piteous with suffering, and on the traverse, a bound and muffled figure that shrieked in torment.

* * * * *

The sheriff's eyes were open and staring at the whitewashed rafters overhead. He was tired, and his right ankle ached unceasingly, but his mind was swept clean of the delusions that had troubled it. He had been dreaming—dreaming of a blazing sun that seared his brain, of lying bound upon a rude couch that shook and chafed him cruelly, of a fierce, rough giant who glared at him with bloodshot eyes and swore horribly when he wished to get up and walk. That was it, he had been dreaming; but now he was awake—and he could think. But, curiously enough, his mind was blank beyond a certain point. He could remember starting on his long, lonely ride, he could remember seeing the smoke upon the mountain side and crawling among the rocks and bushes to find Bud's camp. He could remember falling and fainting with the pain of his broken ankle, and waking to see Bud. He could remember, also, the terrible trip down the mountain side—but beyond that his mind was

blank. Well it didn't matter—nothing mattered, only he was tired, and his ankle ached, and he would like to sleep, which he did.

When he woke again, it was night. A lamp was lit, and Billy Edwards was sitting beside his bunk.

"Where's Bud?" asked the sheriff weakly. "In New Mexico, I reckon, by this time," answered Billy. "How're you feeling?" "All right," lied the sheriff with composure. "Tell me about it."

"Well," said Billy, "we was following the creek, looking for mavericks, when we saw two crazy men, soakin' water some time, but when we saw them, one was carryin' the other in his arms up the bank. There was a dead bronco in the water. One of the crazy men had a broken ankle—that was you. The other one was Bud. When he saw us he began to beg for a drink, and a thousand gallons of running water ten feet away—looked like he'd been having a hard time. We got you both up here and put you in this bunk and Bud in that one there; when we cut his boots off his

feet—well, he told us when he got his mind clear that he'd walked and led the bronco from the foothills, and that's a good forty miles and across the red hot sand. He's pretty tough, though. He was able to ride in a couple of days. We thought New Mexico would be a good place for him to rest up in, and all the boys chipped in a few dollars apiece and took him over to town and bought him a ticket and saw him on the train."

"Of course, we knew you had a warrant for him and all that, but we sure reckoned it'd be kind of embarrassing for you if we tied him up till you got well enough to serve it."

"Hand me my coat," demanded the sheriff.

Billy brought the coat, and the sheriff thrust a hand, weakly, into an inner pocket and drew out a legal-looking document, bearing a big red seal. He slowly tore the document into small pieces.

"Well, I brought him, didn't I?" he said, and turned over to go to sleep.

Patrick Finnegan's Wooing

John Lau, '11.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide." And to Patrick Finnegan this moment came one fine Wednesday morning, about a month after his mother's death. He decided he must have a wife.

Now that was a very strange decision to be made by a man like Pat, for he had worked forty years in single harness and had always thought his mother the best of household managers and also the most gifted of tongue. Besides Pat was very bashful, so bashful in fact that he would scarcely look at a woman—much less, ask one to marry him. But now that his mother was gone, he surely must have some one to "boil his prathies, and feed the hawgs," as he expressed it.

So, as he sat back in his chair, his clay pipe in his mouth, he began to run over the names of the women of the village, whom he thought would make the most agreeable companions.

"Let's see," he began, "there's the widy Donivan. But no, she's too—no' she's

only forty-three. But (with a shake of the head) she handled that rollin'-pin on Micky too will when he was a-loive. Then there's Judy Moylan—no, Billy Riley—the divil take 'im is afther her. I wonder what Bridget Murphy would say. I've a mind she's th' wan would do. I'll be afther seein' 'er."

About one o'clock this same Wednesday, a figure was seen walking down the main street of the village. Instantly, all the female population of the town had its noses flattened against the window pane.

"O Mither! Mither! Here's Pat Finnegan 'ith his Sunday clo's on and a walkin' as straight as ye ever see. I wonder who's dead."

These were the various remarks made on Pat and his toggery, and when he reached the cottage of Bridget Murphy he was greeted with a "Will, be a' the Powers a' Saints, it's Patrick Finnegan. Jes' com' right in and be afther takin' a chair. It's a peelin' o' the prathers I am, but I'll be done in a few minutes. My.

yer a lookin' foine. I niver see ye so han'some in me life afore. Indade, I didn't."

Now Pat, as I said before, was very bashful; and, as he received these compliments he did not know how to answer them. He turned so red and his head, all at once, seemed so big that he could scarcely get his hat off. He, however, managed to fall into a chair near the door.

"It's foine wither we're a havin'," volunteered Bridget, while Pat tried to find a place to put his hands. He put them first in his pockets and then tried to hide them in his hat.

"Yis, it's foine wither, indade," agreed Pat, meanwhile twisting his legs around the leg of his chair.

Bridget, having now finished her work, came over, took a seat beside Pat, and began again: "How are ye a gettin' on, since yer old mither died? How are ye doin' the cookin' o' yer food?"

To say Pat was embarrassed would be putting it mildly; he was simply dumb-founded. But, however, he managed to stammer something about being lonesome and no one to do the housework, and nobody to cook his meals. And as he talked on he became calmer and Bridget edged a little closer and also became a more interested listener.

And so they talked on for perhaps a half-hour, and, as Pat had become calmer and had made Bridget very interested, he thought it about time to do what is commonly called "popping the question."

So he began: "Will, Bridget, I mus' be a goin' now, but before I do go I hav' a little question to ax ye. I came over to see if y—ou"—but here the same old stuttering and embarrassment came back—"w—ouldn't a—a—a—loan me a nadle and thrid?"

Bridget stood for a moment speechless. Then—"No, ye didn't, Pat," and she threw her arms about his neck.

What I Expect to Receive from a High School Course

Russell L. Richards, '11.

I expect to derive four things from my High School course which will be of particular benefit to me. First, I expect to gain a training from my course which will allow me to combat problems of greater weight and importance in college and after-life. Second, I expect to acquire the faculty of acting and thinking for myself. Third, I expect to judge accurately human nature and the ways of my classmates. Fourth, I expect to become familiar with the lives and works of great men and in so doing to be better able to pilot my way through the maze of attempts and struggles to success.

First, by means of my geometry, French, Latin and mechanical drawing I intend to cultivate the analytical side of my mind so that in my business life I can definitely classify my material. And, from the study of English and history, I wil' receive a taste for things tending toward refinement and culture. From my physics, zoology, physiology and chemistry, I will advance my knowledge of things dealing with the forces of nature and her subdivisions. And from

my public speaking, a most practical benefit will result, for through it I can carry my points in a business deal or with the jury.

Second, after mastering these subjects and doing so by my own reasoning and struggles, I shall be able to think and act for myself, for I shall have had the practice of attempting and conquering the unknown, of exercising my will over matter, and demonstrating to myself my own ability, thus establishing confidence in myself.

Third, I expect to judge accurately human nature, for where will you meet with all sorts and conditions of men as you will in a public high school? Here all classes assemble to learn and be taught. Here I can learn to cope with difficulties which fall to the lot of every one. Every day I see the ways and manners of the different boys and girls of different temperament and environment. Here a definite line is drawn between right and wrong, the leader and the lead, "sticktoitiveness" and lack of it and one is left to discriminate as one will. It is up to the person himself to prove

conclusively that he has the application of energy, and the ability to do things well in hand. And from these many evidences I draw my conclusions concerning my classmates.

Fourth, I expect to become familiar with the lives and works of great men to my advantage. For in studying Macaulay, Irving and Lowell, I am led to read Goldsmith, Dickens, Shakespeare and works of other men of their times. In every one of these great men's works some problem is being worked out or contended with, and in understanding their method of working them out one gets a knowledge and plan for solving present

problems. And not only is a practical benefit derived, but in reading these eminent authors one becomes acquainted with fine thought and deeds which tend to mold his character and mode of living.

Therefore, from the training I will receive, the ability to do things on my own judgment which grow out of the training, my knowledge of human nature, my familiarity with the works and lives of the great, and the great benefit I will get from them all as a unit will help me to cope with the world and aid me in acquiring a university degree.

The Old Year and the New

Helen Topping, '12.

From the dark'ning evening clouds
 Falls the white and peaceful snow,
 And it wraps our earth in shrouds,
 While the trees mourn soft and low.
 In the vales, on hilltops, prairies,
 Where this calm soft beauty lies,
 Is this silent work of fairies
 Which enchants the watcher's eyes?

Yet the watcher's heart is sighing
 With the mourning of the trees,
 For a friendly year is dying
 As again Time turns her leaves.
 In the watcher's heart is felt,
 As this kind year dies away,
 That perhaps the coming, shalt
 Not be thus. He dreads the fray.

But with dawning day, the sunlight
 On this glistening snow is seen;
 The year just past that seemed so
 bright,
 Was as naught to this gay dream.
 When our watcher sees the beauty
 Of this New Year's morning blest,
 He resolves that 'tis his duty
 To this year to do his best.



MUSIC AND ELOCUTION.

EDITOR

Paulena Schweizer

Thesis on Elocution

Elocution is the study of the process of expression. Expression is the revelations of the thoughts of the mind and the feelings of the soul through the physical organs. Elocution is a science; expression, an art. We shall first consider the mechanical, then the artistic.

Since elocution is the mechanics of expression, we must deal only with training, and we have the subject divided into voice and action. Voice is produced by the passing of air between the vocal bands and setting them into vibration and depends upon the vocal bands, breathing and the diaphragm. Under voice we have tone and articulation. Tone depends upon the strength of the diaphragm, capacity of the lungs and vocal bands, while tone color depends upon the emotional elements. The articulating agents are the tongue, teeth, lips and the hard and soft palates. Through these agents we get enunciation. Action is motion. Motion in expression is produced by emotion. For action in elocution we have harmonic training and pantomimic training. Harmonic training is the training of all the agents of the body to work and move in harmony. Pantomimic training is the training of all the agents of the body to respond to

the mind when called upon to do so. Harmony is the keynote to all elocution. Imagine the effect if one, impersonating the character of Skylock in "The Merchant of Venice," would grin when saying, "You do take my house when you do take the props that doth sustain my house." It would be nothing but a mere burlesque. If one does feel properly and does feel deeply enough the agents must work in harmony and the effect, unintentionally, will be as desired.

Under expression we have thought and feeling. We learn that thought is a mental picture and is produced by sets of visions. Thought is divided into perception, apperception and conception. If one reads or hears the word apple, he immediately has a mental picture of an apple as regard to size, color and shape, and so on, which is his apperception. The word a-p-p-l-e is his perception. One's conception is his perception plus his apperception, or, in other words, the finished mental picture. Feeling is divided into two parts, actual and imaginary. It is art to make imaginary feeling seem actual. To become a successful reader, speaker or actor, one must, above all things, first think and then feel.

The Miser's Christmas Eve.

An Original Recitation, Delivered in the Elocution Class.

Buford Williams, '10.

The clock in some distant belfry sent the last stroke of twelve vibrating through evening air, with its low, rumbling, monotonous tone. It was one of those melancholy winter nights, that make even a happy man feel as if the whole world were at "outs" with him.

With a groan, the old miser turned in his bed, so that the dim light from a candle, which he, whether because of fear or for some other reason, was wont to leave burning the whole night through, shone directly into his face, revealing in it characteristics which only a man enduring long suffering can possess.

Outside, the only noise that broke the stillness of the night was the low whiz of the wind as it passed about the corners of the hut and went on, as if its only purpose were to torture the lone occupant inside. Now and then, the creak of some rusty hinge added to the melancholy effect, while the noise made by a shutter beating against the wall, caused cold chills to creep up the miser's spine.

He buried his head deeper into his pillow, as if he were trying to shut some vision from his mind. Something, away back in channels of his memory, aroused in him the feeling of one tortured by the spirit of some being of the supernatural world. He could not sleep. This something brought before his eyes pictures which cursed him, which scorned him to his very face. This something would not leave him. This something—what? Ah! that which is the greatest enemy of all mankind, had chosen to force itself upon him and torture him with the memories of bygone days—his conscience.

If the fixtures of the room had been able to take on some shape of their own, each object would have represented some deed, whether good or bad, done in his lifetime. The memory of his childhood was brought back to him. Outlined in the gloom, he saw the picture of a small boy, school books in hand; later, that of a young man hardened by certain family relatives; and last, that of an old miser,

hated and rejected by all mankind. This last picture again aroused in him the old feeling of scorn.

As the old miser lay there in his contempt, he heard the soft sweet words:

"Gloria in excelsis,
Sing the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo,
Sound it to the sky."

He knew it was the chant of the Christmas mass, sung by his brother, priest of St. James, which was a short distance from the hut. He threw himself over with such force, this time, that he rolled out upon the floor. Arising with curses unfit to be spoken by any man, even so depraved, he walked across the room and sat down. As he did so, the shadow of a swinging shutter, stole silently across the floor and disappeared into the darkness. Who knows but that in the shadow he saw a picture, more horrible than before? For it is true, that the expression in his glaring eyes was that of a man in great agony. Probably the memory of his mother, whom he had not seen when she died, was brought back to him.

Yet, regardless of what he saw in the shadow, he suddenly sank down in his chair, drew his feet from the floor and the agony shown in his eyes was still greater. He soon straightened up, somewhat with:

"Ha! ha! ha! the dog!" The animal had come out from under the bed and now lay at its master's feet.

The miser sat for some time, when he was startled by a soft knock. Half afraid, he walked to the door and threw it open. And there, standing directly before him, was his brother, priest of St. James, whom he had hardly spoken to for twenty years. The old man sprang back, placed a warning hand before his face and said:

"No; no; we don't speak. You want my moneys. You mock me with your sainted robe."

The priest stepped into the room, closed the door behind him and spoke:

"Brother! don't speak that way. I don't want your money. The soul of

man is more important to me, than all the money you could give me."

"Well, what do you want? You must be after something."

"Yes brother, I do want something—I want your friendship."

"Friendship? Ha! ha! ha!—good night."

"Brother! brother! have you no heart at all? Have you no respect for humanity and for your God?" said the priest, in a half-angry tone.

"There is no just God. He makes angels of some and devils of others."

"Stop!" said the priest, stepping forward and lifting his hand to a commanding position. "Don't talk that way. I will leave. I am duty bound to serve Him, the maker of all, and for me to hear you, would be corrupt." Here his voice softened until he could hardly be heard. "But, before I go, I thought I would like to tell you about our mother."

"Mother?" broke in the miser, with a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Mother."

"Well?"

"Brother—it is thirty long years since that morning you left home in your intense anger. I stood at the window and watched poor old Silver-hair follow you to the gate. She threw her arms about her boy and kissed him. Yet he, he in his rage, forgot all about a mother's heart. Silver-hair watched her boy as he strolled off down the country road, and disappeared from sight. And once, she thought her boy turned and looked back. But of this she never was certain. Long after the form had entirely disappeared, she stood, hoping that her boy had gone to find success, and some day would return to her. But, the day never came.

"Every morning and every evening of her remaining life, poor old Silver-hair stood in that same place before the gate, hands above her eyes, looking off into that same blank space. Her every thought, her every prayer, was for the welfare of her boy.

"Finally, when the last spark of life was ebbing from that dear soul, she turned to me and said: 'If you ever see my boy again, tell him I died thinking of him, tell him I loved him, ask him, why he left me.' And broth-

er, with those words on her lips, she died."

The priest had worked himself to such a heat of passion, that he was hardly able to control himself, yet he continued:

"Now brother, do you see why we should be friends? Brother! think of that dear soul!" he said, throwing his hands into the air and breathing very heavily.

The miser stood for a while, seemingly held in a trance. However, he soon spoke:

"Did my mother say that?"

"Yes; and she thought even more."

The old miser seemed to forget the presence of his brother. His voice became very calm, and he stared blankly at the floor, as he continued:

"When I left home, I did not think my mother loved me. I left because I wanted money. I worked hard and saved much, thinking that some day I would return. Yet, when I grew older I did not care to." Turning to the priest, he said: "Brother, while you were telling me about my mother, I felt a great change in me. I thought I heard the angels singing. I thought they were taking me across the great shore—but I awoke to find myself in the earthly Jerusalem."

Walking across the floor, he threw himself heavily upon the bed, and buried his head deeply in the coverings.

Again the low tones of the village clock were heard. Lifting his head to catch the sounds, the priest counted "One—two." Then extending his imagination to the far-off holy land, he saw three wise men plodding their way across the desert, guided only, by a large star in the East.

Suddenly the priest's whole face beamed with a radiant light. He walked to the door and threw it open. Then looking back, he said in his priestly way:

"Peace, peace, be unto you, now and forevermore. For unto us a Savior is born to-night."

So saying, he stood a moment looking at the prostrate form upon the bed. Then gently closing the door, he walked down the steps, and soon disappeared into the dim, deep solitude of the night.

My Favorite Composer

Wanda Tower, '11.

After a certain amount of technique, as a student of music, I made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" as my first classic. But after studying many other composers, I find that it always gives me pleasure to turn to Mendelssohn again and play over some of the "Songs Without Words" or some other of his beautiful productions.

When we read an enjoyable book we are interested immediately in the author; and so it is with music—the composer of the artistic, the brilliant, in music should receive the credit due him. Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, unlike many other geniuses who are famous to-day, was of an aristocratic and distinguished family and never knew the sting of poverty. He owed the good beginning of his musical education to his mother, who taught him herself with great success. Later, in Berlin, the great Moscheles was induced to give him lessons. When he consented to take Felix as a pupil, Moscheles noted in his diary, "I am quite aware that I am sitting next to a master, not a pupil." At the age of eleven, Mendelssohn began to compose systematically. His genius was first revealed to the world by the overture to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The finished score of this famous composition is dated "Berlin, August 6, 1826," which was just three days after the author had attained seventeen years and a half. Many of the "Songs Without Words,"

then known as "Original Melodies," were composed by his dearly beloved sister Fannie, but, as she could not have them published herself, Fannie's "Songs" went in with her brother's and Mendelssohn has received much credit and praise for the whole collection. He played his own compositions in the principal cities of Europe; in Munich, for instance, he gave for the first time the concerto in G minor, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was presented for the first time to a London audience. His many duties as conductor of concerts, the excitement attendant on the production of his compositions, and the grief occasioned him by the loss of his mother made serious inroads on his health. But up to the very moment of his untimely death this polished gentleman and extraordinary genius worked unceasingly at his teaching, composing and concert-giving at home and abroad. In the impaired condition of his health, however, the sudden death of his favorite sister, Fannie, was such a shock to him that he was stricken ill and a few months later, died.

But his works have lived in the hearts of all lovers of music. Like every other famous production, Mendelssohn's works have received exaggerated praise and unjust depreciation. But his music can never be mistaken; it has individuality and for that reason I heartily concur with Alfred de Musset, who says, "If his glass was small, yet he drank out of his own glass."

Our school wishes to thank the Employers' Association through their secretary, Mr. J. A.

Gift from Alkinson, for the beautiful picture display cabinet they have presented to us. This cabinet has a displaying capacity of twenty-five large sized pictures, and will certainly prove a very valuable adjunct to our art department.

Miss Gilday says—"Americans' voices sound like an old wagon going down a hill that needs grease."

"Quiz," in the dictionary means, "to play tricks upon." One of Mr. Apple's chief pastimes is to quiz us.

To the Subscription Clerk.

There is a young man named Steele,
Who tries your pocket-book to feel;

It's not very funny,

When he asks you for money,
But keep putting yours in Steel(e).



EDITOR
Gladys Dancy

Miss Ruth McGurk is in Oxford, England, visiting her uncle. In a letter to Miss Van Metre, she tells many interesting things of the University and the city, some of which we have obtained for all to share.

My Dear Miss Van Metre:

There are so many interesting things here that it is indeed difficult to choose just what to write about. Of course, you know what the University is and does. It is the separate colleges which are the most interesting. Each college is built around a quadrangular lawn, or "quad." Most of the colleges have two or three "quads." The students live in the college, and each one has a suite of rooms to himself. In each college there are a chapel, dining hall and library, which are most interesting.

Several of the colleges have been built on the sites of nunneries and monasteries, where the old cloisters still remain. The cloisters at Christ Church, Magdalen, and New college are about the oldest ones. There is such a queer feeling that comes over one, as one walks through these cloisters. The stones are so worn and the walls look so old that it almost seems like one is living in another age.

The dining halls are all very much alike. At one end is a platform on which is the "high table," where the Dons and Masters sit. The tables at which the students sit are long ones, running the length of the room. Pictures of the famous men who have been students in the particular college adorn the walls. In some of the halls, the lower part of the walls and the

ceilings have innumerable coats of arms on them.

Some of the libraries are intensely interesting. The Merton college library is the oldest one in England. Some of the books are still chained to the shelves as they were hundreds of years ago. There are numbers of very fascinating old manuscripts in most of the libraries. The Balliol college library is the one which I like best. It looks like it may be used occasionally. Most of them are so dark and musty that it would be well-nigh impossible to read in them. In the Balliol library are some of Browning's and Byron's original manuscripts and letters. There is also the old yellow book about which Browning wrote "The Ring and the Book." You can easily imagine how those interested in literature revel in these old places.

The chapels are most of them very fine. In several of them there are splendid windows by Reynolds and Burne-Jones. A number of them contain very interesting tombs and monuments of famous people. The architecture of the chapels is usually very interesting. In fact, the architecture of all the old buildings is well worth studying. The ceilings are made of massive oak beams. There are immense oak doors in all of the colleges. The windows are all barred as they were ages ago.

The most impressive thing about the University is its age. Merton college was built in 1264. This is the oldest college. The others are almost all at least four hundred years old and a good many are much older than that.

Christ's Church is the wealthiest

and largest college in Oxford. This was founded by Cardinal Wolsey on the site of the St. Frideswide nunnery. The cathedral is the smallest one in England. The kitchen of Christ Church is simply immense and is just as it was in Wolsey's time. The bell, "Old Tom," rings one hundred and one strokes every night at five minutes past nine. This indicates the number of students in the University when it was founded.

The undergraduate life is no less interesting than the University. Only the sons of comparatively rich people can attend. The absolute minimum for a year's expense would be one thousand dollars. Three or four hundred pounds is about the average. The worse the men look, the better pleased they are. They wear shapeless Norfolk jackets, waistcoats of another material and trousers of yet another. The pale blue shirt, with soft turned-back cuffs, a pink collar and a tie of red and green, purple and orange, are rather striking. Heavy woolen, many-lined socks and very low patent leather pumps finish the costume. This is a typical Oxford undergrad. They never wear hats, but a ragged gown is worn during lectures. The lectures and study hours are from nine till one; from one to five they have all kinds of sports: rowing, football, cricket and tennis being the chief ones.

The costume for athletics is a queer one. They wear heavy sweaters and coats and usually a muffler, with a pair of shorts, coming just above the knees.

We are near to Banbury, the place immortalized in nursery rhymes. We are also about seven or eight miles from Woodstock, Blenheim Castle, and the hall where Amy Robsart was killed. In St. Mary Magdalen Church Amy Robsart is buried. It was in this church that Cranmer recanted. He was taken from there over to Broad Street, where a cross marks the place on which he was burned.

Those good old days at Manual are still fresh in my memory. It's quite appalling to think how scattered all the old bunch is now. But it's the inevitable.

With best wishes, I am,

Very sincerely,

Ruth McGurk.

A letter has been received by Prof. Phillips from Cushman Farnum, '09.

He tells some interesting things about his life and study at Wisconsin University.

"We have over five thousand students this year and there are about as many from other states as from Wisconsin. There are four fellows attending the University from Kansas City; one, Temple Robinson, from Manual. There are a good many Japs attending school here and also some Chinese.

"Thanks to five years at Manual I am entered here as a sophomore in everything but English. My studies are English, Sociology under Prof. Ross, one of the best in the United States in his line, Third Year or Commercial French, Elementary Law, Public Speaking, Business Administration, Contemporary International Politics, Fencing and Military Drill.

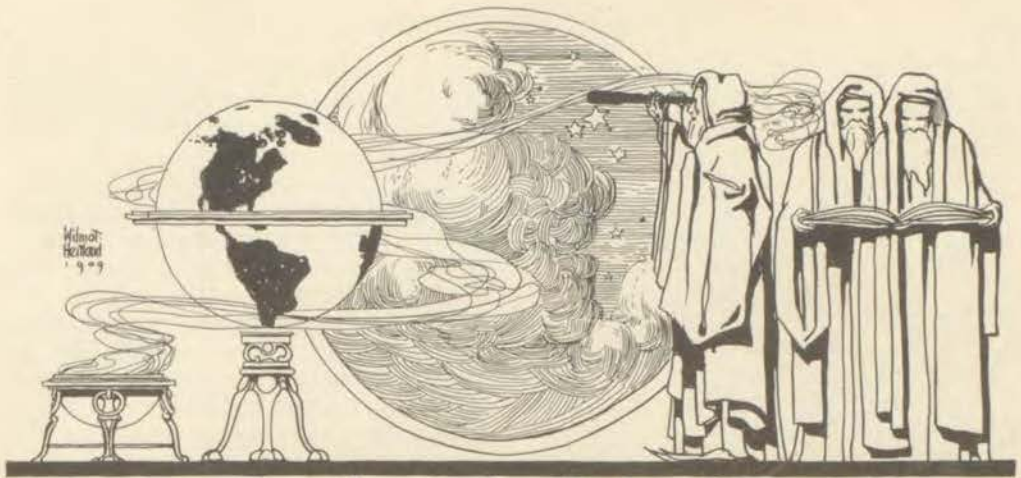
"Five years at Manual is a fine thing as I have proved, and although some may think it would make them too old to enter a University, still at the age of the high school freshman now, most of them could stay eight years in high school and then be about the right age for college."

We hope Mr. Farnum will find that Manual has helped him, not only to prepare for University, but for life.

Miss Eleanor Canny, a graduate of Manual and a former assistant of girls' athletics, is now at Missouri State University. This last summer she was in charge of the playground at Holmes Square. Her work there was efficient and she at first intended to carry on the work this winter. But she decided to study at the University along that line of work and we hope she will take up playground work next summer.

Miss Elsa Katzmaier, who this last summer has been assisting in the playground at Independence Avenue and Charlotte St., has also gone to the University to specialize in that line. We wish them both success in this new work.

Miss Mary Oldham is now substituting in the ward schools of Kansas City.



· S C I E N C E ·

EDITOR
Emmet Russell

Irrigation

Carl Williams, '10.

The public seems to have thought that irrigation is an invention of recent years; but in reality it existed and flourished thousands of years before the birth of Christ. In fact, it was encouraged about 2,000 B. C. by the Egyptian Pharaohs. They are thought to have been the first to construct extensive conduits and canals. The practice was carried on at that early date in Assyria, Persia, Mesopotamia, India, Ceylon, and China, also in Peru and Mexico. Remains of ancient conduits have been discovered also in Arizona and New Mexico.

Irrigation is still carried on in the countries named, but some, that were formerly in a high stage of development, have declined in the extent of cultivated land where irrigation is profitable. Cultivation through irrigation was introduced into Southern Europe by the Romans. It has become quite extensive in Lombardy, Spain, and Southern France.

Irrigated land in Italy amounts to three million, seventy thousand acres; in Spain to five hundred thousand acres; in France to four hundred thousand acres; in India, where the British government is promoting irrigation, to twenty-five million acres; and in Egypt to six million acres, ex-

cluding projects now in process of construction. It has been estimated that there is sufficient water supply available for the irrigation of only two hundred million acres in the United States, of which ten million have been reclaimed. The arid land in the United States amounts to about one thousand million acres.

Land on which less than ten inches of rain falls annually must be irrigated to procure the best results. Even land in a humid climate may have to be irrigated for the cultivation of such crops as rice and cranberries.

The water supply for irrigation may be obtained from any of three sources: Natural streams, including springs and lakes, wells and the storage of storm waters. Where the fall of land is great, a canal may be led straight away from a main stream; but where the fall is slight, the canal may wind about for several miles before it can be put to good use. Where the rivers flow only in certain seasons, dams and reservoirs must be built to hold the water necessary for irrigation. These reservoirs should be placed at the highest practicable point to obtain good pressure.

Wells are an important source of supply. These are sometimes con-

structed by boring into the side of a hill or mountain, but a great number are but shallow holes scraped in the surface. Although in some cases the water will rise to within fifty feet when tapped, the water must in most cases be pumped the whole distance, sometimes as far as five hundred feet. For this purpose gasoline pumps, steam pumps, pumps operated by animals, and windmills—in many cases home made—are used.

Reservoirs are used in conjunction with pumps of all kinds, and may be classed under two heads: those constructed for household use—for the irrigation water is often the only source of supply—and for irrigation. For household use, a reservoir of sheet metal mounted on a tower with a capacity of from three hundred to one thousand gallons is most practicable. But those constructed for cultivation should be of masonry or puddled earth, and have a capacity of several thousand gallons. In America, where pumping is but little resorted to, the reservoirs on a ranch or in a grove are more to take advantage of the "night runs" that are allowed by some companies, than for any other reason.

Main canals and conduits are the most expensive part of irrigation systems, owing to their length and to the difficulties encountered in their construction. The cheapest form of conduit is a simple ditch, just deep enough to insure a flow of water. This form of canal is extensively used by the Indians in New Mexico and Arizona. The earliest form was but a single plow furrow extending a short distance from the main canal or stream. Today there are thousands of miles of irrigation canals large enough for small boats. This is especially true in India, where the canals serve both for irrigation and for transporting the products grown through irrigation.

In rolling or hilly country, the irrigation ditches must, of course, wind about to maintain their level, thus adding much to their length and consequent cost. When a valley or natural stream is encountered, it may be found best to continue the line of the canal. In this case either an elevated

flume is built or a pipe line is used to cross the obstruction. In case a wide, deep valley is to be crossed, an inverted siphon is often used.

Whenever possible, canals should be made narrow and deep, to expose the smallest surface to the action of evaporation, and to diminish the amount of foreign matter.

Seepage must be guarded against, for there are many cracks in the ground, and underground passages, and once started, all the water might flow away. Lining a canal has two advantages, first, increasing the carrying capacity by decreasing the friction; second, decreasing the cost of maintenance by decreasing sedimentary deposits and plant growths along its sides. Leakage may sometimes be repaired by throwing powdered clay into the canal at its head.

It is sometimes necessary to bore a tunnel through a hill or mountain in order to pass it. An excellent example of this type is the new Gunnison tunnel in Colorado, built by the United States government.

Head works are required for nearly all canals, flumes, or pipe lines, for controlling the water supply. Head works consist of a bulkhead, gates and a waste way. These were originally made of wood, but are now generally of cement and iron.

Pipes may be substituted for flumes or canals at any or all places to prevent seepage, leakage or evaporation. Such pipes are made either of cement or of vitrified clay. But where there is high pressure, either reinforced concrete or metal pipes are required.

The application of the water to the land is chiefly a detail of agriculture rather than one of engineering. One is as important as the other, however, for injudicious use of water renders the soil worthless.

The application depends upon the soil, the crop, and the ideas of the irrigator. Sub-surface irrigation is impracticable and expensive, so surface application is the more general method.

Surface irrigation can be sub-divided into three methods: By flooding, by checking and by furrow. The choice of method must be determined by the

slope of the land, character of the soil, selection of the crop, and the amount of available water. To be efficient a method must have the following characteristics: First, the distribution of moisture evenly throughout the soil mass, and as deep as possible, provided it does not sink beyond the reach of the plants' roots; second, economy of labor, both in aggregate time and in the feasibility of operating without the employment of extra irrigators; third, economy of water in the prevention of waste by overflow, by evaporation, or by rapid percolation, and in placing the water where it will do the most good; fourth, leaving the land in the best condition for attaining, with least labor, a state of tilth which conserves moisture and at the same time favors thrift in the plant.

Crops sown broadcast can be irrigated only by flooding. Flooding is

also best adapted to very loose soils. The check and furrow systems require less labor, but a greater knowledge on the part of the irrigator.

The furrow method is the best suited to subsequent cultivation with horses, which is a matter of great importance, since thorough cultivation—to overcome the compacting tendency of irrigation and to secure soft mulch—should in all cases follow as soon after a "run of water" as the condition of the soil will permit. Deep and thorough preparation of the soil increases its capacity for storage of water; and frequent cultivation of the surface reduces loss from evaporation, thus reducing materially the amount of irrigation required. Frequent cultivation also enables the soil to utilize to the best advantage whatever rainfall may occur.

(To be concluded.)

Some Typical Dirigible Balloons.

Lester Strother, '10.

Until a few years ago the only means of traveling through the air was the spherical balloon, whose direction and speed depended entirely on the wind. The only way by which these balloons could be raised or lowered, was by letting out gas or ballast. They were of some use at the siege of Paris and in our Civil war, but the absence of control was a great drawback to their operation. The modern dirigibles have an elongated gas bag, are driven by a gasoline engine and screw propeller, and are steered up and down and sidewise by vertical and horizontal rudders. These devices enable them to be turned in any direction, and to go against the wind.

The French have two types in use, the *Republique* and the *Ville de Paris*. The *Republique* is of the same type as the *Patrie*, which was blown away Nov. 30, 1907. The *Patrie* was 197 ft. long, and 33 ft. 9 in. in diameter at the largest part. The gas bag was cigar-shaped. Its volume was 111,250 cu. ft. This was afterwards increased 17,660 cu. ft. by increasing the length. The material of the gas bag consists of an outer layer of cotton cloth covered with lead chromate, then a layer

of vulcanized rubber, another layer of cloth, and another of rubber. The material weighs 9.7 oz. per sq. yd., and a strip one foot wide tears under a pull of 934 lbs. Inside the gas bag is an air chamber called the balloonet. As the gas in the gas bag contracts, due to changes in temperature, or is let out to descend, air is pumped into the balloonet to keep the gas bag rigid. The car is 16 ft. long, 5 ft. wide, and 2½ ft. high. It is made of nickel steel tubes, and is covered with cloth to reduce air friction. The car is swung from the gas bag by small steel cables. Underneath the car is a pyramidal structure of steel, which strikes the ground first on landing, thus preventing damage to the car and propellers. The motor is placed in the center of the car and the engineer is stationed in the rear. The motor is a 60 to 70 h. p. benzine motor, running at 1,000 r. p. m. The propellers are of steel, two bladed and 8½ ft. in diameter. They are placed at each side of the car, and run in opposite directions to avoid twisting the car. The motor also runs the fan to pump air into the balloonet. Automatic valves are placed in the gas bag and balloonet to prevent the pressure from getting too high. Stability is maintained by

vertical and horizontal planes at the end of the gas bag, and also underneath it. The rudder is at the rear, under the gas bag. The dirigible is steered up and down by a horizontal plane at the center of gravity. The best performance of the Patrie was a flight of 175 miles, in 7 hours, against the wind. The Republique was slightly larger than the Patrie, but was built in practically the same way. Its best flight was 125 miles in 6½ hours.

The British government has one airship, known as Dirigible No. 1. The gas bag is cylindrical, 111½ ft. long, 31½ ft. maximum diameter, and is made of eight layers of gold beater's skin. No balloonet is used because the gold beater's skin will stand more pressure than rubber cloth. The absence of a balloonet, however, limits the height to which it can rise safely. The car is boat shaped, and is made of steel. It is about 30 ft. long and is covered with cloth to reduce air resistance. The motor is eight cylinder, 40 to 50 h. p. The propellers are two-bladed, and are placed one on each side of the car. They are 10 ft. in diameter, and are run at 700 r. p. m. Belt transmission is used. Horizontal planes are used to increase the stability of the airship. Horizontal and vertical rudders are also provided. The speed of this airship was only 16 miles per hour.

Germany has three types of dirigibles in use, the best known of which is the Zeppelin. This airship is 446 ft. long and 42½ ft. in diameter. Instead of a single gas bag, it has a rigid aluminum frame, covered with rubber

cloth. This frame contains 16 separate gas bags, separated from each other by partitions of sheet aluminum. The frame is braced every 45 ft. by rods, resembling the spokes of a bicycle wheel. The total volume of the gas bags is 460,000 cu. ft., giving a lifting power of about 32,000 lbs. Two boat-shaped cars are used. These are 20 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, and 3 1-3 ft. high and are placed 100 ft. from the ends. A third car in the center is for passengers only. The airship is driven by two 110 h. p. motors, one placed in each car. One pair of propellers, each 15 ft. in diameter, is placed at the side of each car. Vertical and horizontal planes are used to make the airship more stable. Vertical and horizontal rudders are also provided. The average speed of the Zeppelin was 32 miles per hour. On Aug. 4, 1908, the Zeppelin was struck by a storm and exploded. Another has been built since then, however.

The United States has one small dirigible, known as Dirigible No. 1. The gas bag is 96 ft. long, 19½ ft. in diameter and has a volume of 20,000 cu. ft. A balloonet, with a volume of 2,800 cu. ft., is placed within the gas bag. The material of the bag is two layers of Japanese silk, separated by a layer of vulcanized rubber. The car, which is of spruce, is 66 ft. long, 2½ ft. wide, and 2½ ft. high. The motor is a 20 h. p., water cooled, Curtiss engine. The propeller is of spruce, 10 ft. 8 in. in diameter, and makes 450 r. p. m. Shaft drive is used. The lifting power of the gas bag is 1,350 lbs., and the speed 19.61 miles per hour.



S O C I E T I E S



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Reporter	Donald Wing
Sergeant-at-Arms	James McGuigan
Librarian	Marshall Wiles
Treasurer	Wendell Arrowsmith
Secretary	Russell L. Richards
Vice-President	Louis Nofsinger
Critic	Edward C. Wright, Jr.



I O N SOCIETY.

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Vice-President	Allan Craig
Secretary	Ralph Perry
Treasurer	Harry Kanatzar
Sergeant-at-Arms	Charles Thomas
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Schatzmeister	Martin Ungerlieder
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Thuerwart	Fred West
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Accompanist	Mabel Patterson
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M. S. D.

November 19.

Installation of new officers.

Debate: Resolved, That a man who has had a college education is better fitted to contend in business than one who has not.

Affirmative	Negative
Paul Barnes,	Edw. C. Wright, Jr.
James McGuigan	Paul Zwiefel
Oration, "Kansas City's Future,"	
..... Russell L. Richards	
Extemporaneous talk, "Impressionism,"	
..... Wilmot Heitland	

December 3.

Debate: Resolved, that railroads have done more to aid the progress of the world than steamships.

Affirmative	Negative
Lewis Nofsinger,	Donald Fitch
Clair Hanna	Marshall Wiles
Extemporaneous talk... Donald Wing	
Recitation	
..... Russell L. Richards and Wilmot Heitland.	

December 17.

Debate: Resolved, that the Metropolitan franchise should be extended.

Affirmative	Negative
Edw. C. Wright, Jr.	Arthur C. Perry
Paul Barnes	Lewis Nofsinger
Oration, "Our Contributions to Civilization,"	
..... Wendell Arrowsmith	
Oration, "Eccentricities of Great Men,"	
..... Marshall Wiles	

January 7.

Mock Trial:
Russell L. Richards, Att'y for plaintiff.

Edward C. Wright, Jr., Att'y for defendant.

Arthur C. Perry, Judge.

Russell Dudley, Chief Witness for defense.

Lewis Nofsinger and Marston Richardson, Witnesses for defense.

Clair Hanna, Chief Witness for plaintiff.

James McGuigan and Donald Wing, Witnesses for plaintiff.

Archie Ehle, Defendant.

I O N SOCIETY.

November 19, 1909.

Debate: Resolved, that child labor should be abolished.

Affirmative	Negative
Allan Craig	Leland Canine
Alden Parker	Will Hathaway
Reading	
..... Joseph Johnson	

Current Topic

Anecdotes

Talk: "Should Kansas City Have a Civic Center?"

December 3, 1909.

Talk: "Aeroplanes"

Debate: Resolved, that small colleges are preferable to large ones.

Affirmative	Negative
Harry Blauw.	Clarence Falls
Lew Starling	Roscoe Reamer
Reading	
..... Allan Craig	
Current Topic	
..... Charles Thomas	

December 17, 1909

Debate: Resolved, that President Taft is not carrying out his pledge to the people and to his party.

Affirmative	Negative
William Simms	Warren Heath
John Smith	Harry Blauw
Reading	
..... Leland Canine	
Original Essay	
..... Harold Stearns	

January 7, 1910.

Debate: Resolved, that the United States should have a ship subsidy.

Affirmative	Negative
Harold Stearns	Edward Coombs
Charles Thomas	Harry Blauw
Reading	
..... Joseph Johnson	
Original Story	
..... John Smith	

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

November 19, 1909.

Oration

Recitation

Short Story

Magazine Story

December 3, 1909.

Current Topics

Extemporaneous Speech

..... Ruth Donnegan

Violin Solo

Extemporaneous Speech

..... Edwin Bruce

December 17, 1909.

Short Story

Oration

Short Talk

Recitation

January 7, 1910.

Discussion of the results of the franchise election.

Original Poem.

Debate—

Lynwood Smith, negative

Florence King, affirmative

Oration

Ten Jokes

O'ITA SOCIETY.

November 19, '09.

- Life of Henry Van Dyke.....
 Florence Boyer
 Story by Henry Van Dyke.....
 Hattie Norton
 Poems by Henry Van Dyke.....
 Kathleen Milburn
 I Chapter of Serial Story.....
 Grace Reardon

December 3, '09.

- Reading..... Anna Wynne
 Reading..... Paulena Schweizer
 Scene from Macbeth..... Edna Dunn
 Reading..... Willa Cloys
 II Chapter of Serial Story.....
 Ruth Paxton

December 16, '09.

Christmas Play Cast.

- Nancy Houston..... Ruth Paxton
 Marie, Nancy's Maid..... Edna Dunn
 Mrs. Brenneman..... Elizabeth Plunkett
 Elsie..... Anna Wynne
 Betty..... Helen Topping
 Ann..... Anna Mae Gentry
 Gordon Von Couver.....
 Paulena Schweizer

John—a valet..... Grace Reardon
January 7, 1910.

- Life of Marion Crawford.....
 Helen Topping
 Reading from Marion Crawford.....
 Ruth Paxton
 Works of Marion Crawford.....
 Edna Dunn
 Reading from Marion Crawford.....
 Anna Wynne
 III Chapter Serial Story..... Hazel Carter

DEUTSCHER SPRACH VEREIN.

D. 19 November, 1909.

Schiller.

1. Citate von Schiller..... Alle
2. Anrede: Schiller's Unsterblichkeit
 Gladys Gaylord
3. Anekdoten, aus Schiller's Leben..
 Katherine Seckinger
4. Solo: Reiterlied.. Eileen Burkhardt
5. Rede: Johann Friedrich Schiller..
 Herbert Ziegler
6. Solo: Der Schuetze.....
 Geo. Zimmermann
7. Scene aus Wilhelm Tell.....
 {Raymon Isham
 {Geo. Zimmermann
 {Rebecca Beckenstein
8. Recitation: Die Buergerschaft.....
 Maria Wetter

D. 7 January, 1910.

Reading of German Plays.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

November 19, 1909.

No program.

December 3, 1909.

- Essay, "Playgrounds of K. C.".....
 Elizabeth Morrison
 Piano Solo..... Ruth Benson
 Reading..... Carrie Dooley
 Essay, "Play and the Child".....
 Lucile Peiser

December 17, 1909.

- Essay..... Eunice Eisele
 Poem..... Beatrice Humphrey
 Piano Solo..... Orpha Price
 Reading..... Ethel Madick
 Piano Solo..... Pearl Roemer

January 7, 1910.

Practice for assembly.

DAPHNE SOCIETY.

November 19, 1909.

India.

- Country..... Lora Farber
 Customs..... Willa Buttram
 Home Life..... Margaret Kirk
 Music and Arts..... Stella Sheperd
 Authoress..... Laura Anderson

December 3, 1909.

Egypt.

- Country..... Everly Cravens
 Customs..... Almeda Leackard
 Home Life..... Edna Englander
 Music and Arts..... May Rose
 Authoress..... Myra Johnston
 Recitation..... Leah Lanham
 Original Story..... Lora Craig

EDISONIAN SOCIETY.

The Edisonian Society, so far this year, has preserved well its reputation as an organization, brought about for the discussion of scientific subjects. Nothing seems to be too deep for it. During the last ten weeks such subjects as these have been presented: "The Nebular Hypothesis," "Complex Arrangement of Hydrogen, Oxygen and Nitrogen," "Franklin—His Relation to Science," "Scientific Tricks, Chemical and Sleight of Hand."



EDITORS

Pollie C. Lamb

Roscoe Reamer

The Evolution of a Bolt.

Miles O'Connell, '11.

Everybody at all familiar with the ways of civilization knows that a cylindrical piece of iron, long or short, thick or thin, if it has a head on one end and a continuous groove, known as the threads, cut spirally around the other end for an inch or so back, is called a bolt. Everybody knows, also, that a little piece of iron, square, hexagonal, or otherwise, with a round hole in the center exactly the size of the bolt, and with threads in the hole exactly like those on the bolt, is the nut that goes with that bolt.

This simple little bolt has, as it can testify, many experiences before it enters upon its final useful occupation. In most bolt and nut factories there is a rolling mill where the large, shapeless masses of iron are rolled into strips of the right size and shape for bolts. The huge chunks of iron are first thrust into roaring blast furnaces, where they are soon heated to the melting point. In front of these furnaces and overhead, there is extended an iron rail which runs to the rolling machines. From this rail, large steel hooks are suspended, and when the iron has been heated to the right degree, it is taken from the fire, grasped by one of the hooks, and pulled along to the rollers.

The rolling machines work on the

order of a wringer. They are placed in a long row, the rolling wheels on each successive machine being closer together than those on the preceding one, so that when the iron reaches the last machine, it goes through two wheels which mold it into exactly the right size and shape. When the molten mass of iron is clutched by the first pair of revolving wheels, there is a noise like thunder, and the glowing metal plunges through the machine toward a workman on the other side, scattering sparks to every corner of the immense room. The workman on the other side is ready, and as the heated mass, somewhat more elongated than when it began its journey, leaps out, he deftly catches it with a large pair of tongs, drags it to the next machine, near by, pushes it into the revolving wheels, and it again crashes through a rolling machine to be caught on the other side in a little bit longer and thinner condition than when it began the second stage of its journey.

Soon the iron is a dull red strip that shoots almost noiselessly through the rollers and slides out on the floor like an immensely long, thin serpent. When it has passed through the last machine, the strip of iron is seized at each end by two men—it is still red hot and is still handled with tongs—

dragged to one side, and after being straightened out, for, since it is red hot, it is almost as flexible as a piece of stiff rope, is left to cool.

When it is perfectly cold it is taken to another machine that reminds one of a miniature guillotine which has an unusually large batch of victims and is in an extraordinary hurry to finish them with dispatch. The knife rises and falls so fast that the operator has only time to push the long bar of iron forward to the gauge before the blade descends and cuts off its allotted portion.

These pieces of iron, having been cut into the right lengths, are again ready for the fire. They are taken to a furnace, heated white hot, and put into the hands of a "header." This man picks up a bolt with a pair of tongs and places it in his machine; he presses a pedal with his foot, there is a deafening noise, and the bolt drops out of the machine with a portion of one end mashed down into a symmetrical round or square head.

It only remains now for the bolt to be threaded before the nut is screwed upon it and it is ready for shipment. Consequently, it is taken to the threading room. This is a long, barn-like place with the threading machines arranged in a row throughout the full length of the room. The threading machine is very different from any through which the bolt has passed heretofore. It consists of three or four revolving cylinders or heads placed in a row. These heads have a round aperture in them in which to insert the end of the bolt. At the mouth of the aperture, the dies, four in number, are situated. These dies, but for the fact that they are made of steel, look for all the world like a rubber eraser. The end of a rubber eraser, as you are probably aware, is not at right angles with the sides, but is sliced off diagonally so that one of the broader sides is shorter than the other. The dies have this same shape. But on the die, the edge formed by this slicing process, instead of being smooth and even like

the edge on the eraser, is made up of several small sharp teeth. These teeth are what cut the threads.

The dies are placed around the aperture in the heads so that they form a hole slightly smaller in diameter than the bolt. The head of the bolt is then placed in a rest, the rest is shoved up to the rapidly revolving cylinder by means of a lever, and the end of the bolt, on being pushed into the teeth of the dies, is caught and pulled forward by them as the threads are cut, until the bolt has been threaded as far up as the machine will thread it. Then the dies fall apart a little and allow the operator to pull out the bolt, a finished product. When the workman pulls back the lever, the dies, which are connected with it, are forced back into position in preparation for another threading.

Now after the bolt has passed to the nutting room and has a nut screwed upon it, it is placed in a keg, if it is of an ordinary size, and passes to its office of usefulness.

Of course, there are many different kinds of bolts, but they may be broadly classified as machine bolts and track bolts. The track bolts are generally from about one to three inches in length and have, usually, a round head like that of a rivet. The machine bolts range from about one inch to a foot or two in length and from a small fraction of an inch to an inch or so in diameter. But there are many bolts much longer than this, such as the braces forty or fifty feet long seen in bridges and elsewhere.

Of course, there is a large demand for bolts, but the industry is pretty well divided up in this country, so that, except for its probable prevalence in the Eastern manufacturing centers, it cannot be said to be carried on most extensively in any one place. We have a bolt and nut factory in our own city, in the suburbs, called Sheffield, and I think a trip through its work rooms would be both instructive and entertaining to any one.

Machine Shop

Harold L. Becker, '10.

Machine tool work is the last of the mechanic arts taken up in our High School course. It includes the completion of work which had been started in the previous studies of pattern making, forging and foundry work. Castings from patterns which have been made in the pattern shop and then cast in the foundry must be finished in the machine shop. Bolts and nuts which have been made in the forge must be completed in the machine shop. The products of the machine shop are generally made of iron and steel. The most common machine in use in our machine shop is the lathe.

An engine lathe is a much more complicated machine than a wood lathe. Both are used to turn or shape wood or metal into a cylindrical form. An engine lathe also has other uses, such as the cutting of threads on bolts. I will briefly describe an engine lathe so that you may have some idea of its uses and construction. The bed or framework is of cast iron and resembles two I beams, supported at each end by arched legs. At the left end bolted to the bed is the headstock. A pulley with several different diameters, called a cone pulley, is fastened on the spindle which revolves in the headstock. The counter shaft on which is fastened a cone pulley, the reverse to the one on the lathe, is fastened to the ceiling. By this means the speed of the lathe can be regulated by moving the belt from one size pulley to another. On the inside end of the spindle in the headstock a disk is fastened which is called a face plate. Two rectangular notches are cut out of opposite sides of the disk. These notches are to hold the work which is in the lathe from slipping as it revolves by the use of an appliance called a dog, which is fastened onto the work by a screw and also held in the disk by a curved arm which slips in one of the notches. The end of the shaft is hollow and a pointed spindle is fitted into it. This spindle is called the live center because it revolves with the work.

It supports one end of the work in the lathe, the other end is supported by a spindle fastened in the tail stock. This spindle is the dead center, as it does not revolve, but can only be moved lengthwise by a wheel which is fastened on the shaft in which the spindle is fastened. The tail stock can be moved on a slide along the bed of the lathe, so that work of any reasonable length can be placed between the centers. The carriage is the part of the lathe which carries the cutting tool. It moves on a slide by a wheel on the front or apron of the carriage. A set of gears which is run by a long screw called the lead screw is so arranged that the carriage may be moved automatically. These gears also regulate the feed. The cross feed is operated by the same gears. These are the principal facts about the construction of a lathe. In order to cut threads, a special set of gears is fastened on the stud and the lead screw.

Before starting any work, the class was instructed how to keep a lathe in good order. Each morning before we started any work, the lathe was thoroughly wiped and oiled. No machine of any description can produce good work if it is not properly taken care of. If the machine is not kept oiled, it not only prevents good results, but heats the bearings and in time ruins the lathe. A lathe should run without the least vibration.

Another important factor in the production of good work is to have the lathe running with a perfectly true center. If either center is out of line, it can readily be seen that the work will not be the same diameter throughout its length. It is not a difficult matter to true up the centers as the tail stock can be moved either back or forth by means of a screw on one of the sides. The centers should be perfectly conical in shape and run out to a point at an angle of 60 degrees. From the point it should be about one inch back to the thickest part.

A tool box containing ten tools is

kept for each lathe. The box contains three calipers, one large and one small outside caliper and one inside caliper, one center gauge, one 6-inch steel graduated rule, one oil stone, one prick punch, one wrench, one small pair of steel dividers, one scriber, and five number checks. The tool box must be returned to the tool room after each lesson. All the extra tools are given out separately and we are held accountable for each one by handing in a check in exchange.

On the first day we were in the shop, we were instructed in the uses of the various kind of files. The first exercise was to file down a rectangular block of cast iron till all the edges were perfectly square. It is very easy

to say perfectly square, but when it came to doing the work it was not so easy. The next exercise was to square up the ends of a steel cylinder about 8 inches long and $\frac{7}{8}$ inch in diameter. This was the first exercise on the lathe. The third exercise was to cut down a rough cast iron cylinder to a taper. It had to be finished with a file till it fitted exactly a tapered sleeve or gauge. In the machine shop, work can be finished down to a small fraction of an inch without any difficulty. Many more exercises follow, each one illustrating a new phase in the science of machine shop work. By the end of the year, the boys will be, to some extent, proficient in the use of the engine lathe.

A Change in the Joinery Department.

Randall M. Dorton, '11.

An advantageous change has taken place, in the past two years, in the joinery department. This change combines the regular exercises into some one of the following articles: reading lamp stand, tabourets, umbrella racks, book racks, waste paper baskets, T squares, and many other useful articles of this nature. The above-named articles contain, not only the same principles that the pupils have had heretofore, but also give the boy a chance of making something useful as well as something ornamental, which he may keep as a remembrance of his first year's work in High School.

Of course the principles are fundamental, the same as in any other line of work or profession, and must be learned, both technically and practically. The skillfulness in the use of the tools is as essential as the principles by which they are applied, and this is emphasized as important by the teacher. Skill is not easily acquired by all pupils, because some are not mechanically inclined.

The reading lamp stand seems to be an article most desired by the pupil, and as it consists of six regular exercises it is of considerable importance. The first part of the lamp stand made is the upright, which combines the planning, squaring and gauging ex-

ercises. Next is the half-joint or base of the stand, there is also some glueing in addition to this half-joint exercise, then the mortise and tenon practice completes the rude construction of the stand. The braces are next made surrounding the upright; as these are made for a ninety degree angle the ends must be sawed off at thirty and sixty degrees; thus this includes the sawing exercise as well as practice with the brace and bit. Supports are also made to be fastened at the top of the upright for the purpose of holding the lamp shade. The lamp stand is now ready for the sand-papering. After the surface has been sand-papered, it is stained, and then the filler is applied to fill the pores of the wood and make a smoother surface to polish. The lamp shade is made of brass and thus the pupil acquires some practical knowledge in that line of work.

This change of accomplishing something, instead of merely making an exercise to apply the principles of joining, is found conducive to the interests of the pupil, and he more readily applies himself to his work and works more steadily and eagerly. The old plans have recently been supplanted by new and superior ones, which enable the pupil to get better results in his work.



EDITOR
Thomas Moffet

Result of Cross-Country Run.

The sixth annual cross-country run proved to be, as usual, a great success. The run is becoming more popular every year.

Since the abandonment of football, the inter-class track-meet and cross-country run are the only athletic events held in the fall, consequently great interest is taken in these two events, especially the latter.

The run this year started at the end of the Rosedale car line and extended over a distance of about ten miles, ending at Dodson.

The roll call showed that there were one hundred and forty-six boys present, all eager for the grind. This eagerness was not of long duration, as Dr. Hall set out over the level (?) country with a six-foot stride that

lasted for several miles. Some of the freshmen and other short-legged creatures were forced to run to keep up.

The last four miles were run over a road to Dodson. The exact time was not taken, but it is safe to say that it was fast enough. "Bob" Spalding's excitement, caused by thoughts of the dinner awaiting him, compelled him to run away from the rest of the crowd. He won first place. This prize was a gold lined silver trophy and Arthur Leavens finished a good second and received a silver lined cup the same size as Spalding's. Pryse Baltis, Clifton Sampson, Clement Clark finished third, fourth and fifth, respectively. They received trophies, but of smaller size than the other two. L. O. Tarbell was sixth.

Basketball.

Although Manual has opened the '09-'10 basketball season with more defeats than victories, we are by no means discouraged.

In each successive game played up to date, Manual has shown improved form, and the boys hope before many days have passed to turn the tables on their opponents.

Never has the effect of Manual's not having a "gym." been so strongly borne out as this year. Every game with one exception in which Manual has participated this year has been on the opponent's court. And it now appears that we will have to continue to play on these courts.

Before Jan. 1, '10, the only valuable place for practice for our boys was our 25x40 ft. (post in the middle, horizontal bar over one goal, apparatus on one side, steam pipes on the other)

hole in the ground. On above date we were tendered the use of the Y. M. C. A. gym. for which the boys feel truly grateful. But this is for practice only, no match games with foreign teams being allowed. This necessitates our still seeking the hospitality of our obliging sister High Schools.

Our first and fourth games were played on Dec. 4 and Jan. 8, against Westport on the latter's court. They defeated us both times by a comparatively small score.

On Dec. 11, we met K. C. K. on Westport's court, where we defeated them by some few points. Even if K. C. K. is at the bottom of the league, she has five gentlemen on her team.

Central defeated us by six points on Dec. 18 on their court.

On January 15, 1910, we met our old rivals from Topeka, and defeated them in one of the hardest fought battles of the year. The score was 39 to 37.

Both teams played excellent ball. Topeka's field work and goal shooting were special features.

Wrestling Tournament

A new athletic event will soon be introduced into Manual in the form of a wrestling tournament. The tournament will start some time in February and should prove very interesting. The entries are restricted to those in the "gym" classes so that only those physically able to wrestle may do so. The men will be matched according to their weight.

Even with the above restrictions many good matches will be "staged." E. Hamilton, H. Kanatzar, J. Koenigsdorf, J. Johnston and Carradine El-

liott, are candidates for first honors in their respective divisions. The show will take place in our own little "gym," which has ample seating capacity and all necessary apparatus.

Along with the wrestling tournament there will be an indoor meet. Rope climbing, lifting thousand-pound dumb-bells, broad jumping, etc., will be the features. The last indoor meet was held two years ago. It is expected that many of the old records will be broken this year.

Notice

To All Boys Interested in Track Athletics.

No one will be permitted even to try for a place on the track-team who has not been in training under the direct supervision of our Physical Training Department. If you hope to try to win points for "Old Manual," you must see Dr. Hall at once and arrange for your training.

In other words, you will not be permitted to compete in any track-meet

for Manual with only a few weeks' training. Only those who train long and faithfully will be permitted to do so.

