

NAUTILUS



Beulah Spangle.



1913

ANNUAL

VOL. 16.

NO. 4.

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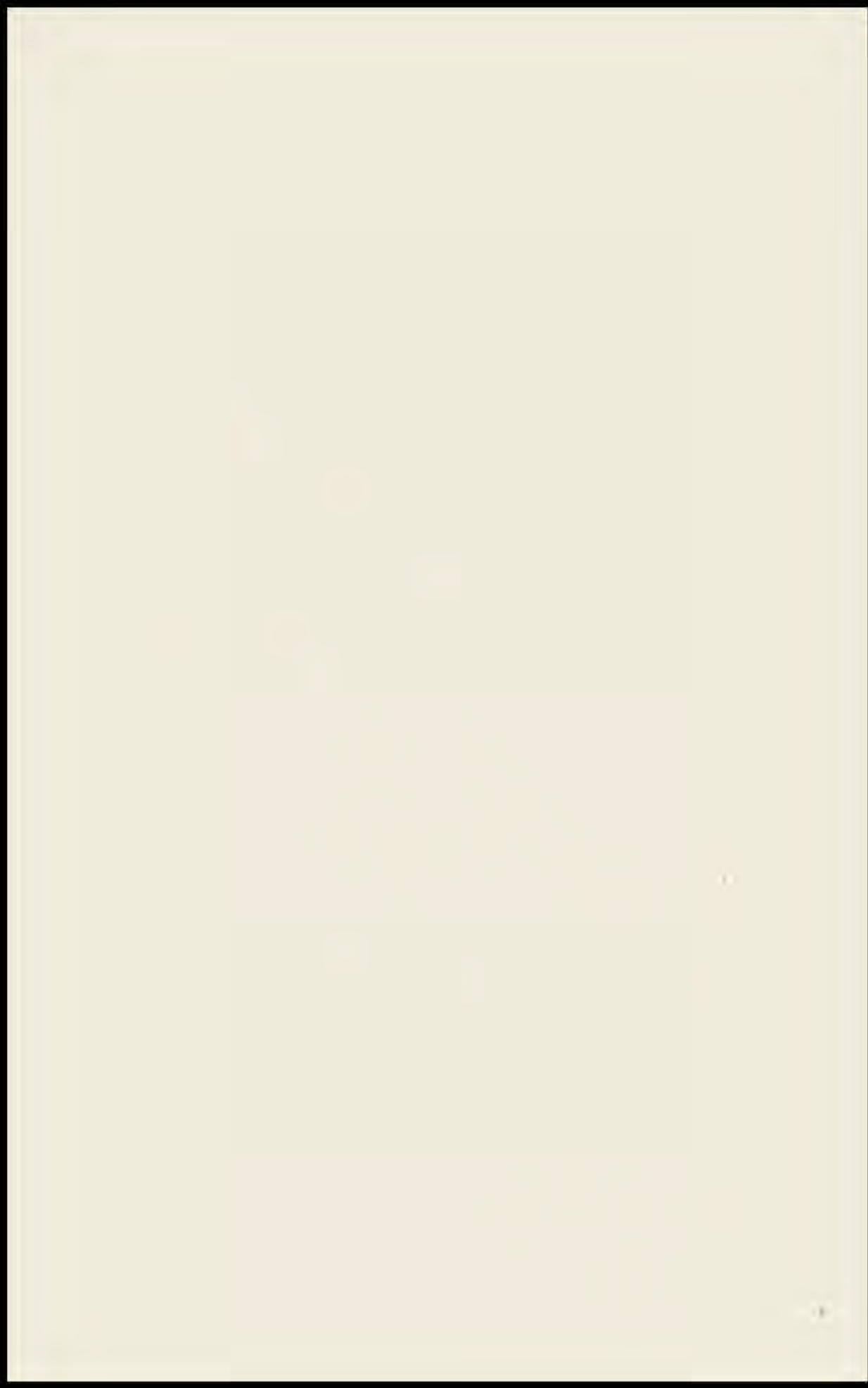
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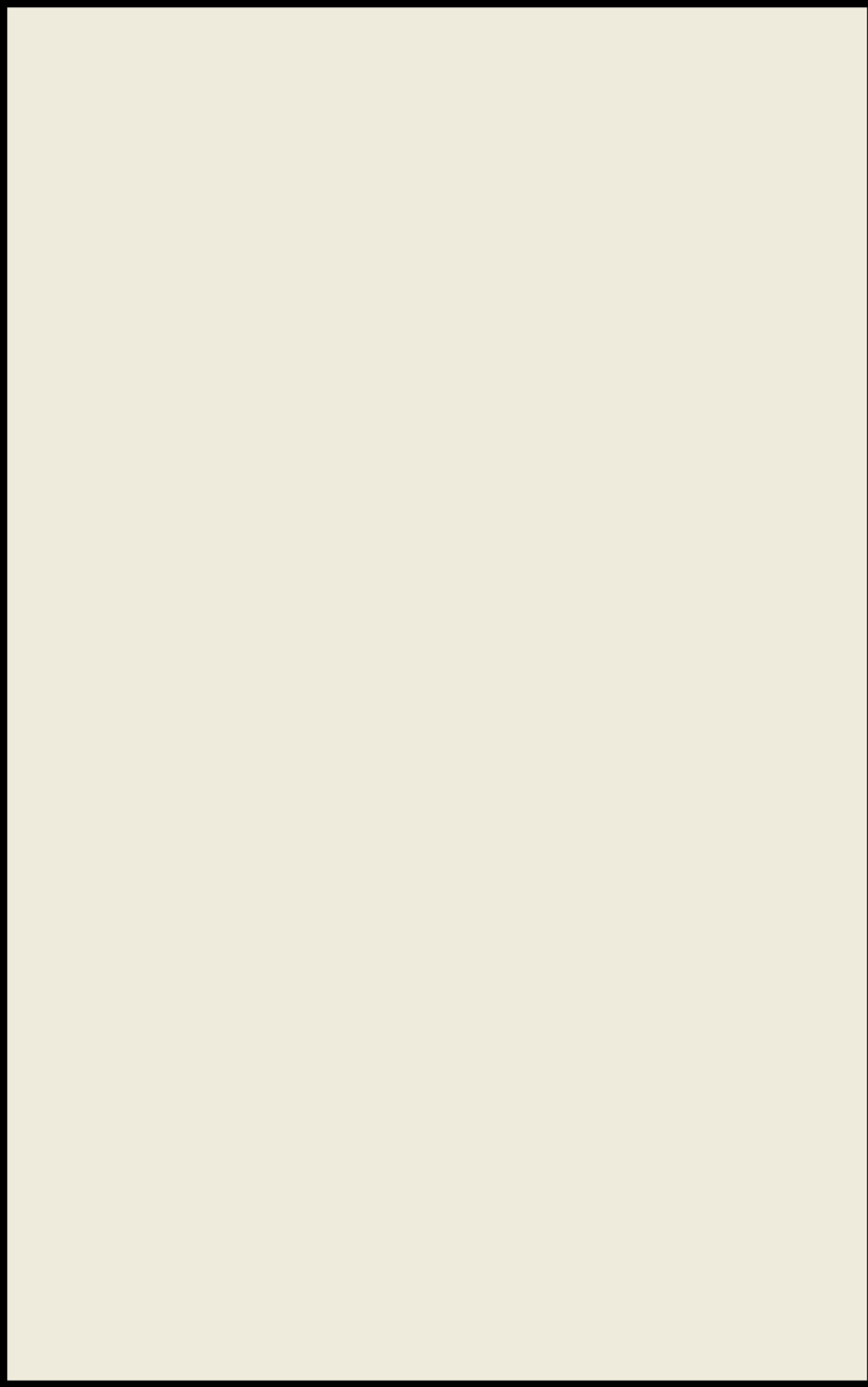
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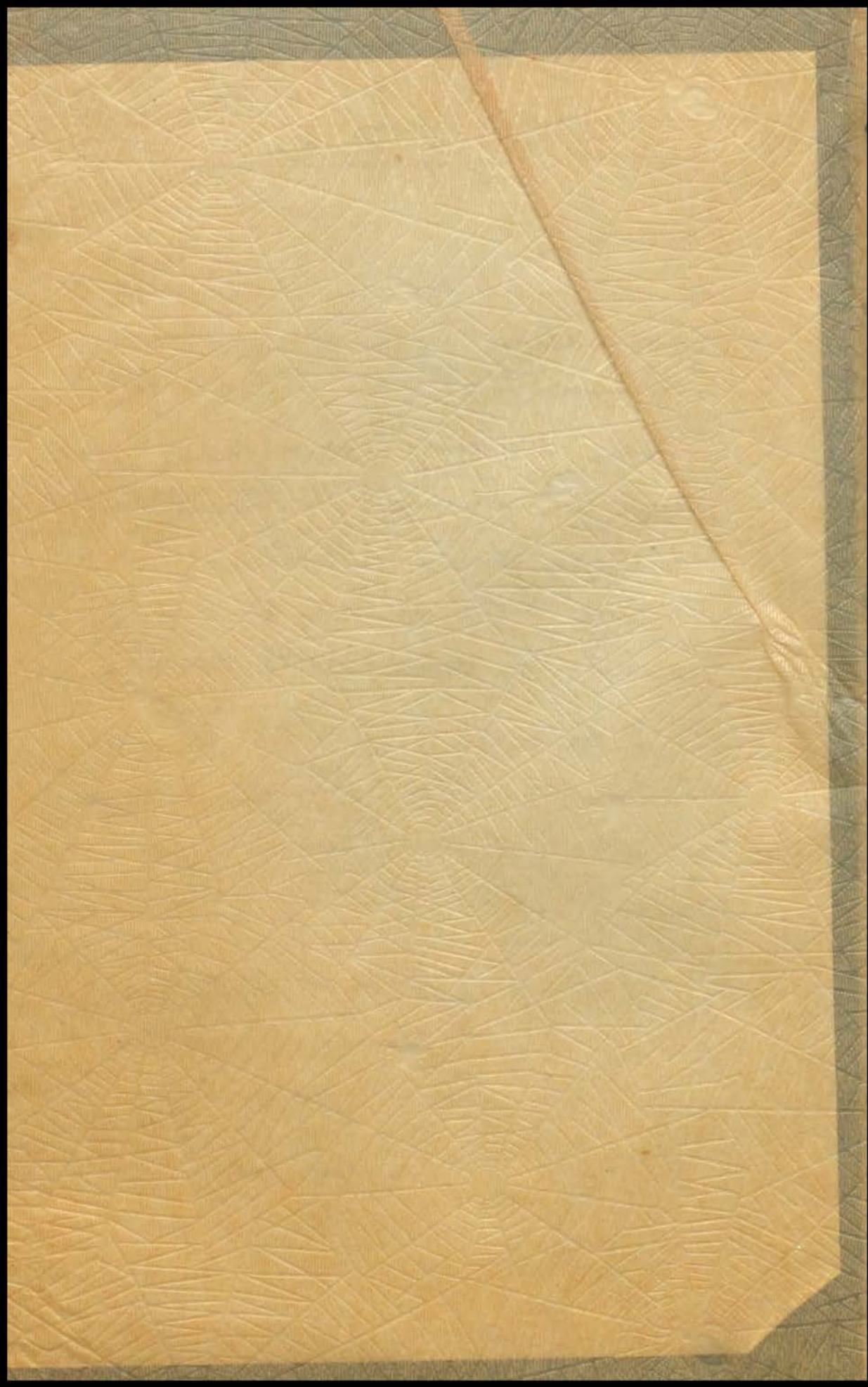




DEDICATION

With a deep and sincere feeling of respect and appreciation, this book, the Annual Nautilus, is dedicated to our retiring principal Professor E. D. Phillips.

May his future years be as useful and profitable as his past, and may prosperity and happiness ever dwell with him.



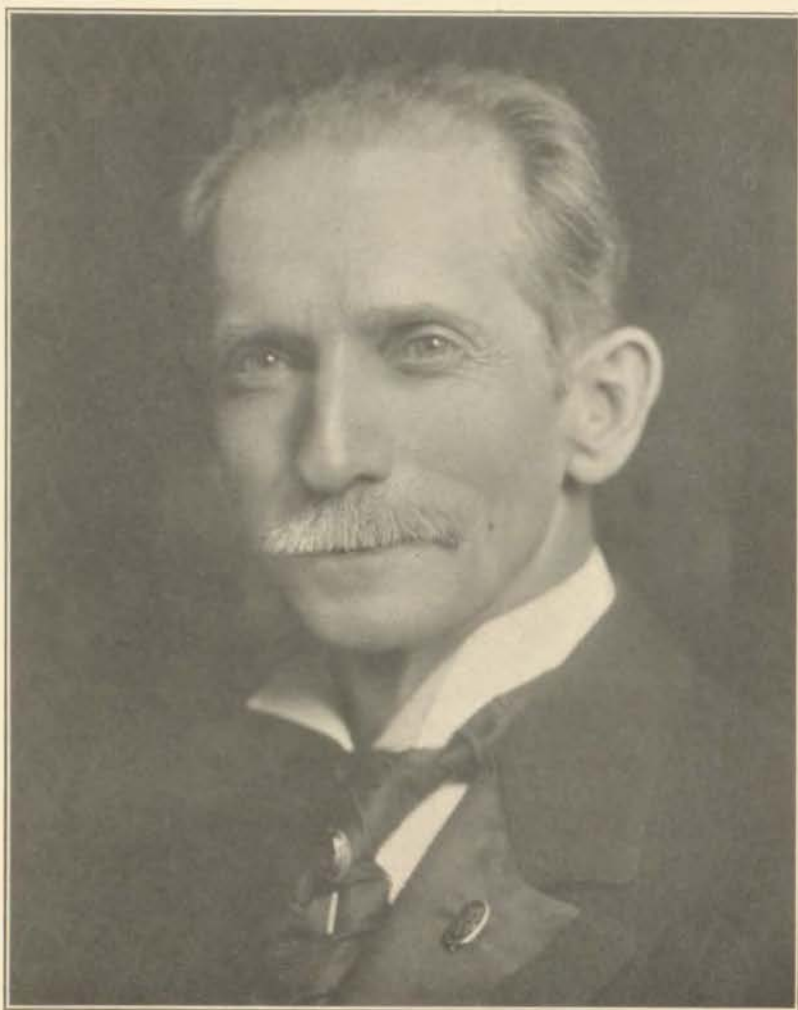


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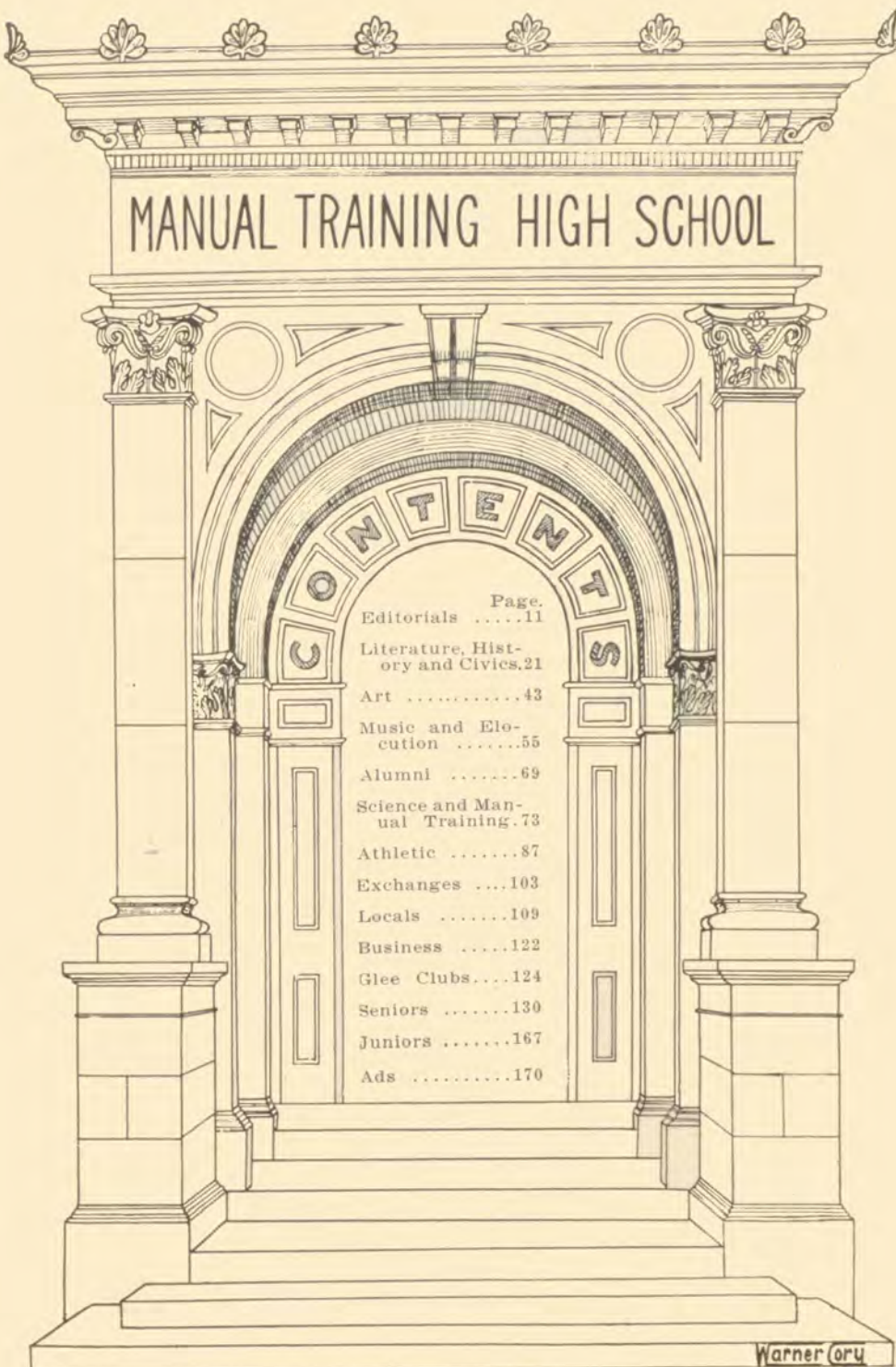
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MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL.



MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL

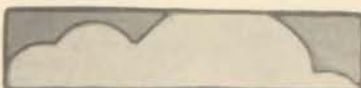
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THE START

THE NAUTILUS



Build thee more stately man-
sions,
O, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler
than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with
a dome more vast,
Till thou, at length, art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
by life's unresting sea.
—Oliver W. Holmes.

Vol. XVI. No. 4

KANSAS CITY, MO.

June 4, 1913.



EDITORS

FRED MILDRED
DEARBORN ARROWSMITH







Professor E. D. Phillips has been prominently connected with Kansas City high schools for thirty-six years. He entered Central High School in 1877. He was head of the English department there for many years. When Manual Training High School was opened in 1897, Mr. Phillips left Central to enter the faculty here as head of the English department. Later he was appointed vice-principal, and in 1904 succeeded Professor G. B. Morrison to the principalship of this great school. That was nine years ago, and ever since, Professor Phillips has worked with hand and mind and heart for the good of Manual. His policy has always been "The greatest good to the greatest number." All who have known him personally, honor him as a man.

Professor Phillips has decided that this will be his last year at Manual for which we are genuinely sorry. The high standing of Manual among schools is due largely to the labor which Professor Phillips has expended in the development and enlargement of its curriculum. The Nautilus believes that it expresses the sentiments of the entire school in regretting Professor Phillips' resignation as principal. We wish him a long and successful life, lightened by the knowledge of duty well done.

"The fourth of June has come." Another school year has passed over our heads. Another summer vacation has rolled around,—all too soon, if we but think a moment. School-days are over for many of us, but we must remember that "instruction ends in the schoolroom, but education ends only with life." Many will return next year to dear old "Manual," while some will go off to college.

But the paramount question now is, "What are you going to do this summer?" This is not so important to the girls as to the boys, for fewer girls take up work in the summer than boys. Still their plans for summer trips and outings are just as important. For the boys who are leaving school this year to return no more, this question holds the most importance. Some of us have had our vocation picked out since we first entered Manual, some have decided upon it since entering, while many of us are still uncertain.

There is in all of us an impulse of fitness, a hunger to get at a work that we can make a joy, and it is this thing we should seek to discover. Do not seek simply a "job" thinking only of the pay per week. Select your position with some partial adaptation, at least, to your natural gift. Select an employment that you love, that you take pleasure in.

The silent energy of pleasure makes work easy. We do not half appreciate this unknown force, the energy of pleasure. Under its influence we are not conscious of trying. We do not have to whip and spur ourselves. Pleasure affords all the force. We just like to do it. We work on and on, not knowing when to stop. Happy over one's work, enjoying one's task—that surely is the way God meant us to be. All the world's great masterpieces,—the things that will still live on when we are dust, whether paintings, music, poetry, or temples, have been the joyous creations of men who stuck to the work that they loved.

F. M. D.

The Nautilus is pleased to record the interesting fact that this school year of 1912 and 1913 has been the most prosperous and progressive period in the history of Manual. In her reputation and popularity she has forged ahead splendidly as shown by her enrollment of 1,851 pupils,—thus retaining for her the penant of maximum attendance, which she has held for three years as the largest high school in Missouri.

Manual's Era of Prosperity.

The class of 1913 will number 257 diploma winners, the largest graduating class in the history of our high school. What greatly contributes toward the success of Manual this past year—is the acquisition of the \$18,000 worth of useful and beautiful improvements, which the "Board of Education" so generously bestowed upon Manual, and which so greatly increased her attractiveness and efficiency.

But the factor that counts for most in the life and fruition of any school—is the spirit of interest and work in the class-rooms and laboratories; and it is universally conceded by the teachers that never before has the school enjoyed such a high degree of interest and enthusiasm in the actual work of the school. For these gratifying reasons there should be ordered a salute of 21 guns for dear old Manual.



The Nautilus wishes to thank all those of the student body who have helped us in any way to make this

A Note

of Thanks.

Annual the very best that it was possible to be made. Among the Faculty the Art Department is mentioned especially for their untiring efforts to add to the attractiveness of our magazine. Our art editors, Chris Null and Mildred Davenport, have worked very hard for this and the preceding magazines, and along with them many others, to whom we are extremely grateful. Those who have contributed drawings this year are: Lucille Clifton, Dorothy Brown, Ethel Deutsch, Agnes Spalding, Beulah Gamble, Edith Cambell, Louis Dietzel, Bida Vance, Mildred Bohon, and Ben Goldstein.

During the last year or so there has been a great deal printed in the newspapers and magazines

School of the general subject
Versus Life. of "What's the matter with our public schools?"

If there is anything wrong with them, and from the number of writers on the subject, it seems very probable that there is at least room for improvement, it seems fitting that we should refer to the matter in our school publication.

There is much diversity among the writers as to where the trouble lies. The title of one article was "Schools Afraid of Being Old Fashioned," while another writer just as forceful in his arraignment of existing conditions deplors the fact that "old fashioned studies are taught." Nearly all of them blame the "system" of education, while one goes to the heart of the whole problem in this statement: "The parents in the home shift their responsibility to the teacher, and the majority fail to inculcate in their children the fundamental principles of character upon which education is based." He says a large percent of the high school pupils are dishonorable, scheme in every possible way to pass their examinations and make their daily grades by copying and cheating, never realizing that they have cheated themselves until the test comes when they enter life outside the schoolroom. Some think the trouble lies in non-progressive schoolboards and through them in the teachers, but they admit that it is the school *system* that is actually at fault.

These conditions may exist and very probably do, in some places, but Kansas City and Manual Training High School seem to be free from most of them. Most of these articles are aimed at simply academic schools and the cry is for more practical subjects. Manual has very nearly solved this part of the problem by its co-ordination of the education of hand and mind. But even this form of instruction has its limitations. One well informed writer makes this statement in reference to such schools: "The difficulty with the average manual training course is that it is too limited in its scope. It is usually confined to elementary instruction in wood and metal working. Such instruction as is received in

these branches is valuable and helps the student along in his chosen work, but the wood and the metal workers form only a small percentage of the country's total workers. The boy who intends to become a plumber or a factory hand or a paint maker is entitled to just as much instruction in the public school as is the boy who intends to become a carpenter. To establish schools for all branches of industry is manifestly next to impossible. Thus the solution of the problem must lie in co-operation between employers and the schools, and must be found in continuation courses which shall enable the child to go on with his studies after he has really left school. Enlightened employers see the need and the advantage of such an arrangement."

The most practical solution of the school problem seems to be embodied in the vocational school. At present the majority of persons in this country seeking employment choose their work not for any special fitness they may have for it, but because "it is the first thing that offers," because "a friend is engaged in that business." The result is that American activity is full of men who have no natural aptitude for the work they are engaged in. Since this is true of grown people, how much more so is it of high school boys and girls. Remember this and do not blame them so severely for not knowing exactly what they are going to make their life work.

But every boy has an instinct which fits him for some line of endeavor more than any other. The only way to get all the power out of a boy that is in him is to find out that instinct and fully develop it. In this consists the present educational problem.

In the future the school boy is going to be helped by a "vocational counselor." This person although practically unheard of today, will be an indispensable factor in the school system of tomorrow. He will be an expert psychologist, a keen observer and thoroughly acquainted with industrial conditions. This is no dreamer's theory, but a practical plan as is shown by the fact that there are men at present who have this ability and who are exercising it to the advantage and advancement of hundreds of American boys and girls. One such man is Mr.

Gustave Blumenthal, the vocational expert for the educational department of the West Side Y. M. C. A. of New York City; another is Mr. E. W. Weaver, Chairman of the Students' Aid Committee of the High School Teachers' Association of New York City. This "vocational counselor" will examine each child in the public school and tell him what he is best fitted for and what is best fitted for him. Another man who was in this work was the late Frank Parsons, who founded the Boston Vocational Bureau, the first of its kind in America.

A boy of fifteen came to Mr. Parsons one day. He had been compelled to leave school and had drifted from one job to another, showing no natural aptitude for any. Mr. Parsons discovered that he had the soul of an artist and musician. He started him to studying lettering, drawing and music. He soon got a position as a sign painter, entered an orchestra and made splendid progress in both lines. He had found his life work, a work that he loved.

When Mr. Blumenthal was living in Australia he advised a dissatisfied carpenter to study journalism and law and then enter politics. That man was William Howland, who became the leader of the opposition in the Australian Parliament. A boy of sixteen under Mr. Weaver's direction, gave up studying bookkeeping and got a position with a clothing firm. He was a natural salesman. Promotions followed and indications are that he will soon be at the head of his department. He would undoubtedly have been a miserable failure at bookkeeping. Hundreds of such cases might be cited, but these few go to show what a vocational guide can accomplish for an undecided boy or girl.

For the best results this task should not be given to one man, but to a vocational bureau. This bureau must have knowledge of conditions in all industries and professions, such as demand and supply of labor, hours of labor, rates of pay, etc.

The great results accomplished by these bureaus can be realized from a few figures from the records of the Boston Vocational Bureau. It was organized in 1906 with twenty-one clerks and that

year found positions for 3,671 working people. At present it places 15,000 persons annually. The other bureaus are also placing thousands annually.

Plans are now being made for a vocational bureau in the New York public schools. Several cities have already incorporated the vocational bureau in some form in their school systems. Among these are Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia and St. Louis. There are already schools for the instruction of the "vocational counselors." The first course of this kind has recently been offered in Harvard under Mr. Meyer Bloomfield. The Y. M. C. A. in New York and in Boston have also offered these courses.

Having found out what a boy is good for, the school must prepare him for his occupation and then launch him in his chosen field. Since all occupations cannot be taught in the school, the only solution is to co-operate with the industrial employer. The employer is glad to make this arrangement for it furnishes him with skilled employees.

Not until the public schools have done these two things—determined what a boy is good for and launched him, properly prepared, in his chosen work—will the public schools have done their duty. When this is done the public school will have broadened its scope, it will not stand apart, unrelated to life, but will be an integral part of the community.

F. M. D.



The Nautilus staff has worked hard this year to publish a good magazine, but when it comes to work, we step right out of the limelight and yield the place to Professor Bertrand E. Riggs. It is the work outside of the schoolroom that Mr. Riggs is to be praised for. He arranged completely for three assembly programs, the two glee clubs and the concert by the orchestra. The glee clubs and orchestra also added life and good cheer to our night entertainments, as the Elocutionary Contest and the Inter High School Debate. The boys' glee club had outside engagements, which meant added work and worry for "the Professor." A grand

**Our
Musical
Director.**

concert was scheduled for May, which was a grand success.

The open session of the Glee Club was held March 6. It presented an excellent program, slightly differing in the morning from the afternoon. The following were the numbers rendered:

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|-----------|
| I. | | |
| a. Love's Old Sweet Song | | M. Parks |
| b. My Queen | | Buccalosi |
| The Glee Club. | | |
| II. | | |
| A. M. | | |
| The Old Rustic Swing | | Geibel |
| Senior Quartette, | | |
| Bigler-Seutter-Caleb-Muir. | | |
| P. M. | | |
| Snow Flakes | | Cowen |
| "Cupid" Quartette, | | |
| Kerns-"Cupid" Anderson-Munch-Joyce. | | |
| III. | | |
| a. It Was a Dream | | Lassen |
| b. Humpty Dumpty | | Aller |
| The Glee Club. | | |
| IV. | | |
| A. M. | | |
| A Dream (solo) | | Bartlett |
| Muir. | | |
| P. M. | | |
| Mother McCree (solo) | | Olcott |
| Kerns. | | |
| V. | | |
| Pale in the Amber West | | Parks |
| The Glee Club. | | |

The concert given by our orchestra was given on April 3. A special feature was the vocal solo by our own Mr. Ogg. The orchestra has developed into a fine entertaining musical organization. The following program was very delightful given:

- 1.—"At the Wedding" . . . Chas. A. Young
Orchestra.
- 2.—"Horn Quartette—Reaper's Chorus" . . .
Miss Hart, B. Joyce, E. Kieffer, M. Anderson.
- 3.—"Serenade D' Amour" . . . F. Von Blon
- 4.—"Asphodel" . . . R. E. Hildrith
- 5.—Vocal Solo . . . Selected
Mr. Ogg.
- 6.—Cornet Solo, "The Lost Chord" . Sullivan
Marguerite Hart.
- 7.—"Might of Right" . . . Boehnlein

And yet once more! Another name is added to the list of Manual's winners of the Missouri \$125 scholarship. This is the fifth consecutive year that Manual's representative, after long and steady work, has been able to win over the representatives of all other Missouri

high schools. Manual has established a reputation down at the University which we hope will always be upheld.

The third of May was indeed a glorious day for Manual. In the afternoon Dr. Hall's squad ran away with the track meet and in the evening Lee Ingraham followed up that victory by winning in the debate. The subject for debate, chosen by the university committee, was—"Resolved, that the privilege of voting should be granted to women on equal terms with men." The chairman of the evening, Mr. Isadore Loeb, who has been present at each of the annual contests, announced that this was the finest of them all, the contestants were all excellent speakers, the delivery was excellent and the subject matter was handled in the most thorough manner. Manual's five consecutive winners are Otis Grant, Joseph Johnston, Randall Dorton, Fitzroy Simpson, and Lee Ingraham.

It is a matter of history that is interesting to all of Manual's patrons and friends, that this Scholarship Contest originated with our retiring principal, E. D. Phillips, who has maintained a deep interest in it from first to last. When May, 1914, rolls around we sincerely hope that another of Manual's loyal sons will add another name to this list. Who will be the next?



Only a very few students in Manual realize what the High School Club has meant to this school in the past year. This club, organized in the fall of 1910 by fifteen or twenty Juniors and Seniors in the three Kansas City High Schools, has had more influence for good, morally and educationally, than any other school activity. The triangular debate as a student activity has been a great power for education and broader knowledge since its origin, but except for a sort of transitory effect on the annual audiences it does material good to only about eight students in each school each year. The quality of its effect is excellent but the quantity is scant. The same condition exists with many other student activities. In the High School Club, how-

**Missouri
Freshman
Scholarship.**

ever, the good effects are not limited to a few select students. The material good from the organization is derived by the thirty or forty boys from Manual who attend the club regularly while the so-called transitory good is evident in practically the entire school. Such an organization could only be commended and boosted.

This club in its first two years adopted a course of study called "Life Problems of the High School Boy," by Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph. D., L.L.D., who is professor of Political Economy and Politics at Cornell University. This book, as the title indicates, deals strictly with questions of interest to the boys, questions which every adolescent boy asks himself or his companions many times. Some of the numerous questions treated are, "The Relation of the High School to Life," "Societies, Cliques, Fraternities," "Cheating and Graft," "Attitude Toward Work," "Social Service in the Community," "Politics," "Success," "Religion," etc. These subjects have been especially interesting and instructive under the competent leadership which the Manual Division has had.

This division has had the pleasure and honor of having Hon. Henry M. Beardsley as our leader or advisor every year since the club was organized. We have profited by his talks and his example more than we could estimate, so much, in fact, that we consider him a member of Manual's faculty. We try never to lose an opportunity to thank him for his many kindnesses and trust that if he reads these lines he may accept them as another testament of our regard for him.

For this last year, in consideration of the fact that some of the members had studied Mr. Jenks's book for two years and desired at least a temporary change, we studied a booklet called the "Campaign of Friendship," by Frederick M. Harris. This booklet discusses many questions treated by Prof. Jenks and in a somewhat different way. Here the boys have found answers to many puzzling questions and have thoroughly enjoyed the study of this book with the

kindred topics which have arisen. And so the year of High School Club work from a moral and instructive standpoint has been a distinct success.

The benefits of the club, however, have not been confined to those of moral tendency alone. Not the least among the broader benefits is the associations with prominent men to be had at these meetings. At almost every meeting during the past year we had talks from prominent men on subjects of interest such as banking, mercantile pursuits of various kinds, world tours, foreign and home missionary work, and lectures on the lives of famous men. Many of the boys had the pleasure of meeting these men and talking with them personally about their work and the opportunities each affords. These associations alone have been pleasant and profitable while the acquaintance with different Y. M. C. A. secretaries, especially Mr. Robinson, has been one of the greatest advantages of the club.

The club was founded by Mr. A. G. Robinson of the Y. M. C. A. and he has always been the "business manager," in fact, he has been an excellent father to the High School Club. He has guided it over many a rough sea and it has come out safely in every instance. Mr. Robinson will leave the Kansas City Y. M. C. A. this summer to go to China to enter the field there, but wherever he goes he may be assured that his work for Manual and her sons has been deeply appreciated and that his work will always be an object of interest to his friends in Kansas City.

In addition to this contact with such men the boys attending the High School Club from Manual come in contact with the members from other schools and many friendships have sprung up from these acquaintances in addition to the interest aroused in the other schools and their activities. It is a good thing to be able to compare notes on school questions with the students of the other schools and in that way get a broader viewpoint on the solutions of our problems.