Come out and try. That is the only way you will succeed at anything. Even if you don't succeed, you will have the pleasure of making some one else work hard for his place.

Cigarette smokers need not apply.

Baseball

Probably not in the history of Manual has the outlook been so favorable for an ever-victorious baseball team as for the one of '09-'10. Because of the teams not receiving the duly earned support of the school, the faculty decided to abolish baseball altogether and have two sports that do receive the support of the school—basketball and track meets. Abolishing baseball will add much strength to the track team as several of the ball tossers are crack track men.

Those who saw Manual's team in action last year, will say without a moment's hesitation, that it would be hard to find a better High School team in the Middle-West. The team was composed of players who knew all the fine rudiments of the game; a majority played on fast amateur teams here last summer.

One of our first games last year was with the Warrensburg State Normals. Manual played an excellent game, holding the Normal boys to a score of 1 to 0 for seven innings. In the eighth inning we took a balloon ascension; when we arrived on earth again seven big scores were laid against us. The game was an exciting one although we were playing out of our class. The Warrensburg State Normals beat Missouri, who in turn beat Kansas University.

Will Carroll catching, Miller pitching, Clemens covering third base, Goldberg holding down shortstop, Bremer scooping them up at second, Battell in left field, Campbell in center field, and Hamilton in right field, with first base the only position open and Mr. Sheppard, a former Armour Institute star and one of the best

coaches in the Missouri Valley, there can be no doubt but what the team would be too fast for High Schools

and could give many a college in the Middle-West a hard fought battle.



Spalding,

Leavens,

Bates,

Sampson,

Clark,

Tarbell.

WINNERS OF CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

Winning His "H"

Will Powell, '11.

As this was the day before the track and field meet with Columbus, the Harborough track team was not taking its usual workout, but the members were seated in the gymnasium listening to instruction from the coach. "We have won the mile run from Columbus for the last two years," said the coach, "but our chances for repeating the stunt this year look doubtful."

The meeting soon being over the boys journeyed homeward. There was one boy in the group who seemed to be thinking deeply as he ascended the stairs in front of the dormitory. This boy was Robert Lynn, a sophomore, who, like all the other boys in the school, had been trying to earn an "H" by winning a point in some athletic contest. He had been trying the mile run and had just succeeded in making the track team. He was

pondering over the question of whether or not he could beat the Columbus man that the coach had mentioned.

The day dawned bright and clear—an ideal track-meet day. The meet was to begin at 2 o'clock. Long before the appointed hour the banners and yells of the two schools were unfurled to the breeze. When the mile was called the score was a tie. If Harborough lost the mile run, the meet would go to Columbus.

The last call for the mile was sounded and soon six runners were on the mark ready for their long and fast journey. At the report of the pistol, the six runners left the mark and after a sprint of some fifty yards to see which obtained the pole, the runners settled down to a good pace with a Columbus runner in the lead, Lynn of Harborough, second, and another Columbus man third, two Harborough

runners following him and a Columbus man last.

The runners kept this position until the three-quarter mark was passed, when the Columbus runner behind Lynn worked his way up beside him and tried to pass him but Lynn knew that if this runner passed him in this part of the race he would lose all chance of winning first place. The Columbus man who had been leading the race thus far began to slow up. Lynn knew that now was the time to make the sprint for the lead. He redoubled his efforts to gain it, but the Columbus man beside him had also noticed the leader slow up, so he, too, was straining every nerve to take his

place. The former leader was far in the rear; Lynn and his opponent were running neck and neck not far from the finish. It looked as though a tie was imminent. Lynn felt as if he would drop any minute; his feet seemed to weigh tons and his surroundings looked misty. He fancied he saw the other runner passing him; summoning every ounce of strength left in him he made a final sprint and crossed the mark a foot in the lead. He was carried into the gymnasium and laid on a pile of mats. After a while he opened his eyes and the first thing he said was, "Did I win my 'H'?" "Yes, and not only the 'H,' but the meet," said the coach.

Athletic Notes

"Jim" Schab is a freshman at K. U.

Stewart won the half-mile at Nevada during the soldier encampment there this summer.

F. Howard finished first in a fifteen mile Marathon at Bloomington, Indiana, on June 23, '09.

Scyster, the new basket-ball recruit, has a six-inch reach on Koenigsdorf. Sure long for this world.

Kanatzar and Koenigsdorf were members of the Y. M. C. A. team that capture the Seattle Exposition meet; Koenigsdorf winning first in the hundred yard and second in the two hundred and twenty yard, and Kanatzar, the three weights.

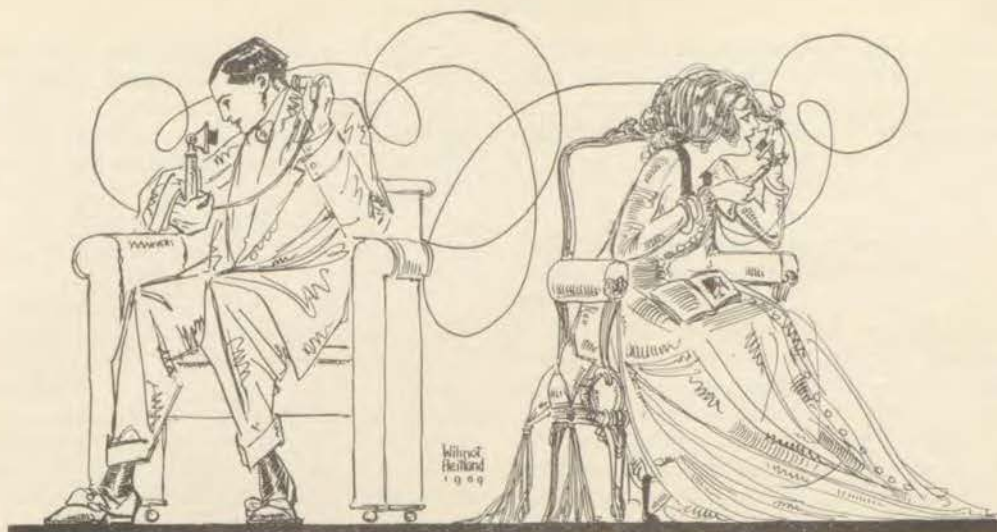
"Coffee" Craig, too, first in the half-mile at the Chicago meet, for Manual last spring, and Kanatzar, came home with second in the discus. While in camp, late in July, with Battery B, at Nevada, Mo., "Coffey" developed a severe case of blood poisoning from in-

fection in an ordinary blister on his foot. He was twice confined in the Sheffield hospital with the trouble, but we are glad to state that he is up and around now.

Porter was a silent but faithful worker. All of the track team boys and faculty extend their sympathy to our beloved former pupil and athlete.

Koenigsdorf ran the two hundred and twenty yard dash in 23.1 seconds. If he can make such time as that in October what will be his time next May?

Manual appreciates and feels truly thankful for the accommodation tendered the basket-ball boys by the Y. M. C. A. in letting the boys use their court. At the same time we hope the fairies will whisper in the ears of the "powers that be" that to keep "Old Manual" abreast of the times we must have ample gymnasium room like some other people we know. Then we will no longer have to seek the hospitality of our obliging friends and neighbors.



EXCHANGES

EDITORS

Edna Dunn

Russell Richards

These Exchanges We Have Received
and Read with Great Pleasure.

"The Herald," Denver, Colo.,
"Drury Mirror," Springfield, Mo.,
"Boomer," Klamath Falls, Oregon,
"Tamarack," Spokane, Wash., "The
Columbine," Cripple Creek, Colo.,
"The Lever," Colo. Springs, "The
Booster," La Crosse, Wis., "The Ve-
dette," Houston, Texas, "Ripples,"
Cedar Falls, Ia., "The Bulletin," Syra-
cuse, N. Y., "Crimson and White,"
Albany N. Y., "New Trier Echoes,"
Kenilworth, Ill., "The Tolsa," Grants
Pass, Oregon, "Orange & Black,"
Falls City, Nebr., "Monitor," Osceola,
Nebr., "The Quill," Des Moines, Ia.,
"Jay Hawker," Kansas City, Kans.,
"The Crimson," Fort Scott, Kans.,
"The Quip," Boston, Mass., "The
High School Record," Louisville, Ky.,
"So-To-Speak," Manitowoc, Wis.,
"The Tiger," Little Rock, Ark.,
"Forum," St. Joseph, Mo., "Nautilus,"
Jacksonville, Ill., "The Herald," At-
lantic City, N. J., "The Russ," San
Diego, Cal., "Bugle," Monroe, Mich.,
"Enterprise," Boston, Mass., "Criteri-
on," Saginaw, Mich., "The Quill,"
Enid, Oklahoma, "Tech Prep," Chic-
ago, Ill., "Luminary," Kansas City,
Mo., "Normal College Echo," New

York, "Westminster Monthly," Ful-
ton, Mo., "Acropolis," Newark, N. J.,
"Slater High School Monthly," Slater,
Mo., "The Oracle," Bangor, Me.,
"Academy Bell," Fryeburg, Me.,
"Graduate Magazine, K. U." of
Lawrence, Kans., "Norwalk High
School Minute," Norwalk, Conn.,
"Mercury," Milwaukee, Wis., "Loret-
tine," Kansas City, Mo., "Red &
Blue," New York City.

"The Criterion," Saginaw, U. S.
Michigan, is a very interesting paper.
The two stories which are published
are very good, but in proportion to
the size of the paper there should be
more stories. The school census is
quite original. The cartoons show
much cartoon skill and add largely to
the attractiveness of the magazine.

"The High School Record," Louis-
ville, Kentucky, is among the best of
our exchanges. The literary depart-
ment is always full of bright and in-
teresting stories. It also contains
many excellent jokes. In all, the
"Aletheans" should be complimented
on their ability to edit such a paper.

"The High School Monitor," Os-
ceola, Nebraska, should be congratu-
lated on its first copy. It has begun
in such a manner that within a few
years it cannot but be one of the most

lively and interesting of high school papers. The spirit shown in its athletic department should add great incentive to literary victories. "Monitor," if we can be of any aid to you, we would wish always to find you on our exchange list.

The December number of "The High School Forum" is an excellent issue. The "Mutual Surrender," ought especially to be praised. The "Nonsense" department is very wide-awake. Indeed the magazine is complete in all its departments.

"The Quill," Enid, Oklahoma, for a paper of your size a larger number of stories would add greatly. We would advise more good headings and a better cover. However, the "Grinds" department should be praised.

"The Tech Prep," Lane Technical High School, Chicago, Ill., has an extremely interesting paper. The "Local" editors should be commended on account of their interesting department. The "Club" department should do much toward creating an interest in societies. In all, your paper is very acceptable.

"Acropolis," Newark, New Jersey, you have a very good paper and your departments are all well edited. Your literary, athletic, personal, and exchange divisions all show care and precision. Your cover is simple but expressive.

"The Red & Blue," New York, the Sache Collegiate Institute, is a paper that we certainly enjoy reading. It is so thoroughly up-to-date and interesting. Every division is just what it ought to be—especially the literary and exchange departments. They do you much credit. The reproduced photographs and cuts are very rarely seen and are an addition to your magazine.

"So To Speak," Manitowac, Wisconsin, is a very concise and well-edited paper. The large number of stories is especially admirable.

"The Crimson & White," New York City. Put some cuts, cartoons and illustrations in your paper—it sadly lacks them. The stories for your literary department should be improved if possible.

"The Nautilus," Jacksonville, Ill. Your paper's excellence must to a degree suffer when your exchange department is read. It is indeed a bad reflection on your magazine. Your athletic department does you much credit, but your paper in general could be improved by cuts, cartoons and illustrations.

"The Toka," Grants Pass, Oregon, is a welcome visitor to us and we enjoyed your fine story, "The Retrograde's Gift" very much. Your "class notes" are individual and deserve credit. Your paper is well edited in all departments excepting the exchange department, which should be vastly improved.

"New Trier Echoes," Kenilworth, Ill. Your paper is very unique and your subdivisions "At the Sign of the Hammer & Anvil," "Hall & Campus," and "Storiettes," are original. Your exchange department is very inferior and should be attended to, or, like the fable of the apples, your whole paper will suffer in reputation.

We wish to compliment "The Quill," Des Moines, Iowa, on its interesting material, but would it not be better to have a large exchange department?"

"The Jayhawker," Kansas City, Kansas. We wish to highly congratulate you on putting out such a splendid paper. Your literature department is most excellent. "The Dawn" is a story that deserves special mention. Your locals are very commendable, likewise your athletic notes. The exchange department is very concise and to the point—indeed your paper is one of the best we have on our exchange list.

"The Bulletin," Syracuse, N. Y., is a neat little magazine, but its appearance would be greatly improved if more time were spent on its illustrations.

"The Central Luminary," K. C., Mo., is a first-class paper and its departments are handled very ably with one exception. There is one department marked "Locals & Exchanges," in which we found some very excellent locals, but could not discover the criticisms on the exchanges. The literary department is very good and the

stories, the "Duplex Key" and "Lost in a Tomb," are very well written.

Mary had just received two beautiful Maltese cats but was undecided as to their names.

"Call one Cook and one Peary," said her mother.

"O mother, they're not Polecats!"

Isn't it disgraceful the way women smoke nowadays?

Why?

I just saw an advertisement offering to any woman six puffs for a dollar.

Y. Lady—"How dare you swear before me?"

Y. Man—"Why, how was I to know you wanted to swear just then?"

"Should a fellow propose to a girl on his knees?"

"Well, if he doesn't she'd better get off."

"They say that monkeys talk. Do you believe it?"

"Why, yes," she answered, smilingly; "don't you?"

"You're the light of my heart," said Fannie as she kissed her suitor good-night, when a voice was heard from the stairway, "Fannie, put out the light."

The Modern Version.

Mother, may I go out to spin?

Yes, my darling daughter;

Spend your time in the limousine,

But don't go near the chauffeur.

"Why didn't Cicero eat beef-steak?"

"Give it up."

"Because he was opposed to everything 'in the cat-line.'"

Lives of great men all remind us

We should strive to do our best;

And departing leave behind us

Note books that will help the rest.

Why is it that people sit t h i s w a y

In the car we miss;

And in the car we finally catch,

Are crowdeduplikethis?

Can you read this? It is very simple when you know how. Try it.

EVE RYB O DYB OOST T H
ENAUTIL US B EL OY AL!!!

Fred loves to spend an hour

With pretty lady friends,

But the girls are turning sour,

For that is all he spends.

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the girl as she pulled her younger brother from under the sofa.

Auctioneer—"Going, going, gone!"

Absent-minded baldheaded gentleman (with a sigh)—"Too late for Herpicide."

Bold Freshman, in lunch room—"I have found hair in the sherbet, the honey and in the apple sauce. How do you account for it?"

Miss Sennet—"Well, the hair may have gotten into the sherbet when I shaved the ice, and that in the honey may have come from the comb; but I can't account for the hair in the apple sauce, for the apples were all Baldwins."

The Freshmen think school wondrous,
The Soph's think it a lark;

The Juniors don't know what to think—

The Seniors keep it dark.

She (at the Senior party)—"I adore the first touch of Autumn."

He—"I do, if it's not a financial touch."

Fresh—"The High School is a great human factory."

Senior—"Yes, students get canned there."

Nephew (just returned from abroad)—"This franc piece, Aunt, I got in Paris."

Aunt—"I wish you'd fetched home one of them Latin quarters they talk so much about."

Had the Pole turned out to be land,
we might have called it Poland.

May we now call it Police?

A Different Matter.

Mother (looking over her son's shoulder)—"Your spelling is perfectly terrible."

Little Son—"That isn't a spelling lesson, it's a composition."

His Honor (to prisoner)—"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

Prisoner—"You have, Your Honor; I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

His Honor—"Twenty years!"

Love's Market.

She—"Harold, do you speculate?"

Harold—"Well, I'm engaged to you."

Child—"Mamma, mamma, my piece of bread and butter has dropped on the buttered side."

Mamma (to nurse)—"Mary, I must beg that you will be more careful in the future to butter Elsie's bread on the right side."

A Preliminary Step.

"Why, in emigrating to America, have you planned to leave your youngest son behind?"

"Oh, I guess he'll follow later. He has just been appointed cashier in a Berlin bank."

Too Honest.

Mrs. Young Bride—"Mrs. Smith says there is lots of cream in her milk bottles every morning. Why is there never any in ours?"

The Milkman—"I'm too honest, lady, that's why. I fills my bottles so full there ain't never no room left for cream."

"My husband was a very high-strung person."

"Yes, I've heard he was hung on Pike's Peak."

A Literary Accident.

"Hear about Perkins? pretty tough."

"No, what?"

"The poor fellow dropped into the vernacular, bumped against a hard word and split his infinitive."

"Don't be afraid of the bacon, Mr. Perkins," said the landlady to the new lodger.

"Not at all, madam, I've seen a piece twice the size and it didn't frighten me a bit."

The Teacher: "What are revenue cutters?"

Freshie—"Sugar weighers."

A young cadet was complaining of the tight fit of his uniform. "Why, father," he declared, "the collar is pressing my Adam's apple so hard I can taste cider."

"Can you keep anything on your stomach?" the ship's doctor asked.

"No, sir," he said feebly, "nothing but my hand."

"Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening. * * * I never heard that a mathematician was alarmed for the safety of a demonstrated proposition. —Holmes.

"What did the poet mean when he said, 'the land of the free and the home of the brave?'"

"He was probably referring to the bachelors and married men," said old Mr. Smithers, sadly.

One of the members of the bishop's church met the reverend gentleman one Sunday afternoon and was horrified to find the bishop carrying a shot gun. "My dear bishop," he protested, "I am shocked to find you out shooting on Sunday; the apostles did not go shooting on Sunday." "No," replied the bishop, "they did not; the shooting was very bad in Palestine and they went fishing instead."

Little Jack Horner told how he pulled out his plum.

"I stuck my thumb in instead of putting my foot in it," he explained.

Herewith all agreed that he had the making of a politician in him.



LOCALS

EDITORS

Ethel M. Lewis

Miles O'Connell

Mr. Page—"Mr. Ungerleider, I would like to know what you intend to do about this work."

Ungerleider—"I don't know myself."

Mr. Page—"Allow me to introduce you."

Mrs. Elston (to Junior Class)—"Mr. Phillips has invited the afternoon Seniors to the morning assembly to hear Mr. Young. Why can't you pretend to be Seniors and go, too?"

Fred—"All we have to do is to show how ignorant we are."

Mildred (reading in Latin)—"Accido," (ah, kiddo!).

Harry (aside)—"Is she talking to me?"

Arthur (in Latin, as Miss Drake asked one of the boys to put down the windows and heat the room)—"Yes, make it hot for us."

Miss Drake—"All right, Arthur, translate the next passage."

Teacher—"What is that chalk doing on the floor?"

Pupil—"Lying there."

Miss Fisher (speaking of grave and acute accents)—"There is no grave beginning or grave ending."

Hazel K.—"Well, I think there is a grave ending."

Miss Drake (in Latin)—"Who were the barbarians?"

Pupil—"People from Barbary." (And she wasn't joking.)

"Well, Mike, watchur gettin'?" asked Pat.

"Five a week, if I eat myself and two a week, if they eat me," answered Mike.

Miss Van Metre was asked the other day, by a little freckled-faced Freshman, why she was unlike a bee. When she confessed ignorance on the subject she was told by this wise little man that a bee could only sting once, while she could sting more than once. —There are some 'cute Freshmen.

Teacher—"Are there more men used in war at this time with the invention of gunpowder than before this invention?"

Student—"There are more used up."

Mildred—"Is there a pencil-mark on my nose?"

Grace R.—"I don't know. Turn your nose around."

Mrs. Elston—"Did you lose your book?"

Wise Junior—"No! I can't find it."

Mr. La Motte (in Spanish class)—"How do you say in Spanish, 'the 43rd of January'?"

Enter Chester Bell, about five minutes late.

Susie McGuigan—"Oh, there's the first bell."

Mr. Burnet—"Life depends upon the liver."

Mr. Bainter—"What is the meaning of isosceles?"

Pupil—"Equal legs."

Mr. Bainter—"Then I suppose you could say 'an isosceles chicken'?"

Mr. La Motte—"The girls laugh too much on the right side?"

Miss Von Unwerth—"It is said that thin lips denote an evil character."

Marie Munz—"Gracious, the negroes must be good."

The latest fad among the boys is a small mirror which they carry with them at all times. What do they use them for? Why, so they can see who is sitting behind them in Assembly meeting. Just watch them next time and see.

Mr. Bainter (to J. Marvin)—"John, look at that half an hour, and in a minute I want you to tell me how to solve it."

Mr. Cowan (sarcastically)—"The vocal bands are little bands around the feet, which expand when you walk."

In German Club Meeting.

Marie Munz—"Now, if any of you want to offer your house, just hand it in on a piece of paper."

A well-known writer of mythology tells us that the gods wanted to punish man, so they created woman.

Prayer of a Freshman.

Now I lay me down to rest
For to-morrow's awful test;
If I die before I wake,
Thank heaven, I'll have no exams.
to take.

He—"All women are beautiful."

She—"Yes, naturally."

He—"No, artificially."

Professor—"Have you a notebook?"

Junior—"My head is my notebook."

Professor—"Oh, get out! That's a blank-book."

Freshie—"Who is the smallest man in history?"

Sophie—"I give it up."

Freshie—"Why the Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

Freshie—"Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis today?"

Junior—"Naw, I'm tired of these organ recitals."

"Got any thumb tacks?"

"No, how will finger-nails do?"

Senior—"What is the most nervous thing in the world—next to a girl?"

Bashful Freshman—"Me—next to a girl."

Please do not hand freshmen lemons. Yellow and green do not match.

Teacher—"Where do you think the Declaration of Independence was signed?"

Bright (?) Freshie—"At the bottom!"

Mrs. Elston—"Among those gathered to hear the Bunker Hill oration, were the old veterans, wearing honorable scars and missing limbs."

Miss Gilday—"What was so great about Edward III?"

Student—"His large family."

A boy turned the corner and ran smack into a young lady.

Freshie to Junior—"Where ye goin'?"

Junior—"Down to ('Meet Her') Meter."

Ode to the Bell in Room 29.

(With apologies to the teacher.)

O dusty little bell,
I love to hear you tell;
Though it is hard to say,
'Tis the end of the day.

Mr. Morse (in speaking of a drawing of a triangle)—"I could have made that much peaked."

"Ha! Ha!" said the villain, "at last I have found a way of escape." So he put on his rubbers and erased his footprints.

Mr. Kizer—"What is the most touching incident in the Vicar of Wakefield?"

Senior—"Where Mr. Burchell borrows three hundred guineas from the Vicar."

In one of Miss Jenkins' English classes, they were substituting words for some of those given in "The Alhambra." Miss Jenkins asked for another word for gallery and Harvey Taylor turned to Sadie McNamara and said, "Niggerheaven." "Not elevating, tho' high," said the teacher.

Mr. Swanson's Algebra Problem.

If "X" is very much in love

And "Y" is just the same,

And "X" will never happy be

Until he's changed "Y's" name.

If "P" does not object

And "M" on it does smile,

How long will it take "X" and "Y"

To walk the center aisle?

It seems a habit of Mr. Hout to call a certain (small) young lady "Helen Hunt." After correcting himself for this one day, he (innocently?) remarked: "Helen, I guess I'll have to change your name."

Pupil translating Latin—"He repressed his foot backward with his voice."

Minnie (disgustedly)—"Oh, that just gives me fits." (Fitz.)

Pollie—"What kind? "Burnham-Hanna-Munger's?" (Overalls.)

"When is butter like little Irish kids?"

"When it is made into pats."

Mr. Swanson (in geometry)—"Miss Aileen, you may tell us how to bisect this arc."

Aileen—"Take one-half of it."

Miss Gilday says—"Mars must be run by women. They are always having storms up there."

Lucile—"I am freezing in all my rooms."

Ruth Donnegan—"Goldsmith started home with a horse and a guinea in his pocket."

Oren Hensley (taking a test)—"A thought in the head is worth two in the book."

Edna Hollingsworth says she has an awful time keeping the chaps off her lips.

Harry K—"Mr. Gustafson, every-time I come to Lab. the acids make my throat dry. I don't like it."

Mr. Gustafson—"If that is the case, perhaps you would better bring your bottle along the next time you come."

Freshie—"Please sir, how can I get in Room 9?"

Condescending Senior—"Through the door."

"Your painting is so real it makes my mouth water."

"A sunset make your mouth water?"

"Oh, my dear, I thought it was a fried egg."

Astronomy student—"I have discovered another star, Professor."

Professor—"What's she playing in, my boy?"

Chester Bell—"I am going to search for myself but should I return during my absence I will wait for myself till I come back."

Mr. Page (to Chas. Owsley who had just drawn figure of force pump on the board)—"How is your pump going to work without a handle?"

Chas. Owsley—"It can't work on the board anyway."

To Our Vice-Principal.

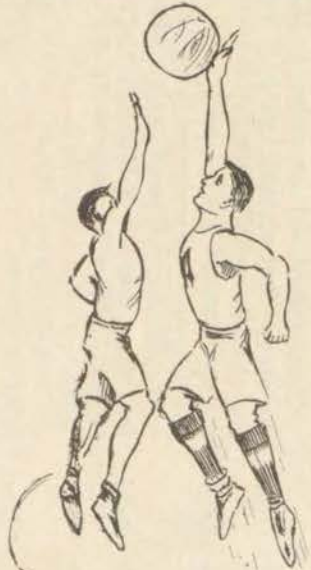
There once was a V.-P. named Bainter,

Than a lion he never was fainter;

When Miss Canny got loose,

He'd punch your excuse;

Did you ever hear anything quainter?



Koenig makes this a habit.



MOFFETT

HERE'S TO YOU.

Smith.



Didn't notice Powell's smile?



Note-It is rumored that our Harry K. is playing the piano.

Our track team at work.



Nightcap

That cheer-leader.

Mr. Riggs once remarked that he supposed all material for the Nautilus was dropped in the Local Box. You were very nearly right, Mr. Riggs. All kinds of material are dropped in the box, except Locals.

Miss Van Meter—"If you recite every day your teachers will love you and you will be on the way to ease" (E's).

Mrs. Elston—"Well, Charles?"
Chas. Davis (innocently)—
"Ma'am?"

Mrs. Elston—"I thought you raised your hand?"

Chas. Davis—"No'm, I just had it up."

Ruth McLaughlin (translating in Cicero)—"We saw everything with our ears."

Mr. Cowan—"How far is a league?"
Bright Pupil—"Three feet."

Eng. Teacher—"Henry, why didn't you begin that book in time so that you would have your book review today?"

Henry—"I did begin in time, but the book was too long."

Love's Market.

She—"Harold, do you speculate?"

Harold—"Well, I'm engaged to you."

Strong Proof.

"Sued for breach of promise, eh?"

"Yep."

"Any defense?"

"Temporary insanity, and I expect to prove it by the love letters I wrote."

Not in Evidence.

Francis' mother sent him to the butcher's the other day to find whether he had "pig's feet." Francis soon returned with the statement:

"I could not see. He had his shoes on."

So Long Ago.

Dr. Burnett—"When Bryan was first nominated for president, I was in Denver."

Leslie Tutt—"Why, were you living then?"

The fire signal had sounded and the pupils were hastening out. "Oh, there comes the f-f-fire wagon now," shouted George Zimmerman excitedly. Every one looked up the street, to see a well-known brewer's wagon rattling along. George evidently took the Indian meaning of fire.

Marshall Wiles' definition of a swain is "a pig."

Dr. Burnett (after having called on every one else in the class)—"Well, Miss McLaughlin, here's a chance for you to distinguish yourself."

Ruth—"If I tried that passage I would extinguish myself."

A bright Senior was telling of Milton's life and writings.

"Milton was married three times. Then he wrote 'Paradise Lost.' Later his last wife died. Then he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'"

Lynwood Smith—"Did you get that geometry proposition?"

Roy Brown—"Sure I got it—wrong."

"If you kiss the miss you wish to kiss,
You do not kiss a miss amiss;
But if you miss the miss you want to
kiss

And kiss the miss you want to miss
Then you kiss a miss amiss."

Little Jack Horner told how he pulled out his plum.

"I stuck my thumb in instead of putting my foot in it," he explained.

Herewith, all agreed he had the making of a politician in him.



THE POSTER WHICH WAS JUDGED AS BEST IN POSTER CONTEST

Drawn by Elberta Mohler

Miss Gilday calls William Sauer "sweet William."

Leota Leritz wants to know how Henry VII happened to be a tutor. (Tudor.)

Mr. Kizer (reading about a face wash)—"Mr. Wiles, what do you suppose it was for?"

Marshall—"I don't know. To take out the wrinkles, I guess."

A description of a wedding was being translated. One of the boys could not think of a noun expressing the young woman's feeling.

"Ecstasy," prompted Rebecca B.

"How did you ever think of it?" she was asked.

"Oh, I just put myself in her place," Rebecca replied.

Careful Youth—Do you know that chocolates are frightfully bad for the digestion? Why, I was reading in the papers to-night about a girl that died of eating too many.

His Fair Companion (flippantly)—Well, if that girl had been a friend of yours, she would have been living yet.

A gay and distinguished young aeronaut,

Whose airship was shaped like a narrow yacht,

Said: "I now will ascend,

But the rest will depend

Upon whether I have the air or not."

A knock was heard at the Golden Gate.

"Who's there?" asked St. Peter.

"A Manual Student," was the reply.

"Did you ever flunk?" asked St. Peter, opening the gate a little.

"Nope," said the student.

At this the gate opened a little more.

"Attend all your Class Meetings?"

"Betcher life," came the answer.

"Did you subscribe for the Nautilus?" and the gate open a little more.

"Yep," was the reply.

"I guess you'll do—but wait a minute. Did you ever drop any locals in the Local Box?"

"I don't believe I did," came the mournful reply.

"Going down," exclaimed St. Peter, as he rang for the patrol.

President (in I O N meeting)—"Have we any more business, gentlemen?"

Blauw—"Yes, I'm a business gentleman."

Some Pickings from the Cross Country.

"Our Broom Ball Fiend," as Dr. Hall calls Lee Roy Maxwell, was among the first ones into Dodson. That is, he rode in in the buggy with Mr. Hall.

Some one asked a store keeper in Dodson for a football, and he asked what it was.

Don't every body laugh at once, but they really did serve the dinner to the hikers with a spoon. The spoon of course was to eat with.

A farmer brought some corn to Dodson, but he left with much less than when he came in. We will not suppose that any of our boys took his corn, but there was a lot of it on the ground!

Coming next year. What? Why of course it is coming. No, we don't mean next year is coming, but another cross country.

Mr. Page (in physics)—"The next lesson will be on light. We will have some light lessons now."

Mr. Peters (talking about nocturnal animals)—"And the raccoons aren't the only kind of coons that go out to steal chickens at night."

Ida C.—"A monastery is a place for men, governed by an abbot, and a nunnery is a place for women, governed by an abcess" (abess).

Miss Stella—"What other insect besides the spider belongs to this group?"

Smart Freshman—"The elephant."

The library needed books badly—
Miss Eveland appealed to us sadly.
Then up rose full twenty,
With dimes full aplenty,
And filled up the library gladly.

Mother—Where are you going
John?

John—To fetch some water.

Mother—Not in those clothes?

John—No, in this bucket.

Mr. Swanson (to pupil in 2^d
Geom.)—"What would you call a
polygon?"

Pupil—(Correct definition should
be inserted here.)

Mr. Swanson—"Well, now, I would
call one a lost parrot."

Little words of Latin,
Little words to scan
Make a mighty Vigil
And a crazy man.

Pollie—"Clarence Falls raises
marshmallows in his cellar."

"How many were there?"
"Ten, and Miss Gilday—that's
twelve."

Mr. Dodd—"Why, Elizabeth, never
mind, you are not the first girl who
made that mistake, or the first boy
either."

Miss Gilday (speaking to the class)
—"Do you think we can finish with
Edward II?"

Student—"He died on the next
page."

It was the last day before the Xmas
holidays, and the boys in the "gym."
were preparing to take a bath. "Take
a good one, boys," remarked Dr. Hall,
"you won't get another for two weeks."
The idea!

Lady—"I gave you a piece of pie
last week, and you have been sending
your friends here ever since."

Tramp—"You're mistaken, lady;
them was my enemies."—Ex.

"Do you think any one could come
between us, dear?" he said.

(Little boy under couch)—"They'd
have to be pretty slim."—Ex.

Teacher—"What are the brace,
brackets and parentheses called?"

Freshman—"Signs of aggravation."
—Ex.

M. Eldred—"May I get a drink?"
Mr. Cowan—"Got the price?"

Miss Gilday—"Earl, what do you do
in room 33?"

Earl M.—"We have a holiday."

"Father, can you tell me who Shy-
lock was?"

"What!" exclaimed the father, "you
ask me who Shylock was? Shame on
you, boy! Get your Bible and find out
at once."—Ex.

Freshman (to a Senior)—"What is
a periphorasis?"

Senior—"My ignorant friend, it is
simply a circumlocutory and pleonas-
tic cycle of oratorical sonorosity cir-
cumscribing an atom of ideality, lost
in verbal profundity."

Freshman—"Thank you, sir."

HOW TRUE.

"We always laugh at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be,
'Tis not because they're funny,
But because it's policy."

When all my thoughts are thunk,
When all my winks are wunk,
What saves me from an awful flunk?
My Pony.

Professor—"Are you asleep?" "Why
don't you answer me?"

Student—"I don't talk in my sleep."

He failed in German, flunked in Chem.;
They heard him softly hiss,
"I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

Satisfying Her.

A Modern Maid—"Am I the first
girl you ever loved?"

Modern Youth—"I cannot tell a lie.
You are not. You are simply the best
of the bunch."

THE word is going 'round, all right. Chaps who demand the snappy, smart clothes are rapidly finding their way to

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Mr. La Motte—"Translate into Spanish: 'One does not yawn in class,'—which is absolutely true, for there are many who yawn in this class."

One of Mrs. Elston's syllogisms:
"All fish can swim;
Charles can swim;
Therefore, Charles is a sucker!"



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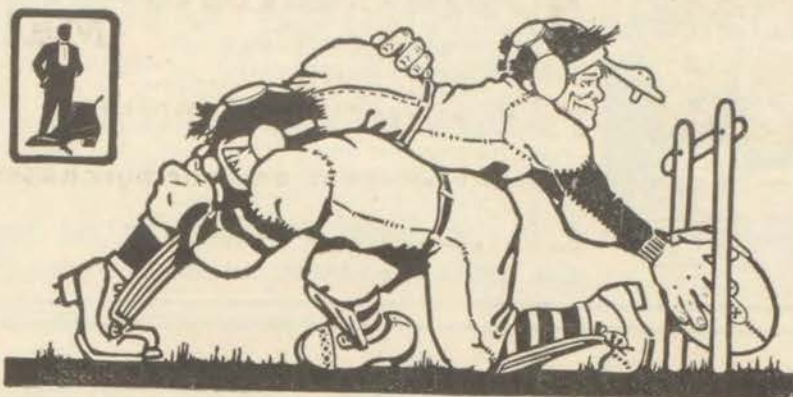


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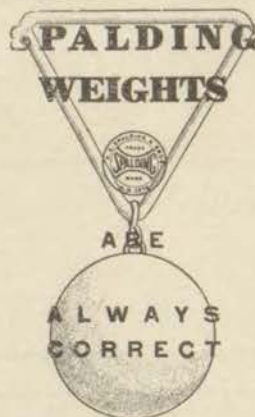
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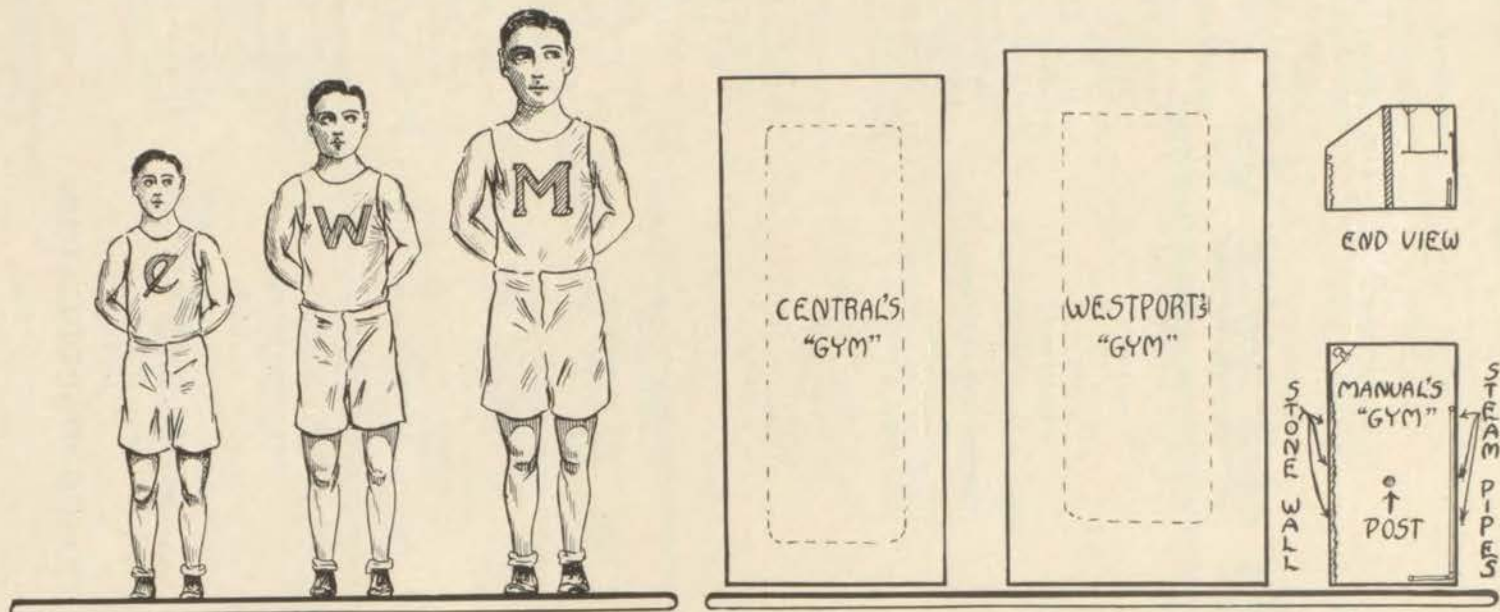
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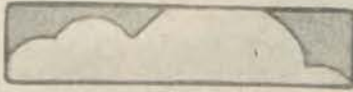


TOTAL ENROLLMENTS		
CENTRAL	WESTPORT	MANUAL
1,339	1,500	1,700

GYMNASIUMS		
CENTRAL	WESTPORT	MANUAL
42 FT. x 98 FT.	50 FT. x 100 FT.	24 FT. x 46 FT.
RUNNING TRACKS ABOVE FLOORS.		NO TRACK.

JNO. D. SMITH

THE NAUTILUS



Build thee more stately mansions,
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. XIII. No. 3.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

March, 1910

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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.

All hands at work! We are already in the midst of a hot campaign for material to make the

Our Annual

Annual the "best ever." We need everything we can get and we are going to get everything we need. Will you help? Stories, essays, scientific articles, cartoons, illustrations of all kinds, and cover designs. Remember, O ye artists, that twenty dollars awaits the most skillful maker of a cover design—provided he works according to directions and hands his work in on time. But do not let this enormous "fortune-to-be" dazzle your eyes to such an extent that you can do nothing else. Make other illustrations. They do wonders in giving tone and distinction to a paper, and besides, young hopefuls, it is your first step toward fame and renown.

The intellectual prodigy has also his duty to perform. Articles are required on all subjects, from pretzels to stage-coaches. Poems, too, are very acceptable, and, as a special encouragement for the poet in embryo, we are willing to listen to these second Longfellows read their productions. We shall maintain a solemn dignity throughout the ordeal and applaud at the right time in strict accordance with previous instruction.

When all is said and done, the Annual Nautilus will issue forth in her

glory and be copied throughout the land (at thirty-five cents per copy). June 6th is the date set for its first appearance. Tickets will be sold, as usual, in advance, and copies will be limited according to the number of tickets sold. This is probably hint sufficient and if you are truly "the wise" you will not need "the word."

The natural modesty of our school keeps us from shouting the praises of our students, but sometimes these young folk become so mischievous as to do that which is really a credit to them. It makes us blush to even think of it. Not long since, we were forced to assume this crimson hue three separate and distinct times. The causes of this seemingly ill-mannered conduct were Julia Mathews, Ethel Lewis and Edward Wright. Think of it! (Please oblige us by thinking of it). Out of the six best essays handed in for the Sons of the American Revolution Contest, Manual had three. Julia received the silver medal, while Ethel and Edward each carried off an honorable mention.

Of course, let us be joyful and happy now that we have won these prizes, but just consider—this is an exceedingly poor showing for Manual. Our school has just as good students and essay writers as any other school. We consider them better. But they must work to win prizes. Next year we must win the gold and bronze medals also. Class of 1911, it is up to you! Just as soon as the subject is announced for the coming contest, start working and keep it up during the summer. That is the way to win. Now, do it!

Meanwhile, let us facilitate with our three victorious representatives, not only for receiving the enviable trophies for their good work, but for being entertained so royally as honored guests at the formal banquet board of the Missouri Chapter of the Sons of the Revolution. Our representatives will never be honored by more dignified, particular, ceremonious hosts

than they were the evening of Feb. 22nd, at the Baltimore Hotel.

We regret exceedingly to announce the departure of Miss Mary Fisher, our honored teacher, who taught in Manual since 1897. Miss Fisher has accepted a position in a St. Louis high school, although it was directly contrary to the orders of her pupils. It is certainly grievous to lose so splendid a woman and teacher from Manual's faculty, and the student body keenly feels this loss. However, the students heartily wish Miss Fisher success and prosperity wherever she is.

Manual is fortunate in securing such a worthy and promising successor to Miss Fisher as Mr. Radke, who is a graduate of Heidelberg University, Germany. Mr. Radke has for the past two years been teaching in the Kansas City, Kansas, High School.

We welcome him to Manual and wish him success in helping to maintain the reputation of the foreign language department of our school.

Through the work of the German Club and Miss von Unwerth, its sponsor, a German Glee Club has been organized. For some weeks past sounds

of various sizes and girths have issued from Room 10 on Tuesday afternoons. Now that the club is formed, we anticipate a continuance of this performance only on a higher scale. The club is organized to promote the training of the voice along with the teaching of the German Folk songs. All students taking German are eligible for membership. On February 8th a meeting was held, during which the following officers were elected:

President Fred Hinkle
 Secretary Eileen Burkhart
 Treasurer Charles Davis
 Librarian George Zimmerman
 Sergeant-at-Arms Ruth Ziegler

The Nautilus wishes success to the

new "Verein," and joins the members in a "Hoch soll er leben."

My, but there was some fierce fighting—real out and out "wrangling"—

**I O N
Debating
Victory.**

but it was done in a most genteel manner.

A genuine debate was held on March 3rd between the I O N's and the Debaters. The subject was, "Resolved, That Cities of More Than One Hundred Thousand Inhabitants Should Own and Operate Their Water, Light and Street Railway Systems." The I O N's had the affirmative, and were represented by Randal Dorton, Ralph Perry and Joseph E. Johnston. The Debaters had the negative, and their representatives were Russell Richards, Edward C. Wright and Arthur C. Perry. The arguments were all well presented and forcibly delivered. The judges awarded the victory to the I O N's.

On February 17th, the Girl's Athletic Association gave their annual assembly hall program in the form of

**G. A. A.
Open Session.**

a series of artistic dances. The young ladies certainly convinced the assembled multitude of their ability to trip the light fantastic, and succeeded in their endeavor to entertain.

Manual seems to be well represented everywhere. Somehow or other, our pupils manage

**Another
Prize.**

to carry off the honors. Just recently, Celia E. Henderson

was awarded a cash prize of \$35 by the Kyle Republican Club for handing in the best essay on the subject "Why Judge Kyle Should Be Kansas City's Next Mayor." Of course, her article did not elect Mr. Kyle, but nevertheless it was the best essay in a contest of high school pupils and Celia received the thirty-five dollars.

Our school lost a most valuable student by the death of Harl Bartlett.

**Death of
Harl Bartlett.**

He was a boy of excellent attainments, his excellent work in his classes, evidenced his strong mentality; his ability to entertain made him well liked socially; and he demonstrated continually his love for and his loyalty to the school. He was proficient along scientific lines and his untimely death probably blighted a remarkable career.

A fellow Edisonian, Emmet Russell, has written the accompanying and fitting tribute to his memory.

IN MEMORIAM.

Harl Bartlett and His Father.

The leaves of autumn all must fall,
Or at the wind's touch,
Or plucked by an untimely hand,
Walk softly in the forest temple
Where the wind of winter plays upon
 their heartstrings
As upon a violin.
In sunset glory though the autumn
 leaf must fall,
Yet, why, O why, should these, the
 first buds of the spring
Fall while their full beauty still con-
 cealed in promise lay?
The law of nature still will have it so,
The God of nature still will let it be—
Thy will be done!

Each year Washington University of St. Louis offers four \$600 scholarships to high school

**Washington
University
Scholarship.**

seniors of Missouri. The scholarships present \$600 in cash to the four boys or girls

who pass certain examinations with the highest averages. The scholarships are good in the college as well as the engineering school.

Last year Manual won three out of the four scholarships. This year we should win four. The dates for this year's examinations are April 22 and 23. Get the specifications from the office and start your reviewing at once. Maintain Manual's high standard.

A list of those students who have helped the Nautilus by securing for

	her an advertisement.
Honor	Edna Dunn.
Roll.	Renetta Schweizer.
	Wilbur Collins.
	Gertrude Sauer.

The call for good books for Manual's library is beginning to bear rich fruit as shown by the following "Honor List" of names of donors and their book gifts.

Our Library.

The Loyal Ones of Manual.

*Marie McDonnell.
 *William Green.
 *Julietta Humbrock.
 *Edward Wright.
 *Emmet Russell.
 *Marion Barlow.
 *Sadie McNamara.
 *Gladys Gaylord.
 Arthur Perry.
 Minnie Eldred.
 Frances Edwards.
 Cora Randolph.
 William Green.
 Marshal Wiles.
 Lloyd Davis.
 Harry Kanatzar.
 William Sauer.
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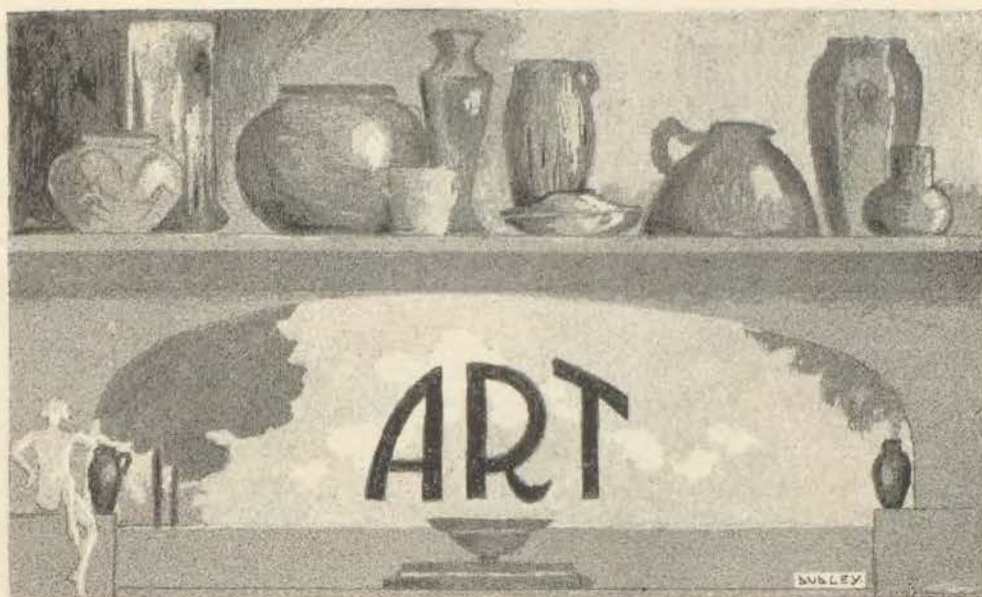
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 Colonel Hanes.
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 Buford Williams.
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 Anna Murphy.
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 Ralph Powell.
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 Ruth Minters.
 Lester Strother.
 Helen Foreman.
 Tracy Egbert.
 Paul Boothe.
 Myra Johnston.
 Phil Hammil.
 Leland Canine.
 Donald Wing.
 *Miss Gallagher.

*Means sole donor of one or more books.

Books Donated.

"Representative Men."
 "Call of the Wild."
 "Vanity Fair."
 "Tom Brown's School Days."
 "Die Jungfrau von Orleans."
 "Adam Bede."
 "Triumphs and Wonders of the XIX Century."
 "Black Beauty."
 "Christopher Columbus."
 "Life of Grover Cleveland."
 "Black Beauty."
 "Kenilworth."
 Shelley's "Poems."
 "The Mill on the Floss."
 Wordsworth's "Poems."
 Keat's "Poems."
 "Elsie Venner."
 Browning's "Poems."
 "Silas Marner."
 "Pepy's Diary."
 "Daniel Deronda."





EDITOR

Russell Dudley

EDWIN A. ABBEY.

It was recently stated by a New York critic that the American people dearly love to be astonished. This is especially true of music and art. The masses go into ecstasies over the high E of a Tetrizzini or rave about the ideal American girl as depicted by a Harrison Fisher. However, there are more profound artists, whose work will survive mere popularity of the hour, and prominent among these is Edwin A. Abbey, the distinguished American painter.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1852. Roswell Abbey, his grandfather, was a merchant, an inventor of type foundry appliances, and in fact an adept in almost any line of commerce, and for his own pleasure a worker in water colors. He was of a decidedly artistic temperament and used to spend hours before his easel. His son, Wm. M. Abbey, earned his livelihood as a merchant and was a prosperous one at that, in Philadelphia, when that city scarcely extended above Broad street. Like his father, he found his recreation largely in the sketch book and the brush.

Edwin Abbey began manifesting the artistic traits of his father and grandfather almost from the cradle.

When barely four years of age he began making pencil drawings that attracted more than passing attention, on the fly leaves and margins of books. A few years later he divided his time between baseball and littering up the house with sketches of the family, his home, and his playmates. His early training was received at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where he remained for about two years, after which, at the age of nineteen, he went to New York and at once became one of the most promising members of the art staff of Harper's.

His first great opportunity came in 1878 when he was commissioned to illustrate some of the poems of Herrick, and, in search of material, visited England, which proved the stepping-stone to his success. The base of his temperament had always been toward the past, and his visits to Stratford-on-Avon and other parts of rural England, together with the ripening of his early love for Elizabethan literature, naturally drew him to the work which has since made him famous.

Since 1880, he has lived mainly in England and yet, despite these thirty years spent on foreign soil, he is still

thoroughly American, both in speech and in action. "I came to England," he says, "because in the special line of work which I had taken up I could not find the material at home. If I had been a landscape painter, perhaps I should have done as well or better in the United States. It is very interesting work trying to restore the people and manners of a certain time. But to do it you must have all the material that you can procure in its natural form. And you must have the entourage. Why, in Shakespeare's country, you can find to-day men who talk just as Touchstone did. Not around Stratford, perhaps. They are becoming self-conscious there. The tourist is spoiling them. But there are parts of England still remote from the line of travel, where you can find the simplicity and many of the customs of centuries ago."

He believes that a picture of bygone manners should be treated as an artist of its own period might have treated it. It is undoubtedly his faculty for borrowing the habit of mind, as well as of manner, of the past that gives a special distinction to his work. As a draftsman he has always had the feeling of a colorist. His imagination is distinguished by an aptitude for grasping the thought of another, reclothing it with actuality, setting it in its appropriate environment and making it breathe again with the spirit of its time. From the first he has shown an ability to create from within himself an environment for his conceptions.

All his work is characterized by an original, personal touch that is a welcome contribution to American art. No matter what he paints, American energy is his chief trait and he has not lost it in the mediaeval dreamland where his art is centered. Above all things he hates anachronisms. His costumes and settings are always absolutely correct. For this purpose, he has gathered one of the best collections of armor and dress in England. Few living men to-day are better informed about manners and customs of bygone times, especially of mediaeval days.

Mr. Abbey's most noted work has been in water colors and in black and white, though he has accomplished much in the broader field of oils. Of late years he has devoted himself mainly to historical or semi-historical subjects. He has been especially successful in his reproduction of scenes from Shakespeare, for which his rich fancy, his exceptional coloristic gifts, his whole training and development have peculiarly qualified him.

His first great painting, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, in 1896, and was pronounced the picture of the year, was "Richard, Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne." In 1901 he received the commission to paint the coronation picture for King Edward, and the result is one of the finest canvases ever produced for the commemoration of such an event. Perhaps his best efforts were put forth on "The Quest of the Holy Grail," a series of fifteen paintings, which decorate the Delivery Room of the Boston Library. Eleven years were spent on the paintings before they finally reached completion and they embody some of his best characterizations.

Mr. Abbey is one of the few Americans to be elected a member of the Royal Academy of London. He is also a member of the Royal Institute of London, is an honorary M. A. at Yale, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. His home is in London, but on account of the many social duties which cannot be avoided in a large city, he does most of his work in Chelsea, the little town made famous by memories of George Eliot, Carlyle and Rossetti. "Chelsea Lodge," where the artist has all the necessary settings for his work, adjoins a house in which the poet Shelley once had an amateur theater. The home of James McNeal Whistler is directly opposite, adjoining which is the studio of John S. Sargent.

Note: A copy of the ninth panel in the "Quest of the Holy Grail" series hangs in Manual's assembly hall.



L I T E R A T U R E

EDITORS

Ruth Paxton

Arthur C. Perry

THE MINIATURE.

W. Chester Bell, '10.

The snow had fallen heavily all day and as the stage climbed the last steep grade upon the trail to "Hallway" snow had piled up to the hubs of the rear wheels. But Hallway had an inn or what went by the name of inn in those days and the four men within the stage brightened at the prospect of warmth and good cheer within.

It was dusk as the driver pulled his six to a willing halt and clambered stiffly from his cold perch. The four passengers gathered their belongings together and hurried into the rough frontier public house. As the door swung open a song came from the darkness within, accompanied by the notes of a banjo.

"Adieu, adieu, we speak it oft

With a tear or perhaps with a sigh,
But the heart feels most when the
lips move not

And the eyes speak a gentle good
by."

At the first note, one of the passengers halted and remained standing and alert during the song. When the last sad notes trailed off into silence, he murmured "I haven't heard that since that night."

"What's that, Fred?" asked another of the quartet.

"Oh! I'll tell you sometime" replied Fred, and the matter was dropped.

Later that evening they sat with the host and one or two other guests before a roaring fire on a hearth. By this time, they were all very friendly, and as generally the case in such instances began telling stories.

"Say, Fred, tell us that story, now, about the song 'Good by,' won't you?"

"Well, there isn't much to tell, and besides it's a yarn about the war, and you wouldn't want to hear—"

"Just try us," they all broke in.

"Well, it was along about October of '63, I think, I was sent out to do a little spying on the 'Rebs.' I was quite an old hand at the business by that time, and carried a 'Reb' suit along with me—I used one very much. Well, this time we were close onto them, when I was given orders to learn all about their position and numbers. So I got into my suit, put on an old gray slouch hat, and started out cheerfully. I had come through whole so often, it had lost its spice of danger. I can remember the time as well as if it were yesterday.

"The moon was as bright as a harvest moon can be, but in the swamp which I had to cross, it was pretty dark. Thinking I was about five miles from the nearest picket, I began to sing. The moon was so bright and everything was so still, I naturally thought of home and leaving 'the girl' etc.; so I sang the song of my mother's about 'that sweet old word good by.'

"I had just finished when a soft, drawling voice at my elbow, startled me.

"'Pahdnuh, that was good, would yuh mind singing it again?'

"There at my side was a Rebel, with a bayonet across his shoulder, and pistol at his side. I did some rapid thinking. If he knew I was a Yankee, it would be sure death. As I had on a gray suit, I concluded to let on as if I had known he was there all the time. Singing the song though again, I turned to speak to him. Tears glistened in his eyes.

"Swallowing hard, he said: 'Mistah, I know you're a Unionah, 'cause no Southenah can sing with such a New Hampshire accent as you. But Mistah, I couldn't take you to have you shot, after that song—can't you give

me something to remember it by?'

"Well I was about scared to death, as I didn't know I had gone so far into their lines. So I jerked from about my neck a little miniature of my mother, and handed it to him. He thrust it into his pocket, then gripping my hand hard, he gave me instructions as to the best way to retreat. Then we parted.

"I haven't seen that man since, nor heard that song, and it's been about twenty years. I don't reckon I ever will see the man, and I wouldn't know him, if I did."

They all sat silent after the recital of the story. Then out of a shadow near the fire place, a rough though prosperous looking man arose. He pulled from his pocket a small object and handed it to Fred.

"Pahdnuh, is this your picture?—Then shake and let's you and I sing that song together."

"And the eyes speak a gentle good
by, good-by,
And the eyes speak a gentle good
by, good by,
For the heart feels most when the
lips move not
And the eyes speak a gentle good
by."

LINCOLN.

Emmet Russell, '10.

Out of the soil of the forest,
Into the world of light,
Into the heat of the conflict,
Into the battle of Right—
Out of the forest seclusion
Came Nature's hero at last.
The "Man of the Hour," they call
him—
Man of all time is he!
Into the breach in the rampart
Cast he his life and his years,
Leaving his body a stone there—
This Lincoln a nation reveres!

EARLY GERMAN HISTORY.

Julia Eaton, '11.

In the days when Rome was obedient to the voice of the Caesars, the Teutons inhabited almost the same territory that they now do. On the south and on the west, their country was bounded by the Rhine and the Danube; on the north, by the Baltic and the Black seas. For the most part, this region was covered with dense, almost impenetrable forests, through which buffaloes, bisons, bears, and other ferocious animals roamed at will.

With such surroundings, it was only natural that these people were of a roving, nomadic disposition, and spent most of their time in the chase and on the battle field. In fact, fighting was considered a great virtue with them, all covenants and pledges being sealed upon their weapons of war.

As to their fighting ability, the early Germans were unsurpassed, even in that age of savage warriors, in the use of the cross-bow and of the battle-ax. Even the all-conquering Romans, who had bowed the heads of the mighty under their stern yoke, were unable to overcome the indomitable will of these fair-haired, blue-eyed huntsmen of the North.

The Germans had two forms of government, the regal and the republican. In the regal form, the leaders were known as kings; in the republican, as chiefs. Very little power, however, was attached to these offices, for the Germans were always a freedom-loving, democratic people. On matters of minor importance, the kings and chiefs met, but, for all important matters, general councils were held. These assemblies usually convened in the open at night. The priests, who were the chairmen on such occasions, called the meetings to order. Then the speakers were heard in the order of their rank.