The members of this club have done more for Manual than the other students

PAGE

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LITERATURE-HISTORY

CIVICS



Maurice O'Sullivan.



Daisy Tutt.

The Deciding Match.

E. M., '13.



IN a certain state there were, and perhaps still are, two academies. These are situated some twelve miles apart at opposite ends of a lake noted for its artistic beauty as well as its fishing possibilities. These schools, although usually upon the best of terms, at certain seasons became the most relentless of enemies.

Minton academy, laying at the southern end of the lake, had beaten Henley at base ball the previous summer. Henley had, however, retaliated by wresting the football championship from Minton. That winter the two had tied for basket ball honors and at the close of the season there existed a sort of armed truce between the two. The final conflict was to be fought out upon the tennis court between picked warriors.

Harry Lawton had, at the end of his second year in high school, prevailed upon his parents to allow him to attend one of the academies. His desire was increased by the fact that Helen Willowby attended Minton, as did also her brother Jack, with whom Harry spent much time.

Two summers previous to this he had become interested in tennis and with the assistance of three of his boy friends a tennis court had been constructed near his home. This court had become the rendezvous of the young people of the neighborhood. From early until late the court was surrounded with a crowd of spectators and eager players awaiting their turn.

Helen had, on one of her summer trips to the lakes, learned to play the game. She was, therefore, much in demand by the young men for a partner in "doubles."

Of a medium build, brown eyed, rosy cheeked, she was the very picture of health. Great masses of dark brown hair lay coiled beneath her white tennis hat

with here and there a stray wisp, which the breezes caught at, curling around her face. In the four years which she had played Helen had developed a hard, steady serve which sent the ball shooting over the net in a most disconcerting manner. Her return was also under good control, enabling her to place a ball with a great deal of accuracy.

Harry had practiced playing for over a year but it was still his ambition to be able to play better than Helen. She had played with him on many days but nevertheless retained a sort of scornful feeling for anyone who could play no better than Harry. He was, however, always ready to try and accordingly, one morning, asked her to accompany him. She laughingly accepted and remarked, "But I shall beat you as usual."

"We'll see," he responded, "you forget that I have practiced for the two months you have been away."

As they went over to the court they met a friend of Helen's, who, upon her invitation, fell into step beside her. Clad in white flannels, soft shirt and stock and with a white panama hat upon his head, Walton Meyers looked every inch the son of his rich and aristocratic father. The poise of his head, set upon a not too broad a pair of shoulders, proclaimed his feeling of superior breeding. Because of this, combined with his many snobbish actions, Harry had avoided him.

Consequently when Helen deliberately asked one whom she knew he disliked to accompany them to the court, he felt slighted and offended. This feeling came to him as to many another young man when he discovers that there exists a rival for *her* attentions.

As they crossed the court he began to feel embarrassed to think that Walton was going to sit in the cool shade and watch his bunglesome attempts to defeat Helen. Walton, on the contrary, appeared not to notice Harry, but sat coolly smoking a cigarette, one of his several bad habits. He kept up a constant flow of wit mingled with sarcasm and satirical comments upon the probability of Helen's needing help to beat Harry.

After several sets, one of which

Harry won, he suggested that they rest for a while.

"Why, Harry, you are not so easily discouraged as that are you?" she laughed. "We are only just starting."

"O, no, not discouraged," he answered, "but I thought that perhaps your friend, Walton, might like to play a game or two."

"Certainly," called out Walton, as he quickly made his way out upon the court. "But I shall be compelled, with your permission, to borrow your racket."

on the contrary, he was using his every advantage.

All this was quite apparent to Harry as he sat upon the bench waiting for Walton to return his racket so that he might again start to play. But Walton had no such intention, for he was now in a position to monopolize Helen for some time to come. After patiently waiting for a long time Harry suggested that they start home.

"We are not ready to return yet," she answered petulantly, "but of course if



DOROTHY BROWN '13

"Certainly you may," said Harry, handing it to him, although he by *no* means felt what he said.

Walton, after bouncing the balls a time or two, tossed them to Helen to serve. She then proceeded to win the first game in a very energetic manner.

During the next several games Meyers gave her little if any chance to make a good play. His service to her was either extremely hard or a tricky out serve. It was in fact very evident that he was giving her no chance to beat him,

you wish to go now Walton will see that I get home." There was an air of dismissal about the way she said this and Harry, noticing it, replied:

"O, all right, then I will bid you both good-bye."

But there was no answer as he walked away.

All the way home he thought of the strange, cool manner in which Helen had treated him since meeting Meyers several days before. After pondering upon it for some time Harry decided that

as Meyers and Helen both attended Minton he would give up his idea of going to school there the following year. The principal regret he retained was that he should not be with his chum, Jack.

The remainder of that summer Harry played tennis only with his boy friends. He even gave up social functions for fear of meeting Helen and Meyers together, for he heard from time to time of their close friendship. He was, on this account, the recipient of many good-natured jokes about Walton "cutting him out."

One day he and Jack were sitting in the shade beside the court when Jack said:

"Well, Harry, it is only two weeks more until school starts. I suppose you are coming up to Minton with me, are you?"

"No, I have decided to go to Henley, Jack, much as I hate to not be able to room with you," answered Harry.

"Henley," he questioned. "Say, you are not changing because of that miserable little affair with Helen, are you?"

"Well, only partly. The courses are better over there, they say," replied Harry.

"Well, I am awfully sorry, old man, but of course you know what you want to do. By the way, they say Walton told Helen about something you said, that made her furious at you."

"Yes, probably, he's that kind," answered Harry scornfully.

Several days before vacation closed, Harry went up to Henley and obtained a room in the dormitory with Walter Kent, the school's crack athlete. The first few days he was kept busy arranging his room and adjusting his classes.

One evening after supper Kent suggested that as the tennis tournament was to be a big event in the spring, he might take up practice with a possible chance of making the team. He also offered his own services as Harry's instructor, but Harry thanked him with a laugh and said, "I guess Henley will have enough green material without me." But nevertheless the subject kept recurring again and again to him. The next month, however, when Dr. Otis, the physical director, called for volunteers for the tryouts, Harry, without thinking what he

was doing, handed in a card with his name and dormitory written upon it.

That evening he told Kent and received the latter's warm and enthusiastic congratulations. The following Saturday being fairly warm, they attired themselves in Jerseys and practiced for nearly three hours. Kent played upon the defensive nearly altogether, constantly trying out Harry's good and bad points. Afterward while dressing in the gymnasium Kent said, "Well, Harry, you will do all right, I believe, with a great deal of practice, but you know it means work and lots of it."

Harry laughingly assured Kent if there was any chance whatever he would work to make good.

"Your main weakness is your back-hand stroke and lack of head work," continued Kent, but you must also watch the rest of your plays closely."

The weather the past few weeks had been unusually warm and bright for the season, and consequently the courts at Minton had been filled with the prospective team members to play against Henley. Many had been the rumors of the weakness of the Henley team, but these were as usual and had their origin in the staunch supporters of Henley. The Minton coherent thought this to be the case and consequently gave them little credence, but on the other hand, there came to their ears a story of a phenomenal discovery in one of the new men.

"This man," so the story ran, "is second only to the great Kent," of whom Minton stood in dread. "In fact it is Kent, together with Dr. Otis, who are developing him."

These rumors naturally reached Meyers, who had made second place upon Minton's team, but as no name was mentioned in connection with this man, he did not suspect his identity until the day previous to the great match. He was at first inclined to believe that it must be some person of the same name, but when on returning that afternoon from class he met Jack Willowby, he realized with a feeling of jealousy that it was indeed the Harry Lawton whom he had known at home. In response to Jack's persuasion, Walton had accompanied him to the home of Jack's aunt, with whom both Helen and he were staying. There

they imparted their news to Helen, who astonished them by saying very calmly, "Oh, I knew that last week, but did not think you would care about it and consequently forgot to tell you." After dinner Walton made an engagement with Helen for the dance in honor of the visiting team.

After he had taken his departure Helen went into the house to study, leaving Jack on the porch. When he came in, she looked up from her books and asked, "Jack, dear, do you believe Harry will beat our players tomorrow?"

"You bet I do," he responded warmly, "and not only that, but I believe he will get to play Walton, because I heard tonight that Adams, the man in first place, had 'flunked out,' making Walton, the second man, have to play him."

"Say, Helen, not to change the subject, but there is something I want to ask you. Why did you treat Harry the way you did?" he questioned.

She appeared rather at a loss as to what to say at first and then looking up at him she replied, "Jack, it was something Walton told me Harry said. He told me that he heard Harry tell several fellows that he was the only boy whom father and mother approved of my going places with, and you know that is not true."

"Did Walton tell you that," he asked in amazement.

"He most assuredly did," she replied.

"And you took his word for it without asking Harry," he continued, musingly. "Well, Helen, you astonish me. You little — Well, I hardly know what to call you," he continued, after a pause.

But Helen, angry at being thus rebuked for something she had long since regretted, had fled to her room. Jack, after staring for some time at the floor, looked up and burst out laughing. "Well, she certainly hates herself now, all right."

The morning of the tournament dawned, but contrary to the hopes of the students of both schools, the sky was overcast with clouds, which occasionally allowed the sun to catch a glimpse of the launches, sailboats and canoes eagerly headed toward the southern end of the lake. About 9 o'clock, however, they parted and went scudding before a gentle southwest breeze that

filled the sails of the boats and caused little wavelets to dance merrily in the sun's retarded brilliancy. By nine-thirty most of the students of Minton were gathered around the courts behind Henley Hall, eagerly watching Meyers warming up. He had been notified that he was to play in place of the first man and was therefore acquiring all the practice possible.

Up the gravel roadway and over the lawn leading from the beach, came the cheering Henley students. They had arrived for the most part by water. The answering yell of Minton broke sharply in upon the long drawn battle cry of the visitors, but this was quickly lost in the music of the band.

After some time, during which the visiting team was allowed the use of the courts, the officials called the players to them. It was agreed to run the sets of "doubles" first. The flip of a coin decided that the home team should choose their court, thus allowing the visitors choice of serve. The Minton team was allowed to start this and amid encouraging yells from both schools the match was on. Kent was playing carefully and cautiously, yet with a sureness of action that betokened the perfect machine. His teammate was, however, slightly nervous, and although the first set stood 10-8, the second was undeniably going in favor of Minton. Kent, as he played, endeavored to reassure his partner, but it was of little use. The games were 3-5 when a bad play by him lost the second set.

The third set of doubles was to be played immediately after lunch, as were also the first two sets of singles, and if possible also the third set. The members of the visiting team were invited to lunch in one of the dining halls, but as they were leaving the courts, Jack Willowby found Harry in the crowd.

After a short walk they parted to go to lunch.

During luncheon Jack decided upon a plan to restore his sister's friendship to Harry. So watching until she had finished eating he followed her out upon the veranda.

"Helen," he called as he approached the hammock, but as no answer was forthcoming, he repeated her name.

"Well, what do you want?" she asked, crossly as he seated himself beside her.

"I want to know whether you will show Harry that you are sorry for the way you have acted, if I can prove that he did not say what Walton claims he did."

"No, I won't," she replied, "and besides, Walton wouldn't have said it if Harry had not."

"Well, sis, I am going to prove to you that Harry did not say that and besides that he can beat either you or Walton playing tennis, and if I do you are to treat Harry as he deserves. Will you?"

"Well, perhaps, if you prove it," she answered.

"No, not just 'perhaps' but 'yes' is what I want you to say," he continued persistently.

"O, all right. Yes, if you feel that way about it."

Jack arose and started down the street in the direction of the courts. Arriving there he found that Harry and Walton had already started playing. A great crowd of spectators surrounded the east court upon which the match was being played and upon inquiry he found that Harry had won the first game but that Walton had in return beaten him three games and gave promise of winning the fourth by his swift, daring plays. He seemingly had Harry rather at a loss to keep pace with his playing. Finally Walton won the fourth game and as Harry stepped to the back of the court preparatory to serving, Kent called to him in a low voice:

"Play steady, Harry, and watch his plays. Don't try to win this set now."

Nevertheless after two years, the score stood thirty-love. Meyers played the next ball well back from Harry's left court. On the return he was at the net to receive it and quickly chopped it into the right service court. The score was now 30-15 and amid much cheering from the Henley students Harry prepared to serve again. Using a fast out serve the ball went curving into the right-hand court. Upon bouncing it suddenly darted toward Walton, who, taken unawares, returned it as best he could into Harry's back court. Waiting for it to bounce Harry swiftly judged the distance to the net and let drive with a terrific "Law-

ford" with whose speed and drops Meyers was unable to cope.

This was the signal for a loud burst of applause mingled with cries of "Good boy, Harry," and "Do it again," for the fear of defeat had begun to creep into the hearts of the Henley supporters. The next play went to Harry, making it his game. This made the game score stand 4-2. The next game Harry also won, but Meyers followed by winning two, making it his set by a score of 6-3.

Both players were now perspiring freely, but after a short rest they started the second set. Meyers now seemed sure of himself, but Harry was also becoming accustomed to the courts and into his face came a determined look. This set proved to be the most hotly contested one of the three. After seventeen games, with Harry's serving the score stood "add in." As Harry served Meyers ran up on the ball. It bounced suddenly and he attempted to play it but it flew wild and the second set was won by Henley by a score of 10-8. As there was no time remaining to play the third set it was postponed until the next morning.

The next morning as Helen met her brother coming down to breakfast she said:

"Jack, dear, I saw Walton last night and he practically confessed that he did not himself hear Harry say what he at first said he did. He tried to explain about someone telling him, but I told him that he was contradicting himself, and besides I had reason to believe Harry did not say it at all."

"With that," she continued, with a twinkle in her eyes, "he arose and said he really must be going."

"Good for you," cried Jack, "you certainly gave him what he deserved, and I'll bet he stays away for some time, too."

"But what about my dance for tomorrow night, she asked suddenly serious.

"O, bother that," said Jack. "I'll take you, or—say, I'll fix that," he laughed, after a pause.

"Say, Jack," she suggested demurely, as she went down the stairs, "you might ask Harry over to lunch this noon."

Jack laughed and after executing an

impromptu hornpipe in search of a tie, he laughed again.

"Well, that will just about win the match for Henley when I tell Harry."

About ten o'clock the final match was started, but although Walton played a hard game, it was evident that his playing was weakened by personal anger toward Harry. His slightest action showed his feelings. Where yesterday he was coldly polite, today he was insulting. When a close decision was made he was constantly protesting, arguing or disputing. To it all Harry was indifferent or amused as the incident moved him. The score finally arrived at a critical point, standing 7-6. It was noticed by many that Walton was fast weakening. His breath came in short pants, his hand was unsteady and his sight was not serving him faithfully. All these were the results of his cigarettes for the past several years.

Finally the set was finished and Henley had won by a score of 36; 10-8 and 8-6.

Dr. Otis was, with Kent, the first to reach Harry and offer congratulations, but as quickly as possible Jack Willowby elbowed his way to him and whispered a few words in his ear.

"Are you sure," asked Harry incredulously.

"Certain," answered Jack with a laugh, whereupon both grinned and rushed off arm in arm to the "gym."

After a bath and rub down Harry hurriedly dressed, donned a pair of white flannel trousers and blue serge coat and slammed the door of the room in which Kent was also dressing.

"Where you going?" Kent shouted as he heard Harry rushing down stairs. No answer save the echo of the street door slamming shut.

"Guess he must have a date with some girl from the way he was fussed up and the hurry he was in," he sagely remarked to himself.

As Harry came hurrying in sight of Jack's, or rather Helen's house, as he told himself, he slowed down to an easy walk. Reclining in a hammock upon the porch lay Helen reading a book, while Jack sat lazily in a chair with his feet upon the stone railing.

"Hello there, Harry," called out Jack as he rose to meet Harry.

"Hello yourself," replied Harry, looking out of the corners of his eyes at Helen, who had not once looked up from the book she was reading.

"O, yes," said Jack, noting the look with much amusement, "I want you to meet my sister, Miss Willowby."

Helen arose from the hammock blushing and with a smile extended her hand in a greeting of friendship.

"It seems to me we have met before," laughed Harry, "but I don't believe I remember just where."

Then as they walked into dinner together she said to Harry, "I only hope you have forgotten the reason for our misunderstanding as you say you have forgotten where we ever met before."

"That lies buried in the past; we have before us only the future," he answered, "and that reminds me," he continued, "I understand that there is to be a dance held tonight for the teams, and if you have, by any miracle, no engagement, I should be delighted to have you go with me."

"I had intended going with Jack, as no one else would have me," she laughed, "but since you are inflicting your own punishment, I will accept your invitation."

After lunch they went up the lake with Jack in a motor boat he had recently purchased, and after several hours returned home to prepare for the evening.

At eight Harry arrived and after talking to Jack for some time, Helen came into the room. Then all arose to start, for it was some distance and there were few motor cars at the school available for such occasions and all of these were private cars. When they arrived there was already a large crowd assembled and as many of them were from Henley he was soon laughing and having a very enjoyable time. When the dancing started his program was practically filled and as dance after dance proceeded he completely forgot himself in his enjoyment. He was, it was true, retaining all dances with Helen, which he was not forced to part with, but he justified his actions by saying that he was making up for the time he had lost.

Finally the last note had given way to the merry laughter of the crowd and they were on the way home.

"Helen," said Harry as they walked along, "this evening has, in part at least,

repaid me for the long months we were forced apart."

"Yes, and is the first of many more which I hope will follow," she answered softly.

Experiences of Two Balloonists.

N. CARTER, '15.

I am one of the few who heard the experiences of Mr. Honeywell, the pilot of "The Million Population" balloon, and his aide and manager, Mr. Lang, as told by Mr. Lang.

In this particular experience the balloonists were entered in a national balloon race which was to start from Stuttgart, Germany, and go as far as they could.

Mr. Lang began his talk by saying that ballooning was great sport and very much better than automobiling.

In this race each nation could enter one, two or three balloons. In case that one of the balloons won the races for three consecutive years, then the Gordon Bennett cup, which was to be the trophy for winning the races, was the property of the nation that the balloon represented.

When the day arrived for the race each pilot drew a card which was to tell them when their balloon was to ascend. Mr. Honeywell's card stated that his balloon would be the twentieth to ascend. This was a small advantage for Mr. Honeywell and Mr. Lang, because when the time for the twentieth balloon to ascend came, the gas in the balloon would be cooler, and the evening cooler, which would make the ride more enjoyable.

Just before their balloon was to ascend, they were introduced to the Emperor and Empress of Germany, and before them gave the weight of all the things which they carried in the balloon. Their sand, tools, furs, pistols, cooking arrangements, and guns weighed four thousand two hundred pounds.

Their balloon had the smallest basket of all the other balloons. It was three and one-half feet by four and one-half feet and about waist deep.

The time came at last to ascend. At

a signal from Mr. Honeywell the ropes were released and up, up, high into the air the balloon went. They sought a northeastern direction, and after some scientific work, secured the current of wind which took them in the direction they desired to go.

They could easily talk with their balloonist friends, who were sailing all around them, and to the people on earth. They were supplied with telegrams which they threw to the people below. The telegrams consisted of from eighteen to twenty feet of bread paper, which was attached to an envelope which read, "If the finder would mail the telegram to Stuttgart they would receive one franc and expenses.

From the balloon the hills and valleys looked perfectly flat. The railroads could easily be seen.

The Germans, for they were still in Germany, would call, when they passed them, "Go it, America," and seemed to be glad that the balloon was going well.

The only way that balloonists can tell in which direction they are going is to get a fixed or stationary object on the earth and tell by watching it.

Mr. Lang said that during the second night in the air they encountered a snow storm, and could not tell whether they were advancing or not.

The next morning, as Mr. Lang was the cook and dishwasher, he prepared a breakfast of soft boiled eggs, coffee, and toast. The manner in which he cooked the breakfast is very interesting. They had a sheet iron box in which he put their cooking utensils, then around the vessels he put unslacked lime, and then put water on the lime. By this means he could cook almost anything.

As they were sailing along very well but rather close to the earth, they hit something which caused their balloon to

fall. They fell on some stunted trees, whose branches pierced the bag. When they fell, they had traveled thirty-eight hours and ten minutes, and were covered with snow and ice.

The natives of Russia thought that the men in the balloon were spirits from Heaven. They could not talk the Russian language so were forced to draw

pictures to tell what they wanted. After drawing a picture of a horse and wagon, and making the natives understand that they wanted to get to a railway station, they were told that there was no horses in the country, but they would show the balloonists the way to a station if they would walk. They at last reached the station and returned to Stuttgart.

How the Paper Money of the United States Is Made.

HAROLD PIERCE, '13.

The people of the United States seldom stop to think that the crisp greenbacks or yellow bills which call for gold, represent anything beside their face value, yet these same bills represent not only so much money deposited in the United States treasury, but the highest possible development of the printing art. These legal tenders also represent the work of the largest single department that our government maintains.

Engraving is a long, difficult and highly skillful work and the original engravings as made by the engravers, are the products of months of labor. No engraver makes all of a plate. They are classified as portrait, script, square letter, and ornamental engravers, and they do only their one kind of work for two reasons: Confined to one character of work they become unusually and extremely expert in their specialty, and have the less chance to leave the bureau and make counterfeit plates.

The various parts of the bill are engraved separately on soft steel of the finest quality. If proofs of the work are approved, these original engravings are hardened by a secret process. The "transferrer" then uses them to make steel rolls on which the negative engraving appears as a positive relief. These rolls in turn are hardened and used in special presses, to bite into and engrave by pressure, a large flat steel plate, which, when finished, contains all the engraving for one side of a given note. After this die plate is hardened, the die roll is made from it. This roll is hardened by placing it in a furnace containing red hot potassium cyanide. It is allowed to remain there for twenty-five

minutes and when withdrawn it is at the exact shade of redness that long experience indicates as necessary for the hardening. The roll is then plunged into oil and in a moment or two it is thrust into cold water, where the final hardening takes place. Engraved, transferred, and made into a plate with four impressions, hardened and cleaned, the plate is ready for the plate printer.

The main plate printing room is one of the show places of the bureau, and the impressions of the visitor usually center about this room where six hundred men and women work amid a multitude of machines beneath the sickly green light Cooper Hewitt tubes, which makes every face a turgid green. The plate printer performs what seems to be a simple operation. He daubs ink on a roller and rolls it on the plate. Then he wipes the ink off, first with a cloth and then with his hands. Finally he places the roller on the bed of a simple press, a girl lays a sheet of dampened paper on the plate, the printer turns the spokes of his wheel and the girl removes the sheet from the other side, printed in green, or black, or yellow, as the case may be, four parts of what eventually will be four bills. None but the most expert workmen operate these presses, for the United States jealously guards its reputation for having the most beautiful paper money in the world.

All the paper used in the manufacture of paper money is made in a special mill at Dalton, Massachusetts, where by a secret process, two broad lines run through each sheet. These lines are made of finely divided and well distributed silk fibers incorporated in the body of

the paper. No other mill can make such paper and should any try, Uncle Sam would regard it as a crime. The paper is of the finest quality of linen, and it is noted for its durability and toughness as well as for the silk fibers which make a United States bill so hard to counterfeit. Before any impression is made on the paper, it is dampened, because the process of plate printing requires that the paper be limp and moist. This causes a great deal of work for, after every printing the paper must be dried and again dampened for the next printing. In these wettings and handlings, the paper loses much of its freshness and substantialness. So, when it is finished as far as the plate printing goes, it is run through a sizing bath by machinery, which gives it the crisp crackle of the new note. No amount of sizing will make a bill smooth and flat. That condition is given to it by having the sheets placed between heavy mill boards and then subjected to a pressure of between twenty-five and thirty tons—a regular money ironing machine, which squeezes it so flat that when the money comes out from between the boards it is without wrinkle or crease.

Next, the sheet of four bills goes to a machine which seals, separates, and numbers the bills. There is no machine in the world which "makes money" as fast as this one does. All the sealing, numbering, and counting machines turn out every day 750,000 one dollar bills, 200,000 five dollar bills, 100,000 ten dollar bills calling for gold, and 50,000 twenty dollar bills, almost four million dollars a day. Three persons are needed to handle this machine. One young woman feeds the four note printed pieces of

paper into the machine; another young woman removes the piles of bills which are stacked in "hundreds" by the machine, and she also examines the beginning and ending serial numbers to see that the machine makes no mistake in counting. There is also a man who controls the speed of the machine. If a bill which should slip into the machine does not, the machine instantly stops. If it did not stop, the serial numbers in changing type would print on the (roller) paper on the press cylinder and not on a note. This would mean that the numbers would have to be reset.

The United States is very particular about its paper money. For instance, the bills are separated and stacked by the numbering and sealing machine and counted at the same time. The serial numbers on a bill serve as a check against the accuracy of the machine counter. Then the finished bills are again counted, this time by hand. Each sheet of paper is counted some fifty times in the thirty days which it takes to make blank paper into finished money. As there is a count after each operation where a sheet could go astray or be stolen, it is impossible for anything, paper or money, to get away. Even the waste paper must be accounted for.

A bill costs Uncle Sam a little over one cent to manufacture regardless of the money that it represents. The plant where it is made is larger than any three others of its kind in existence. As a sample of money making and steel engraving, it has no equal in the world.

Thus four million dollars in bills are made each day for the people of the United States to use in the near future to satisfy their many wants and desires.

The End of the World.

LELAND M. SHOUT, '15.

The comet would strike the earth. There was no longer any doubt on that point. Giant telescopes had been glaring unblinkingly at this strange unwelcome visitor for the past fortnight, and now came the announcement that it was only one billion miles away and that it could now be seen, beyond a doubt, to be headed straight for the earth. Consequently, there was no longer any hope

of its going to one side or the other. Its magnitude, which, because of the gaseous vapors surrounding it, was very hard to estimate, was thought to be equal to about one-half that of the earth. The time which would elapse before it struck had been variously estimated at from eighteen to thirty-six hours, and all had agreed that forty-eight was the extreme limit of possibility. Only forty-

eight hours in which to prepare for eternity! For, of course, it would be eternity. The learned savants could give no other hope. "It has been proved," said they, "that when two such bodies as the earth and this comet, both whirling and traveling at the inconceivable speed these two are, come together, they will be instantly reduced to a gaseous state. This meant, of course, total oblivion for all things on the earth.

But still relentless time swept on, until there was only six more hours. All business had been suspended since it had first become certain that it would strike. The churches and cathedrals were jammed full of a struggling, praying mass, crying and shrieking aloud in many tongues to that Omnipotent Being who rules the universe. The saloons, too, were full of carousing, brawling men, and, in many cases, women, all seemingly endeavoring to live up to that trite saying, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die." All prisoners had been released; and rich and poor, plutocrat and laborer,—all, were awaiting the dawn of the morrow; some with

conscience stricken minds; some with joy; some with fear; but all wondering whether the morning light would still see them alive. The realization of how puny and weak, how unutterably small and helpless, man was, before the sublimity of "His" handiwork, was never so clearly brought to the mind, as then.

Then,—only five hours more;—four,—three,—two,—until only one is left. One short hour! Who, of this writhing, praying, struggling, brawling, drunken mass, ever before realized the value of an hour? One hour,—and then,—WHAT?

All at once a horrible swirling, writhing cloud has descended over the earth—something upon which the terrible form of Death is riding triumphantly unto its own. Then, with the inconceivable rapidity of lightning, there comes an awful cracking, tearing noise. There is a terrific explosion—a burst of flames; the proud world riding so gallantly through the heavens;—the immense throngs of human beings,—all have vanished. The earth, is no more,

My Garden.

RUTH SHERMAN, '15.

I have a garden full of flow'rs
Where I may roam 'so free
Among the fragrant beauteous bow'rs
That cheer and gladden me.

Within this garden roses lift
Their fragrance to the sky,
And lilies are a perfumed gift
That come from Him on high.

The violets nod their pretty heads,
And pansies smile at me;
Each shy sweet-pea e'en gladly sheds
A fragrance rare and free.

The lilies of the valley, wee,
Perfume the pure clear air,
And bring most radiant thought to me,
And joyous moments rare.

Sometimes among the flow'rs' green
shoots
A few sharp thorns spring up;
But these I pluck before their roots
Have taken hold my garden plot.

This garden where I love to go
Is the Garden of Remembrance,
And in this bright spot dear friends sow
The flow'rs which ever cheer me.

My roses are the memories
Of loving words and true,
The violets are the thoughts of smiles
That fall as pure as dew.

Each pansy is a happy thought
Of joyous hours I've spent—
The memory of the wonders wrought
In my poor heart by heart throbs
sent.

Each lily of the valley sweet
Doth stand for a loving kiss,
Which now and then dear friends think
meet
To give me, though I tread amiss.

And thus, dear friends, do you always
sow
Some flow'rs, sometimes a thorn;
The flow'rs in my garden ever grow,
But the thorns I burn each morn.

Signs of Spring.

CHRIS NULL, '14.

"In the spring, a young man's fancy
Turns slightly to thoughts of love."

Yes, someone else has said that. I confess it merely because I know that your feeble mind, stricken, temporarily, with spring fever, is loathe to grasp the truth. But, had I been the author of that widely sung couplet, my experience would have prompted me to supplant the word "love" by any of the three—gardening, dress, or baseball. How much more modern it would sound! How true to life it then would be! Most assuredly, when those lines were penned, the poet had in mind some such personage as the late and lamented Ichabod Crane, and not a youth of today.

For, this young man of modern times, searches out the hoe, the shovel and the sprinkling can, when spring begins to cast a loving eye at our little planet. Thus equipped, he repairs to his two-by-four garden in the back yard and laboriously attempts to raise radishes, onions, lettuce, tomatoes and nasturtiums. As a rule, however, the only thing he raises, with any degree of success, is a prize-winning crop of blisters on his erstwhile white hands. Then, too, the lawn mower, that awful tool of summer toil, is dragged from the basement and oiled, and the hose, that reptile-like instrument of irrigation, is drawn from its dormant winter coil. While, at the same time, flower-boxes are being filled with dirt and geraniums. Yes, gardening is undoubtedly a dependable harbinger of spring.

Still, it is not the only one. Remember when the grass begins to don its "St. Patrick day" hue who is it that does not look longingly at summer clothes and incidentally at his pocket book? The clothing establishments, throughout the city display the latest styles and spring weaves, including the newest sensation from Paris, London and Hong-Kong. Sister's hat is the chief topic of the ladies' conversation; and the manner in which the neighbors criticise mother's new spring dress would make the sarcastic Mr. Pope turn several shades of emerald with envy. Then, too, the low-

cut shoe supersedes the high winter footwear, while the soft shirt and collar replace the vest and stiff neckbands. Besides this, we all stand by with a missle in our hands patiently watching for the first bold person who ventures out beneath a straw hat. And so, dress is also one ear-mark of spring.

Still, this pleasant season has other identifications. Take, for instance, the outdoor sports. We have all taken our tennis raquets from the shelf; polished our dusty golf clubs, replenished our supply of fishing tackle, and long since have drawn the old ball, bat, and glove from the dark closet. On every corner lot, baseballs are flying to and fro. The season of pastime itself has recently opened, as frequent absence from school, on the part of certain young men would affirm. On the city courts, tennis balls are being "lobbed" over the nets; on the golf links, portly men are rapidly growing thinner chasing the white ball over the green; and the warning cry of "Fore!" merrily rings in our ears. On the bank of every stream, men are laboriously supporting long, bamboo fishing poles, hoping some time in the near future to coax some ignorant and unsuspecting fish from the water. Usually, the fish refuses to be "coaxed" and the disappointed angler wends his weary way homeward with nothing but a can of worms and numerous mosquito bites. In short, out-door sports, more than anything else, signify the approach of spring.

But this significance is not confined to the athletic endeavor alone. For, I might have mentioned the return of the robin; spring fever; the budding of the flowers; the poor school work and April showers; but I'll not. They are so common-place that recognition would bore you. Nevertheless, gardening, dress, and out-door frolics are true indications of spring and they really enable us to begin, at last, to locate———,

"———tongues in trees, books in running brooks,

Sermons in stones and good in everything."

"A Peculiar Romance."

OTTO BINDER, '13.

Mr. John Grey, Sr., had a very good reason for sending his son, John, Jr., with a party of other men to a nice camp down in the Ozarks. There young John would find something to divert his mind from a certain little person whom Mr. Grey did not object to, but whom he thought was consuming too much of his son's time. Since Mr. Grey had made a law which prohibited John from receiv-

Miss Mary Lee's time than he generally did.

Before camp was reached, Mr. Grey had the word of every man in the camp that John would never be out of their sight. It must have been very hard for John being so closed in by men and well carried out rules. By such a method John was almost forced to forget an almost unforgettable person. During the



ing any mail, it was more than likely that these two young persons would not be in communication with each other until Mr. Grey broke camp. In that period of three months it was hoped that a wider gap of friendship would exist between the young people or perhaps the present gap might close. Now that John was soon to leave there was also a reason why John consumed a great deal more of

next few days John took little part in the proceedings of camp life. At all times he was endeavoring to devise some method of escape, not alone to see Mary, but that he hated such an idea of his father's. He endeavored to leave one night, but a night watch was kept and he was soon discovered, so back to bed he was forced to go. Now, John was not a bad boy; he had always obeyed his father's wishes,

but his father wished such peculiar things. What if a boy did like a girl, and besides John was most a man. John's father was old-fashioned and he wanted his son to be like his father.

One night as John had just about given up hope of escaping, he hit upon a grand idea. He seemed so glad he almost overflowed with some kind of peculiar happiness. He stole to the medicine case of the camp. On his way he kicked over a bucket which awoke his father. After explaining that he wanted a headache tablet, Mr. Grey went back to sleep. Instead of one tablet he took the whole bottle, slipping it into his trousers pocket. As he passed the watch he said he was going to get some water, for he had a headache. Now, if John had said he was going fishing he would have been watched, for John never fished and especially not at night. John stooped by the river's edge. In the disguise of getting some water he hastily wrote a note, emptied the tablets, and inserting the note in the bottle, corked the bottle and without a sound sent the bottle down the river. Then tying a wet handkerchief around his head went to bed. All night long he followed the course of the bottle in his mind's eye and prayed to himself that his scheme would work.

Mable Howard was fishing one morning when suddenly the cork on her fishing line went down. She pulled hard and landed, to her surprise, not a fish but a bottle. The cork of the bottle had caught on the hook and pulled the cork down. She looked disgusted. On further examining the bottle she noticed a piece of paper in it. Curious to see the paper she dug out the cork with the aid of a hairpin and read:

To the Finder:

I, John Grey, Jr., of — Westport Ave., K. C., Mo., am under close watch by my father who will not allow me to communicate with a dear friend, Miss Mary Lee. If the finder will write to — Troost Ave., K. C., Mo., and in some way obtain for me some word from her, their efforts will be rewarded. Our camp is 20 miles down the river from Cameron.

JOHN GREY, JR.

As Mable read the note she at once decided to help John. Her thoughts

then turned to a friend of hers, but she was allowed to hear from him. The same day she wrote a letter to a girl friend in Kansas City, who obtained a letter from Mary to John. It was now Mable's task to deliver the letter. Mable coaxed her father to take her up the river in his launch for a long ride. It is needless to say her charm worked perfectly. Finally they came upon a camp and with a little more persuasion her father visited the camp. When Mr. Grey introduced himself Mable smiled, for she knew she had the right place. During the visit Mable slipped John a letter. His eyes stood out with surprise, as he never expected a note just then.

That night John read his note. His feelings changed from happiness to madness, then disgust, and last to Mable. His note contained these few words.

"Dear John: I will be married to Mr. Clark in a few days. MARY."

She was married by now. John sat motionless for a while, then feeling dazed he fell asleep.

When Mable reached the camp where she was spending her vacation, her mother handed her a letter. Oh! It was from Harry. She knew by the handwriting. She went to the hammock and read:

"Dear Mable: I will be married to Miss Mary Lee by the time you receive this. Good-bye. HARRY."

Mable then had a good cry. She hated every man on earth, but soon she thought of John. She guessed what his note contained and felt sorry for him. Her mother and father soon reconciled her and soon they went home.

When John woke up his first thought was of Mable, then of Marv, and last of his old-fashioned father. If he had only minded his father. When he told his father, his father only smiled and hoped his son had learned his lesson. Now John had a great burden lifted from his shoulders.

When John boarded the train on his way home, who should he meet but Mable. They were both surprised and found one another good company. Little did John's father realize that in ending one romance he had started another which was to find John a wife.

Spring.

MCLAIN L. TUCKER, '13. . .

Oh! Spring, what happiness you bring
 With mild and sweet array,
 How sweet to hear the gay birds sing
 And see the children play.

The Spring has charms for everyone
 Whatever be his trade;
 From men that toil hard in the sun
 To idlers in the shade.

The fragrant scent of perfumed flowers
 That sweetly fill the air,
 Bring pleasant thoughts and happy hours
 To all who seek their share.

The mild soft wind no sorrow brings,
 For it's kind nature's will
 That in each ear sweet music rings
 That flows in every rill.



The Value of Total Abstinence to a Life.

AGNES WALSH, '14.

I am only going to tell you of an experiment, an experiment of Fate's own handiwork.

I knew of two boys who began life evenly, but the ending—well, I must not anticipate.

The young men were about nineteen years old at the beginning of this story. They had both just finished High School. One went to college, the other to work as a draftsman. In High School they were both popular, well liked young fellows.

One, whom we will call Tom, did not believe in drinking for he was of a curious turn of mind and because he was observant as well, investigated the results of drinking. He had noticed how nature retaliated when one abused one's body by drink. He had seen the red eyes and noses, the bent forms, the shaking hands and the unsteady carriage of people who participated in this luxury. And it is a luxury when we consider the price we pay for it in health, money, happiness and the loss of our souls. Consequently, after discovering all these things, Tom drew his own conclusion and refused to pay the price.

If it cost one person his health, soul and happiness, what must it not cost the nation to support these people with their infirmities and their deformed children? Who keeps up the orphan asylums and who fills them? The nation and the drunkard's children. Who makes penitentiaries a necessity? The criminals led on by drink. Who supports these penitentiaries? Why, the nation, Whom do the states put in their insane asylums? People who have paid the price, for drink, with their brains. Who gives the money for these institutions? The nation. What are our reformatories for? Why, unruly children, having handed down to them savage and deformed minds, the result of the parent's transgressions, brought on by drink. Again it is the nation that pays the fiddler by giving money to support these reformatories. Now to get to the vital point of the matter, who gives the nation the money to pay these institutions? The people. Can we stand the strain of paying a drink bill of \$2,000,000.00 annually, when it is increasing every year? Chicago pays \$5,125,000 yearly for the care of criminals of which 75

per cent are the products of the 8,000 saloons in that city. Shall we always be able to pay the expenses of 75 per cent of the people in the insane asylums of the United States? What will happen when the bills increase to keep them up? I don't know, that depends on the people.

But to get back to my story. Tom was very much impressed by the fact that he would some day be paying some drunkard's bills. He realized the horror that attended drinking.

John was a carefree happy-go-lucky fellow and things like these made no impression on his mind. He thought he could go on drinking moderately and it would never hurt him. When he went to "stag" parties where they served "spiked" punch, he never attributed his drowsiness the next morning to the punch. He did remark though that the "stag" parties never seemed to make Tom sleepy but, of course, Tom's not drinking the punch had nothing to do with it—according to John.

John did not know that one glass of beer lowered his working ability 8 per cent. He did not know that even a temperate drinker shortens his life from ten to fifteen years. Besides, he did not stop to think that he was running the risk of becoming a drunkard. Nor did he realize that he was exposed to all kinds of horrible diseases by weakening his constitution with drink. John would have been very much surprised if he had been told that what he spent for drinks and treats would have clothed and fed some orphan child. He did not take time to figure up what a big item his drink bill was slowly growing to be. Drink is crafty, it does not increase its power too rapidly for its victim would notice the growth of this insidious and ruinous habit. John was only aware of the fact that every year his allowance grew smaller in what it could buy when his liquor bill was paid, if not in actual size.

John graduated from college. He had taken the Civil Engineering Course, but, strange to say, he didn't care as much for it now as he did when he entered. Then his hand was not always steady, sometimes it shook a little and

some how or other his eye was not as accurate as it used to be. So he lounged around and wasted his father's money for two or three years after he left college.

The other boy had started at the bottom of the ladder and worked up. He was Superintendent now. Of course, it took seven years of hard work and concentration of energy, but he was rising and that was encouraging. He married now that he was able to support a wife. He bought a small comfortable bungalow, which was so pleasant and restful after a day's work that he had no desire to go to the saloons at night or drink this poison under any circumstance. He was much stronger in health, mind, and body and with his increasing manhood was able to cope with any difficulty that might arise.

John never married, he preferred to remain his own "boss," as he expressed it. Something away down deep in his heart told him that no woman would stand for his action long. They were fast growing repulsive. He knew that it would be an imposition on his part to extend some sweet innocent woman's love to stand the reaction of discovering that instead of having a good, honest and generous man for a husband, that she had married a moderate drinker, a spendthrift and a man rapidly growing useless from long inaction. What manhood there was left in John kept him from dragging some good woman down to his level.

John was thirty now and was beginning to realize that he was making "dribbs and drabbs" of his life. He had no permanent position and his father's money could not last forever. Then the fact that he could not go to sleep at night without his "night cap" or glass of whiskey, and that it was necessary to apply the same remedy for his drowsiness in the morning, was nauseating to him, for he was beginning to notice his dependence—he who had always been so independent. When he was hot he used a glass of beer, or some fancy drink to cool him off, and when cold he applied the same beverage to obtain an exactly opposite result. He was past reason now; he couldn't get beyond the

fact that he wanted this ruinous liquid and wanted it badly—so he took it.

It was twenty years later, Tom had become president of his company. He had a lovely home, and a sweet dainty little lady for a wife, who had been shielded from the world's marring influences, and still made Tom's home a place of comfort, peace and purity.

But John's life—it was ruined, irrevocably. He was broken in health, mind and soul; bent and old, though only fifty. His face would hardly have been recognized as the handsome, good natured one of twenty years ago. His hands were withered and tremulous. In fact his whole body had shrunk and drawn up to the size of a boy. The smooth, tan complexion was changed to a ghostly white; the big brown eyes had sunk until little more than their red rims were visible. It wasn't Father Time's fingers that had bent the once straight and lithe figure and had left such terrible prints. It was the fingers of the crushing hand of Satan's shrewdest Imp—alcohol. Death and Time are far gentler than this most able assistant of Satan's. But "vengeance is mine" saith

the Lord, and His vengeance through outraged nature, was complete. Whiskey had wrought this havoc. Friends, poverty, broken health, to say nothing of the sacrifice of life, soul and honor, were the tribute paid to this cruel monarch.

A few months later this man who had once been the son of a rich and cultured mother and father, was found dead in a gutter, for his father and mother had died a year before from grief and disappointment, leaving John to die in the streets, as he had spent all the money the family had once possessed.

What a contrast between the ending of these two lives! Isn't this man's fate enough to make us pause, and hesitate to follow in his foot steps, through pain, starvation, hardships and poverty? Doesn't it make those of you who are strong enough to realize the value of total abstinence want to save others from this cruel, slippery path? Wouldn't it be better to follow the example set by President Wilson and forbid intoxicants to enter our cities as he has forbidden it to enter the White House and thus put temptation out of the reach of our weaker brothers and sisters?



The Dream Picture.

BERTHA BROWN, '13.

One beautiful day in the fall of the year when all the world seemed clothed in deep somber shades of red and brown, Beatrice Clarrington was horseback riding on "The Drive" in New York. She had left her elegant home longing for solitude and a breath of pure, fresh air, and had gone on this grand old "Drive" because it was seldom frequented in the afternoon. On this afternoon Beatrice was riding her favorite horse, the most spirited one in her father's stables. She had ridden a great deal farther and

longer than she had intended, and the sun was already setting. As Beatrice was eagerly watching the gorgeous sunset, suddenly, around a curve in the road, came a "pop-pop." And as soon as the rider saw the horse he started that abominable noise which has given him and his motorcycle so appropriate a name. The sudden appearance of the motorcycle and man, more than the noise produced by the machine, startled the spirited horse and Beatrice was unable to gain control of him. But the "pop-pop" whizzed by

totally indifferent to the trouble he had caused.

On one of the most beautiful spots of "The Drive," Phillip Stadel, a struggling young French artist was vainly trying to match the exquisite colors of the sunset and the surrounding landscape to place them on his canvas. Suddenly he saw a horse and rider coming toward him at a great speed. Then the horse stumbled and the rider was thrown. He ran toward the horse and finally succeeded in stopping it. Immediately he went to the fallen rider and found her unconscious. He gently carried her to a grassy spot under a great oak tree. Then jumping upon the horse which was now quieted, he hastened to a friend of his who was a doctor. So with the aid of the doctor and the doctor's auto, Phil took Beatrice home. From this time on they became great friends and when her recovery was complete, Beatrice went and watched Phil sketch. Before many months they decided to marry, but Mr. Clarrington seriously objected on account of Phil's poverty. This only strengthened their desire, so one day Beatrice left her father's home not to return again for several years.

After their marriage Phil and Beatrice went to Los Angeles, where they barely existed for a year and a half. Beatrice had always been accustomed to luxuries and therefore, at first, she knew nothing about housekeeping and about managing the home with the necessary economy. However, she soon learned. Still misfortune seemed to fall upon them as fast as hailstones in a raging storm and Phil became very discouraged and despondent, but Beatrice was always cheerful, sympathetic, and hopeful. Phil became still more discouraged because a well known artist told him he had no genius for

painting. But still doing his work he plodded on doing his best.

There was to be an art exhibit in Los Angeles and Phil had been working and working on a painting, but it did not satisfy him. They lived in the suburbs and one afternoon Phil had wandered out in the nearby woods for a design for some of his work. On returning he found Beatrice in her dainty afternoon dress lying on her couch sleeping after a hard morning's work. The couch was so placed in front of a west window through which the afternoon sun shone, throwing its bright rays across her golden hair as she lay with her back to the window. On her lips was a sweet, tender smile and her whole face was radiant as though in her dreams some wonderful and glorious secret had been unfolded. As Phil stood quietly watching his beautiful wife, he was filled with new zeal. He immediately decided upon this picture for the exhibit.

When the picture was completed it was wonderful and Phil won the prize which had been offered. This gained him such a reputation that good fortune seemed to come as thick and fast as ill-fortune had heretofore come. After a year of excellent luck, Beatrice and Phil were able to have a beautiful country home and Beatrice was again returned to prosperity and the social surroundings which were her former possessions. And, although her mother and father had, up to this time, been unforgiving for the wrong done them, Beatrice now wrote to them, pleading forgiveness and telling of her present happiness. Her parents were overjoyed at the reception of this letter and insisted upon a visit from their daughter and son-in-law. It can easily be imagined how gladly Beatrice and Phil visited New York.

Sylvia's Slipper.

RALPH M. CURPHEY, '14.

The stairs of the old Virginia mansion creaked dismally as the feeble old lady climbed toward the attic, and somehow the echo of her soft tread on the faded velvet carpet had never seemed so lonely through all the years of her solitude. Once she stopped and clutched the marble banister nervously. There! She knew she heard her name called. But no! it could not be for she was quite alone—she had been alone for nearly twelve years. She was indeed the "last leaf," faded and withered, waiting to be carried off by the next gust of wind.

She tottered across the spacious hall and stood in the doorway of the attic. A frightened bat escaped from the intruder through a broken window pane and an industrious spider turned his full force of eyes, one at a time if you please, upon so bold an invader. The old lady glanced around rather dazed. The dust and cob webs, made gloomier by the gray shadows of evening, lent an unfamiliar appearance to every object, and enveloped the whole room in an unnatural atmosphere. Thither she had bent her uncertain steps in search of pleasure—the pleasure of living in the past.

She walked across the room and there in the shadowy stillness knelt down by an old trunk. Brushing away the dust with a corner of her faded blue apron, she slowly lifted the lid. On top lay a stiff white satin gown—her wedding dress. A new light shone from her faded eyes, and a faint flush o'erspread her face. Almost reverently she lifted it from the trunk and gently shook its folds. As she did so a dainty little colonial slipper, ornamented with a silver buckle, fell to the floor. She dropped the dress hastily and her withered hand caught at the slipper eagerly, and holding it at an arm's length, she muttered half aloud, "Sylvia's slipper!"

The slipper had belonged to her mother, but it had never been designated as "mother's slipper," for many years ago, down at the fort, some one had called it Sylvia's slipper and it had been known as that ever since. There was a strange romance connected with the slip-

per and this is a story of the romance:

John Quincy, a young confederate officer, who had become separated from his regiment in a recent skirmish, was struggling through a Virginia wilderness toward a little fort some twenty miles away. One day, about noon, he stumbled upon the burnt ruins of a Virginia homestead. Half concealed under the smoking ruins lay two bodies, one a man and the other a woman. With a sickening shudder John found a broken shovel and dug a wide grave. Four hours later, having completed his loathsome task and rested a bit, he was again wading through the underbrush and grass when a clear voice rang out, "Halt!"

So startled was he to hear a human voice in this deserted waste that for a moment he stood as though transfixed. Looking up he beheld a handsome lad of perhaps sixteen years, making a brave effort to point two heavy revolvers at him. A mass of tangled brown curls half concealed the boy's slim sunburned face and a pair of brown eyes, much inflamed by weeping, flashed challenge rather feebly. For a moment John could only stand and blink at his youthful captor, then he broke into a hearty laugh which rang out like a new song in this wilderness.

"Stop that nonsense," screamed the youth, "or I'll fire." And John, realizing the sincerity of his words, stopped his nonsense.

"Now you may advance," said the boy, dropping his weapon and carelessly brushed a refractory curl from his forehead.

John advanced and said, good naturedly, "Why, sonny, what are you doing out here alone in this?"

The boy told him, in simple disjointed sentences, how, while he was picking berries, the Unionists had murdered his parents and then set fire to the old homestead and he, left alone in the world, bereft of all worldly possessions, was journeying to the little fort where he hoped to enlist as a drummer boy or work in some capacity for his keeping.

John listened sympathetically and told the boy that he, too, was journeying toward the fort, and both of them, realizing the value of companionship, agreed to share each other's good fortune, if Fortune designed to smile on them, or, if the Fates deserted them to share each other's woes in common. Only one question had John asked: "What shall I call you?"

The boy hesitated a moment and then said shortly, "Call me 'Curly.'"

John noted how awkward the lad placed his weapon in his belt and it was with no little curiosity he beheld, suspended alongside his revolvers, a small black slipper ornamented with a pretty silver buckle. He looked interrogatively at the boy. "My mother's," was all he would say, in answer.

The remainder of the day they trudged along together, John always leading the way, pushing aside thorns and thistles and trampling down branches. Thus they continued their tramp until night fall, when Curly, heaving a little sigh, stumbled forward and fell on his face. John hastened to his side and brushed the damp curls from his pale brow, and then lifting the child in his arms, he laid its head on his shoulder and trudged along.

In an hour they came to a grassy spot and John laid his precious burden down. Taking his coat for the boy's pillow, he laid his own head on the green moss and they slept.

The next day they were plodding along, hand in hand, along the uncertain paths. Twilight found them seated on a comfortable log and for the first time during the journey Curly complained of being tired. When John gently urged the necessity of continuing their journey, Curly flatly refused to move. John, nervous and impatient, coaxed and begged but the boy only shook his head. Then John, in a passion, sprang up crying, "I'll take some of the obstinacy out of you, you stubborn brat!" and unstrapping his belt, he struck the lad a stinging blow across the back.

With a cry of pain Curly sprang up and slapped the man squarely in the face. "Take that, you coward," he blurted out; "for shame to strike a lad not half your size, and I am so tired"—and

his words trailed off in an uncontrollable sob.

The words stung John to the quick. It was the first time that the honorable manhood of John Quincy had ever been questioned, and it was to be the last. He stepped over to the sobbing boy and said in a low voice, "I know I'm a coward, and I'm ashamed of it. Won't you give me another chance?"

"I dunno," wailed the boy; "Maybe."

That night, while Curly slept, John sat and smoked and watched Curly. When he lay down he raised the boy's head gently and slipped his arm under it. Curly opened his eyes and a slight quiver passed over him; then John, with a reassuring touch, placed his other arm around the lad's body and drew him close. Curly did not resist, but for several moments he trembled violently and then touching his lips to the arm that pillowed his head, he closed his eyes and fell into a troubled sleep.

A little before noon the next day John Quincy, after kissing a very tired boy on the forehead, placed him in the matron's care at the little fort.

For two days John watched in vain for Curly, and then becoming alarmed lest something had befallen his charge, he sought out the matron and inquired for him. The good woman hesitated a moment and then explained that Curly had been quite ill, but that he might call and see him the following evening.

The next evening, at dusk, a very anxious young man knocked on the door of Curly's room. The door was opened and a slim girl about eighteen years old stood in the shadows of the doorway. Her brown hair curled softly about her slender face and a pair of soft brown eyes looked at him pleasantly. John bowed politely and stammered, "I beg your pardon, but is Curly in; I presume you are Curly's sister?"

"Won't you come in," said said, smilingly as she placed the lamp on the table. "I'm not Curly's sister though," she continued, as she closed the door after him. "I'm—I'm Curly," she faltered, smiling brightly when she saw the incredulous look on John's face, she motioned for him to be seated.

"You see by way of explanation, my

name is Sylvia Randall, and that is my slipper (she pointed to the little slipper with the silver buckle hanging on the wall), and when I went home, after they had burned the house, the only things that were not destroyed was one of my slippers and a tin box containing my dead brother's belongings. I decided that if I was to travel by myself I must be a boy, so that's how I made use of the box, and the slipper I kept just to remind me that I used to be a girl."

John forced a smile and said gravely, "What will you do here?"

"Oh, I'll sew and cook," she said with an attempt at trying to speak gayly.

"Yes, but that will be hard," he said, lifting her white hand gently; "And Sylvia, if you would, I could save you from it and you know only too well how

glad I would be to do so—won't you?" Sylvia understood. For a moment she looked at him earnestly and then drooping her head, she held out her hand to him.

Two weeks later Sylvia Randall and John Quincy were married at the little fort. Then John took his bride and her slipper to Southern Virginia where he made her mistress of his father's mansion and she stowed the little slipper up in the attic in the corner of an old trunk.

The little old lady shook herself slightly; it was almost night and a few fire-flies had begun their nightly wanderings. She lifted the satin dress and laid it carefully in the trunk, then placing the slipper in one of its folds she shut the lid gently and went slowly down stairs.



A College Year at Bryn Maur.

MARIAN WARNER.

On an early spring morning one may see a procession of students in caps and gowns marching through the long avenues of trees from the little Bryn Maur station to the college. These are the Freshmen leading the sub-Freshmen to the Bryn Maur college entrance examinations. On the way to Taylor Hall, where the examinations are held, the newcomers are shown the beautiful rolling campus covered with blossoming trees and flowering shrubs. Having passed by the dignified gray stone buildings, they go to their fate.

The following October the successful applicants return to this lovely place for their college career. A few weeks later

Lantern Night is celebrated. In the library cloisters, at night, the Sophomores present the Freshmen with lanterns to light their way through the college course. Each class has a lantern of individual design and color. The Freshmen, after receiving their lanterns, give response by singing, for the first time, their class song.

During the winter months each class gives a play. Frequently these are written by a member of the class. On the night before the beginning of Christmas vacation, the Seniors visit the various faculty homes, carrying their class lanterns, and sing old English Christmas carols.

The Van Briggle Pottery.

MARTHA MUNRO, '14.

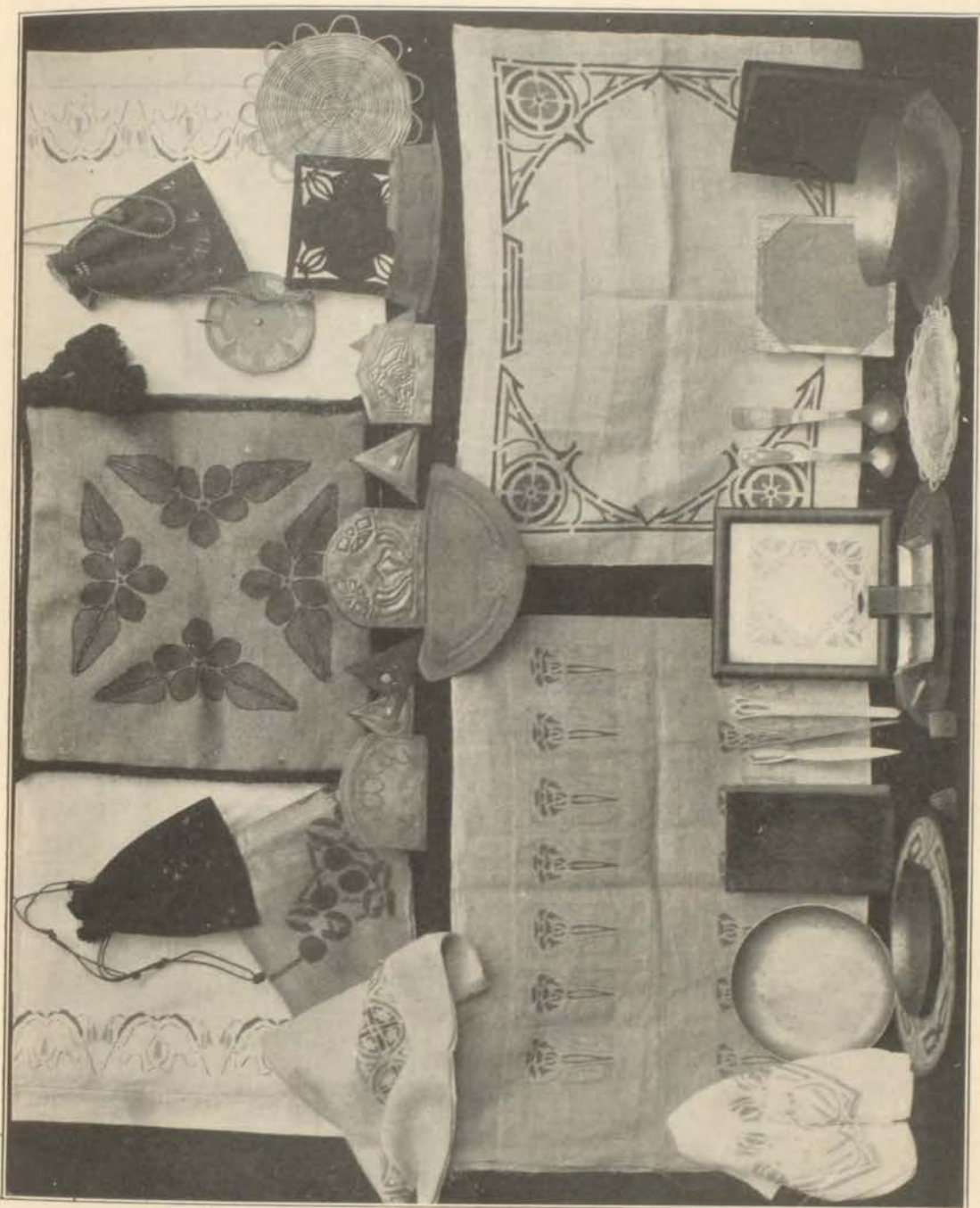
The nome of the Van Briggle Pottery is in Colorado Springs, Colorado. It is situated on a hill by the west bank of a little stream, running through Monument Park. To the west of this queer old fashioned building rises Pike's Peak, at an altitude of 14,111 feet, the top of which always has on it large patches of snow. To the south are the foot hills of the Rockies, while toward the east stretch the prairies, and to the north a continuation of the foot hills.

The pottery is a one story building, made of red brick, with right angled extensions on the east and west sides of the main body. The brick has on it queer figures and designs raised in clay and painted in brilliant colors. The windows are small and placed so that you can just see out. Each window is made up of many small pieces of colored glass, and in the middle is left one piece of clear glass.

The first room into which a visitor is shown is the moulding room. In this room there are large pans filled with water in which the clay soaks. At the far side is a table, sink, and the potter's wheel. In the designing room there are narrow tables along the sides of the walls at which the designers sit. In the center is a large table covered with specimens of flowers, from which they make the designs. This room connects with the casing room. In this room the floor and shelves are filled with all sizes and shapes of cement cases or kilns, in which the pottery is put to fire. The firing room has in it two large furnaces, each of which has many doors opening into separate compartments. In these

are put the different shapes and sizes of pottery. The three show rooms are very large. The first one is filled with glass cases, in which is the finest pottery. The coloring of these pieces was done by Mr. Van Briggle, so that when he died the art of producing these beautiful colors was lost. In the second room are tables and shelves on which the pottery is arranged, according to size and color. In the third room are the seconds, or pieces that have some small defect, and these are arranged on tables, according to the extent of the damage done.

The process of making the pottery is very interesting. The ordinary gray clay is taken and put in a lump on the potter's wheel. As the top turns around the potter holds the clay with one hand and shapes it with the other. It is then set aside to dry for four days and by that time it is ready to be put into the kilns, sealed and placed in the furnaces to be fired for one week. It takes four men to watch these furnaces all of the time. The kilns are then taken out and left to cool, when the case is taken off from the figure. The design is then drawn on by hand, and the color blown on through a long tube fastened to a bottle. After this has dried the figures are put in a fresh kiln and placed in the furnaces, which have been sealed, to be fired for five weeks longer, in white heat. They are taken out of the cases, and many times one-third of the pieces will be cracked from the terrific heat. By this time the design has been fired in, and they are then taken and the glaze put on. The finished pottery possesses the beautiful colorings of the Colorado sunsets and rocks.



The Art of Carving.

(In Horn, Ivory and Wood.)

CORNELIA F. GRANT, '13.

The art of carving has long been known and used by our ancestors. Some very remarkable pieces of wood carving inlaid with ivory date as far back as sixteen hundred years before Christ. Solomon and David both mentioned ivory carvings, and other references in the Bible to "ivory palaces" and chests of wood highly decorated, inlaid, and artistically painted, are to be found in various places. Wood and ivory were not the only materials carved, horn holding a prominent place.

During the war, horns were used extensively for powder vessels, trumpets and drinking cups. Each person carried one, generally neatly carved by the soldier himself. Others not done by him were very commendably worked over and carved with different scenes on them. These were generally of a battle or of a domestic nature, though often birds, inscriptions or maps would be found among them.

Horn carving is a tedious task, requiring a great deal of hard and intensive labor. All the surface must be scraped or filed, sand-papered, then polished. The last process is the longest, requiring it first to be gone over with pumicestone and water, followed by a whitening with water, then to final rubbing, which takes at least two hours to obtain a high gloss.

Horns today are quite expensive on account of their scarcity and owing to the fact that they are gradually becoming extinct. Some of the subjects treated on these later horns are: cats in a flower garden, chanticleers, a fox hunt, a deer hunt, mere fanciful pieces, a scene from the landing of Miles Standish, and one of the early fathers on his expedition westward. When an object is carved, all must be cut away except the object one desires to portray; for this reason etching or engraving is much easier but not really so artistic or beautiful.

Even today some lanterns are glazed,

transparent pieces of horn, this application being universal a century ago. A horn-book, used as an alphabet and primer combined, would be a rarity to us now. It was originally a sheet of horn with the letters of the alphabet on it, serving the child as a primer and usually hung at his waist. In ancient times, after paper or vellum took the place of horn in this use, the books contained a large cross and was called the Christ Cross Row. This word later became known as the "criss-cross" row, hence our use of the word.

Ivory is very beautiful when it is carved, true ivory being the tusks of elephants. Other inferior grades are obtained from the walrus and hippopotamus.

The Japanese, who are so clever in carving other materials, cannot but excel in ivory. Their small groups of images, full of humor and vivacity, are called nitsuke. There are as many hundreds of these groups as there are artists. When they were used for buttons, they were as expensive as brooches or seals are to us. Long before metals were prepared for use, the carving of ivory was generally known even among pre-historic races. Many examples have been unearthed, bringing into view their representations of animals, daggers and other figures. The arms of a royal family very frequently were of ivory, carved and set with precious stones. Such pieces were used by the Roman consuls as presents to those of high birth.

King Ahab is said to have had an ivory house, while many others had beds, chairs and wardrobes of such a material. The most precious and largest statue ever worked in ivory was that of Jupiter, which was fifty-eight feet high. When these carvings became dry, they were boiled in gelatine to insure perfect safety in handling. Book covers were carved with Bible subjects, and pyxes for use in the church, while horns, caskets, crucifixes and images were treated in the

same manner. From the Anglo-Saxon period, combs, shrines and altar pieces were collected, some carved with gospel subjects in relief, often set in gold or silver and decorated with colors and stones. Raphael's pupils were especially noted for their work of this character, but probably the most eminent was Francois Du Quesnoy. Among the many and various other uses to which the ivory was put, are vases, panels set in gilt, sheaths, powder flasks, puzzle balls resembling those of the Chinese, and studies of the eyes and ears.

Wood carving is much more common than either ivory or horn. In nearly every one's home, there is some carving on stands, tables or chairs. Very minute and exquisite carvings were made in the sixteenth century. Much microscopic work was performed on cherries as well as on peach stones. A whole gloria of saints was carved on one cherry stone. The most artistic work of the Middle Ages was on shrines and retables, varying in sizes but often found to be twenty or thirty feet high. The shrines were beautifully carved and later delicately painted and set in stones. Even bellows were carved with as much care as a chest for a bridal trousseau. Some of the larger examples are vast roofs, as in Westminster Hall, and the panels and fine places of palaces, especially the Palace of Justice in Bruges.

Albert Durer carved classical subjects, portraits and bas-reliefs, while carved religious imagery was quite common. The people were pictured as devotional and tender and were colored to nature also. Tiny rosary beads, only one-half

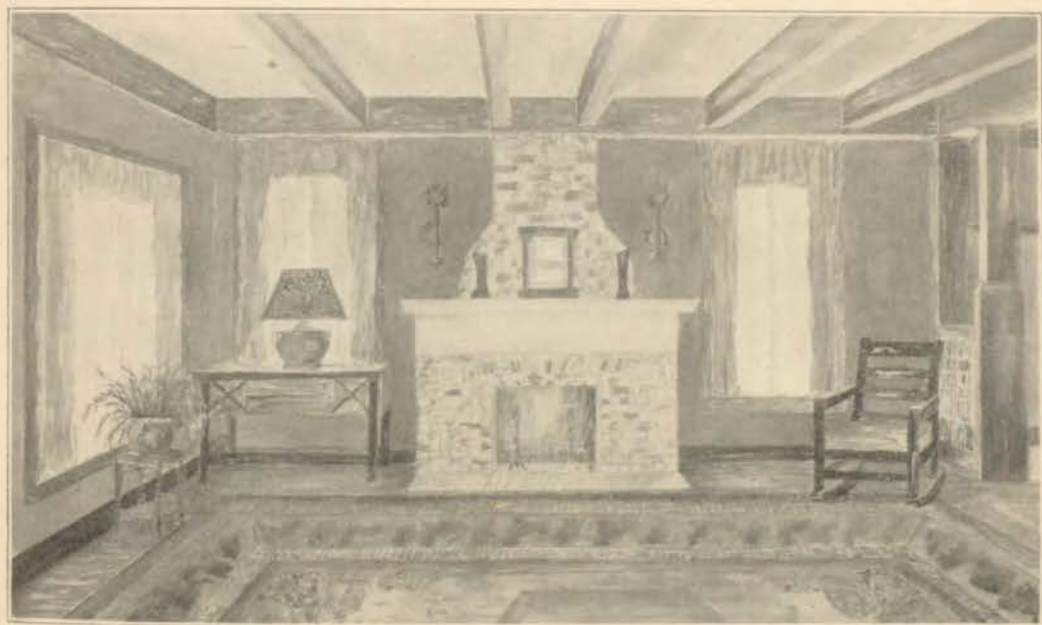
or three-fourths of an inch in diameter, were exquisitely carved and even made to open. The taste in such work was most extravagant in France and best in Italy.

Large curves cannot be used in carving wood, nor can the material be cut deeply, for it will crack and break. Box-wood is the best to carve as it has no particular grain and can be treated with nearly as much ease as marble. On the other hand, it is not abundant and is necessarily weak on account of its lack of fibre, so cannot be used extensively. As large statues made life-size are likely to split from one end to the other, the early carvers often hollowed out their figures to prevent unequal shrinkage and splitting. Most European countries have beautiful carvings which are being preserved, and even the work of savage races is remarkable for its freedom and invention and richness of effect. The very early people of the European world did most of their best work in door panels, roofs and religious figures. When an object is to be colored, a thin coating of stucco is first applied, then the object is stamped in relief, and artistically painted. India has produced many exquisite works of art along this line, the figures of saints appearing and many minute and very carefully worked out designs.

Some screens in England are of Gibbons' best work, and since that time wood carving has not taken a high standard among the lesser arts. In most countries of Europe the art has been much displaced in recent times by moulded work in various materials and by metal-casting.









A Sculptor of the Red Man.

M. D., '13.

Cyrus Edwin Dallin is one of the most noteworthy of our modern sculptors. The most of his fame has been won through his sympathetic interpretation of the Indian character. In four of the large and progressive cities of the United States there stand the four great equestrian statues by Mr. Dallin, which depict different stages in Indian life. The first of these statues was the one now standing in Lincoln Park, Chicago, "The Signal of Peace." The second was the "Medicine Man," in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The third, "The Protest," was placed in a conspicuous position in the grounds of the St. Louis exposition, and depicts the Indian in protest against white encroachment.