Was it any wonder then, that all Rome was terror-stricken when a vast horde of these barbarians, led by Alaric, came pouring out from the forests and morasses of Germany? Like a great fire, they swept over Thrace and Greece, leaving ruin and desolation behind. Sweeping on, they crossed the

Julian Alps and spread terror throughout all Italy. Gathering a great army, Stilicho, the renowned Roman general, made an attack at a favorable moment and inflicted a terrible defeat upon the savages. Alaric, with his scattered army, forced a pass over the Alps and escaped.

While Rome was yet celebrating her triumph over the Goths, other tribes beyond the Danube, driven onward by the Huns, a monstrous race of fierce, nomadic horsemen from the vast steppes of Asia, poured in impetuous streams from the forests and morasses of Germany. Once more, Italy was destined to be the scene of conflict between Roman and barbarian. This invasion created greater consternation than the preceding one had, for Alaric had been a Christian, while the leader of the new hordes sacrificed captives to his pagan gods. With great efforts, an army was equipped and placed under the command of Stilicho. Meanwhile, the Teutons had advanced as far as Florence. Here the Romans surrounded the mighty mass of three hundred thousand men and starved them into a surrender.

Soon after this second triumph over the Germans, Stilicho was executed by the Emperor Honorius, who had become jealous of his growing power. The weak ruler then provoked to revolt the Gothic mercenaries in his army by massacring their wives and children. The Goths behind the Danube, joined with their kinsmen to avenge the perfidious act. Alaric again crossed the mountains and led his army to the very gates of Rome.

Surrounding the city, he cut off the food supply. Consequently, famine soon forced the Romans to sue for terms of surrender. At length, the barbarian chieftain named the ransom which he would accept and spare the city. But this was so great that the Romans were forced to strip their gods of their gold and precious ornaments to raise the desired amount. Finally, they had to melt the gods themselves. But Rome was not yet safe, for Alaric soon

demanding lands for his followers. Honorius refused this demand. Thereupon, the Goths turned upon the city, sacking, plundering, and murdering.

During the forty years following the sack of Rome by Alaric, the Germanic tribes were gradually gaining control of the greater part of the Empire, and forming what are known as the Barbarian Kingdoms. After the death of Alaric, the Gothic tribes, under a new leader, recrossed the Alps and established in Southern Gaul, now known as France, and Northern Spain what is called the Visigoth Kingdom.

While the Goths were making these migrations and settlements, a kindred, but less civilized tribe, the Vandals, traversed Gaul and crossed the Pyrenees into Spain. Here they occupied for a time a large tract of land, which in its present name of Andalusia still preserves the memory of its barbarian conquerors. Then they crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, overturned Roman authority in Northern Africa and set up a short-lived, but much-dreaded, corsair empire.

About the same time, the Burgundians who, like the Vandals, were close kin of the Goths, partly by negotiations with the Romans and partly by force of arms, established themselves in Southern Gaul. Here was laid the basis of the Burgundian Kingdom. A German settlers, still retains from them the name of Burgundy.

Meanwhile, the Franks, increasing in numbers and authority, were laying the foundation of the kingdom of the Franks. This was the basis of the French kingdom of to-day.

But the most important settlement was being made in remote Britain. In his efforts to defend Italy against the invaders, Stilicho had been forced to withdraw the Roman legions from that island. Thus the Hadrian wall in the north was left unguarded. The Britons were now left to the mercy of their still savage kinsmen, the Picts and the Scots, whom the Romans had been unable to conquer. In their despair, they invited the Angles and Saxons from the shores of the North Sea, to come over and help them. These Teutonic tribes came and drove back the invaders. But, being pleased with the soil and climate of the island, they took possession of the country for themselves, and became the ancestors of the English people.

The destruction of the Roman Empire in the West, by the German barbarians, is one of the most momentous events in history. It marks a turning point in the fortunes of mankind, for it brought in the so-called Dark Ages. During this period, the new race was slowly lifting itself to that level of culture, which the Greeks and Romans had attained. But the revolution meant much besides disaster and loss. It meant the enrichment of civilization through the incoming of a new and splendidly endowed race. Within Europe, for centuries, the three most vital elements of civilization, Greek, Roman, and Christian, had been gradually blended. Now was added the fourth factor, the Germanic, which has had much to do in making modern civilization richer and more progressive than any preceding one.

"MONSIEUR LE MAITRE."

Willa Cloys, '11.

"No! no, mademoiselles! pardon, but it ees not right! I will not stand it! I—I—er bien, continuez mademoiselles." and the little professor clasped his nervous fingers with a despairing sigh. But for once the ceaseless chatter stopped. The girls looked up, surprised into awed silence. For almost a minute they were still; then a startled giggle broke the spell, and the gos-

siping continued the same as usual. For eleven long years Monsieur Beau-liure had taught French to the young ladies at the Misses Presy's finishing school. This was as near as he had ever come, during those eleven long years, to losing his temper. Indeed, the name Monsieur Beau-liure had become a synonym for uncomplaining meekness. And even now, so quickly had

he fallen back into the gentle, apologetic manner, that those few who gave the incident a second thought, half doubted that they had heard aright.

One can change a great deal in eleven years. The younger Miss Presy sometimes recalled the bright young Frenchman who came to teach "for a year" at the school. He was the subject of much speculation between the two sisters, but he never took them into his confidence, and they felt a certain constraint at questioning. So they watched and wondered, and the year lengthened into several. At intervals of six months a bulky letter bearing a French postmark would come addressed to Monsieur Pierre Beauliure in a fine, quaint hand. Then for days there would be a light in his eyes, a clear ring in his voice, and a firmness in his step. But as the years passed on, his step lacked its firmness, the ring in his voice died away, and the light in his eyes changed to hopeless longing. Miss Jane's tender heart yearned towards the lonely little man, but his very loneliness seemed to forbid all sympathy.

One day in early summer, a boy from the village delivered a large, interesting-looking envelope to Miss Presy. The imposing appearance of an attorney's name in the upper left-hand corner so excited the youth's curiosity that he ardently wished for an invitation to stop and rest a while; but it being far from the good spinster's rule to encourage idleness, the door was abruptly shut in his inquisitive face. The letter was then religiously shelved until after the day's duties had been performed. You may say that these staid maidens have not their share of womanly curiosity, that they are what Mr. Pickwick would have called "unnatural females"; but the fact is, more than once Miss Jane brought back her mind with a jerk from excursions to that pigeon-hole, and for some reason or other Miss Mary felt called upon to visit the desk a great number of times during the day. School at last dismissed, both, with one accord, made a dignified rush for the envelope.

"Why, it's—it's—" faltered Miss Jane after they had puzzled industriously over the contents for some

time. "It's a legal document!" finished Miss Presy, the wise. But for all Miss Presy's wisdom they could make nothing of it. To be sure, here and there, such phrases as "heirs apparent," "the late deceased," or "aforesaid property" ogled at them with a patronizing familiarity; but as for the rest—well they concluded to send for the village lawyer. That great dignitary puffed and preambled and finally translated. A certain distant relative who owned considerable town property in the north of France, had died, leaving no nearer heirs than the two New England school dames. So far so good; but it seemed that before they could get possession of the property, one of them must be a resident of the French town for a certain length of time. Indignation reigned at such a preposterous law, but finally, after a week of excited hustle and bustle and endless advices from Monsieur Beauliure, Miss Presy started on her long journey to qualify.

Some weeks later Miss Presy wrote as follows from her lodgings in Honfleur:

"My dear sister:

"You may be thankful that your place, as the younger member of the family, was at home. Still, life would not be so intolerable here were it not for these heathen foreigners and their jargon. The town is a queer, old, sea-port village, a very pretty place with its tile-roofed, white-washed houses, and wharves lined with funny little sail boats; but go where you will, there is always that jiller-jabber pouring into your tired ears. Were it not for Mademoiselle Veillers, of whom I spoke in my last letter, I think sometimes I should be coming back home. She is a small, little woman with a pathetic romance in her life.

"When she was a girl she loved a young student and they were to be married. But he was a younger son and portionless, so she promised to wait while he went to America and made his fortune. They worked and saved, but the little pile didn't grow very fast. Somewhere in our country her student is working still, and still she waits. But I am going to bring her home with me and will try to find him.

I have made arrangements for the return passage; and the 18th of November, if the weather is favorable, we shall be back again.

"Sincerely your sister,
"Mary."

The 18th of November shone bright for every one at the prim little school. Miss Jane was up before daylight, giving a twitch here, a pat there, going over the house once more to see that everything was just right for her sister's return. As she skipped from room to room she lifted up her clear, quavering voice in little bursts of joy and thanksgiving for the lonely little stranger coming to them. Her sentimental heart ached for the little stranger's trials, and when the travelers

arrived she took her in her arms and shed a few more tears. But the sun shone warm, the late birds sang, and every one was happy that day.

No, not every one, for the tempest still raged in Monsieur Beauliure's heart after he went to his room that morning. It was too much! The young ladies were very rude—no, he would not stand it! Miss Mary was back now, he would go to the study and insist upon discipline—she would see that it was enforced. Yes, he would go at once. He burst into the room where the three ladies were, his eloquent protest on the end of his tongue; but it was never heard. "Marie! Ma chere Marie!" "Pierre!" and the rest was smothered.

COEUR D'ALENE.

Emmet Russell, '10.

In the shadow of the mountains,
In a vale of Idaho,
Where the golden sun of summer
Lights the fields and orchards green;
There, the crystal half of Nature,
Lies the lake Coeur d'Alene.

In the water lie the foothills
Lovelier than on the land,
Sunny islands duplicated,
Sky of misty fleece reflected;
Then, Earth's master-work of ages,
Nature's grandest symphony,
Formed by giant force, and molded
By the Master-BUILDER, TIME,
Rise the mountains from the margin,
From the marge of Coeur d'Alene.
And above their clouded summits,
Far above their purple domes,
Painting all the earth with radiance,
Crown of gold upon the mountains,
Path of silver on the lake,
Walks the sun.

O, where in Nature
Is there such a sight as this?
Meadows green, and mountains purple,
Fleecy clouds, and golden sun,
Mirror lake with path of silver,
Spell of August over all,
O'er the mystic Coeur d'Alene,
In the shadow of the mountains,
In a vale of Idaho.



MUSIC AND ELOCUTION

EDITOR

Paulena Schweizer

MOSES BOGUSLAWSKI.

Elizabeth Plunkett, '11.

Moses Boguslawski, Kansas City's Russian pianist, was born in Kiew, Russia, of a very musical family. His mother was passionately fond of music and his father was a musician in the Russian army.

Upon one of the Jewish holidays, the Jewish soldiers were allowed furlough for a few days to spend with their families. Mr. Boguslawski's father, who rose to sergeant in the army, was given a charge of five soldiers who deserted him, and he was also obliged to desert. During the same year a great "pogrom" (massacre) occurred and the whole family was obliged to flee to America.

After arriving in America, the family drifted South, where colonization was carried on for the Russian immigrants. Finally they went to Chicago, where their struggles, those of maintenance, commenced.

Boguslawski's education for the piano was first started when a mere child, by a German professor. As a young lad, he was obliged to play the double bass with his father at wed-

dings. Often, having returned home, he would sit down to practice at midnight and continue until the wee hours in the morning. This kind of life continued for a number of years.

At length, in 1901, Galrilowitsch heard Boguslawski play, and he advised Ganz as his future guide. Ganz became greatly interested in Mr. Boguslawski; and after some years of hard, conscientious work and study, Boguslawski made many tours and concert appearances in the States.

Boguslawski enjoys the close friendship of America's foremost critic and teacher, Glenn Dillard Gunn, and it is this man who has done much toward the guidance of this most highly accomplished Russian pianist.

Mr. Boguslawski is now supervisor of the piano department in the Kansas City Conservatory of Music and Art, and he is one of the leading pianists living in America to-day. His young brother is a violinist of unusual attainments, and so is Mrs. Boguslawski, who is also a very gifted pianist.

**THE DEBATE,
As Seen by an Ion.**

We feel that every Manualite is by this time more or less familiar with that much worn though time-honored phrase, "Honorable Judges, Ladies, and Gentlemen." The new rules passed by the faculty limiting the societies' expenditures to fifteen dollars made a play almost impossible and so the Ions, with much credit due to Mr. Randal Dorton, challenged the Manual Society of Debate to a debate on the Ion's open session, March 3, 1910. Along about Christmas four subjects were given to the Debaters, with the added privilege of choosing either side. A week later we were informed that the Debaters had taken the negative side of the question, Resolved: "That all municipalities of 100,000 population or over should own and operate their light, water and street-railway systems." Preliminary contests were held in both societies. For the Ions Randal Dorton, Ralph Perry and Joseph Johnston were chosen; while Russel Richards, Edward Wright and Arthur Perry were selected from the debaters. After some consultation the following judges were found to be satisfactory to both sides: Cliff Langsdale, John Pew and Elmer Sanford—all prominent young attorneys in this city.

Owing to the breadth of the subject and the short time given to each speaker (six minutes), considerable skill was required, not only to see that no two speakers covered the same ground, but that all the points be discussed in the allotted time. The Ions attacked the subject from the following standpoint: Mr. Dorton proved to the judges that the evils of private ownership and operation of public utilities were inherent and could not be regulated by law. Mr. Perry proved that municipal ownership and operation removed these evils in our light and water systems and were a most satisfactory solution of the problem. Mr. Johnston proved that municipal ownership and operation likewise removed the evils of private ownership and operation of street railways and were a decided success where tried.

While the debate, no doubt, may have looked quite amateurish to those teachers and visitors, skilled in their college days in the art of debate, to us boys, it meant from the very start, a great deal of earnest effort, time, and hard work. Owing to the rivalry that exists between the two societies, we were, of course, very anxious to win, but we also feel that our time would have been well spent, had we not received the decision of the judges.

Now that it is over, we can appreciate the witty way in which our sponsor made known the decision of the judges. If "The Debaters have won (one)" produced consternation upon any of our friends in the audience, perhaps they may have some idea of the consternation produced upon the half of the platform occupied by the Ion speakers; they may also know something of the varied emotions which followed the announcement that the "Ions have two—decisions from the judges."

While the students as a whole seemed to enjoy the debate, it meant much more to them than just a means of assembly entertainment. It meant that debating material was being fostered and groomed for the coming debates next winter with the Westport and Central High Schools, and with a few more such contests Manual should be able to more than hold her own with any of the high schools. The general opinion seemed to be, that the debate was a good one, but with the standard now set, the quality will rapidly improve, if the societies will continue to work. Although the result of the ION—M. S. D. debate mattered little to most students outside the society members and their immediate friends, the results of the Inter-High School debates next winter will mean much to all the students, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the debating material in the school will be developed so that Manual's colors will fly as usual to the top. We make yearly struggles to win athletic victories, but are not mental victories worth much more to the school?

As Seen by a Debater.

The plan of an Inter-society debate is inclined to stimulate interest in the art of debating, although to some the chief source of interest was the question as to who would win. We hope we have pleased the student body and created a permanent interest in this desirable rhetorical and elocutionary exercise.

When we were challenged by the Ions we were submitted four questions with the privilege of choosing the question and taking our side of it. We choose the question "Resolved, That cities of over one hundred thousand inhabitants should own and operate their water, light and street railways." We had had little or no experience in public speaking, but we went in to win. We intended to prove our question by four main points: (1) Municipal ownership tends toward inefficient service. (2) It is more expensive than private ownership and is even extravagant. (3) Municipal ownership leads to corruption in politics. (4) Private ownership with public regulation is the best plan yet found.

There can be no doubt but that each side received a large amount of practi-

cal education from the process of collecting material and in the process of telling the school about it. We know much more about the question of municipal ownership of the public utilities than we did before.

Although we did not have the good fortune to win, we feel that we received as much benefit from it as if we had. When we leave school we will probably forget the debate, but we will not be able to outgrow the knowledge and practice received in our contest.

As I said before we went in with a determination to win, but I am happy to say the Debaters are "sports" in the correct and broadest sense of the term and when the judges render their decision in favor of our opponents, we will lose like gentlemen.

We wish to thank the Ions for the kind and generous treatment tendered us and we are ready to join hands with them in the hope of bettering the existing conditions which surround us in our school life, especially in developing among our students the power and art of argumentation in extemporaneous or carefully prepared debates.

MUSICAL PROGRAM.

Cora Belle Green, '10.

On the third of February, in the morning and afternoon assemblies, we were agreeably surprised by a programme from the Music Department. It is said, that the constant hearing of great classics by home or school orchestras and choral societies or glee clubs is what counts most in a musical education; so Manual is not only training the brain and hand of the boy and girl but also the voice and ear.

Of course it is not so pleasant to those who are taking part, and the boys' quartette evidently thought so, for, starting too quickly, they lost the pitch, but soon regained their musical equilibrium and "Dixie" met the highest anticipations of the listeners. "It Was a Dream," left us meditating dreamily upon the past and future. A girl's voice always shows how she feels, if not in quantity (of words) in quality, and in the morning our girls

were no exception to the rule. In the afternoon, however, the sweet tones were masters and soared out clearly and softly. Both quartettes are to be congratulated upon the articulation, the blending and softness of tone which did not hinder the carrying power and was so delightful to the listeners, and, also, both sang without an accompanist. The orchestra is a wonder and Manual is not slow to acknowledge the fact. The "Anvil Chorus" was played beautifully and the ensemble was excellent. There was also a very realistic effect, that was delightful, thanks to Mr. Cushman, who made electric connections to the anvil. The "Sextette" was rendered equally well, which all leads to these conclusions; the orchestra and glee clubs are very valuable acquisitions to the school and Manual will be prouder than ever upon the two coming event-

ful occasions, "The Contest" and "Commencement."

And now, with apologies to Browning:

Let each, let all, in loudest voices sing,
And thank the man who did the thing,
With a shout and just two words,
"Professor Riggs!"

MUSICAL CONDITION IN KANSAS CITY

Helen Seachrest, '11.

The conditions in Kansas City are now favorable for the organization of a symphony orchestra. The startling fact is that here is a thriving city of four hundred thousand inhabitants which has never made the slightest attempt to better its musical conditions. The first person to propose any definite plan to secure an orchestra was Mrs. George Fuller, President of the Kansas City Musical Club. It is not because Kansas City people are less intelligent than people of Eastern cities that K. C. has never amounted to anything musically, but rather that the city is young and has been growing commercially, becoming so engrossed with its material welfare that art has had no chance. There still exist men who see little use in music. They measure everything by its commercial value and consider art as effeminate. Their daughters' music lessons are a whim to be endured to keep them happy. They honestly believe that no sane, successful man has a real throbbing interest in art. There are others who would be in sympathy with the movement if they could be made to realize its importance. And there are still others who, not being musically interested, have never thought of the matter at all. There is great importance attached to the organization of the orchestra, and the city is beginning to discover the fact. The first thing needed is that the general public assume its responsibility and support music generally.

Every person needs an appreciation of art to be happy, and his nature certainly needs its refining influence to make him fit for ordinary society. There can be nothing high or cultured about one who does not cultivate the appreciation of good music. The city can be no better than what the people

make it. If Kansas City people really possess this spirit they will work for the orchestra and support any undertaking that bears a relation to it. If the orchestra is secured, many musicians will return, who have been obliged to locate in cities of higher standing, because Kansas City failed to support them. Not only would they return, but others would be drawn here. This city is the recognized commercial center of the great Southwest, and is she not also to be its art center? Every year many people go from the Southwest to study in the East. As the West continues to prosper, many more will go. Why should not this city be profited by them, both educationally and commercially. Within a radius of two hundred miles there are many people who would help support the orchestra, and, incidentally, do the season's shopping.

There are already signs that the city is taking a lively interest in the promotion of the orchestra and art generally. The conservatory is gaining rapidly in public favor and appreciation. It has been very instrumental in creating an interest in music. The musical club has six hundred associate members, which shows that there are people who want to hear good music. In a financial way the club has voted two thousand dollars for the promotion of the orchestra and Mr. Cravens has given them three thousand dollars. At a recent meeting of the Commercial Club the question was considered, proving that the foremost business men of the city perceive its importance. This is a good starter; and with the help of the newspapers, and the awakening of interest in the general public, Kansas City ought to manage to get a Symphony Orchestra.

ALUMNI



EDITOR

Gladys Dancy

News from Washington University.

In a letter from Henry Lohmann, '09, we have received an important notice and some interesting facts about the University.

"In the column headed "Important Manual Events for 1910" in your last issue, I note an omission. I refer to the examination for the four \$600 scholarships granted by Washington University to students in Missouri outside of St. Louis. Heretofore these scholarships have called forth only a passive interest, possibly because they were not given more publicity by the University. The February Record announces that the dates set for the examinations this year are April 22 and 23.

"But I wish also, as a loyal Manual alumnus and as an aspiring Washington freshman, to give a few facts concerning the University. The University is ideally situated, being away from the noises and the smoky atmosphere of the metropolis and yet within a forty-five minute ride from the center of the business district. There are many advantages, outside those of the University, open to students. All of the great National engineering societies have large and active sections in St. Louis and the University students are always welcome at their meetings. Every week brings some scholarly man from one of the big Eastern schools

or from abroad to speak in the city, and here, too, arrangements are generally made whereby University students are given free admission or special rates. The prospective engineer or architect finds it a great advantage to study the construction of the bridges and large buildings which are continually being built, alongside with his study of theory in the lecture room.

"There is another important advantage which Washington enjoys. By requiring high scholastic standing in the student body, the University has prevented its becoming a popular school. Incidental to the high scholastic standing, the smaller number of students as compared with that of the big state institutions permits more individual work between student and instructor. Efficient instruction in small classes is an advantage not to be overlooked nor is closer acquaintance among the students a minor virtue.

"The buildings all being constructed upon Tudor-Gothic line of red granite and Bedford stone form a unified group which cannot be surpassed in this section of the country for beauty. They are entirely modern. There are three large dormitories, two for men and one for women. The athletic field is considered the best west of the Mississippi River.

"Now a few words about those of us who have, through the thorough training received at Manual, been fortunate enough to secure scholarships. Seven scholarship men besides several other students, including three girls, represent Manual at Washington and all take an active part in the school's affairs. Among the scholarship men several have attained distinction; one is football manager; one is assistant baseball manager; one is a member of the basketball team; one has been elected to an honorary class fraternity, and three are members of the University Dramatic Club. In conclusion, let me say that while the examinations are thorough a Manual student who has kept up his work should with a general review have no great difficulty in landing a scholarship. Let it be remembered, too, that these scholarships are good in the college as well as in the school of engineering and that girls are just as eligible as boys. We should like to see Manual represented by some scholarship girls at Washington. There is no reason why Manual people with their superior training should not carry off all four of these valuable scholarships. Hoping that your Easter number will be the best ever and that you will help me to spread the good news, I am,

"Yours sincerely,
"Henry Lohmann."

A Manual Student Honored at Missouri State University.

Mr. Jno. Van Brunt, Jr., a graduate of Manual, class of 1905, has just been honored by being elected a member of the "Theta Delta Sigma," Honorary fraternity in the Agricultural Department of the Missouri State University.

Miss Marie Phillips is a student at the Kansas City Art Institute in department of commercial art and is already taking orders for commercial work. She has made several illustrations for a local magazine.

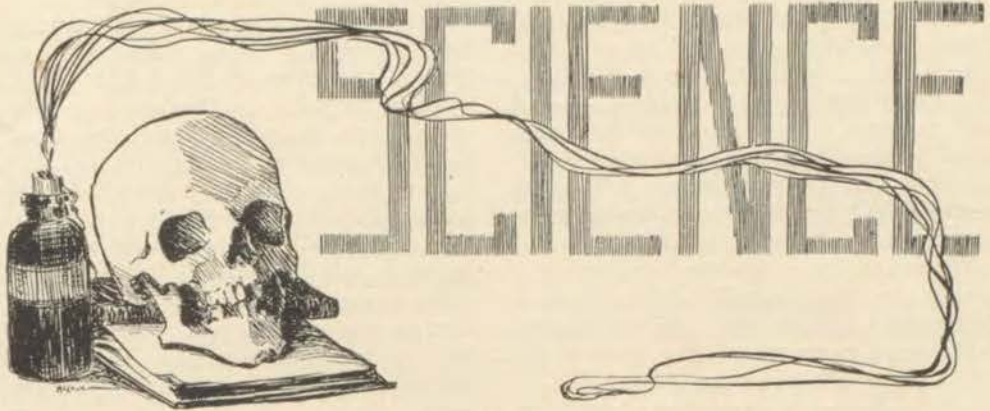
In a recent visit to Kansas University, Mr. Kent gathered some very interesting information about Manual's boys in the Engineering Departments. Among them are Ambrose Langworthy, '09, Ray Robinson, '08, John Leake, '08, Gwynne Raymond, and James Schwab. Leonard McWorther is in the Mining Engineering Department and Ben Nicolet is specializing along the line of Chemical Engineering. Leslie Baldwin and Emerson S. Bray, graduates of '07, are "baching" their way and are members of what they call an Epicurean Club. Mr. Kent was the guest of this club and tells us that these "bachelors" live on a dollar and a quarter a week. As a result of good work done in Manual and on account of their notebook work on the steam engine, Brady and Baldwin have been advanced a term in their course. Bray is also editor of the K. K., a publication of the club. Mr. Ellis, a graduate of Manual and at one time an assistant in the forging department is now teaching in the forging shop of the University. These and others who are doing creditable work make Manual justly proud of her "boys."

Manual recently had a distinguished visitor, Mr. Francis Black, the first editor-in-chief of the Nautilus. He graduated from Manual some years ago and has now turned his attention to farming Kansas land.

Manual has recently had as a caller Mr. Avery Mershon, a graduate of the class of 1901, and at present a farmer of Buckner, Mo.

Miss Elizabeth Nofsinger was sent here by Wellesley College, where she is a student, to investigate the Latin departments of our high schools.

Miss Nettie Gallagher is with Warfield in the "Music Master."



EDITOR

Emmet Russell

NOTES.

The more we learn, the less we know.

If Physics is "the science which tells what is the matter with energy," then let us apply it to the NAUTILUS and make the Annual Science Dep't. at least an approximation of what it ought to be.

The real aim of the teaching of science is to try to get people to "sit up and take notice"—to get rid of the torpor which characterizes most human beings, and to enable those who wake up in time to take in a situation accurately. There is nothing so important as to be able to think on short notice.

"The whole progress of science consists in winning fresh fields of thought to the inductive methods."

—Richard G. Moulton.

Since Halley's big comet does not visit the suburbs of our planet more than once in 73 years, we should endeavor to see it when it reappears this season, which will be next May. Its location will be a little north of due west and just above where the sun sets. It will be visible each clear night from 7 to 9 o'clock and between Orion and Pleiades.

"**Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening. * * * I never heard that a mathematician was alarmed for the safety of a demonstrated proposition.

—Holmes.

"The hero in the fairy tale had a servant who could eat granite rocks, another who could hear the grass grow, and a third who could run a hundred leagues in half an hour. So man in nature is surrounded by a horde of friendly giants who can accept harder stunts than these. There is no porter like gravitation, who will bring down any weight you cannot carry, and if he wants aid, knows how to get it from his fellow-laborers. Water sets his irresistible shoulder to your mill, or to your ship, or transports vast boulders of rock, neatly packed in his iceberg, a thousand miles."

—Emerson.

The proudest title any student can earn is that of Vertebrate.

"To know that you know what you know, and to know that you do not know what you do not know—that is true knowledge."

—Confucius.

ASSAYS IN THE SECOND YEAR CHEMISTRY CLASS.

David Caleb and Thomas Moffett.

The purpose of this article is two-fold. First it is intended to give the school some idea of the work done by the second year chemistry class, and, second, it may account for some small part of the emanations proceeding from room twenty-three that have been the subject of so much merriment both in public and private.

However, be it known, we lay emphasis on the "small" and want it thoroughly understood that the above-mentioned emanations are mainly ascribable to other classes.

There have recently been seen by members of the second year chemistry class, a number of assays for the determination of gold and silver in some samples of ore. The ores were not what a chemist would call fair samples, but merely pieces obtained from several down-town brokers and mine agencies. For this reason, any results obtained should not be considered as reliable in estimating the value of the respective mine outputs.

In the hope that this will prove of interest to some of Manual's students, we submit a more or less detailed account of the treatment of one of the ore samples from the time we obtained it in the shape of a rough piece of clean white quartz, until the estimate of its value per ton was completed.

The sample weighing about a pound was broken in small pieces and then placed on a large cast-iron slab called the bucking plate. It was then ground to a fine powder by means of a rocker block of cast iron in which an ax handle is inserted, called a muller.

The sample must pass an eighty-mesh sieve before it will reduce successfully in the furnace. The latter is simply a sheet iron pot, with a two-inch lining of fire clay; it has a door, also a hole in one side for the burner to play through, the heat is obtained from a horizontal blast fed by gas and the machine shop air compressor.

For convenience the assaying chemist takes his ore charge in fractions of the assay ton, which equals 29,166 grains. The assay ton is taken so that

it bears the same relation to one avoirdupois ton that one milligram bears to one ounce troy.

Thus as soon as the gold or silver is weighed in milligrams, the weight in ounce per ton is apparent.

The ore to constitute the charge was weighed as accurately as possible (to the .0001 gm.) in order that the computation of the ore's value might be made as nearly correct as possible. The charge was as follows:

Ore $\frac{1}{2}$ assay ton.....	14.583 gms.
Sodium bicarbonate	10 gms.
Borax glass	5 gms.
Lead oxide	90 gms.
Argol	5 gms.

The charge was then thoroughly mixed in a heat-resisting crucible, and covered with a layer of common salt to protect it from the air. The whole was then placed in the furnace and allowed to come to a white heat.

The argol reduced the lead oxide to metallic lead which falling through the charge carried with it any free gold or silver to form the lead button in the bottom.

The soda and borax glass were added to form an easily fusible slag with the quartz of the ore.

After about sixty minutes the charge was judged completely reduced. The crucible was then quickly withdrawn and the white-hot contents poured into an iron mold and allowed to cool. The lead button was then detached from the slag. The lead of this button probably came principally from the reduced lead oxide, although the ore may have contained some.

The button was hammered into a cubical shape to loosen any slag adhering to it, and then weighed. Its weight, 27.65 gms., was not significant or important. The next step was to remove the lead from the alloy, and leave only the gold and silver alloy. This was done by cupellation in the muffle, which is simply a fire-clay arch, placed over the cupel in the furnace to prevent the flame from playing on the button, and to insure a free circulation of air about it. The button was placed

in a small cylinder of bone ash, with a hollow in the top called a cupel and placed in the muffle at a temperature of about 800 or 900 degrees centigrade. The lead was rapidly oxidized. The bone-ash cupel was used for the reason that it has the ability to absorb fused lead oxide, thus constantly presenting a clean metallic surface of the lead to the air. As cupellation proceeded various colors played over the surface of the button. It finally became quite small and appeared dull then bright again, it now appeared to revolve axially. As soon as this stage was reached the cupel was withdrawn from the furnace and allowed to cool. As the button, or "lead" as it is now called, passed from the molten to the solid state, it sprouted and suddenly appeared blistered all over. This was caused by the silver bead giving up oxygen which it had absorbed while in the molten state. The button was in the form of a shot less than one-eighth inch in diameter.

It was then hammered to remove all bone ash and found to weigh .2476 gm.

It was then placed in a weighed parting flask, and the silver dissolved in boiling dilute nitric acid.

The gold remained in the flask in a small flake about the size of a small pin head.

It was allowed to remain in the flask and dried. At first it was a dark brown color, but when heated it showed the characteristic yellow color.

The weight of the gold was then obtained by subtracting the weight of the dry flask from that of the flask and gold.

Weight of flask and gold...6.68455 gm.
Weight of dry flask.....6.68325 gm.

Weight of gold..... .0013 gm.

Weight of silver, gold alloy .2476 gm.
Weight of gold..... .0013 gm.

Weight of silver bead.... .2463 gm.

As only the assay ton was used, these results should be multiplied by two, giving .0026 gm. gold and .4926 gm. of silver per assay ton.

Calculating the value of the gold and silver from these amounts, it was found—gold 57.60 gms., silver 256.86 gms.

According to these results the ore as submitted was found to be worth \$314.46.

This is several times the figure claimed by the mine owners and is explained by the fact that the piece of ore obtained must have been an unusually rich sample and not a fair average of the mine.

IRRIGATION.

(Concluded from January Issue.)

Carl Williams, '10.

The exact amount of water required to irrigate different crops under varying conditions has never been accurately determined. These figures are termed "duty of water" and are commonly used to express the number of acres which a given amount of water will adequately irrigate, and are best stated in acre feet or acre inches. These are the amounts of water necessary to cover one acre one foot or one inch deep respectively or forty-three thousand five hundred sixty and three thousand six hundred thirty cubic feet respectively.

Water is usually measured in cubic feet per second or second feet. One second foot will supply an acre inch

of water in one hour and thirty seconds, or one acre foot in twelve hours and six minutes. In twenty-four hours, a stream of one second foot will supply twenty-three and eight-tenths acre inches, or would cover seven and ninety-three hundredths acres of land three inches deep.

The common unit of measurement is the miners' inch, which is the amount of water that will flow through a hole one inch square in one second of time under a theoretical pressure of a six-inch head of water. In California, fifty miners' inches are considered one second foot. The following figures give an approximate value to the duty of water on a few crops.

Wheat.	Acre Inches.
15 bu. to acre.....	4.5
60 bu. to acre.....	18.0
Barley.	Acre Inches.
15 bu. to acre.....	3.21
60 bu. to acre.....	12.84
Oats.	Acre Inches.
15 bu. to acre.....	2.35
60 bu. to acre.....	9.4
Maize.	Acre Inches.
15 bu. to acre.....	2.52
60 bu. to acre.....	10.08
Potatoes.	Acre Inches.
20 bu. to acre.....	.41
60 bu. to acre.....	1.24

There has been in the past, and there now is, a tendency to excessive irrigation. This not only gives low duties of water, but results in supersaturation of the soil. This has rendered large acres of cultivated land fit for nothing, because they were flooded with seepage water. Seepage water in abundance will cause the alkalis to rise, thus ruining the land. For this reason, thorough drainage must accompany profitable irrigation as a protection against excessive moistening.

The amount of irrigation necessary depends upon: first, the storage of water in the soil, second, the depth to which the roots of the plant grown penetrate, third, the rate at which water will rise from the soil below the root zone, and fourth, the dryness of the soil and sub-soil.

The aim in irrigation is to supply simply enough water to meet the needs of the plant without loss in drainage. It is also well to remember that plants require different amounts of water in their various stages of growth.

Successful irrigation is very largely dependent upon the judgment of the irrigator, and this, in the case of the expert, is probably as reliable as measurements, in our present knowledge of duty of water. Measurements are necessary, however, where many irrigators draw their water supply from the same pipe line. Whenever all available water can be profitably used by one individual, each irrigator is assigned a certain time for taking water. Where

the supply is too large for one individual's use, measuring weirs and spill boxes are used, thus giving each one a definite quantity of water. This division or measurement is controlled by law.

The privilege of using water from a canal, pipe line, or stream, in definite quantity, is called a water right; such privilege being acquired by priority of use or by purchase. In arid regions, where irrigation is absolutely necessary, water rights are valuable property. Near Covina, California, water rights are worth about forty dollars each; and for a ten-acre ranch or grove which is the usual size of farm, from thirty to fifty shares are necessary. So the water rights for one grove cost from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars.

The quality of irrigation water is of great importance. All natural waters carry more or less organic and mineral matter in suspension and solution, and these furnish, in addition to the water necessary to growth, a certain amount of fertilizing material. Waters carrying a large proportion of soluble matter should be used with extreme caution, since they may cause an accumulation of alkali in injurious amounts.

The development of irrigation has given rise to many problems—legal, social, and economic—resulting from lack of uniform laws governing the distribution of the water supply, and the control and ownership of the various lines. The Federal government is now taking a strong hand in the advancement of irrigation by building reservoirs, dams, and pipe lines. When they are finished, they are turned over to the public, to be paid for in a certain length of time.

Another matter of great importance is the preservation of timber in the watersheds, with a view to mitigating floods and securing a more uniform flow of water. Irrigation has also made possible small farms and diversified, intensive farming. It furnishes excellent training in self-government and has removed the evils of isolation in farm life.

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MANUAL TRAINING, ITS MOTIVE AND PURPOSE.

Randal M. Dorton, '11.

The requisite of national greatness is genius—the spiritual, mental and artistic qualities which tend for the betterment of the people. As the foundation of national education rests upon the genius of its people, the principal function of education should be to develop their spiritual, mental and artistic qualities. Not the development of the spiritual alone, neither the mental alone, nor the artistic in itself, but rather the modulated development of the three. From an educational standpoint manual training tends largely to effect this purpose. Many people entertain the idea that the manual training school lessens theoretical knowledge, however this is a false interpretation of manual training schools. The courses, in fact, comprise the same as schools of theoretical nature only, with the additional manual training department.

From time immemorial men have used their hands to materialize their mental conceptions, yet not until recent years has it been considered of educational value to train the hand. When we look back to the cathedral builders of ancient Greece and Rome, we cannot help but see the accomplishments of skilled hands—monuments of stone that the world may gaze upon with admiration forever. The chisel of Phidias has been buried for centuries, yet the sculpture progress of the world for countless decades has not surpassed the skilled hand of that Grecian genius. Thus we see that the skilled hand has been a valuable asset in the progress of all ages.

Our hands are the tools that serve our minds and like tools they cannot accomplish masterpieces of art if they remain dull and blunt. The training of the hand goes into the why and wherefore of the student's own work, teaching him the fundamental principles which underlie the methods he utilizes in his daily labor. Thus manual training should not be considered as merely progressive bench work; there is a motive behind it of more importance. It is not a demonstration of tools and materials, but a testing of genius with genuineness. Is not this, after all, the great aim of education? The inspired artisan as well as the artist combines beauty and dignity together, and the sub-principles of their workmanship place them side by side; the weaver beside the painter, and the iron worker with the sculptor. When we apply principles and methods to available material and make the most of it, we master the forces of national genius—art, ethics and morals—thus, we see, manual training is not measured only in terms of arts and crafts, commerce, labor, society and other manifestations of service and power, but is specifically ethical and moral throughout. It is the sole object of manual training to educate in the largest degree. It involves an examination of thought, reason and judgment in ourselves and not what is in other people. As much logic and science are employed in the manual training laboratory as in the building of a bridge or in canal construction; for everything that is properly done, must be done in accordance with fixed laws and high

principles. Is it not then educational? The training of the hand includes the action of the mind, although the training of the mind does not necessitate the action of the hands; this is one reason why manual training is essential to intellectual development, or rather educational development. The realization of this fact among modern educators, accounts for the adoption of manual training in many of the American schools.

Manual training is practical as well as theoretical, and that is more than can be said of many text-books now in use in our public schools. Besides, many of the theories found in text-books have been entirely disproved in the practice of modern-day factory work. The introduction of manual training is a progressive step toward modern education. It offers an alternative to the child of practical and mechanical ability, from the antiquated class-room decorum and theory culture. Modern educators are advancing slowly but surely to the realization that education implies more than theory. The growing appreciation in which these

schools are held is illustrated by the large numbers that crowd their classrooms, in many instances necessitating two daily sessions. This educational advancement is not limited to our country alone, in fact it is universally approved. Great Britain, Germany and Switzerland have long since adopted manual training in their school curriculum. The progress manual training has made in the last decade is promising to the originators of a score of years ago. Its rapid success is one instance where the theory-perverted mind must acknowledge the superiority of educational reform. The future will not demand minds trained by methods of antiquity, but rather minds trained by progressive methods. The day of the "stump-speech" lawyer is over. Untrained hands are not demanded by the workshops of the twentieth century. The "hay-seed" farmer is a relic of the past. The doctor of to-day must know how to execute as well as prescribe. The workshops are humming the tune of efficiency, and the scientific farmer is the man of the hour.

HOLLAND'S GRADED SCHOOLS.

Bouje Buoy.

(Bouje Buoy was born and reared in Holland and came with her parents to America but two years ago, being able to speak two English words "yes" and "no." The wonderful progress she has made is shown in this article published with neither criticism nor correction.)

In Holland there are two kinds of public schools. One school is for the poorer people and is free. The children do not have to buy books or tablets, for everything is given to them by their teacher and is handed back to him when the pupils go to a higher grade. In the other school a certain amount of money is paid for attendance, but the books and everything are also free. In both schools the same studies are taught.

What seemed strange to me when I first went to school here was that several pupils had not been vaccinated, even not in the higher grades. As I went in one year from the second to the

sixth grade, I was in many different rooms, but in every one I would be certain to find some pupils who were not vaccinated. This is a thing that never happens in any school in Holland. Every child that goes to school must be vaccinated, and to make sure, a week before the school starts all the new pupils have to come to the school building where a doctor is waiting for them. Those that are vaccinated can go home, and those who are not have to wait till their turn comes to be vaccinated, which is done in the building. When a new pupil enters the school he or she has to bring his vaccination and birth certificates which are kept at the school until that pupil leaves it.

When one of the children has a contagious sickness, not one of its brothers or sisters can go to school and its father is not allowed to go to his work, but his salary is paid to him by the city. They all stay home until the

danger of the sickness is entirely over.

The school hours are from nine o'clock in the morning until twelve and from two until four o'clock. There is no school Wednesday afternoon nor Saturday afternoon. The teachers are for the most part men, while in America they are mostly women.

Besides the studies that are taught in the graded schools here, they also teach Botany, Physiology, Zoology, Natural Philosophy and Gymnastics. In the city schools they also taught French, English, and German. The girls have sewing an hour twice a week. They do all kinds of work and some fancy work also.

The village school which I attended had four large rooms and a gymnasium. In the large yard around it on one side was a garden with all kinds of flowers and vegetables. Every girl in the seventh grade had a flower bed to take care of and every boy a vegetable bed. The boys usually worked in this garden when the girls had sewing. The girls did their part before or after school when the boys were there also to help them.

Each room in this school had one door leading directly to one of the four head doors. This would be very easy in case of fire for every class could leave the building through a different door.

In the rooms were only two blackboards and we did not need any more for the pupils never worked on the board. Although this only was a village school the same studies as in the city schools were taught, except English and German. On the day we had botany the girls would go out and pick the kind of flower we needed or when it was something else the boys would get it.

We had drawing one afternoon, that is, two hours every week. The teacher had all kinds of drawings on cardboard. One drawing was put up in front of the class and from that we drew ours. No ruler must be seen on the desk during drawing or it would be zero for that lesson. When I first came here I thought it a funny thing to see all the children get up and spell some words. As I could not talk or understand English then I did not know what they were doing. These spelling lessons we do not have in Holland, not even in the lowest grades. The reason for this is that all the words are pronounced exactly as they are written, and if it happened that someone misspelled a word he usually was laughed at. We also never had any difficulty in pronouncing words.

We had no dictionaries, and we did not need them at all. It very seldom happened in the lower grades and never in the higher grades that we met a word of which everybody did not know the meaning.

During the winter when there was good ice for skating, two or three afternoons were given up to that sport, then there was no school and every boy and girl went skating. Now you must not think that everybody goes skating on wooden shoes as you see in the pictures. Almost everybody wears leather shoes all the year round and those who do wear wooden shoes once in a while would surely put on their leather ones for skating. I think you must have known by the first look at those pictures that it is impossible to skate in wooden shoes. The skates have a different shape from those they have here, but still they are not curled at the toe as I have often seen in pictures.

A NEW PHASE IN THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE WORK.

Rachel Hartley.

The advanced class in Domestic Science, taking third year work, is this year discussing a new phase which many people do not realize is a strong link in the Domestic Science chain. The average person thinks the reason for studying Domestic Science is that girls may go into the kitchen and learn

to cook. We do this and are proud of it. But the scope of the work is so much broader, that one must study in order to comprehend the full meaning of the term. The effort of this advanced class will be to understand practical house plans, house building, sanitary plumbing and heating, house

decorations and furnishing, household bacteriology and hygiene, apportionment of income, keeping of household accounts and likewise household management. Care of the sick in case of emergency will also be an interesting phase.

One afternoon not long ago, a class of fifteen girls invaded the Terry Plumbing Shop at Fifteenth and Troost. There a courteous attendant explained the mysteries of pipes, joints, traps, faucets, etc. The details of plumbing are often quite important. Calking for example, is a subject which interested us all. This is the joining together of two pipes in such a manner that leakage will be impossible. Vegetable fiber which has been tarred and twisted as tightly as possible, thus making it wiry but pliable, is forced into the space between the pipes, and a washer, preferably of iron, sealed onto this. The space is then coated both inside and out with melted lead, thus making a well-sealed connection.

Pipes were found to be of varying sizes and capacities. Sewer pipes were usually four inches in diameter, water pipes three-fourths and three-eighths inches. All pipes used for plumbing are galvanized except gas pipes. We were shown a piece of pipe and a connection which had remained underground for a good many years. They were corroded, covered with a yellowish red substance, which we were told, could not be dissolved by any chemical. After this explanation, we all felt much more familiar with plumbing construction, and resolved that sanitation in the home should receive our sincere consideration.

Sanitation really means cleanliness, and upon its perfection depends largely the health of the family. Certain bacteria we know are dangerous and should be eliminated if possible. Improperly cared for sinks and traps may cause a world of trouble. The drain man will no longer be looked upon with disfavor, he indeed may be "The Servant in the House." Let us follow the water supply of the house from the sink. As it leaves the sink it enters the house drain, then empties into the

waste pipe and flows on into the main waste or sewer pipe outside the house. The seal of a pipe is, if in perfect condition, a safeguard against the return of all gases into the house. This important part of sanitary plumbing is found in the bend of a pipe, which is connected with the trap. The seal consists of water which is held at a certain level in the U. By means of air pressure the water is held at a proper level which prevents any return of gases. Without a vent pipe, syphonage would cause the trap to become empty and the seal would be broken. The water which forms the seal is the last water which has gone down, and one will readily see that it is essential to turn the faucet open and let the water run for a few seconds, after the waste has passed on. For every drain pipe there is, or should be if perfect sanitation is desired, a vent or air pipe. This pipe terminates in the roof, it extends from about six inches to one foot above the level of the roof. By having it extend above the roof such a distance, all the foul air passes off above the house, and none can return to the rooms of the house.

A way to ascertain whether there is any leakage in the house drainage system, is to pour some liquid peppermint down the vent pipe, which opens on the roof, and the odor of the liquid will permeate through the house and be detected, if there is any leakage in the drainage system. This is proof that something is wrong and the plumber should be sent for.

Many things will be studied this year which will prove of great help to the girls. The girl who expects to study a profession, or the girl who is to become the housekeeper and home-builder, will each receive some inspiration. In the minds of the people of today the time is fast approaching when the clinging little know-nothing wife, who burns her pies and whose biscuits are leathery, will be no longer looked upon with toleration; but what they really want is the practical woman, the good housewife, who goes about her work in a scientific way, and whose face really reflects what her heart feels—brightness and happiness.



EDITOR

Thomas Moffett

BASKETBALL.

High School League Standing.

	W	L	Average
Westport.	8	1	.889
Manual.	5	4	.556
Central.	5	4	.556
Kansas City, Kas.	0	9	.000

Basketball is on the boom in the Kansas City high schools. This has been more than demonstrated by the fact that record breaking crowds have attended every league game. Manual's team wishes to thank the student body for their hearty support during the past season and they hope that the student body will remain as faithful to the coming track team and future basketball teams.

Coming from the cellar championship up to the second place is a feat seldom accomplished by a team which is forced to train under conditions as exist at Manual. A fish aquarium down in the cellar and back on the alley serves as a model "gym." for the High School with the largest enrollment in K. C. How long is this condition going to be forced upon Manual? Plenty is more than enough and we have been having plenty for a long time.

Westport 35—Manual 27.

On Jan. 8, 1910, we met Westport for the second time with the same result as before. They defeated us by nine points. The game was closely contested throughout, the score being 20 to 19 at the end of the first half.

Westport's familiarity with every inch of their court proved too big an advantage for our boys in the last half, eight more points being "chalked up" to their credit than to ours. The score in detail is as follows:

Westport—35.				Manual—27.			
	G	FT	F		G	FT	F
Downs, rf.	3	0	4	Moffett, rf.	2	8	1
Sweeney, lf.	6	8	3	Smith, lf.	3	0	0
Sheppard, c.	4	0	3	Koenigsdorf, c.	2	0	7
Diggle, rg.	1	0	5	Powell, rg.	1	0	4
Ragan, lg.	0	0	2	Jewell, lg.	4	0	1
Totals.	14	8	17	Totals.	9	8	13

Points awarded—1.

Manual 39—Topeka 37.

Saturday, Jan. 15, 1910, our Jayhawker friends from Topeka journeyed here to meet disappointment and disaster on Westport's court. We defeated them by two points and a hard-earned two points it was. Topeka put up an excellent game, showing good team work and ability to shoot goals at any angle. But Manual was a trifle better as the score indicates. The excellent work of our guards and wonderful goal shooting of Moffett gave the crimson this victory.

Manual—39.				Topeka—37.			
	G	FT	F		G	FT	F
Smith, rf.	2	0	2	Bonebreak, rf.	5	0	1
Moffett, lf.	4	16	9	Smiley, lf.	4	0	7
Koenigsdorf, c.	4	0	5	Sears, c.	3	7	4
Powell, lg.	1	0	1	Woodford, lg.	1	0	2
Jewell, rg.	0	0	12	Searl, rg.	1	0	6
Totals.	11	16	20	Totals.	14	7	20

Points awarded Manual 1; Topeka 2.

Manual 32—K. C. K. 29.

On the night of Jan. 12, 1910, we were entertained by K. C. K. in their little "fish aquarium" in the vicinity of 9th and Minnesota. On the whole we passed an enjoyable forty minutes, the Jayhawkers making things interesting from start to finish—a little too interesting in some parts. Koenigsdorf came to the front just at the time needed, saving Manual from a defeat. Powell having an injured ankle was out of the game, Leavens taking his place at guard, which position he filled exceedingly well.

Following is the box score:

Manual—32.				K. C. K.—29.			
G	FT	F		G	FT	F	
Smith, rf.	2	0	3	Truckett, rf.	5	11	6
Moffett, lf.	5	10	1	McCallum, lf.	3	0	4
Koenigsdorf, c.	3	0	5	Young, c.	1	0	3
Leavens, lg.	0	0	4	Kyner, lg.	0	0	0
Jewell, rg.	1	0	6	Landers, rg.	0	0	6
Totals.	11	10	19	Totals.	9	11	19

Manual 69—St. Joseph 12.

One tick, two lick,
Back to the Lunatic.

Such was the greeting extended the St. Joe aggregation that made its appearance the night of Jan. 28. St. Joe would not have been a match for the second team, let alone the first. The "foreigners" showed a surprising lack of knowledge of the game, missing easy shots and having no visible team work. An unfortunate occurrence caused Koenigsdorf to be removed, Leavens taking his place. Leavens went into the game and played like he was used to playing with the first team making three baskets and four fouls. "Peroxiside" Smith was the real star—shooting fifteen goals. He just "couldn't miss 'em."

Following is the tabulated score:

Manual—69.				St. Joseph—12.			
G	FT	F		G	FT	F	
Smith, rf.	15	0	2	Meadows, rf.	1	1	2
Moffett, lf.	9	7	1	Cresap, lf.	3	0	1
Koenigsdorf, c.	2	0	0	Vories, c.	0	0	3
Leavens, lg.	3	0	4	Irwin, rg.	0	3	4
Jewell, rg.	0	0	0	May, lg.	0	0	1
Powell, lg.	3	0	3	Kewley, lg.	0	0	0
Totals.	31	7	10	Totals.	4	4	11

Manual 34—Central 22.

Central, Central, don't you cry,
The milkman will be here,
By and by.

Manual had its first practice game outside of the second team with Central Feb. 4, 1910. If Central were not in the league we would rather play the second team, as they put up a much

faster, cleaner game than the "lawyers" from 11th and Locust. As the Central rooters express it, their bunch certainly can play ball when they are feeling right, but it appears that they have been sick most of the time this season. Our guards did some clever team work and had the Central forwards following them most of the time.

Following is the box score:

Manual—34.			Central—22.				
G	FT	F	G	FT	F		
Smith, rf.	4	0	3	Brown, lf.	2	6	1
Moffett, lf.	4	7	1	Stengel, rf.	2	0	3
Koenigsdorf, c.	5	0	11	Hamilton, c.	4	0	6
Powell, lg.	0	0	2	Reber, lg.	0	0	7
Jewell, rg.	0	0	5	Avery, rg.	0	0	0
Totals.	13	7	22	Totals.	8	6	17

Westport 38—Manual 35.

In what was considered the best game of the season, Manual went down to defeat before the fast Westport five for the third time the night of Feb. 12, '10. It was undoubtedly one of the hardest fought games ever played between two high schools in Kansas City. At no time during the game was there a difference of more than three points. The score was tied nine times during the forty minutes of play. Up until the last two minutes Manual led her rival, but Westport managed to make two goals placing them in the lead. Westport's familiarity with their court added much to their advantage. Smith did the best shooting for Manual.

The score was 38 to 35.

Westport—38.			Manual—35.				
G	FT	F	G	FT	F		
Sweeney, rf.	4	8	9	Moffet, rf.	1	15	2
Downs, lf.	4	0	3	Smith, rf.	4	0	2
Sheppard, c.	6	0	3	Koenigsdorf, c.	3	0	2
Diggle, rg.	1	0	4	Powell, rg.	2	0	2
Ragan, lg.	0	0	2	Jewell, lg.	0	0	8
Totals.	15	8	25	Totals.	10	15	16

Referee: Allen. Umpire: Touton.

Manual 32—Central 21.

Following our defeat at the hands of Westport we tackled Central for the third and deciding game. To say the least it was easy. Wild throwing at the baskets, together with the lack of team work lost Central the game. (We have to make some excuse for them and this is as good as any.) The score was 32 to 21. Manual's team seemed to puzzle the Locust street or "thorny-tree" boys as they were unable to break it up. Stengel did the best work for Central while Powell and Smith starred for Manual.

Manual—32.				Central—21.			
G	FT	F		G	FT	F	
Smith.	2	0	3	Stengel.	4	0	5
Moffett.	2	16	3	Brown.	2	3	6
Koenigsdorf.	1	0	2	Reber.	0	0	4
Powell.	2	0	2	Hamilton.	2	2	3
Jewell.	1	0	2	Avery.	0	0	7
Totals.	8	16	12	Totals.	8	5	25

Referee—Allen, K. U. Westport. Umpire—H. Harmon.

Manual 50—K. C. K. 39.

The '09-'10 basketball season was closed in another victory for the crimson, Kansas City, Kansas, being the victim by the tune of 50 to 39. The Jayhawks were clearly outclassed, yet they put up a game fight and made us

earn what we got. Every member of our team shot from one to seven goals, Jewell shooting one from the center of the court. The game as a whole was uninteresting, neither team showing any great amount of team work.

Manual—50.				K. C. Kas.—39.			
G	FT	F		G	FT	F	
Moffet. rf.	6	7	2	Trickett. rf.	8	11	2
Smith. lf.	7	0	2	McCallum. lf.	2	0	5
Koenigs'f. c.	4	0	3	Young. c.	2	0	0
Leavens. c.	1	0	5	Barker. rg.	0	0	2
Powell. rg.	1	0	1	Kymer. rg.	0	0	4
Jewell. lg.	2	0	2	McMillan. lg.	1	0	5
Totals.	21	7	15	Totals.	13	11	16

Referee, Allen. Umpire, Harmon. Points awarded—Manual, 1; Kansas City, Kas., 2.

CALL FOR TRACK-MEN!

Manual is in dire need of several good track-men. Unless several new men are found, the team will be very weak in some events. Every year new candidates have appeared to fill up the weak places; but so far this year practically none have come out for the team. If you have the slightest idea that you can do anything on track, come out immediately. Be loyal to your school and help Manual win this spring. We can't win with three or four old stars. They cannot win

against 10 or 15 good men. It is the second and third places that count as much as the first. Every third place makes a difference of two points in the score and two points have won many meets. We expect to find a good man or two before the season starts, but if we do not, it will be a hard matter for the team to keep up to the Manual standard. Come out and see if there is not something you can do. Everybody must help if Manual is to win.

NOTES.

Don Wheelock and Don Dousman, two of Manual's old basketball stars, are playing on the K. U. Freshmen's team.

Dr. Hall, in speaking of track candidates, was heard to say that "All tar-buckets and ding-bells are going to be canned immediately."

When Manual beat Central in basketball, the papers said that the Central forwards were out of form. We say they were guarded by two good men.

This thing of beating Central is growing monotonous. It is the kind of monotony we like though.

Dr. Hall says that the track team is only going to be composed of about ten men, but these men are going to be "humdingers."

One cannot help admire the way those jayhawker rooters support their team. Kansas City, Kas., failed to win a game, yet they had a goodly repre-

sentation at every contest. There is a moral to this—do you know what it is?

Smith has the league record for the greatest number of goals in one game. Fifteen is the number and they were made against St. Joe.

It is nothing more than right that we should give honor to whom honor is due. By this we mean we should give the second team all the credit that is coming to them. They have worked as long and as faithfully as the first team, and for many days have held the first team to a close score(?) There is no doubt but that they can play basketball. If you don't believe this, recall the Liberty game. The members of the second team are as follows:

Henry Koenigsdorf, Kenneth Baldwin, Charles Munger, Will Powell, Will Hathaway, Clarence Eichenlaub, Elmer Eichenlaub.

THE NAUTILUS
TRACK PROSPECTS.
 Harry Kanatzar, '10.

Manual's track team is working as hard these days as can be expected with the poor equipment that we have. With no running track or other necessary equipment for the development of a good team, we must content ourselves with what little work can be accomplished in a "2 x 4" "gym." Endurance can be secured by the training the coach is giving, but no actual practice at the different events can be had.

Form cannot be developed this way and form is necessary in all track events. As soon as the weather permits, the men will be taken to the Parade and a more definite idea can be secured as to the strength of the team. The prospects are bright, but we must not be over-confident. Although it appears that Manual will have a "walk-away" with Central this year, it is by no means a certainty that we shall have an easy time, for Central is working hard and faithfully and with their advantages in equipment they should win. Manual's team is fairly well-balanced and should be able to score in every event. Although we were beaten by the Y. M. C. A., it is by no means an indication that our team is weak. We were competing out of our class, and on a

track which was entirely new to most of our men.

We will probably compete in the following meets: K. C. A. C. handicap meet, M. V. I. A. A. meet at Des Moines, dual meet with Central (possibly one with Westport), a dual meet with Lawrence at Lawrence and probably a quadrangular meet will be arranged between Manual, Central, Westport and Kansas City, Kans.

Many old men are back in suits this year. Some of these are being pushed hard for their places by some new recruits who have not been out before. Many students are under the impression that with a few stars Manual should win in every meet. This is not true. Although first place men are essential for a winning team, it is many times the second and third place men who actually win the meet. These men should be given more credit than they usually receive. With this fact in view Manual is trying to develop not only men who are capable of winning first but men who place in either the second or third position. If the present indications are true, Manual rooters will have no need to be ashamed of the team that will try to uphold Manual's honor on the track this spring.





EDITORS

Edna Dunn

Russel Richards

The first appearance of the "Pen-nant," Meridian High School, Meridian, Conn., is certainly very promising. Both the quality and quantity of your stories and poems are worthy of notice. The Exchanges is one of the best departments we have found in any school paper. Throughout it shows careful thought and precision. The paper would be greatly improved, however, if the pages were relieved by original headings. On the whole, it is very satisfactory.

We would like to ask the exchange editor of the "Slater High School Monthly," if he is an exchange editor or a local editor. From the department itself it is difficult to decide. The fact is, there are twice as many locals as exchanges. This is not only bad for your paper, but it shows a mark of selfishness in that you may read the criticisms of others and profit by them and then give nothing in return.

The "Monroe High School Bugle," Monroe, Mich., is indeed an interesting school paper. Though it is not a large-sized magazine, yet it is consistent in all its parts. The story "The Last Man," is especially remarkable for its strangeness of theme. The Exchange department is also worthy of much praise. In all, the "Bugle" is an admirable little magazine.

The February number of the "High

School Forum" is one of the best copies we have received from the St. Joseph High School. The large number of stories and their originality tend toward making the magazine an interesting one. We think, however, that if there were a large variety of cuts it would be much more attractive. The Exchange department is well edited for the size of the paper, but we would advise you not to classify athletic notes under the same heading with the criticisms. There are a number of excellent jokes in this issue.

The "Tamarack," of North Central High School, Spokane, Washington, is a splendid monthly paper. The literary department is exceptionally good and the paper is very well proportioned. The Exchange department should be lengthened, as it is rather incomplete as it stands.

The "Quill," Enid High School, Enid, Okla.: Improve your paper by using cuts, cartoons, and illustrations and by giving more space to your exchange department. Your story, "William Walker," shows talent and ability along that line. Your editorial department is one of the strongest divisions of your magazine.

"The Tabula," of Oak Park, Ill: You publish an extremely well-edited paper in every respect, with one exception, i. e., we could not find your exchange

department, although you have it listed in the "Tabula" staff. Your cuts, illustrations, photographs and cartoons add greatly to your paper. Indeed, it is a paper of which any high school should be proud. Your literary department is one of the finest we have yet seen.

"Our Boys and Girls," a magazine published in Kansas City, rightfully called the "St. Nicholas of the West," honored our school by asking our principal to write an article for it. He complied and has written a sketch upon his favorite subject, "High School and College Athletics." The magazine is such a clean, interesting, practical publication that to those who are taking "St. Nicholas," I merely say, also look this one over. The paper was very interesting to the editors of this department, and a more interesting article, based on scientific facts and theories of the earth's history, has never come to our depart-

ment. Also, there is a very interesting and instructive article on "Kite Flights and Aerial Navigation."

"Nautilus, Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo.:" You are one of the best exchanges we have received. Of course, though, in a school like yours, you receive special training along lines which help your paper. The cover is quite original and your cuts are really excellent. All of your stories are quite interesting; we especially like to see illustrated stories in a school magazine. Your jokes, also, are quite funny, and go to make the paper interesting.

—From the "Oak," Visalia, Cal.

The "Oak," Visalia, Cal.:" You have the best exchange department we have come across in our exchanges. But a little friendly advice—more cuts, illustrations; a few cartoons also add a whole lot. Again a suggestive cover is excellent. Also utilize that second page.

CLIPPINGS.

Freshie—"I wonder what we'll wear in heaven?"

Junior—"I know what I'll wear if I see you there."

Freshie—"What?"

Junior—"A surprised look."

Freshie (pointing to one of the teachers)—"Ain't he a crazy old guy?"

Senior (wisely)—"Yep, he flunked me too."

"Why is it that widows manage to marry again?"

"Because dead men tell no tales."

Young man (in jewelry store)—"I want—er—er—um—uh—ump—"

Jeweler (to assistant)—"Pass me that tray of engagement rings."

She (at the football grounds)—"Why don't they begin to play?"

He—"The surgeons haven't arrived yet."

In exams. (Freshman)—"A wind is air in a hurry."

The visiting parson at Dartmoor was handing Convict 99 consolation in small chunks.

"You should not complain, my misguided friend," he said; "it is better to take things as you find them."

"Yer on the wrong track, parson," replied the prisoner. "It was practicing that theory that got me nabbed."

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot

To talk ere the tot could totter,

Ought the Hottentot tot to be taught to say "aught"

Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

Or—

If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot

Be taught by a Hottentot tooter,

Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot tot

Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

Bub—"What is worse than finding a worm in an apple?"

Dub—"Finding half a worm."



EDITORS
 Ethel M. Lewis Miles O'Connell

The Sillyad—A Fragment.

Urban Disturbances.
 Sic nos in otium ponis?

[Editor's note—Help! Help!]

Sounds of the city I sing, and the noises that keep us from slumber, Tossing us to and fro on the seas of ceaseless unquiet.

Name them to me, O Muse, and the grief and wrath they occasion.

First and most ancient of these, and opposed to the shore-line of slumber,

Up from the street comes the strident and sonorous voice of the pedler.

He, it is first wakes the vibrant and germ-laden air with his calling;

Selling his dubious pecks, by Aladdin's lamp grown to bushels.

Then comes the quiet street-car, that silently glideth and tacit,

Hitting at Stars with a Post that is just too short for the distance.

This is the "pious Aeneas," who beareth with all things with patience—

"Ille regit dictis animos et pector mulcet!" —Emmetrius Russella.

Teacher—"Have you read any of Byron's writings?"

C. Bell—"No, all that I read were printed."

In speaking of Wilbur Wright's income per year, Roy Brown attempted to explain Henry Clay's statement, "I would rather be (W) right than president."

Teacher (in Domestic Science)—"What cake is the quickest to produce?"

New Pupil—"Stom-a-cake."

Teacher (explaining the manner of exit from assembly)—First I will pass away, then the other members of the Faculty will pass away, then you will pass away, and then we'll all meet below." (Horrors!!!)

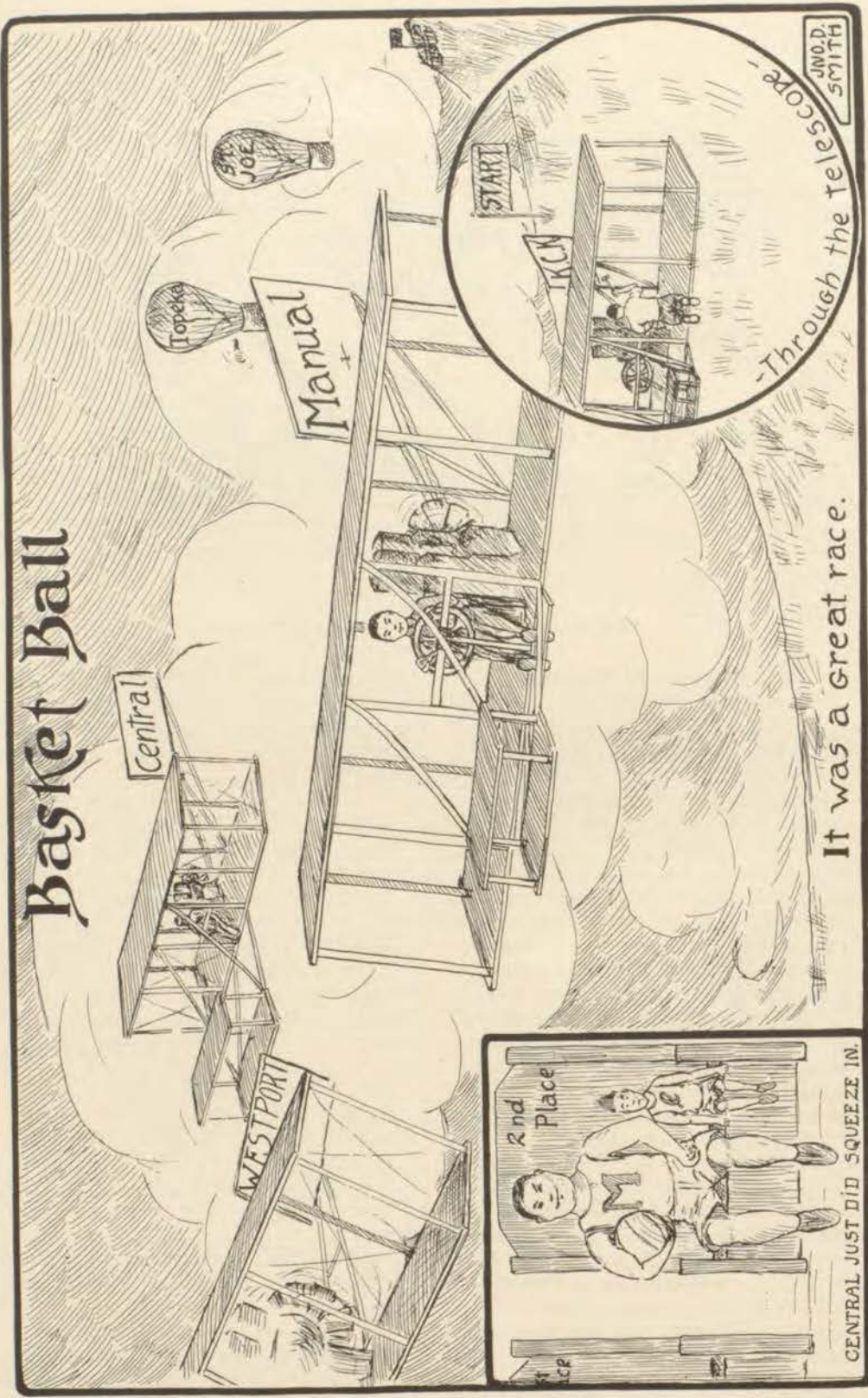
In 26A over two immense onions is a sign, "Please Do Not Eat These Studies. Bring your own luncheon."

Mary—"Sadie, do you ever use slang?"

Sadie—"Nit, me ma would biff me on de back if I made a stab at such dope as dat."

Mr. Phillips suggested that the figure, "He is a brick" was a very striking one.

Basket Ball



It was a great race.



CENTRAL JUST DID SQUEEZE IN.

J.W.D. SMITH

Extract from Prof. Ima Yize Gazebo's "History of the World During the Twentieth Century":

"During that time there was a great educational movement; temples of learning called High Schools being erected all over the land. Foremost among those built in that section of the world known as Kansas City was one called Training School.

The School.



"In this school seventeen hundred industrious and energetic students toiled onward day by day, partaking of the knowledge of the practical and mechanical side of life as well as that of the intellectual and scientific.

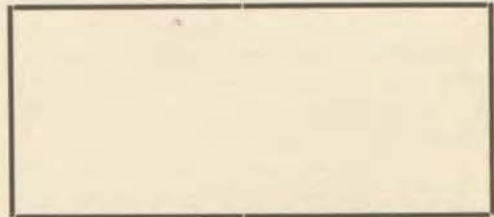
The Students.



"On account of the large enrollment at the time of the twentieth century there arose the need of a gymnasium large enough to accommodate all the students and furnish the exercise so necessary to any one who worked as hard and as faithfully as did these students. Realizing the school's extreme necessity, the school board gave it a

gymnasium, said to be one of the largest and best equipped in that section of the country.

The Gymnasium.



"(Note.) It is to be regretted that the above space should be vacant. But up to the time that this history went to press there was no authentic picture of the gymnasium available. There was one labeled 'the gym,' but we refrained from using it as we were inclined to believe that it was the work of some practical joker since there were many such personages at that time.

"The picture in question closely resembles some sort of a dungeon or torture chamber with its massive iron post in the center of the room, and its otherwise forbidding appearance.

Prof. Gazebo wishes to say that he hopes to find an authentic picture before the next edition of his history."

Clo.—"I think Clarence Falls is perfectly lovely."

Flo—"Well, not exactly perfect. You know he has one little Flaugh. (Helen.)"

Bright Sophomore—"If there was a banquet for all of the days, which day would be the last to come?"

Senior (who works at the City Hall) "Pay-day, it's always late."

Miss Gilday—"Queen Elizabeth wore a high ruffle around her neck on account of an affliction."

John Clifford—"Huh! Why didn't she cover her face?"

Mr. Page (speaking of ventilation) "In summer, what provision is made in churches to prevent the hot air from escaping?"

Edwin Bruce—"Give the preacher a vacation."

College Senior—"Did you bring any evening clothes with you?"

Freshman—"Yes, I think I remember seeing mother put two suits of pajamas in my case."

Elsie Sutorius (translating German) "She has sworn to send whole generations into the same grave with her father."

Mr. Cowan—"McGuigan, you may read this."

James—"I can't read. I have a sore foot."



A Little Apple on the Apple Family Tree.

A favorite toast—"Here's to our parents and teachers, may they never meet."

A Freshie Heard From.

There was a dre'ful time las' night at our house:

My dollies were all frightened at a chocolate mouse;

An' a mouse in the pantry—a real live one at that—

Was near scared to death by our pin-cushion cat!

Bright Senior—" 'Pious' means full of pie."

Aside—"Would I were pious."

THE RAVINGS.

Once upon a schoolday dreary, while
I tried to study clearly
The dry and ancient history of forgotten days of yore;

While my brain was in a jumble,
All at once I heard a rumble,
As if some one were a-falling—falling
from the topmost floor;
Or the engine in the basement had
collapsed forevermore—
Only this and nothing more.

Presently the noise grew stronger,
hesitating then no longer,
I boldly started from my seat the
mystery to explore;
Out into the hallway peering, long I
stood there wondering, fearing;
Till at length I saw a Freshman who
was causing the uproar,
Making noise like cracking thunder by
his walking on the floor.
Merely walking, nothing more.

But, alas! a teacher caught him in
the midst of all this clamor,
And at last he treads our hallways,
treads them softly to his classes.
As I see him quietly stepping, creeping
on the hardwood floor,
I seem to hear him saying, softly
saying as he passes,
"I will do it—Nevermore!"

Pupil, (when he receives his grade card)—"Peace (P's) forever!"

From a wise Junior's exam. paper—
"Samuel Johnson was tall, slender, un-
handsome, which was partly due to
the asthma broken out on his face."

Miss Jenkins—"Poe likes to repeat."
Gilbert Spaulding—"He would make
a good Winchester."

There was a giraffe who decided
His long neck was being derided,
So he drew it together,
And then doubted whether
He had an improvement provided.

When all my thoughts are think,
When all my winks are wunk,
What saves me from an awful flunk?
My Pony.

Talking of minus quantities in Algebra:

Student—If a man owed another man \$5.00, his account would be minus \$5.00. If he should square that account he would be \$25.00 ahead.

B natural is the keynote of elocution.

Mr. Small—"What is a polyhedron of seven sides called?"

Ungerleider—"Hippodrome." (Hep-tahedron).

A wee little mouse makes a woman scream,

Full well the air she'll rend;
While a rat of goodly size and girth
But stands her hair on end.

Mrs. Elston—"Charles, what is the function of the introduction of the drama?"

Owsley—"To give the time, the place and —"

Mrs. Elston—"Yes, and—"

Owsley (absent-mindedly)—"And the girl."



Question (in Chemistry)—"In case a person were accidentally poisoned, what antidote would you apply?"

Answer—"Barium." (Bury him).

Father—"If that young man's coming here to see you every day in the week, you had better tell him to come after supper."

Daughter—"That's what he comes after."

Mr. Kizer said that the chemical laboratory smelled worse than cold storage eggs.

Helen—"O, Grace, are you going to the basketball game to-night?"

Grace (sadly)—"No, I suppose not."

Helen—"Why, why not? What are you going to do?"

Grace—"I am going to stay at home and read "Forsaken."

Miss Pyle (explaining that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other would not always hold good)—"You could not say that two persons friendly to the same person are friendly to each other."

H. Dickinson—"You couldn't where two boys are friendly to the same girl."

First Salesman—"A woman was arrested downstairs this morning."

Second Salesman—"What for?"

First Salesman—"She was caught in the act of stealing a hand mirror."

Second Salesman—"Poor woman, that's what comes of taking a glass too much."

"According to Pope," remarked the literary boarder, "beauty draws us with a single hair."

"Perhaps it did in Pope's day," growled the fussy bachelor, "but it's different now; when a beauty reaches the stage when she has only one hair left she doesn't draw much."

Senior—"Why is the 'Nautilus' like a healthy man?"

Fresh—"Don't know."

Senior—"Because it depends mainly upon its circulation."

At the Theater.

Enter the villain, maid recoils,
Shrinks and seeks to flee his toils;
Laughing, the villain steps toward
her;

Gallery hisses, "Back you cur!"
Maiden gasps in trembling tones—
Enter the hero, Julian Jones;
Smites the villain, saves the child;
Curtain drops, the house goes wild.

Junior—"Did you ever take castor oil, Freshie?"

Freshie—"No, sir; in what room is it given?"

"Say, mamma, are policemen like little children?"

"Why, dear?"

"Because I see so many being taken out for a walk in the park by the nursery maids."

She's such a desperate little flirt
That I believe she'd try
To get up a flirtation with
A rain-beau in the sky.

A young lady sang in a choir—
Her voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till one starry night
It rose out of sight,
And was found next morn on the
spoir.

Judge—"What is your name?"

The Swede—"Jan Olsen."

Judge—"Married?"

The Swede—"Ja, I been married."

Judge—"Whom did you marry?"

Swede—"I married a woman."

Judge—"Well, you fool, did you ever know any one that didn't marry a woman?"

Swede—"My sister; she marry a man."

Miss Eveland—"Earl, were you talking?"

E. Hull—"Yes'm—no'm. Why, I wasn't talking to anybody, I was talking to myself."

C. Bell—"What color is an alimony suit?"

W. Heath—"Generally pretty blue."

A bright Freshie (No. 999) was being hotly pursued by the Janitor.

Teacher (sweetly)—"What are you running for?"

Freshie—"I ain't runnin' for, I'm runnin' from."

Marie Munz—"Isn't this a lovely day?"

Erna Eyssell—"Yes, dandy for the race."

Marie—"Why, what race?"

Erna—"The human race, of course."

Moriarty

AUTOMOBILES

PACKARD MOTOR CARS

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

1508-10 GRAND AVENUE



COMMONS

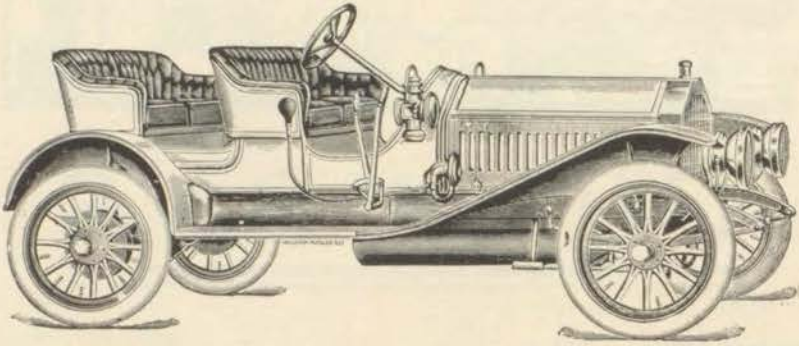
THE college man is quick to resent any lapse from the eternal fitness of things. The reason why he buys *Walk-Over* shoes is that they're always just what they should be for what he wants them. That's the whole story in a nutshell.

THE "Walk-Over" BOOT SHOP

HUBBARD BROS.,

1005 MAIN STREET,
KANSAS CITY, U.S.A.

This Car Stands for the Best
in Automobile Construction



Don't fritter your time away with an experiment

BUY A

Buick

And get a car that has
made good

Buick Motor Company

ADMIRAL BOULEVARD and McGEE
1 BLOCK NORTH OF POSTOFFICE

Patronize These Advertisers

The 1910 Models In Young Men's Clothing

The young man who would dress the best this spring must be conservative in choosing his Suit. It will be more closely fitted this season. The choice of colors will be grays, blues and browns; the mixtures come in small checks, small plaids and narrow stripes.

The proper cuts and patterns are shown in the Celebrated Chesterfeld Clothing for young men.

The designer of these Clothes gives his entire time to nothing but Young Men's garments. This fact puts this line in a class by itself.

Many of the Suits come with fancy vests or no vests at all, just as the buyer wishes. All the little conveniences in the way of pencil pockets, watch pockets, belt loops and bouquet loops are to be found. But most important of all, each Suit is individually cut and tailored which produces the exclusiveness so much desired.

\$25.00 to \$40.00.

We have Top Coats and Suits that match.

Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.

Picture Framing, Arts and Crafts Jewelry,
ART POTTERIES.

SOMETHING FOR "SOMEBODY"

SWANS

1008 GRAND AVENUE.

Manual High School Students==="Attention!"

- ☐ When in need of barber work, call on W. E. MAY, at 1102½ East 15th Street.
- ☐ We are equipped for the best of all kinds of barber work and hot or cold baths.
- ☐ Help those that help you. ☐ Remember the place, 3 doors east of Troost. ☐ First-class shoeshiner in connection ☐ Laundry agency.



"YOUR BOSOM FRIEND"

We will appreciate a trial and guarantee satisfaction on quality and promptness of work.

1511-13 VIRGINIA

Patronize These Advertisers

SPRING STYLES

IN
FINE SHOES

—ALL THE DRESSY SHAPES.

Oviatt Shoe Co., 1105 MAIN STREET.

Established 1870

WE EXECUTE ORDERS FOR
ENGRAVED INVITATIONS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

With a knowledge of that which is accepted as socially correct

CLASS, SOCIETY AND SCHOOL PINS A SPECIALTY

Cady & Olmstead Jewelry Co.

1009-1011 Walnut

A Catalog Sent Upon Request

A True Masterpiece

Represents the highest degree of achievement. What the name Michael Angelo stands for in sculpture—what Raphael signifies to the painter—what Stradivarius means to the violinist—that wealth of meaning the name

Steinway

Conveys to the pianist and the great music-loving public of the world. Our prices on Steinways are the lowest in the United States.

J. W. Jenkins' Sons Music Co., 1013-15 Walnut Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

We sell a new Vertegrand Steinway for \$550; \$15 monthly.

USE
THE
BEST

FAULTLESS STARCH

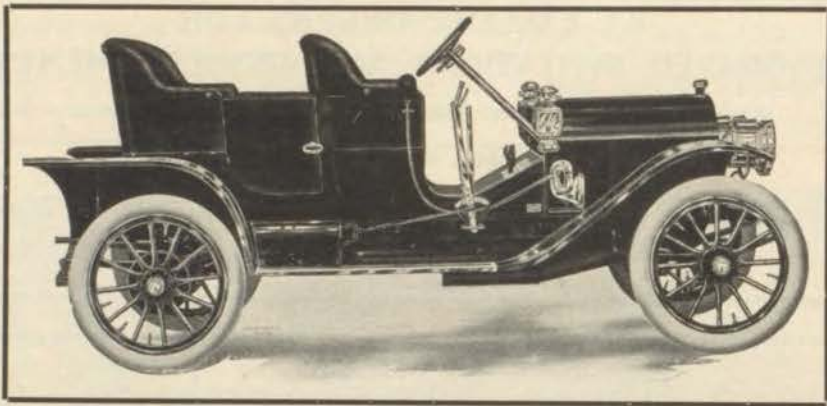
FOR
LAUNDRY
WORK

FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

Patronize These Advertisers

CAR BUILT IN MISSOURI
AND BUILT TO LAST

Dorris



Close Coupled Car
\$2,500.00 Fully Equipped
Ready for the Road.

Dorris

HALL BROS.

1110 East 15th Street.

**They Are Ready for You, Young Man--Our Classy
College Clothes for Spring 1910, Showing 60
Styles at the One Popular Price, \$15.**

These are all dashing, nifty College models, embracing many exclusive conceits so dear to the hearts of the High School and College Youths. The fabrics are all high grade, extra fine quality of pure all wool worsteds, cassimeres and blue serges; an immense range of patterns in the different shades of grays, tans and blues; all are superbly hand tailored, crisp, snappy models; some are silk lined; you can't match them for \$20 anywhere in Kansas City. Our price, sizes to fit young men 31 to 36 chest, only..... **\$15**

See the smart styles for young men made exclusively for us by **Hart, Schaffner & Marx** and the "L System." The spirit of youth shows in every model. Ask any of the salesmen in the **YOUNG MEN'S** department to show you our special values for

\$20.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00.



The Manual
Seal Ring



Actual Size

Price\$1.75

F. W. MEYER

JEWELER

1114 Main St., Kansas City, Missouri

The Official
Manual Pin



Actual Size

Official Pin, Price.. \$1.50
Patent Clasp\$1.75

PRINTED ENVELOPES

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

AT 20 PER CENT SAVING

BERKOWITZ ENVELOPE COMPANY

1918-20 WYANDOTTE STREET

Patronize These Advertisers

BELL PHONES { 1227 GRAND
1228 GRAND

HOME PHONES { 8777 MAIN
8778 MAIN

Established 1877 Incorporated 1895

E. Whyte Grocery, Fruit & Wine Co.

DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, WINES,
LIQUORS AND CIGARS

1115-17-19 McGee St.

Kansas City, Mo.

GO TO
MORTON'S
For Dainty Lunches

Especially Handy for
High School Scholars

Delicious Sandwiches,
Patties, Croquettes, Etc.

Coffee, Chocolate, Etc.

Finest Ice Cream, Plain
and Ice Cream Soda in
the City.

Have your dances at the new
ballroom, Westport Avenue
and Main Street.

1024 Main Street Westport and Main
Tels. 676 and 677 Main

Investigate Us.

Then ask those who keep accounts
in our hands.

You will no longer hesitate.

Watt Webb
Pres.



W. S. Webb
Cashier

Conveniently situated in the

Scarritt Building,

Just West of Ninth Street Entrance.

Makes us within the reach of all.

Give us a trial.

Studebaker

Photographer

Largest and finest equipped studio
in the city

911 GRAND AVENUE

Opposite Gas Office

FRED'S LUNCH ROOM

OYSTERS CHILI

We make our own pies.

Sandwiches of all kinds.

1104½ EAST 15th STREET

(HALF BLOCK WEST OF SCHOOL)

Patronize These Advertisers

**Emphatically Smart and Stylish
Sample Suits for Young Men**

Young men, we're at your service, and, when you meet our handsome New Spring Suits face to face there will be something doing, all latest shades and a large variety of blue and black serges. And again they are \$18, \$25 and \$30 values at\$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00.

MINDLIN BROS., 207-8 ALTMAN BLDG.
11th & Walnut
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

PHONE 1253 MAIN

Green Jewelry Co.

Artistic Diamond Mounting. Makers and Repairers of Jewelry. College and Class Pins. Original Designs Submitted. We make the Pins for Manual.

Southwest Corner 12th and Grand, Second Floor

TO
H O F F M A N ' S

FOR ANYTHING IN MUSIC.
IT'S THE BEST PLACE. ■ ■

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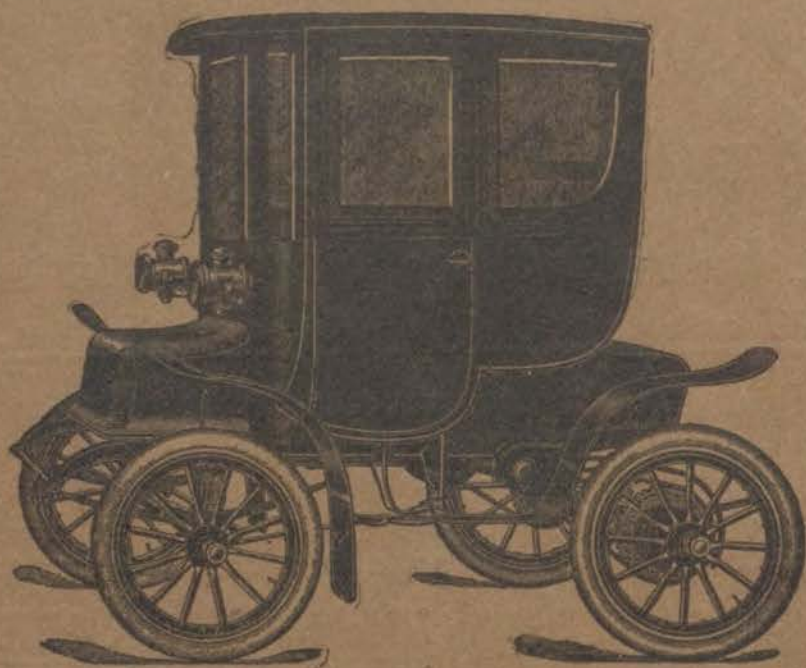
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ANNUAL

VOL 13 NO 4

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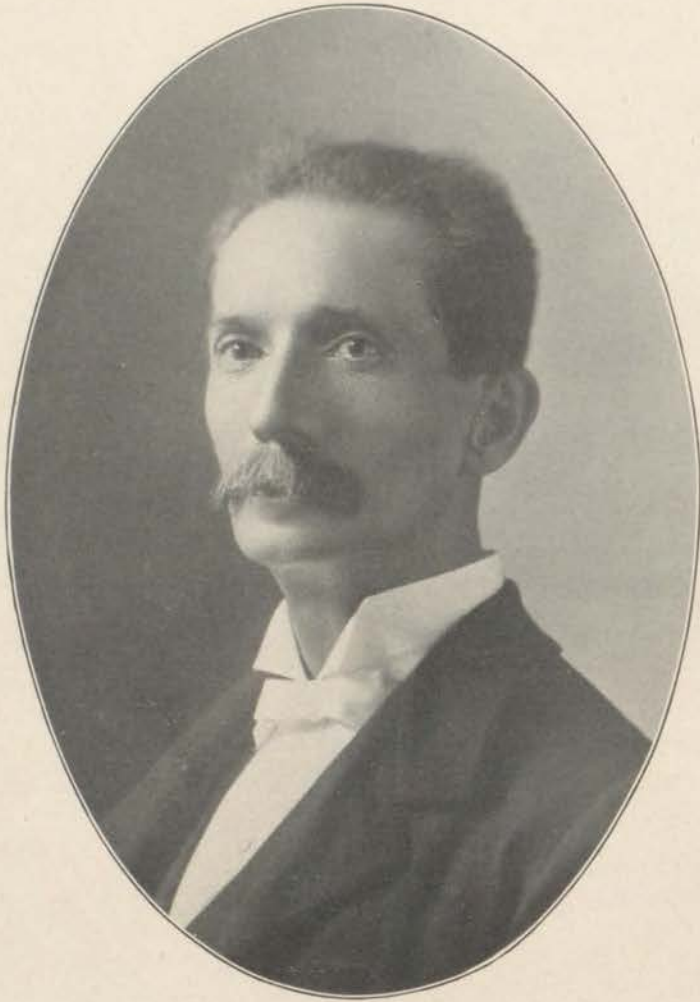
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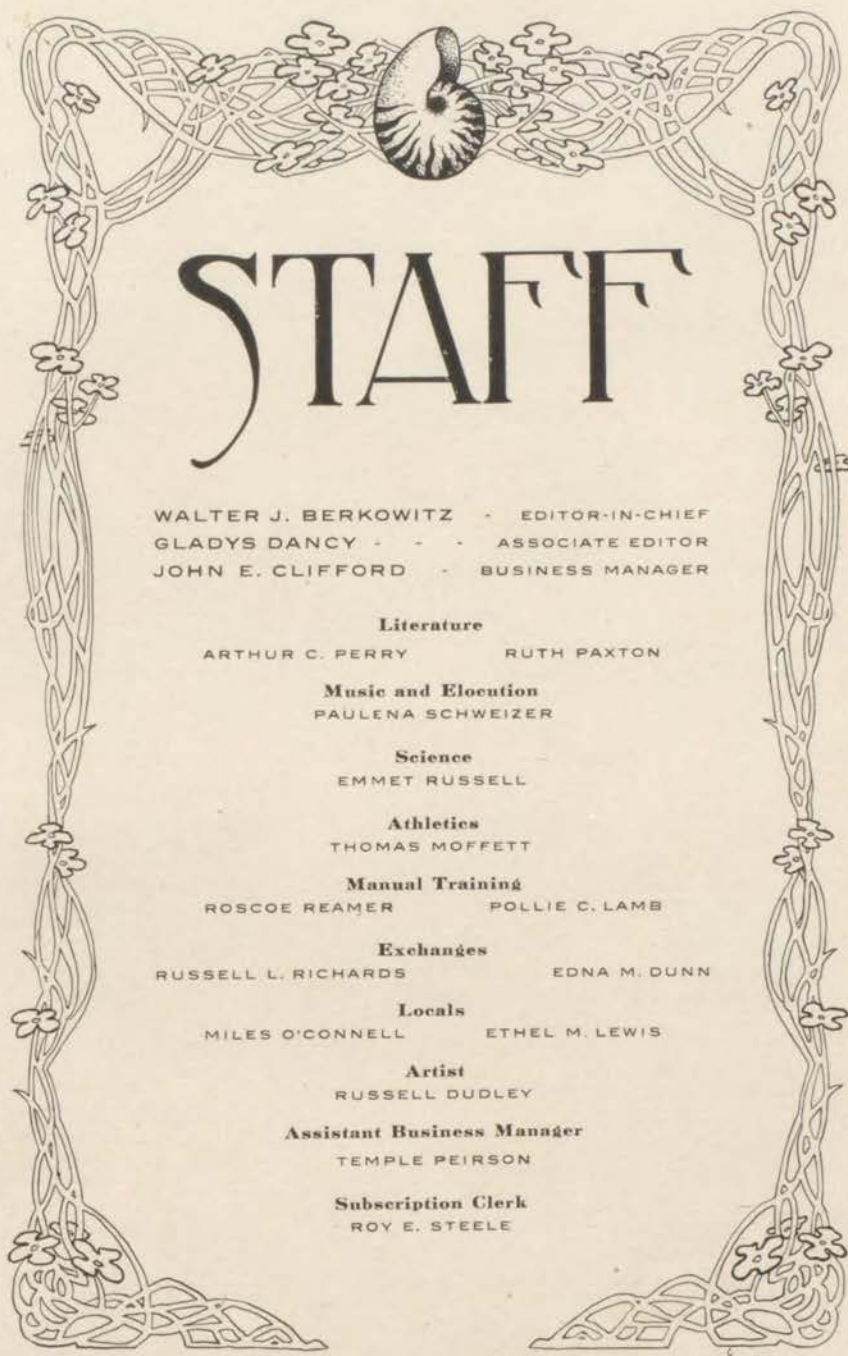
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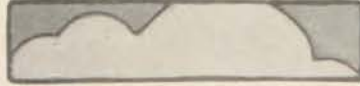
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Build thee more stately mansions -
O, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave the low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than
the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome
more vast,
Till thou, at length, art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell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

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL, KANSAS CITY, MO.. ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, AT KANSAS CITY, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.



During the last two years, Manual has conducted a most aggressive and persistent campaign for a new gymnasium. For several years past, our present "gym." has been unable to accommodate the large number of pupils in this school. The recent and extensive improvements in the other Kansas City high schools have made the defects in our own building, by comparison, still more prominent. In fact, this lack of an adequate gymnasium, has been a great detriment to the progress of the institution. Our entreaties have

been many, and our pleas have been strong and at present we are near success. The school board has recognized our needs and has informed us that as soon as the money can be raised, we shall be granted the boon we ask.

Just as the Nautilus goes to press, our citizens are voting on the issue of school bonds. The sale of these bonds will give Manual a new gymnasium and other necessary equipment. We hope that the result of the vote will evidence the correct civic spirit to help the school board carry out its educational plans.

Following the splendid sentiment sung in "Manual's Ode," the crimson banner was proudly raised at M. Columbia S. U. on May 7. Not only was the banner successfully raised, but explicit instructions were given to keep it waving aloft for the ensuing year to symbolize that Manual's debating ability ranks first in the State of Missouri. The individual who is mainly responsible for this state of affairs is Joseph E. Johnston, our representative, who succeeded in carrying off the \$125 cash scholarship. He took the affirmative of the question: "Resolved—That the commission system of municipal government should be adopted for Missouri cities," and excelled in both argument and delivery.

Helen Kerr, our representative in essay, although qualifying in the preliminaries, failed to win first place. Manual feels justly proud of these loyal representatives.

In the Annual Cover Design Contest for this issue of the Nautilus, the showing made by the various contestants was far above the ordinary. It was only after much careful consideration that the corps of judges composed of Mr. C. M. Carr and Mr. Patrick of the Art Institute and Mr. A. B. Chapin of the Star, granted Miss Cornelia Murphy the first prize of twenty dollars. Miss Villa Judy received the second prize of five dollars. Honorable mention was awarded to Barbara Block, Elberta Mohler, Helen Nipps and Ethel Deutsch. The prizes are offered annually by Mr. Wm. F. Smith, an alumnus of Manual.

Through the kindness of Mr. C. E. S. Green of this city, the Domestic Art Department has been able to secure a very fine set of six volumes of books on the history of costumes. The books contain a history of the dress of all people for all times.

Book collectors of rare and valuable editions will appreciate what our good fortune is when told that the set is a "Racinet."

Undoubtedly, the school will receive much benefit from this rare and costly set of books and will be proud to know that Manual is the only High School in Missouri that owns a copy.

The Nautilus staff wishes to thank all those who have aided us in any way in our efforts to make this issue, the Annual, the best that our time, money, and experience can make it. The faculty has played an important part in this respect, particularly the English, Science, and Art Departments. Special mention among the pupils is made of Elberta Mohler and John Smith, who have done splendid work to enhance the beauty of our magazine by their artistic efforts. Our staff artist, Russell Dudley, has done exceptionally good work.

On April 28, the O'itas endeavored to slake the school's thirst for high literary productions. After weeks of patient effort, a beautiful expose was given. There were both musical and elocutionary numbers, in fact, to better explain it, we would say that it greatly resembled the Daphne open session of two years ago. The "O'ita Will," the main part of the performance and the one that had been the "headliner" in the advanced verbal advertisements, was read. It showed the O'ita's Will to be clever. The most remarkable part of the performance was the laughter of several persons in the back of the room when a "slam" was given. However, the desire to laugh completely overwhelmed us when such new, choice, and witty remarks were made as those concerning our new "gym," Mr. Riggs' bald head or the loving couples in the halls. On the whole, however, it was an enjoyable entertainment.

Cover Design Contest

Contest

Valuable Book Purchase.

O'ita Open Session

The sixth inter-society and school-at-large contest held on March 25 of this year was very successful financially, but artistically not so much so. In both oration and recitation, the speakers exhibited neither as much power nor talent as has been displayed in former years.

The gold medal in recitation was awarded to Miss Cora Belle Green, of the school-at-large; Miss Anna Wyne of the O'ita Society won the silver medal. Mr. Russell Richards of the Manual Society of Debate was given the gold medal in oratory, while Mr. Randall M. Dorton of the Ion Society was awarded the silver medal.

The contest was exceedingly close throughout. In oratory, Mr. Randall Dorton received two out of three of the judges' decisions for first place, but the average of the grades made showed Mr. Russell Richards the winner by a fraction of a point.

Mr. Emmet Russell, of the school-at-large, gave by far the most clever and original oration of the evening. With the well thought out phraseology and the clever comparisons that characterize his literary achievements generally, he discussed "The Scientific Spirit." The judges, however, seemed to prefer the long and tiresome eulogies on the national heroes of the past, so Mr. Russell was not granted a medal.

PROGRAM

Grand Entrance of the Contestants

- Overture....."Anvil Chorus" (Verdi)
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
- Original Oration.....
"The Defender of the Downtrodden"
MR. CLEMENT CLARK, The Pan-Civic Society
- Original Oration.....
....."The American Demosthenes"
MR. RANDALL M. DORTON, Ion Society
- Recitation....."Bobby Shafto"
MISS RUTH McLAUGHLIN, American Literary Society
- Original Oration....."The Scientific Spirit"
MR. EMMET RUSSELL, School-at-Large

Music, "The Last Rose of Summer" (Flotow)
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Recitation....."Herve Riel"
MISS CORA B. GREEN, School-at-Large

Oration.....
....."The Protector of the Commonwealth"
RUSSELL RICHARDS, Manual Society of Debate

Recitation.....
....."How the LaRue Stakes Were Lost"
MISS ANNA WYNE, O'ita Society

Recitation....."The Polish Boy"
MISS AVIS WADDELL, School-at-Large

Music....."Bob White" (Gibson)
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Music....."Miserere" (Verdi)
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' AND GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Mr. Bertrand E. Riggs,
Musical Director

Announcement of Decision of Judges and Awarding of Medals

On May 12, the Daphne Society presented a sketch entitled "Daphne."

"Daphne" It represented a Greek wedding feast, some Greek goddesses, and a bridegroom. The effect was quite striking. Many in the audience did not see the appropriateness of a domestic science society giving a Greek play, but we hastened to assure these heathens that the entertainment plainly showed that as a society "their goose was cooked."

Considering that the play represented a time several centuries B. C., it will be noted that it contained several phases which were altogether original with the Daphnes. Such artful inconsistencies were there as having the happy married pair receive as a gift, a statue of the Virgin Mary; having á piano under the arbor; or having the fair goddesses sing college and high-school songs. One thing must be conceded, however. The Daphnes do not limit their aspiring talents by any foolish traditions of the ancients.

Following the custom established last year the Deutscher Sprach-Verein gave their annual play in connection with the contest for the Henry R. Seeger prizes. The entertainment was presented on the evening of April 16 and, again following custom, was a decided success.

Great was the skill in speaking displayed by the worthy contestants, and the actors in the sketch that followed the contest seemed to possess the grace, beauty, and intelligence that go to make up a Maude Adams or a David Warfield. One demonstration of the success of the entertainment was that many of the audience stayed throughout the entire performance and very few requests were made for the players to desist. Much credit is due

Miss von Unwerth for this pronounced success. After a much heated discussion between the judges, the prizes were awarded to Mr. Herbert Ziegler and Miss Eileen Burkhardt.

The program follows:

- Oration, "Die Macht Deutschlands".....Herbert Ziegler
 Oration, "Karl Schurz".....
Charles Davis
 Songs.George Zimmermann
 Recitation, "Die Walkuren"....
Eileen Burkhardt
 Recitation, "Stauffacher's Erzählung (aus Wilhelm Tell).
Marie Wetter
- Play—"Des Ganzschen von Buchenau." Characters were taken by Gladys Gaylord, Arthur Leavens, Ethel Lewis, Herbert Ziegler, Fred Hinkle, and Charles Davis.



·LITERATURE·



ARTHUR PERRY



RUTH PAXTON

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN THE FAR WEST.

Donald Fitch, '11.

Flagstaff, Arizona, is not a large town but it boasts of having the most characteristic Fourth of July celebration of any town or city in the United States. It was my good fortune to be present and take part in the celebration of 1908, and I will testify that the celebration is a typical Western one.

Patriotism seems to thrive on Western atmosphere, and the celebration was for three days, the fourth, fifth and sixth. Being in the heart of the cattle country, the days are spent by matches in steer-tying, shooting, horse-racing, and most important of all, by "broncho-busting." In 1908, the celebration caused special interest as the "broncho-busting" contest for the Territorial championship was to be held.

On the third of July the crowd began to pour into town, prospectors from up in the mountain, cow-punchers and sheep herders from the range. All were mounted on their best horses and had their finest saddles and trappings. A band of Indians from the Navajo reservation had come to town and proceeded to camp in the main street, much to the curiosity of the Eastern visitors. Horses were picketed and the owners proceeded to await the morrow as comfortably as possible.

In the evening the Indians gave a big dance. They built a fire in the middle of the street, and, after passing around the hat to the spectators (a ceremony which they never forget), they started the dance. It differs greatly from the dances to which we are accustomed. The only music is a tumbum, or log drum, and the shouting of the dancers themselves. The dancers pranced around the fire brandishing knives and shouting at the tops of their voices till one by one they became exhausted and dropped out of braves only, the women and children looking on in admiration.

The morning of the Fourth found the town filled with about five hundred cow-punchers and ranchmen. The town rang with hoof-beats and yells

as first one party of horsemen after the dance. The dance was limited to another would feel the necessity of riding through town in a manner to baffle the gods of time and space.

About nine o'clock, three hundred cow-punchers started on a grand race through town. The street was not wide enough so they used the sidewalk. After riding madly around the square six or eight times to the consternation of the Eastern visitors, they wearied of the sport, started for the open prairie, and disappeared in a cloud of dust. In spite of the size and recklessness of the body of horsemen, only one accident occurred. One cowboy rode through a plate glass window while rounding a corner at full speed. However, neither man nor horse were injured, which result in the West is called "cow-puncher's luck."

At noon, the cow-boys returned from their frolic and the town undertook the stupendous task of pacifying a thousand Western appetites. There was no restaurant in town, only a hotel and an "eating house" or "grub cache," as the cattlemen call it. It is called "Delmonico's." Every Western town, no matter how small, has its "Delmonico's." The place was filled for two hours. After a hearty meal, the town adjourned to a level spot on the outskirts to witness the "broncho-busting."

There were twelve contestants—riders from all parts of the range whom, according to themselves, horse had never thrown. They drew lots in a sombrero to see in what order they were to ride. The first number was drawn by a Mexican and the twelve started for the corral where the wild horses were kept.

A wild herd had been driven in the day before. They were horses that had never had so much as a halter on and were extremely vicious. One of them was roped and dragged out of the corral. While it was held between two horses, the Mexican advanced and with a dexterous twist of a bandanna

handkerchief, blindfolded him. Next, he made a rope halter (no bridle being used) and threw on his saddle. The horse reared and kicked, but failed to dislodge the saddle, so the Mexican tightened the cinches and was ready to mount.

Every broncho rider has what is called a "riding partner." The broncho is very vicious about striking with his front feet and if the rider is thrown, the horse will stamp him to death unless dragged off by the riding partner, who follows on horseback with his rope in hand.

The Mexican's "riding partner" rode up, the Mexican sprang into the saddle, pulled off the blind and the contest was on. The horse gave a wild bound into the air and it seemed as if he did not alight for five minutes. Wheeling, rearing, bucking, he tried every conceivable means of unseating his rider. At last, having failed in the attempt, the horse started to run and the fight was over.

The ten other contestants rode in nearly the same manner and all were "kings of the saddle and spur." Of them, I noticed one fellow with special interest and afterward became inti-

mately acquainted with him. His name was Bill Miller and he was commonly known as "Montana" Bill or "Montana." When he mounted his horse, he fastened the tie rope to his belt so that if thrown, he would be dragged to death. He said he would never live to face the disgrace of being "thrown." Needless to say he rode splendidly and won the record prize.

The first prize was won by a little bow-legged fellow named Joe Isbell. He is, by the way, an ex-Rough Rider and his face is disfigured by a bullet wound through both jaws which he received at the battle of San Juan. Joe's horse was an "outlaw," that is, it would rear up and fall back on the rider. By very skillful horsemanship, Joe escaped being crushed and when the horse would regain his feet, Joe would be in the saddle. Some Easterners called it a miracle how Joe ever came out alive, but he did and when the judges announced that the Territorial championship and prize two-hundred dollar saddle had been won by Joe Isbell, the announcement was welcomed by a volley of pistol shots, and there was general rejoicing in Arizona.

DANIEL BOONE.

W. Oren Hensley, '12.

There hangs in the Art Union gallery in New York a painting of special interest and of great significance to the student of American history. A band of rough hunters leaning on their guns is represented as standing on a rough shelf of rock, the summit of a high cliff, and gazing with looks of wonder and surprise at the uncultivated fertile fields and the winding river that are visible in the distance. In the foreground a robust and commanding figure wearing a loose hunting shirt is pointing out the beautiful landscapes with a triumphant yet easy attitude. This picture represents Daniel Boone, the Columbus of the woods, the forest philosopher, in the act of discovering to his companions the strange lands of Kentucky.

Many had wandered in Kentucky before him, but he was the first to systematize the attempts of migration. This remarkable man, although without early advantages of schooling, having received no technical or military training, attained the height of a ruler, a builder, a warrior and a philosopher.

Without political knowledge, he established and maintained the first permanent settlement in Kentucky, at Boonesborough, then on the western frontier of civilization. He was the first man to leave behind the comforts of home to face the defiant red men of the West, and to open up the wilderness of Kentucky for colonization. The fact that he, a man who had been raised on the western frontier of

Pennsylvania, without any experience in ruling or colonization, was able to carry his settlement through the hardships of frontier life, settle their disputes, compose their fears, and protect them from the repeated attacks of the hostile Indians—shows his ability as a ruler and a governor of men.

Without a knowledge of civil engineering he constructed, over rugged hills, through thick cane brakes, and dense forests, the first road in Kentucky. As he was the first to enter into the unoccupied lands of Kentucky with a band of settlers, he was the first to prepare a road whereby others might enter. This road had much to do with the future of Kentucky, since it was an inducement for people to enter and to settle. This highway stands there today as a fitting monument to the one who foresaw the need of the coming generations and acted accordingly.

Although he was a lover of peace and destitute of military education, he proved the most bitter antagonist the Indians ever encountered. He prevented war and bloodshed whenever he could, yet in dealing with the Indians he knew how to use the same strategy, which they, themselves, used against him. The fort which he constructed at Boonesborough to protect his settlement from the Indians, shows his military genius, for it withstood the repeated attacks of the Indians in the fight for the West. Had this fort proven too weak to withstand the sieges of the Indians, and had the colony been captured, the entire history of the West would have been changed, for the colonization of Kentucky and the West would have been checked. His keenness of eye, his alertness, his sure aim, his knowledge of woodcraft and of the Indian life, and his self-control in time of

danger, denote his soldier-like qualities which account for his ability to engage in that bitter contest for the control of the Western lands.

Unacquainted with books, he reflected deeply. Being in the forest a great deal he acquired the habit of contemplation. He seemed to understand, as Bryant, that the forest was God's great temple, and he refrained from impure thoughts. Men who came in contact with this man were surprised at his refined and cultured appearance. Mr. J. M. Peck, who was writing a biography of Daniel Boone, thinking to get some personal experiences for his production, visited him when he was living on the farm of his son in Missouri. Instead of finding a rough, uncouth specimen of humanity, as he expected, he found in every way the reverse. He forgot his intended questions and sat under a kind of spell listening to the simple words of this majestic old man, for Boone was one of the few men who, living away from the culture and refinement of the world, attained the wisdom of a philosopher. Upon the rude stone, which was to mark his grave, he carved these simple words:

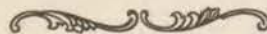
"Remember me as you pass by,

As you are now so once was I,

As I am now so you will be,

Prepare for death and follow me."

This is his message to us. The world still needs leaders, men who, like Boone, are alert, self-sacrificing and enduring, who have visions of a larger world, fear not to take the initiative and lead to higher enterprises. Missouri needs "Daniel Boones" now to build roads to her unrecognized resources, to attract high-class settlers into her undeveloped lands, to point the way toward that liberality to higher education which alone is needed to make our state the richest and noblest in the Union.



"BURKE'S INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE."

Julia Matthews, '10.

[This Essay Won the Silver Medal in Sons of American Revolution Contest Throughout the State.]

Edmund Burke, the great English statesman, was one of the most fair-minded men of his time. Very early in life he learned the lesson that there are two sides to every question. His mother was a firm believer of the Catholic faith, while his father was a true Protestant. During the time that others spent in criticising and finding fault with one religion or the other, Burke was learning to consider both with an impartial eye. Another condition, which served to broaden his mind was the fact that he was born in Ireland and spent twenty years of his life in that oppressed land. He saw the trouble and disorderly condition prevailing there and learned to understand the Irish subjects, by living among them, and being one of them as no other Englishman could. He found that one had to know and comprehend both sides of a subject before a fair judgment could be rendered. Then when he became a statesman, he dealt with the affairs of countries as he would deal with the affairs of men. Subsequently, in dealing with the affairs concerning America, his sense of justice and his thorough understanding of conditions in America and in England caused him to exert much influence in behalf of the colonies. In the study of his life and political career, we find that we have to thank Edmund Burke for the conditions in England which encouraged and spurred our countrymen on in their stubborn resistance to "taxation without representation," which at last resulted in independence.

Burke's first notable work in behalf of the colonies was begun in the year 1765, during the first Rockingham ministry. He was the private secretary of Lord Rockingham, and soon became his firm friend. In such a position Burke was able to exert much influence over the work of the prime minister. It was mainly due to his advice that Rockingham adopted the course

of dealing with America which was in direct opposition to the policy of King George III and his "friends," and which resulted in a change of ministry within a year. Yet during that brief administration, the Rockingham government had done much to relieve the condition in America. It had succeeded in having the Stamp Act repealed; had forced on the House of Commons two resolutions for the benefit of the colonists, one against general warrants, the other against the seizure of papers; and had relieved private houses from the intrusion of officers of excise.

The same year that the Rockingham ministry was dismissed, Burke was made a member of the House of Commons. From the very beginning he stood out strongly against the measures taken to tax the Americans. He told Parliament in plain language that he agreed with the colonists in denying her right to tax them as she was doing. That he stood for a "square deal" with the colonies was made so manifest that New York employed him as her agent to look after her interests in Parliament. The discontent of the colonies was increasing and the obstinacy of the mother country still continued, so that, in 1774, Burke saw that affairs had come to such a crisis that something must be done to avoid rebellion. He delivered his powerful speech on American taxation, and tried to show Parliament the folly of her actions. He said the Americans were English subjects and should have the rights and privileges of English subjects. He attempted to induce Parliament to make some concessions to the colonies. He persuaded many that the policy adopted was a wrong one, but he failed in his efforts to prevail upon Parliament to comply with the just claims of the Americans. The next year he delivered his famous speech on conciliation with the colonies. He laid bare the futility of the claim of England to levy taxes without the consent

of the Americans. He set forth the fact that a concession should be made, if war was to be avoided, and that it should come from England, because she was the more powerful nation. He urged that an attempt at conciliation be made before force was employed, because, he said, "If you do not succeed, you are without recourse; for, conciliation failing, force remains; but force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left." Doubtless many of the members of Parliament saw the error of their action, but, again the resolution in behalf of the colonies was not adopted.

Although these two speeches made no change in the course Parliament had taken, yet their influence on the general public in England was so great as to cause Parliament to send a request to Burke not to have them published. He did not do so for a while, still hoping that an attempt might yet be made to conciliate the colonies. Finally, as Parliament and the king still persisted in clinging to their old policy, Burke, with several of his followers, withdrew. After this he had his speeches published and scattered broadcast through the land. People read them and saw that the Americans were being dealt with unjustly. It was made evident that they were struggling for the principle of freedom, which is so dear to every English heart. Their own love of liberty caused the English people to sympathize with the colonists, and throughout England there arose a fellow feeling for the Americans, which grew into a desire to help them to maintain their rights, rather than fight against them. In a letter written to the sheriffs of Bristol at this time, justifying his withdrawal from Parliament, Burke again strongly declared his sympathy with the Americans. He appealed to the feelings of the English by asking if any English subject would meekly submit to having his laws changed and taxes levied upon him without a hearing and without his consent.

While these things were transpiring in England, the colonies were doing all they could to keep in touch with the

things done in Parliament. They had agents who filled the galleries and lobbies when Parliament was in session. These agents heard every speech that was made for or against the Americans, and as quickly as possible communicated to America what was being said and done and how the people were affected. Thus, when Burke and others made speeches for the colonies, they were making them before the Americans as well as before Parliament. When Burke, in his speech on conciliation, told England how valuable the colonies were to her, he was impressing the fact on the Americans also. When he spoke of England's commerce with the colonies, and said, "When we speak of the commerce with our colonies, fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren," he stamped the fact indelibly on the minds of the Americans, while he made only a passing impression on the minds of the members of Parliament. When he said of the growth and population of the colonies that it would show the English that they were "not to be considered as one of those minima which are out of the eye and consideration of the law; not a paltry excrescence of the state; not a mean dependent, who may be neglected with little damage and provoked with little danger," he showed the Americans they were growing to be a large, powerful and important nation, and gave them confidence and hope of success if they rebelled. When he told Parliament that the Americans were inheritors and should be partakers of English liberties, he strengthened their determination to have "liberty or death." When the Americans found that prominent men like Burke and his followers, with many of the English people at large, sympathized with them and supported their cause, it nerved their hearts and strengthened their resolution to have their rights as English subjects.

When the obstinacy of Parliament and the resolution of the colonists finally brought on war, then the influence of Burke began to be sorely felt in England. Troops had to be sent to

America to fight the rebellious subjects. But when England called for her army what did she find? Not her usual strong, well-enforced army, but a few subservient vassals of the king. And not all the money she could pay would tempt many of her soldiers to take arms against their own countrymen. Burke's speeches had made it too evident that the Americans were contesting for a constitutional right, and an English victory would mean the downfall of liberty in England as well as in America. Since so many of the English soldiers would not be prevailed upon to war against the Americans, England was compelled to hire mercenaries, or foreign soldiers, to do her fighting. The effect of this was to increase the anger of the Americans, and cause them to fight with all the strength and stubbornness of which they were capable. The mercenaries were strong and well-trained, but they were not fighting for a principle. They had neither anything to gain nor anything to lose by the result of the contest, so they could not fight with the determination of the Americans who had everything to gain, or everything to lose in the conflict. Perhaps Burke exerted more real influence on American independence in this way than in any other, for the English paid troops fought only half-heartedly, while our brave countrymen fought to win or die.

Burke did not cease his efforts in behalf of the colonies when war began, but still continued to encourage them and work for them. Once, when the

English had won a decisive victory, and the news had been received with joy and applause at the University of Oxford, Burke, in a letter to the University, censured the students highly, and told them they did not understand the conditions, or they would not applaud the downfall of liberty in England herself. When the news came of the victory of the Americans, Burke rejoiced with them over it. Then he went to work to try and help heal the wounds in the minds of both English and Americans, and to help bridge the wide gulf made between two English nations.

When we think of the brave heroes who fought and gave their lives for the liberty that we enjoy today, our hearts swell with pride and gratitude for what they have done for us. But shall we forget Burke, the English statesman, who did even more for us than did our own countrymen? Not because it was his country and he would receive the benefit, but for the principle of right and justice. Edmund Burke wantonly sacrificed his great ambition to become prime minister of England, by boldly opposing the king and Parliament in their dealings with America, and created a condition in England making a successful rebellion possible. Let us at this late hour acknowledge the debt we owe to Burke, an Englishman, true to his country, true to the principle of justice, as a chief in the beginning of a country where justice reigns and ever shall reign.