"The Appeal to the Great Spirit," the last of these great Indian statues, stands in front of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Last fall, several cities were engaged in the work of collecting \$12,000 for the purchase of the masterpiece. Boston, however, recognizing its value, succeeded in collecting the necessary amount, and is now the possessor of this work of art, which brought the sculptor the gold medal at the Paris salon of 1909. Mr. Dallin, the sculptor, had expressed the hope that the statue might be located in Kansas City, thinking that it would be peculiarly fitting to place it in the plaza of the new Union Station. There, looking down upon a great Western railroad terminal, it would face that force of civilization, which, more than any other, has contributed to a people's "lost cause," and made the nearby plans too restricted for the Indian's requirements. This idea did not materialize, however, and it is only left for Kansas City to hope that perhaps some other of Mr. Dallin's excellent statues may help to beautify the new Union Station.

Mr. Dallin discussed at his studio, some time ago, his conception of the great group of statues which he has produced.

"In 'The Signal of Peace,' he said, "I meant to convey that, with the coming of the first white men, the aborigine was unsuspecting of any wrong motives

against his inalienable right as the possessor of the land. He was friendly, ready to extend the hand of fellowship the moment it was offered. His countenance in the statue is open, expectant, as one who meets with strangers whom he wishes to greet fraternally.

"Then came 'The Medicine Man.' This I call the second stage in my depiction of the early contact with the white people. See him with his right hand held warningly aloft. This is the seer of his people, the mystic whose mission it is to guard the spiritual well-being of his race. 'Be careful of your dealings with the strangers,' he as much as says by his attitude. His horse appears equally on the watch with its master. 'The Medicine Man' sees coming the great change in the land, and yet he little knows the reading. It was a man on horseback typifying his race through the nobler significance of his own apprehension.

"In 'The Protest' we have the forewarned warrior fully cognizant of his plight. His peaceful advances toward the whites have been of no profit. He must accept the prophecy of the seer of his tribe. He now arrays himself against his opponents and with clenched fist, his steed rearing on its haunches, he hurls defiance at the foe. This, then, is the war stage. Here we come to the conflict with the frontiersmen. My father had much experience with them and while it is not to be doubted that the red man's ethics in those early days did not correspond with what we consider proper, yet we generally found that where he was treated kindly and considerately, he was a good friend. As for his honesty, his word was law. I am firmly of the opinion that no primitive race has ever shown nobler traits. Have we not the expression 'noble red man,' in evidence of his inherent qualities? This term would not have found currency if it had not deserved it in its day and generation."

Speaking of his last work, "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," Mr. Dallin said: "There is more than appears to be found in the attitude of the pleading Indian. All else having proved futile,

even the 'Medicine Man' having been unable to give solace, the Red Man sees no help for himself on earth, and hence he now looks above for deliverance. It is almost the Biblical injunction over again, and the things which are not seen are eternal. The bow is slung at rest across the back. The horse stands with loose reins as if in sympathy with its rider. It is the climax and decline in so far as it concerns the Indians of history."

Is it any wonder that with this intimate association, this sympathetic interpretation of the red man's character, that the sculptor has been able to produce those master-pieces of art, which Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Boston should be proud to own? We should deeply regret the loss of the greatest of these statues, and sincerely hope that in the near future some similar work will help to beautify Kansas City.



The Artist and Turnips.

AILEEN LEWERS, '16.

In the second quarter of school, my art teacher told me to draw a large black kettle, which had some turnips arranged before it in, as it seemed to me, the most difficult position to draw. Being naturally an obedient child, I began getting my charcoal and portfolio ready, and seating myself comfortably by the window, I tried to imagine myself a sort of Rosa Bonheur or an Angelica Kauffmann. But I am getting off my subject. All the same, I wonder if Rosa Bonheur ever had to draw turnips?

My teacher told me to study the kettle and turnips very carefully, which I think I did. However, this was a great undertaking, and not knowing where to begin I was sorely puzzled. I first began mak-

ing a circle. I thought it resembled the edge of the kettle, but my teacher thought differently and I had to begin the second time. I finally had my outline made, then I began on the turnips. The tops, which were only buds when I began, by the second day were an inch long, so I had the joy of lengthening the tops. This took nearly the whole period. Each day following, for four or five, I would have the tops to lengthen, and consequently, proceeded very slowly on the rest of the work. At last I found that if I was ever to finish this drawing I would have to work faster than the turnips grew. Finally, I had the full-grown turnips completed and was encouraged, after my long and hard struggle, by the grade of "g" plus.

An Exhibit of Illustrations.

FRIEDA KORN BRODT, '13.

I think we scarcely realize the great opportunity we have in being allowed to visit an art gallery any time we wish. Yet how few of us take advantage of this opportunity. I find that since visiting art galleries, I have a better conception of good art than I had before. For instance, I never could see anything very artistic in a picture which consisted merely of a group of people; yet the other day as I looked over the collection at the institute, one of the pictures that took my fancy was "The Clinic," by Mary Sigsbee Ker. The picture represented a group of little slum children, gathered around an old baby buggy that held a sick child. The anxiety and distress in the face of the oldest girl as she held the hand of the baby, made one long to give her a comforting word. Even the little toddler of two seemed to realize that something was wrong. Another picture of Miss Ker's was entitled "The Golden Age." This pictured a baby, just out of his bath, sitting in the middle of his bed playfully patting his mother's face.

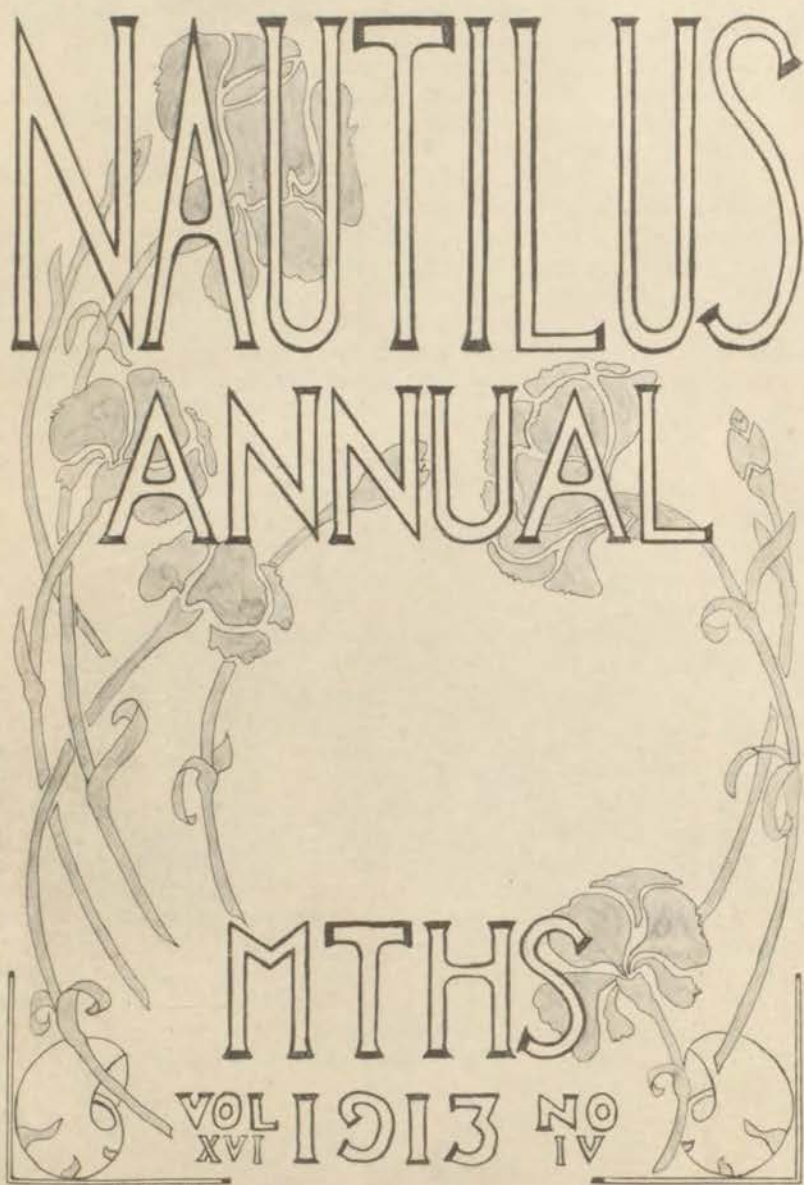
Another good child illustrator is Marginal Wright Enright. In her picture "With the Fairies," a little girl is lying on the grass in a meadow, with her head propped on her hands. Numerous fairies are scattered all around her, some talking to her, others tickling her. She has a dreamy, far away expression on her face which seems to say, "If the fairies would just grant all my wishes, I'll be happy." There

were also two very clever illustrations by Miss Enright. The first, pictured a rather shabby woman, who with her untidy baby, came to visit a lady. This lady, though poor, was extremely neat and particular. Her manner displayed clearly that she was afraid this visitor might leave an uninvited speck of dirt behind her. The second picture showed the same particular lady giving the visiting infant a bowl of milk. A shawl was carefully placed on the bed before the baby was placed upon it; while the lady was at her wits end for fear that the baby would spill a drop of milk.

Several pictures, on a different order from those just mentioned, were the ones by Joseph Pennell. Each detail is carefully worked out and then printed from a lithograph. These pictures are very helpful and interesting to one who likes perspective.

One picture, noteworthy on account of the meaning back of it, is entitled "Why?" by Arthur Young. In the main part of the picture were numerous, very straight trees. In the midst of these trees was one tree bent nearly double. To one side of this tree was a little humped, crippled man. Every atmosphere of the picture seemed to say, "Why must we suffer this defect when all the rest are perfect?"

Other pictures of note were those by James Flagg, a Kansas City man. His pictures, however, were rather frivolous than artistic. May Wilson Preston had several very good illustrations, as did also T. K. Hanna.

A decorative floral wreath composed of various flowers and leaves, including what appears to be a rose and a carnation, framing the text. The wreath is rendered in a light, sketchy style.

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HAZEL JONES



RUTH ZIEGLER

MUSIC
ELOCUTION



Elocution As a Key to the Classics.

CLARA SHERMAN, '13.

In a series of articles appearing in the "Nautilus" from issue to issue, the elocution department has been trying to show the value of the study of elocution not only to those who have unusual aptitude for it, but for the average pupil as well. Indeed, the course in elocution which is offered at Manual is designed rather for the average pupil than for the gifted one. Of the many benefits to be derived from the study of elocution, I think the most noteworthy is the fuller appreciation of good literature that it always brings. For it is impossible to study the classics from the standpoint of elocution without finding new interest in them.

In the first place, elocution necessitates a very careful analysis of the piece which is to be read. Before any reading can be done, every doubtful construction and every puzzling emphasis must be studied out. Then the prevailing atmosphere or feeling must be found, and every change in this general atmosphere noted. Though the plan of study which I have here suggested may appear at first thought very exacting, it seems so merely because the process of thinking of which one soon becomes unconscious, are here set down in order. Not only will the study of a classic in this way increase one's interest in that one classic, but it will teach him how to begin the study of any piece of literature.

But we must not consider this more or less mechanical process of analysis as the real object of our study. For literature is not governed by cold mathematical laws. We cannot sit down and figure out the meaning of a piece of literature, and then simply reason out how it should be read. I have heard it said that perhaps many of those who profess a great love of Browning's poetry do not really love the poetry itself so much as its complexities. They have analytical minds, which find keen pleasure in dis-

ciphering any sort of complex problem, but are incapable of finding a true appreciation of literature. We must not, then, let our work in elocution degenerate into a mere solving of the technical difficulties that beset us. We should rather consider this first study as preparatory to the real study and enjoyment of the classic. This over, we can devote all of our thought to visualizing the various passages. For literature deals with the imagination as well as the intellect.

It is this action of the imagination which gives us the greatest appreciation of a classic. One must put something of himself, of his own imagination into what he reads to find the fullest enjoyment of it. Few of us have as lively imaginations as we should. We need to cultivate our power of visualizing what we read about, and in no other way. I believe, can we better do this than by the study of elocution. For to read with any expression or feeling, we must have a vivid picture of that about which we are reading.

When we read aloud after we have interpreted and visualized a selection, we put reality and life into it. This is as the author intended. For literature, like music, requires an interpreter as well as a composer. Just as the piano or the violin may be the medium which animates a great piece of music, so the human voice may put animation and fire into a literary gem. Music and literature differ from painting and sculpture in that they appeal to the ear instead of the eye. Poetry, of course, depends more upon the ear than prose, yet the best prose appeals to the ear also to a great extent. The authors of the most lasting works have realized most fully the close relation which should exist between sound and sense, and we find that the works of Homer, Virgil, Milton and Shakespeare give almost twice as much pleasure when read aloud.

M. S. U. Debate.

LEE INGRAHAM, '13.

Winner of the M. S. U. \$125 Freshman Scholarship at the 1913 Spring meet.

RESOLVED, That the privilege of voting should be granted to women on equal terms with men.—*Aff.*

Women suffrage is an important public question; its demand the most insistent, perhaps, of the century. Either side of the question admits of abundant argument. The question embraces four main propositions: First, is suffrage a natural right? Second, will it advance the interests of woman? Third, will it benefit the state? And, fourth, do results warrant its extension? These questions being resolved affirmatively, the reform can no longer be logically nor consistently opposed.

Have, then, women a natural right to the suffrage? Governments derive their authority from the consent of the governed. Ignoring the consent of half the governed violates this basic principle. That government which denies the equal right of suffrage to any one of its citizens upon the grounds of sex, is a *democracy in name only!*

In no wise can it be truly said that a "government of the male, by the male, for the male" is a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." Woman's right to a half-interest in the control of her children, or to a share in her husband's property, is no clearer than her right to the ballot—all are as self-evident as her right to existence.

Women are taxed directly and indirectly. This is taxation without representation. Our forefathers called this tyranny. They achieved freedom and founded a new nation with this principle for a slogan. And yet do not we, in turn, now stand as self-confessed tyrants? Women have a right, then, derived from the payment of taxes.

Since women help support the government by the payment of taxes and stand amenable to its laws, this clearly constitutes them citizens. As such, it is no less clear that the constitutional right of

the ballot should not be withheld from them.

Woman's right to suffrage, then, Hon. Judges, is natural and fundamental; is in accordance with the principles of democracy; and entitled to recognition in the law of the land.

Now, the second proposition: The effect upon woman. The privileged class feel little respect for those without power. Women constitute a great class which is politically powerless. Give them the right to vote, and *toleration* of "woman's notions" will give place to respect for her opinions, for now they will count. Thus her social condition will be improved.

Now, her political condition. Man-made laws and governments have not been fair to women or children. Joint earnings and funds in most states, belong to the husband absolutely. In all but eight of our states, the mother is still denied an equal right with the father to the control of their children. The laws of divorce are not impartial, of descent of property are not equal. Women suffer precisely as men do, from corrupt and inefficient government—and their only recourse is the ballot! Therefore, the suffrage will improve woman's political condition.

How about her economic condition? Contrary to the claim of our opponents, we do not hold that the suffrage will open up new occupations to women, but that it will better their condition in positions they now occupy. Nor do women expect to force up wages by their ballots, or work miracles by their votes; but they do count upon securing equal pay for equal work.

Now, since the social, political, and economic condition of woman will be improved, we may logically conclude that woman will be benefitted by the ballot.

How will the ballot in the hands of women affect the state? Any lack of commerce and trade extension will be more than compensated by her love of peace, her high moral standards, and her

innate love of justice. Nor are her intellectual qualifications any less pronounced. Woman has shown great proficiency in scholarship, in literature and art, in government and in the professions. Neither is her practical business sense found wanting when put to the test. Her capacity of intuition makes her the superior of the man of equal intelligence as a legislator; so says no less eminent an authority than John Stuart Mill.

What influence will thus be exerted upon our state and national politics—"whose purification," said John J. Ingalls, was "an iridescent dream."

When we add this 100 per cent to our voting population, we put into action the purest force of the world. We will have the virtue, love and devotion of womanhood, crystalized into law. Their gentleness, sympathy and refinement are sadly needed in our politics.

As the alert and ever-faithful guardian of the home, the ballot will give woman an added power to multiply its benefits. To say that she will be tempted to forsake the home and shirk its duties, is absurd! Will women leave the cradle, or the parlor, or the kitchen,—to plunge into politics? No more than our farmers will leave the plow, our scholars, the study, our workmen, the factory.

A favorite argument of the opposition is that the ballot will make woman less womanly. Contact with men at the polls, it is claimed, will soil her delicate femininity. But, Hon. Judges, are women jostled or insulted at the church door, at the theater entrance, or at the ticket office? If voting will degrade women, it will degrade clergymen,—if it will soil the purity of delicate and refined ladies, it will soil the purity of delicate and refined gentlemen! Such an argument takes for granted that all government is mean, coarse, and violent, which is manifestly untrue.

Now, Hon. Judges, having shown that women are well-qualified, in every way, to vote; that the participation of women would improve political life; that the home would not suffer, but receive direct benefit, and that the ballot would not make woman less womanly,—it is

just to conclude that this reform would redound to the great advantage of the state.

The last point—what of the results?

Take Colorado. During the past twelve years, greatly-needed laws have been passed for the enlargement of woman's personal and property rights. By her aid, primary and election laws were passed, civil service reforms and civic improvements carried through that else had failed. Fear of women's votes, says Judge Lindsay, has prevented the nomination of bad men, and when such have been nominated, they have been defeated by the woman-voter. A few years ago, it was publicly attested in a signed statement, that the women of Colorado voted more conscientiously and in greater numerical proportion than the men. The statement was signed by the governor and two ex-governors, members of the Supreme Court, and of Congress, and by several lesser officials.

Now, look at some states where women do not vote—Maryland, for example, and what do we find? Children working all night! In Georgia, little girls no older than 7 and 8 years—and some as young as 6—work all night long in the cotton mills!

Women have no vote in Georgia! Only in the states where women vote have child-labor and illiteracy found any measure of relief. To quote Florence Kelly, chairman of the National Woman Suffrage Association, "Nowhere in the industrial world, are children so effectively safe-guarded as in Denver."

In this record alone, we hold woman suffrage has proved itself.

Mr. Chairman and Hon. Judges, we have now applied the four acid-tests which the question has successfully withstood. We find that woman has a clear and undeniable right to the suffrage. Second, that it would improve her condition, socially, politically, and economically. Third, that the state would be immensely benefitted, and, fourth, that the results of woman suffrage in states where it has been tried, argue conclusively for its extension.

Therefore, we hold that women should be given the suffrage on equal terms with men.

A Ten Minute Speech—The Immigration Problem.

HARRY STUTZER, '13.

I have chosen as my theme a problem that is at the present confronting the American public, demanding immediate solution. And the immediate and satisfactory solution of this question is of such paramount importance that upon it depends the welfare of a people. You may consign me to the category of calamity criers of you wish, but when I say that my topic is the "Immigration Problem," there immediately passes before your mind's eye, the scenes that are daily and hourly transpiring at all of our great ports. You see the great ship moored to the dock and from its deck pours a motly throng of swarthy foreigners. Some of these people have come, lured by the tales of a land of unparalleled opportunities, a land where wealth may be had for the taking; others have come because anything is preferable to the conditions under which they existed; all have come to better their financial conditions, but so few that I may say none are impelled by those lofty motives which prompted the founders of this republic to throw open the gates to the oppressed and down-trodden, that they might here find a haven of refuge from persecution and tyranny, and here be given the opportunity to prove to the world that "a man's a man." On the faces of these people we observe the expression of dull amazement or the eagerness to go forth into the new land and attain affluence, but upon such a lamentably few countenances do we perceive the evidences of that finer intelligence that we expect to find in a person leaving his native land to begin life anew in another world. Your heart is wrung with pity for these unfortunate victims of a pernicious system, but before you have journeyed far you will happen upon conditions that will give a rude shock to all this fine sentiment. When you come upon colonies of thousands of these foreigners, it will doubtlessly furnish a source of temporary wonder as to how all these people are employed, and if you are at all familiar with existing conditions, this evident abundance of employment must strikingly contrast with the

saïl deficiency of employment for our own countrymen, who are so unfortunate as to have received no technical or practical training. Not only does this inadequacy exist in the field of unskilled labor, but also in occupations in which labor may be divided until there is little need of any great intelligence. The cause of this discrepancy is not far to seek. Upon entering the factory, there is the foreigner engaged in the laborious tasks requiring merely physical strength; also there he is working upon a particular part of an article which it would require an expert mechanic to wholly produce. Here again the cause of this preference for the foreigner is plainly obvious. He readily accepts a wage upon which it would be impossible for an American laborer to subsist. He will uncomplainingly toil for hours at which an American would rebel. He will uncomplainingly endure industrial and factory conditions intolerable to our own countrymen. Yet daily we are receiving additions to this foreign element. Already the feeding of our people has become a serious problem, and with this steady influx of hungry mouths to be fed, together with our industrial advancement that is totally out of proportion to the increase in population, is it logical to conclude that the lot of the American laborer is approaching early alleviation?

This consideration alone is sufficient to engender grave doubt as to the wisdom of the present immigration policy of the United States, but when in addition we consider that these immigrants are no sooner eligible to citizenship by the present inexact requirements than they take out their naturalization papers and join the great voting public, then it is that we come to a realization of the startling truth that there is real danger to our institutions. These people know nothing of government. In their native land they were treated as children when the question arose as to how they should be ruled. How, then, can these people intelligently assume the duties and responsibilities of an American voter? Their standard of living is ineffably low-

er than that of our poorest laborers. How then, can we expect them to regard with broad mindedness, reforms or measures that seem essential to well-being and progress. When they have been reared in an atmosphere of ignorance and dependence upon social superiors, why do we place in such hands the privilege to have a voice in the decision of matters that need careful and comprehensive consideration? Can the entrenched ideals and prejudices of a life-time be eradicated in the few short years' residence in this country demanded by the government? Some people may contend that this argument is inconsistent, as we have a class of our own people that are almost equally as ignorant, but they do not stop to consider that this almost unrestricted immigration is continually swelling the ranks of this class. Every additional ignorant immigrant is an added impediment to our politics. He is just one more voter to swell the power of unscrupulous politicians who are ever on the watch to take any advantage of his inexperience and inefficiency that may present itself.

In considering the matter, one would scarcely need or ask for more convincing arguments to confirm the truth of my contention, that a radical change should be made in regulation of the foreign immigration into the United States. However, as though to "make assurance doubly sure" the logical mind immediately asks, "Is it just that so lenient a property requirement be exacted of the immigrant, leaving him a virtual, if not actual, pauper, to be turned upon the public for support, or to deprive someone else of his means of support?" We would look upon the matter from a different point of view, were the result of the present system to follow out the economic principle of making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, but results have not followed this trend; it has been and is the destruction of one to be replaced by another. Again, it is a question as to whether or not we are having turned upon us the criminal or undesirable element of European society, which they are glad to be rid of. See your newspapers or look into the criminal records and you will find that a large per centage of the crimes committed are the per-

petrations of foreigners. Nor is this at all illogical; it is but natural that people existing under the restraints of monarchy should, through a misconception of liberty in respect to the rights of others, commit excesses of which a person in a normal state of mental equilibrium would never be guilty. But aside from this aspect of the case, it is indubitably true that we are having foisted upon us an element which, be it through perversity of nature, or inherent criminality, will not or can not be converted into desirable citizens.

And now to return to the principal incentive for the foreigners' immigration. As I have said before, it is not political or religious liberty that he is in quest of; he is seeking wealth. Esthetic considerations have no weight with him. The call for intellectual advancement is so far as it has naught to do with dollars and cents, awakens no responsive echo. True, he teaches his children to be industrious, but in the main this is as much a detriment as it is an aid to their advancement. The same desire to accumulate wealth actuates the father and the child. Consequently the child fares forth into the business world at an age at which he should be just beginning his more advanced education. To this state of mind may we ascribe the source of that illiteracy against which local authorities in all communities are waging a seemingly endless conflict. It is for this reason that the municipality has been compelled to enact measures compelling the parent to provide the child with the means of obtaining an all too limited education. Were the evils of this unrestricted immigration confined merely to the present generation, its most objectionable feature would be obliterated; but it does not. It fosters the cause of ignorance and mental and moral deterioration. Words cannot too vividly portray the injurious results of this system. In saying what I have I do not make an unqualified assertion, for it would be absurd to deny that there are many, many cases to which my remarks do not apply.

I leave it to statesmen to devise remedial measures. I merely have endeavored to emphasize facts of which you are already cognizant. A "Yellow Peril" is a myth. The European Peril is a reality.

The Charm of the Impossible.

VERTO ALLEY.

This oration won the gold medal in the Oratorical Contest.

The impossibilities of life make up the rainbow's end towards which our most true and noble citizens are working. The greatest problems which have been solved, the greatest difficulties which have been overcome, all these have seemed at some time or other to be utter impossibilities. The charm of the impossible knows no bounds, it leaps the hurdles of Failure, and pilots the way through the sea of Uncertainty. This charm has conquered the most baffling situations in the pages of history and will eventually realize the universal brotherhood of man.

Since the beginning of time this charm has called to the masses, and the words it speaks rouses men to action. In answer to this voice Moses gave to the children of Israel a great religious code that exists even unto our present time; Demosthenes hurled off the shackles of faulty speech and manner and became the world's greatest orator; Rome arose from a few meagre huts to the greatest city of the ancient days. Napoleon heard this voice when undertaking to build a bridge across the Alps, and his engineers said "It is impossible, impossible." But the charm of the impossible was upon the warrior and he exclaimed: "There shall be no Alps," and crossed into the plains of Italy. It was this voice that called to the Puritans in England. Unable to stand the harsh tyranny of the ruling faction, they left their native land, journeyed to the new world, and founded a new and flourishing colony. It was this voice that gave Seattle a new birth after a quarter of a century's awful experience, that bade San Francisco to rise resplendent from her ashes after fire and earthquake had sought to blot her into oblivion. It was such a voice that built our nation. To a few struggling, bankrupt colonies it called, and despite all perils and conditions, those colonies have become the world's foremost nation, wherein all men

are free and equal, and the government derives its power from the consent of those governed.

But this charm has still another mission. Today the voice calls again. Another problem must be solved, another wrong must be righted.

And what is this wonderful problem, some may ask? Today it is the great lack of true democracy, the great need of the universal spirit of brotherhood. Democracy has indeed had her struggles in the past, but her great battle-ground lies in the present and in the future. It is a struggle in which we of today may engage if we will, it is a struggle in which those of tomorrow must engage. What is the great cause of the lack of universal democracy, has been asked? But when men see the greed and avarice of the muck-raking trusts, the brutality of men, the problems of child labor, of the crowded slums, the answer is evident. Gaze upon the wronging of innocent women, the misuse of the laborers in the factories and the mills, the selfishness of many financiers, and the dishonest political methods, and you will forget that the spirit of the man of Calvary ever existed. We believe in the claims of democracy. We admire with all our souls a cause that is content to fight so patiently on. It is like sunrise on some cloudy morning. The sun mounts higher and higher, struggling with the storm clouds. Faster and heavier they hurl themselves before the face of approaching day, and for a moment it seems as if they will conquer in their fury. But in one instant one ray of sunlight has pierced through and then another, and another, until suddenly with a mighty effort the clouds are hurled aside, and the crags and the peaks of the earth catch the rays of light, and fling them back, and even the deepest valleys are flooded with the splendor of the morning. This is the picture of the struggles of democracy. We would have the poor man, as he hurries to his work, meet the captains of industry and with the light of pure love shining in his eyes,

stretch forth the hand of fellowship and call him "brother".

The charm of the impossible is calling for its heroes today to battle for the long lost spirit of brotherhood. Heroes whose names will ever be revered as greatly as those who have fought in such conflicts as Lexington and Gettysburg. So a Jane Adams lends her willing hands and heart towards the uplifting and betterment of the fallen women. Next the charm falls upon a Carneige, who labors in behalf of universal peace. Again it falls upon a Bryan, who, with staunch heart and honest purpose, lashes the plotting political money exchangers from the Baltimore temple. Again it calls to the young and willing Chinese commons, who establish a new republic. Now it calls to the missionary in heathen lands,

who in the midst of gravest dangers teaches the word of the most noble character the world has ever known. And will such citizens as these not eventually realize the spirit of universal democracy. The efforts of the church, the growth of public education, the honest labors of the public officials, coupled with the charm of the impossible must sooner or later make our dreams come true.

Oh! for a Washington who will cause the armies of graft and corruption to surrender. Oh! for a Savonarola, who will champion the advance forces in answer to the call of the impossible. And even though the shackles of greed and prejudice blots out the true and the honest for a time, the same voice speaks on—"There is something hidden, lost and waiting for you and you and you.

The Growth of the Musical Notation.

DORIS CLARK, '15.

The history of the musical notation, as it appears today, is very interesting. Our present system of writing music is about two hundred years old.

In the very early days, many crude devices were used for notes. The Indians used sticks, or tied knots in buck-skin to represent the sounds. In this way they sang their songs, using their sticks or buck-skin as we do a sheet of music. Among the Greeks, use was made of the first eight letters of the alphabet. But, as the music expanded, the whole alphabet was exhausted. Still this was not enough and before another system was invented, over fifteen hundred different characters were put to use. This plan was succeeded by the much simpler use of the Roman letters applied in the alphabetical order to denote the degree used to represent the lines and spaces use to represent the lines and spaces of our staff. This system was used until about the eighth century, when their places were taken by a new method called the "Neumae." These Neumae were written, as the letters had been, above the symbols to which they were to be sung. They were but dots and dashes. In time the dots were

enlarged and the dashes lengthened and straightened up, which, with a few modifications, gives us our notes of today. The first musical staff consisted of four lines. Credit for this was given to Guido, a man who lived in the eleventh century.

Guido was the greatest teacher of the voice, at his time. One day while he was listening to a song which was being sung in Latin, he heard of the words, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, and La. This made such a great impression upon his mind that he changed the scale from four notes to six, using these words to represent them. A little later the French added Si, which has since been changed to Ti, and put Do in the place of Ut. Thus we have the scale in its present form.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Franco, a German, arranged a plan for the notation and time division of music. Previously, the notes had been made round, but about the sixteenth century they were made oval and they remain so today.

Thus, you see, that a good method for indicating sounds was a very difficult proposition for our musical forefathers.

The Triangular Debate.

The third annual debate between the three high schools was held on the night of March 20. After a hard fought battle, the decision went in favor of Central. We congratulate our sister school heartily upon the victory, and venture the prediction that the cup will be with them but a short time. The question was the difficult one of the Panama Canal tolls.

This was a peculiarly trying year for coaches and students upon whose shoulders rested the burden of upholding the forensic honors of the school. Both Central and Westport were fortunate in having experienced men upon their teams. While at Manual, no one who had gone through the rigorous training of

last year's debate was available. Such conditions test the true metal and loyalty of our student body. The fine spirit and energy displayed by our inexperienced team, fighting against great odds and with little to encourage them, is typical of the sturdy qualities that characterize the rank and file of students at old Manual.

They who appreciate the efforts of those who serve in adversity, and they who take pride in seeing Manual's colors carried honorably into every battle, should place upon the honor role the names of those boys who, against overwhelming odds, went bravely down to defeat on the night of March 20, 1913.

The Elocution Contest.

The cosmopolitan nature of this year's contest seemed to add greatly to the talent we were able to display. True, no one carried a society standard into the fray; but each worked upon his own responsibility, determined to do his best for the pure art's sake, resulting in a standard of excellence being attained that will be most difficult to emulate. There was a commendable absence of that half frenzied contest spirit of doing anything to win. The young people were reading for art, not honor.

The gold medal was justly awarded

to Miss Ruth Ziegler for her excellent reading of "Bobby Shafto." Miss Ziegler's work was professional in its smoothness. The silver medal went to Miss Vera Curran, whose reading of "For Dear Old Yale" was scarcely less commendable.

Among the boys, our genial orator, Mr. Verto Alley, was accorded the gold medal on his oration, "The Charm of the Impossible." Mr. Gus Sanders won second honors with the subject, "Thumbs Up." The program was heightened, artistically, by numbers from our ever efficient music department.

H. L. D.

Expression of Gratitude.

The Triangle Debating Team most heartily thanks Manual for its generosity in bestowing upon the team members the handsome scarf pins which were lately presented in an assembly. The team humanely accepts every good thing within its scope, but it has in mind teams of previous years more worthy of the honor, that were left unrewarded by the

school thuswise. Ergo, it questions the propriety of its worthiness of such recognition in view of its dual defeat. Be that as it may, the pin shall always be retained and cherished with gratitude as a remembrance of Manual, and will function well as an incentive toward victory in contests that are to be.

TEAM.

Thumbs Up!

GUS U. SANDERS, '15.

(Winner of Silver Medal in 1913 Elocution Contest.)

It seems as though a study of today's practice of the old Roman customs of thumbs up or thumbs down when the Vestal Virgins were deciding the fate of the ancient gladiators—has not quite passed away. In human cruelty it has been superseded by the intolerable sufferings and the fearful fate of human victims, who are vanquished in the arena of life. But there is rising on every hand the demand thumbs up, which is insisting upon every contestant's having something like a fair chance for his life, something like equality in the conditions of the contest itself. The world cannot continue crying for the blood of all who fall, who have fought valiantly against overwhelming odds. There is an amazing strain of cruelty in the race that has possibly outgrown the old Roman days, but is still immensely discreditable to the twenty centuries that have elapsed.

As the murderer, whose life depends on the jurisdiction of twelve men, trembling with suspense, turns his eyes upon the jury, something like the old Roman days is resurrected. Among those thousands of men, in whose hands was given the life or death of a human being, there must have been some who turned up the merciful thumb that meant life, even though life dragged out in the cell whose door was never to be opened to freedom. But in that pagan age there were more of the pitiless thumbs that were turned down, and thus death was the relentless verdict.

Whatever may be said of the stern necessity of the Mosaic requital of a life for a life, there are many who cannot forget the innocent persons who have suffered death by execution. This very thought that an innocent man might lose his life is enough to discredit capital punishment. There have been a number of such cases which makes the state a murderer of the worst kind.

The governor of Michigan recently pardoned Samuel Ulan, who had served over twenty years under a conviction for

murder. He was convicted on the testimony of Giles Harding, who, on his deathbed, made a confession, under oath, that a tavernkeeper who was anxious to have Ulan arrested, killed the man. Had capital punishment not been abolished the man undoubtedly would have been hanged.

Society has the murderer within four walls; he never can do any harm. Has society any need to take his life to protect herself? He cannot repeat the offense when he is in prison. Punishments are made, not to torture the guilty, but to prevent crime. Life imprisonment is a severe and juster punishment for a murderer than to be given his earthly quietus.