A MODERN LOCHINVAR.

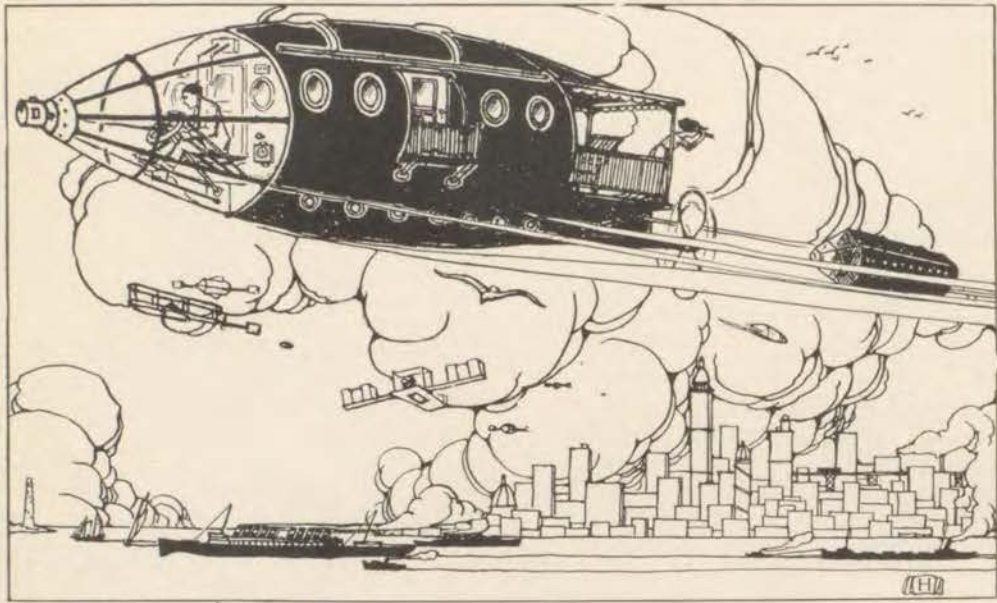
Edward C. Wright, Jr., '10.

"James, have the Aero people send up the 'Comet' right away." The speaker was a tall, sinewy young fellow, dressed for flying or aeroplaning. He was of that type known as American, with a strong, rather good-looking face, on the whole, a very prepossessing young man. His face was well tanned from frequent exposure to wind and sun, a fact that is explained when one is told that this is the well-known George Van Clede, one of New York's

richest young enthusiasts in fast aeroboats in the year 1950. He had quite a number of aeroboats, among them a very palatial flyer, in which he often made extended tours with parties of friends. His favorites, however, were the long, narrow, speedy little flyabouts, in which he was often seen, soaring out over the bay at a tremendous rate of speed, or racing with other young enthusiasts some miles out over the Atlantic.

His favorite among his favorites, a little Repete racer, built to order for him, was now at the landing on the roof of the house and he went up and entered it. It was a racy little flyer, about the size of the sporty little launches seen on our big rivers in about 1910. The general outline of the boat was cigar-shaped. There was a small cabin in front, while a sheltered deck about six feet wide and ten long

principle of elevating the flyer. Under the center of the boat was a large strip of lead about twice the weight of the rest of the boat. An anti-gravity curtain running in a steel chute under this, cut the block off from the earth at the will of the operator. This curtain neutralized the attraction of gravity for any object that it separated from the earth and a thing thus covered would rise with tremendous force



took up the rear. On this deck were arm chairs and a small table, upon which were the latest periodicals, a couple of pipes, and a tobacco jar. The cabin contained a lounge, a couple of bunks and some lockers. In the forward part, which was entirely enclosed by plate glass, strongly reinforced by light steel bars, was the driver's seat. Here was the steering wheel, the controlling levers and the other appliances for managing the boat. On the top of the pilot house was an extraordinarily powerful searchlight. The whole boat was most luxuriously fitted and beautifully decorated. The body was painted in a dull gray to blend with the sky and was made of aluminum. All of this would seem rather heavy for an aeroboot, but was made possible by the use of a new

and speed, the heavier the object the greater the force with which it rose. This was the lifting apparatus of the "Comet." By covering a little more or less of the block with the curtain, the speed of the rise could be regulated from a barely perceptible rise to about a mile a minute. This method of elevation was limited to the very expensive flyers, as the materials composing the anti-gravity curtains were very scarce. The more cumbersome aeroplanes had to satisfy most people. Van Clede's racer was driven by exceedingly powerful and speedy electric motors, geared direct to the propellers. The use of electricity was made possible by improved storage batteries, which would drive the motors at top speed for days at a time. Indeed, he had once gone around the world on

one charge. An idea of the speed attained can be secured when one is told that the trip was made in a little over a week and that not at full speed, and including stops.

This morning Van Clede was in a very gloomy state of mind, as he had just received an invitation to the wedding of the girl he loved. She loved him, but her parents had not favored the match because they considered Van Clede an idle, useless young chap. So Grace Harrington was to marry Rupert Brown, a rich young man, who made some pretense at being in business. Grace had told George in a letter that she did not love Brown, but had to marry him on account of pressure brought to bear on her by her parents. Also, she said she had been forbidden to receive him, George, before her wedding. This was the cause of Van Clede's dejection on such a bright, clear morning as this. How could he prevent the wedding and marry Grace? That was his problem.

He pulled the ascending lever abstractedly and the flyer without the slightest tremor rose slowly in the morning air. When the graceful little machine had risen above the traffic levels, he turned her bow out toward the ocean and, often passing the coast guard flyers, sailed slowly out over the bay, thinking hard. A half-forgotten story of the olden days kept forcing itself upon his thoughts. It was a tale of a man and a maid. The girl was to be forced to marry a man she did not love, but on her wedding day, her lover came riding upon a beautiful steed and asked the privilege of a last cup of wine from the hands of the bride. When she brought it, he lifted her up in front of him on the horse, galloped off before any one could interfere and they were married before the pursuers could overtake them. The name of this gallant youth was Lochinvar. Some vague plan seemed stirring in Van Clede's mind and he began to increase the speed at which the boat was traveling. He pulled the controlling lever back, notch by notch, until the low, drowsy hum of the propellers rose to a shriek,

while the scene beneath him became a mere blur. All the time he was watching the speed indicator anxiously. Finally, he shut off power when he had been running at almost full speed for some time and turned toward New York. He seemed fairly well satisfied with the speed he had attained and was apparently feeling brighter than when he started, for he was whistling gaily as he started to ascend for a long coast back to New York. He went up in a long slant and when he had reached a tremendous height he set the ascension lever so that the boat started to fall fairly fast. Then he pulled a lever that pushed out large horizontal planes which were folded at the sides of the boat. He had had these planes put on just for coasting as they were not necessary to the running of the boat, but he enjoyed the sport of coasting as it required a good deal of skill. In about half an hour in which he had been trying some new feats of skill in managing the boat he neared New York. He pushed the button on the steering wheel and an exceedingly penetrating but pleasant sounding siren rang out. This was to clear the road and to warn his valet to have the landing clear. In a few minutes, with planes once more folded at her sides, the little aerobore was hovering over her own landing.

When he got into the house, Van Clede called up Chicago and got into communication with a friend of his there who was a minister. Van Clede asked some favor that caused the friend to hesitate before answering, but he finally consented to what was asked, even if it did cause trouble. Then he began to chuckle and asked Van Clede whatever put it into his head to do such a "fool stunt." Van Clede laughed and after talking a few minutes more hung up the receiver.

The day of the wedding approached and Van Clede spent the greater part of his time around the "Comet," making re-adjustments and tinkering over the motors with his mechanic. Every day he would take it out and display the same interest in the speed

that the little racer could attain. Finally the day of the wedding came. Van Clede after a scrupulous toilet, took the little Repete racer out for a spin over the ocean, apparently testing it. James, his valet, who was an expert driver, went with him. The "Comet" was in beautiful condition. Every part of the motors had been cleaned and polished till it shone, the batteries had been added to and were freshly charged, and the body of little flyer was gleaming in the afternoon sunshine, having been scrubbed and polished the night before. In all the wide world it would have been hard to find an equal to this beautiful yacht of the air. The motors were purring contentedly as he turned back to New York, to await the wedding procession. The wedding was to take place at a very fashionable church, about a half-hour's ride from New York by air. Van Clede saw the Harrington family flyer coming toward him slowly and he swung around in a long circle and came alongside it. As he did so he noticed that Brown and a couple of friends were sailing behind in a long, narrow, dangerous looking red racer. Van Clede started violently, but, shutting his teeth grimly, he spoke to Mrs. Harrington and asked if he might speak to Grace a moment. She consented, so he stepped to the railing of the rear deck, which, owing to the skillful maneuvering of James, was separated from that of the larger boat only by a foot of space. He spoke a few words in a low, earnest tone to the girl. They seemed to startle her and she hesitated, but suddenly she nodded and, after a quick spring, lifted by his strong arms, she stood on the deck of the "Comet."

"We'll telephone you from Chicago," George shouted, springing to the wheel.

Instantly pandemonium arose. George threw the ascending lever over to the limit for a few seconds, nearly throwing all of them onto the deck, so sudden was the rise, then into neutral which just held the yacht floating. All of this time he was pulling the controller back, quickly, but

steadily, notch by notch, while behind him he could hear above the shriek of his own propellers, the scream of the rapidly driven propellers on Brown's racer as well as on several other fast aeroboats which had started after him. The minute that Brown had seen Grace spring on board the "Comet," he had started his racer at full speed toward it and he was very close. The two flyers were going at awful speed. Several birds were crushed against the glass fronts of the boats and were it not for the glass shields the occupants would have been smothered immediately. As it was, they sat in perfect comfort sheltered from the rushing wind created by their swift passage through the air. Gradually the "Comet" began to draw away from the rear boat and soon left the raging men in it far behind. The other boats, that had started, had dropped out when they saw that they were up against Van Clede's "Comet." Grace sank into one of the arm chairs and was watching the race with intent interest, showing great joy when the following boats dropped out. She had agreed to run away with Van Clede upon impulse and was, as yet, unaware of the plans he had made to make their elopement a success. She saw, through the powerful field glasses, which hung in a rack at the side of the table, the family flyer sail rapidly back to the huge "tube station" and stop there. She told George and was startled to see a look of dismay sweep over his face.

"Thunderation! Why did I mention Chicago?" he said excitedly; "your father will get a 'special' through the 'tube' and get there as soon as we can. We have to meet Winters there to get married. He has the license and everything."

He turned to James, who was saying unprintable things under his breath.

"James, get hold of Winters over the wireless and tell him to be all ready on the landing of the "Salton Hotel" about six o'clock. Tell him he'll have to jump for it because we'll probably have a few police boats af-

ter us. Mr. Harrington will see to it that the police are on the lookout for us. Winters will have to marry us on the fly. I'll go back and cut in that extra battery and try to get a little more speed out of her."

They had never used this battery before, but George was desperate. He pulled the controller to limit but only succeeded in burning out a fuse. Finally he found that he could leave the controller two notches from the limit without burning out anything, so he left it there. He glanced at the speed indicator. It read two hundred and thirty-five miles an hour.

"We may beat them yet," he said to Grace.

But he was destined to be disappointed. Counter winds delayed him to some extent with the result that it was going on seven o'clock when the landmarks showed that he was approaching Chicago. He slowed down and ascended several thousand feet in order to be above the traffic levels. It was quite dark now, and they could see the glow of the myriad lights of Chicago in the sky. Now, he rose as high as they could breath with comfort and soon stopped, for Chicago lay beneath them gleaming like an immense fairyland with its millions of lights. After examining the prospect with his powerful field glasses, he said:

"Grace, it's going to be a nip and tuck with us to get through. I see Winters on the "Salton," but there are police boats all around and I can't tell whether they're on the lookout for us or not. As soon as your father reaches headquarters, all of them will be telephoned to look out for us, but the question is: Has he got there yet or not? Those Chicago police boats are hummers, too. Well, here goes."

He dropped the boat swiftly until she was just over the "Salton," then sailed calmly by the landing. Winters saw him and made a flying leap

on board. Just as soon as he was on board, George started to rise. Now there was a sudden commotion among the police boats for several blocks around and three or four began to rise at the same time drawing in on the "Comet." George gave a tremendous swerve and darted off at a perilous angle upward between two of them. He was off toward Florida in one of the swiftest aeroboats in the world, with two of the swiftest police boats in the world after him. He was going at top speed of course, and so were the two boats behind him. Now he turned the boat over to Jones and stepped to the rear deck where Winters proceeded to marry him and Grace. He had put all lights out and as the dull gray color of his boat blended very well with the dark evening sky he was congratulating himself that they would soon dodge the following boats, but the police boats soon found them with their powerful searchlights and kept the lights glaring steadily on them. However, he seemed to be gaining on them so he did not worry, and by the time that Winters had pronounced them man and wife, the police boats were falling well to the rear. In a few moments the wireless flickered and George was surprised to hear Mr. Harrington at the other end.

"Come back to Chicago and be forgiven. A man that is smart enough to carry my daughter off from under my very nose and marry her without my consent can't be so worthless as I thought you were. I am on the first police boat and starving to death. Come back and receive my blessing and a good supper. Tell that worthless daughter of mine that if she wants you bad enough to run away with you as she has to-day, I guess she can have you, so far as I'm concerned."

George turned around to Grace and told her what her father said. She smiled happily.



TERRITORIAL MISSOURI UNDER GOVERNOR WILLIAM CLARK.

Warren Heath, '11.

[This Essay Won the Ten Dollar Prize Offered by the Kansas City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.]

In 1800 President Thomas Jefferson sent Livingston and Monroe as ministers to France for the purpose of purchasing the region lying west of the Mississippi River, extending to the Pacific Coast and south to the Dominions of Mexico. Previous to 1763 the entire continent of North America was divided among France, England, Spain and Russia. France held the Louisiana Province, which embraced the territory of Missouri. At the close of the last French War, France ceded her claims to Spain and England, the Missouri territory remaining under Spanish rule until October 1, 1800, when it was given back to France in the treaty of St. Ildefonso. The United States not wishing to have colonies from so powerful a country as France situated in the new continent, decided to purchase this region. As Napoleon needed money to carry on his expensive wars with England, Livingston and Monroe were successful in their mission, and the Louisiana Province was purchased for \$15,000,000. Mr. Livingston said after the transaction,

"We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our whole lives."

Even he could not possibly have foreseen the rapid growth and development of this uncivilized region into its present condition of great cities and fertile farms. On March 26, 1804, Congress authorized the President to divide this region into two separate territories. He formed it into the District of Louisiana and the Territory of Orleans. Later the District of Louisiana was organized into the Territory of Louisiana with a territorial government of its own. In 1812 the Territory of Louisiana became the Territory of Missouri.

The Territory of Missouri contained 65,350 square miles, an area nearly as large as England, Vermont and New Hampshire combined. It possessed perhaps better river facilities than any other state or territory in the Union, for the Mississippi River, which

formed its eastern boundary, led to the most northern states, the Ohio Valley, the Atlantic States and the Gulf of Mexico, while the Missouri River extended to the Rocky Mountains. The river bottoms were covered with forests containing a large variety of trees and the soil was not surpassed in richness, even by the far-famed valley of the Nile. The land of the territory as a whole, was fertile and agriculture was carried on extensively, the products being sent down the rivers on flat-boats to market.

Emigrants rushed to the new territory from Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and the Carolinas. They brought with them live stock of all kinds and also slaves. When the emigrant arrived at his journey's end, he set about looking for a suitable location for his new home. This was no easy task for land speculators confused him with glowing accounts of their possessions. Finally he chose the sort that suited his fancy and prepared to erect his house. First he cut down trees and trimmed them into logs. These he placed on top of one another in the shape of a pen, the logs fitting together by means of notches cut near their ends. The cracks between them were filled with chips and then covered with clay. The doors were constructed of rough hewn boards hung on wooden hinges, while the windows, which were without glass, were covered with greased paper. After the building of his house the emigrant next prepared for the planting of his first crops, and the fencing of his possessions. If he was industrious he soon was supplied with the necessities of life for the material of his clothing was sheared from his flocks and made into garments by the women, while his food was supplied from the fields, orchards and streams. In a few years his log-house was supplanted by a more pretentious frame one and the

luxuries enjoyed by the city people were introduced into his home. The young people of the territory grew up among hardships and toil, but they had their pleasures also in "Old-time Dances," "Play Parties," "Kissing Bees" and "Corn Huskings."

Congress organized for the governing of the Missouri Territory a government consisting of a Governor and General Assembly. The Governor, Legislative Assembly and the House of Representatives exercised the legislative power, the Governor's vetoing power being absolute. The legislative Council was composed of nine members selected from eighteen men nominated by the House of Representatives to the President with approval of the Senate. The members of the House of Representatives were chosen every two years by the people, one member representing five hundred white men. The territory could send one delegate to Congress. The judicial power was vested in the Superior and Inferior Courts, and in the Justices of the Peace. The Supreme Court contained three judges whose term of office was four years. The President now had to choose a governor for the territory and he appointed William Clark to occupy the position.

Clark at the age of fourteen left his home in Virginia and went to the fort his brother, George Rogers Clark, had built at the Falls of the Ohio. It was in this wilderness that Clark received the early training which gave him great influence over the Indians in his later life. He entered the army as an ensign when he was eighteen and in four years was promoted to Lieutenant of Infantry and soon after to Adjutant and Quarter-master. On account of ill health he was forced to resign his commission in the army, but as soon as he was well again, the President, on the recommendation of Congress, appointed him and Merriwether Lewis to conduct an expedition to the northwestern parts of the United States. Lewis and Clark chose as their company nine Kentuckians, several Indian guides, a few soldiers and enough backwoodsmen to make the total num-

ber twenty-eight. During the winter of 1803 they camped at the mouth of the Missouri and in the spring began their ascent of the river. They covered in all about four thousand miles, encountered tribes of Indians never before seen by white men, made many scientific collections and observations and were the first explorers to reach the Pacific Coast by crossing the continent north of Mexico. The expedition was full of romance and danger, attracting much attention at that time. The leaders and men were given substantial tracts of land by the government as compensation for their work. Before this the United States had no claims to this territory, but after the expedition it belonged to them by right of exploration. Soon after returning from this trip of exploration, Clark undertook the duties of Governor of the Missouri Territory.

The first Legislature met in July, 1813. At this meeting laws were established regulating weights and measurements, creating the office of sheriff, providing the manner of taking the census and permanently fixing the seats of the Justices of the Peace. As the old system of using lead, peltry, tobacco and agricultural products for money had now become inadequate to the needs of the people, the legislature passed a law incorporating the Bank of St. Louis. This gave a new impulse to all business interests in the state, and caused land speculation which eventually brought on the land troubles of that time. The Legislature again met in December and at this session many laws were passed having reference to the temporal as well as the spiritual and moral welfare of the people. Acts were passed also for the suppression of vice and immorality on the Sabbath. Probably the most important were those providing for the improvement of highways and public roads, and those creating the office of treasurer, auditor and county surveyor.

During the eight years of Clark's administration the territory made rapid progress both in wealth and population. The people had for some time wished to become a sovereign state. Since

1812, or the time of the organization of the territory, the population had greatly increased, counties had been formed and commercial interests had grown to be of much importance, and the agricultural and mineral resources were also being developed. Believing that its admission to the Union would give a fresh impulse to all these interests, the territorial legislature of 1818-19 made application to Congress for the passage of an act authorizing the people of the Missouri Territory to organize a state government. Lower Louisiana had been admitted as stipulated by Napoleon's treaty, which provided that the people of the Louisiana Province should enjoy the same rights and privileges as American citizens, and should be admitted to the Union as soon as the population was large enough. Missouri now sought the fulfillment of this provision, but her application to become a state caused the greatest political storm ever known. After a year or more of strife and debate, the Senate and House of Representatives authorized the people to form a constitution and state government. They also provided for the admission of the territory into the Union on an equal footing with the original states, and prohibited slavery in certain territory. By an act of Congress the people were also authorized to hold an election on the first Monday and two succeeding days in May, 1820, to select representatives to a state convention. This was done and the convention met in St. Louis on June 12th, and concluded its labors by the 19th of July. David Barton was President and William G. Pettis, secretary. There

were in all forty-one members present, men of ability and statesmanship as the constitution formed bears evidence. On the 13th of November, Congress was presented the constitution by Mr. Scott. Many objections were now raised against the admission of the Territory. The Union up to 1819 had always contained one more free than slave state. If Missouri was to be admitted, and also Alabama as slave states, the South would then predominate in Congress. If the people of Missouri were given the right to decide whether they should be a free or a slave state, the whole of the Louisiana Purchase should have the same right, and slavery would be introduced more freely in the North. Another objection was that the new constitution of Missouri authorized the Legislature to pass laws preventing free negroes and mulattoes from settling in the state.

The Missouri Compromise was formed to remedy these objections. It provided that Maine should enter the Union a free state, Missouri should decide for herself whether she should be a free or a slave state, and that slavery should forever be prohibited north of 36° 30', North Latitude. A committee was also formed with Henry Clay as chairman to settle the Missouri question. Between the Committee and the Missouri Compromise the question was finally solved after three years of debate and strife, and Missouri took her place among her sister states in the Union. As to her success as a state, her past record now shows that it has been brilliant and here's hoping she may do as well in the future.

THE FATE OF THE FORT RUNNER.

Clyde Morgan, '11.

Ever since the Hudson Bay Company had established their two trading posts in the Long Lake region, they had been constantly harassed in some way or other by the Northwest Fur Company. The bitter rivalry between the two, kept the whole region in a constant state of confusion and uproar. They were always snarling and snapping in an attempt to bluff each

other out. As the Northwest Company had held the upper hand of the deal from the start, they made it warm for the Long Lake and the Great Moose fur posts, and to make matters worse the Hudson Bay Company were short of men and supplies.

The half-breed runner for the Great Moose post, sat dozing before a fire in his shanty. A storm, such as that

region seldom ever experienced, was furiously shrieking and wailing through the trees and forcing a fine, cutting snow through the crevices in the logs of his hut. The might and sublimity of the storm sent thrills of awe and veneration through the man. It made him realize and feel faint conceptions of a remote ancestry that seemed uncomfortably near. When he looked into the dark recesses of the dimly lighted room, or closed his eyes, there was always a vision, a dark, weazen, savage-like man, crouched before a fire, surrounded by a circle of dark furry forms. At times the figure seemed to rise and strike this way and that, at the forms with a blazing brand. At other times the fire would slowly die down and finally go out, leaving in the blank space an impression of a whirling mass of furry forms.

Suddenly his pensive rumination was disturbed by the entrance of two snow-covered men, who bolted headlong into the room, with gusts of cold wind and snow sweeping in after them. One of the men proved to be a packteer and the other the head or chief factor of the post. The runner soon learned that the packteer had heard a plot by some Northwest Company men, to burn the Long Lake trading post, on the night of the twenty-fifth, and that he would have to prepare to go immediately as there were only two days left to go the sixty miles that lay between the two posts. As he was harnessing his dogs to the sled, he suddenly realized what a risk he was taking in going on such a dangerous trip, with the weather at its worst. Then there came to him once more the vision of the small, savage-like man hovering over a fire for protection. He realized, also, that it would be a useless undertaking, to try to cover that sixty miles in two days. A person would do well to cover it in five days in such extreme weather conditions. Nevertheless, that was what he was to receive a handsome sum from the factor for, so he determined to do his utmost to get to the post in time to warn them. As soon as he had finished the harnessing and packing, he

ate what was left from supper, took special care to wrap himself up well, and with many wishes of good from the chief factor, departed into the howling gloom of the night.

All night long he kept up a steady gait with untiring persistence. He reached the Moisie River, a distance of only five miles, just a little before morning. With the slow tiresome job of breaking trail for the sled and struggling against a stiff wind, he could not have made much better time. But as morning dawned the storm died down, the stiff frozen, snow-covered country and the air stilled to a perfect silence. There was nothing to break the deathlike stillness except the creaking of the sled or an occasional cough from one of the dogs. After a short stop for a little rest and some breakfast, he was up again and off at a trot, for each minute was precious and he must take advantage of the lull in the storm. Dusk found him still swinging along up the Moisie. As soon as it became dark, he and the dogs were only too glad to eat a little supper and "turn in" for a few hours sleep. Long before morning he crawled out of his blanket, ate a half-cold breakfast, and was off again. By daybreak he was well into the hills. He had decided to turn due west and go overland as the river course was almost twice as far.

With favorable weather and steady going he put many miles between him and his last camping place by noon. But a little after noon the skies suddenly darkened and almost before he could realize it a storm of sleet and snow beat down on him out of a boiling sky. The wind that whipped and whistled around him sent a fine cutting sleet and snow, with stinging spats against his unprotected face. Many were the times he had to lie down in the snow from complete exhaustion, and as many times he got up and forced himself and the weary dogs on.

The half-breed urged his dog team on toward a pine thicket where he drew in for the night, or rather to give himself and the dogs a rest before making the final run for the fort which

was only four miles distant. Although weary of body, hope of success braced him up wonderfully. Building a fire, he set some fish over it to thaw out for the dogs. After the sled was safely stowed away from destructive huskies, his moccasins hung up to dry, and some wood piled near at hand, he sat down before the fire to eat his supper, while his silent, faithful dogs sat in an interested semi-circle on the other side.

Far off, seemingly from nowhere, a lone wolf howled, a dog half arose with the hair standing upon his neck; others looked into the surrounding darkness and whined; the half-breed looked uneasy.

"We haf de trouble plenty tonight, mebby so," he solemnly asserted to his sympathetic dogs, then threw on more wood. The wolf cry was taken up by others. There were answering cries on all sides. The huskies became more and more restless and kept whimpering and complaining. Some even snapped at imaginary foes. One of the dogs went out into the darkness, driven by some strange impulse. A faint yelp was heard—that creature would never pull another sled. Three more went out and met the same fate. The two remaining ones drew in closer to their protector.

The man sat silently gazing into the fire, his last friend. Once more there

came to him the vision of the weazen man surrounded by a circle of dark forms. Just outside the rim of light sat a circle of savage, expectant wolves. They were only waiting for the final scene. The runner occasionally threw on more wood and shot at wolves which ventured too far into the circle of light. As the woodpile became smaller, the mass of hungry brutes drew in closer. The half-breed threw on his last stock of wood, and crouched low in the protection of the last of his fire. One wolf made bold to go and sniff at him, but was promptly whacked on the head with a burning brand. Another did the same thing, then another, till at last the whole pack was clamoring and snapping for their rights.

* * *

Out in the darkness, a wolf gave the hunger cry, the trail of a moose was taken up, and the pack disappeared over a moonlit ridge.

* * *

When day broke at the Long Lake fur post, it found the post in a deplorable condition. What had been a prosperous trading place surrounded by high wooden walls was now a smoking heap of ashes with a wrathful, woe-begone set of men, silently looking on.



MUSIC AND ELOCUTION



PAULENA SCHWEIZER



Romeo and Juliet Scene.

BYDLEY

"COMMISSION SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT."

Joseph E. Johnston, '10.

This speech won the \$125 Freshman Scholarship at Inter-High-School Contest at M. S. U. on May 7th, 1910.

Resolved: That the commission system of municipal government should be established in Missouri cities.—Affirmative.

Honorable Judges, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

The cities of Missouri in the organization of their government have followed the general plan of state and national governments with a legislative body called the council, and an executive branch with power invested in the mayor. While for state and national governments this division of powers is absolutely essential, it is too complex for city government. The purpose of city government is not politics but business, and the present ward plan fastens upon the city a complex political system. Suppose a citizen finds the streets in his district out of repair. Complaint is made to the council. The council refers it to a committee and the committee to some subordinate officer. After he makes an investigation, it is referred back to the committee; the committee in time refers it back to the council and the council spends two or three more sessions in discussing the advisability of making the needed repairs. This example is but one of many that might be cited to show the long circuit that a petition for a needed public service must take before it is finally disposed of. Obviously, a system that requires so many delegations of duty is too complex for an efficient, expeditious administration.

There is too much red tape to make a direct, effective working organization. Under this political system councilmen are elected not because of their business ability, but because of political sagacity. They are chosen not to give the city efficient government, but to secure its political patronage. But conceding both honesty and competency to members of a council, and an ambition to give good government, the complexity of the system still stands in their way. It forms a cloak

behind which the inefficient alderman or boss-ridden mayor can hide his actions, and the honest citizen who sees a defect in the system becomes completely bewildered in tracing its cause.

The mayor claims a fault should be charged to the council, the council makes a countercharge, or both place it on some committee and the committee on some obscure office-holder. Thus the complexity of the system prevents the fixing of responsibility and the officials, knowing this, feel secure in violating their election pledges.

The alderman, feeling no responsibility to the people, too often works for the man who pays him the most. Hence, by corrupt practices, corporations are able to secure long and undesirable franchises and special privileges. Mr. Chairman, you know and every one else knows that the shameful experiences of many of our cities, of which Pittsburg is the most recent example, is simply the result of an inefficient and corrupt city government.

Hon. Judges, a system that is complex, inefficient, irresponsible, and corrupt is not a proper plan of city government and these defects are inherent because they are the outgrowth of the system itself and, therefore, cannot be remedied without a complete change in the form of government. A system so inherently weak should no longer be tolerated by American cities.

Now as to the commission system. What does it involve? The election of a mayor and a limited number of men called councilmen or commissioners. The business of the city is divided into departments, a commissioner placed at the head of each, given certain specific duties to perform, and held personally responsible for their performance; collectively the commissioners pass the needed legislation. Ward lines are abolished and the commissioners elected at large, thus becoming real representatives

of the entire city. This direct plan does away with the present complexity of separate legislative and executive departments with its scores of committees.

Now suppose we have a defective street proposition under the commission system. Complaint is made to the commissioner in charge of that department, and instead of weeks of delay, the merit of the complaint is determined at once and the commissioner takes immediate action, thus handling the questions of government as work is handled in any successful business. I have here an illustration of that very point, as it actually happened in Kansas City, Kansas. This is taken from the *Kansas City Star*:

"The New Rule Does It Now."

"On a run to a fire several holes were encountered in the pavement of one of the streets. The defects were reported to the commissioner of streets and in three hours the blackboard of fire headquarters showed that the repairs had been made at a very small cost to the city."

Moreover, the subordinates in each department are appointed, not because of their political standing, but because of specific fitness and qualifications, which are determined by a well worked out civil service plan; again, the initiative and referendum gives the citizen a more direct power in the formation and passage of laws; finally, the commission is at work every day in the week and eight hours of the day; the old system works but one or two nights in the week and only two or three hours at that. In these ways the commission form of government gives the city an efficient, business-like administration.

The citizen is no longer in doubt where to place the blame or give the praise—it is to the commissioner in charge of a department. Should the commissioner fail, the system has the power to recall. Thus the citizens hold the commissioner accountable for his actions and the commissioner will feel his personal responsibility to the citizen and not to the political boss.

Simplicity, efficiency, and personal

responsibility will go far toward removing the corruption existing under the present system. If there is extravagance, favoritism, or any form of corruption, it is easily located in a specific department. The commissioner knowing this would not dare foster corrupt practices. Moreover, the commission plan provides for well paid commissioners. Thus the inducement to corruption is lessened. Under the old plan the aldermen must give their time practically free of charge. They naturally desire compensation. The handy pocketbook of the briber meets the desire. By the very form of its organization, and by getting qualified and well paid men, and by being able to fix the blame, and by giving the people the power to recall, the commission form of government roots out the greater chance for corruption.

Having established the fact that commission government is practicable from the standpoint of efficiency and that it is a more representative plan than our present system, but one further serious objections could be urged against it—that of its feasibility from the standpoint of economy. Does the service rendered the public justify the additional expense of paying the councilmen the salaries necessary to remunerate them for their time? That question is answered in the affirmative by the reports from the cities already operating under the new rule, as compared with the expense in those cities operating under the ward system. Such a comparison shows that Des Moines, Iowa, after paying \$15,500 in additional salaries to the commissioners saved over \$182,000 in the first year of its new rule, and reduced its tax levy in the second; Houston, Texas, saved enough to pave five miles of streets without using bonds or increasing its taxes; Tulsa, Oklahoma, in a single paving contract, saved its taxpayers \$70,000 on eight miles of street paving; Galveston saved \$500,000 in seven years in addition to its wonderful civic development; Haverhill, Mass., saved \$45,000 in its first year; and Leavenworth, Kansas, more than \$18,000; and while making this saving

in each city, commission government increased the public service and gave the people better government than the ward system had given them. A system that increases the service and decreases the expenses must be regarded as entirely feasible from the economic standpoint.

Now, Honorable Judges, I have shown you that the present system has

four inherent defects that cannot be remedied by law; second, the commission system of government will remedy these defects; and third, it is a highly practicable and feasible system. In view of these facts I think I have substantiated the proposition that the commission system of government should be adopted for Missouri cities.

TO-MORROW IS THE SHADOW OF TO-DAY.

Emmet Russell, '10.

"To be fearless, just, and efficient, is the highest requirement of national life."—Theodore Roosevelt.

That is just as true of the school life; and it is more important to be fearless, just, and efficient in school affairs, for character once formed cannot be readily changed.

Why do we put fearlessness and justice before efficiency? Because though all are equally important, it is impossible to have efficiency without the faculty of judgment and comparison behind it. A machine may be efficient, but it must have human judgment behind it. No human being can judge justly unless he is absolutely and temperately fearless.

What application does all this have in school life? There are many. School elections are a conspicuous example. What sense is there in a factional division of the school on these occasions? Who will pretend that there are such momentous differences in opinion as to the best policy for a school paper or class? I shall vote for the candidate I think best for the place: if he does not secure a majority, he should not be bolstered up by a "machine." Why should I vote for some one I think unworthy, in order to secure the election of some one I think worthy, but who may not have the real favor of a majority? This "division of spoils" is not even honorable barter. In a fair exchange, both parties are satisfied, but in a "machine" ticket, each party to the agreement has some objections to a part of

it. At least in school elections, there is no necessity for compromise. The fundamental principle of democratic government is that the majority shall rule. A machine, however efficient and beneficial it may be, is an attempt to put power in the hands of a few.

It is commonly said that the example of national political methods justifies their application to smaller affairs. As a matter of fact, the cause of present political methods, is the impracticability of the direct control of majorities on so large a scale. Some people are already beginning to think that city government can be carried on without the more sinister political machinery. The poets all agree that youth is the time of high ideals. If we have not high ideals now, what sort of standards shall we have twenty years from now? The schools should be the workshops of progress. We should be proud to maintain in the school, standards of honor a little higher than those of the "world."

The product of study with the senses is breadth of thought, depth of culture. Efficiency cannot be large without seriousness. "Wo du bist, sei alles," said Goethe. Concentrated thought is the only kind worth while.

Each of the 1706 students in the school owes to each of the other 1705, the example for each to do better than his best. Here, where we have so many inducements to encourage us to do so, let us learn to stand openly, without rancor or bitterness, "for the Truth as we see it, for the God of Truth as it is."

"THE LITTLE LADY."

Russell Dudley, '10.

Doubtless every one who is familiar with Maude Adams' delightful interpretation of Peter Pan or Maggie Wylie has felt instinctively that the little woman back of these irresistible characters stands for more than an intelligent actress. Indeed she is a great influence for good and the growing custom of referring to her as "The Little Lady" indicates the strong hold



which she has taken upon the affections of the American public.

It was Miss Adams' personality that suggested to Mr. Barrie the picturesque character of Peter Pan, which was written specially for her. It is essentially a creation for the juvenile mind and she gave herself entirely to its development—owing to the fact that she has always been a great lover of children. She says that, during its production, it was one of her chief pleasures to hear the fairy tale discussed by the little folks. She even went so far at the Christmas holidays, as to gather a score of small urchins in the big back room of a settlement house on Broadway, and there enthu-

siastically told them the story of the pirates and Indians of the Never-Never Land, and the boy who wouldn't grow up. It is said, too, that this same little lady could explain, if she would, the mysterious purchase of a thousand tickets to Peter Pan, which were distributed among the children of the New York slums. One can easily imagine what tenderness and charm would naturally characterize the acting of such a woman.

Prior to her presentation of this beloved fairy tale, among other roles, Miss Adams played with great success the part of Babbie in "The Little Minister." For her interpretations of such pieces as "L'Aiglon" and "Les Bouffons" from the French as well as for her many appearances in the Barrie plays and the comedies of Shakespeare, the critics have accorded her unlimited praise. One of the most notable and stupendous of her undertakings was the open-air production of Schiller's "Joan of Arc," which took place last season in the stadium of Harvard University, under the management of Charles Frohman. Over thirteen hundred persons participated in the action of the drama, upon which was spared neither time nor expense to make it as nearly perfect as possible. In it Miss Adams scored the triumph of her career.

Her latest play, which is said to be Barrie's masterpiece, is entitled "What Every Woman Knows." Like all her other plays, it is wholly characteristic of her and is given with the usual warmth of feeling for which she is noted. If we were to choose the leading traits or characteristics of Maude Adams, they would probably include the following: plainness of speech and manner, an unusually intelligent mind, an ever-abiding sense of humor and a thoroughness in everything she undertakes. For all her work as an actress, she remains a thoroughly womanly woman, "The Little Lady" of the American stage.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Russell L. Richards, '11.

[This oration won the gold medal in the last Inter-Society and School-at-Large Contest.]

Revolutions are the outgrowth of oppression. The progress of the world, written as it has been on the bloody pages of her history, is by the conflict of man, an unending conflict against the tyranny and oppression of the preceding age in which he is struggling and seeking for higher and better conditions. When Christ first whispered to his lowly disciples of the plains of Judea, "Ye are men," the conflict began, and throughout all the succeeding ages it has continued on and on, and it will continue, as long as the finite mind is reaching, grasping and seeking for the Infinite.

The campaign of Caesar into trans-Alpine Gaul; his crossing of the Rubicon; the Triumvir, his imperial rulership, were but the outcry against the vices and wickedness of the preceding age. True, Charlemagne, Peter and Frederick the Great, may have in time each developed into despots themselves, but they each in their turn heard the outcry of suffering man for something higher, something nobler, something truer, and by the struggles which they waged the world was raised a little higher in the scale of advancing civilization.

The French Revolution, with all its horrors, had its inception in the uprisings of the masses against the tyranny and oppression of a French king and his courtiers. Europe was one vast battlefield, hill and dale echoing to the tread of martial conflict; her soil was drenched in human blood and her rivers running crimson to the seas.

It may not have been worth the price, yet the feudalism and despotism of Europe never settled back again to their original resting-place, and man breathed more freely.

The American Revolution was the outcry against the oppression of George the Third, seven long years of conflict, at Valley Forge, at Trenton, at Bran-

dywine; but, thank God, at Yorktown the world again heard the words, "Ye are men" in sweeter accents than ever before.

The seventeenth century witnessed one of the greatest revolutions the world has ever seen, and out of it and above it, standing unique and alone, is one of the mightiest characters that ever played a part in this old world of ours. England was his country; the Anglo-Saxons were his people; religious toleration and civil liberty were his heart's desire; oppression was his battlefield and Oliver Cromwell was his name.

The glory and grandeur of the Elizabethan age and reign had been dimmed and had grown lusterless under the weak and vacillating policy of her successor, King James the First, which in turn gave way to the weaker vices and deeper tyranny of his son, Charles the First. Scarcely was he seated on the throne before he surrounded himself with, and turned the reins of government over to, as bold a set of buccaneers as ever trampled upon the rights of a people, scuttled a ship or cut a throat. Insisting that Parliament and the people held their liberties by his toleration and not by right, he proceeded to arrogate unto himself the full authority of the despots of Europe.

Disregarding all laws; setting aside all customs; trampling under his feet the great Magna Charta; bidding defiance to the "petition of rights," he imposed upon England and her people heavier burdens than the Anglo-Saxon race had known since the days of William the Conqueror.

Refusing to his subjects the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, he proceeded to crush the principles of freedom, stifle Puritanism and compel the Presbyterians to kneel at the altar of papacy; and without permit from Parlia-

ment sent forth his officers to levy tribute on the people greater than they could bear.

Prisons were filled to overflowing and the block was ever red with the blood of martyrs. Ireland was in a state of rebellion and was strewn with the dead bodies of Protestants, the massacres of whom baffle description; Scotland still held to the tenet of her ancestors and was resisting the encroachments of the King and the Pontiff; commerce was at a low ebb; the name England once so proud was but a sinecure in all Europe, and the pirates of the Mediterranean were hovering along her shores. The discontent was intense; gloom and desolation were hanging over a once happy and prosperous land.

Again the cry "Ye are men" was heard. The low murmurings of discontent soon engulfed the kingdom; the revolution was on and Cromwell was the outgrowth.

The forces of Royalty were endeavoring to crush the principles of freedom as represented by Protestant principles and Protestant states. First in Parliament, then on the battlefield, cavalier clashed with roundhead. These were stupendous times. The future history of England and the world was hanging in the balance, and on the side of the people the theater of action was being trod by as valiant set of men as ever struggled for the brotherhood of man—Ah! we read of Sir John Eliot, John Hampden, Henry Vane, John Pym and hosts of others, but over and above them all we see the form of the mighty Cromwell towering like some vast mountain peak holding aloft the banner of freedom.

Born at Huntingdon, April 25, 1599, a tint of aristocratic blood in his veins, an ordinary pupil at the village grammar school, at seventeen he was a fellow commoner of Sidney Sussex College, England. His college career was short and at twenty-two years of age we find him a fairly well-to-do farmer, deeply concerned about the salvation of his soul. The quiet of his early life was but little indicative of

the raging storm yet to come. Cromwell, the farmer boy, the devout Christian fully imbued with the principles of Puritanism, first a Presbyterian, then an Independent, a child to fortune and to fame unknown, became Cromwell the Protector, overstepping a mighty gulf, and yet, his "is the most royal name in English history, rivaling in its splendor that of Elizabeth, the Edwards, and the Henrys, outshining the proudest name of the Norman, the Plantagenet or the Tudor.

I would I had time to follow him step by step through his wonderful career, but his life's history is known to all. The youthful member of Parliament more interested in religious than state or economic questions, afterwards the stern contender for English liberty, he defied the king and measured arms with him on the field of battle. It was here his illustrious career began in earnest. At forty he organized and drilled his "Ironsides" and went about over England, Ireland and Scotland as irresistible as a mountain torrent, with victory ever attending his banner on a hundred well-fought battlefields. True there were Dunbar and Naseby, but it was at Marston Moor that his military genius shone resplendent. It was in the evening in July, the day was dying and the hill tops were receiving the last parting kiss of the sun's receding rays; all were thinking, praying for the morrow, when lo! the fiery Rupert, twenty thousand strong, came plunging across the Lancashire hills and bore down on the ranks of the Roundheads of Parliament. "God and the King" was answered by the war cry of the Puritans, "Peace and Truth." Leven and Fairfax were beaten and fell back before the brilliant charge of the King's nephew. Victory seemed all but assured to the Royalists. It was then that Cromwell uttered to his Ironsides his famous command, "Charge in the Name of the Most High," and oh! what a charge it was. History ever since has been echoing its grandeur. The Royalists were defeated; the King's cause hopeless; Cromwell the

great champion of the great Puritan cause had won a Puritan victory and there "amid the gathering silence of that night—amid the groans of the dying," rises the magnificent military genius of Cromwell, "a genius unsurpassed in ancient or modern times."

'Tis true he afterwards assumed full power himself, and, although more than thrice he refused the crown, he sat upon a throne, yet I am sure they are none but who will say, judging him by the age in which he lived, that the world was better for it.

After his death his body may have been dug up and dismembered, and his head gibbeted at Westminster Hall, but it mattered not. His life's work was done and well done, his fame safely pillowed on the pages of history to stand the test of time, and the Anglo-Saxon race breathed more freely.

He stands like some vast Titan uplifting his huge form from the dust of forgotten ages. With mighty mien and stupendous strides he seized upon the chaotic condition of his times and set about establishing a stable form of government and scattering peace and plenty over a prosperous land. Holding at nought the "dignity which doth hedge a king," and bidding defiance

to the feudalism of the lords, he strode from height to height of pride and power, sending a king to the block, and peers and lords to prisons, or beggars over the face of the earth. Disbanding a weak and vacillating Parliament he brought Ireland a suppliant for mercy at his feet and Scotland seeking forgiveness at his hands. Uniting the three in one, he established over England, Ireland and Scotland his protectorate, which to that time was the marvel of all ages. With peace and quietude at home, he set about establishing some form of government over Europe and the high seas; first the proud banner of Holland bowed to supremacy; then the pirates of the Mediterranean Sea gave free passage to English commerce and the Lybian rulers of North Africa reimbursed her with interest for former depredations, and the persecution fires of Rome ceased to burn. Spain went down in ignominious defeat before the invincible Blake. And out of it all, and above it all, we see the towering form of Oliver Cromwell, the greatest ruler of all preceding ages, whose imperial voice was a terror to all Europe, and who made England the mightiest nation on land and proud mistress of all the seas.

THE MOTTO OF "NINETEEN TEN."

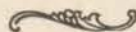
Cora Bell Green, '10.

Drifting, drifting, drifting
In the ocean of thought, so deep,
Gems are ever waiting—
Waiting patiently within reach
Of the minds, whose searching
Can gleam beautiful truths from each.

Seeking, seeking, seeking
Within as well as without, leads
To a confident feeling
With the God-given gem, that sends
A command of loving
What is highest and best in men.

Living, living, living
In this divine law of wisdom
Is the motto ringing
From the classmates of "Nineteen
Ten."

And their thoughts are forming
Truths everlasting to the end.



HANDEL.

Florence Boyer, '11.

In a small and dingy garret choked with various sorts of lumber and hung with cobwebs which were heavy with dust, was a dumb spinet, the keys of which were yellow with age. Seated at the instrument was a fair-haired child, who was tenderly, almost caressingly, fingering the keys. The instrument had a voice for the boy, and he could hear it speaking to him in the beautiful strains which it gave forth. The child was George Frederick

had excited the sympathy of a friend, by the sad glances which he would give to those children who were more fortunate than himself in being permitted to learn music, so when Handel was five years old there was procured for him a dumb spinet, having its strings tied with cloth to deaden the sound. The instrument was secretly conveyed to the lumber room in Handel's home, and there he would go at such times as he could do so without



Handel, who was born in Lower Saxony, February 23, 1685.

From his birth the boy had shown a fondness for music, but his father had no sympathy with this love, and regarded it with contempt. He had decided that Handel should become a lawyer. All desire of the boy to be taught music caused the father to become angry, but such genius as Handel had is not to be daunted. He

attracting attention from the other members of the family. There he would remain, hour after hour, until evening cast its shadows about him. Thus, Handel practiced for many days without arousing any suspicion from the others in the house. But one night when Handel was with his beloved instrument, he was missed by the family. After searching the living rooms for the child, they ascended, lantern in

hand, to the lumber room, thinking that possibly he had found his way thither and had fallen asleep. Low musical sounds were heard coming from the interior of the room. It held them in a strange fascination. The father softly raised the latch. "It might have been one of the angel choir itself whom these good people had stumbled upon unawares." The father lifted his lantern above his head, and the woman peered into the darkness. Great was their astonishment, for seated before the instrument was the child, with the dreamy expression in his eyes of one who is "lost to every earthly surrounding." This discovery did not produce any outbursts of anger on the part of the father, possibly because of the child's entreaties, and because he regarded Handel's practicing as an amusement.

Through the influence of the Duke of Weissenfels, Handel became a pupil under Zachan, an organist. After three years of instruction, Zachan told his pupil that he could teach him no more. Faithfully and well had he taught the boy; and it was with a heart full of gratitude that Handel left his master to go to Berlin to pursue his studies there. The people of Berlin were astounded and regarded as a prodigy a child of eleven who could compose music for church and could play the harpsichord and the organ in a masterly way.

Handel's father died about this time, leaving his mother with very small means, so Handel started out to make his own living. For a while he was deputy organist at the Cathedral and Castle of Halle, but in January, 1708, he set out for Hamburg. The life there was a busy one. As his fame increased, his pupils increased until he was able to send money to his mother and also to save.

Handel's extraordinary skill as a performer was not entirely due to genius. It is said that he practiced incessantly, so that every key of his harpsichord was hollowed out like a spoon.

Although Handel's greatest triumphs were won in England, his masterpiece,

the "Messiah," was first welcomed in Dublin. It created great enthusiasm there, as was shown by the women's leaving their hoops at home in order that one hundred more might listen. A German poet calls the "Messiah" "a Christian epic in musical sounds." "It celebrates the grandest of events in the sublimest strains that music may utter." No human composition, in poetry, prose, or music, ever gave such a masterly conception of the life, death, and triumph of Christ, as is uttered by this magnificent oratorio. The words are furnished by the sacred scriptures. He who sought out the fitting words had studied his Bible and he who "joined them to musical sounds dwelt in the region of the sublime." The oratorio finds its highest expression in the "Hallelujah Chorus." "I did think," said Handel, describing his thought at the moment of the composition of the "Chorus"—"I did think I did see all heaven before me and the great God Himself." When the "Messiah" was first performed in London, the audience was transported at the words, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." All present rose to their feet and remained standing until the chorus was finished, and ever since at every performance, it is the custom to stand during the "Hallelujah Chorus."

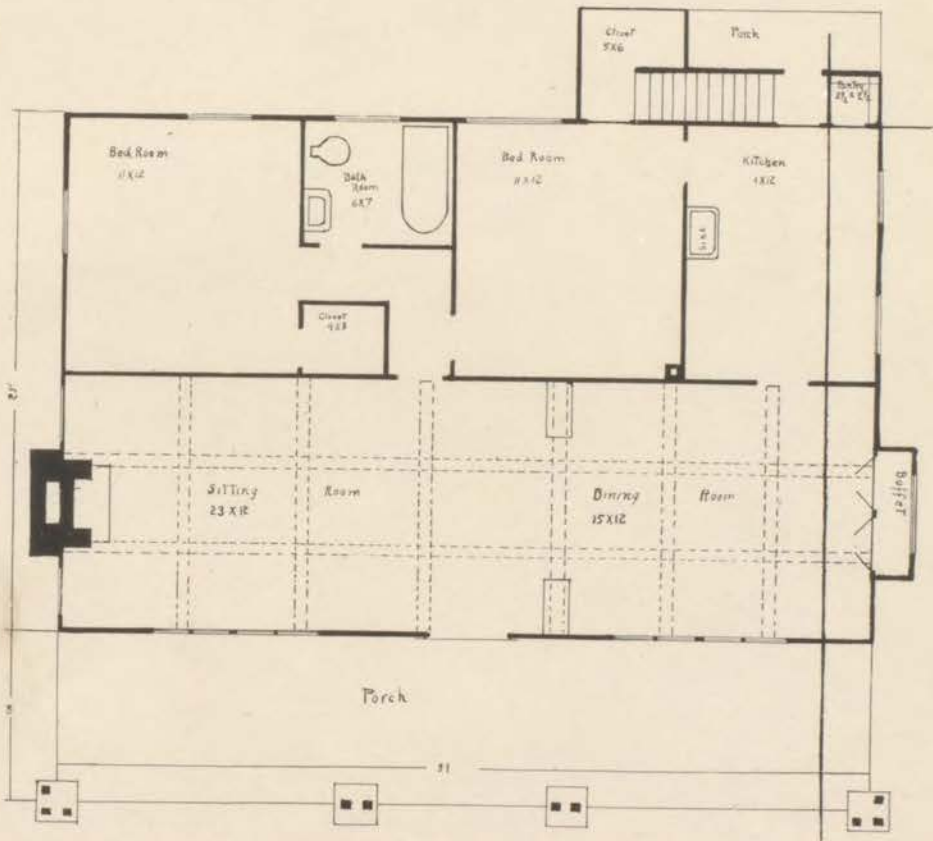
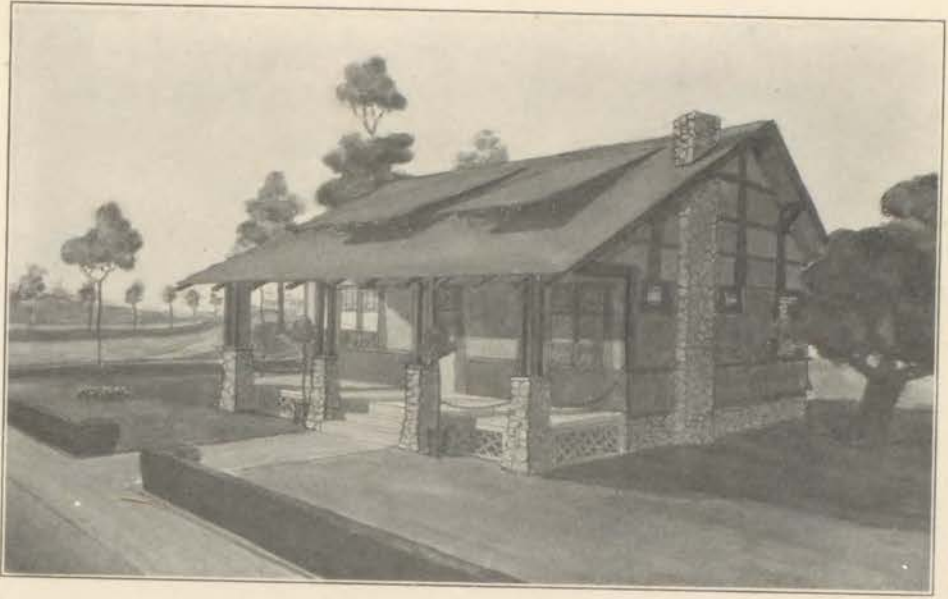
What a heritage each one of us might leave to the world! Some beautiful, enabling work which might live for ever and make the world better. If nothing else, a life with its aim—uplift, blessing and inspiration to others.

Handel was smitten with blindness a few years before his death, but he still presided at his oratorios, being led by a lad to the organ. When the composer was seized by mortal illness, he expressed a wish that he might die on Good Friday, "in hope of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of His resurrection." This consolation was not denied him, for on his monument, in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, is inscribed, "Died on Good Friday, April 14, 1759."

ART



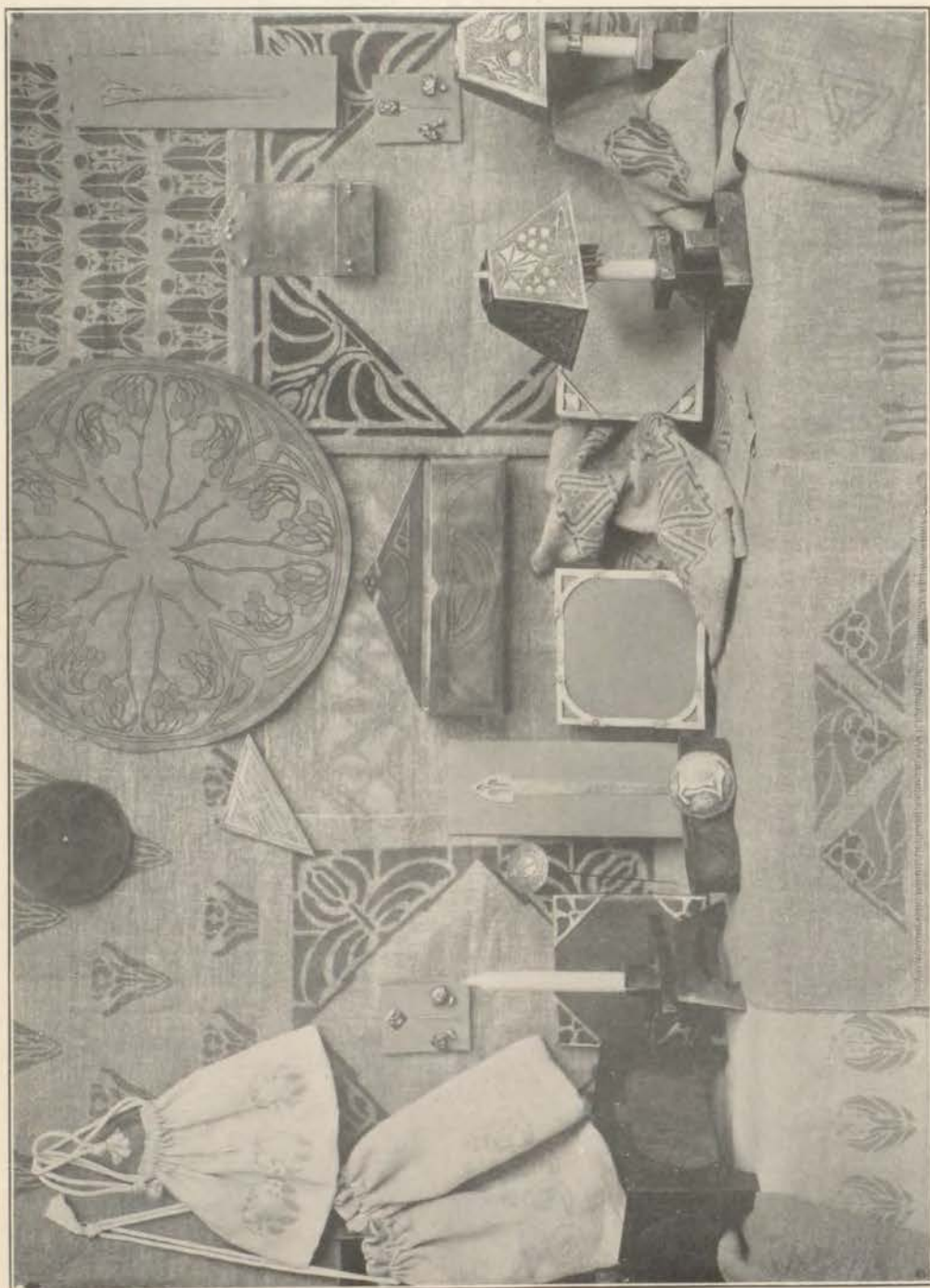




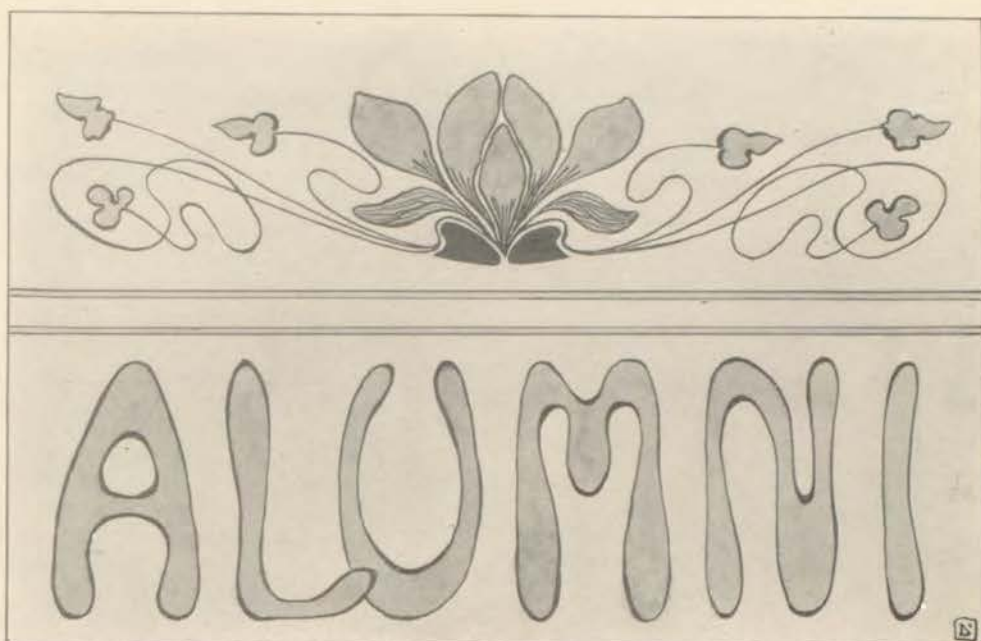
PLAN AND PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF BUNGALOW

DESIGNED BY CLYDE MORGAN, '11

NOW BEING BUILT BY HIS FATHER



3RD AND 4TH YEAR WORK OF THE DESIGN AND CRAFTS CLASSES



Editor

GLADYS DANCY

Lucile Kellerman, '08, is doing excellent language work at Kansas University.