It needs no extraordinary intelligence to comprehend the truth that if the government wishes to teach that human life is sacred, it must not set the example of deliberately destroying it. If a government ever expects to restrain men from killing one another, it must first impress upon the minds of the people the value of human life not by destroying life by execution as an atonement for murder. The man who has proper reverence for human life needs no law to restrain his hands from murder. Although an individual has committed the crime of murder, society has no right to commit the same crime. It is true society has to protect itself, and for that reason it has enacted laws. The criminal who has probably from childhood on been taught to hate these laws, follows without restriction the animal instincts in his nature, and, knowing no bounds, takes what he desires even at the cost of another life.

Now, would it be best to cut the thread of life of such a being who probably never knew the softening influence of kindness and brotherly love? I think not. It should be our duty to enlighten and educate him, to make him aware of his soul life; and bring out all the good in his nature. Show him that the law is his friend, as is also society, and that only through obedience to its laws can society exist.

On the other hand, there are criminals who commit crime in a burst of passion, on the impulse of the moment, or in uncontrollable rage. These should be under the care of a physician. But with all incurable criminals we should do as the gardener who not only cuts the weeds, but exterminates them by the root; that is, cut short the race—let the race die out—by making it impossible for the criminals to have offspring.

Capital punishment deprives the convicted of the chance to atone for his crime and shortens the development of his soul. In the belief that this life is only one of the stages through which our soul passes on its long voyage, it is our duty to give everyone a chance to make the most of the experiences through which the soul passes during its material existence in this life. By forcibly cutting short the existence of some fellow being would be as big a crime as the murderer committed when he took the life of another.

Why is it that the vast resources of the chamber of torture has been reduced in this day to a sneaking gallows? Homer tells us that a thing seen has double the weight of a thing heard. Our forefathers hanged the murderer on the open plains. The reason given for hiding the gallows was that its influence

was demoralizing, as, in fact, are all executions. When executions were public, children who had witnessed them were often known to torture and kill their pet animals, and even to torture one another thereafter. The brutalizing effects of public executions on the community came to be noticed. For this reason public executions have been abolished in civilized countries, and now the execution of a criminal is in most places strictly private.

In ancient times, the ruling principle was might makes right. In this new age, right makes might. In olden times, the man who had power was the man whose mind controlled the others, whether his was a just mind or inclined to cruelty and malice. Today we have another power, the power of intelligence, which has been born of the struggle, by the people, for enlightenment, through the long weary centuries that have passed. But the struggle has not been in vain. Where formerly cruelty, malice, and hatred held full sway, now justice, intelligence, and mercy reign, and no more have we the gladiator who at the sign, thumbs down, would wipe out human life, but merciful justice, who considering a human being the most wonderful creature in God's great creation, will yet cry in the face of all menacing evidence, thumbs up!

"Music Hath Its Charms."

* GERTRUDE McCORMACK, '13.

The girls were talking loud and fast—louder and faster than they usually talked.

"I just think it's a mean shame," said one of them, vehemently.

"I wish they were in our place wanting a piano for the school and we were the school board. We'd see whether they got it or not," declared Charity, in a very uncharitable mood.

"Horrid old things!" fumed Charlotte.

It was evident that the girls of the Baker High School were not in a pleasant frame of mind. The cause of their agitation was this: They wanted a new piano for their high school. They lived in a small country town which afforded

few advantages and the high school had never had a piano. So the Senior girls sent a petition to the school board asking them to authorize the buying of a piano for the school, telling them at the same time that Miss Moore, a music teacher from the city, would give the pupils a lesson in music every Friday afternoon free of charge. But the girls had just received word that the school board had declined to take any action on the matter, as they considered the teaching of music in the high school unnecessary.

"Unnecessary indeed!" burst forth Charlotte, "as if it were ever unnecessary to teach music."

The girls sat talking of the disaster

which had befallen them with disappointment written on every face. Suddenly one of them exclaimed:

"Here comes Bess! My, doesn't she look happy. I don't believe she's heard the news."

"Why, hello, girls," cried Bess of the sunny heart; "what makes you all look so forlorn? You look as if you didn't have a friend in the world."

She threw herself on the grass among the girls and looked lovingly into each gloomy countenance.

"Well, the 'Board' is not our friend anyway. They have just turned us down flat," said Charity, who did not believe in breaking news gently, "and we've just been saying all kinds of mean things about them."

"Why, girls, aren't you ashamed of yourselves?" said Bess, "you ought to be. It isn't entirely the Board's fault that they considered it best not to grant our request. They don't know what we could do with a piano if we had one. I think we ought to show them what we can do."

"Why! Bess, how can we?" cried the girls in a chorus.

"Well, you see, I've been thinking about a plan that we could use in case the Board disappointed us. It is this: Why can't we take the money we have in the club treasury and rent a piano from Yynne. It's only five miles over there and father can bring it back in the wagon. We could rent it for a month or two and then we could get Miss Morse to teach us to sing and we could give a big concert about the middle of December and let the School Board see what we could do if we had a chance. Maybe we might even have a good enough program to charge admission and we might be able to pay something on the piano if the Board will consent to us having one. What do you think of the plan?"

"Grand! How did you ever think of it," exclaimed the girls in delighted confusion.

They ran away merrily to find Miss Morse and discuss the plan with her. She was delighted, as she always was when anything musical was in sight.

The piano was ordered. The high school after that day resembled the Renaissance; it was in a state of reformation. By the time the piano had arrived

the whole school was organized into quartets, double quartets and trios. The boys composed a glee club; the girls were known as the choral club. The "signs of the times" were very promising to Miss Morse.

The weeks following were full of work and fun. The little village was in a fever of excitement never known to it before, not since Deacon Wetherby's cow got in the church yard and ate off some of the lilacs the Ladies' Aid had planted.

The whole town knew about the "Singin' School," but the School board. They alone were ignorant of their impending disaster, and their ignorance was bliss. Every evening after school the younger generation met and practiced—sang as they had never sung before. They went into the undertaking heart and soul. They did not play truant from school, and the high school was a very healthy place that fall, as its pupils were barely ever sick. The prayer of every schoolboy seemed to be:

"And let my dire feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale."

The girls had set the night of December 14th for the concert, and all through the days of the dreary autumn the songs of the happy pupils were heard in every home. They sang as they worked and somehow the world seemed to grow happier and brighter because they had music in their hearts.

The time passed rapidly and the great night came at last. The little school house was packed even to standing room. The School Board was there in all its glory—on the very front seats.

The program began. The first number was a song by the Boys' Glee Club and the Girls' Choral Club. One moment of agonizing suspense after the first chord and then—they were in to their song. The next thing they knew they were filing slowly and sorrowfully off the platform. For a moment not a sound was heard—the suspense was terrible—then a rousing cheer filled the house and the clubs knew they had succeeded even to their fondest expectations. As the program progressed, the participants grew wild with excitement. They had made a great hit. All their weeks and months of hard work had brought them

a reward even greater than they had dreamed.

"Say, just look at the 'Board', would you," whispered Charity to Bess.

"Oh, girls!" said the tenderhearted Bess with anxious concern in her voice, "we're heaping coals of fire on their heads. Just look at the tears in the Deacon's eyes."

Deep down in the hearts of each one of us lies a keen appreciation for music. There was, in that music, something infinitely divine, which responded to that which was tenderest in their natures and

had soothed and calmed their hearts with a touch so sweet and tender that they listened and were glad.

On Monday morning, two weeks later, when the girls walked into school they were surprised beyond measure when they saw before them a new piano. They fairly danced with joy.

"Oh, girls," sang out Charity, the irrepressible, "'Music hath charms to soothe the savage—'"

Bess' hand was clapped firmly over her mouth. But the girls knew what she meant.

◆

Speech on the Affirmative of the Question, "Resolved, That Brutus Was Sincere."

IDA KLAUSMEIER, '13.

Julius Caesar was a worldly man. With cautious cunning he won laurels, and so preyed upon the people that they regarded him as a gigantic power not to be disobeyed. He held the people awed. But never in his living hours did he hold the grasp that he had after his assassination. The people, as it is with the general public upon having something torn from their grasp, at once begin a clamoring appeal for what they cannot attain, and their whole revenge was leveled at the man who perpetrated the deed.

Brutus, a far sighted philosopher, had anticipated what the people had not. He had foreseen Caesar's avaricious intent, and estimated the man correctly. In his noble way he blindly rushed on to pursue the only course laid open, in his estimation, for the prevention of public torture. Not for himself, but for the general good. This is seen in the famous garden soliloquy:

"It must be by his death; and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn him,
But for the general."

If, in the solitude of thought, such an expression of desire could be betrayed, is it possible that personal motive, unholy ambition, or jealous desire, would lay at the foundation, covered, excused by this statement, a fallacy for the spurring on of self? Those who hold this contention have not the true Shakespearian Brutus. Brutus was an honourable man. Honor

must be designated as Brutus' word. In every instance where the deed was contemplated, the principle underlying all is honor. His character was one of beauty, of gentleness, of conscientiousness, and his mind was enriched and fortified by the best extractions of philosophy. Being such a man, he could not have done what he did without its appearing justifiable in his eyes.

He was, as has been said before, a great philosopher, and an ardent reader of books. As philosophy has its limits; philosophy may overstep its bounds. With grim reasoning, he feared not Caesar, as he was, but as he should be upon securing the goal of his ambitions.

"And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these and these extremities;

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

And kill him in the shell."

Brutus at heart was a real patriot, but his patriotism was of a speculative kind. He had high thoughts and high desires, but a lack of foresight. Because of the height of his attainments he could not see from the level of ordinary men. For this reason he could not foresee the people's attitude toward the deed, but impelled by his high motives, proceeded to bring his plans to a culmination. He had

a picture of ideal Rome, untrammelled by the bonds of monarchical claims. His ideal was slipping from his grasp, Caesar was gaining an unremittant hold upon the people. This was not Rome's height of glory. It must not be. He and his colleagues must sacrifice themselves.

His colleagues had malice aforethought, and often Brutus is confused among the lot, for had this been so, no words like these would have issued from the mouth of Shakespeare, who portrayed facts in their actual light:

"All the conspirators save only he,
Did that they did in envy of Caesar,
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of
them."

All Rome was in an attitude unpromising toward the venture, but blinded by the thoughts of justice, he involved himself in the fatal act. He was but the common bookworm attempting to step out of his daily accustomed routine, and from the heights of speculation, rectify the universe.

Then the cringing blow fell, and the man of honor, rejoiced, exulted, over his master stroke for humanity. He had saved Rome from her inevitable fate. With a feeling of righteous justification, he dropped off his armour which was so unbecoming, and prepared to make the world his confidante, unsuspecting of the attitude toward the reception. Having no shadow of a doubt as to the wrongness of his actions, he faced the world with utter calm. The people had been his cause, it was plainly evident, no explanations were necessary. The man of little words then dismissed the cause, turning over to subtle Anthony a most alluring chance for espousing the opposite claim. The incompetent judge of human nature wended his way trusting as to the issue, while his opponent by his artful cunning swerved public opinion from one of applause to one of condemnation, so rooted antagonism, that Brutus forever after bore the brunt of public hatred.

From thence unto the end, it was a terrible strife. All the world daring, plotting, and revengeful zeal were directed toward the man that stood for right. And Brutus was startlingly brought face

to face with facts. What he thought would be seen as right, had placed him in the position of a disreputable man. Disheartened, discouraged, weary, he unwillingly yielded to the impulse to defend himself. Outweighed by the troubles and worries caused by his mistake, he lived in open rupture with his nearest friends. The Brutus of old was thrust into a false position. The world, all that he loved, had forsaken him, and when the news came of the death of his wife, can it be wondered, since this was but a final blow on his already death-wounded heart, that he did not give way? Troubles may come so thick and fast, that trouble no longer causes the instant shock, but buries deeper, flourishing in the hidden recesses, with an exterior calm. So it was with Brutus. How pathetic was his vain effort to regain his former composure, when on the eve of his destruction, he resorted again to his valiant companion, his book. But his overwrought senses had been propelled too far, they snapped, and in the interim, Caesar, with all his influence and effect, again passed over his mind. Oh, you disparagers of Brutus! Have you ever suffered from a trifling misdeed? If so, can you but imagine the horrible misgivings of Brutus, even though he deemed himself in the right? Can it then be wondered that such a tumult of emotion could culminate in other than death?

"The world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes
At his touch."

Indeed! Thus Brutus at peace with all the world, blaming only himself, died. Here comes the fitting reward. Over that bier, surrounded by the host, from out of the hatred, tempestuous strife, that sea of sarcasm, and gloom, came the calm, the quiet contemplation, the spontaneous outburst, well said:

"Here lies the noblest Roman of them all." No sarcasm, but the epitaph of a noble man. To those who construe it other:

Shakespeare never ends his drama with a mistaken impression. This was sincere, and

"Say to all the world, 'This was a man?'"



Eoyd MARQUIS



Bernard HURWITZ

AFFIRMATIVE



Maurice HOARE



Irvin TROWBRIDGE



MR. APPLE



MR. KIZER

THIRD ANNUAL
INTER HIGH SCHOOL
DEBATING TEAM
NEGATIVE



VERTO ALLEY



OTTO BINDER



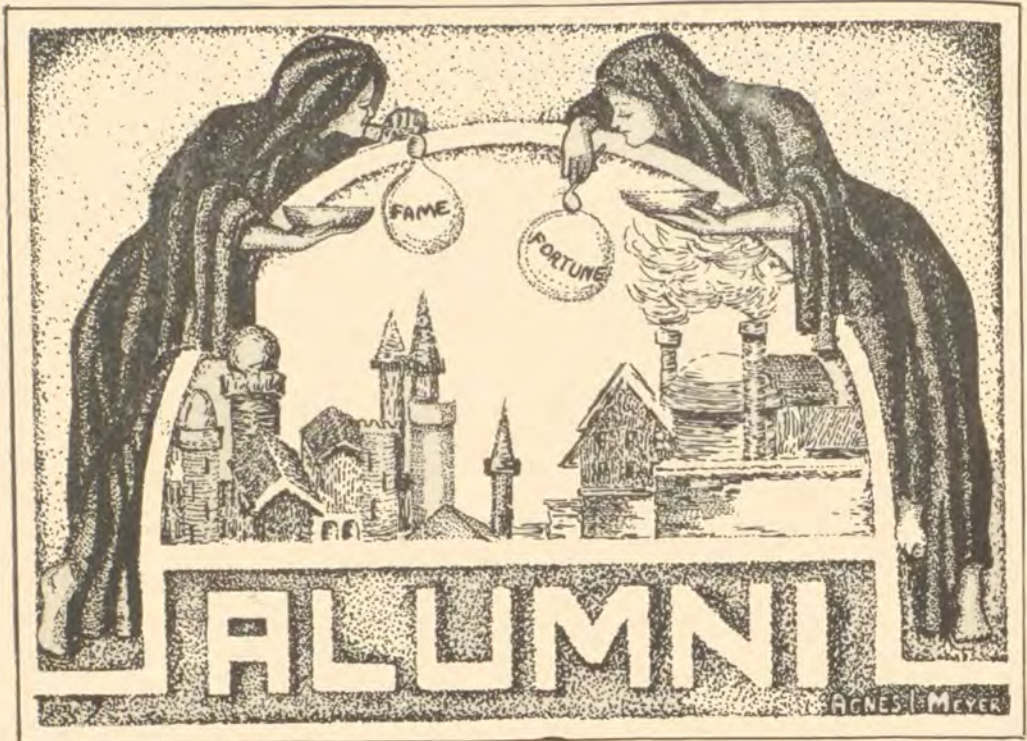
BEN GOLDSTEIN



MR. DRAKE



FRANK HIGBEE



Editor, MILDRED ARROWSMITH.

Mrs. Laura Reed Yaggy, the talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Reed, scored a triumph recently with her violin at a grand concert with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, at Hutchinson, Kansas.

When Mrs. Yaggy was a pupil at Manual, her violin playing was considered so wonderful that her parents decided to have her devote all of her time to the study and practice of the violin. In due time she became an expert and promising concert violinist; but seven years ago she married, and since then, has not been heard in public, until she played so marvelously at the above mentioned Symphony Concert.

Miss Edith Purnell, class of '99, has been in the office of the General Secretary of the Commercial Club for several years.

Harry Weinberg, class of 1911, received his diploma this spring, on May

1st, from the Kansas City College of Pharmacy and Sciences. We congratulate you, Dr. Weinberg, and we hope that you may be able to take with immunity, the medicine that you would prescribe for your patients.

Bly Floyd, class of 1908, is teaching in the Primary Department of the public schools at Stanley, Iowa.

The NAUTILUS is proud to announce that Randall Dorton, class of 1911, who won the M. S. U. Freshman scholarship, and who is now a student at the California University, Berkeley, California, has recently won two essay prizes offered by that institution, worth respectively \$10 and \$50 in hard cash.

Miss Elenore Caney, class of 1904, has been offered an excellent position at Lynchburg, Pa., to superintend the installation of playgrounds in that city.

Mr. Clement Clark, class of '11, is now in the water rates department, under civil service.



George Van Pelt, class of 1912, is assistant cashier at the Avery Implement Co.



Hazel Purnell, class of '08, who teaches fifth grade at the Kensington School, will attend the Harvard School of Physical Education this summer.



The NAUTILUS rejoices again to hear of the success of another of its former staff members. This time it is Miss Lucile Phillips, a member of the staff of 1907-08 and 1908-09, who has been offered a position to teach French in the Christian College, Columbia, Mo., by the President of that institution, Mrs. St. Claire Moss. This comes as a double honor to Miss Phillips, by virtue of the fact that her ability and worth were recognized before she has yet completed her studies in the University. She will be graduated from M. S. U. this coming June.



Mr. F. H. M. Riley, class of '08, is "making good" in another line. He is a regular contributor of articles to the *Electrical World Magazine*, and also a writer of short stories in *Popular Electricity*. Mr. Riley is thus combining the fruits of his science and literature.



Robert Ridgeway, who was graduated from Manual in 1904, is doing well as the head of an insurance company in this city.



Mr. Russell Richards, class of '10, is winning honors for himself and Manual by being given a prominent position in the M. S. U. Players' Club. We learn from the *University Missourian*, that

Russel Richards is given the leading hero's part in the musical comedy entitled "A Third of a Brother," and that he is helping to produce a clever dance performance.



Miss Alma Betz, a graduate of the class of 1906, is now a successful kindergarten teacher at the Washington school.



Mr. Colin K. Lee (class of 1906), who was graduated from Engineering School of M. S. U. in 1911, recently refused an appointment as second lieutenant in the United States Army, in order to remain in business.



After taking the army examinations last January, he acquired a controlling interest in an electric light and power company in Bowling Green, of which company he is president. Mr. Lee was deputy electrician in Kansas City under civil service until last January.



Edgar Stearn, class of 1908, has come forth as a prosperous business man in an insurance company.



Mr. Egmont Betz, a graduate of the class of 1909, will be graduated from the University of Missouri this year, receiving the degree of Ch. E. He has completed a five-year course in four years, and is the only one who will attain a Ch. E. in chemistry. He is a member of the honorary engineering fraternity, Tau, Beta, Pi, and of the professional chemical fraternity, Alpha, Chi, Sigma. Mr. Betz expects to take up chemical engineering.



The announcements have recently been issued along with the other beautiful messages of "spring," that Mr. Wm. B. Fullerton, class of 1905, was married on April 5th to Miss Margaret Reed of Ann Arbor.

Mr. Fullerton was Business Manager

of the NAUTILUS in 1904 and 1905. After completing his course at Manual he went to Ann Arbor, where he was graduated in 1910.

May prosperity and happiness attend him throughout his married life.



Miss Martha Betz, a graduate of the class of 1906, was awarded a resident fellowship in German by the Bryn Mawr College, New York, for next year. Miss Betz was graduated from M. S. U. in 1911, and is now a teacher at the Westport High School.



Mr. Edward Wright, class of 1910, is now a manager of a department in the Metropolitan Street Railway Co.

Mr. Lou. Starling, class of 1911, is a promising "agriculturalist" on a farm in Oklahoma.



Word comes to us from Los Angeles that Virgil Morgan, a graduate of Man-

ual in 1905, is achieving success as architect and builder.

Mr. Morgan is not only bringing credit to himself by his success, but also Manual, in that he has had no other experience in that line of business except the instruction that he received at Manual.



Mr. Ross Gibbs, class of '11, is with the Parker Washington Paving Company.



Marston S. Richardson, class of '12, is a promising Freshman at the University of Wisconsin, at Madison. Mr. Richardson is taking the mechanical engineering course, and is a member of the honorary fraternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon.



Cuthbert Conrad, class of '11; Linwood Smith, class of '11, and Russel Tibbe, class of 1912, are also doing creditable work at the same institution.

"The Land of Dreams."

Lay down your burden of sorrow and
care

And come for a stroll with me,
To a wonderful land of bliss and joy
Where we'll frolic with fancy free.

This wonderful land is the "Land of
Dreams,"

And the passwords, Contentment and
Peace,

And all may enter who daily seek
From the world's mad rush surcease.

Down a long white road we'll wander
gay,

Twixt rows of fragrant flowers,
To a silver brook in the forest depths,
And we'll rest 'mongst leafy bowers.

By the peaceful brook we'll sit and muse
Till nothing impossible seems,
And you'll be a king and I'll be a queen,
For this is the "Land of Dreams."

And all the world will our subjects be,
We'll rule by love not fear;

And their fealty claims by our valorous
deeds

Their daily life we'll cheer.

But alas, the time of our reign is short,
Tis vain o'er our kingdom to yearn;
For back to the busy haunts of men
And relatives we must turn.

We sigh as we leave the long white road
With its rows of fairy flowers,

We muse on our wonderful hopes and
thoughts

And we sigh for those blissful hours.

Then back we go to the grind of life,

To our duties stern and clear;

Again we feel the yoke of years
The dread and the numbing fear.

Yet oft at the close of the busy day,

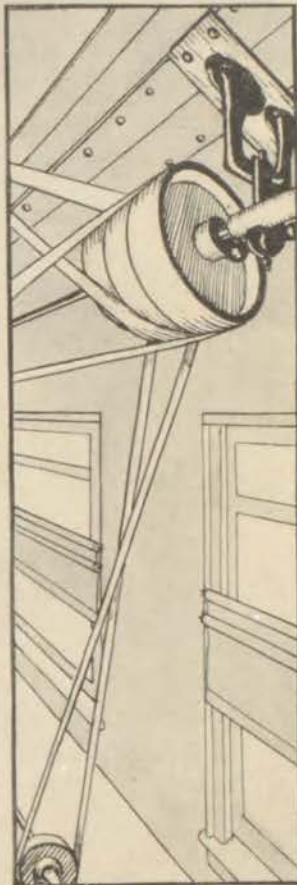
When everything useless seems,

Our minds turn back to those golden
hours

And our wonderful "Land of Dreams."

URSULA CANNON.

MANUAL TRAINING SCIENCE



STEPHEN GOULD



AGNES SPALDING

Manual Training and Science Notes.

During the last quarter Manual has been favored with three scientific treats, two in the form of assemblies and one a special lecture to the boys of the fourth year manual training classes by Mr. Rupert Peters.

The first assembly was an unusually well illustrated lecture on the Panama Canal, given by Mr. Avery, who has just returned from Panama. The views, some one hundred and fifty in number, were all taken within the last year, so they gave an idea of how the canal is to look when completed. To those of us who will not be able to see this great engineering feat before the water is turned in, this was a rare treat, giving a clearer conception of the size and difficulty of the task and some of the problems to be met.

The second assembly was given by the chemistry department. It consisted mainly of experiments with liquid gases, carbon dioxide and air. Unfortunately there were some in the back part of the hall who could not get the full significance of some of the experiments though most of them were so clearly defined that all could understand them. The participants in the program are to be commended for the excellent results obtained, working with the liquid air for the first time upon the stage without any preliminary tests.

Perhaps there was aroused in the minds of many, as they saw the frozen, odorless onions being thrown into the audience, this question which was asked in a chemistry class the following day: "Would those onions, upon thawing, regain their odor?" In answer to the question Mr. Gustafson told of this experience of his: He once applied some liquid air to a piece of butter and demonstrated its brittleness by throwing it upon a carpeted floor where it crumbled into little pieces, but did not remain so long. In this way the fact that the butter would not always remain a frozen powder was brought most forcibly to his mind.

Mr. Peters has for several years been giving the school the benefit of his sum-

mer trips by taking pictures of the interesting industries which he comes upon, and bringing them back to Manual. Last year, it will be remembered, he took us over the salmon fisheries, and this year he chose the steel industry in which the boys, particularly, would be interested. The lecture was a complete description of the process of obtaining the steel in the lake regions from the digging of the iron ore to the rolling of the finished product. It was very complete and interesting, and we feel sure that those who heard it appreciate the interest Mr. Peters has shown by thus remembering us during his vacation.



One of Manual's most attractive improvements this year is the new dining room. It is the pride of the cooking department and the admiration of all visitors. 'Twas here that the members of the Board of Education were given a wondrously concocted dinner costing only 50 cents a plate, and the boys of the debating teams and their chaperons partook of a never-to-be-forgotten luncheon. Their admiration of the room as well as of the dinner was justified: for the room is certainly beautiful and the luncheons and dinners delicious.

The primary color of the room is brown, the woodwork is finished in cathedral oak, while the walls and ceiling are of a delicate restful tan. The ceiling is beamed and around the top of the wall is a beautiful border stenciled in brown. The walls up to the plate rail are of brown burlap and are paneled giving a very pleasing effect. The rug, colored in rich browns and greens, harmonized with the dark finish of the woodwork and the brown polished floor. The buffet, china cupboard, dining table and chairs, and side table are also of cathedral oak. Cream colored curtains hang at the windows.

A cluster of electric lights hangs over the table, a single light hangs at each end of the room, and there are several drop lights around the wall.

Two of the pictures on the walls, enlarged photographs of mountain scenes,

were given by Tnos. A. Mills, in gratitude for Manual's hospitality. The other pictures, equally as delightful, were paid for from the money earned in the Domestic Science Department last year by selling bread, cakes, and other pastry dainties. Candlesticks for the buffet were also paid for out of this money. Although this room is a work of art more than worthy of all its praise.



It may be safely said that the most active department in the school this year has been the machine shop. A two-cylinder two-cycle marine engine, three single-cylinder two-cycle stationary upright gas engines, a three-sixteenths horse-power alternating current generator, several vises have been made as

exercises. The remaining students, together, have made many of the parts to the new lathe which, it is hoped, will be completed by the end of next year, and have finished and installed a pedestal grinder which was begun the year before.

This grinder is quite an addition to our shop and is one that was much needed. It is to be equipped with two ten-inch stones and is the sixth piece of large machinery to be built and installed in the shop by the students. The new speed lathe, which is now being built, will be the seventh piece of machinery and the fourth speed lathe the boys have made. The other two pieces built are a compressed air pump and a five horse-power gasoline engine which is used to run the shop when the motor can not be run.

◆

A History of Hats.

MADGE PURNELL, '14.

No one knows just when man began to wear hats, but it was probably some time which is prehistoric. We may draw this conclusion from the fact that the Bible, which is the oldest written record, in speaking of the throwing of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego into the fiery furnace, says they had on "their coats, their hosen, and their hats." The ancient Egyptians who lived in the Nile valley carved pictures on their tombs which show us that they wore hoods. At home the men of old Greece did not wear hats, but when they went to some other country they wore caps. The ancient Romans wore no hats or caps, but the toga was so made that it could be pulled up to cover the head like the hoods on children's raincoats of today. A little later, in the time of Nero, the people wore hats as a symbol of freedom and when Nero died the citizens paraded the streets of Rome wearing hats to show that they had escaped from the chains of the tyrant.

During the Middle Ages, the noble women wore "great bonnets" of silk and velvet and adorned them with peacock feathers. The women of the lower classes wore hoods. At that time the men some-

times wore bonnets, as is shown by Chaucer in the following quotation:

"His stature was not very tall,
Lean he was. His legs were small,
Hosed with a stocken red,
A buttoned bonnet on his head."

We know that beaver hats were worn during this period; for Chaucer describes a merchant as wearing one from Flanders; and Shakespeare, who wrote two centuries later, said in one of his plays: "He brushes his hat o'mornings," which meant that the man wore a hat which needed a brushing, and most probably this was a beaver.

Some time after this, the Puritans adopted their high head-gear made of unblocked felt, and then came the stiff, broad brim of the Quaker, of which Thomas Hood writes:

"The Quaker loves an ample brim,
A hat that bows to no salaam;
And dear that beaver is to him,
As if it never made a dam."

The head-gear of the colonial days was of different shapes, including the three-cornered hat adopted as a part of the uniform of the soldiers of the Revolutionary War. This hat is the one

shape of the old days that is continually reappearing. It lasted a while and then became an oddity. We all remember how Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks of it, on the quaint old man in his poem entitled "The Last Leaf." He says:

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches and all that
Are so queer."

During the early times, our pioneers who fought the Indians wore caps of coonskin and deerskin. In this same period, the people of the towns were very particular about their head-gear, and it was early in the history of our country that we started to manufacture hats for the market not only of our own country, but also of those abroad. We were making much of this manufacture before the Revolutionary War and were sending so many hats to England that hatters there asked Parliament to forbid their importation. In 1810 the United States made

almost a half million hats, of which forty-five thousand were manufactured in Pennsylvania. In 1840 the amount increased to the value of over eight million dollars.

In the '60s, the head-gear of the women was especially contrasting to their clothes. They wore small rimmed and very low crowned hats or bonnets, as they might be called, in contrast to their hoop-skirts. From this time until the latter quarter of the nineteenth century, the hats became smaller and smaller until in 1880 the hats or bonnets as they really were, were no larger than your hand. Gradually from this time until 1908 the hats became larger and in 1908 they became so large that they were given the appropriate name of "Merry Widow." This style of hat stayed with us until the present year, when history has begun to repeat itself, and the hats are growing smaller.

The historical data is taken from Frank George Carpenter's "How the World is Clothed."

Ex Libris, the Book Plate—What Is It?

MILLIKEN NEIL, '13.

Not long ago I stopped a printer friend and asked him if he would print some book-plates for me.

"Book-plates!" he exclaimed, "What do you mean?"

And I had to stop and explain to him what a book-plate is. It is astonishing, indeed, how few people really know what a book plate is. You may be asking me the same question, "What is a book-plate?"

One of the first cares, as a rule, of a book-lover on returning home of an evening, the pleased possessor of a new volume, is to insert into the book some special mark of ownership before passing it to the rank and file of his library. Different persons, of course, will do this in as many different ways. Some will merely enter their names in ink or pencil on the inside cover or a fly leaf. Another will have his own rubber stamp, a slipshod method, indeed. Others with somewhat higher notions of neatness have some sort of a uniform name ticket,

a reckless few from this group even utilizing their visiting cards for this purpose. But you real book-lover goes somewhat beyond these means and seeks a name plate or other symbol which will improve the appearance and increase the value of his books.

Among the more wealthy book owners the book-plate will be printed, along with the title and cover design, upon the outside cover of the book. In the majority of cases, however, the name-label, heraldic plate, or allegorical composition, as it may be, is printed on a good quality of paper and pasted on the inside cover of the book. This is the "book-plate," "Ex Libris," in the modern collector's language.

Almost from the time printed volumes first became known, book-plates have been in existence. Crude, indeed, they were as the old engraver carved them with his knife from a wooden block. The first book-plate dates from about the year 1450. Heraldry soon took pos-

session of the book-plate and "ye olde booke mane" used his coat of arms as a label for his favorite volumes. This custom soon became a fad and every wealthy family would have its elaborate book-plate. Some of the finest of the old engravings, copper plates and etchings are found among the old book-plates. The Heraldic style of design has given way to designs of library interiors, portraits, allegories, genre, designs, book-piles, and landscapes. A style known as the printer's mark is sometimes classed with "ex-libris." American book-plates are not as numerous as the old English, although the interest in plates among Americans seems to be growing. American "ex-libris" have taken the form mostly of the genre, the allegory, the portrait or the landscape, generally portraying, in some hidden form, the favorite pursuits of the owner. Heraldry on American book-plates is seldom seen.

Book-plates have been produced in many ways. The first plates were made from wood cuts. In this style the wood is cut away leaving the lines of the drawing in relief. Printer's ink is then applied and an impression taken on paper. Wood engraving is still used in some cases, but with greatly improved tools and methods. The metals were soon found to be more durable and engravings have since been made on copper and steel. In the cases of these latter, however, the lines of the drawing are cut into the plate. Ink is smeared over the plate and then wiped off clean from the

face, the ink remaining in the lines of the engraving. Pressure is then applied by another plate which forces the paper down into the lines of the engraving, making each line of the print stand out in relief. Many other methods are used, among them photo-engraving, used largely in the present day.

Many famous engravers have produced book-plates. The most noted *old* engraver to turn his attention to book-plates was Albert Diner. Probably the foremost in the art today is C. W. Sherborn of England. He has designed many famous plates, among others that of a Kansas Citian, a Mr. Fowler, who is in the commission business here. Mr. Fowler has a very singular book-plate and is also the editor of a magazine known as the "Ex-Librian," for which he sets the type and which he prints on his own press by his own hands.

Along with the collecting of curios and antiques has come the craze for collecting book-plates. Societies have been organized for this purpose and many valuable collections of book-plates are in existence.

In conclusion I can do no better than exhibit my own little book-plate. It is a simple little "ex-libris" after the allegorical type, representing an old mediaeval alchemist, and is intended to show my scientific tastes. The plate is printed from a copper line etching made from the original pen and ink drawing. The cut is much reduced in size.



Development of the American Pleasure Car.

STEPHEN G. GOULD, JR., '13.

Knowing the automobile as it is in its present stage of development, with all its beauty, comfort, silence, speed, and strength, it is difficult to realize that only twenty years ago the first gasoline car was put on the American market.

Men had been conscious of the need of other means of road travel than that of using animals as far back as 300 years, but little was accomplished toward that end, since experimenting in England had been discouraged by legislature, and the experimenters of the other three important countries, France, Germany and America, stuck too tenaciously to the idea of using steam propelled vehicles.

We find the statement of a German, three hundred years ago, to the effect that he would be able to travel two thousand paces an hour in a spring-propelled carriage. A little later a certain Dr. Robinson suggested to Watt the possibility of a steam vehicle. Neither idea was carried out until 1776, when Cugnot, a Frenchman, built a steam gun carriage for the French war department. Twenty years later he built a four passenger steam carriage capable of four miles per hour. It was this style of vehicle that the leading mechanics of the three countries tried so hard and so long to perfect. Fawcett of America tried a Brayton internally fired engine, and Copeland, also of America, tried to fit small steam engines even to bicycles and tricycles. But the steam vehicles could not be adapted to the roads.

It was not until 1862 that a gas engine was thought of. The first attempt was by a Frenchman, Lenoir, but it was the efforts of a German by the name of Daimler that made possible the car of today. Daimler took up Lenoir's idea and finally developed the high speed engine which is the predecessor of that used in the car of today.