George Bowles, '07, is distinguishing himself in the literary line at Kansas University by the writing of poems, songs and plays.

Richard Summers, '08, expects to go to Cornell University next fall.

Belle Brown, '08, has been teaching in Oklahoma.

Helen Maas, '08, is doing kindergarten work in Hull House, Chicago.

In "Twelfth Night" given April 30, by the Missouri University Dramatic Club, two Manual graduates took part.

Kate Hankins, now at Missouri State University has received an appointment in a good school in Mexico next fall.

Paul M. Hewitt and Julia Bess Tippet are to be married June 1st.

A great many of Manual's "girls" are interested in Domestic Science work. There are six in the Kansas City schools, two in Manual, two in Oklahoma, one in Colorado, and one in Nebraska.

Lucy Bohle, '05, is married.

Harold Crane, '03, is a high-grade salesman at Burnham-Hanna-Munger Dry Goods Co.

Peake Vincil, '09, has gone to western Kansas as head timekeeper for the Sharp Construction Co., who are working for the Santa Fe.

Edna Gussman, '08, is bookkeeper for the Business System Store.

Era Darnell, '08, who has the Collegiate Alumnae Scholarship, is doing good work at Missouri State University.

Ross Stewart, '01, was married last Christmas.

In letters to Miss Leila Stearns, we find some interesting news from Lois French, '09, who is attending college in Delaware, Ohio:

"I have read the Nautilus all through and it makes me homesick to be back in Manual again. We are planning a marshmallow toast. This is the verse which we shall have for invitations:

"Bring a hatpin for a spike,
If marshmallows you do like;
And come to Room 6,
Where the things we will fix."

"Friday night I went to Literary with Miss Johnson. They had a Cook and Peary program. First, they had letters from Mrs. Peary to Peary; then from Cook to his wife, next a debate, 'Did Cook discover the North Pole?' 'Trig.' is terrible. I worked three hours on a problem and then didn't get it. Livy just takes time. We translate about six pages a lesson. I can never get a Bible lesson out in less than two hours and a half. Chemistry is getting harder.

"At 9:30 they ring the bell for all of us to get to our own rooms and at 10 our lights have to be out if we don't want a demerit. We have a large room with single beds, a bureau, washstand, wardrobe, two chairs and a study table. I sometimes wish, yes, often times, that I were going to High School again. I have my Manual pennant right over my bed where I can see it every morning the first thing. We have to be at tables for dinner and supper, but breakfast we can stay away from.

"When we win in football, the boys get a wagon load of bones and come up to Monnett and celebrate. They yell and sing and cheer, then take off their hats and the girls sing 'Dear Old Monnett' and 'Delaware the Beautiful.' Then every one on the team is placed on a big box and is made to say something.

"I have been initiated into the Athenaeon Literary Society. The colors are orange and black. There has been one fine lecture date since

Christmas. Thomas Ott gave his famous lecture on 'Sour Grapes' or 'Hereditry.' Delaware street cars only run once in every hour.

"Easter was a beautiful day. When the breakfast bell rang we got out into the hall and in twos went down into the dining-room singing 'Joy to the World.' It was arranged so that all twelve sat at one table and that table was the prettiest thing with a tall vase of jonquils in the center and one at each place, and two hyacinth plants and a vase of double red tulips.

"I am on a tennis team, so I'm really going to learn to play. One evening during vacation, I went canoeing. There were four couples. Two of them took boats and two canoes. We paddled up stream for awhile and after awhile the boats got alongside each other and we sang everything we knew.

"Two weeks ago the High School building burned. Some of the boys saw the flames—it was about midnight—and acted heroes generally. We had quite a time of it and now all of us are well-informed as to the fire-escapes, fire-bells, etc.

"Well, I must close. Remember me to my teachers.

"LOIS."

Allan Elston, '05, who has been engineering in Illinois, is now with the Engineering Corps in Helena, Arkansas, and doing well.

Mabel Clement, '09, is teaching in Illinois.

Katherine Vanlandingham, '08, is teaching in Western Kansas.

Eleanor Keith, '08, who is at Missouri University, has been elected a member of the "Thetas."

Bly Floyd, '09, has been teaching this year.

Pearl Anderson, '09, has just returned from Western Kansas, where she has been teaching.

Martha Greenleaf, '09, and Helen Horsfall, '08, have died since the assembling of school last September.

Arthur Atkinson, '09, is doing good work as assistant draftsman for McKeckney's Architectural Supply Co.

Grace Brownell, '02, was married to George F. Westfall on last April 23.

Beth Van Dorsten, '09, is planning to go to Wellesley next fall.

George Beardsley, '05, is licensed to practice law.

Ralph Benedict, '01, an assistant surveyor on Park Board, was married last winter.

Marie Phillips, '07, is making good progress at the Kansas City Art Institute, where she is studying to be a commercial artist.

Martha Betz, '06, graduates from M. S. U. this year. Although she has had but one year's residence work at the university, by means of the extension course and by attending summer sessions, she is able to graduate with her class, the other members having had from three to four years' residence work.

Miss Winifred French, '08, after re-reading the '09 Annual, writes to our principal that she is homesick and would like to secure a position as Domestic Science teacher in her Alma Mater.

Egbert Schenck, '04, is now manager of a graphophone firm in Yokohama, Japan.

Elizabeth Nofsinger, '06, graduates with honor this spring from Wellesley. She is ambitious to start teaching in Kansas City in either the English or the Latin department.

Rachel Struble, '09, has finished a business course and now has a good position as stenographer.

Louise Worthington, '09, has moved to Louisiana.

Frank Blauw, '08, is in the office of Brecklein's Architectural Co. He has a good position and is doing well.

Miss Helen Barnes, '07, is teaching music in Illinois.

Miss Erma Denny, '07, is studying music in Kansas City. She is with Mrs. Schultz in the Studio Building.

Nettie Shumway, '09, is in the office of the Brotherhood of the Disciples of Christ in the Long Bldg.

Charles F. Curry, '06, who was graduated from Manual with the highest grade in his class, has a position in the Philippines. He was the youngest to take the competitive examination and made the highest grade of any who were qualifying for the position of computer in the coast and geodetic survey of the Philippine Islands. He has received a commission from the department of commerce and labor notifying him of his eligibility and offering a salary of \$1,600 a year.

Curry is in the senior class of the engineering department of M. S. U. and will graduate this spring, after which he will report in the Philippines. He is a member of two fraternities, the Kappa Alpha, a social organization, and the Tau Beta Phi, an honorary engineering society in which membership is won by high standing.

At a recent mass meeting of academic students at M. S. U. to plan for their annual stunt, Manual's graduates got a good share of appointments on committee work, Ruth Phillips being on the programme committee and Lucile Phillips being secretary.



Clark Henderson, '01, is one of the head engineers for the Cutler-Hammer Electric Co., Milwaukee.



A member of the most recent crop of Manual Alumni has joined the ranks of "Ad Men." George Cartlich, '09, is married and is employed by Woolf Bros. Furnishing Co. as "ad man." The 'ad' in this issue is written by him.



Roland Montague, '08, and Robert Marley, '08, have been obliged to leave their university work and are now working for the Kansas City Star.



In a recent letter to Miss Van Meter, Miss Ruth McGurk, '08, tells some interesting things of her "good times" and of England.

"We wound up our time in Oxford with a round of teas, luncheons and boat-races, in which the Rhodes Scholars figured rather prominently. My enthusiasm about Oxford has never cooled down. Since I have left there, I have seen Cambridge. Taking both universities in their entirety, Oxford is the finer. The "Backs" at Cambridge—the beautiful lawns and courts, with the river running through them surpass anything of the sort at Oxford. But from the standard of architecture and beauty of the buildings, Oxford is finer than Cambridge. The Cambridge men are of a more intelligent looking type than the men at their rival university.

"Our stay in Warwick was a most delightful one. Spring was coming

with a vengeance and Warwick was at its best. The roads and fields about there were most charming with their budding trees and the browsing sheep and cattle. We had so many splendid walks.

"From Warwick we made several trips to neighboring points of literary interest. Kenilworth was my favorite of all. The day was just right—with warm, bright sunshine. I had just read 'Kenilworth' and so was thoroughly prepared to enjoy it. The romance of that old castle fills one with a strange sense of unreality, and makes one's heart beat faster as he walks through the ruins. I could just feel the haunting spirits of the place, taking hold of me and stirring up romantic day-dreams.

"Stratford had no such charm for me. Shakespeare has been commercialized until it's perfectly disgusting. As one old man said when some one remarked that Shakespeare seemed to be quite an important person in Stratford. 'Oh, yes, sir; Hi don't know what th' people o' Stratford would do without Shakespeare, bein' has there's no factories hereabouts.' The church where the poet is buried is really the only place that has a sense of genuineness.

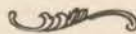
"Coventry, with its legends of Lady Godiva, was very interesting.

"Every day I realize more and more what a lucky girl I am to be able to have this trip. I never knew before how woefully ignorant I was or am. But to see all these places and just to get a taste of them makes me simply hungry for more. It seems to me that I never will be able to learn all I want to. There are so many things that I want to read and study and I don't know where in the world I'll ever get time for it. I suppose if I just start and make what progress I can, that will be the best thing.

"Remember me to any of my old friends among the teachers and pupils.

"Yours,

"Ruth McGurk."



ATHLETICS



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THOMAS MOFFETT

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POWELL

KOENIGSDORF

JEWELL

MR. SHEPHERD

SMITH

MOFFETT

LEAVENS

BASKETBALL TEAM



BASKET BALL TEAM.

Coach. Dr. E. M. Hall
 Manager. Mr Shepherd
 Captain. Thomas Moffett

Team Members.

L. Smith, R. F.; T. Moffett, L. F., Cap.
 H. Jewell, R. G. R Powell, L. G.
 J. Koenigsdorf, C. A. Leavens

Schedule of Games.

Dec. 4, 1909.	Manual 15	Westport	35
Dec. 11, 1909.	Manual 36	Kansas City, Kas.	20
Dec. 18, 1909.	Manual 25	Central	31
Jan. 8, 1910.	Manual 27	Westport	35
Jan. 15, 1910.	Manual 39	Topeka	37
Jan. 22, 1910.	Manual 32	Kansas City, Kas.	29
Jan. 28, 1910.	Manual 69	St. Joe	12
Feb. 4, 1910.	Manual 34	Central	22
Feb. 12, 1910.	Manual 35	Westport	37
Feb. 19, 1910.	Manual 32	Central	21
Feb. 26, 1910.	Manual 50	Kansas City, Kas.	39

BASKETBALL.

With the closing of the fiscal school year, ends a successful Basketball season. The record of the team is now history, yet the memories of the days when the student body gave the old familiar "I yell, you yell, all yell, Manual," will never be forgotten by either the players or the student body. The anecdotes and incidents of the season are too numerous to mention, yet we would be doing Mr. Hall and Mr. Shepherd great injustice if we did not publicly thank them for their loyal support and encouragement during the past season. This is Mr. Shepherd's first year as manager and he certainly has made good. As for Dr. Hall, we shall say no more than this, "Doctor is the same old Doctor."

The Inter-High-School League formed the past year has proved to be a great success. Not only has it promoted interest in athletics, but it has been a great help to the athletic funds of the different schools. Never has the enthusiasm and school spirit run so high as this year. On the whole the teams have played better ball than in former years, thus accounting for the remarkably large attendance at the games. It is worth the space to mention also that there was a larger attendance of fathers, mothers, aunts, et al. than in former years. For this we are duly thankful. Every quarter counts.

The men receiving "M's" for the year's work are Julius Koenigsdorf, Harry Jewell, Arthur Leavens, Thomas Moffett, Ralph Powell and Linwood Smith. Julius Koenigsdorf has labored in the capacity of center for four

years. Few men have out-jumped him. Besides being a star center, he is an accurate goal shooter, "causing the balconies to go wild many times."

"Pauley" Powell was undoubtedly one of the best guards in the Inter-High-School League last year. Second to no one in foreseeing an opponent's play, very consistent, a good goal shooter, and having plenty of endurance, he was a Gibraltar to the back field. The Kansas City Journal gave him a place on the all-star team.

Harry Jewell, a pole vaulter, as well as basket ball "shark," played his first year at guard. To say the least, he made good. Harry was a "scrub" last year, but is no longer in that class. The team work of our guards was exceptionally good this year, as they often carried the ball the whole length of the court by themselves.

Linwood Smith and Tom Moffett filled the forward positions. Smith, although handicapped by size, has been very aggressive, clever and consistent, working up under the basket and always getting the goal.

Too much cannot be said of the work of "Tommy" Moffett. He not only plays an extremely good game, but is one of our most consistent players. His accurate free-throwing has saved us time and time again from defeat.

Arthur Leavens was a utility man of exceptionally ability. Good at any position, strong, reliable, conscientious and always willing to make a sacrifice for the good of the team.



"TOMMY" MOFFETT
CAPTAIN





KOENIGSDORF AND KANATZAR



Ross Gibbs,

Clarence Eichenlaub,

TRACK TEAM.
 Coach. Dr. E. M. Hall
 Manager. Mr. H. R. Shepherd
 Captain. Harry Kanatzar

TEAM MEMBERS.

Arthur Leavens,

Warren Heath,

Eugene Hamilton,

Will Powell

Harry Kanatzar,

Sam Goldberg,

Arthur Perry,

Julius Koenigsdorf,

Clifford Sampson.

SCHEDULE OF MEETS.

April 30, 1910—Quadrangular Meet—Manual, 54; Central, 64; Westport, 21; Kansas City, Kans., 4.

May 14, 1910—M. V. I. A. A. T. M.—Manual, 45; nearest competitor, 26½ points.

May 21, 1910—K. U. Freshmen Invitation.

June 4, 1910—Manual vs. Central.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

The track squad began training early in the year, and, realizing the loss from last year of Schwab and Craig, two of the best athletes that ever wore the crimson colors, have been putting forth their best efforts up to this time. With the abolishment of baseball the track squad has increased materially.

Many old heads from last year's track team are still in school. Among the leaders are Kanatzar, Koenigsdorf, Hamilton, Gibbs and Leavens. Young "Bill" Powell is showing up exceptionally well in the pole vault, going ten feet six inches in the quadrangular meet. "Bill" is only a junior.

Although there are some thirty candidates on the squad, each and every one is a promising athlete. Robert Spalding, winner of the Cross-Country Run, should make a good miler in a year or so. As it is, he lacks nothing but speed and experience, having plenty of endurance. "Crip" Baltis is in the same class. Heath and Goldberg, in the half and hurdles respectively, are only juniors and have not done their best by any means. Plank, with plenty of work, should make a good weight man.

The weights have been Manual's strong hold for a number of years. With Kanatzar, Koenigsdorf and Hamilton, we are sure of two places in the weights in any meet in this section of the country. Last year Schwab was an addition to this trio. Not many years back we had the mighty Talbot, and the above men are his followers. Talbot established the following records while in Manual. Hammer throw, one hundred eighty-two feet three inches; shot put, forty-

nine feet three inches; discus hurl, one hundred twenty-one feet eleven inches. None of these records was broken until last year when Kanatzar heaved the discus one hundred twenty-four feet seven inches, beating Talbot by two feet eight inches. Harry has the shot and discus records of the Kansas University, while Talbot holds the record of the hammer throw. These records will undoubtedly stand for a long time as they are seldom reached in high school circles.

In Julius Koenigsdorf we have one of the best one hundred yard dash men in the West. He is not equaled in high school circles in the vicinity. Running under the colors of the local Y. M. C. A. at the Seattle Exposition last year, he won the one hundred yard and finished second in the two hundred and twenty yard dash. Kanatzar was also in this



HARRY KANATZAR
CAPTAIN

meet, establishing several records in the weights.

If Manual can turn out such men as these with no equipment whatever, what could she do with a piece of a "gym"? With no place for winter training whatsoever, all work must be done in the spring. If there should come a rainy spring, what chance should we have to develop distance men, or even sprinters, hurdlers, jumpers or pole vaulters.

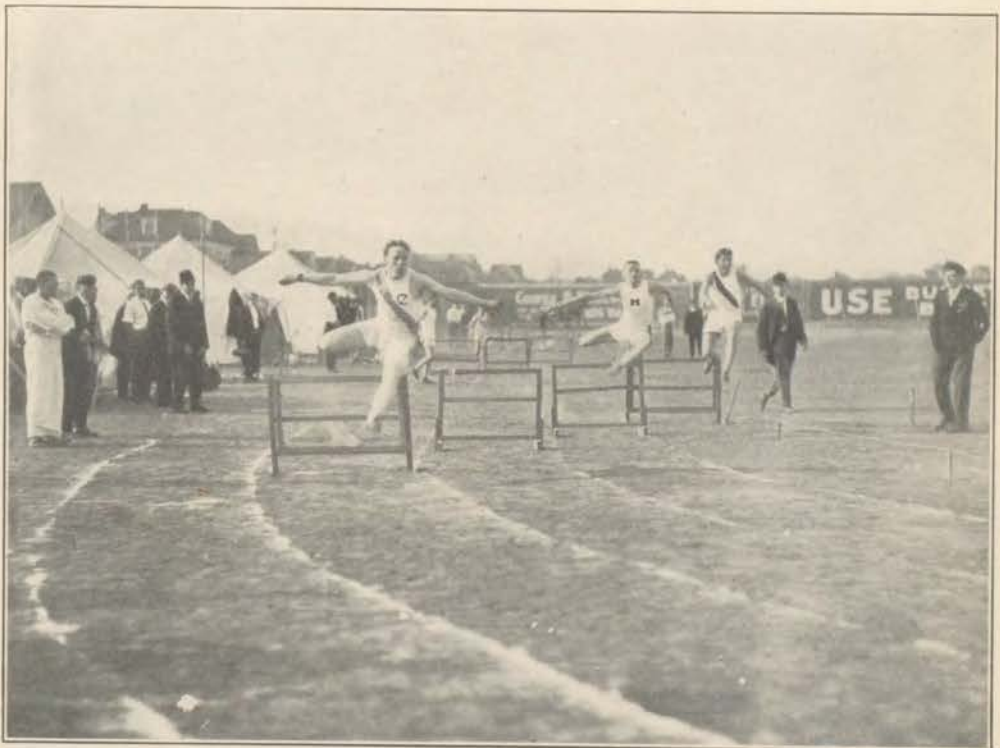
There are several meets that will be too late to be reported in this issue. They are the Manual-Central and K. U. Freshmen meets. We will probably send several men to Chicago. The chances of winning the Manual-Central and K. U. Freshmen meets are good. Let us hope for the best.



R. POWELL
BASKETBALL



WM. POWELL
POLE VAULT



220-YD. HURDLES—Goldberg Coming in Second and Perry Third

PERRY GOLDBERG

QUADRANGULAR TRACK MEET.

After one of the closest track and field sessions ever held by the Kansas City Interscholastic Association, Manual finished second in the First Annual Quadrangular meet. It was held on April 30th. Central finished first with sixty-four points, Manual second with fifty-four, Westport third with twenty one and Kansas City, Kansas, fourth with four. The most interesting feature of the meet was the race for the first place between Manual and Central. Time after time we were tied with Central and not until the last two events were pulled off, did either school have the advantage.

Harry Kanatzar, our big-weight athlete, established two new records with the weights. In the twelve pound shot put, Kanatzar came out in front with a put of forty-seven feet seven inches. He threw the twelve pound hammer one hundred sixty-one feet one inch. This mark in the discus measured one hundred twenty-four feet.

Julius Koenigsdorf was also in fine form, winning fifteen and one-half points for his team. First in the hundred and two hundred and twenty yard dashes, second in the shot put, third in the discus hurl, and tying for fourth place in the high jump, is his record. The one hundred yard dash was won in the remarkable time of 10 1-5 seconds.

The mile run was a very spectacular one and probably the most interesting to the crowd. A Central boy captured first with Arthur Leavens a good second. Warren Heath, our half-miler made a great spurt in the final lap of his event and captured second. Goldberg and Perry did well in the hurdles coming in second and third respectively. Following is the box score:

100 yard dash—Won by Koenigsdorf, Manual; Todd, Central, second; Slaughter, Central, third; Bowman, Westport, fourth. Time: 10 1-5 seconds.

220 yard dash—Won by Koenigsdorf, Manual; Todd, Central, second;

Smith, K. C. K., third; Baum, Central, fourth. Time: 24 3-5 seconds.

440 yard—Won by Todd, Central; Neil, Westport, second; Norton, Central, third; Baum, Central, fourth. Time: 57 seconds.

880 yard—Won by Morse, Central; Heath, Manual, second; Phillips, Kansas City, Kas., third; Sampson, Manual, fourth. Time: 2 minutes, 13 3-5 seconds.

One mile run—Won by Morse, Central; Leavens, Manual, second; Mileham, Westport, third; Clayton, Central, fourth. Time 5 minutes.

12 pound hammer throw—Won by Kanatzar, Manual; Hamilton, Manual, second; Pockenbaugh, Westport, third; Small, Westport, fourth. Distance 161 feet, 1 inch.

12 pound shot put—Won by Kanatzar, Manual; Koenigsdorf, Manual, second; Small, Westport, third; Hamilton, Manual, fourth. Distance 47 feet, 7 inches.

Discus hurl—Won by Kanatzar, Manual; C. Reber, Central, second; Koenigsdorf, Manual, third; J. Reber, Central, fourth. Distance 124 feet, 5 inches.

Running broad jump—Won by C. Reber, Central; Hill, Slaughter of Central, and Goldberg of Manual, tied for second, third and fourth places. Distance 19 feet, 10½ inches.

High jump—Shepard of Westport and Slaughter of Central tied for first place; Fulton, Westport, third; Eichenlaub, Manual, and Koenigsdorf, Manual, tied for fourth. Height 5 feet, 5 inches.

Pole Vault—Won by Davis, Central; Hamilton and Powell of Manual tied for second and third; Neil, Westport, fourth. Height 10 feet, 9 inches.

120 yard hurdle—Won by Hamilton, Central; C. Reber, Central, second; Edward, Westport, third; Shepard, Westport, fourth. Time: 15 1-5 seconds.

220 yard hurdles—Won by C. Reber, Central; Goldberg, Manual, second; Perry, Manual, third; Avery, Central, fourth. Time: 29:2.

M. V. I. A. A. MEET.

For the fourth consecutive time Manual has won the Missouri Valley Interscholastic Amateur Athletic Track Meet. This year the meet was held in Des Moines and it proved a good stopping place for our athletes. This meet is open to all the high schools in the Missouri Valley, and the fact that Manual has won this meet the last four years shows that she has some well-trained athletes.

Manual secured a total of forty-five points. Her closest competitor was West Des Moines with but twenty-six and one-half points. Central was third with twenty-four points. Koenigsdorf pulled down the individual honors with seventeen points to his credit. Kanatzar was second with fifteen points, while Redfern of West Des Moines High and Wiley of York, Neb., High tied for third with ten points each. Koenigsdorf was the favorite for individual honors from the start. He won the one hundred yard and two hundred and twenty yard dashes, and placed in all three weights.

The weather conditions were ideal, the track was fast and as a result four records were broken. Some two thousand people were in attendance. Plato Redfern, captain of the West Des Moines school, broke both the mile and half-mile records. He lowered the former from 4:38 and a fraction to 4:33 2-5 and he clipped a second off the half-mile, setting a new record of 2:04.

Kanatzar broke his former discus record by three inches, making it one hundred twenty-four feet four inches. The high jump record was increased to five feet ten and one-half inches.

The meet was held under the auspices of the West Des Moines High School. They handled the meet well and proved to be good entertainers. Lincoln, Neb., will be the rendezvous of the Valley athletes next spring.

Following are the events in detail:

The summary: Total points, Kansas City, Manual, 45; West Des Moines, 26½; Kansas City, Central,

24; York, 15; Omaha, 15; Lincoln, 10; Kansas City, Westport, 5½.

120-yard hurdles—Kruse (L.), first; Perry (K. C. M.), second; McHenry (W. D. M.), third; Reber (K. C. C.), fourth. Time, 16 4-5.

100-yard dash—Koenigsdorf (K. C. M.), first; Mann (L.), second; Wood (O.), third; Slaughter (K. C. C.), fourth. Time, 10 1-5.

1-mile run—Redfern (W. D. M.), first; Kennedy (O.), second; Smith (W. D. M.), third; Leavens (K. C. M.), fourth. Time, 4:33 3-5.

440-yard dash—Fraser (O.), first; Todd (K. C. C.), second; Neill (K. C. W.), third; Gibbs (K. C. M.), fourth. Time, 53 2-5.

Shot put—Kanatzar (K. C. M.), first; Koenigsdorf (K. C. M.), second; Burdick (O.), third; Reber (K. C. C.), fourth. Distance, 46 feet 5 inches.

220-yard hurdles—Hamilton (K. C. C.), first; McHenry (W. D. M.), second; Wiley (Y.), third; Lewis (W. D. M.), fourth. Time, 27 4-5.

220-yard dash—Koenigsdorf (K. C. M.), first; Wood (O.), second; Mann (L.), third; Todd (K. C. C.), fourth. Time 23 3-5.

Half-mile run—Redfern (W. D. M.), first; Morse (K. C. C.), second; Heath (K. C. M.), third; Henshaw (W. D. M.), fourth. Time, 2:04.

Discus—Kanatzar (K. C. M.), first; Koenigsdorf (K. C. M.), second; Meyers (Y.), third; Reber (K. C. C.), fourth. Distance 124 feet, 4 inches.

Pole vault—Davis (K. C. C.), first; Hamilton (K. C. M.), second; Harper (W. D. M.), and Neill (K. C. W.), tied for third. Height, 10 feet 5½ inches.

Broad jump—McBain (W. D. M.), first; Wiley (Y.), second; Medler (Y.), third; Goldberg (K. C. M.), fourth. Distance, 20 feet 11 inches.

High jump—Wiley (Y.), first; Meyers (Y.), second; Shephard (K. C. W.), third; Nourse (W. D. M.), fourth. Height, 5 feet 10½ inches.





HEATH
HALF-MILE



GOLDBERG
BROAD JUMP AND HURDLES



HAMILTON
POLE VAULT, SHOT AND HAMMER



KANATZAR
DISCUS, SHOT AND HAMMER

NOTES.

Walter Bracken attended St. Mary's Academy the past year.

Eldrige Bartley is at Central College of Fayette, Mo.

A happy thought—to win the M. V. I. A. A. Track Meet a fifth time.

Eight athletes from this school journeyed to Des Moines and eight men scored.

Lee Talbot established a new inter-collegiate record in the sixteen pound hammer throw, making it 173 feet, 4 inches. What will Lee do next?

Koenigsdorf, in one of the recent track meets, ran the one hundred yards in ten and one-fifth seconds. He weighs some one hundred and sixty pounds. Therefore, he did some 4,705 foot-pounds of work in one-second, or he generated 8.4 horse power. This does not mean that he can do the work of 8.4 horses, oh no, not yet awhile.

The game of tennis has attracted little attention in Manual the last few years. More attention should be paid to it as we have some of the best tennis players in the Missouri Valley in our school. In a recent tournament

held at Lawrence, Kans., the entries to which were open to the whole Missouri Valley, a Manual boy, Will Hathaway, was runner-up. In other words, he won second place, being defeated by no one except the champion, a Wentworth Military Academy boy. This academy boy was champion last year also. We predict that W. Hathaway will be champion next year. Will received a silver trophy cup for his efforts this year.

On May 7, 1910, the Girl's Athletic Association held their yearly open session in the "gym." The main attraction was a basketball game between the sophomores and the seniors. The game was very cleverly played and intensely exciting throughout. At the end of the first half, the score was 10 to 4 in favor of the sophomores. With a wonderful burst of speed, the seniors overcame their opponent's lead, and won the game by the count of 17 to 15. Miss Clara McNeal and Miss Pearl Roemer did the best work for the seniors, while Miss May starred for the sophomores.



WILL HATHAWAY
RUNNER-UP IN TENNIS SINGLES IN LAWRENCE MEET

SCIENCE



·EMMET·RUSSELL·

DUDLEY

HOW MOVING PICTURES ARE MADE.

Carl Schmidt.

By means of the motion picture machine of to-day, the spectator is shown a photographic picture apparently containing all of the life and movements of the original subject thrown upon a screen. The principle upon which this remarkable scientific triumph depends is based upon the fact that the image of an object formed in the retina of the eye, does not immediately disappear when the object is withdrawn but lingers about one-tenth of a second. It is evident then that if ten or more pictures per second of a scene be thrown in succession upon a screen the eye will be unable to detect the change and those parts that remain still like a house or tree will be placed in the same position in the picture and will appear to remain stationary upon the screen but those that are slightly different like a man walking across a street will be placed a little farther on in each picture and will appear to be moving as he did when the picture was taken.

In order that these pictures may be taken in succession an especially designed camera is required. The camera works upon the same principle as the familiar pocket kodaks, but much larger and upon top of the apparatus is seen a light tight box which contains about three hundred feet of celluloid film one and one-half inches wide and similar to that used in a kodak. This film is threaded through the camera and behind the lens in the same position that a plate or film would be placed in a regular camera. From here it passes down into a receiving box where it is stored after exposure. On the side of the camera is placed a miniature camera or view finder which shows exactly the amount of view taken in by the camera. Underneath this finder is a crank that is turned by the operator. Turning the crank opens the shutter, which allows an exposure to be made, then closes the shutter and jerks down the film just far enough for the next picture, which is taken immediately upon the stopping of the film.

After the picture has been photographed the reel containing the exposed film is removed to a dark room where it is developed in the same manner that a kodak film would be, but on account of the great length they are usually wound upon drums that are submerged in the developer. After they have been developed and fixed they are washed and dried after which they are ready for printing.

The pictures that were obtained by the camera are termed negatives or shadows, are represented by the dark portions of the object light portions of the film, and the light portions of the object or high lights appear dark upon the film. This is caused by the action of the light upon the silver salts that are contained upon the film. The lens throws a real image of the object upon the film and the light portions or high lights affect the silver salts by turning it into metallic silver which looks black upon being brought out by development. The shadows keep the light from affecting the silver salts which are dissolved after development, leaving the shadows represented by clear portions of the film.*

Then, in order to make the picture look natural, this condition must be reversed. This is done by placing another unexposed film underneath the original and upon exposure to light the light will go through the light portions of the original and darken the under film while the dark parts of the original film will keep the light from darkening the under film. This will cause the shadows and high lights to appear as in the scene and after development will be ready for exhibition.

The lantern for exhibitors is practically like a magic lantern, but instead of slides the film is wound upon a reel that is placed at the top of the lantern. The film is threaded through the lantern in the same way as it was in the camera, it passing behind the lens in the same position that a slide would be placed; from there it is wound upon a receiving reel.

After the film has been placed in position the light is turned on, the film is drawn through by a hand crank that is operated by the attendant. The film does not travel steadily, but a picture is drawn in position where it is projected upon the screen, then a shutter passes over the lens and the next picture jerked into position, then the shutter opens and allows this picture to be shown. This continues the whole length of the film the picture being allowed to stay on the screen about three times as long as it takes

them to change. They are shown at the rate of about eight pictures per second which leaves a space of about one-thirty-second of a second between them.

From this it may be seen that the pictures are shown much faster than the eye can distinguish the change, and but for a slight flicker which is unnoticed except when the light is bad or the shutter does not work at the right time, they seem to the eye as one continuous picture.

ACETYLENE.

Philip Reinhardt, '11.

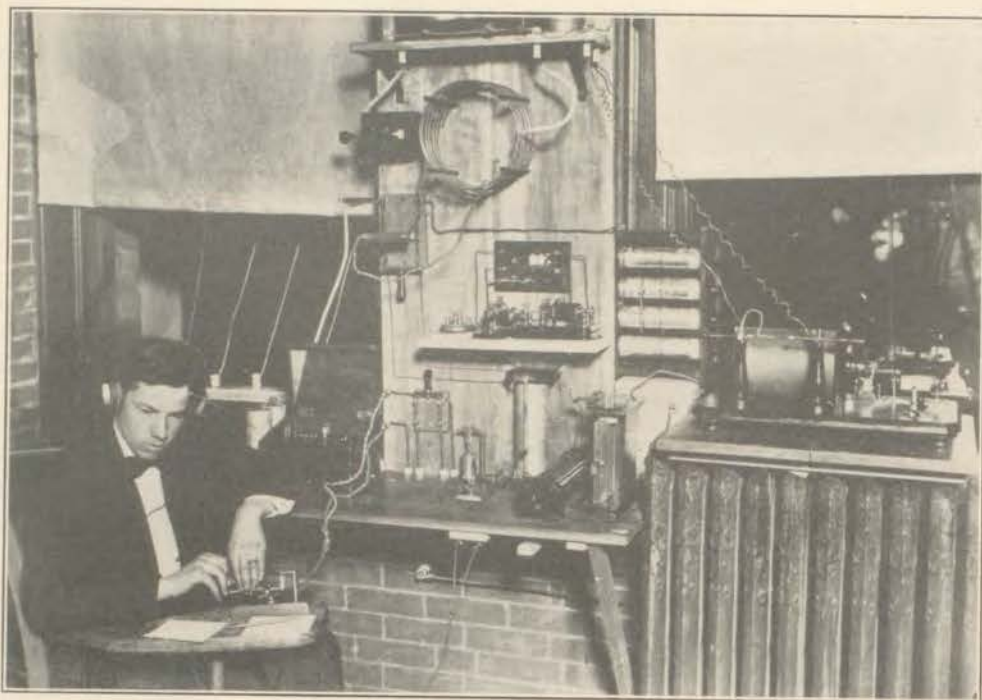
Acetylene occupies a unique position among the discoveries of science, since, though its properties were known early in the nineteenth century, it was not produced for commercial purposes until after 1890. It was discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy, a Dublin scientist, while he was heating a mixture of lime and charcoal in an iron bottle. The result, a brown substance, readily decomposed water, yielding the gas later known as acetylene.

Although he succeeded in making acetylene on a small scale with this improvised apparatus, it was very impure, owing to the lack of means of furnishing sufficiently high temperature for the fusion of the materials of which it is composed. This difficulty was partly obviated when the electric arc came into use, for its intense heat, about four thousand degrees centigrade, was exactly what was necessary. Later the electric furnace gave a new impetus to the development of acetylene.

At the present time the manufacture of this gas consists of the manufacture of calcium carbide, and the decomposition of water by means of that substance. Calcium carbide is made by fusing lime and charcoal together in an electric furnace. The carbide is then

removed and pulverized. Being devoid of oxygen, when brought in contact with water the lime and oxygen of the water unite, and the carbon and hydrogen leave in the form of a gas. Acetylene is a very unstable gas and ignites at a comparatively low temperature. Notwithstanding a few minor disadvantages, since the invention of the electric furnace rapid strides have been made in the development of this beautiful illuminant.

From the time it was a commercial success, acetylene has been used for railroad car lighting, for which purpose electricity, gasoline, kerosene, etc., were unsuitable. Later it was used for domestic lighting, but, except in isolated localities, it has now been supplanted by gas and electricity. But with the invention of the automobile an immense field was opened to it, for its strong white light is indispensable for headlights. It is impossible to say what uses acetylene will be put to in the future. But since the supply of natural gas is failing in many sections of the country, and improvement is constantly being made in the manufacture of acetylene, it is probable that it will supplant all other kinds of illuminating gas, and even become a successful rival to its benefactor, electricity.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. WRIGHT OF K. C. POST

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Harry Siegfried, '10.

The above is a flashlight of the recently installed wireless telegraph station in the Physics laboratory at Manual. This is one of the many indications that Manual is still far in the lead in her science work for it is the first high school in the surrounding country to be the possessor of a successful and fully equipped wireless station.

Every piece of apparatus was made by the members of the Edisonian society and nothing but the best of equipment has gone into the station.

The flagpole on the west end of the building is utilized as a support for the antennae, or aerial wires, which spread out over an area of half a block. The interior of the station contains all the necessary instruments that are used in a commercial wireless telegraph station.

A wireless station is usually rated according to its transmitting power and height of aerial. According to this,

our station would be equal to the average commercial station and capable of communicating a distance of two hundred miles, or over an area of about one hundred thousand square miles.

For transmission purposes two transmitters are used. An ordinary induction coil is used for short distances, while for higher powered work a one kilowatt 20,000 volt transformer is employed.

Since the first day of its completion we have been in daily communication with several of the city amateur stations, and it is hoped that in the near future when a more thorough test is made with the higher powered transmitter that it will be possible to communicate with Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Omaha and St. Louis.

The installation of this wireless set adds one more to the many practical pieces of mechanism that the students have made and given to the school.

THINKING AND THINKING PROCESSES.

Alice Hazell, '10.

Every one knows what it is to think, at least they think they do, yet very few of us can definitely explain what we mean by that common everyday expression "I think so and so." In the study of Psychology, we learn to distinguish spontaneous or aimless thinking from controlled or purposive thinking. The incessant prattle of a small child, or the unrelated ideas which flow through the mind when we are not consciously directing our thoughts, illustrate the first kind of thinking. In purposive thinking, with which we are more concerned, the mind is active, attentive, and controls the thought so far as possible according to a definite end. The selection and survival of fit thoughts, and the inhibition and elimination of the unfit are the essentials of purposive thinking.

Young people are not often remarkably thoughtful, nevertheless, the thinking power is active from the first. Thinking consists in comparing mental contents representing objects, with one another and discovering their likenesses and differences. It is in this way that we reach truth concerning the external world. It is impossible to draw a line around any part of the mental activities and say "This is thinking." No one can perceive anything without thinking at the same time. We must distinguish between an object and its surroundings or we do not really perceive the object. Again, in remembering, we must think in order to discriminate between different mental images recalled. In imaginative productions, thought is the greatest factor. All these mental activities are so closely related that it is difficult to consider them separately. There are, however, certain elements into which we may divide the thought process in order to get a clearer idea of it.

The first step in thinking is the forming of a concept. A concept includes every one of an entire class of objects.

The concept "flower" must include all and only those characteristics and qualities which are common to all flowers. There are five definite steps in the forming of a concept. The first is the presentation of material; that is, the person wishing to form the concept "flower," must have had experience with many different kinds of flowers. The second step is the comparison of these different kinds; the third, the abstraction of all those qualities not common to all the flowers; the fourth, generalization or selection of all those common qualities which distinguish flowers from other things; and the fifth, denomination or naming the class. An image consists of the qualities and peculiarities of a single particular object, while the concept includes the class of objects. A concept provides a constant sign for any one of the members of a group thus making it possible to think on a broader basis. It has been said that concepts are the shorthand of thought.

Judgment is the second step in thinking. A judgment affirms or denies something about something else. It consists in a conscious relation of states, ideas, or objects, as like or unlike in quality and quantity. It connects and links together our concepts, thus making them valuable to us. An isolated concept unrelated to our past experiences would be of no more service to us than unspun wool. Judgment is the completion of the thinking processes just preceding it. The comparison is the thinking and the decision is the judgment. Conversation is largely an expression of judgments.

As in judgment, we compare two concepts, so in reasoning, the third step in thinking, we compare two judgments, and from this comparison draw a third judgment. This conclusion follows as something consciously derived from certain reasons or grounds. The most general meaning of the term reasoning is purposive

thinking which solves or tries to solve new problems. A judgment concerning the relation of two mental contents is arrived at by comparing each of them with a third mental content. Inductive reasoning is based upon the assumption that whatever has been proved of every one of a class of objects ever observed will prove true of those not observed. Deductive reasoning is based upon the fact that if one class of things is entirely included in a second class and that second class included in a third class, anything in the first class is also included in the third class. Induction is reasoning from the individual to the class. Deduction is reasoning from the class to the individual.

Many people have a confused idea of intuition. Many also fail to get the distinction between intuition and instinct. Intuition is the ability to think meaning into experience, while instinct is an inherited condition of the nervous system which when the stimulus is applied causes a tendency toward a certain series of actions. Intuition consists essentially of intelligence, while in instinct, intelligence is entirely lacking.

All thinking processes seem necessary to all others. Properly speaking, to frame a conception it is necessary to judge in order to make the proper selection and abstraction of qualities. Reasoning too is only a process of judging, for it is necessary to judge in order to compare. Neither can we judge without reasoning. A person's thought has a greater influence upon that person's life than anything else can have, and therefore deserves careful attention. Civilization is the result of the best thought of the human race. In training one's mental power correctly, many others are also cultivated. In order to cultivate the power of thought, we should connect our new experiences with as many old ones as possible, form accurate concepts and be always watching for new relations. The highest and best advancement of mankind can have no more powerful aid than the thinking faculty. Let us work, therefore, to keep our thoughts up to a high standard, and guard them closely to see that nothing harmful enters, for,

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

THE TESLA COIL.

David Caleb.

It is a well-known saying that the extraordinary never fails to attract attention. This has become apparent in the case of a large Tesla or high frequency coil that has recently been set up in the Physics laboratory. The remarkable feature about it is that it is probably the largest coil of its kind in this part of the country. Some idea of its size and power may be got from the fact that it is capable of establishing and maintaining a continuous spark over a twenty-inch air gap.

The Tesla coil was invented by Nikola Tesla about twenty years ago. As got up by him it consisted of three principal parts: an induction coil, a highly insulated condenser and the coil proper, which is simply an air-

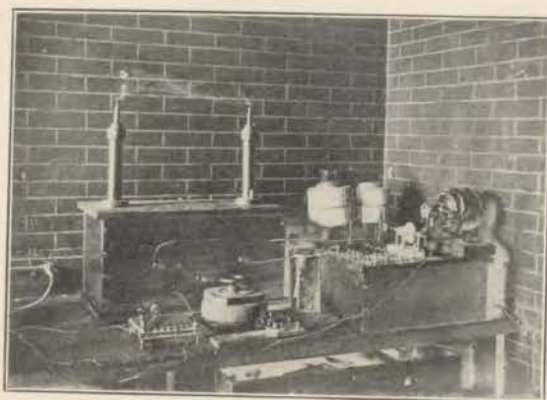
cored induction coil highly insulated. Strange to say it has never been improved and has retained practically the same details of construction down to today.

The induction coil is used to charge the condenser, which is allowed to discharge across an air-gap through the primary of the Tesla coil. In the secondary of this, coil-currents of very high frequency and potential are developed. This description seems very simple, as indeed it really is. Almost any one can set up a moderate sized coil of this nature and secure good results; that is, a spark five or six inches long.

About a year I experimented with such a coil. Having read of large coils being built by Tesla and others, the de-

sire of constructing one for the pleasure of it possessed me. Several large coils of this kind have been built, perhaps the most famous of which was one constructed by Thompson and exhibited by him at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. This coil threw a continuous spark across a thirty-inch air gap, and while larger ones have been built none ever produced such a sensation.

The first step in the making of a large coil was to secure a device to charge the condenser. An induction coil is too weak and inefficient for such a use. It was finally decided to build a high tension transformer. An old electric lighting transformer frame was used, new primary and secondary windings being made for it. The primary winding consisted of one hundred and sixty of course, while the secondary contained twenty thousand turns of fine wire. The winding of the secondary consumed several weeks, but when finished fully justified the work. The secondary discharge from the transformer alone is of no little interest amongst those who have seen it. It will establish an arc from terminals one inch apart and melt down copper wire of medium thickness.



It was then necessary to construct a condenser large and strong enough to handle the transformer. This was built up of alternate sheets of glass and thin brass. Twenty pairs of plates were used and so arranged that any combination of plates from one to twenty pairs could be used. At first

considerable trouble was experienced due to the transformer potential breaking the glass plates. This trouble was finally entirely eradicated by using two sheets of paper between the brass and glass. It was also found advisable to lay the condenser up under oil as air bubbles between the plates considerably reduce the dielectric strength of glass. The condenser was, of course, finally submerged in a box filled with good lubricating oil. So far the work had been simple. It was being done under established laws which, if followed, permitted no doubt of successful operation. Now the task of making the coil itself came up. This was by far the most difficult part of the work, as very little was known about it and no literature of any value obtainable. After some experimenting the coil was almost blindly begun. Some departure was made from the general design in that the coil was made straight instead of U-shaped as is generally practiced in small ones. It was found very difficult to balance the coil and setbacks and failures too numerous to mention were experienced. A combination was finally stumbled on that gave good results. The primary consists of about twelve feet of very heavy copper wire wound around the secondary of about eight hundred and fifty feet of fine wire. Owing to the before mentioned difficulty of balancing the coil, its primary was wound of bare wire so that any part of it could be used. The entire coil was immersed in oil about twelve gallons being required. It was placed in a wooden box twelve by twelve by twenty-four inches. The secondary terminals are brought out through thick glass tubes two inches in diameter filled with oil.

A good spark gap was the only remaining difficulty. At first a gap between a zinc ball and an aluminum plate was used, zinc and aluminum because of their special non-arcing properties. This was not found satisfactory for several reasons, chiefly because of the tendency to arc and the heat lost in the gap. The smaller the metal parts of a gap, the better it

works, so an entirely new gap was designed. It consists of an aluminum plate three inches in diameter with two zinc plates opposite the rim. The aluminum plate is rotated at a high rate of speed. This new gap was but recently put in operation and has been found to give complete satisfaction. Not only does it increase the efficiency of the coil, but it gives steadiness to the discharge and renders fine adjustment unnecessary as the arc is literally torn out by the rapidly revolving disk.

The accompanying cuts give some idea of the appearance of the apparatus. One gives the general appearance, while the other, the field between the coil terminals when in action. The meter stick shows the length of spark which is about twenty inches. On account of the large size of this coil the frequency is somewhat lower than is usual in a high frequency, about one hundred thousand cycles; that is, the current reverses one hundred thousand

times per second in the secondary. The great frequency is produced by the condenser surging back and forth across the air gap. The potential developed by this coil is about four hundred thousand volts.

Perhaps the most startling characteristic of the Tesla coil is that the discharge from one terminal may be taken through the body without inconvenience. If a piece of metal held in the hand be approached one terminal of the coil a spark eight or ten inches long may be drawn to the body. At the same time the other terminal becomes covered with streamers of reddish fire about fifteen inches long. When viewed in the dark this experiment is astonishing, the streamers terminating in brushes of reddish light. This effect is intensified if the terminal be made a metal globe or ball. Vacuum tubes may also be lighted by holding in the hand and approaching one terminal. Contrary to usual custom the tubes need not be provided with leading in wires. If a metal plate two or three feet square be hung up near and connected to one terminal, it is unnecessary to approach the tube to the coil. It glows quite brilliantly when held anywhere in the neighborhood of the plate. Many other interesting experiments may be performed even with a small coil.

Of course all this is simply for pleasure alone, but the high frequency coil has some practical value. It is used quite extensively by specialists in the treatment of certain diseases and is often used to excite X-ray tubes. For this purpose special advantages are claimed for the apparatus. Coils of this sort are generally capable of throwing an eight or ten inch spark.

It would not be appropriate to close without some statement of the theory of the working of the coil. So far as is known, no reason has ever been assigned for the production of such high potentials when the ratio between primary and secondary are so small. It has been claimed and perhaps correctly that the phenomenon is due to induction through the medium of ether waves. If so, it does not follow the laws of either electromagnetic or electrostatic induction, so the statement that a true explanation of the workings of the coil has never been given is justifiable.



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COMETS.

Ernest Straub, '11.

The comet, a heavenly body, received its name from the hairy appearance of its tail. Comets usually consist of three parts—the nucleus, the coma, and the tail. The nucleus is a bright point in the center of the head; the coma is a cloud-like mass surrounding the nucleus, and the tail is a luminous train generally extending away from the sun. Some comets have no tail while others have several, others again have no nucleus. The latter class which move in orbits, consist of a fleecy mass known as comets.

Comets, unlike planets, are not confined to the zodiac, but appear in every part of the heavens, and move in every direction. When first seen the comet appears to be a faint speck in the sky which gradually increases in brightness as it approaches the sun and makes the tail more perceptible. The greatest brightness occurs near perihelion (the point in the orbit nearest to the sun), but fades away as the comet recedes and finally is lost even to the telescope.

Most comets are stray wanderers in space, tramps if you please, coming into our sun after feeling its gravity pull sufficiently to be drawn out of their courses. After coming in from space they sweep around the sun and rush out into space again, never to return. But once in a while a stray comet will be drawn in and pass near enough to one of our large planets, as Jupiter or Saturn, to be drawn out of its course and have its orbit changed into the form of a long ellipse. When comets fall into such a path, they follow them thereafter to return at definite intervals. Thus the periodic comets are in reality members of the sun's family, having been forcibly adopted and held from running too far away from home.

Jupiter has captured more comets than any other planet, for it is the largest of these heavenly bodies. Those comets which Jupiter has captured return to the sun family once

in about six or seven years. Since Halley's comet returns at so much greater intervals, it follows that it must go much farther into space before it loses its momentum and begins to fall back. Indeed, it goes far out beyond the orbit of Neptune, our outermost known planet. We have Neptune to thank for bringing this great comet into our family, for it was probably due to his gravity influence that it was captured.

Until the year 1682 no one knew that comets ever came back, although Halley's comet had been returning to the neighborhood of the earth, at intervals, for thousands of years. It was reserved for Edmund Halley, an English astronomer, to discover that these were visits of one and the same comet.

For ages, until recently, the minds of the people ignorant of astronomical phenomena have been greatly excited and terrorized at the appearance of one of these flying monsters. These superstitious fears caused a comet to be looked upon as bringing plague, famine and war.

The Romans believed that the comet of 43 B. C. was a chariot carrying Julius Caesar's soul heavenward. Josephus tells among the indications of the destruction of Jerusalem of "a star that resembled a sword which stood above the city, and a comet that continued a whole year."

The ideas and teachings of learned scientists vary. Aristotle taught that comets were of engendered vapors, while Seneca thought that they were a kind of planet. Then Brache proved that a certain comet was farther from the earth than the moon. Hevelius in 1668, discovered that these lustrous bodies moved not in straight lines but in concave orbits. Sir Isaac Newton proved, in 1704, that comets obey the laws of gravitation and move in elliptical orbits. Halley demonstrated that some of these heavenly bodies are periodic in their return and that their approach may be foretold. He proved

that the comet which bears his name returns at intervals of about seventy-five years.

Now, only a small number of the vast aggregation of comets are visible to the naked eye, and only a few attract observation on account of their superior size and brilliancy. They pass some part of the solar system and respond to the laws of gravitation. While their orbits differ from those of planets, they revolve round the sun. The orbits of planets are very nearly circular and they never depart so far from the sun to be invisible to us. As the paths of comets are extremely flattened ellipses, they may be observed by us only through a very small part of their paths.

There is a class of comets thought to have a parabolic course and pass from our solar system, and, perhaps, never return. Then again it is thought that there are three classes of comets—one class having an orbit in the form of an ellipse, while the other two pass in paths formed like a hyperbola and a parabola.

It is thought that the earth passed through the tail of a comet in 1861, its presence being indicated by a peculiar phosphorescent mist. Again, while it is thought that a comet coming in contact with the earth would destroy or disturb the surface of the earth at the point of direct contact, it would not dangerously affect the earth's orbit. It is not known whether comets shine by their own or by re-

flected light, but the latter seems to be the most reasonable, since they become invisible on going away from perihelion. Examination and analysis of the light of comets by the spectroscope have shown that these bodies are composed chiefly of carbon combined with oxygen. Few other elements have been found, but those thought to exist in comets include iron, sodium, magnesium, and nitrogen.

Among the remarkable comets is one that appeared in 1811 and is announced to return in thirty centuries. This comet had a fan-shaped tail about 112,000,000 miles long. Again we have the Donati comet which has a periodic time of about 2,000 years. Also the famous Biela comet returns about every 138 weeks. In 1846 this comet was separated into two bodies, but reunited in 1852.

Now among the very best of comets is the one of Halley. Its first recorded appearance was 240 B. C. and now is on its twenty-ninth visit to its heavenly family. We welcome this Rip Van Winkle—like members of our solar family. With delight we shall with the greatest interest study, map its movements in that blue celestial dome, and teach the young folk the great significance of this wonderful sight. We shall have to enjoy this comet while we can, for very few will live to witness such a magnificent sight again.



MANUAL TRAINING



CHUBLEY



ROSCOE REAFER



POLLY LAMB

HOW VINEGAR IS MADE.

John W. Spalding, '10.

Among the numerous places visited by our chemistry classes this last term, perhaps the most interesting one to me, was a trip to the Monarch Vinegar Works, a short distance north of the Kelley Flour Mills in the East Bottoms.

Back on the dear old farm I had often assisted in making the absolutely pure, unadulterated, unsophisticated cider vinegar, a process which can be outlined in a few words. Apples—green, ripe, rotten, spotted, large and small—of the type generally known as “culls,” are first hastily washed and thrown into the hopper of a cider mill. Here they are caught and torn or shredded into small bits, by a rapidly revolving drum, studded with teeth. The pieces fall into a receptacle, where they are pressed until all of the juice has been driven out. The remaining pulp is usually fed to hogs, while the juice, commonly known as sweet cider, is put into barrels containing a small amount of old vinegar. Within a few days the sweet cider ferments to hard cider, after which the old vinegar begins to get busy and slowly ferments the cider to vinegar. This latter fermentation usually occupies some three or four months.

Arriving at the factory I was therefore somewhat surprised to find this long process completed in a few hours. Here the hard cider was pumped to the top of the building, some four stories high, and distributed by a network of wooden pipes, to some two hundred tanks, each about ten feet high and four feet in diameter, filled with beechwood shavings. While slowly trickling over the shavings, the cider rapidly changes to vinegar, as will be explained in detail later. This first “run” is allowed to trickle through a second set of “beechwood” tanks to complete the process, diluted to the proper consistency and put into barrels for shipment.

Cider vinegar, however, represents but a small portion of this plant's out-

put, the greater part being distilled vinegar, made mainly from corn, rye and barley. Perhaps now that the reader has grasped the general idea of manufacture, I may couch this factory's process in somewhat more scientific terms and in a more detailed manner.

About one hundred and twenty-five bushels of corn, rye, and barley are mixed in the proper proportions, ground, mixed with an equal quantity of water and placed with about fifty gallons of yeast in large wooden vats, a total of over two thousand gallons. The yeast ferments, changing the starch and sugar of the corn, rye and barley to alcohol, giving off carbon dioxide which is allowed to escape. When these uncovered vats were observed from above, the mixture was seen to be seething and foaming, as if it were boiling, when in fact it was only the process of fermentation, a little above ordinary temperatures. After three days this “batch” consisting now mainly of alcohol, water, cellulose, fats and proteids, is drawn out and distilled; that is, the alcohol along with some water is boiled off, and then liquified by running through coiled pipes in cold water. This alcohol is usually about sixty per cent pure, and according to government specifications, must be immediately diluted with water to something less than twelve per cent alcohol. Hard cider is usually about twelve per cent alcohol, so that the cider and distilled vinegar processes from here on are exactly the same. The diluted alcohol is allowed to trickle very slowly through the tanks of beechwood shavings, where it is oxidized to acetic acid, which is essentially vinegar. While the ordinary alcoholic fermentation takes place under the proper conditions of heat, food and moisture the acetic acid or vinegar fermentation must have plenty of oxygen from the air in addition. Hence to quickly bring this action about, the tanks of shav-

ings are used. Each tank represents some thousand square feet of surface and as the alcohol is spread over this it is thoroughly exposed to the action of air which is admitted through openings near the bottom. Beechwood is used because larger and more curly shavings can be made from it, and because it imparts to a small degree a flavor much like cider vinegar. After running through two of these tanks the alcohol is usually entirely acetic; the twelve per cent. solution yielding from eight to eleven per cent. acetic acid. This is too strong for ordinary vinegar and is diluted with water to from three and one-half to four and one-half per cent. acid, according to the state food laws. For shipping, however, it is barreled up strong, and diluted at the other end of the line, to save freight. From the one hundred and twenty-five bushels of grain used daily in this factory, over fifteen hundred gallons of vinegar are obtained.

Nearly all vinegars consist of about

four per cent. acetic acid and ninety-six per cent. water. Distilled vinegar is clear and almost absolutely pure. Cider vinegar contains a small per cent. of very divided bits of apple and of dirt, which give it both flavor and color. According to the government pure food laws, vinegar must be labeled and sold properly, must not be artificially colored or otherwise adulterated except with pure water, and must not contain less than three and one-half per cent. acetic acid. One factory in Kansas City makes a vinegar that looks like cider vinegar, by using waste molasses from the sugar factories in the first batch. They merely strain off the water and alcohol without distilling. This gives their vinegar color from the molasses, but also leaves some dirt and impurities in suspension.

The "mash" or proteids left in distilling is either dried and sold as stock food, or fed immediately to cattle or hogs at the factory.

INCIDENT IN CAMP LIFE.

Clarice B. Waddell.

Mae was in trouble. Mae was often in trouble. She was continually getting into most complex situations where she was compelled to originate ways to get out. This, she always did, however. Sometimes even an appealing glance to a would-be rescuer proved her salvation, for very few, try hard as they may, could refuse to help her after a pathetic look from those brown eyes.