Thus it is seen that France and Germany played quite an important part in the beginning of the automobile industry; but the Americans, though they might borrow some of the foreign ideas, had their own peculiar problem to meet.

This they did with a readiness and skill which has made the American automobile equal, if not superior to, any European car.

As has been already stated, the first American automobile was built about twenty years ago, in 1892. It was a mere buggy with a one cylinder, two and one-half horse power engine under its seat, belted to the rear wheels. It was indeed crude, even the whip socket was still on the dash board, and it was so unreliable that, so the rumor is, a pair of shafts were thrown in to the buyer in the bargain. Its makers, the Duryea Bros., were not discouraged, though their next year's product was no more of a success.

At this time there entered two factors which helped immensely to stimulate the new industry. These were the Chicago Exposition of 1894; and the annual *Times-Herald* road contests. The Exposition brought forth a two cylinder Duryea car, a one cylinder car by a new company, the Haines, and an electric vehicle, made by Sturgess of Chicago. The Duryea car won the *Times-Herald* contest, thus proving the superiority of the two cylinders over the one. Therefore, the next year the Haines put out a two cylinder car. That same year the Winton Motor Car Company put out its first product and by the end of 1896 the total product of all the companies was about twenty automobiles.

For the sake of brevity we will study the future growth and development of the automobile through the problems which confronted the American manufacturers.

At the very outset it became apparent that because of inferior road conditions the European car, built to run on smooth, well kept roads, could not be adapted to our use. We needed a steadier means of steering control than they had; we needed a car which would stand sudden raising or dropping of one side without wrenching the engine; and we needed a car with large wheels to clear the frame of the high bumps in the roads. As a

steadier means of steering. Duryea invented the steering-knuckle, an ingenious shortening of the leverage on the front wheels, which made them much easier to control. Reasoning from the geometrical truth that three points will always remain in the same plane no matter what the position of that plane, this same man conceived the idea of using three wheels instead of four, thus allowing the whole frame of the car to adjust itself to the levels of the road. But this was bad in that the front wheel was hard to guide and was always in the rough part of the road. His brother then thought, "why not fasten the engine to the frame on three points then all the twisting and wrenching of the frame could not injure the engine." This method of strapping the engine to the frame is called three point suspension, and has played quite a part in the history of the automobile. As the speed of the cars was increased they had to be made lower and longer until the buggy of twenty years ago has become the long, low, graceful touring car that we have today. Manufacturers early began to increase the number of cylinders, first to four and later to six, until today many of the hundreds of motor car companies have been forced to put out a six cylinder car to meet the increasing demand.

This brings us down closer to the present day when, as we know, the car has become quite reliable and the manu-

facturers are working towards silence, even at the sacrifice of power, and toward conveniences. We have as perhaps the greatest cars on the market those equipped with the Knight engines, which do away with the clicking, noisy, poppet-valves by using sliding sleeves inside the cylinder to regulate the admission and exhaust. Among the many conveniences added to the cars of today the most important is the self-starter, which saves the driver that straining and dangerous exertion of "spinning his engine" to start it. These starters, usually electric, though they are being used extensively have not become absolutely reliable, though those of this year are a great improvement over those of last year.

The car that more nearly represents the progress made in the construction of automobiles is a six cylinder, ninety horse-power, limousine, heated by means of the exhaust, lighted by electricity generated by the motor-generator of the self starting device, is equipped with a pump for inflating tires, has upholstery from ten to twelve inches thick; and is all highly finished and polished. When we see one of these rolling palaces and think back upon those ridiculously crude "horseless buggies" of the Columbian Exposition admired as the wonders of the age, we can then begin to realize the vast stride the sciences are making to meet the ever-increasing problems and changing conditions of the world.

Insect Remedies.

DORA TREE, '14.

It is good for every one to know of the different remedies for the different insects. We all meet them some time and if we do not know what to do to get rid of them, we are robbed of a great deal.

The biting insects are very injurious to plants, trees, flowers or fruits. Some of the biting insects are the beetle, grasshopper and the larvae, or worm-stage of butterflies and moths and include such as: Cabbage worms, tomato worms and fruit worms. These insects have jaws for chewing and eat solid ma-

terials of plants rather than merely the plant juices.

When a worm enters the fruit of a tree before it is ripe the fruit will rot and fall to the ground. They usually fall before they get ripe, then the owner has a chance to at least try and save the rest of his fruit and decrease the number of the next crop of worms. If he will gather the fruit that has fallen to the ground and destroy it, then spray the bushes or trees with a stomach poison, he may save a great deal of loss later in the season. Some of the stomach

poisons are paris green and lead arsenate. Sometimes you can save your fruit from becoming wormy by putting cotton batton soaked in kerosene, around the base of the tree or tar or sticky paper. All these help, but many times worms, or rather the eggs are laid on the tree and therefore the worms do not have to pass this substance at the base of the tree before beginning their work, so it is a good idea to spray the tree.

The sucking insects do a great deal of injury to plants, trees, leaves and fruit. They suck all the juicy substance from the plants and when this sap is gone the life is also lost. Some of these insects are the aphids, scale insects, thrips, plant bugs and plant feeding mites.

These insects are not like the grass hopper in respect to their mouth parts. Instead of jaws, they have long pointed bristles which pierce the food and then draw up the sap. For these insects we cannot use stomach poison, so we have to have something that will smother them, or in other words, fill the air about them with poisonous fumes such as kerosene emulsion, lime, sulphur spray, hydrocyanic gas, and burning tobacco.

The treatment for the sucking insects should be as early as possible in the spring as most of these insects live just during the summer. It helps to spray the trees once or twice during the winter.

Emulsions of soapsuds and water are good for aphids. If you have a plant with aphids or plant lice, just wash the plant good with soapsuds.

Kerosene and soap emulsions or the resin wash is good to use for saturating the soil about the plant affected.

Keep things around the houses and barns as clean as you can and you will not have so many pests because our most troublesome pest, the fly, breeds in filthy places, like stable manure, garbage cans, etc.

Keep the fence rows clean and the rubbish and weeds cleared about the farm and orchard, then you will lessen the number of insects because many will find these rubbish places, good hiding retreats during the winter. During winter we can do something to lessen insect pests by looking over the trees for cocoons. Pick them all off and burn them at some distance from the trees.

Insects can also be lessened by their enemies. One of the most useful enemies are the birds and the most useful birds are the chickadees, titmice and the woodpeckers, which kill these insects and use them for food. The wrens and swallows help to get rid of the flies, mosquitoes, worms and various other insects.

Then, too, we have many insect friends that help to get rid of our insect enemies by parasitizing them—for instance, the great groups of ichneumon flies that deposit their eggs in the bodies of various harmful insect larvae. The parasitized insect is so weakened that it never matures. Our own feeble efforts at extermination would be useless without the help of these many insect and bird assistants.

The Shipworm.

EMILY KEYTON.

The shipworms have been a source of much annoyance along the shores to wharves and wooden vessels. The name shipworm, or *Teredo*, is a misnomer as it belongs to the branch mollusk which are not worms. It is a mollusk because its body is encased in a shell and is a bivalve, because its shell is in two pieces. The teredo swims in the water for a very short time, and then settles down in the timbers of the wharves and unsheathed ships. When it settles down it is about the size of a

pin head, but sometimes grows to a length of eleven feet and a diameter of one inch. Many teredos enter the same piece of wood causing it to become so honey-combed that though the piling is apparently good it will suddenly collapse due to the weight of these many thousand animals and the inworking of the water in the burrowing holes. This causes loss of considerable money and sometimes human life.

Many experiments have been tried to rid the wharves of these shipworms but

without much success. Electricity has been used but the current passing through the infested piling makes the danger of fire too great. Besides, as the teredo eats its way into the wood it secretes a calcareous matter which is deposited on the surface of its winding burrow, making them invincible to the electric shocks.

Another method it is found will reach the vulnerable points of this teredo made of cheap cast iron are suspended

under the wharves into the salt water. When the current is turned on the electrolytic action in the salt water causes it to release large volumes of chlorine gas, which is deadly poisonous. One cubic inch of gas will permeate four cubic feet of wood, so that no matter how deep the teredo bores it cannot escape. This method may soon exterminate the teredo or make them less numerous, and is much cheaper than replacing expensive docks with new ones.

Anaesthetics.

LYMAN MASON, '13.

Anaesthetics are divided into two classes, local and general. Local anaesthetics are those which effect only those parts to which they are applied, while general anaesthetics effect the sensibility of the whole body.

Among the general anaesthetics those most commonly in use are sulphurous ether, nitrous oxide gas, and chloroform. Ether is a colorless transparent, volatile liquid of high refractory power and is made by distilling alcohol or spirits of wine with sulphuric acid. Ether possesses a fragrant odor and a fiery, passing to a cooling taste. When ether is inhaled it first produces a stimulating effect, then intoxication, but after continued inhaling it produces drowsiness, accompanied by complete insensibility. It is a valuable anaesthetic and was the first anaesthetic to be used for practical purposes, although it was by no means the first anaesthetic known, for the anaesthetic properties of certain substances are mentioned by Homer. When ether is introduced into the system it usually has an irritating effect on the kidneys, and will increase bronchitis if the patient is already suffering from it. Lately, however, nitrous oxide gas has been introduced into the system just before the state of complete anaesthesia, and this greatly lessens the after effects of the ether. Because of these effects ether has largely been superseded by chloroform, although ether is yet extensively used.

Nitrous oxide gas is composed of one equivalent of oxygen and one of nitrogen, and is more generally known as

"laughing gas," so-called because of the exhilarating effects it produces when inhaled. The anaesthetic properties of nitrous oxide gas was discovered in 1844. It has about the same effect on the system as ether, but without the disagreeable after effects of that anaesthetic. It is now used chiefly in dentistry.

Chloroform is of comparatively recent origin, its anaesthetic properties being discovered in 1848 by Simpson, of Edinburgh. It may be formed in several different ways; by the action of caustic potash on chloral, or by the action of nascent hydrogen on tetrachloride of carbon. It is prepared on a large scale by distilling water and alcohol with bleaching powder. When formed it is a heavy, colorless mobile liquid. The vapor of chloroform, when inhaled for some time, produces a temporary insensibility to pain. When inhaled in small quantities it produces pleasurable inebriation, followed by drowsiness, and when taken in larger quantities it produces loss of voluntary motion, a deadening of the mental powers, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the limbs, which relax, however, when the inhalation is continued. If carried too far, dangerous symptoms of apnoea or syncope result, and artificial respiration is needed to restore the patient to consciousness. It is not advisable to administer chloroform when the patient has a weak heart action. One great disadvantage of chloroform as an anaesthetic is its effect on the system after consciousness has been restored. It has a disturbing effect on the stomach, and

causes nausea and vomiting. Its advantage as an anaesthetic, however, greatly outweighs any such disadvantages it may have.

Among the many local anaesthetics may be mentioned the ether spray carbolic acid, creosote, thymol, and cocaine. Owing to the rapid evaporating qualities of ether, it becomes very cold, especially when air is bubbled through it. Thus when ether is sprayed on the part to be operated upon it freezes it, rendering the immediate part insensible to pain, and in this condition it may be easily operated upon. Even ice is sometimes used to freeze the parts, but ice is used only in unimportant cases.

Cocaine is perhaps the most valuable of all local anaesthetics, because of its ability to paralyze the sensory nerve only. A weak solution of it is injected under the skin, which renders it insensible to pain and which may be operated upon without pain. Cocaine is also extensively used in dentistry in tooth ex-

traction. When cocaine is introduced into the spine it causes a loss of sensation to all parts of the spine below the point of injection. Many hitherto impossible operations upon the spine can now be performed with the aid of cocaine and other local anaesthetics. Local anaesthetics are of great value in operations of a less serious nature and in painful affections of a limited area of the body. The employment of anaesthetics in surgery has greatly increased the scope of the surgeon and has been a boon to suffering humanity. Very few fatalities have occurred and where they have there has usually been some deficiency of the system, a hyper-sensitive nervous system, with a predisposition to sudden sinking or to shock, or a weak heart action. As has been stated before, however, the benefits gained from anaesthetics greatly surpass any disadvantages they may have. It would be difficult indeed, to try to imagine the medical profession without anaesthetics.

The American Buffalo.

HELEN MOFFATT, '13.

Today, scattered here and there over the United States, we find a few buffalo to remind us of the great herds that once roamed our plains, but even these few are not wild, but are penned up to show the populace what queer animals once occupied the land they now call home. These Buffalo are in reality "Bison" for the real buffalo are found only in Asia and Africa and have no hump upon their backs. The American species of bison is the only species to be found in the world.

The head, tail, legs, lower part of neck and shoulders of the bison are dark brown in color, shaded into light brown on the upper parts and is palest on the shoulders and hump. Long, shaggy, dark brown hair, often a foot in length covers its head and shoulders, reaching almost to its knees. In the spring the body bleaches into a brownish yellow against which the head looks inky black. It is said that a little bird, called the "Cow Bird," makes its nest in the shaggy hair on the head of the buffalo just between the horns. In Canada, at a zoo,

there is a great buffalo, who, the keepers say, is one of the fiercest they ever tried to handle, but just the same the little cow bird is not afraid of him for the whole year round her nest remains nestled in his shaggy wool and she herself is often seen perched between his horns when he is making some of his wildest charges against the walls in his efforts to free himself.

Before extermination began when they roamed wild, the buffalo were always sought for upon the open plain, for they avoided wooded country, roving up and down the prairies in search of food, sometimes traveling as far as four hundred miles. Many writers on the subject say that the buffalo were in a manner like the birds, going South in winter and North in summer, but Mr. Seton says they did not seem to be periodic in these movements, but went in one direction as long as food was available and then returned over the same road to where they dimly remembered having found food before. In going in search

of food the oldest cow always led the herd, the bulls bringing up the rear. In going in search of water the oldest cow led and the remainder of the herd followed in single file. The animals when at water displayed the only signs of playfulness in their nature. There they often climbed a bank and jumped off into the water. Then running out of the water they would clamor up the bank to repeat the performance.

The buffalo calves were generally born in April or May, and as soon as they were strong enough to continue with the herd they and their mothers were placed in the center of the herd as a protection against the wolves, and in such manner they would proceed. When attacked by the hunters the little calves would run to the highest prairie grass and dropping on their knees, duck their heads and close their eyes and imagine they were hid when all but their head was in plain sight.

Today in the great cliffs of the West many people have commented upon the worn appearance of the edges of the rocks. The places were worn off by the buffalo rubbing against them for they were always in search of rubbing places. When telephone poles were erected over the plains they were always being brok-

en down by the buffalo rubbing against them. And when spikes were placed on them as a safeguard the buffalo liked them all the better as they then served for scratching posts. Another habit the buffalo had of riding themselves of the tormenting weeds and bugs which clung to their shaggy coats was wallowing. They would paw up the marshy ground around ponds, lie down in the hole thus made and turn violently around until they were entirely covered by the slimy mud. This would usually be successful in cleaning their coats of their tormentors.

Today in all North America there can hardly be found two thousand buffalo, either wild or in captivity. They have nearly all been killed off and because of this the government is beginning a work of restoration so that the species will not die out. In many respects they resemble the common domestic cow for the meat of a buffalo so resembles that of a cow of the same age that it is almost impossible to detect a difference. However, the mixing of the breeds, cattle and buffalo, has proven a failure as the buffalo characteristics soon disappear. Therefore to perpetuate the species the pure blooded buffalo must be raised, and the government has set aside several reservations for this purpose.

The Extraction of Gold by the Use of Potassium Cyanide.

TERRY IMES, '13.

A comparatively new but now very extensively used method of extracting gold and silver from ore is the Cyanide Process. This method, in brief, is treating the crushed ore with a solution of potassium cyanide, which dissolves the metal from the ore, and then precipitates it either by electrolysis or by displacement by some other metal, usually zinc. Of course, there is no orthodox plan of procedure, the methods used by different plants in separate localities differing very radically on account of the vast differences in conditions, the most important of which are the chemical and physical nature of the ore, its adaptability for wet or dry crushing, the cost

of fuel, and the cost of labor. The following process is the one used at the Lisbon-Berlin mine near Johannesburg:

The first step in the process is the preparation of the ore by crushing so that it will pass through a thirty mesh siene. Necessarily a large amount of dust is formed which would interfere very much with the action of the cyanide solution, and therefore must be removed. This is accomplished by washing the prepared ore through several waters in order to remove as much slime as possible.

After washing the ore is transferred to large circular vats which are filled to within about one foot of the top.

Then, if any decomposed pyrites are present, it is necessary to wash the ore with an alkaline solution to neutralize the acid effect of the pyrite. Next, the cyanide solution is added, varying in strength from one-tenth to twenty-five hundredths per cent, and is allowed to leach the ore either in a downward or upward direction. As fast as the solution passes through one tank it is transferred to another, and so on until it becomes comparatively rich in gold. After the leaching with this solution is completed a weaker one is passed through to remove the dissolved gold held between the particles of ore.

The next step is the precipitation of the gold from the cyanide solution. This is accomplished in rectangular boxes of wood by the displacement of the precious metal by zinc. The zinc is cut into fine shavings upon a lathe and carefully packed to a thickness of about four inches into trays that fit tightly in the boxes. Through these trays of zinc the solution is passed by flowing upwards, thus allowing the precipitated

gold to collect more rapidly upon the lower side of the zinc, from which a portion tends to fall through to the bottom of the tank, and hence to prolong the action.

When a sufficient quantity of gold has been deposited upon the zinc shavings to hinder further action the vats are cleaned. The boxes and trays are washed with a weak solution of acid and alum to loosen the gold from the zinc and settle it faster. After the gold has settled the solution is drawn off and the trays of zinc sprayed with a jet of cold water, to remove all clinging gold. The turbid water with the gold in suspension is removed to clean tanks where sulphuric acid is added, and then heated to remove the silver present in the gold. After settling the gold slime is washed with hot water and allowed to dry. The dried material is then placed in large crucibles, mixed with a suitable flux, usually borax and ordinary baking soda, and smelted in a coke furnace. The molten gold is cast into ingots and sent to the mint for assaying and further refining.

Living on a Salary.

It may be interesting for some people to know that Manual has, in connection with her Domestic Science Department, something which very few High Schools in the country have—a department in Home Economics. In this class the building and the furnishing of a home is first considered, Home Nursing is taken up, and most important of all the expenses of the home are kept, certain salaries being given to different individuals and all the expenses being kept within the salary limit.

In the following accounts the salaries were fifty and one hundred dollars a month. An average month's expenses are given, but only one week's menus and costs are stated.

Family of Three.

Man, Wife, Child four years old.

Salary, \$50.

Rent of house.....\$10.00
Fuel..... 3.00

Light.....	.50
Clothing.....	5.00
Car fare.....	1.00
Church.....	1.00
Recreation.....	1.00
Running expenses of the home.....	2.00
Savings account.....	2.00
Food.....	24.50
	<hr/>
	\$50.00

GENERAL SUPPLIES FOR THE MONTH.

Potatoes, 1 bushel.....	\$.80
Canned corn, peas, etc.....	1.25
Flour.....	1.00
Sugar, 20 pounds.....	1.00
Coffee, 2 pounds.....	.50
Rice, 1 pound.....	.10
Lima beans (dried).....	.25
Oat meal and other cereal.....	.25
Side of bacon.....	1.50
Ham.....	1.75
Lard, 2 pounds.....	.25
Onions.....	.10
Soap.....	.25
Salt.....	.05
Pepper and other spices.....	.10
Corn starch.....	.10
Gelatin.....	.15

Tea25
Baking powder25
Corn meal05

SUPPLIES FOR THE WEEK.
(Excluding general supplies.)

Oranges	\$.15
Chicken45
Celery05
Cabbage05
Bananas10
Steak20
Lettuce10
Mutton chops20
Cheese10
Hamburg steak15
Water cress05
Split peas05
Veal15
Prunes10
Dried beef10
Halibut20
Meat for loaf15
Eggs, 1 dozen25
Butter, 1 pound35
Milk, 7 quarts50
Yeast04
Crackers05

SUNDAY.

1.—BREAKFAST.
Sliced Oranges
Omelet

Sally Lunns Coffee

2.—DINNER.
Baked Chicken

Mashed Potatoes Gravy
Celery

Cabbage and Apple Salad
Bavarian Cream Sponge Cake

Coffee

3.—SUPPER.
Chicken Salad
Preserves

Cake Tea

FAMILY OF FOUR.

Man, wife, girl 15, boy 17.
Salary, \$100.

Payment on house	\$ 20.00
Car fare	6.00
Clothing	15.00
Board	37.00
Water	1.00
Gas	3.25
Coal	5.00
Papers and magazines75
Insurance	1.50
Church	2.50
School supplies	1.00
Recreation	2.00
Savings account	7.00
	<hr/>
	\$100.00

GENERAL FOOD SUPPLIES FOR THE MONTH.

Sugar	\$1.50
Coffee, 4 pounds	1.20
Tea50
Salt05
Pepper, other spices10
Bacon75
Ham50
Rice25
Cereals40
Corn meal15
Potatoes	1.20
Onions05
Apples	1.00
Crackers15
Canned peas and corn50
Flour	1.85
Baking powder35
Prunes25
Peaches (dried)15
Rye flour15
Vanilla15
Macaroni15
Lemons25
Graham flour10

SUPPLIES FOR THE WEEK.

(Excluding general supplies.)

Eggs, 2 1-2 dozen	\$.50
Chicken60
Beef	1.00
Pork85
Fish40
Milk, 7 quarts51
Oranges30
Cheese10
Butter, 3 1-2 pounds	1.22
Radishes10
Lettuce10
Lard18
Sweet potatoes10
Cabbage05
Carrots05
Chocolate05
Spinach10
Apricots10

SUNDAY.

1.—BREAKFAST.

Bacon Poached Eggs
Apple Sauce Coffee
Toast

2.—DINNER.

Consomme
Roast Chicken Baked Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Corn Apple Jelly
Caramel Cream Sponge Cake
Coffee

3.—SUPPER.

Potatoe Salad Plum Jelly
Cold Meat Loaf
Rolls Cocoa

How Animals Make Their Toilets.

There are very few people who realize the care all dumb animals take in dressing themselves. Did you ever stop to think why the tongue of an animal is so much rougher than the tongue of a human being? Perhaps you have never noticed it, but it is true. For such animals as the cat, dog, horse, or cow use their tongues as combs to clean themselves. The cow, the horse, the giraffe, and the deer, will help one another to dress. A pet cat or dog will spend hours dressing itself before the fire, being very careful to keep its feet clean. Rabbits and o'possums also use their tongues to clean themselves.

The seal has a comb, especially provided by nature, to keep its much-prized coat beautiful and glossy. It is fastened in its front "flipper." Most people consider rats very dirty creatures but they also make their toilets like the cat.

But the neatest and cleanest of all animals are the birds. Birds, according to their class, bathe in water, or dirt, and some in both water and dirt. I have often watched a pet canary take its bath. It will wait until no one is apparently watching it and then plunge

in, but not unless the water and vessel it is to bathe in are perfectly clean. Tame ducks are particularly fond of taking their baths in the rain. They stand in a shower ruffling up their feathers to let the water thoroughly soak in and then they carefully smooth their feathers down with their bills, using an oil which their bodies contain for the purpose. Wild ducks that live by the sea will fly over a great distance to obtain fresh water for their baths. A great many birds take a daily bath, but swallows and martins will not unless they have fresh rain water.

Those birds that clean themselves in dirt are usually particular about the kind they use. Larks and sparrows choose fine, dry dust to shuffle in, dressing themselves afterwards with their bills. Partridges are clean and fresh after a noisy fluttering in loam and a thorough shaking. Although it does not seem so, the barn yard hen is cleaning herself when we see her shuffling in the dust in the back yard.

Thus you see the custom of dressing and cleaning is universal among dumb animals and more than one of us might be taught a lesson in neatness from our friends, the lower animals.

A New Project From the Machine Shop.

P. F. BRINK, '13.

Manual has a new addition to the equipment of the machine shop. It is a pedestal grinder, made by A. B. Park, G. Van Pelt, Paul Brink, and Russel Planck.

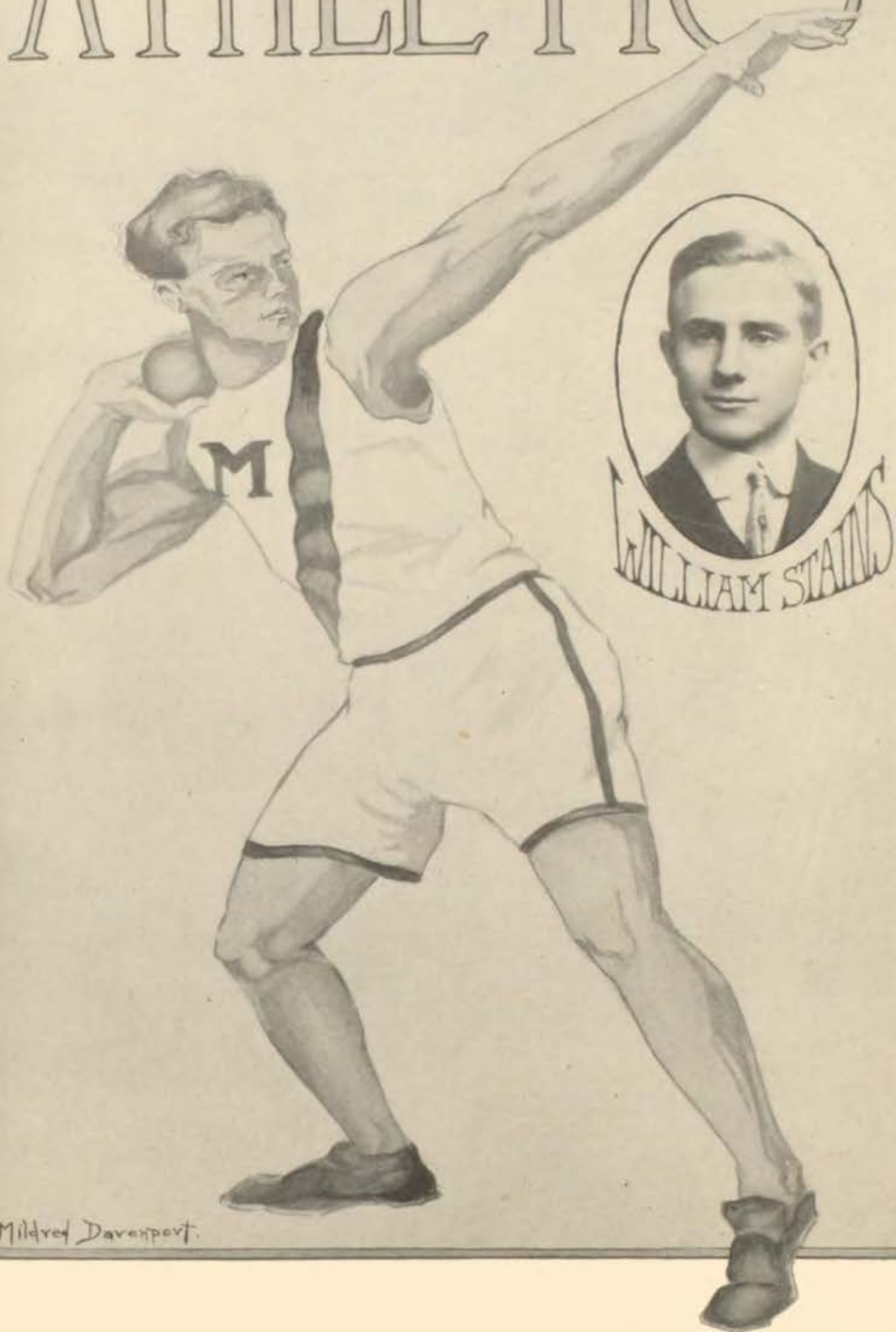
About the middle of last year these students, thinking they would like to make something useful and not mere exercises, applied to Mr. Cushman for permission to make something which could be used and at the same time leave something by which they could be remembered by future classes. As Mr. Johnson had completed the designs for a pedestal grinder, he offered the use of his patterns. So they were sent to the foundry. When the castings came they

were worked up by these students. The finished product, a grinder with pedestal and counter shaft, is valued at \$30.

The grinder will take a 10-inch wheel and will run at a cutting speed of approximately 6,000 feet a minute. It will take two wheels, one on each end of the spindle. The grinder sets on a pedestal 36 inches high and in the pedestal is a cupboard for the storing of tools, etc. It stands inside the door of room 11 and can be seen from the hall.

This grinder is the seventh piece of machinery made by the students for the enrichment of the equipment of Manual's machine shop. Manual's shops are equal to any in this city for light work.

ATHLETICS



Mildred Davenport.



TRACK TEAM.

Coach Dr. Hall
 Manager Mr. Cushman
 Captain Russell Plank

MEMBERS.

Russell Plank, captain.

Lawrence Winn,

Gordon Case,

William Grainger,

Drury Callahan,

Renolds Gordon,

Clarence Boullt,

Vern Hamlin,

Ross Anderson,

William Muir,

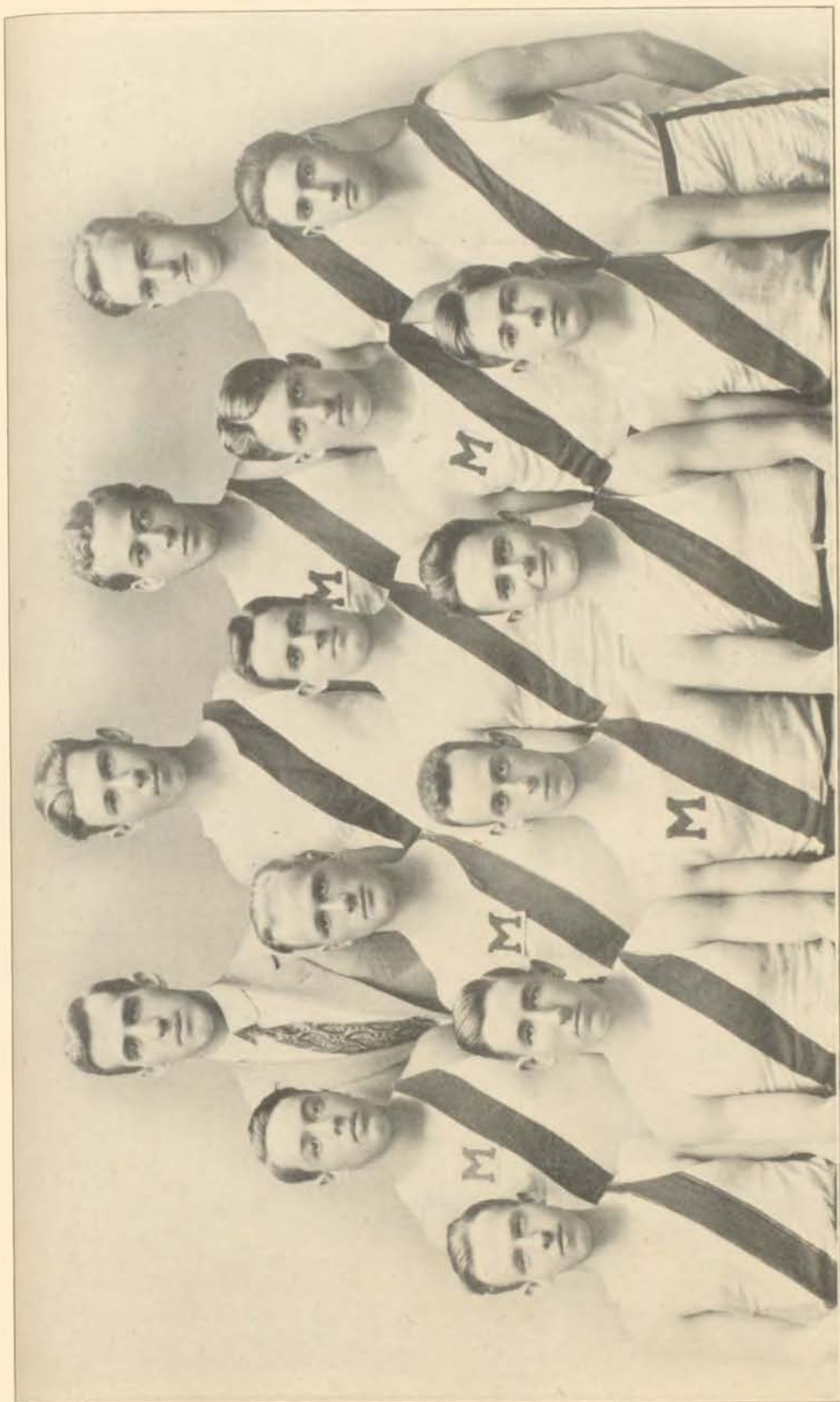
Alfred Coop,

Tom Berry.

Morris Riley,

SCHEDULE.

April 26, 1913—Manual vs. Lawrence—Manual, 62 1-2; Lawrence, 38 1-2
 May 3, 1913—Missouri Interscholastic—Manual, 39 1-2; won.
 May 10, 1913—M. V. I. A. A. at St. Joseph—Manual, 40; won.
 May 17, 1913—K. U. Invitation—Manual, 48; won.



Case

Winn

Coop

Muir

Plank

Riley

Granger

Berry

Boult

Anderson

Dr. Hall

Callahan

Hamlin

Gordon

Track.

Since it was thought best not to try to have a basket ball team, we have had more time and energy for track. It was decided early in the school year that there would be no basket ball at Manual owing to the smallness of our gym. Everybody understands that we were in no condition to compete with other schools when our boys had to depend entirely upon the courtesy of outside gymnasium managers to offer them their gyms in which to practice. This department believes that the student body now commends the judgment of the "powers" in taking this action. We have had no basket ball, but Manual has made up for it in that she has a dandy track team.

The boys started training last fall long and earnestly. Every fair day as long as the weather permitted the boys went out to train. When it became too cold for outside work, they worked inside, mostly with a skipping rope, for as you all know, our gymnasium has no running track, nor swimming pool, nor golf links with which to train the mighty muscles of our brawny sons.

In the spring tryouts, the boys showed up in great shape. Boult is our star man. He showed up well in the dashes and is a "whang" when it comes to the quarter and half. Boult is undoubtedly the best half and quarter miler Manual has had for some years. Hamlin has shown up in the half recently to be able to stick pretty close to the rest of them. He is still our crack miler. Coop, a comparatively new man, tags Hamlin's heels in the mile and makes "Ham" go some at the finish. Winn is our greatest find this year. He is good in the dashes and is one of our best men in the pole vault and broad jump; just recently he started running the hurdles. Even Dr. Hall was surprised at the time he was able to make, even from the beginning. "Winnie" and Boult still have another year and should develop into a point winning pair.

Callahan has been pole-vaulting in good form lately, keeping about even with Winn. Callahan could also put the shot in a pinch. In the broad jump, Callahan, Anderson, Boult and Winn have been doing well, Winn being the

best of the four. In the high jump, Anderson and Callahan are our best men. Riley has been handicapped in his pole vaulting by having a bum ankle.

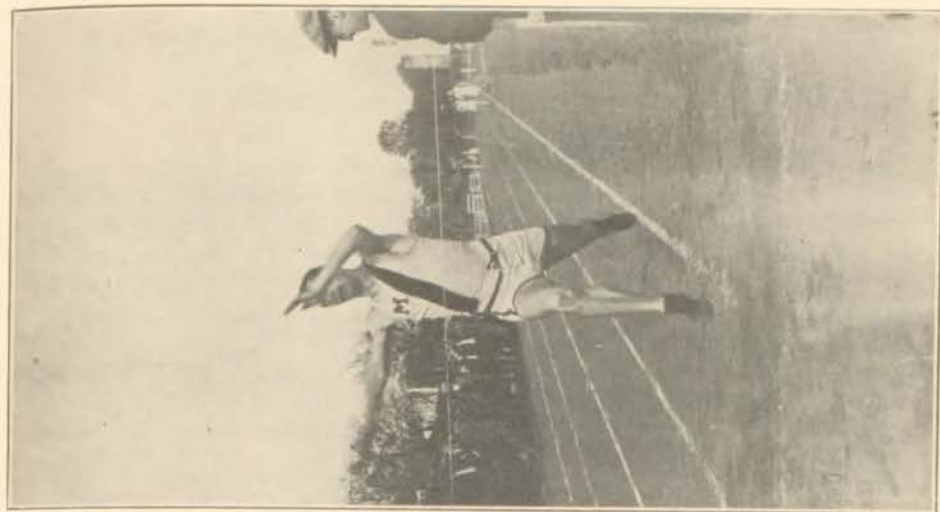
Grainger was one of our greatest hopes for the dashes and middle distances. He showed well in these events the first of the season, but has not done the best looked for lately on account of a great deal of outside work. Grainger, however, is by no means a "dead one" yet and his opponents had better look out.

Plank, our star weight man, is back this year. He has been making some good heaves with the shot and trying to break some records with the discus. From the way things look now he ought to do so. Other men who have shown up well in the weights are Berry and Muir. This is Berry's first year in track and he has done exceptionally well. Muir besides heaving the weights, is a good man in the relays. Others who have made their mark of distinction in the relays are Stanley, Boult and Riley. Boult being the fastest.

The hurdles have caused Dr. Hall a great deal of worry until recently. In the tryouts, Case, who was with us last year, and Anderson, also of last year, did not show up in very good form. Case has been improving lately, however, and is due to bring home some bacon. In recent tryouts Winn proved himself to be some hurdler, thereby putting our coach at greater ease.

Claude Field, our half-miler, unfortunately has not been able to participate in any of the meets owing to an abscess on one of his heels. Dr. Hall has examined the foot and expresses an opinion that he may yet enter into a meet. Claude has our utmost sympathy. Here's hoping you may get into the game, Claude. Reynolds Gordon should make a good dash man in another year.

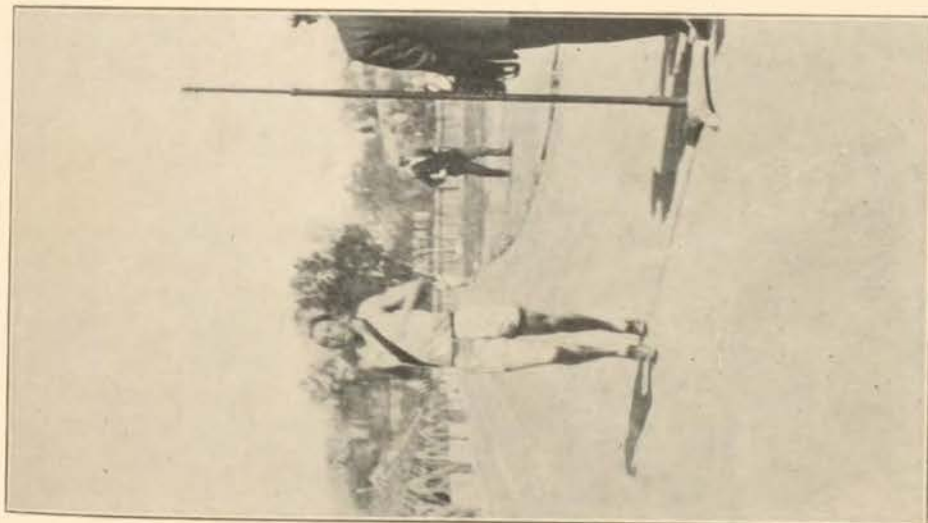
Taking things as a whole, our boys have shown up exceptionally well, and it is the opinion of our most praiseworthy coach, Dr. Hall, that we are going to carry off much honor and glory, not to mention numerous cups and medals. We have the best track team seen at Manual for three years.



BOULLITT,
Winning 880 at Columbia.



RUSSELL PLANK,
Captain.



HAMLIN,
Finishing Mile at Lawrence.

Manual vs. Lawrence High School.

Our meet with Lawrence High School on April 26, 1913, was a decided success. This was the first meet of the season and gave Dr. Hall, our coach, a line on our best men. The "Crimson" team came off victors with a score of 62 1-2 to 38 1-2. The meet was held on McCook Field. The boys all reported a fine time and they, together with Dr. Hall through this department, wish to thank Mr. Hamilton of K. U. along with all concerned for the royal good treatment extended them.

In the first few events the meet was closely contested, Lawrence being strong in the dashes. In the 100-yard dash men entered Boullt, Grainger and Gordon. O'Leary of Lawrence took first, while Randall of Lawrence tied with Boullt for second.

Case ran an exceptionally good race in the high hurdles. All were pleased at his exhibition. His good form in this event showed that he has not forgotten how the "trick is done."

Hamlin, our crack miler, was made the "goat" in the mile. In the race, Lawrence entered one of their middle class men and their best man Allen. Manual entered Hamlin and Coop. The Lawrence middle class man ran Hamlin his stiffest race and then dropped back letting Allen take the lead. Consequently Hamlin was "all in" at the finish. He finished second though. "Ham" wouldn't do to "fool" with for an hour or so afterward.

Boullt, of course, took first in the quarter mile. He certainly ran a pretty race winning by a good lead. Boullt is getting better form in his stride and will probably run some very pretty races by the close of the season.

In the 220-yard hurdles, Metcalf of Lawrence came in just ahead of Case.

Plank had an able opponent in Wilbur of Lawrence. Berry and Muir were also entered in the shot put. Berry took second in the shot.

Winn and Callahan had it all to themselves in the pole vault. The boys did not have to extend themselves as the

height was only 10 feet when they had put all competitors out.

In the 220-yard dash, Winn ran a pretty race. He had to stretch out some though in order to get second place, for Lawrence had some good men entered in this event.

Boullt again proved himself to be an "imperial" when it came to the half mile. This was one of the prettiest races of the day. "Doc" took the lead soon after the start and kept it throughout the race. He was some distance ahead of the others at the finish.

There was a lot of friendly competition in the high jump. Callahan and Anderson were trying to out-do each other. Neither succeeded, however, for they tied for first place with a height of 5 feet 5 inches. It was also a one-sided affair in the broad jump for Manual. Winn came down to the take-off board like a locomotive and sounded like a wreck when he left the board. He must have had a good supply of steam for he jumped 19 feet 9 inches. Anderson, although slightly more calm, came very near to Winn's marks.

In the discus Plank again scored. Wilbur of Lawrence, who it is said heaves the iron 121 feet in practice, failed to come up to Plank's throw which was only 116 feet 5 inches. Plank recently hurled the discus 133 feet in practice.

On account of their superior dash men Lawrence won the relay.

THE SUMMARY.

100-Yard Dash—First, O'Leary (L); Randall (L) and Boullt (M) tied for second. Time, 11 seconds.

120-Yard Hurdles—First, Case (M); second, Metcalf (L). Time, 17:4.

Mile Run—First, Allen (L); second, Hamlin (M). Time, 4:52 1-2.

440-Yard Dash—First, Boullt (M); second, O'Leary (L). Time, 53:2.

220-Yard Hurdles—First, Metcalf (L); second, Case (M). Time, 28:4.

Shot Put—First, Plank (M); second, Berry (M). Distance, 43 feet 5 inches.

Pole Vault—First, Callahan (M); second, Winn (M). Height, 10 feet.

220-Yard Dash—First, Randall (L.); second, Winn (M). Time, 23:4-5.

Half Mile Run—First, Boultt (M); second, Heller (L.). Time, 2:14 1-5.

High Jump—Callahan and Anderson

(M) tied for first. Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

Broad Jump—First, Winn (M); second, Anderson (M). Distance, 19 feet 9 inches.

Discus—First, Plank (M); second, Wilbur (L.). Distance, 116 feet 5 inches.

Relay Race—Won by Lawrence.

“M. U.” Interscholastic Meet.

Old Manual again conducted herself in a glorious manner at Columbia, Missouri, on May 3, 1913. She carried off the cup for having won first place in the tenth annual track meet with a score of 39½ points. A great victory for her, because she had to compete with 40 other high schools and academies from every part of the state. The boys, together with Dr. Hall, went down to Columbia on Friday morning to be there for High School day. They wish to thank the people down at Columbia and especially our Alumni at the University, for the cordial welcome and splendid good time shown them.

Boultt's running, both in the quarter and the half mile, made the crowd of 4,000 spectators think that “Doc” was about right. And “Doc” *was* about right. Despite the rain and chill wind, he made the quarter in 53 seconds. In this race he finished a good fifty yards ahead of all competitors and incidentally hung up a new Manual record and thereby won a record cup. In the half though he got tired running, so when he came to the tape, he sat down and watched the others come in. He was only about 100 yards ahead of the others. Boultt ran this race in 2:04 3-5. He was not satisfied with two firsts, so he took fourth in the mile relay.

In the half mile race in which Boultt took first, Hamlin made a remarkable sprint and squeezed into second place. Hamlin also finished fourth in the mile. Grainger won third place in the 440. In the pole vault Winn was somewhat disappointed that he did not tie with Callahan. He was going 10 feet 8 inches, but the judges decided he knocked the

bar off. He got second, however. Winn's greatest mark was made in the low hurdles. In this event he finished in 26 4-5 seconds, thereby establishing a new record in Manual for the low hurdles. The old record was 27 flat and was held by Hull. This entitles Winn to an individual cup for breaking a Manual record.

In the second quarter mile run Grainger took third place. Callahan, besides taking first in the pole vault, tied with Martin of California High School for second place in the high jump.

Plank won the discus with a throw of 114 feet. Plank seemed to have a little “gloom” attached to him all day. The best he could do in the ring was 114 feet. He could step outside the ring and hurl the iron 130 feet. Plank also took third place in the shotput.

In this meet two records were broken. Simpson of Bosworth cleared the bar at 5 feet 9½ inches in the high jump. The old record of 5 feet 8½ inches was held by Nicholson, Missouri's star hurdler, when he was a student of McKinley High School. The old record of 21 feet 6 inches in the broad jump was broken by Simpson with a leap of 22 feet 3 3-4 inches.

THE SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

Shot Put—J. Lee, Charleston, won; C. Brown, Houston, second; R. Planck, Kansas City Manual, third; A. Hughes, California, fourth. Distance, 45 feet 6 inches.

One Mile—S. Walker, Sedalia, won; R. Sanford, Joplin, second; F. Gearhardt, Sedalia, third; V. Hamlin, Kansas City Manual, fourth. Time, 4:57 4-5.

100-Yard Dash—Schwabe, Columbia, won; Simpson, Bosworth, second; MacArthur, Wentworth, third; Rutledge, Mount Vernon, fourth. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

High Hurdles—Wayland, Keytesville, won; MacArthur, Wentworth, second; Conover, Wentworth, third; Case, Kansas City Manual, fourth. Time, 16 4-5 seconds.

Quarter Mile—First race: Boulton, Kansas City Manual, won; Webb, Kemper, second; Truitt, Sedalia, third; Hubbs, Charleston, fourth. Time, 53 seconds.

Quarter Mile—Second race: E. Walker, Wentworth, won; J. Martie, California, second; W. Grainger, Kansas City Manual, third; Ogilvie, Charleston, fourth. Time, 55 seconds.

High Jump—Simpson, Bosworth, won; setting new state scholastic record of 5 feet, 9½ inches; Callahan, Kansas City Manual, and Marie, California, tied for second; Hughes, California, Bryant, California, MacArthur, Wentworth, Stuckey, Brunswick, tied for fourth places.

Discus Throw—R. Plank, Kansas City Manual, won; J. Lee, Charleston, second; H. Lee, Charleston, third; H. Asbell, Huntsville, fourth. Distance, 114 feet.

220-Yard Dash—Seyffer, Joplin, won; W. Schupp, Sedalia, second; O. Matsell, Brunswick, third; B. Grigg, Joplin, fourth. Time, 23 1-5 seconds.

880-Yard Run—First race: C. Laird,

Vandalia, won; V. Hamlin, Kansas City Manual, second; Vasquez, Wentworth, third; Snoeberier, Joplin, fourth. Time, 2 minutes, 11 seconds.

220-Yard Run—Second race: C. Boulton, Kansas City Manual, won; P. Miller, Joplin, second; Church, Columbia, third; L. Lockett, Sedalia, fourth. Time, 2 minutes 4 seconds.

Low Hurdles—L. Winn, Kansas City Manual, won; F. Vore, Wentworth, second; C. Stewart, Kemper, third; M. Kemper, Manual Training School, Washington University, St. Louis, fourth. Time, 26 4-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—D. Callahan, Kansas City Manual, won at 10 feet 8 inches; L. Winn, Kansas City Manual, second; H. Dayne of McMillan High, Mexico, P. McGee of McMillan High, Mexico, A. Estes of Montgomery, H. Green and W. Theilmann, both of Appleton City Academy, and R. MacArthur, Wentworth, tied for third and fourth places.

Broad Jump—Simpson of Bosworth, won with a jump of 22 feet, 3 3-4 inches, thereby setting a new state scholastic record; Wayland, Keytesville, second; Hequembourg, Charleston, third; A. Maxwell, Wentworth, fourth.

Half Mile Relay—Joplin, won; Sedalia, second; Manual Training School, Washington University, St. Louis, third; Charleston, fourth. Time, 1 minute 38 2-5 seconds.

Mile Relay—Sedalia, won; Joplin, second; Charleston, third; Kansas City Manual, fourth. Time, 3 minutes 45 seconds.

Athletic Notes.

Lee Talbot, our great weight man of some years ago, has taken it upon himself to break another world's record. In a recent meet held on Franklin Field at Philadelphia, Pa., Talbot hurled the discus 142 feet 1-2 inch, thereby making a new world's record for this event. Talbot also won the shotput event at 42 feet 4 1-2 inches and took third in the 16-pound hammer at 163 feet.

After participating in the exercises on award day the members of the track and gymnasium teams are promised a banquet by the members of the cooking

classes in their new dining room. Look out fellows, you know what about the easiest way to a man's heart!

The Athletic Department wants to thank Alfred Coop for the pictures of the meet at Lawrence he was kind enough to present to us. Keep it up, Coop. You are a good photographer, but you are a better miler.

Carradine Elliott, a former Manual student and employed at M. U. in gymnasium work, will conduct summer camp work in the north for the Michigan State Y. M. C. A. organization.



"WINNIE" WINNING 220 HURDLES AT
COLUMBIA.
If You Think He Wasn't "Going Some," Just Take
a Look at His Hair.



CASE TAKING SECOND MONEY IN 220 HURD-
LES AGAINST LAWRENCE HIGH.
He Won First in 120 Hurdles the Same Meet.

M. V. I. A. A. Track Meet.

For the third time this season our boys came off the field in victory. In the M. V. I. A. A. meet, held at St. Joseph, Mo., on May 10, 1913, Manual won with a score of forty points. Good time was made in all the events, considering the weather. It rained all day and the boys were stiff with the cold. The running events could not be pulled off on the regular track, but had to be held on a drive-way. The boys reported a royal time and a swell "feed" which helped to offset the inclement weather.

In the high hurdles both Winn and Case were disqualified for knocking down too many hurdles. Our boys had a good lead and would have placed, if they had not been disqualified.

Boult took second in the hundred, coming in close to Neidorp of St. Joe.

Winn and Callahan tied for first in the pole vault with a height of 10 feet, 2 inches. They tossed up a coin and Winn won the gold medal. Better luck next time, "Cully." Riley tied with Liggett of Central for fourth place.

In the mile, our boys, Hamlin and Coop, lost out. "Hamm" declares emphatically he cannot run the mile and carry St. Joseph real estate at the same time. If one could have seen only the boys' feet, they would have mistaken them for ducks' feet.

In the quarter, Grainger got fourth and Boult third.

In the half mile, Boult took first place and thus helped *even up* for getting no better than third in the 440.

Winn won the low hurdles in remarkable time, considering the conditions. His time was 28.25 seconds. "Winnie" was certainly hitting them hard at the finish. Case was again unlucky in knocking down too many hurdles.

Callahan tied with Walker of Central for fourth place in the high jump; the first, second and third places going to Westport men.

Plank made a good heave in the discus, making a distance of 120 feet, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Ferry took third in this event.

In the shot-put Plank again led his class by winning with a heave of 43 feet, 10 inches.

In the broad jump Winn took third and Boult fourth.

THE SUMMARY.

120-yard hurdles—First, Heath, Westport; second, Rice, St. Joe; third, Jones, Westport; fourth, Whitsett, St. Joe. Time, 10.4-5 seconds.

100-yard dash—Neidorp, St. Joe and Miller, West Des Moines, tied for first; Boult, Manual, third; Lawrence, Central, fourth. Time, 10.3-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Winn and Callahan, Manual, tied for first; second, McNamar, West Des Moines; fourth, Liggett, Central; Riley, Manual, tied. Height, 10 feet, 2 inches.

1/4 mile run—First, Penny, West Des Moines; second, ———, St. Joe; third, Chise, Savannah; fourth, Craven, West Des Moines. Time, 5.30-45.

Quarter-mile run—First, Neidorp, St. Joe; second, Meller, West Des Moines; third, Boult, Manual; fourth, Grainger, Manual. Time, 54.

220-yard hurdles—First, Winn, Manual; second, Whitsett, St. Joe; third, Brundley, West Des Moines. Time, 2.25 seconds.

High jump—First, Morse and Penn, Westport, tied; third, Williams, Westport; fourth, Callahan, Manual and Walker, Central, tied. Height, 5 feet, 6 inches.

Discus—First, Plank, Manual; second, Robinson, St. Joe; third, Berry, Manual; fourth, Plummer, West Des Moines. Distance, 120 feet, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Broad jump—First, Plummer, Westport; second, Carson, West Des Moines; third, Winn, Manual; fourth, Boult, Manual. Distance, 40 feet, 10.3-4 inches.

Shot-put—First, Plank, Manual. Distance, 43 feet, 10 inches.

K. U. Invitation Meet.

Four times has Manual walked off the field this season the victor in athletic games. Four times her victory has been complete, because of her worthy opponents. Manual has made an enviable record in track this year, owing entirely to the intense interest and loyalty of our boys and to the untiring efforts of Dr. Hall.

On Saturday, May 17, 1913, Manual, along with numerous high schools in Kansas, were entered in the K. U. Invitation Meet held at Lawrence, Kansas. Manual won with a score of 48 points. Her nearest competitor was Westport with a score of 18 1-2 points.

Winn was the lucky man, as usual, in the high hurdles. The time, 17:1, was fast, considering the condition of the track. Case took second in this event.

Boultt again had a worthy man to compete against in the quarter-mile and lost first place to him. Neidorp of St. Joseph, took first and Boultt second in this event. The time, 52:4, was better than that made in the quarter-mile in the Missouri-Kansas meet, which was 53:3.

Boultt took first in the half-mile run, winning by a good margin.

In the 220-yard hurdles, Winn again won first place, thus putting Manual *on the map* again in the stick events.

In the relay race, Manual got fourth place, Lawrence High School winning first.

Our boys showed up well in the field events, winning good places in all five events.

Callahan took first in the pole vault, with Winn a close second. There is a great deal of friendly competition between these two men in the pole vault, as to which can take the bar highest. If Winn gets his "grunt" to work in unison with his muscles, he can most always equal "Cally's" vault. If he leaves off his "grunt" though, Callahan has him bested.

Plank scored again in the shot-put by taking first place, with a heave of 44 feet, 3 3-4 inches. Berry also scored in this event by taking third.

In the high jump, Callahan took sec-

ond, losing first to a Westport man.

In the discus, Plank took first with a distance of 112 feet, 6 inches. Berry took third in this event also.

In the broad jump, Winn took fourth. Winn was the individual star of the meet, winning two firsts in the hurdles, one second in the pole vault, and one fourth in the broad jump, totaling 14 points.

THE SUMMARY.

50-yard dash—Hardy, Catholic High School, Kansas City, first; Davis, Center High School, second; Niedorp, St. Joseph High School, third; Brooker, Peabody High School, fourth. Time, 05:3.

One mile run—Starr, Florence High School, first; Zercher, Topeka High School, second; Crowder, Neodesha, and Allen, Lawrence High School, tied for third. Time, 4:50:4.

120-yard hurdles—Winn, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., first; Case, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., second; Heath, Westport, Kansas City Mo., third; Renick, Central, Kansas City, Mo., fourth. Time, :17:1.

100-yard dash—Davis, Center High School, first; Hardy, Catholic High School, Kansas City, Kas., second, Neidorp, St. Joseph High School, third; Selbie, Westport, Kansas City, Mo., fourth. Time, :10:1.

Quarter mile—Neidorp, St. Joseph, first; Boultt, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., second; Sullivan, Attica High School, third; O'Leary, Lawrence High School, fourth. Time, :52:4.

Half-mile dash—Boultt, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., first; Weaver, Concordia High School, second; Heller, Lawrence High School, third; Rider, Central, Kansas City, Mo., fourth. Time, 2:08:2.

220-yard hurdles—Winn, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., first; Renick, Central, Kansas City, Mo., second; Cress, Chase County High School, third; Metcalf, Lawrence High School, fourth. Time, :28.

220-yard dash—Hardy, Catholic High School, Kansas City, Kas., first; Pierson, Pratt High School, second; Randall, Lawrence High School, third; Row,

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Westport, Kansas City, Mo., fourth. Time, :24:2.

Four-fifths mile relay—Lawrence High School, first; Topeka High School, second; Central, Kansas City, Mo., third; Manual, Kansas City, Mo., fourth. Time, 2:47:2.

Pole value—Callahan, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., first; Winn, Manual, second; Liggett, Central, and Marr, Westport, tied for third. Height, 10 feet, 3 inches.

Twelve-pound shot-put—Plank, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., first; Nelson, Winfield High School, second; Berry, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., third; Wilbur, Lawrence High School, fourth. Dis-

tance, 44 feet, 3 3/4 inches.

High jump—Morse, Westport, Kansas City, Mo., first; Callahan, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., second; Williams, Westport, third; Pittam, Westport, fourth. Height, 5 feet, 8 inches.

Discus throw—Plank, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., first; Wilbur, Lawrence High School, second; Berry, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., third; Rohloff, St. Joseph High School, fourth. Distance, 112 feet, 6 inches.

Running broad jump—Brooker, Peabody High School, first; Williams, Westport, Kansas City, Mo., second; Pittman, Westport, third; Winn, Manual, Kansas City, Mo., fourth. Distance, 20 feet, 11 inches.



GYMNASIUM TEAM.



GYMNASIUM TEAM IN A COUPLE OF
PYRAMIDS.



The Athletic Entertainment.

The entertainment was a decided success. The program was carried out admirably in every respect, and everybody got their money's worth and then some. The majority of the tickets were sold, the receipts being \$150.00, at the lowest estimate.

Dr. Hall and Dr. Hoernig deserve much praise and credit for their tireless work in training the gymnasium classes, and we think everybody at Manual appreciates it. However, if there is one person at Manual who deserves more praise for his hard and persistent work than another, that person is Mr. Riggs, and the athletic department takes this opportunity to thank Mr. and Mrs. Riggs and the music department for the splendid part which they took in the program. The solos rendered by Wm. Muir and Huber Kerns were roundly applauded. The vocal duet sung by Mr. and Mrs. Riggs goes without saying. The department wishes to thank Mr. Bret Boright for the numbers which he rendered with the violin. It will be remembered by some that Mr. Boright holds Manual's high jump record, and was captain of the track team in 1908. The girls' gymnasium team and the boys' gymnasium team were, of course, up to perfection. "Ham" is some rope-skipper. Coop and "Issy" were as funny as ever. The program is given below:

1. Reapers' Song..Horn Quartette
From Orchestra.
2. Fancy Rope Skipping....
.....Boys' Gymnasium Team

3. Silver Threads Among the
Gold.Rexford
Cupid's Quartette, from Glee Club
4. (a) Folk Dances
1. L'Zoronto (Spanish)
2. Tourdion (Old French)
(b) Tyrolienne (Swiss Folk
Dance)
(c) Hungarian Gypsy Dance
(d) Polka Miniature
Girls' Gymnasium Classes.
Explanation of Dances
Miss Ruth Ziegler.
At the Piano, Miss Mary Oldham.
5. Vocal Solo, Thursday....Molloy
Wm. Muir.
6. Vaulting Horse
Parallel Bars
Boys' Gymnasium Team.
7. Violin Solo, Selected
Mr. Bret Boright.
8. (a) Humereske (Aesthetic
Dance).Dvorak
Violin Obligato,
Miss Elsie Clausen.
(b) Greek Maidens Playing Ball
(c) Greek Cymbal Dance
(d) Bluette Polka
Girls' Gymnasium Classes.
9. Vocal Duett, Selected
Mr. and Mrs. Riggs.
10. Pyramids
Boys' Gymnasium Team.
11. Vocal Solo, Believe Me If
All Those Endearing
Young Charms.Moore
Huber Kerns.

The Champion Game.

WALTER BETTS, '16.

"I say, Ralph, this is tough luck," said Phillip Reed, one bright sunshiny morning at the two Sophomores were walking slowly to school.

"Tough luck is no name for it," said Ralph. "The Juniors will certainly win this final game and we Soph's simply can't stand for it, either," he continued, stamping his foot defiantly.

"What harm was it anyway for Chuck to put up our flag when we held the ladder for him and our girls made the flag?"

Charles Cramer was the star player on the Sophomore basket ball team and he had been expelled some little time before, for putting the Sophomore flag on the flagpole, after a victory over the Juniors. Three games were to be played between the Sophomores and Juniors to determine the champion team of the great Princeton High School. The first two games had been played with a result that the Juniors won the first and the Sophomores the second. This winning game would decide the battle and the Sophomores' hopes were steadily going down, when they faced the situation of their star player, Charles Cramer, being expelled and no one to take his place.

Ralph Ray and Phillip Reed were discussing this trying situation when Ralph felt a sharp crack on the shoulder. Rubbing his shoulder, he turned around only to be greeted with a smile as broad and sunny as the sun itself.

"Whoop-e-e," yelled! Louis Stafford as he jumped up and down and whooped and yelled. "Haven't you fellows heard the news? Chuck's thirty days expire this morning and he can play tonight. Hip! Hip! Hooray! We'll beat the Juniors yet." Louis Stafford, president of the Sophomore class, and his two friends then rushed up the school house steps to proclaim the tidings to the Sophomores, only to run into and absolutely knock down, Guy Jennings, who was president of the Junior class.

"We didn't mean to knock you down, Jennings, but we were in such a hurry

to tell the good news that we rushed headlong and didn't look before us," said Louis.

"The news must have been good," said Guy. "Tell me and let me join you in your rejoicing," said he jokingly.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't wish to join us—if you knew what the news is," said Louis. "In brief, Charles Cramer's thirty days expire today and he can play tonight and the Sophomores are going to beat the Juniors so bad that they will never recover." With this the three Sophomores ran on leaving the Junior completely dazed—and great was his surprise.

"If this is true, what's to be done," murmured he; "how can we win with Charles Cramer playing? Something must be done and that mighty quick." Suiting his word to action, he quickly ran over to the place where his chum, Everett Everton, lived and was seen no more until noon.

In the meantime the Sophomores were in the highest spirits imaginable and between every class that morning, yells would ring out, and a down-hearted and sad-eyed class were the Juniors. All went well until noon, when Charles Cramer came slowly into the assembly hall crushing a small piece of paper in his hand and looking as if he had lost his last friend on earth.

"What's the matter, Chuck?" Ralph asked surprisedly.

"Just read this, if you want to know," said Chuck sadly.

"No!" exclaimed Ralph. "It cannot be—why, your dad never objected to basket ball; what on earth is the matter?"

"Well," said Charles, optimistically, "I was just home with father for a thirty-day vacation and he encouraged me to play, saying I might work off some of the meanness that was in me if I would play hard. Let's just keep quiet," he continued, "and I will immediately wire father and ask him the reason. Come right along now and we will go to the

telegraph office.' The two boys rushed to the office and sent the following telegram:

"Dear Father:

What on earth is the matter—the success of the Sophomores depends on me. Please telegraph back and tell me your reason for not wanting me to play.

"CHARLIE."

The boys patiently waited and in the course of half an hour received this telegram:

"Dear Son:

Don't ever frighten your dear old dad again by sending him a telegram. I thought you had been expelled again. I never sent any such message. Play your best and win.

FATHER."

"Whew-ew-ew," whistled Ralph. "Let me whisper something in your ear—you just keep your eye on Jennings and Everton and see what happens. I thought it ever since this morning, and now I know it. You see, Chuck, I live in the next room to Everton, and when I ran back to get my Latin grammar, Jennings was there and I heard Everett say, 'Yes, Guy, my uncle lives in the same town his father does, and he will do us this favor—let's call him now.' Now I see through it all," exclaimed Ralph. "They were trying to devise some scheme by which you wouldn't be able to play tonight and thereby let the Juniors win. Everett has telephoned his uncle and had him send you the fictitious telegram."

"Yes," observed Charles, thinking hard, "I can hardly believe it of them, though. Let's watch them closely tonight and we can soon find out the truth. They knew you were obedient and if you received a telegram from your

father they knew you would obey his commands."

Neither of the boys said anything of the affair to anyone and went to the gym. very early. They had not been there very long when Guy and Everett came in and when they glanced around they perceived Charles with his suit on practicing, their expressions changed from a very calm look to one of much trouble and anxiety. Guy whispered hurriedly to Everett and again looked to make sure he really saw Charles. He tried to assume an air of indifference and walking up to Charles, said, "So you're going to play tonight, are you?"

"Certainly," said Charles. "Did you not know that my thirty days expired this morning. I thought you understood that this morning when you were knocked down." Guy gritted his teeth in anguish, but could say nothing.

Seeing it was useless to say more, he went back to where Everett was standing, only to find him shifting from one foot to the other while he was nervously talking to Ralph. Presently Ralph walked away and Guy hastened as quickly as possible, without attracting unnecessary attention, to Everett.

"Say!" said Everett, "he asked me if I had an uncle that lived in the same town that Charlie's father lived. Do you suppose they suspect anything?"

"They must—they must," cried Guy, "because when I asked him if he was going to play, he said, 'Certainly, I thought you understood that this morning when you were knocked down.' Now that was adding an insult to injury, but I believe they have got us and we had better fess up and tell them that it was only a joke."

After a short time they told, and it is needless to say—the Sophomores won.

EXCHANGES



Mildred Davenport



RUBY MOLING

Every organization owes its success or failure to the activity or indifference of its members. A high school is only a large organization, whose honor and reputation must be sustained by its members, the students. This depends largely upon "school spirit," a very necessary adjunct.

There are many phases of activity aside from text-books. Athletics, debates, glee clubs, and last but not least, the school paper, all open a welcome door, but the majority of students fear to enter. No school can be an excellent, well balanced organization until each of the various branches is kept at its best all the time. A half dozen pupils cannot accomplish such an undertaking; it depends upon each individual. Let us all wake up, now spring is here, and consider this question just one moment—"What kind of a record would my school have, if all did as I am doing?"

"*The Artisan*" from Boston, Mass., is small in quantity, but excellent in quality. We admire the stand taken on the question, "Who shall wear Senior school pins?" Shall anyone that desires to wear one or shall the privilege be granted to the Seniors only? We think you are right in your decision for the Seniors.

"*Purple and White*," from Springhill, Tenn., is a neat, attractive paper. The literary department contained several excellent stories.

"*The Forum*," St. Joseph, Mo. Why not make your Exchange more complete as that department exists? Your paper would be far more attractive to outsiders if society notes did not monopolize so much space.

Great talent is shown in the Literary Department of the "*Luminary*," Central High School, Kansas City, Mo. Each department is well written and distinct. The cartoons and artistic headings are good features. Add to these good qualities an exchange department.

If all departments represented the school as well as the literary department in the "*Joplin High School Echoes*," Joplin, Mo., the students might well be

proud of their paper. Why not include an exchange editor on your staff so that you could profit by others' harms?

"*The Scarab*," Cleveland, Ohio. You have a splendid paper which shows that the school is wide awake. "The Guessing Contest," which gives four cartoons of the various teachers, is unique. "On the Farm" was well written, but all farm life cannot be judged from that story, as conditions are not that way on all farms. It would be splendid if every high school would give its members some idea how its magazine was made, just as you have done in "The Making of The Scarab."

The comments on the different exchanges in "*The Ockshepherdia*," Wyoming, are exceptionally good. They are worded in such a way that the reader knows what the exchanges contain. Let the good work continue and come again.

From Ft. Madison, Ia., comes the "*Times*" with its wealth of goodness. The stories are original, the headings attractive. The exchange department is exceedingly fine with its clever criticisms.

It is a pleasure to receive as interesting a paper as the "*New Trier Echoes*," Kenilworth, Ill. "*The Goat*" and "*The Newcomer*" show that a trace of humor yet exists in the world. Your paper would be more attractive if the headings were improved. Rouse your artists.

"*The Odessiate*," from Odessa, Wash. is a neat, newsy little paper. It can well be proud that one of its supporters holds such an enviable record. A girl in the school has been neither tardy nor absent during the past ten years spent in the Odessa schools. The story "Virginia" was clever.

"*Said and Done*," from Muskegon, Mich., is well worthy its name for it shows that the pupils are "up and doing." The cover design is beautiful, the headings good. "The House of Representatives" is an interesting feature. It is refreshing to see the interest shown in the parliamentary law, for patriotism creates the desire to become conversant

with the workings of legislative bodies. Proceed with the good work so that you can prove yourself worthy citizens.

"*The Messenger*," from Wichita, Kansas, is one of our best exchanges. We appreciate your resolution to improve your paper for that indicates an increase in school spirit.