It was Mae's turn to get the evening meal at camp. The rest of the girls, fully realizing that they were "off duty," were endeavoring to enjoy the frivolities of camp life. Four were playing tennis, two croquet, six boating, including the chaperon; while one more sympathetic than the others languidly rested in the hammock near by, and calmly watched the preparations going on about her. The presence of this "sympathetic fair one" did not encourage Mae in the least; in fact, it

only served to irritate her further. The full weight of her responsibility suddenly burst upon her. She was the only one of the thirteen girls who had never taken cooking. Her heart smote her. In her mind she heard the girls ridiculing her; joking at her ignorance. At these thoughts she felt herself grow cold and sick. She was altogether miserable. She could fry eggs and bacon, true, but there were not enough eggs in the camp supplies to sufficiently nourish fourteen hungry campers. A happy thought struck her. She would fry potatoes, lots of good, brown, finely cut potatoes. Let them be common, uncommon, cheap or expensive, she was going to fry potatoes. She hurriedly jotted the vegetable down on her paper, then into her mind immediately flashed tomatoes. How should she fix them, slice them?—well for three days in succession sliced tomatoes had been the main feature of every meal. That

must mean that they were favorable with the girls, so cold tomatoes, highly seasoned, served with vinegar was written on the menu card. Now Mae remembered that there were olives, also olives were an aristocratic dish; she wished to make an impression on the girls, who were so confident of their ability to cook, hence her determination to have olives. By this time her mind was gradually clearing and ideas were coming fast. Cheese sandwiches, salmon with sliced lemon—she had seen that served in a fashionable hotel a few weeks before—now with baked beans and coffee, that ought to make a beautiful meal. What else could any one want? Mae, at least, felt confident that she had conquered what at first seemed to her an insurmountable barrier, and she was in high spirits.

Everything was progressing beautifully when a slightly excited voice from the hammock made her shiver.

"Mae, dear," it said, "here come some of the Sigma Phi Frat boys. They are going to eat with us. Is everything about ready?"

For a full moment, Mae was too astonished to answer, but at last realizing that she must not give way, replied faintly in the affirmative. However, just before the guests were called to partake of this nourishing repast, a consultation among the fourteen campers was held around the skillet of frying potatoes. The potatoes had been frightfully burned and after the best of them were taken up, there were scarcely enough to cover the bottom of the only vegetable dish they owned. Consequently, eight of the girls had agreed to take a stroll and enjoy nature, so the boys would never know they had not had enough to serve the entire crowd. They were a little hungry, this was acknowledged, but they must save the day for Mae, for had she not done her best for them all? Yes, they could go hungry for one evening and con-

sole themselves that it was only camp life.

When these little heroines had departed and only Mae, the chaperon and the five other girls remained, Mae realized that she had made no dessert. It was too late to remedy this now, everything would be ruined—but no—she suddenly remembered how the Sigma Phi boys liked fudge, so fudge it would be for dessert, and that could cook while they were eating.

This was no sooner thought of than done, and scarcely another moment had elapsed when the red, clothless table was surrounded by a merry group of boys and girls. Yes, while they were eating, the fudge was cooking. The boys talked; the girls laughed; and all this time the fudge cooked. Mae was more care-free than all the others, until one by one the boys laid down their "chop sticks" and one who had a keener scent than the others remarked that he smelled something burning. Mae was up like a flash, but it was too late, the fudge was going up in smoke. She was, in spite of all, defeated. In a few seconds they were all around her offering consolations, but this did not help matters. It only extracted from Mae the real cause of the absence of their eight girls at dinner.

These absentees soon returned, however, with the glad news that there was a chicken-frying in progress in close proximity to the camp, being given for the benefit of a church nearby. This information was as gladly received as it was given and they were all soon off in a rickety hay rack, with burnt fudge and camp meals far away and forgotten thoughts. Anticipations of fried chicken were now uppermost in every mind but one—Mae was thinking; down deep in her heart she was enrolling in a cooking class at Manual when school should open again.



MY TRIP TO SUGAR CREEK.

Frances Edwards, '11.

One day last fall the Commercial Geography class visited Sugar Creek oil refinery. The oil refinery is about four miles northwest of Independence, upon the bank of the Missouri River. It covers about forty acres of land. In all directions tanks of oil may be seen, which vary in capacity from eight thousand gallons to one million gallons. These tanks are some distance from each other, so if a fire should start, it would not spread. The first thing that is noticeable, as we enter the plant is the pipe lines. There are many of them, each containing a certain grade or kind of oil. From these pipes the tank cars are loaded and shipped all over the country. We are told by the guide that the plant has a pipe line running from Sugar Creek to Whiting, Indiana, and from there to New Jersey. A few years ago all the oil was shipped by railway; but now the greater part is piped by these pipe lines; the latter way is less expensive.

The first place of great interest that we examined was the repair shop. While we were in there, the men were making a side for one of the large vats. The guide also showed us how the threading of the pipes is done. The oil refinery is very different from any other establishment for, as a rule, they generally excel in just one thing. This firm, however, makes most of its equipments. From here we went to the pumping station, which supplies from the Missouri River all the water which the refinery needs. It is a large building, with an oval top. In this vault is a large engine which draws the water from the river and then pumps it to all parts of the plant.

We next went to see how petroleum is heated, so that the oil and waste will separate. When the oil comes from the well it is called crude petroleum. It is of a dirty, brown color, and gives off a disagreeable odor. This product contains many impurities, which are removed by refining or by a process of distillation. The

crude oil is placed in a still, which is a large iron tank holding about one thousand barrels. It is connected with pipes through which the vapor can escape. When the oil is in the still a slow heat is applied and the gases pass off as vapor through these pipes, in the order of rhigotene, naphtha, gasoline, benzine and kerosene. After these gases pass off there is left in the still a heavy dark substance, from which lubricating oil and coal tar are obtained. After the oil has been distilled it is placed in large pipes to cool. It is then mixed with sulphuric acid and given a thorough stirring so as to bring the acid in contact with every particle of oil. The oil is then washed with a solution of soda, ammonia or lime to remove any acid that remains. Then if the oil contains sulphur it is removed by another process, known only to the managers. When this is done it is ready for the market.

From here we went to the oil cooler which is on top of a building that is supplied with large tanks, containing series of pipes and filled with water. The oil is pumped into these pipes and let stand until cool, and is then piped from here to a small room, where it is registered and then piped to the large tanks in the yards. We saw how they could determine the quantity of each kind of oil that escapes from each amount of petroleum. The magnificent machinery employed in this large plant is quite interesting. It is wonderful to think what machinery can do, for all phases of the refining process are in operation at the same time and apparently without man's aid. I believe that I did not see over a dozen men while I was there. The room which contained the machinery was about a block square and filled with large boilers in which the steam is generated for the operation of the plant.

The next place we visited was where the waste substance is placed in the boiler and heated to a certain temper-

ature; and, after all the impurities are eliminated, the product is converted into either coal-tar or lubricating oil. We then visited the office where all the business is transacted. After this we walked about two miles on a railroad until we reached Fairmount Park,

where we boarded the car for our homes, knowing more about "one of the most important products of our country, and one which has added largely, not only to our industrial progress, but also to the comforts of living."

RAISING CHICKS BY HAND.

Abner C. Hosmer, '11.

"I once knew a little boy who said he was raised by hand, because his sister cuffed his ears, and as I was kicked around when young, I may say that I was raised by foot," so says Beautiful Joe, the dog. I do not wish the highly scientific subject which appears at the head of this article to be placed on the commonplace plane with aeroplanes, balloons, and wireless telegraphy—no it is a much deeper and more profound subject. In writing this, I have two purposes in view: first, to enlighten the ignorant public; and, second, to disapprove of that ancient superstition "thirteen."

First, after many weeks of toil and privation with old setting hens—the suffragettes of the chicken world, always fussy and scrappy—the chicks hatched. There were thirteen little fluff balls. Knowing that the hens would step on them, sit on them, or perhaps put them to sleep under a water spout, I decided to play old hen myself. I removed the chicks from the nest as soon as they dried; that is, as soon as they became fluffy. I next placed them in a basket near a fire and covered the chicks with a warm cloth. They were not disturbed for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time they were fed. This feed consisted of grain, ground fine, prepared especially for this purpose. A chick is like a baby, it peeps when it's hungry, cold, thirsty, or for any other reason. I had heard an old rooster say, "C-r-r-r" when he wished all to be quiet. Well, the chicks began peep-

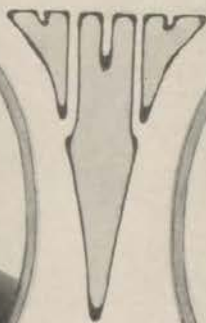
ing after their first meal and I tried the old rooster's cure. "C-r-r-r," I went in deep guttural tones. They shut up like clams. But the pangs of thirst will out, and they were soon at it again, hammer and tongs. This time I gave them water. That was what they wanted and peace reigned once more. The weaklings were taken away from the rest of the brood and fed warm milk and mush until they were strong enough to hold their own. The proper care of little chicks is chick food and water, varied with table scraps and earth-worms. If the above fails to produce the desired quietude, the chicks should be huddled. A warmed flannel cloth is best for this purpose. Worms should always be broken into small pieces so as not to cause the gapes. Corn meal may be used as a substitute for the chick food, but it is not advisable.

Second, to disapprove of that ancient superstition of thirteen, my bird which won first premium at Convention Hall, had leg band thirteen. The chicks of which I have been speaking, were hatched on the thirteenth; one of the hens which hatched them was number thirteen. There are thirteen chicks, the thirteenth one hatched the strongest of them all, and taken as a whole they are the strongest and healthiest flock that I ever raised. Therefore, I believe that I have enlightened the ignorant public and thoroughly disapproved of that ancient superstition "thirteen."

EXCHANGES.



·RUSSELL·RICHARDS·



·EDNA·DUNN·

It is with true enjoyment that we look over our past year's experience as editors of the Exchange Department. Although we are not world-famed critics, still we can point out little defects, and compliment the good things in each other's publications. It brings high schools into closer relation with each other. It brings to notice what other schools are doing, and their manner and methods of work and development. It also establishes a friendly sort of rivalry to see who will put out the best publication; for without comparison we could not have competition, and competition is the basis for success. We hope all those who are on our exchange list this year, will be there next year. We hope that each succeeding year will bring about a closer relationship between The Nautilus and her exchanges.

"Mount Marty Annual," Rosedale High School, Rosedale, Kansas. The stories in your literary department are exceptionally clever and interesting. Your plan of offering prizes for the best stories is a good one and seems to have borne fruit. Also, your departments are systematically arranged and carefully edited. The local department is very good and deserves much credit. The article on Comets in the Science division is both interesting and instructive. The size of your paper is very well selected and the cover is also appropriate. In all, your issue would do credit to a far larger school than the Rosedale High School.

The "Allerlei," published by the Deutscher Sprach-Verein, Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo. Your paper would do many of the schools whose exchanges we receive, much credit. Manual is fortunate in having a society that can put out such a paper. If it contained a few cuts and cartoons and headings, the paper would rank with a great many high school publications. Also, this paper is published in German and we

all know it takes much care, hard work, and time to write a first-class story in any foreign language. This paper contains numerous poems also written in German.

"The Toka," Grant's Pass High School, Grant's Pass, Oregon. This paper has a splendid editorial department. But the exchange department does not come up to its usual standard. Put more illustrations in the paper. Your debating spirit is commendable. Debating seems to be a business with Grant's Pass High School. It is evident why you win.

The "Academy Bell," Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Maine. Your lack of cartoons and illustrations is a serious detriment to your paper. There is only one cut in your issue. Illustrations greatly add to a paper and this defect should be remedied at once. Your cover design is neat and compact. We failed to locate any exchange department.

The Munroe High School "Bugle." Your exchange department is splendidly edited. Also your literary department is well handled. The story, "The Land of Two Moons," is original and unique. You should lengthen your local department, as this division of the paper is always one of the most interesting to the students. A few cartoons would improve your magazine.

The "Review," Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Calif. You have undoubtedly the best exchange department of any school paper we have yet received. This department is so clever and at times so artistic, that it is a joy to read the criticisms. Also this editor seems to be anything from an art critic to a business manager. Really, you surprise us with your ability, wit and cleverness. Your local

department is good. It is full of witty jokes, clever sayings, by bright Sacramento High School students. Your athletic division is another record breaker, as you seem to break a few records in Sacramento Valley. Your editor-in-chief must sit up at night and think of bright things to put in the editorials. Probably he gets his brightness from his midnight lamp. The column classified as School Notes is a "classy" department. Your literary department, however, could be improved by illustrating some of your best stories.

The "Central Collegian," Central College, Fayette, Missouri. You have the poorest excuse for an exchange department of any paper of your size published. Cannot you even fill the department up? Do not leave a space in it. Put something there. Also show at least good taste, and do not put an advertisement in any department. You have but one illustration in your whole paper and yours is supposed to be a college publication. Really, for a college periodical your paper is far below the standard.

The "High School Tiger," Little Rock, Arkansas. We would advise that a larger number and greater variety of stories be selected for your publication. The magazine would be immensely improved with some artistic headings to its various departments and also cartoons to add life and interest. The Exchange department, we are glad to see, is quite improved. "Tiger," although the Athletic department is naturally of much importance, we do not think it should so predominate your paper to the exclusion of other departments. In all, however, with these few exceptions, this is quite a well-edited publication.

"The Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine, is rather limited in its contents. Would it not be advisable

to have a fewer number of publications and a larger and more complete issue? In consideration of the size of the magazine, the Exchanges are creditable. However, we advise variety. The literary department is perhaps the best division of the paper.

"Westminster Monthly," Fulton, Mo. How much an original cover and good headings to the respective departments would add to the attractiveness of your paper. The two orations here published are worthy of much praise. We agree with the editor in that the paper needs short stories and poems and we hope that your "loyal friend" may soon appear and aid the editor in his plea for contributions.

"The Mary Baldwin Miscellany," Staunton, Va., is an excellent magazine. Although this is its first appearance with us this year we are quite pleased with it. The literary department is indeed a complete one not only on account of the number of the stories, but for their merit in themselves. We must, however, criticize the Exchange department, in that it is lacking in its acknowledgments and criticisms of other magazines. With this change and several good cuts, the "Miscellany" might be greatly improved.

"The Spectator," Coffeyville, Kansas, is indeed a well-edited paper. Through the "Joshes" department we find that the editor is wide-awake to the "doings" of his school and school mates. We should suggest that the Domestic Science department have some short stories pertaining to that department. It would not only be of interest but also would add variety to the magazine. The same may also be said of the Manual Training department. Moreover, we advise that the advertisements and the jokes be classified.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"The Nautilus" is always a welcome exchange. It is one of our best papers and is really more complete than any. It should be congratulated upon its exchange list. We wish you came oftener. Four times a year seems to be scarcely enough.

—"The Jayhawker," K. C. K.

"Nautilus," K. C., Mo., is one of our best exchanges. Your department heads are unusually good, showing both originality and cleverness.

—"The Budget," Lawrence.

"The Nautilus," Kansas City, Mo., is our best exchange.—

"High School Monitor," Osceola, Neb.

"The Nautilus," Manual Training High School, K. C., Mo.:

Your paper, in almost all respects, is a very fine example of a well organized, finely gotten-up publication, reflecting the best of the school work and school life. Articles and essays under the different departments—Art, Literature, Music, Elocution, Science, Manual Training—are interesting and not at all out of place in a school paper. The cuts for the various sections are very artistic and add a great deal to the finish and style of the entire paper. The story, "Bringing in His Man," is most interesting. It shows much originality, both in plot and construction. Your joke department is bright and lively. This is the first copy of "The Nautilus" that we have received this year. As it is one of our best exchanges, we hope to see it regularly.

—"New Trier Echoes," Wilmette, Ill.

The cartoons in "The Nautilus," Manual Training High School, K. C., Mo., add very much to its attractiveness. The Exchange department is one of the best in any of the papers we have read, and the jokes, local and otherwise, are exceptionally good. Manual is just starting a campaign for a new "gym."—"High School Forum," St. Joseph, Mo.

"The Nautilus" is one of the best magazines that we receive. Every department of the school is admirably represented, and from the list of your advertisements, we judge that you have good business management. The poem entitled "The Lily" is especially good. You have a lot of good, solid reading, as well as some very amusing jokes. Your arrangement is especially good.—"High School Tiger," Little Rock, Ark.

"The Nautilus" of Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo., has many fine cuts and cartoons which show up to good advantage.

—"The Criterion," Saginaw, Mich.

"The Nautilus," Kansas City, Mo., is one of our most successful exchanges. Your local editors are evidently wide awake. Your infant staff is very unique, though I must say that the outlook at that time did not seem to promise so energetic a board of editors.

—"The Crimson and White," Albany N. Y.

CLIPPINGS.

First Girl—"My goodness, what a fright he is. All his front teeth are gone."

Second Girl—"Yes, he lost them playing football."

First Girl—"Oh, how perfectly cute. Introduce him to me, will you?"—Ex.

First Flea: "Been on a vacation?"
Second Flea: "No, on a tramp."

Senior: "Do mountains have ears?"

Freshman: "No, sir."

Senior: "Why, yes. Have you never heard of mountaineers?"

A countryman on a visit to a city happened to see a sign which read: "Cast Iron Sinks." He looked at it a moment and then said, "Any fool knows that."

The ones who think our jokes are poor
Would straightway change their
views,
Could they compare the jokes we
print
To those that we refuse.—Ex.

Well done, my faithful pony,
You are a gallant steed;
In my examinations
You are a friend in need.—Ex.

He (turning the light down low)—
"If I kiss you will you call your
mother?"

She—"Hugh! It isn't necessary to
kiss the whole family, is it?"—Ex.

Gentleman (in barber shop)—"Mr.,
I want a hair cut."

Barber (taking out scissors)—"Bet-
ter have them all cut, it won't cost
you any more."—Ex.

Many public speeches may be com-
pared to a wheel—the longer the
spokes the greater the tire.—Ex.

English Teacher—"The next we
have is Jane Austen. Will you take
her life, Katherine?"—Ex.

As the ruddy glow increased beyond
the brow of the hill, the small boy
on the bridge clapped his hands vig-
orously.

"Ah, my lad," said the near-sighted
stranger, "it does me good to see you
appreciate yon beautiful red sky."

"Yes, sir," responded the lad, with
his eyes glued to the distant glow,
"I've been watching it for fifteen
minutes."

"Well! Well! It isn't often one has
the opportunity of witnessing such a
grand spectacle."

"Couldn't be grander to me."

"A real poet, without a doubt, and
do you watch sunsets often, my little
man?"

"Sunsets? Why that isn't a sun-
set! That's the village school burning
down."—Ex.

"Ugh," spluttered Mr. Jones. "That
nut had a worm in it."

"Here," urged a friend offering him
a glass of water, "drink this and wash
it down."

"Wash it down!" growled Jones.
"Why should I? Let him walk."—
Ex.

"Generally speaking, the senior girls
are—"

"Oh, yes, they are."

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."—Ex.

No Ground Hog for Him.

"Walk into my sausage mill,"

Said the butcher to the swine.

"You'll find the blades will rub you till
They make you feel quite fine."

The wise pig grunted soft and low,

"Yes, very fine you bet;

But I've no wish to turn into

A ground hog—nay, not yet."—Ex.

Little Sister: "In what shape is
North America?"

Big Brother (unconsciously): "In
bad shape."—Ex.

"If the devil lost his tail, where
would he go to get another?"

"To a liquor store where they re-
tail bad spirits."

In a certain examination the students
were required to give the principal
parts of "to skate." One of them did
it as follows: "Skate, slipped, fallen,
bumptum." The teacher marked the
paper as follows: "Fail, flunken, fluxe,
suspendum."—Ex.

"Hello, old man! Have any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did! Shot seventeen ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

"Well—no—not exactly; but the farmer who owned them was."—Ex.

The Vacuum Cleaner—An all-day sucker.—Ex.

An Irish girl at play, on Sunday, being accosted by a priest, "Good morning, daughter of the evil one," meekly replies: "Good morning, father."—Ex.

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy who was conducting her. "I ain't going to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that jest because I'm from the country—"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short.

"Get in, mum, get in," he ordered. "This ain't your room. This is the elevator."—Ex.

"What shape is a kiss?"

"Elliptical (a-lip-tickle)."—Ex.

Teacher: "What is your father's occupation?"

Little Boy: "I can't tell you."

Teacher: "But you must—"

Little Boy: "My father doesn't want me to tell."

Teacher: "I insist on your telling me, I have to know."

Little Boy (tearfully): "He's—he's the fat lady in the dime museum."—Ex.

I put my arm around her waist,
The color left her cheeks,
It lodged upon the shoulders of my coat,
And stayed there several weeks.—Ex.

She dropped her glove,

He raised his lid

And picked it up

With "O you kid!"

"How dare you, sir?"

He smiled at her

"Excuse me, miss;

It's just like this,

I meant the glove."—Ex.

Aunt Furby Lowe (reading)—
"Here's where two men went down in one of the city sewers and were killed by sewer gas. What do they want gas in a sewer for, I wonder?"

Uncle Si (in deep disgust)—"To see by, of course. Do you think sewers have windows in them?"—Ex.

Self-hatred is that which a man possesses when he starts to tell the only girl that long heart-entombed message and then remembers that he ate onions for supper.—Ex.

"What is the quickest way to the cementry?"

"Swear at me."—Ex.

A woman appreciates a rising young man—especially in the street car.—Ex.

"That old hen is eating tacks."

"Yes, she is probably going to lay a carpet."—Ex.

First Author—"Are you a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly?"

Second Author—"No; but on my foreign trip I was a contributor to the Atlantic daily."—Ex.

Mother—"Johnny, how is it that you stand so much lower in your studies in January than in December?"

Son—"Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays, you know, Mamma."—Ex.

"I could waltz on to heaven with you."

The Girl (absently): "Can you reverse?"—Ex.

Billy (boarding a crowded car): "Do you think we can squeeze in here, dearest?"

Lily: "Don't you think we had better wait until we get home?"—Ex.

President (at class meeting): "Order, please."

A Voice (in the rear): "Ham and eggs."—Ex.

Grace: "What did you think of George's mustache?"

Helen: "I never saw anything so funny in my life, it nearly tickled me to death."—Ex.

Some Modern Definitions.

Appendicitis: A pain costing \$200 more than the old-fashioned stomach ache.

Bigamy: A form of insanity in which a man insists on paying three board bills instead of two.

Chauffeur: A man who is clever enough to run an automobile, and smart enough not to own one.

Collector: A man whom very few care to see, but many ask to call again.

Echo: The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

Hug: A roundabout way of expressing affection.—Ex.

Can you tell me:

Why the angels walked up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?

Why they don't call the nursery the bawl-room?

Why they called Solomon a wise man, when he had seven hundred wives?

Why ordinary vessels are called "she" and national ships "men-o'-war?"

What Adam and Eve did when people called?

Why, when they dress a goose, they always take off her clothes?—Ex.

"Now," said the teacher who had been giving a talk upon architecture, "can any little boy tell me what a buttress is?"

"I know," shouted Sammy, "a nanny goat."—Ex.

"Little boy," said the big electrician as he unpacked his tool kit, "your mother sent for me to fix her switch. Where shall I find it?"

The little boy's eyes grew round. "Sh!" he whispered cautiously. "Mamma doesn't want everybody to know she wears a switch, but I guess you'll find it either on the bureau or on her head."

Some minutes later the sounds that emanated from the woodshed told that there are other kinds of switches besides electrical and hair.—Ex.

"Over five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys," said the star boarder, reading an almanac.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed the landlady. "Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do?"—Ex.

"Your name?" said the judge.

"Mose Johnson, yoah honah," said the dusky prisoner.

"Your full name Mose?"

"Full or sober, de name am always de same."—Ex.

Mr. Bacon: "Did you hear those measly roosters crowing this morning early?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Yes, dear."

Mr. Bacon: "I wonder what on earth they want to do that for?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Why, don't you remember, dear, you got up one morning early and you crowed about it for a week."—Ex.

First Comedian: "A man riding a bicycle was arrested yesterday."

Second Comedian: "What for?"

First Comedian: "For peddling without a license."—Ex.

A boy told one of his playmates that he was getting ready to run away to sea. Several days afterwards the boys met, and the playmate wanted to know if the other had been at sea. "Yes," was the reply, "I was found out, and went on a whaling expedition with father."—Ex.

Village Constable (to villager who had been knocked down by motor-cyclist): "You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man?"

Villager: "I did; but I don't think he heard me."—Ex.

"You seem much impressed with that echo."

"It's a wonderful thing."

"But why this unusual interest?"

"Why, I can say 'hello' without hearing that the line's busy."—Ex.

"I want to get something suitable for a wedding gift."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the floor walker, "pickle dishes in the basement."—Ex.

Here are a few ways music is often advertised:

"See the Conquering Hero Comes," with full orchestra.

"The Tale of the Swordfish," with many scales.

"I Would Not Live Alway," without accompaniment.

"Come Where My Loves' Lies Dreaming," with illustrated cover.

"Trust Her Not," for fifty cents.

"There Was a Little Fisher Maiden," in three parts.

"Home, Sweet Home," in A flat.

—Ex.

"What steps would you take if you met a bear, dad?"

"Why, I think I'd take pretty long ones."—Ex.

She: "Are you fond of tea?"

He: "Yes, but I like the next letter better."—Ex.

The College men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate
They do it by degrees.

Prof. in English: "What is an octopus?"

Freshman: "An octopus is an eight-sided cat."—Ex.

First Laborer (during siren yell): "How do you like them college boys' cheers?"

Second Ditto: "I got docked for an hour yesterday, taking it for the quit whistle."—Ex.

Noble Maiden: "Is kissing proper?"

Youth: "We might investigate. Two heads are better than one."

Followed Instructions.

Ten-year-old Fred was going to a party for the first time.

"Here's half a dollar, Fred," said his father; "if it rains be sure you take a cab home."

When Fred got home he was thoroughly drenched.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" exclaimed his father.

"I did, father," replied Fred; "and I sat on the box all the way home. It was glorious."

The teacher had been telling the class about the rhinoceros family. "Now, name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to and that have horns."

"Automobiles," replied the star pupil."—Ex.

If you loiter in the hallway,
If you talk upon the stairs,
If you whisper during assembly,
Or if you sit in pairs,
You had better be most careful,
And you've got to look about,
For the teacher will catch you,
If you don't watch out."—Ex.

LOCALS



DUDLEY



MILES O'CONNELL



ETHEL LEWIS

The Infant Prodigy.

When James was only two months old, he had begun to talk; and with a slight increase in age, he also learned to walk. His parents now began to teach him knowledge, deep and sound; and he not playing youthfully, but reading books was found. Now, filled with wisdom, he was sent off to the halls of learning; but by his third year, he was through and, for the high school yearning. He finished this in record time and then went off to college; and there the teachers were amazed at his astounding knowledge. Of every language, he could speak; and to the fourth dimension, when other studies he had learned, he gave his full attention. He was so skilled in algebra and mathematics too, that Euclid or Pythagoras from him could learn things new.

From far and near the people came to see this infant wise; and by the learned talks he gave, he filled them with surprise. When he was eight, from college halls, he'd gained his education. The studies that the students feared, he learned with animation. And now when he had learned the most that any teacher taught, he was dissatisfied to find more knowledge there was nought. When he was ten he gravely died, of life he had grown tired. And doctors wise pronounced that he of old age had expired.

Tillie Hairgrove: "Helen, can I bake in your oven?"

Helen Kerr: "Yes, if you can get in."

Clella W.: "Oh, I know all about music. Why, I used to write notes in room 19."

Pupil: "This problem is too tough for me."

Mr. Small: "What problem?"

Pupil: "The one about the shoe leather."

Teacher: "What does the word 'horticulturist' mean, Keith?"

Keith: "One who tends to horses."

Mr. Small—"What is a paralleloped?"

Lou—"Why—er—I think it is a breakfast food."

She (at the piano)—"Are you a lover of true music?"

He—"Yes, indeed; but pray do not stop on that account."

Elfred (who has a headache)—"Doctor, I want something for my head."

Doctor—"My dear boy, I wouldn't take it as a gift."

Helen Morris (disgustedly)—"O Dear!"

Mr. Cowan—"Were you speaking to me?"

Esther—"Oh, I hear music."

Margaret—"That isn't music. That's just orchestra practice."

"Since we're living in the country I take long walks for my complexion."

"Yes, that's the worst of living in the country—the drug store is always so far away."

"You dance to two-step divinely. Who taught you?"

"My two step-sisters."

Rules for Manual's Gym.

1. Do not run on the circular track in spike shoes.

2. No gentleman will injure or mar the iron post, as it is the personal property of the school board.

3. Wrestlers may use the floor since it is finished in soft pine.

4. Should the dressing room become too crowded the pupils will find A flat on the piano.

5. By the aid of a powerful microscope a shower bath may be found in one corner. Do not ask to borrow the bath in the gymnasium as it might be misplaced.

Mr. La Motte: "In English do you say 'I drown' or 'I am drowning'?"

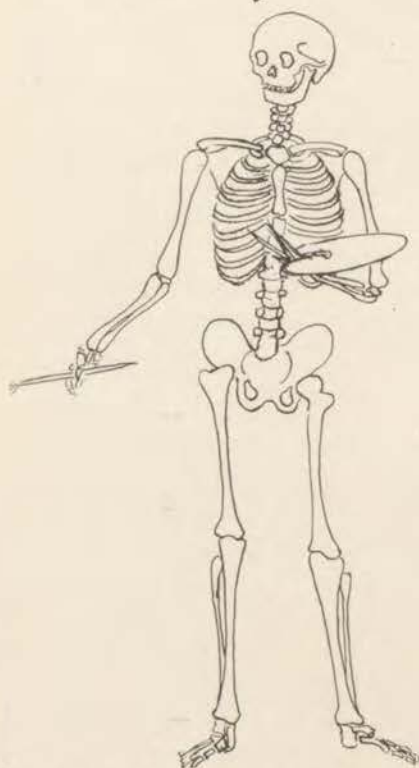
Beth: "We don't say anything like that."

Mr. La Motte: "Why, what do you say?"

Beth: "We say 'Help'!"

Heard at a Yell Meeting.

"Is that cute little boy up there with the dark hair going to do that dance at all the games?"



"Gwendolyn" — the new Art teacher.

Mr. Phillip's allusion to the Edisonians on the Assembly program as minute men was rather appropriate. They had eight minutes in which to give the program.

Mary in Independence.

Mary had a little lamb,
And when it went and died,
She found a trace of typhoid
And blamed it onto Hyde.

Ada: "Don't sing, you will strain your voice."

Max: "Well, if I strain it, it ought to be clear."

The Death of Willie's Brother.

Willie was an office boy,
Willie was a fan;
Willie knew more base ball
Than many another man.
Willie said his brother
Was as sick as he could be,
"And please could he get off today
To bear him company?"

"You may," the boss said gently,
Gazing at Willie the while,
But Willie's look as he stood there,
Was totally free from guile.
His head bowed with sorrow
He slowly went outside,
While gloom hung over the office
And the secretary cried.

The next day he came to the office
With a look as black as night.
The boss with gentle manner
Inquired if all was right.
"Not on your life," said Willie,
Forgetting himself in his rage;
Which was rather improper of Willie,
Considering he wasn't of age.

"Oh tell me, Willie, tell me,"
The gentle boss then cried,
"Your brother, is he safe at home,
Or has the poor chap died?"
"I should say he wasn't safe at home,
(There was accent on every word)
In the end of the ninth, de score a tie,
De bone head died at Third!"

Mr. Small: "What do we call it when we take the root of a number?"
Bright Freshie: "Rooting."

Mrs. Case (in Senior English class):
"The prose fiction writers of the Victorian Age were *Thackens*, *Dickeray*, and George Eliot.

Miss Eveland: "Now Tennyson was not a suffragette."

The Sparrow and the Song.

I shot a sparrow in the air,
I hit the fowl, I know not where,
But, judging from his get away,
He was not wounded fatally.

I breathed a song into the air,
The "Victor" company found it there,
And now they have it "canned" away,
Where I can hear it every day.

Long, long after, gay and blithe,
I saw that sparrow still alive;
In the home of a friend the song re-
born
I heard, once more, from a phonograph
horn.

—Chas. Thomas.

Jack and Jill lived on a hill
In the southern part of town;
The top was so far
That they hired a street car
To carry them up and down.

Capen: "I decline to walk or —
whatever you call it — run for office."

Miss Sullivan: "Victor, for pity's
sake what are you, a talking machine?
Be still, do you hear me?"

Victor: "Yes'm, I hear my master's
voice."

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting.
He's gone to buy a duke, you see,
To graft into our family tree.

Mr. La Motte: "What do you call,
in English, a large tract of land cover-
ed with stones?"

Beth: "A cemetery."

Mr. La Motte: "Why, I thought it
was a street."

The Amateur.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
What does your garden grow?"
"A small amount of vegetables,
And numerous weeds, I trow."

Fresh: "What is a cheerful liar?"

Senior: "A cheerful liar, my son, is
one who can smile and say thank you
when his English teacher tells him he
has written such a good essay that she
wants him to read it to Mr. Phillips."

Mrs. Elston: "What do you think
they ate principally in Macbeth's
time?"

Charles Toomey: "Roast beef."

Mrs. Elston: "What makes you
think that?"

Charles: "He speaks of his dearest
chuck."

Mary had a little soul;
'Tis all she e'er did own
That the comic versifier
Has ever let alone.

Junior (boastfully): "I can join any
society I want to."

Freshie: "I know one you can't."

Junior: "What?"

Freshie: "The Girl's Glee Club."

Mr. Outlate: "Shay, lemme walk
(hic) ahead, an' you (hic) shee if I
walk straight."

Mr. Ryefuddle: "Yesh, you walk
straight, but (hic) whosh zshat walkin'
with you?"

English Teacher: "If you were writ-
ing a book, would you be most inter-
ested in plot, character study, or set-
ting?"

Pupil: "I'd be most interested in the
dough I'd get out of it."

Pupil (in English quiz): "Irving
studied law and entered the saloon."

Teacher: "Why did you say 'sa-
loon'?"

Pupil: "I used 'bar' for Bryant and
Lowell, so I put the synonym, 'saloon,'
about Irving for variety."

Florence: "Sadie, I think you have
the darlingest little bow."

Sadie: "Yes, he will be cute when
I get him trained."

THE NAUTILUS STAFF. IT'S HOBBIES

JOHN D. SMITH



Russell Dudley.

Russell never tires of listening to the sound of the human voice—that is, of his own human voice. Some unkind persons have been so brutal as to say that it is not human, but their insinuations are totally unwarranted. We are proud of Russell, especially since his conversational powers have been developed totally through his own efforts, without any help from our spiel marathoner, Miss Gilday.

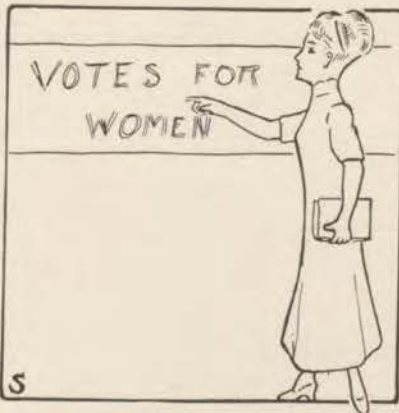
Walter J. Berkowitz.

Walter is, if not known too intimately, a very lovable young man, with an immense capacity for heterogeneous knowledge and chocolate pie. He abhors publicity to such an extent that he absolutely refused to take any position on the staff other than editor-in-chief because of the storm his accepting any lesser office would occasion. Walter's ruling passion is collecting old books.



Gladys Dancy.

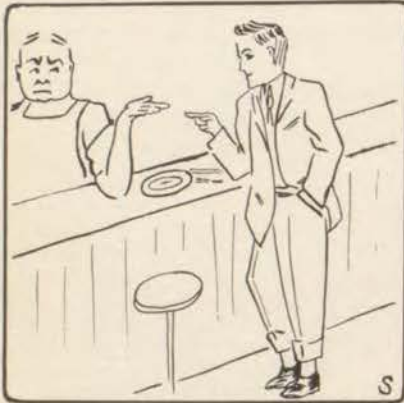
Gladys is several things besides a suffragette, but that is the most self-evident of her misfortunes. Next to talking on woman's rights she loves to argue in behalf of unrestricted divorce laws. She is a great idealist and thinks that when there is neither love nor money in the family, marriage is a mockery.





Paulena Schweizer.

Paulena is a nice little girl with a big voice and a very promising artistic temperament. She spends her time grieving because she has had no partner to share her troubles in the elocution department.



Tom Moffett.

Tommy is undecided whether he would rather be a basketball star or a class treasurer; but we are content to trust him at either post. Tommy likes to speculate on what will happen if Johnson whips Jeffries.



Roy Steele.

If you ever hear a noise like a blue Sunday, you will know that Roy is in your vicinity. He revels in quiet and peaceful meditation. If you desire to give him an attack of heart trouble, tell him suddenly that you want to subscribe.



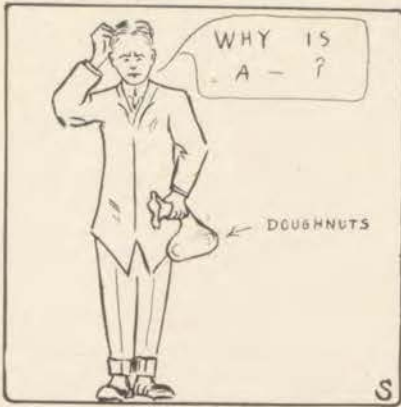
Russel Richards.

Russel's looks have been sadly changed since he took to shaving as a pastime. Dick is a great jollier, but his credit at the lunch room is getting low nevertheless.



Edna Dunn.

Edna is not a faddist, but she once broke a record. She actually gave a recitation in elocution that lasted six minutes (not counting the two minutes wasted on account of a lapse of memory). This is an attainment to be proud of and she should be presented with a medal.



Ethel Lewis.

You wouldn't believe it, but Ethel has ideals. She wants to lead a useful life in a quiet way, and with this end in view she has learned to cook. She once gave a biscuit of her own creation to a boy, and in an unguarded moment he ate it! He survived. But he says he has felt like the sinker on a fishing line ever since.



Arthur Perry.

Art. is very energetic and is never idle. He really works when he can't think of anything else to do, but this doesn't happen often for he has an active imagination. His chief recreation is trying to look like a man for the benefit of the Freshmen's union.



Temple Peirson.

The great question that constantly troubles Temp is "Why is a small potato?" He says he would rather be the solver of this enigma than the recipient of a five dollar note from home. Temp's hobby is consuming fried doughnuts.



Ruth Paxton.

Ruth is a quaint little, quiet little personage with a severe cast of features and a habitual red tam-o'-shanter. She is very retiring and undemonstrative but has a good heart. (See A. Perry.)



Roscoe Reamer.

Roscoe is the beauty of the staff. He would be an athlete, but the girls won't permit it for fear he will mar his good looks. Roscoe was a firm believer in affinities, but his faith is somewhat shaken by reason of his many mistakes in choosing a soul mate.



Polly Lamb.

She is so very kittenish and flighty, is Polly, that we are not quite sure of her favorite fad. But it is hinted that she likes historical novels, her favorite author being the Duchess.



Miles O'Connell.

Miles is not responsible for his ingrown grouch. One month of the local box is guaranteed to cure any case of chronic mirth that ever existed. Miles greatly delights to entertain the hook-worm who is a frequent visitor at his portals.



John E. Clifford.

Johnny's favorite song is "Everything Depends on Money," and his favorite pursuits are wearing boisterous clothes and breaking hearts. He dislikes any reference to the size of his hat or his private pocket-book, but he gets the ads and so we forgive him.



Warren Heath: "Why did they put Monday next to Sunday?"

Chester Bell: "Because cleanliness is next to godliness."

The little boy was on his knees in his night dress saying his prayers, and his little sister couldn't resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his feet. He bore it as long as he could and then said:

"Please God, excuse me a minute while I knock the stuffing out of Nellie."

"Tommy," said his mother, "do you think you'll get a prize in school for being good?"

"No'm," said Tommy.

"Why not, sir?" asked his father, sternly, laying down his paper.

"Because they don't give any," replied Tommy meekly.

Hats of great heads all remind us,
If we choose the proper way,
We can get up every morning
With a head as big as they.

Senior: "What are you crying for?"

Freshman: "The teacher licked me."

Senior: "Well, it won't do any good to cry."

Fresh.: "Huh! how can you expect a boy that's whaled not to blubber?"

Lady: "Now these boys are sister's."

Census-Taker: "No, you mean brothers."

Lady: "I mean what I say. They are my sister's. She lives next door."

Berkowitz (working on Nautilus proofs): "Stop singing, Reamer."

Reamer: "Why?"

Berkowitz: "Because when you sing, it sours my paste."

Considering how little the bell knows, it is wonderful how much it has tolled.

English Teacher: "Why are you tardy today, Mr. Simms?"

Simms: "I was obliged to go to court where they were investigating a little occurrence that happened last night."

English Teacher: "Well, did they find anything?"

Simms: "Yes, they fined me."

Roy Brown: "What do these keep-off-the-grass signs amount to?"

Sadie McNamara: "Well, they seem to keep the grass off for some distance around them."

Ralph Perry: "How can I remove paint?"

Joe Johnston: "Sit on it."

Miss Sullivan: "Do you consider yourself a typewriter?"

Pupil: "I do."

Miss Sullivan: "From the appearance of this letter I should consider you a type-wronger."

Miss Von Unwerth (Scratching her brow while deeply absorbed in thought): "I have something on my mind and I can't think what it is."

Marie Munz: "Why, Miss Von Unwerth, it's your finger."

Miss Gilday: "Then come the men at every stage of history—that's why I love history."

Up-to-date.

"Mamma," said a little daughter of a fashionable mother, "do you think I'll have the same papa all this year?"

Randall Dorton: "What was the result of that contest between the two dentists?"

Leland Canine: "A draw."

Spooning at the Gate.

Dad: "I see that the front gate is down this morning."

Daughter (shyly): "Yes, papa, you know love levels all things."

THE NAUTILUS



Barbara Koplowitz



THE MEETING WILL PLEASE
COME TO ORDER



Samuel Kaplan

Daphne Triumphant
(behind the scenes)



OUR SOCIETY ENTERTAINMENTS



THE GERMAN CLUB ENTERTAINS ITS FRIENDS

OUR WISE SCIENTISTS



OUR SOCIETY ENTERTAINMENTS

Mr. Page: "How many kinds of force are there?"

John Lau: "Three."

Mr. Page: "Name them."

John: "Mental force, bodily force, and the police force."

"I want a divorce."

"For what reason?"

"My wife cannot make good coffee."

"I'm sorry, but the law will not allow a man to get a decree on mere coffee grounds."

Katherine Winram: "I can't decide what to read."

Mr. Cowan (after a pause): "I hope it won't take you that long to decide in the case of the man."

Dr. Burnett: "What case is that noun?"

Lynwood Smith: "Beer-case."

Paulena Schweizer: "I see Emery, Bird's advertise a fine bargain on laces."

Anna Wyne: "Go down and find out the lowest figure on shoe-laces."

Against the will of the Shuberts, Eugene Walter wanted "Just a Wife" (his) for the heroine in "The Wolf," and chose "The Easiest Way" to jump "The Great Divide" between himself and "The Jolly Bachelors" of "Gay Old New York."

The Linguist.

When John was but a little lad, his mother taught him Greek; and when his age had been increased, Chinese he'd learned to speak. When off to school he had been sent, his teachers taught him Dutch, and now his parents fail to see why Johnny talks so much.

Mr. Holiday: "Give an example of the laws of contradiction."

Bright Pupil: "This animal cannot be a man and also a bear."

B. P. No. 2: "Yes, he could, if he did business on Wall St."

The Eskimo Suitor and his Suited.

An Eskimo maiden and youth one eve,
Were spooning by candle-light dim.

Her father long waited for him to leave,
And finally shouted to him:

"O, Mr. Itookashoo, isn't it time

For you to begin to migrate?

You came here when evening was yet
in its prime,

And now it's four months after date.

You seem to forget that the evening's
most gone;

You've been here much more than a
week;

So please get your hat and travel along,

For I feel that my bed I must seek.

You may kiss her good night, but be
sure of this:

It must not take more than a day,

And then, my daughter and I will turn
in

And sleep off the effects of your stay."
(Exit Eskimo.)

Bright Orchestra Member (reading program at D. S. V. play): "'Music will be furnished by the Manual Orchestra and German Glee Club under Herr Riggs.' This must be a mistake because Mr. Riggs is bald."

Mr. Gustafson: "I read the other day where a man fed his pigs sugar and glucose."

Roy Brown: "He must have wanted to sugar cure his hams."

Old Lady: "Why do you lounge against the church wall so?"

Languid Lem: "I'm just satisfyin' a leanin' towards de truth dat's possessin' me."

In Room 25, this was seen on the board, "Mary McBride—No. 16."

Roy Swanson changed it slightly and made it "Mary My Bride, No. 23."

She: "My hands are cold."

Silence.

She: "Nobody loves me."

He: "God loves you. Sit on your hands."

An Historical Nightmare.

The tests, the tests, the funny tests
 We write in Room 13;
 Such wit and wisdom as we show
 Has ne'er before been seen.

We hem and haw, and haw and hem,
 And then we scratch our head:
 Did Cromwell live in George Third's
 time
 Or was the old man dead?

Did James First follow Edward First,
 Or did he come before?
 Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh me!
 I wish I'd studied more.

Last night I crammed by candle-light
 Till the hours were small and wee;
 But did Henry the Eight marry Anne
 Boleyn
 Or did he marry me?

I have said that Edward the Confessor
 reigned
 When Richelieu was in his glory,
 But Alfred the Great, now I really
 can't think,
 Was he a Whig or a Tory?

My brain is tied up in an awful way,
 And my cramming has gone for
 naught;
 Was it Napoleon or Philip of Spain
 That William the Conqueror fought?

Was his great-grandfather Charles the
 First,
 And was Mary of Orange his wife?
 For all my cramming I can't tell now,
 Not even to save my life.

Did William Pitt fight in the 100 years'
 war,
 Or the Sepoy Mutiny?
 Was Coeur de Leon a Spanish Count,
 Or a Prince from Germany.

I know that I ought to remember this,
 But really I don't know a thing;
 So I fold my papers all carefully,
 And say my prayers to A. C. G.,
 And wait for the bell to ring.

—Dorothy Atkinson.

Mildred (in Latin): "I don't see
 where you get 'left' in that sentence."
 Miss Drake: "That's where you get
 left."

Mr. Riggs: "Take that tone and hold
 it."
 Lusty Voice: "I've got it, Mr. Riggs,
 I've got it."

"Why is it, Bill," a youth asked the
 old fellow, "that you never shave your
 upper lip clean?"

"Well, ye see," Bill answered, "a
 man's gotter have some place to strike
 his matches on."

Our Landlady: "It's the strangest
 thing in the world. Do you know, our
 old pet cat disappeared very suddenly
 yesterday. Excuse me, Mr. Jones;
 will you have another piece of rabbit
 pie?"

Mr. Jones (promptly): "No, thank
 you."

Our Landlady (one hour later):
 "That is three more pies saved. This
 season will be a profitable one indeed."
 —Ex.

Automobile Signs.

Skidding on one wheel—I am crazy.
 Full speed ahead—I'm after you.
 Seventeen short honks—I love you.
 Seventeen long honks—I am a nuisance.

Smashing into coal cart—My father
 has money.

Smashing into elderly gentleman—
 I'm a wag.

Brought to a sudden halt—I am
 pinched.

Judge: "Did you intend to hit that
 man when you shot at him?"

Negro: "Did I 'ten' to hit 'im?"

Judge: "Yes."

Negro: "No, sah; if I had 'tended
 to hit 'im I'd er took a club."

DRAMATIC NOTES

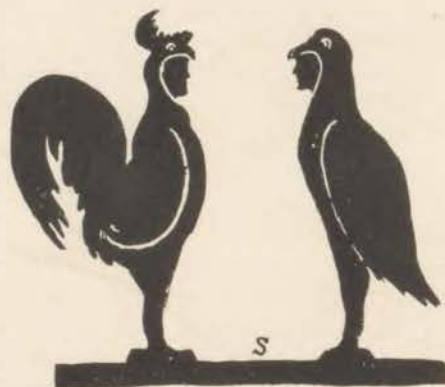


JOHN D. SMITH



We are pleased to inform the public that Mr. Chester Bell and Miss Gertrude Sauer will appear next season in a dramatization of "Young Wild West and the "High-Ball; or, The Mystery of the Man Who Saw Double." Mr. Bell will have the stellar role and Miss Sauer will support him as Young Wild West's sweetheart. Mr. Bell is peculiarly adapted to a part of this kind because he has been for years an enthusiastic patron of the Gilliss and is incurably addicted to the weekly five-cent classics of Western life.

One of the profound sensations of the year will be made when Mr. Ralph Perry and Miss Edna Dunn open their season with the American production of "Chanticleer." All rights are reserved and the principals have been engaged for an indefinite period. The translators and adapters of the play are thinking seriously of changing the leading characters from a cock and a hen pheasant to two turtle doves. This idea should be acted upon because it suits excellently the respective temperaments of Mr. Perry and Miss Dunn.



For those who love a drama of heart throbs and human interest, we are happy to announce that Mr. Arthur Leavens and Miss Olive Collins have been contracted to appear next season in "Because She Loved Him So." The play with this well-known pair in the lead should be a decided success.



You would search a long time before finding two people more adapted to a certain play than Mr. Harry Kanatzar and Miss Florence Munger are to "The Lion and the Mouse" in which they will star the coming season. Impromptu rehearsals of the play may be seen any afternoon in the first floor corridor.

Not since the days of "Pinafore" has there been such a comic opera hit as Mr. Joe Johnston and Miss Willa Cloys have scored in the elaborate musical jingle entitled "The Honeymooners." There are a number of clever songs and the book is exceptionally good. Mr. Johnston's and Miss Cloys' big song hit is entitled, "Bye, Bye; Ta, Ta." Mr. Herbert Zeigler, the celebrated bass sings his famous solo, "Chaufeur Beware; or, There's a Pop-Pop Copper Coming Down the Line."



We are confident of the interest that will be taken next year in our production of "She Stoops to Conquer," which will be presented with Miss Beth Van Dorsten and Mr. Lewis Nofsinger in the leading roles. For those who are acquainted with these eminent artists it is unnecessary to say that their relative characteristics makes the choice of play a most happy one.

The public will be happy to learn that Mr. John Clifford and Miss Renetta Schweizer have just closed a most successful season with "The Battle." In their last performance of this notable play, Mr. Clifford and Miss Schweizer quite outdid themselves, giving such a realistic interpretation of their respective parts that the audience was spellbound. We sincerely hope that this season will not close the professional connection between Mr. Clifford and Miss Schweizer.



Their Favorite Minister.

A very nice and gentle minister accepted a call to a new church in a town where many of the members bred horses and sometimes raced them. A few weeks later he was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. Willingly and gladly he did so for three Sundays. On the fourth one of the deacons told the minister he need not do it any more.

"Why," asked the good man, with an anxious look, "is she dead?"

"Oh, no," said the deacon; "she's won the steeplechase."

Ted: "Every one has a peculiarity, what's yours?"

Fred: "I don't understand you."

Ted: "Well, for instance, do you stir coffee with your right hand?"

Fred: "Yes."

Ted: "Then that is your peculiarity. Most people use a teaspoon."

Biffy: "When I graduate I will step into a position of \$20,000 per."

Cline: "Per what?"

Biffy: "Perhaps."

Never judge a man's character by the umbrella he carries—it may not be his.



Definite.

The schoolmaster was trying to explain the meaning of the word "conceited," which had occurred in the course of the reading lesson. "Now, boys," he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal o' Latin, for instance, or that my personal appearance was—that I was very good-looking y' know—what should you say I was?"

Straightforward Boy: "Sure, sir, I'd say you was a liar, sir!"

Dark street,
Banana peel,
Fat man,
Virginia reel.

What Would Happen.

A woman agitator, holding forth on the platform and presenting the greatness of her sex, cried out: "Take away woman and what would follow?"

And from the audience came a clear, male voice: "We would."

The Nautilus Staff.

Now there once was a box-like office,
And its patrons were many and great;
United they stood like an army,
To do what was right for our sake.
In wit, laughter, loyalty, and smartness,
Lacked they not a grain nor a whit;
U were right when you gave them the
"glad-hand"

Since this is what we term as "it."

Such management, business and detail
Took place in this business-like den,
A credit to all of the Manualites,
Far more to the class of "naught ten."
From Polly, Ruth, Russell and Edna,

O'Connell and Dudley and Steele,
From Reamer and Gladys and Clifford,

N' of course Moffett, Richards, a deal,
In Pierson, Paulena and Perry,
N' Ethel and Berkowitz you'll find,
Excel is the word for their efforts,
To judge from the staff of '09.

Ere summer yet fully advances,
Ere books are laid 'way on the shelf,
Now stop in your hurry and bustle,

Here's a toast to the staff and its help.
Unsung or lauded by poets,
Nor by orators loudly sustained,
Dear old Manual's staff is the great-
est,

Right here let us drink to her fame.
Enjoy what fortunes may be yours,
Dear staff of nineteen ten,

True Manualites lift high their cups,
Extolling the staff of '10:

Now, "Rah! Rah! Rah! Staff!" Now
again.

The Horse Had a Habit.

At an annual series of races "for all comers," the sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line.

The patience of the starter was nearly exhausted. "Bring up that horse!" he shouted. "Bring him up!"

The rider of the refractory beast, a youthful Irishman, yelled back: "I can't! This here's been a cab-horse, and he won't start till he hears the door shut, an' I ain't got no door!"

Finally the Worm Turned.

A muscular Irishman strolled into the Civil Service examination-room, where candidates for the police force are put to a physical test.

"Strip," ordered the police surgeon. "What's that?" demanded the uninitiated.

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman disrobed, and permitted the doctor to measure his chest and legs and to pound his back.

"Hop over this bar," ordered the doctor.

The man did his best, landing on his back.

"Now double up your knees and touch the floor with your hands."

He sprawled, face downward, on the floor. He was indignant but silent.

"Jump under this cold shower," ordered the doctor.

"Sure, that's funny!" muttered the applicant.

"Now run around the room ten times to test your heart and wind," directed the doctor.

The candidate rebelled. "I'll not. I'll sthay single."

"Single?" asked the doctor, surprised.

"Sure," said the Irishman, "what's all this fussing got to do with a marriage license!"

He had strayed into the wrong bureau.

Appropriate Music.

For a restaurant—"When the Swallows Homeward Fly."

For a defaulting bank official—"It May Be for Years."

For the W. C. T. U.—"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

For the real estate boomer—"There's No Place Like Home."

For the critics—"Anvil Chorus."

For the aviator—"Flee as a Bird."

For a Boston girl—"Where Have You Bean, My Pretty Maid."

For the baker—"Roll, Jordan, Roll."

For most of us—"If I Had Ten Thousand a Year."—Ex.

A Seaside Tragedy.

Senator Foraker was defending a Wilmington official who had been maligned.

"We are too apt at times" he said, "to condemn men unheard. A thing may look very fishy, yet on proper examination it may prove to be quite innocent. Let us remember the episode of the seaside hotel.

"Late one night, from the room of a married couple in a seaside hotel, groans and shrieks were heard to come. These noises at last became so violent that a number of guests, pale and frightened, gathered in the hall before the door.

"'Oh, you are killing me!' cried a male voice. 'Have you no pity?'

"There followed a series of awful groans. Then:

"'Stop! You are murdering me! I'm dying.'

"For a little while the crowd outside heard feeble grunts and moans. Then a wild shriek rang forth.

"'Murder! You've done it at last! You've killed me. Oh, I'm dying.'

"Here a man thundered on the door and shouted:

"'What hellish deed is going on in there?'

"There was a smothered laugh within, the door was opened instantly, and a young and pretty woman appeared.

"'Did the noise alarm you?' she said. 'I've just been peeling off the shirt from my husband's sunburnt arms.'"



Miles O'Connell

"Honey" at the finish



BUSINESS.



JOHN E. CLIFFORD
BUSINESS MANAGER



ROY E. STEELE
SUBSCRIPTION CLERK



TEMPLE PEIRSON
ASSISTANT
BUS. MGR.



BVDLEY.

BUSINESS REPORT.

John E. Clifford.

THAT the pupils may know just what the Business department of the Nautilus has accomplished this year, we give the following report: The total cost of our first issue was \$162.50. The advertising for the first issue amounted to \$176.00. For the January issue the total cost was \$206.20. We enlarged this number

from 56 to 64 pages, something which has not been done for some years. The advertising in this issue amounted to \$154.25. The third issue cost \$224.50. We again increased the number of pages as in the January number. The advertising for this issue was \$240.25. The Annual as near as we are able to figure now, will cost \$700.00, the advertising amounting to \$301.50. The total gain the first three issues from the cash sales and advertising alone over and above the cost was \$49.10. Adding this to the subscription money, \$341.25, the cash sales for the Annual, \$125.00, and the advertising for Annual, \$301.50, makes a total \$816.85.

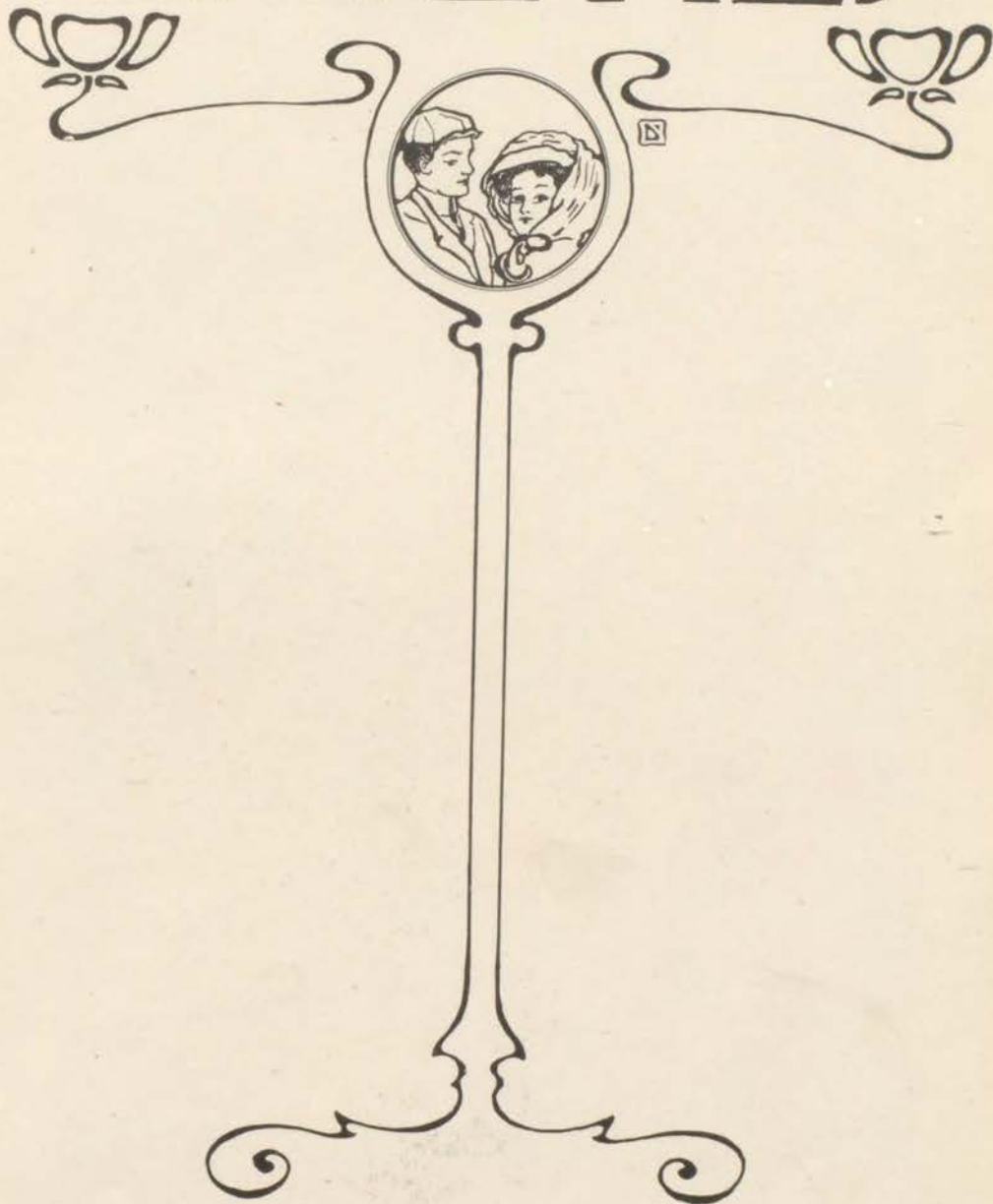
Subtracting from this amount the cost of the Annual, \$700.00, leaves a balance of \$116.85 clear profit for this year's work.

The reason for giving the plain facts are to show how much depends on the amount of money received from the advertising. Since the advertising is the **backbone** of the paper, be loyal and patronize these advertisers. It will help you, the advertiser and the Nautilus.

Much praise must be given to a loyal student, Mr. Wilbur Collins, who has obtained more 'ads' than any one pupil of the 1705 enrolled this year. He obtained for us, in all 3½ pages. Others who have helped us in obtaining advertising for the Annual are: Gertrude Sauer, Herbert Ziegler, John Smith, Warren Heath, Jack Haley, Russell Dudley and John Jenkins. As shown by above list, we have received some support from the school-at-large this year. There are, however, many pupils who could have given us similar aid by a little effort on their part. We hope that next year's business department will receive a much larger support.



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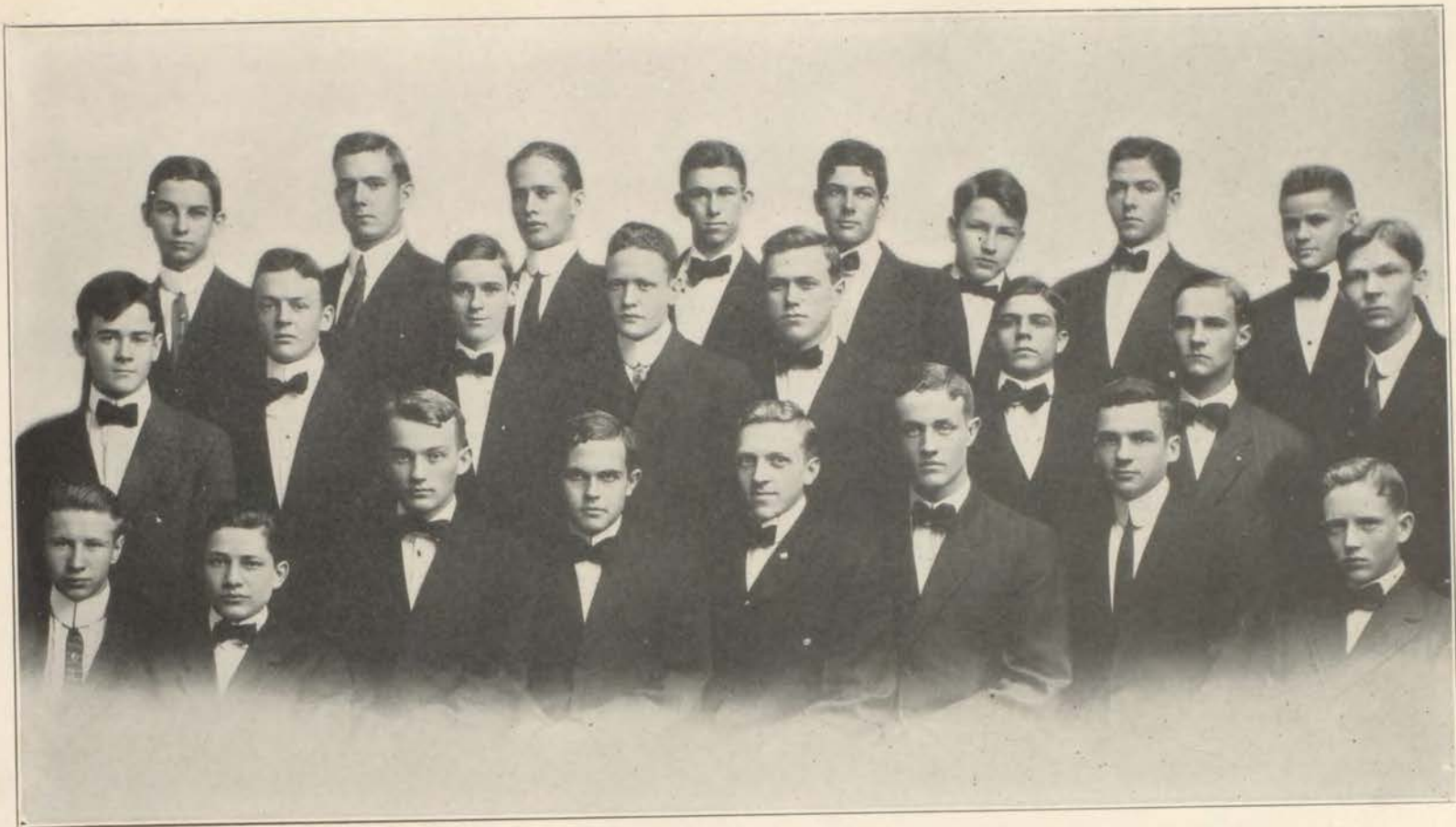
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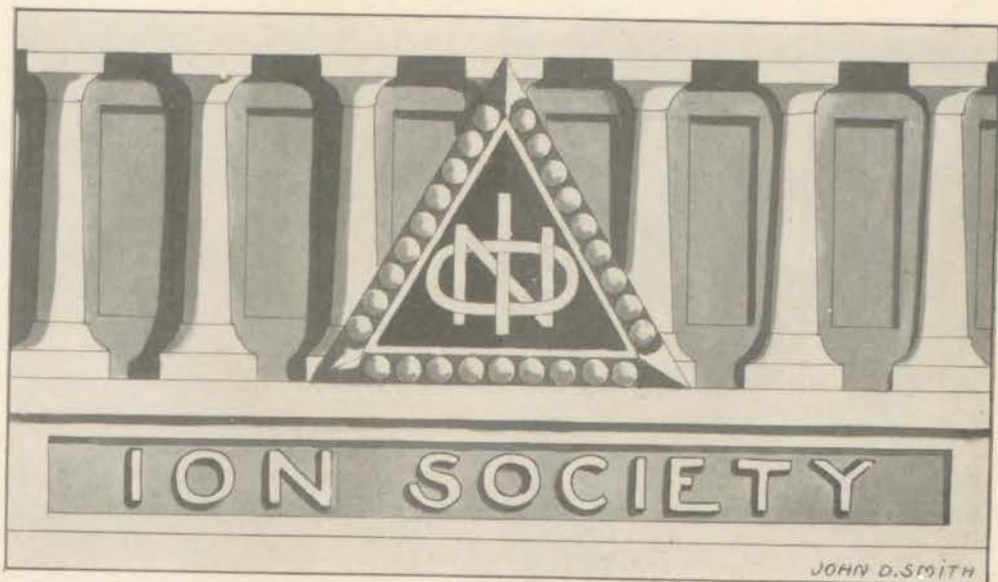
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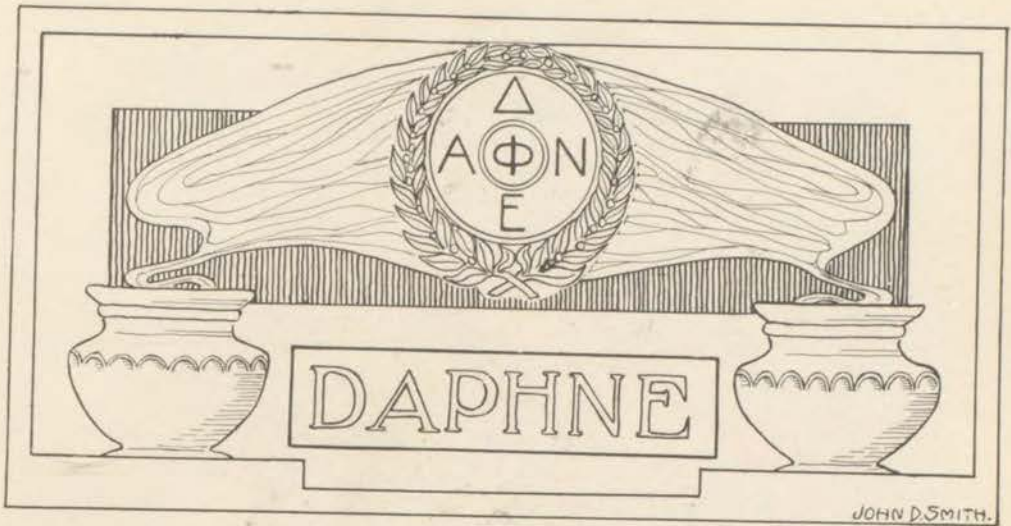
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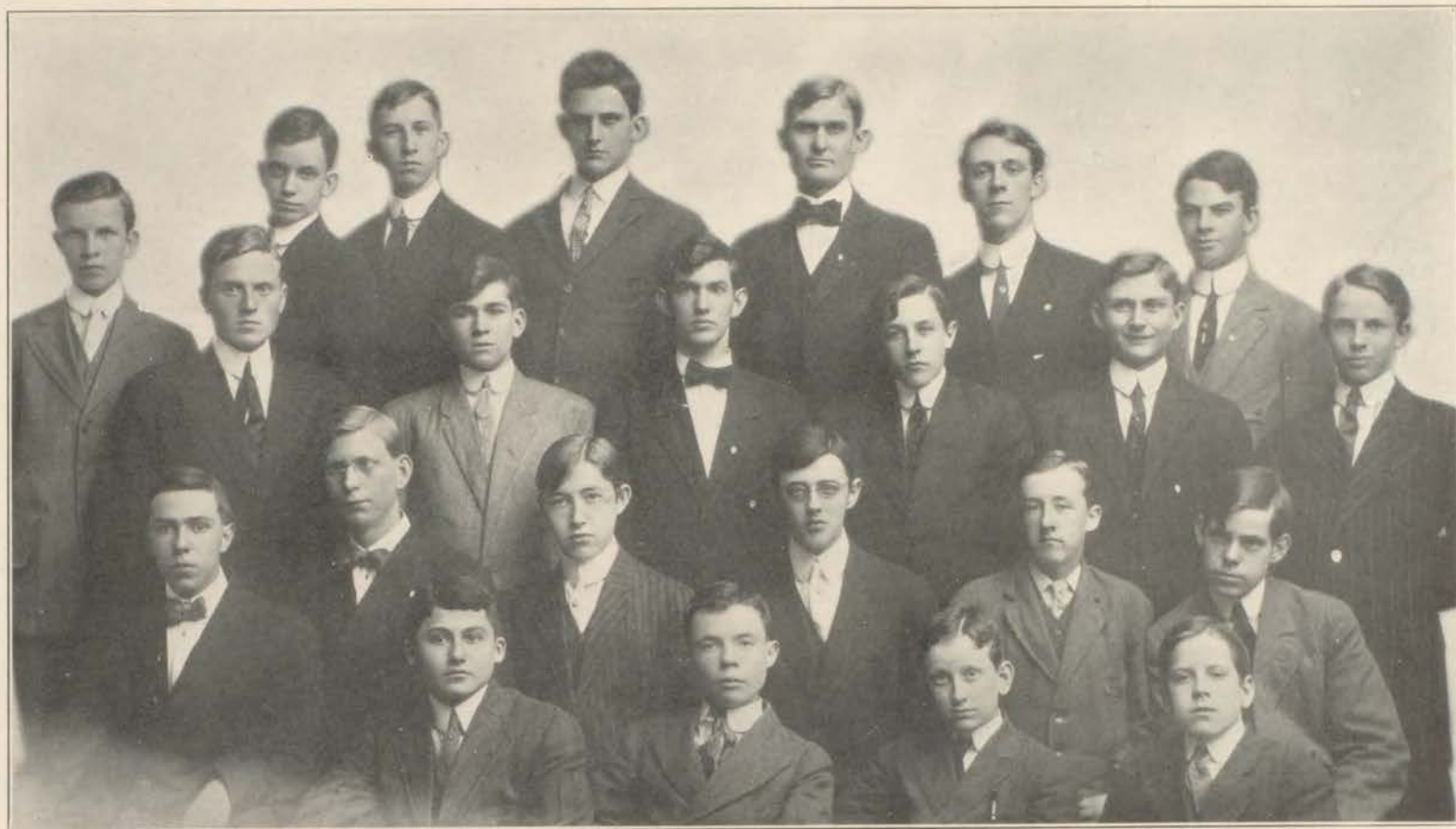
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- Georgiana Sappington
- Katharine Smith
- Bee Sperry
- Ivy Tiffany



Elberta Mohler.

Organized 1910

OFFICERS

President.....Fred Hinkle
 Secretary.....Eileen Burkhardt
 Treasurer.....Charles Davis
 Librarian.....George Zimmerman
 Sergeant-at-Arms.....Ruth Ziegler
 Sponsor.....Miss von Unwerth
 Director.....Mr. Riggs
 Pianist.....Martin Ungerleider

MEMBERS

Agnes Arendt	Emma Pursley
Eileen Burkhardt	Sam Rapschutz
Wilameta Byers	Katherine Seckinger
Florence Casad	Marie Surface
Charles Davis	Stephen Tarr
Mildred Hannam	Martin Ungerleider
Willa Schmidt	Maria Wetter
Fred Hinkle	Carl Williams
Bertie Koplowitz	Minnie Wright
Arthur Leavens	George Zentner
Leota Leritz	Herbert Ziegler
Marie Muuz	Ruth Ziegler
George Zimmerman	

MANUAL'S ORCHESTRA.

The Manual orchestra was organized the latter part of 1908 by Prof. B. E. Riggs, our enthusiastic director of music. It has twenty-nine members, being the largest high school orchestra in the West. Mr. Cushman, one of our teachers, greatly strengthens this organization by playing the bass violin.

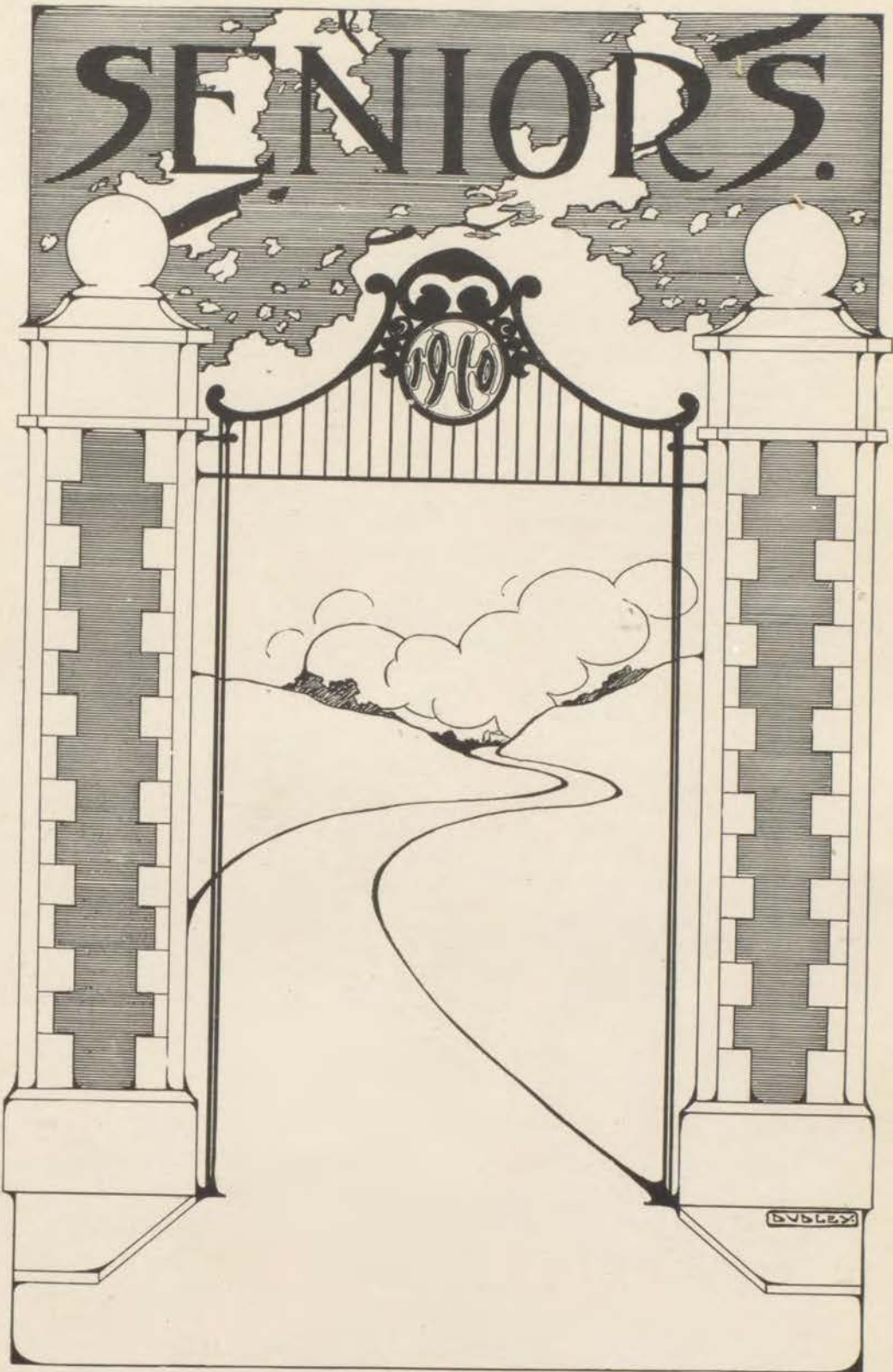
The orchestra's first appearance was at the Inter-Society contest of 1909. It next appeared in the Commencement Exercises of 1909. This year Professor Phillips thought it would be best to have the orchestra play at

every assembly, to get the pupils accustomed to hearing good music and to encourage the orchestra. Its first appearance this year was at the Inter-Society contest. It next played at the Teachers' Institute, at Central. Its next appearance was at the minstrel show given by the glee clubs and orchestra which was a great success. We would like to have an orchestra next year that will surpass this year's, if possible. All members of the orchestra receive one point for their work in this organization provided they attend regularly and do faithful work.



SENIORS.

1916



15151515



JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON
PRESIDENT



JULIA MATTHEWS
SEC.



ETHEL M. LEWIS
VICE-PRES.



THOS. MOFFETT
TREAS.



EMMET RUSSELL
GIFTORIAN



HERBERT ZIEGLER
SEC. AT LARGE



SENIORS.

Joseph E. Johnston, '10.

Strangely enough, in harmony with the eternal fitness of things, the world never appreciates until it loses—and so it is, the Class of '10 is just beginning to realize what "Old Manual" has done for us in the last four years. It is with a feeling of deep gratitude to the teachers who have helped and guided us, the principal who has advised us, and the parents who have cared for us, that we are leaving her. The journey of high school life, while now seemingly a short one, is nevertheless a long one and during its course produces many stumbling blocks that require the steady hands of older heads to help surmount. It stands as a monument to many battles fought and won and therein leaves its impress upon the student's whole life, never to be forgotten.

While it has been the usual custom for Senior Classes to sound their praises in years gone by, the Senior Class '10, fortunately, may refrain from doing so, as our work seems to speak for itself. We do not make the foolish boast that volumes could scarcely contain our virtues, but we do think a good-sized pamphlet could well be filled from cover to cover. As studious Freshmen, we performed our duties with an alacrity seldom found among Juniors and Seniors. We often got Perfect (P) in Algebra and English. As worthy Sophomores, we continued in our quiet, unobtrusive manner to radiate a startling degree of intelligence. We mastered the warlike Caesar himself (on a pony). In fact,

the office records will show that some of us became so proficient in Latin while studying Caesar, that we did not deem it necessary to even finish the year's work, much less to continue Cicero and Virgil. While dignified Juniors, even with that serious handicap, we created unheard-of sensations. In Physics, our teachers often marveled at some of the laws we discovered in performing experiments, which will no doubt make a most valuable addition to the world of scientific thought. As honorable Seniors—but this is present history and I know you will agree with me that our march has been one triumphant song.

As each flower of the field has a fragrance and beauty all its own, so the Class of '10, not greater, perhaps, than classes gone by, yet unable to be overshadowed by classes yet to come, still retains an individuality and distinctiveness all its own, which makes it stand apart from other classes and gives it a never to be forgotten glory. The memories of our school days in Manual will be one of the sweetest recollections of our life. The school rooms, the halls, the assembly, and the teachers will ever remain dear to our hearts; and it is the sincere hope of Class '10, that in future years we shall bring only honor and credit upon our Alma Mater and thus repay in some manner those who have spent many anxious moments in developing firm foundations for the struggles of life. Hail to thee, New Life—farewell to thee, Old Manual!



LIST OF GRADUATES

Manual Training High School

1910

Boys:—

Arrowsmith, Wendell
 Baldwin, Kenneth
 Becker, Harold
 Bell, William Chester
 Berkowitz, Walter J.
 Bowman, George
 Boyer, Lem
 Brady, Arthur
 Bridges, George
 Brown, Lawrence
 Brown, Roy
 Callahan, Samuel
 Carroll, John
 Clifford, John E.
 Crosswhite, John
 Davis, Lloyd
 Denham, Ralph
 Dingman, Walter
 Dudley, Russell G.
 Flint, Clarence
 Frasch, Edward
 Gibson, Maurice
 Gibbs, Ross
 Hammil, Philip
 Huscher, Walley
 Jewell, Harry
 Johnston, Joseph E.
 Kanatzar, Harry
 Kirkham, Earl
 Klee, Anton
 Leavens, Arthur
 Lind, Harry
 Madsen, John
 Moffett, Thomas
 Moss, French
 Nofsinger, Lewis
 Oetken, Fred
 Perry, Arthur C.
 Perry, Ralph
 Reid, Donald
 Reymond, Paul
 Richards, Addison
 Russell, Emmet
 Schooley, Emmet

Siegfried, Harry
 Simms, William
 Sloan, John
 Spalding, John
 Stearns, Harold
 Tarr, Stephen
 Toomey, Charles
 Wiles, Marshall
 Williams, Buford
 Williams, Carl F.
 Wright, Edward C.
 Zachou, Arthur
 Ziegler, Herbert

Girls:—

Allen, Gertrude
 Barber, Marian
 Barnes, Helen
 Bates, Frances
 Beckinstein, Rebecca
 Bergman, Edith
 Burke, Helen
 Dancy, Gladys
 Deitz, Florence
 Douglas, Marguerite
 Eldred, Minnie
 Elliott, Annis
 Elliott, Enid
 Edlund, Lillian
 Excell, Esther
 Fahey, Lucile
 Fleming, Bessie
 Forbell, Sadie
 Foreman, Helen
 Frick, Ada
 Gaylord, Gladys
 Glenn, Helen
 Glover, Leland
 Goldman, Juno
 Graham, Katherine
 Green, Cora Belle
 Greer, Caroline
 Haley, Beryl
 Haley, Ethel
 Hannam, Mildred

Hauss, Lena
 Hazell, Alice
 Hefferman, Judith
 Hislop, Ida
 Hollingworth, Edna
 Hulse, Carrie
 Jones, Lucile
 Johnson, Mabel
 Johnson, Ivy
 Judy, Villa
 Kerr, Helen
 King, Sylvia
 Kohler, Jeanne
 Lamb, Pollie
 Lewis, Ethel
 Lockard, Almeda
 McCarty, Winifred
 McElwain, Ruth
 McGuigan, Susie
 McNeil, Clara
 Matthews, Julia
 Madick, Ethel
 Moskovitz, Tillie
 Munz, Marie
 Nipps, Helen
 Noah, Ruth
 Paxton, Ruth
 Peiser, Lucile
 Peters, Ellen
 Rawlings, Maude
 Robinson, Lucile
 Rogan, Priscilla
 Rose, Edna
 Schmidt, Kittie
 Schofield, Undine
 Shope, Emma
 Snyder, Edythe
 Sote, Mary
 Sperry, Bee
 Stearns, Leila
 Surface, Marie
 Sweeney, Ruth
 Taylor, Ada
 Thomson, Rebecca
 Tiffany, Ivy
 Vanlandingham, Ruth
 Winters, Lena
 Williams, Ethel
 Wilkinson, Vira
 Wade, Ina
 Waddell, Avis
 White, Dora

PROGRAM
OF THE
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
OF THE
Manual Training High School

JUNE 8, 1910



1. Music—(a) "The Swan (Saint Saens)
(b) "The Mystic Dream Waltz" (Stickney)
Manual Training High School Orchestra, Mr. B. E. Riggs, Director
2. Invocation—Rev. Burris A. Jenkins, Pastor Linwood Boulevard Christian Church.
3. Music—"The Morn is Fresh and Fair" (Kindvos).....
Manual Training High School Girls' Glee Club.
4. Essay—"The Laocoon".....Miss Helen Kerr
5. Oration—"The Scientific Spirit".....Mr. Emmet Russell
6. Music—Baritone Solo—"They All Love Jack" (Adams).....
Mr. Herbert F. Ziegler
7. Essay—"Benefits of Psychological Study".....Mr. Ralph E. Denham
8. Essay—"The Citadel of the Soul".....Miss Gladys Dancy
9. Music—(a) "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" (Mr. B. E. Riggs)
(b) "Sweetest of All Loving Words" (Mr. B. E. Riggs)
Manual Training High School Boys' Glee Club.
10. Debate—The affirmative of the question debated at the last M. S. U. inter-high-school contest, May 7. Resolved: "That the commission form of government should be adopted by Missouri cities"; by the winner of the \$125 freshman scholarship, Mr. Joseph E. Johnston.
11. Recitation—"A Commencement Experience".....Miss Marie E. Munz
12. Music—Vocal Solo—"Your Smile." (Foster).....Miss Lucile Peiser
13. Class President's Address.....Mr. Joseph E. Johnston
14. Music—Vocal Solo—"The Swallows." (Dell Aqua).....
Miss Mildred Hannam
15. Presentation of the Class of 1910 to the Board of Education.....
Principal E. D. Phillips
16. Presentation of the diplomas to the Class of 1910 on behalf of the Board of Education.....Judge Ralph S. Latshaw
17. Music—March—"To Our Flag" (James).....
Manual Training High School Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs
Mr. B. E. Riggs, Director

SPECIAL HONORS.

- Mr. Joseph E. Johnston, winner of the M. S. U. \$125 freshman scholarship.
Wm. Chester Bell, winner of the Kansas City Law School scholarship.
Sanford Withers and Arthur Brady, winners of the \$500 four years' engineering scholarships at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Lucile Jones, first prize; Ada Taylor, honorable mention; winners of the D. A. R. medal given by Elizabeth Benton Chapter for the best examination in United States history.
Miss Julia Matthews, winner of the Sons of the Revolution Silver-Medal.
Edward C. Wright and Miss Ethel M. Lewis, winners of diplomas in Sons of Revolution Contest.
Harold L. Becker, winner of Walter Armin Kumpf chemistry prize, \$10.00.

CLASS OF 1910

Gladys Gaylord,
Deutscher Sprach-Verein—Allerlei
Staff '10—German Glee Club.

Gertrude Allen,
Daphne Society.

Helen Glenn,

Annis Elliott,

Susie McGuigan,
O'ita Society—Senior Book Staff
'10.

Priscilla Rogan,

Edward C. Wright,
Manual Society of Debate—Nau-
tilus '08 and '09—Daughters of
Revolution Contest '09—Honor
Certificate in Sons of Revolu-
tion Contest, '10.

Lewis Nofsinger,
Manual Society of Debate.



CLASS OF 1910



Julia Matthews,
American Literary Society—Secretary Senior Class '10—Silver Medal in Sons of Revolution Contest, '10.

Maude Rawlings,



Emmet Russell,
Edisonian Society—Nautilus Staff '09 and '10—Giftorian of Class '10—Walter Armin Kumpf prize in Physics '09—Orchestra.

Joseph E. Johnston,

Ion Society—President of Senior Class '10—Winner of \$125 Freshman Scholarship at M. S. U., '10—Boys' Glee Club.



Walter J. Berkowitz,
Deutscher Sprach-Verein—Nautilus Staff '08 and '09, '09 and '10—Allerlei Staff '08 and '09—President Junior Class '09—Henry R. Seager prize '09.

Sylvia King,

Girls' Athletic Association.



Ruth Sweeney,
Girls' Glee Club.

Charles Toomey,
Boys' Glee Club.



CLASS OF 1910

Avis Waddell,



Ruth Vanlandingham,
O'ita Society.



John E. Clifford,

Ion Society—Nautilus Staff '09
and '10—Boys' Glee Club.



Arthur C. Perry

Manual Society of Debate—
Nautilus Staff '09 and '10
—Track Team.



Lillian Edlund,



Esther Excell,



Ralph Perry,

Ion Society—Boys' Glee Club.



Russell G. Dudley,

Manual Society of Debate—
Nautilus Staff '09 and '10
—Nautilus Annual Cover
Design Contest '09.



CLASS OF 1910



Rebecca Thomson,



Addison Richards,
Edisonian Society.



Harry Jewell,
Edisonian Society — Basketball —
Track Team.



Clara McNeil,
Girls' Athletic Association.



Thomas Moffett,
Edisonian Society—Nautilus
Staff '09 and '10—Treasurer of
Junior and Senior Class '09
and '10—Basketball Team.



Edna Hollingsworth,



Ethel Haley,
American Literary Society.



Edna Rose,
O'ita Society.

CLASS OF 1910



Lloyd Davis,
Edisonian Society.



Marian Barber,



Kittie Schmidt,
Girls' Athletic Association.



Sadie Forbell.



Lucile Peiser,
Girls' Athletic Association.



Lucile Fahey,



Edith Bergman,
Girls' Glee Club.



William Simms,
Ion Society—Senior Book
Staff '10.

CLASS OF 1910



Buford Williams,
Orchestra.

John Crosswhite,
Boys' Glee Club.



Juno Goldman,

Bee Sperry,
Girls' Glee Club.



Lena Winters,
Daphne Society.

Lucile Jones,



Helen Foreman,

Villa Judy,



CLASS OF 1910



Pollie Lamb,
Nautilus Staff '09 and '10.



Anton Klee,



Frances Bates,
Girls' Glee Club.



Samuel Callahan,
Pan-Civic Society.



Philip Hammil.



Mildred Hannam,
Deutscher Sprach-Verein.



Vira Wilkinson,
Daphne Society.



Lawrence Brown,
American Literary Society.

CLASS OF 1910



Caroline Greer,
Girls' Athletic Association.



Beryl Haley,



Leila Stearns,
O'ita Society.



John Spalding,
Edisonian Society.



Mabel Johnson,



John Carroll,
Baseball Team '09.



Kenneth Baldwin,
Edisonian Society
—Boys' Glee Club.



Lem Boyer,
American Literary Society.

CLASS OF 1910



Fred Oetken,
Boys' Glee Club.



Marguerite Douglas,



Ida Hislop,



Herbert Ziegler,
Deutscher Sprach - Verein —
Allerlei Staff '10—Ser-
geant-at-Arms Class '10—
Henry R. Seager prize '10
—Boys' Glee Club—Ger-
man Glee Club.



Ina Wade,
Girls' Glee Club.



Emma Shope,



Marie Munz,
Deutscher Sprach - Verein—Henry
R. Seager prize, '09—German
Glee Club.



John Sloan,

CLASS OF 1910



Tillie Moskovitz,
Girls' Athletic Association.



Lucile Robinson,



Mary Sote,
Daphne Society.



Winifred McCarty,



Florence Deitz,



Walter Dingman,



John Madsen,



Carl F. Williams,
Edisonian Society
—German Glee Club.

CLASS OF 1910



Donald Reid,
Edisonian Society—Daughters of
Revolution Contest '08—
Boys' Glee Club.



Ethel Williams,



Enid Elliott,



Ivy Johnson,



Ruth Noah,



Almeda Lockard,
Daphne Society.



Carrie Hulse,
Daphne Society.



Harry Siegfried,
Edisonian Society—Director
of establishment of "wire-
less" station at Manual.

CLASS OF 1910



Helen Nipps,

George Bridges,
Edisonian Society.



Ruth Paxton,
O'ita Society—Nautilus Staff '08,
and '09, '09 and '10.

Emmet Schooley,
Ion Society—Reporter of
Class '09.



Helen Barnes,

Clarence Flint,
Manual Society of Debate.



George Bowman,
Edisonian Society.

Ethel Lewis,
Deutscher Sprach - Verein —
Nautilus Staff '09 and '10
—Allerlei Staff '08 and
'09, '09 and '10—Vice-
President Senior Class
'10—Secretary Junior
Class '09—Honor Certi-
ficate in Sons of Revo-
lution Contest, '10—Ger-
man Glee Club.



CLASS OF 1910



Ivy Tiffany,
Girls' Glee Club.



Ralph Denham,



Arthur Brady,
Senior Book Staff '10.



Lena Hauss,
Girls' Athletic Association.



Harold Stearns,
Ion Society.



Dora White.



Arthur Zachow,
American Literary Society.



Alice Hazell,
Girls' Athletic Association.

CLASS OF 1910



Roy Brown,
American Literary Society.



Earl Kirkham,
Edisonian Society.



Ruth McElwain,



Undine Schofield,
American Literary Society.



Helen Burke,
Deutscher Sprach-Verein.



Katherine Graham,



Harry Lind,
Edisonian Society.



Marie Surface,
Deutscher Sprach-Verein —
German Glee Club.

CLASS OF 1910



Harry Kanatzar,
Ion Society—Track Team.



Edythe Snyder,
Girls' Athletic Association.



Bessie Fleming.



Minnie Eldred,
Winner of Fred Rust prize
in Poetry, '10.



Gladys Dancy,
Girls' Athletic Association—Nauti-
lus Staff '08 and '09, '09 and '10
—Vice-President Junior Class
'09.



Ada Frick,
Girls' Glee Club.



Rebecca Beckenstein,
Deutscher Sprach-Verein.



Paul Reymond,
Edisonian Society.

CLASS OF 1910



Ada Taylor,



Ross Gibbs,
Track Team.



Harold Becker,
Edisonian Society—Walter Armin
Kumpf prize in Chemistry, '10.



Ethel Madick,
Girls' Athletic Association.



Stephen Tarr,
German Glee Club.



Walley Huscher,
Deutscher Sprach-Verein.



Marshall Wiles,
Manual Society of Debate.



Helen Kerr,
Manual's representative at
Columbia, '10.

CLASS OF 1910

Edward Frasch,



Wendell Arrowsmith,
Manual Society of Debate.



Arthur Leavens,
Deutscher Sprach-Verein — Track
Team—Basketball Team.



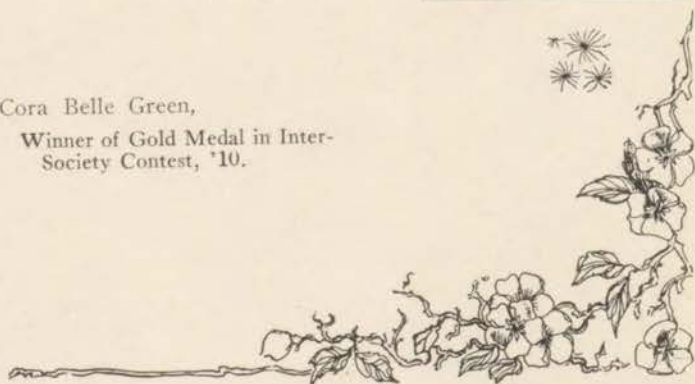
French Moss,
Manual Society of Debate.



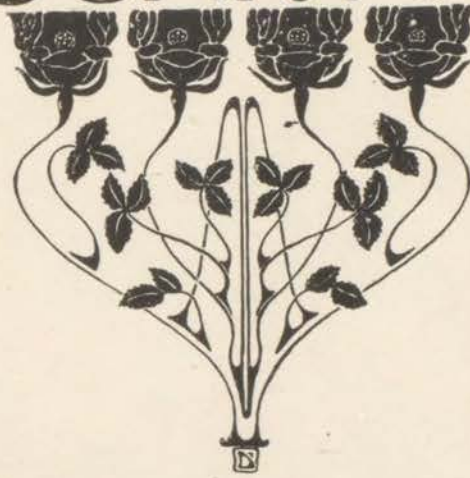
Judith Hefferman,



Cora Belle Green,
Winner of Gold Medal in Inter-
Society Contest, '10.



JUNIORS



1911



"RANDALL DORTON"
"PRESIDENT"



"WILLA CLOYS"
"VICE-PRES."



"EMMA PURSLEY"
"SEC."



"CHARLES DAVIS"
"TREAS."



"LEO CAPEN"
"SER. AT ARMS."



THE JUNIORS.

Randall M. Dorton, '11.

Knowledge knows no bounds. At least it has been the master of man from time immemorial, and has kept him struggling silently through the ages. But time has destined a limitation to all things. At last, knowledge—the greatest power of this or any age—has succumbed to the masterdom of man.

Preordained by an unseen power, this great task fell to the lot of a certain body of people. This invincible and dexterous band of individuals came from various and numerous localities—as it must be remembered that the geniuses of all ages have come from numerous parts of the world. These particular people entered an educational institution known as the Manual Training High School of Kansas City, Missouri, on or before the year of nineteen hundred seven—notice, we say, on or before the year of nineteen hundred seven. We make this necessary allowance for a few, of the many, unfortunates who dropped back from the class of nineteen ten. In making this concession, we display but one instance of the breadth of our thoughtfulness.

The one peculiarity of this renowned class is, that it is the embodiment of all the great minds of the century. Psychologists have not yet attempted to express themselves in regard to this astounding phenomenon. A few scientists think that the return of Halley's comet is probably the responsible source—as something of important note has always taken place upon the return of this comet. This sounds reasonable, since it is theoretical. Yet if any disaster overwhelms the world, because of this comet, we trust it will not be attributed to this noble class of 1911.

Upon entering our High School course we had but one purpose; namely, to acquire all the knowledge text books, propounded by an illustrious faculty, could afford. Thus, with this fixed ideal, we overcame obstacles as fast as the faculty could place them before us. Not many months had come and gone before our teachers gazed at us with wondering awe. To-day we stand with an unmarred past, gazing into a most brilliant and promising future.

Owing, solely, to the reign of custom, it will be necessary for us to remain with our beloved faculty another year; however, this will not retard the progress of the world much more than a reasonable man would judge.

It has been customary for Junior classes of the past to "toot their own horns," and often without a just cause. But owing to our liberality, we will leave it for any one to judge whether or not the Junior Class of 1911 deserves this right. The debating spirit originated from this very class, and set a model of debating that our school may reverence, with admiration, forever. The literary ability of this class has been tested, tried and found true.

There are reasons for all our claims, namely: our painstaking attitude toward our duties, our ability to concentrate and act upon problematical tasks, and our ameliorated class spirit. After considering these virtues is there any one so averse to manifest superiority that will not admit this Junior class of 1910 has ever been true to the motto of "Esse quam videri"? And may it always be retained in the memory of our many friends that this noble class of 1911 was a class with many imitators, yet without a model.





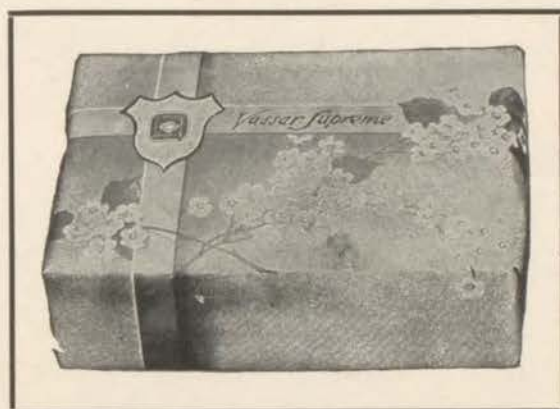
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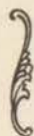


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(OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR MANUAL TRAINING
HIGH SCHOOL, 1910)



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Hon A. L. Cooper
Mr. John W. Snyder
Hon. Wm. P. Borland
Mr Edward D. Ellison
Mr. John B. Pew
Judge Shepard Barclay
Hon. J. S. Botsford
Mr. F. N. Morrill
Mr. J. M. Lee
Judge John G. Park
Mr. T. H. Reynolds
Mr. J. I. Williamson
Mr. E. N. Powell
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936 N. Y. Life Building

E. N. POWELL
Treasurer

Office, 614 N. Y. Life Bldg.

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WANT RIGHT HERE AT HOME AT

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KIMBALL PIANOS SOLD BY THE MAKER

is our ability to furnish the most for the money.

W. W. Kimball Co.

1009-11 Grand Avenue
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World's largest and wealthiest manufacturers and dealers. Capital, \$7,000,000.



"YOUR BOSOM FRIEND"

We will appreciate a trial and guarantee satisfaction on quality and promptness of work.

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We Make the Student Rates

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EASTMAN'S KODAKS AND SUPPLIES
FINE IMPORTED CUTLERY

We Do Developing and Finishing with a Guarantee

Home Phone Main 4779
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Kansas City, Mo.

YOUNG MEN

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It pays. It is an honorable profession. It offers official position, local, state and national. It yields every advantage to be gained by the study and practice of medicine. It is the most useful, best paying, least crowded vocation open to those who prepare to enter it. Call for catalogue and other information.

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Kansas City, Missouri

Kansas City Veterinary College

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BEST

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FOR
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WORK

FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

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Designers, Illustrators, Half-tone and Zinc Etchers.
S.E. Cor. 7th & Central, KANSAS CITY, Missouri.



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The Beautiful Full Tones of Music,
The Artistic Half-tones of Our Engraving.

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As the makers of class pins and fine embossed stationery, the

HOUSE OF JACCARD

has the distinction of first place both in quality of work and service. Let us serve you. We will submit original designs without any charge.

JACCARD JEWELRY COMPANY

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Wengert-Bishop Hardware Company

WOOD WORKING
TOOLS

DRAWING
INSTRUMENTS



TOOL CABINETS
CABINET AND
TRAINING
SCHOOL BENCHES

1221 Grand Avenue, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Telephone, Home 4762 Main

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Best place to eat—Best things to eat
Quick service for the Manual Students

D. H. Edwards

TRY US

East, One-Half Block from School

Dress Styles in Fine Shoes



Oviatt's assortment in the finer grades of Shoes give you all the latest effects for graduation

Oviatt Shoe Co.

1105 Main

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THEY ARE READY
FOR YOU
YOUNG MAN

Special
New Models
For Graduation
at \$15

Clothes of distinguished character. Suits with long, graceful, soft roll lapels, short, easy fitting collar; high chested, snug over the lower body; slim waisted. Trousers with correct peg, curved over the calf, over bottoms, clothes that develop the figure. We'll please your eyes, your purse and your mind. Young men's clothes here as never before shown. Look at them, you'll know what to do about it. They are **\$15** surely big values at

Auerbach & Guettel
The Palace
CLOTHING CO.

909-919 Main St., at the Junction

For Pure Ice Cream,
Ice Cream Sodas, with
Delicious Fruit Flavors,
Imported and Domestic
Cigars, Stop at

Baxter's

N. W. Cor. 47th & Troost

All Motorists stop here for that
refreshing drink or cigar when
driving in this part of the city.

The Regular
Summer Session

OF THE

Dillenbeck School of
Oratory

Will begin June 14th and continue five
weeks. Classes from 9 A. M. to 12 M.
daily. Send for special circular.

Preston H. Dillenbeck,
Director.

STUDIO BUILDING
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Sell Your Old School Books at the

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Books Bought, Sold and Exchanged

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Manual
Seal Ring

Actual Size

Price.....\$1.75

F. W. MEYER

JEWELER

1114 Main St., Kansas City, Missouri

The Official
Manual Pin

Actual Size

Official Pin, Price...\$1.50
Patent Clasp \$1.75

Established 1870

Eady & OlmsteadTHE GIFT STOREJust bear this name in
mind, and all it signi-
fies, when time comesFORCOMMENCEMENTGIFTS**Eady & Olmstead**

JEWELRY COMPANY

1009-1011 Walnut

A Catalog sent upon request

**PRINTED
ENVELOPES**

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

AT 20 PER CENT
SAVING**Berkowitz Envelope
Company**

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in Latin, Mathematics, English, History
and the Sciences

College Preparation a Specialty

Call Eberle, Suite 621 N. Y. Life Bldg.
Both Phones, 701 Main

References:
J. M. Greenwood, E. D. Phillips, E. M. Bainter
All leading High School teachers

DR. EDWARD M. HALL DENTIST

611-12-13 Sharp Building

Bell Phone, 458 Main
Home Phone 86 Main

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Res. 215 Askew Avenue
Home Phone East 54

KOLLEGE TOES FOR KOLLEGE KIDS

SEE OUR WINDOW

FERGUSON & DAVIS,

1008 WALNUT STREET.

Mrs. Woillard's Ostrich Feather Shop

Old Feathers and Hats
Made to Equal New



Willow Plumes Made
Out of Old Feathers

1021 Grand--2nd Floor



THE BELL SYSTEM COVERS THE
WHOLE COUNTRY WITH A STAND-
ARD, UNIVERSAL SERVICE :: :: ::



USE

THE BELL TELEPHONE

CALL CONTRACT DEPARTMENT, MAIN 1

The Missouri & Kansas Telephone Company

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"The Close Price Jewelry Store"
Wholesalers, Retailers, Manufacturers.

A Saving of 25 to 50 per cent on your purchases

With the satisfaction of knowing that you are buying from a house of most reliable standing.

R. T. THORNTON DRUGGIST

**Keeps a Full Line of
Manual School Supplies**

CHOICE CANDIES

Funke's Chocolates a Specialty

Prescriptions Delivered to Any
Part of the City

Telephone Bell 2330 Grand
Telephone Home 552 Main

GIVE HIM A CALL

Corner 15th and Virginia Avenue

If You

had considered that \$1 or more would make you grow financially, last fall, how much would you have now?

Watt Webb
Pres.



W. S. Webb
Cashier

It is an easy matter to open an account with us where every facility is to be had as regards location, easy banking methods and courteous treatment.

112 E. 9th St.

Carl Schaefer

will furnish to you

**The Best Things
to Eat**

Delicatessen, Groceries, Meats

Phones { Bell 759 Grand
Home 4991 Main

15th Street, near Troost

"The Book Shop"

*Headquarters for New
and Second Hand School
Books. We carry all the
latest fiction.*

GIVE US A CALL. 320 E. 12TH ST.



Brown's Business College
Kansas City, Missouri



1114-16-18 GRAND AVE.

**Summer
Discount
Rates**

McKee Shorthand.....	3 mos.	\$20.00;	6 mos.	\$30.00
Bookkeeping.....	3 "	20.00;	6 "	30.00
Gregg Shorthand.....	3 "	10.00;	6 "	20.00
Pitman Shorthand Dictation.....	3 "		6 "	10.00

GO TO
ART DEPARTMENT

— OF —

**Campbell
Glass and Paint Co.**

1421-23 Walnut

Kansas City

FOR ALL KINDS OF

PAINTS and GLASS

Home Phones 2727 and 7810

*DRAWING & SURVEYORS'
INSTRUMENTS*



Architects & Engineers' Supply Co.
ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BLUE
PRINTS, OFFICE SUPPLIES,
MOTOR CYCLES, REPAIRING.
1010 GRAND AVE., K.C. MO.

French Waists Belts
Neckwear Handkerchiefs
Hosiery Leather Goods

Louvre Glove Co.

6 East 11th Street

HOME TELEPHONE 2980 MAIN
KANSAS CITY, MO.

BEST \$1.00 GLOVES IN CITY

Nelson & Wright

Men's Furnishings

906 MAIN ST.
Home Phone 2766 Main

COMPLIMENTS OF

Orpheum Pharmacy

C. E. ZINN, PROPRIETOR

300 WEST NINTH STREET

(COR. CENTRAL)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Patronize These Advertisers

HARLA HIGH & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO R. H. NELSON

15th and Troost

—WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF—

School Supplies, Candies, Cigars and Drugs

Fountain Running at All Hours

Special Attention to Manual Students

Moriarty

AUTOMOBILES

PACKARD MOTOR CARS

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

1508-10 GRAND AVENUE

LEARN WATCHMAKING

Every young man should learn a trade. The Jewelry and kindred trades offer exceptional advantages whether you start a business for yourself or work as a journeyman. The work is interesting and pleasant, easily learned and pays the highest of wages. Come and talk it over with us or send postal for full information, catalogue, etc.

K. C. School of Watchmakers & Engravers

Night and Day Classes

N. W. Cor. 8th and Walnut, 2nd floor, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Shur-On Eye-glasses

Julius Baer

OPTICIAN

19 E. 11th St.

Shur-On Eye-glasses

Bell Phone 4264 Grand Home Phone 7660 Main

First-Class Machine Work on Autos

CRAGO'S

Practical Machine Works

All Kinds of Machines Built
to Order

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

14th and Walnut

Kansas City, Mo.

THOSE CREAM PIES

They melt in your mouth. Hot every noon.
Also pies of other kinds, cakes, cookies, etc.

MISS O. E. TEED'S HOME BAKERY CORNER 14TH
AND LYDIA

Patronize These Advertisers

Boys *Get Your* "Society Brand" and Others \$10 to \$35
Graduation Suit

Twelfth and Walnut *At* **BOLEY'S**

Dempsey's Candies

Home made Chocolates, Home made Butter Cups and Stick Candy, most extensive line, good eating goods in the city.

821 WALNUT

1108 EAST 15th ST.

Manual High School Students==="Attention!"

☐When in need of barber work, call on W. E. MAY, at 1102½ East 15th Street.
 ☐We are equipped for the best of all kinds of barber work and hot or cold baths.
 ☐Help those that help you. ☐Remember the place, 3 doors east of Troost. ☐First-class shoeshiner in connection. ☐Laundry agency.

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PHARMACY

St. John and Askew Avenues

Home Phone East 78 Bell Phone East 628

LEARN AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERING



EARN \$20 to \$50 A WEEK

and enjoy a most pleasant occupation as competent chauffeur—one that can repair as well as run a machine. Splendid Opportunities in this New Business. Automobile Liveries, Taxicab and Repair Companies being established everywhere. Every man wanting to own an Automobile, become a chauffeur, expert repairer, agent or salesman needs our practical course.

Write today for our interesting free book.
KANSAS CITY AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL,
 (Largest and Best Equipped Automobile School in America)
 2113 E. 15th Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Every Cent You Pay Goes Into Piano Value!

In brief, that's what the Jenkins Plan means. No added amount tacked onto the real price of the Piano because of commissions. No vacillating price system which permits one person to buy a Piano at one price and another person to buy the same Piano at a lower price. All your money goes into piano value at Jenkins.

STEINWAY

Argument is futile when the Steinway is concerned. The greatest judges of piano merit and the greatest musical critics unanimously concede that the Steinway stands alone the greatest Piano in the world. We sell a New Steinway Vertegrand Upright for .. \$550 \$16 Monthly.

VOSE

The whole piano world knows the VOSE—the whole world respects it. Admiration of it has resulted in the title, "THE GREAT HOME PIANO" We sell a new Vose for \$360 \$10 Monthly.

J. W. Jenkins' Sons Music Co.

1013-1015 Walnut Street
 KANSAS CITY, MO.

PIANOLAS, VICTOR TALKING MACHINES, BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

Patronize These Advertisers

Kansas City Business College

N. E. COR. 10TH & WALNUT, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Dement, Graham, Pitman or Gregg Shorthand. Twice as many experienced teachers of Shorthand constantly employed as any other school in Kansas City. Individual instruction. We have placed students without experience the past month directly from the schoolroom at sixty dollars per month. Others with some experience at eighty dollars. Students aided in defraying expenses. Largest and coolest study hall in the city. School in session all summer. Day and evening sessions. Don't commit the folly of attending a business college without seeing our catalogue. It's free. Address

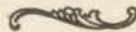
C. T. SMITH, President, Northeast Cor. 10th & Walnut Sts., K. C., Mo.

MASTER
MERCHANTS

E. WHYTE GROCERY

COFFEE
ROASTERS

Fruit and Wine Company



WHY WHYTE'S COFFEE HAS THE WHYTE FLAVOR

The excellence of the Whyte Flavor is due to the discrimination in the choice of the raw material, and to extraordinary care and skill in blending of the coffee beans.

Whyte's Coffees are the result of much experience and many years of patient investigation. Thoroughness in every detail and care and cleanliness in roasting and blending, have produced coffee of high intrinsic merit and a truly delicious flavor.

Whyte's Heather Coffee has had a remarkable history. Per lb. 25c.

"Whyco" Coffee is served to more particular coffee drinkers than any other high-class coffee in Kansas City. 3 lbs., \$1.00.

WHYTE'S MARKET

1115-17-19 McGee Street

Out of the High Rent District Where It Pays to Pay Cash

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THE word is going 'round, all right. Chaps who demand the snappy, smart clothes are rapidly finding their way to

FELIX & SONS

Eleven East Eleventh Street

HENLEY-WAITE MUSIC CO.

PIANOS

Baldwin Behning H. P. Nelson Hobert M. Cable
 Tonk Becker Bros. Ellington Hamilton
 Howard Valley Gem Rudolf Kauffman

PLAYER PIANOS—Apollo Behning Columbus

OUR NEW HOME 1022 MCGEE

MENTION THE "NAUTILUS" WHEN YOU MAKE A PURCHASE FROM THESE ADVERTISERS

Quick Service ☉ Best Coffee

THE PLACE TO EAT

The Spotless Kitchen

900 East 15th St.

ANDERSON & CAIN, Props.

Oysters and Game in Season
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 ESTABLISHED 1824
A School of Engineering.
 Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Science.
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Both New and Second Hand

Wholesale and Retail, City, Country, and College Books

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443 East 12th Street, South Side
 Between Oak and Locust

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A complete line of moldings to select from at 3, 4, 5 and 6 cents per foot and up in all the latest and finest patterns. The best workmanship guaranteed. ✱ Open till 9 P. M.

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 (15th and Brooklyn)

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- RELIABLE -

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18TH AND TROOST

HOME TEL. 5559

The Big Shoe Store

Both Kansas Citys

**CO=ED Oxfords**

(MANUAL'S KIND)



At

“ROBINSON'S”

SEE THEM SOON!

1016-1018
Main St.
K. C. Mo.**Robinson Shoe Co.**550
Minn. Ave.
K. C. Ks.

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45th ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL

9:00 A. M. to 3:00 P. M.

STUDENTS CAN ENROLL AT ANY TIME.

Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping,
Telegraphy, English Branches.

FREE GYMNASIUM

COOL ROOMS

Our rooms were planned and arranged especially for School purposes, being well lighted and ventilated by large windows on four sides of the Building.

**COURSES OF
STUDY**

Are the same as at other Terms in the year, and the Classes are conducted by our regular Faculty of experienced Teachers



OUR COLLEGE BUILDING

**OUR FREE
EMPLOYMENT
BUREAU**

Is daily placing Graduates and Students in good Positions.

Write or call for Illustrated Catalogue.

Spalding's Commercial College,

TENTH AND OAK STS.

J. F. SPALDING, A. M., President.

Tel. 1196 M. Home.

Tel. 1174 M. Bell.

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DEMAND
Marison's Candies



RAJAH CHIPS
DAINTY BITS
MARISON CHIPS
SUMMER STICKS

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Patronize These Advertisers

YOUNG MEN

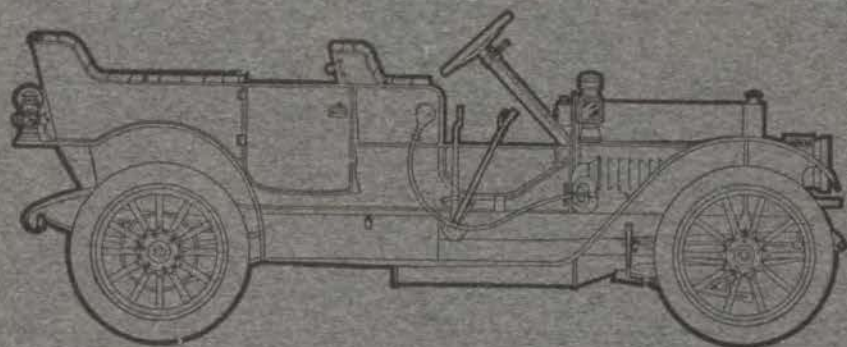
To insure purchasing safely within the limits of good taste, and obtaining styles which will last longer than the present season, patronize a store which prides itself upon carrying goods with these qualities

WOOLF BROTHERS

Distinctive ALFRED BENJAMIN Suits
Twenty Dollars and Up

1020 WALNUT STREET 1026

Oldsmobile



The Car You Will Ultimately Buy

The Embodiment of Power, Luxury and Refinement

Olds-Oakland Motor Co.

Bell Phone Grand 1500
Home Phone Main 1502

1512-14 Grand Ave.
Kansas City, Mo.

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The
Detroit

ELECTRIC

Society's Selection

Introduce Your Wife to a Detroit Electric—It's a Guarantee
of Perfect Peace and Harmony—365 days in
the Year—Nine New Models



PHONE FOR DEMONSTRATIONS

Hathaway Electric Car Co.

W. S. HATHAWAY, President

3501-3503-3505 Main Street

HOME MAIN 1033
BELL GRAND 228