"*The Coconut*," from Manila, is as rich as the nut for which it is named; it is all that could be desired in a high school magazine. The snowy cover is symbolical of the clean thoughts within. The cartoons are exceedingly fine, the stories original and interesting. We commend you on your lively interest in out-door sports. May you continue to be as energetic in all lines as you are at present.

"*The Student*," Detroit, Mich., is an excellent paper. The cartoons are fine. Come again.

As Others See Us.

"*Nautilus*," Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo. A very interesting book, comparing favorably with

the current magazines.—"*The Red and Gray*," Roselle, N. J.

It is a pleasure, indeed, to receive an exchange of such high standard as "*The Nautilus*," from Kansas City, Mo. Each department treats its subject in a thorough manner, and the excellent arrangement of the whole paper is very commendable.—"*High School Times*," Ft. Madison, Ia.

We like your exchanges, they are complete. The paper is fine.—"*The Odessaite*," Odessa, Wash.

As an educational magazine, "*The Nautilus*," (Kansas City, Mo.), surpasses all the others. Many interesting facts may be derived from its pages. There is nothing frivolous about it except the jokes, which are of a liberal number.—"*The Student*," Detroit, Mich.

Words are inadequate to express our appreciation of you. You are beyond criticism and are certainly worthy of emulation. Your school deserves much credit for issuing such a splendid paper.—"*The Coconut*," Manila, Phillipine Islands.

Smiles and Snickers.

"And so he died of hydrophobia."

"Yes, poor chap."

"How did it happen?"

"He put too much horseradish on his sandwich and it bit his tongue."

"Taft will surely sweep the country," said Sue.

"O no," answered Mary, "it's Wilson who is going to sweep the country."

"For heaven's sake," interrupted papa, "who is going to sweep the kitchen?"—Ex.

If a waiter earns ten dollars a week, how much does the coffee urn?—Ex.

Civics Teacher: "What would you do if a representative died in office?"

Freshie (thoughtfully): "Bury him."—Ex.

That Is Natural.

Mrs. Towne—"So Hiram Sharp's girl, Effie, has become a music teacher?"

Hepzibah—"Yes, we call her Eff Sharp."—Ex.

A green little Freshie once took a drink, But he will drink no more,

For what he thought was H₂O

Was H₂. SO₄.—Ex.

Summer Boarder—"Why do you call this white pig 'Ink'?"

Farmer—"Because he is always running from the pen."

Teacher: "Tom, did you say Casca stabbed Caesar in the back?"

Tom: "No ma'am, I said he stabbed him in the capitol."



Father—"Mildred, if you disobey again, I shall surely spank you."

On father's return that evening Mildred once more acknowledged that she had again disobeyed.

Father (firmly)—"You are going to be spanked. You may choose your time. When shall it be?"

Mildred (5 years old, thoughtfully)—"Yesterday."



"Do you obey the Bible injunction to love your neighbor?"

"I try to, but she won't let me."—Ex.



"What letter reminds you of an old maid?"

"Letter b."



Teacher—"You cannot add two things of different kinds. Now, George, what would you have by adding 7 mules and 8 cows?"

George—"Fifteen muley cows."



"Say, Pop, what is a polecat?"

"A polecat my son, is a small animal to be killed with a pole—the longer the pole the better."



"Jack, what is a poly-gon?"

"It's a dead parrot, I guess."



"Do you know where little boys go to when they smoke?"

"Yes; up the alley."—Ex.



Little Boy—"Teacher says there won't be any marrying in heaven."

Little Girl—"Course not, there won't be men enough to go around."—Ex.



Angry Professor (having hurled an ink bottle at a pupil): "Well, now do you understand?"

Much bespattered pupil: "I think I have an inkling."



"Why, isn't the moon rich?"

"Don't know."

"Because it spends all its quarters in getting full."



Mary—"Where is the world's fair held?"

Sam—"Around the waist."



Suffragette: "Would you not like to see women at the poles?"

Anti-suffragette: "Yes indeed, at the north and south poles."



She: "You puckered up your lips so then, that I thought you were going to kiss me."

He: "No, I got some grit in my mouth."

She—"Well for goodness sake swallow it. You need it in your system."



"Look at this beautiful castle."

"Don't bother me. How can I read the guide book if you keep pestering me to look at rocks and castles?"



Willie—"Say, pa, what part of speech is woman?"

Pa—"Woman, my son, is no part of speech; she is all of it."



Teacher: "When did the revival of learning begin?"

Pupil: "Just before the exams."—Ex.



Storekeeper—"I want a boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

Boy—"What becomes of me when the door slams?"



John—"Jack, what's the height of your ambition?"

Jack—"Don't know exactly, but she comes up to my shoulder."



The other day I asked a waiter to bring me a chicken dinner and he brought me a handful of wheat.—Ex.



Customer—"I wish you'd show me the thinnest thing you have in a blue serge suit."

Floorwalker—"I would with pleasure, sir, but he's out to lunch just now."



Stern Father—"Young man, the lights are put out in this house at ten o'clock."

High School Lad—"That suits me. Don't delay a minute on my account."



Did you ever feel a pane when you raised a window?—Tx.



Teacher: "What is the highest form of animal life?"

John: "The giraffe."—Ex.



Physiology Teacher: "What is the spinal column?"

Student: "A long bone. The head rests on one end and we rest on the other."—Ex.



A school paper is a great invention—

The staff gets all the fame; (???)
The printer gets the money,
And the editor,—the blame.—Ex.



Freshman (after getting a shave)—
"How much do I owe you?"

Barber—"Nothing; I always like to run my razor over a calf skin."



Little Bessie had been gazing earnestly at the waxed mustache of her father's

friend. Suddenly she remarked, "My kitty has smellers, too."—Ex.



Senior—"What are you trying to do, make a fool out of me?"

Junior—"I never meddle with human nature."



"Ever read 'Looking Backward'?"

"Yes, once in an exam, and I was expelled for it."—Ex.



"Golly, but I's tired!" exclaimed a tall negro.

"What you been doin' to get tired?" demanded the other.

"Well," explained the tall one, drawing a deep breath, "over to Brother Smith's dey are measurin' de house for a new carpet. Dey haven't got no yardstick, and I's jest exactly six feet tall. So to 'blige Brother Smith, I's been a laying down and a-gettin' up all over deir house."—Ex.



Landlady—"I'm sorry to say, boys, that the coffee is exhausted."

Boarder (in an undertone)—"I'm not surprised. It has been very weak here of late."—Ex.



Senior (on one side of the fence)—
"What is the difference between your brains and a fool's, Freshie?"

Bright Freshie—"Only a fence."



"How is this, my dear sir," inquired the doctor, "you sent me a letter saying that you had been attacked by small-pox and I find you suffering with rheumatism?"

"Well, you see, doctor, there wasn't a soul in the house that could spell rheumatism."



Teacher: "Indians, you know, are very stocial. They're never known to laugh."

Witty Pupil: "Oh, I don't know, Longfellow made Minne-ha-ha."

◆ ◆

Carpenter: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"

Helper: "Yes, suh, it was a quarter past two."

◆ ◆

Teacher: "Yes, this Roman swam across the Tiber three times each day. Well, what are you laughing at, Bertrand?"

Bertrand: "I just wondered why he didn't swim across once more so he'd be on the side his clothes were on."

◆ ◆

"Is your wife a good parliamentarian?" queried the first husband. "I hear she has joined a debating club."

"Well, I should say so," replied the other. "Hasn't she been speaker of the house for fifteen years?"

◆ ◆

Teacher: "Now, Willie, if you'll show me a dirtier hand in the class I'll not give you a whipping."

Willie: "Here's my other hand."

◆ ◆

A dealer in building supplies in a certain city received this request from a small interior town: "dear Sir—pleas

send me enuff striped paint in a can to paint a barger's pole. It must be red and white stripes."

◆ ◆

Johnnie: "Willie, you should be ashamed of yourself to wear such shoes and your father a shoemaker."

Willie: "I should worry. Your father is a dentist and your baby only has one tooth."—Ex.

◆ ◆

Teacher: "Correct the sentence, 'Our teacher am in sight.'"

Pupil: "Our teacher am a sight."

◆ ◆

Newlywed: "I want accommodations for myself and wife."

Hotel Clerk: "Suite?"

Newlywed: "You bet she is."—Ex.

◆ ◆

She: "What a finely chiseled mouth you have. It ought to be on a girl's face."

He: "Well, I never lose an opportunity."—Ex.

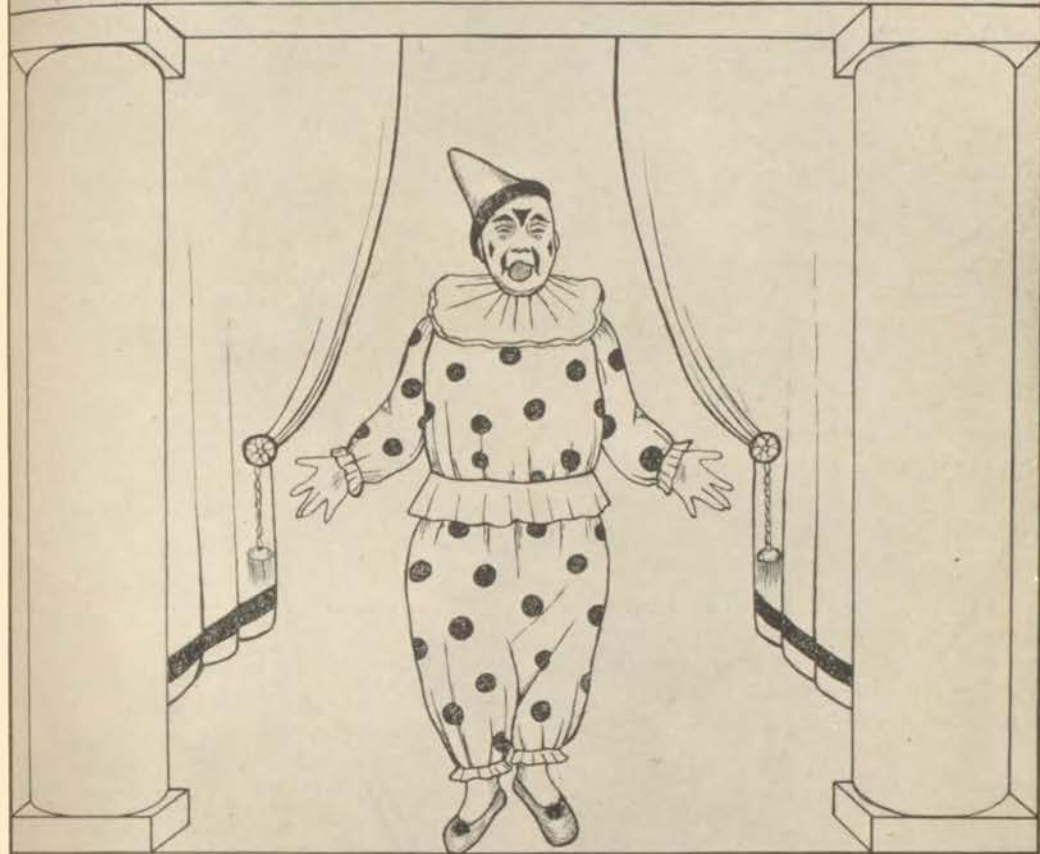
◆ ◆

Barber—ous.

The Barber: "Shall I go over your face twice?"

The Patron: "Yes, if there's any left."

LOCALS



EDWIN GOULD.



INEZ SUTTON.

Junior: "Noah had two of every kind of animal in the ark except the dog."

Freshie: "Where was the dog?"

Junior: "Oh, he had a 'bark' of his own."

◆ ◆

Opal Gillies: "He's an ideal husband; he foots all the bills without kicking!"

◆ ◆

It is a formal dinner

And "I" am there, you see;

Were "I" to drop quite out of "it,"

Why "it" would be a "t."

◆ ◆

M. K.: "She sure can draw."

Revah L.: "Yes, she drew a hen the other day, and it was so natural that when she threw it in the waste basket, it laid there."

◆ ◆

Why does Mr. Holiday talk about rivers running dry when the only time a river can run is when it is wet?

◆ ◆

Epitaph.

I thought it mushroom when I found
It in the woods forsaken;
But since I sleep beneath this mound,
I must have been mistaken.

◆ ◆

Lulu Geiss: "We are going to have a test in cooking."

Rhoda Johnson: "We have had ours. One question was to follow a fried potato down the digestive tract."

◆ ◆

Teacher: "What does the word 'invariably' mean?"

Pupil: "Without change."

Teacher: "Make a sentence using 'invariably.'"

Pupil: "I am always 'invariably.'"

◆ ◆

Mr. Cushman has constructed a new science mnemonics; it is something like this:

"When was Lincoln born?" says Mr. Cushman.

"I forgot," whines the Freshman.

"Naturally you do—go at it right. How many muses are there in mythology?"

"Nine."

"Right; now double that number."

"Twice nine's eighteen."

"Right again; multiply it by one hundred."

"Eighteen hundred."

"Good; now add the number of muses to that."

"Eighteen hundred and nine."

"Sure—that's when Lincoln was born. Why don't you learn the scientific way of getting at things. 'Tis a noble science."

◆ ◆

Mr. Kent: "Here's a story of a motorman who sustained six thousand volts and still lives." Naturally, Mr. Kent, he was not a conductor.

◆ ◆

First Tramp: "O, it's nothing but work, work, work, all the time!"

Second Tramp: "That so? How long have you been at it?"

First Tramp: "Start tomorrow."

◆ ◆

Miss Gilday: "What is the stuff heroes are made of, Lee?"

Lee: "You'll have to excuse me, Miss Gilday, but I'm not booming any particular breakfast food."

◆ ◆

If all motor car tires go where they are consigned to, there must be an awful smell of rubber in the "hereafter."

◆ ◆

Stockton in Parliamentary Law: "I move we alleviate the suffering of the windows by removing the panes."

◆ ◆

He: "If I were to throw you a kiss, what would you say?"

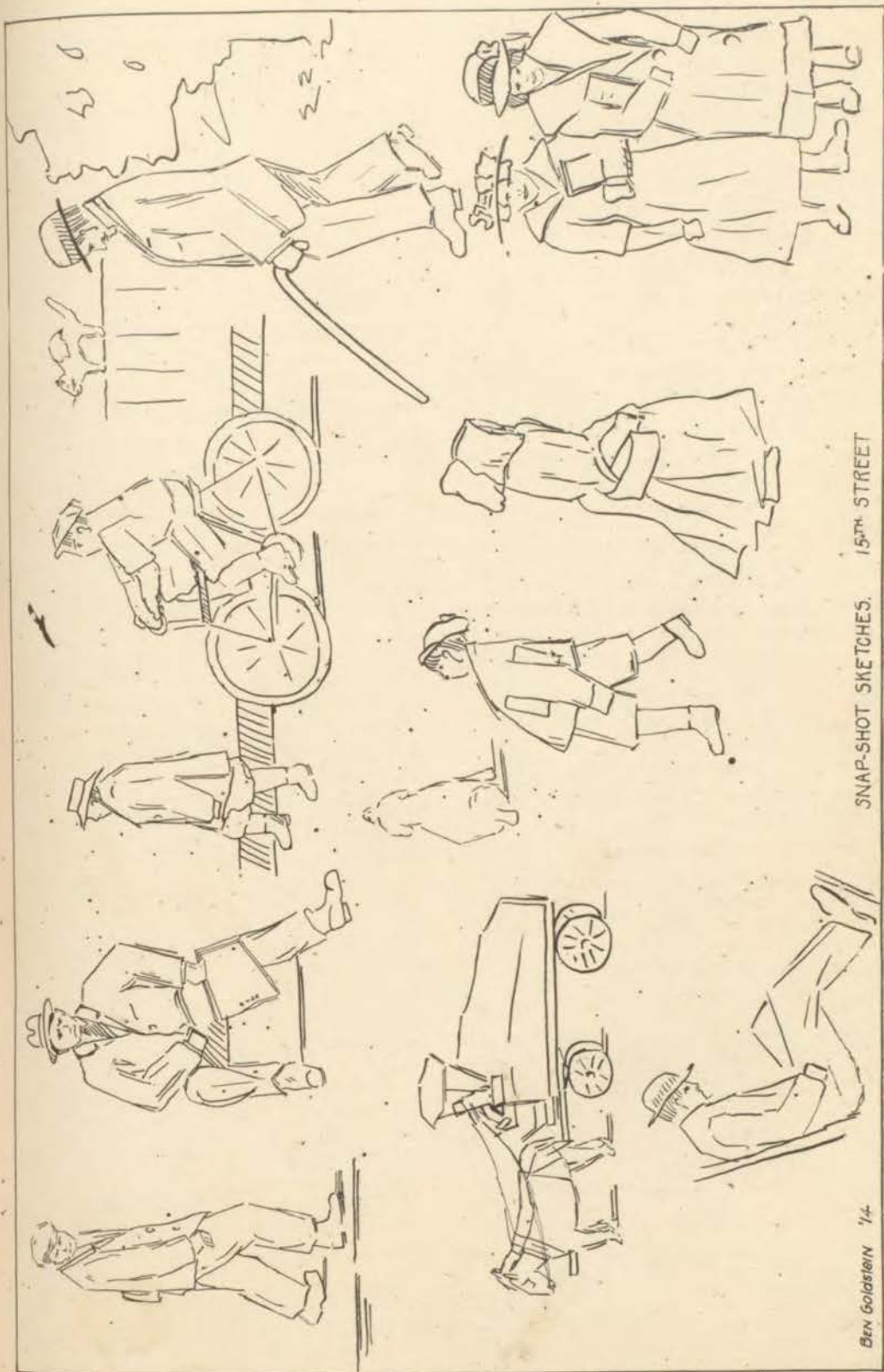
She: "I'd say you're the laziest boy I ever met."

◆ ◆

I hope some day to have such fame
That, while some folks may jeer and scoff,

All others, when they speak my name,
Will surely leave the "mister" off.

For I've observed that people speak
Of Milton, Keats, and Thackeray
Without a prefix poor and weak
To push them on their glorious way.



SNAP-SHOT SKETCHES. 15TH STREET

And I should like it to appear
As truly strange to "mister" me
As to a sane and healthy ear
To speak of Mr. Homer'd be.



Frieda K. (reading from "The Butterfly" as the bell rings): "Stay near me—do not take thy flight!"



"He didn't have the sand to propose, did he?"

"Yes; but she rejected him. She said that, while he had the sand to propose, he didn't have the rocks to marry."



Mr. Apple: "What is this sentence, 'A boy loves his teacher?'"
Freshie: "Sarcasm."



Post of Duty.

The traveling salesman had four minutes to catch his train. "Can't you go any faster than this?" he asked the street car conductor.

"Yes," answered the bell ringer, "but I have to stay with my car."



Borders says he has been studying Kelley and Sheats.



Stephen G. (reading poetry): "Make me thy lyre!"



Proud Mother: "Doesn't my daughter's singing remind you of a nightingale?"

Uncle: "It sartin do. What lots o' them critters I've shot when I wuz a kid!"



Freshman: "Mr. Adams, who wrote Poe's Raven?"



He (sleigh riding with the one and only): "I never kissed a girl in my life and what's more, I never wanted to and never will!"

Boy (who was stealing a ride on behind): "Say, slack up a bit, I want to jump off. I don't feel safe riding with such a chap!"

L. G.: "O! I left my books in cooking."

Miss Gilday: "Well, I hope they are well cooked, so they can be easily digested."



Mr. Ogg: "Let's talk one at a time; it will last longer."



Speaking of early habits, when I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wheel me about, and I've been pushed for money ever since."



A traveling man called on a country storekeeper and wanted to sell him a bill file.

"What do you think I am, a woodpecker?" asked the storekeeper, showing the salesman to the door.



"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be lead," said the Pencil.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Tire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Find a thing, and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.



Doc Baker's ebony office boy is pretty shrewd and when he found a dime some time ago he honestly offered it to his master.

"Never mind," said the doctor, "you can keep that for your honesty."

The other day the doctor missed a \$5 bill and asked the boy if he had seen it.

"Yas, sah," said he, "I picked hit up."

"Well, what did you do with it?"
 "Me? Why, I kep' it fo' mah honesty."



Miss Gilday: "The first thing I do each morning before I get up is to go around and put the windows down."



Stockton: "Why can't you ever tell where the pins go?"

Hakan: "Because they are headed one way and pointed another."



The one piece of advice that the Seniors leave the Freshman.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversation possess clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensibility, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility without shod ornamentation or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous, prolixity, and ventulogical rapidity. Shun double entendre and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent.



From the Padded Cell.

How much did Philadelphia, Pa.?
 Whose grass did K. C., Mo.?
 How many eggs did New Orleans, La.?
 How much does Cleveland, O.?

What was it made Chicago, Ill.?
 'Twas Washington, D. C.
 She would Tacoma, Wash., in spite
 Of a Baltimore, Md.

When Hartford and New Haven, Conn.,
 What reuben do they soak?
 Could Noah build a Little Rock, Ark?
 If he had no Guthrie, Ok.?

We call Minneapolis, Minn.,
 Why not Annapolis, Ann?
 If you can't tell the reason why,
 I'll bet Topeka, Kan.?

Now you speak of ladies, what
 A Butte, Montana, is.
 If I could borrow Memphis, Tenn.,
 I'd treat that Jackson, Miss.

Would Denver, Colo., cop because
 Ottumwa, Ia-dore,
 And though my Portland, Me., doth love,
 I threw my Portland, Ore.

REVAH TURNER.



LONG LIVE THE SENIOR PRESIDENT.

Mr. Shirling (in Biography): "What do you think they do with the corn?"
 Albert H.: "They eat what they can and what they can't they can."



Borders' watch keeps ragtime.

Miss Gilday (in civics): "You will take 'Labor' tomorrow."

Hakan: "That's too much like work."



Mr. Kizer: "What are the three kinds of fiction?"

Helen Gray: "Good, bad, and indifferent."



The M. T. H. S. Alphabet for '13.

HARRIET PALMER, '13.

A is for Arrowsmith, so fair and so tall.

B for Borders, who is leader of all.

C for Corder, our old Junior president.

D for Deardorff, who writes up each event.

E for Edwin Gould, who always wants a joke.

F for Franklin Moore, a successor of Folk.

G for Gould, who is well known to you.

H for Higbee, to the girls he is true.

I for Inez Sutton, who never has the blues.

J for Johnston, Clifford if you choose.

K for Klausmier, so neat and so trim.

L for Lawrence, he is rightly called "Winn."

M for Mildred Davenport, so dear and so sweet.

N for Null, the artist hard to beat.

O for O'Sullivan, a writer to be.

P for Plank, a reader is she.

Q for Queen Agnes Spalding, you see.

R for Ruby Moling, loved by all is she.

S for Stains, skilled in all games is he.

T for Tutt, the dearest of girls is she.

U for Upton, a true Manualite.

V for Vith, the same thing quite.

W for Wilbur, Groom is the rest.

X for —, left out by request.

Y for Young, she is as good as her name.

Z for Ziegler, who will some time win fame.



Mr. Peters: "What are the duties of a bailiff?"

O'Connor: "I know, but I can't *express* it."

Mr. Peters: "Send it by *Parcel post*, then."



Mike Greer: "Do chickens talk Fowl language?" (Not to our knowledge, son.)



A man who was steering a yacht,
His course through the water forgacht;

And he stuck in the mud

With a sickening thud,

While the captain swore a whole lacht.



He held the maiden's hand and said,

"May I the question pop?"

She coyly hung her pretty head—

"You'd better question Pop."



Willie: "The teacher licked me 'cause I was the only one who could answer a question."

Mother: "Absurd! Tell me, dear, what was the question?"

William (between sobs): "Who put the bent pin on teacher's chair?"



Miss Gilday: "Where are we today; on 'city government'?"

Albert H.: "No, we're on the police force."



Little Ville fell into Anheuser

Bush, and tore "Schlitz" in his pants;

He came out a sadder "Budweiser" boy;
"Pabst" so and Pabst not.

(This should win a "Blue Ribbon.")



Hurwitz: "What instruments produce foot notes?"

Markel D.: "Shoe-horns."



Eyssell: "Do they allow dogs in this car?"

Winn: "No, but just keep still and nobody will notice you."



Miss Van Meter: "Compare 'sick.'"

Prodigy: "Sick, worse, dead."



When William kicked the dynamite

He flew o'er dale and hill:

"I must," his father said that night,

"Collect a little Bill."



The NAUTILUS STAFF IN ITS INFANCY.

Deardorff.

*"On whom the gods did seem to set their seal
To give the world assurance of a man."*

Ah, Fred, to what pinnacle of fame and glory will your ideals carry you! Forget us not, O Fair One, when you remember the times you called us down for being late with our locals, which we admit were more like elegies. If yours should be the happy lot of editing an almanac, let us beg you not to let politics enter, but keep your weather reports true, and patent-medicine advertisements out. Good luck to you, Fred, in your life's work.



Arrowsmith.

*"She was not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me."*

I know Mildred will not take offence, because, of course, we all know that, in reality,

"She walks in beauty, like the night."

We might also quote Bertha M. Clay (or was it A. Conan Doyle?) who said,

"She was divinely tall and most divinely fair."

This intelligent (looking) little Miss seems to bear out Mildred's statement that she is going to "teach the young idea how to shoot"—paper wads. We only hope she will not change her mind and go on the vaudeville stage. Horrors!



O'Sullivan.

We would expect from his wise expression that little Maurice would establish a free legal-aid bureau, but the fact is, he has privately confided to us that he expects to return to Ireland, where he will establish a training school for policemen and hod-carriers. Let us hope they will treat him with indulgence until they get used to his little eccentricities.



**Tutt.**

She certainly was a Daisy, wasn't she? Of course, we don't deny that she is such now. Her weakness for literary work is shown in the curve of her left eye-brow; the fact that she suffered from none of the diseases of childhood, such as hives and paper-dolls, is attributed to this. Let us hope this will not lead her to take up a life of spectacles and manuscript instead of using her talent in the elegant and artistic compilation of cook-books or beauty hints, to benefit woman in the first case, and man in the second.

Zeigler.

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command."*

(We are sorry this is the annual; we had hoped for a reward for such a puff.) Those who knew her in her infancy, tell us she could repeat "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," at the early age of two days. She may have been born with a gold spoon in her mouth, but I have an idea it must have been a gold medal. Her cherubic countenance announces the fact that she will be patient in her governing of a German household, especially if her "old man" will be a collector and might come home slightly peeved.

**The Goulds.**

If you can distinguish them, you are solving a long debated question. It is said that their mother had such trouble in distinguishing them that Edwin was vac-

inated twice for tuberculosis. (Do they vaccinate for that?) They tell us that Edwin had it,—but Stephen escaped. It is to be hoped their similarity will not cause trouble in affairs of the heart, or in proving an alibi (if it's necessary). Look closely and you will see a scar on Edwin's neck, caused by high collars. But aren't they cute?

**Null.**

"A Hidden Genius."

Given to marking up the furniture when young. His one ambition is to paint "Bull Durham" signs, or "A Little Down", etc. The brevity of his name is more than made up for by his expressive eyes and nose. The soul of the artist beams forth from his ears, and we can only wait in wonder for the results of his pen and brush. And, Chris, please overcome your weakness for loud ties, 'cause the suffragettes will git you if you don't watch out.





Spalding.

"Consider it not so deeply, Agnes."

Ain't she the grave thing? One would hardly guess she was destined to be the first woman mayor of Harlem, and yet, in her eyes, one sees in the distance a blooming, prosperous city unfolding under her care, with Kansas City, faded to a suburb, on the outskirts. Wonder if she'll let the men vote, or if the lady officers will wear pink or lavender as insignia of station?

Stains.

His Motto:—*"Assume a virtue, if you ain't got it."*

Everyone would expect us to predict a career of all-round athlete and sport editor, but the truth is that his horoscope has it, he will be a zealous settlement worker and local missionary, so begin to save your worn-out clothes and old Nautil, for we are sure they will be welcome in a Christmas "bai'l." Success, my dear Alphonse!



Davenport.

*"Shall I compare thee to a summer day?
Thou art too lovely and too temperate."*

Her jolly countenance proclaims that optimism which will bear her up in her trials of police-matron. We fear, though, that her winsomeness will not long allow her to be matrimonially marketable.



Groom.

*"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."*

Who would have guessed that Wilbur's hair was curly? His mother's greatest difficulty was in keeping him from mistaking glue for maple-syrup. (Perhaps that's why he's all stuck up.) His subsequent career has caused us to wonder if he'll advertise Breakfast Foods or Automobile Supplies. We hope the former, because he might get all "tired" out in the second case.

Curtain!!!



**Moling.**

"Sober, steadfast and demure."

A prime favorite of the teachers and long on pie-making. She fell out of her perambulator when young and has since had a mania for pink ice-cream and circus. It was once Ruby's ambition to teach anarchism, but she has since given it up for bookkeeping in a nickel show. Here's hoping she will never lose her balance.

O-o-o!

Johnston.

"The Glint of gold was in her hair."

(No, this isn't a quotation, but it might be mightn't it?) He seemed destined to handle money from his attitude when young. Isn't he grasping, or is it just his taking way? His mother couldn't keep him from eating red-headed matches when young, and the result has not come out in the wash, but the glow has become more vivid with vigorous brushings. Here we find the real mahogany finish. Cheer up, sad youth, and cease re-pining: beauty is only skin deep (and not always THAT deep).

**Borders.**

Do you see Walter?
Walter is very young.
He is still a baby.
I might say, a very young boby.
He likes machines.
Also BLONDES.
His future is uncertain.
He may be a crossing patrolman,
Or ribbon clerk,
Or ice-man,
Or aviator.
He may drop in on us any time, in case
He chooses the latter.
That's all.

**Sutton.**

"And last of all came—"

*"A maid whom there was none to praise,
And very few to love."*

If the present model is even worse than this one, attribute it to regret that there has been a change, but no improvement, with the years.



"Hey, mister!"
 "What?"
 "Nothin'; I jes' wanted to see if you was deaf."



"I forgot something" said the husband.
 "Yes," pouted the young wife, "You forgot to kiss me."
 "That may be, but what I came back for was my overshoes."



Miss Gilday: "What country sends over the best class of immigrants?"
 Maurice: "Ireland."



Otto Binder's query: "Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Are you a man?"

My Rosary.

"The coin I spent on thee, dear heart—
 O, that it might come back to me!
 I count it over while the tear-drops start,
 O, hully gee!"

"You came to me an angel rare,
 When all my soul with grief was wrung;
 You came and gave your sympathy for fair,
 And I got stung!"

"O memories, why don't you turn
 Away? Let me forget my loss!
 I wonder if we dubs will ever learn—
 It makes me cross, sweetheart, it makes me cross!"



Four of them—The debating team



some Orchestra

Fayre B.: "Did you see the 'Indian Massacre' at the Apollo?"

James R.: "No, I heard it was two reel."



Edward Hurd (on capital punishment): "After one is put on the guillotine he feels no pain."



Mr. Holiday (seeing O'Sullivan annoying the class by talking to Hurwitz): "Let's not have any Irish debating societies in here."



Rolfs: "Where is your rain-coat?"

Duncan: "In pawn."

Rolfs: "I thought you couldn't soak a rain-coat?"



Mr. Gustafson says that gasoline is a clear, odorless automobile liquid, having the well known odor of white kid gloves.



Electrically Speaking.

"Watt 'our you doing?" inquired the boss.

"Eating 'currents,' " answered the office boy.

"'Wire' you 'insulate' this morning?" asked the boss.

"'Leyden' bed."

"Can't your 'relay-'shunts' get you up any earlier?"

"'Ampere'ntly not."

"If 'fuse' going to do this all the time you can take your hat and go 'ohm'."

V. OLT.



Things We Never See.

A sheet from the bed of a river,

A tongue from the mouth of a stream,

A toe from the foot of a mountain,
And a page from a volume of steam

A wink from the eye of a needle,
A nail from the finger of fate,
A plume from the wing of an army,
And a drink from the bar of a gate.

A hair from the head of a hammer,
A bite from the teeth of a saw,
A race on a course of study,
And a joint from the limb of the law

A check that is drawn on a sandbank,
Some fruit from the jam of a door,
And jokes in the Nautilus magazine
That were ever cracked before.



At the Senior Class Election.

Mr. Phillips (speaking to Lee Ingraham): "Mr. Topping, you have the floor."



Seen in a senior girl's book.

"My good nature leads me into difficulties."—Esther Gibbs.

"I am horribly greedy!"—Franklin Moore.

"I consider myself rather fascinating"—Lawrence Winn.

"I try to be funny!"—Mildred Arrow-smith.

"I am not so nice as I appear to be!"—Theodore Sherwood.

"No one laughs at my jokes!"—Mr. Harry Ogg.

"My sympathies are with the suffragettes."—Wilbur Groom.

"I am a diplomatist!"—Miss Gilday.

"I am inclined to play the fool!"—Wm. Naughton.

Jokes.

Elocution and Music.

1. Miss Moffett denies that Pierson needs a good Whaling.



2. Slabotsky—"Mr. Drake, may I change my seat up into the next row? My feet soil Trowbridge's coat."

Mr. D.—"I can't seat you according to your feet; I seat you according to your face."

Slab.—"Then I ought to be out in the hall."

3. Mr. D.—"Isador, you seem to be a visitor to this class, you come so seldom."

Isador—"Well, I come when it's convenient."



4. Mr. Drake—"Now, Lee, you know that isn't your right seat."

Lee—"Why, it looks just like it."



5. Trowbridge—"Walk out backwards and tell the janitor you're coming in."



Daily at the boys entrance

BUSINESS



Business Department.

The Business Department of the Nautilus wishes to thank those of our school who have obtained advertisements during the school year of 1912-13. We regret that this list of students is so small; but students rarely ever take enough outside interest in the magazine to obtain advertisements for the business department.

Much praise should therefore be given to those who have demonstrated their exceeding loyalty. These students are: Ed Bohuer, Meyer Goldberg, Ruby Moling, William Poe, Howard Jewell, Pauline Reed, John Barnhardt and Jessie Kahl.

The Nautilus lives only by its advertisements, and this department of any paper is dependent on the co-operation of the student body for the financial success of their magazine. The best way for the student body to assist their school paper is to patronize the advertisers in their publication. These merchants expect results and we appeal to you not to disappoint them, but to show them that now, as it ever was, Manual's motto is: "Patronize the Advertisers in the Nautilus," for it is they who have made it possible for us to issue a high school paper which has no superior.

The Business Department has no apologies to make for their work during the fiscal year of 1912-13. But we leave school feeling that we have given you the best we have to offer. We hope that the business department of next year will have even more success than we have had this year.

Boys' Glee Club.



Paul Caleb
Earl Chaffee
Lyman Mason
Frank Hood
Hugh Glass

Otto Binder
Earl Bigler
Isadore Copeland
Joseph Rogers

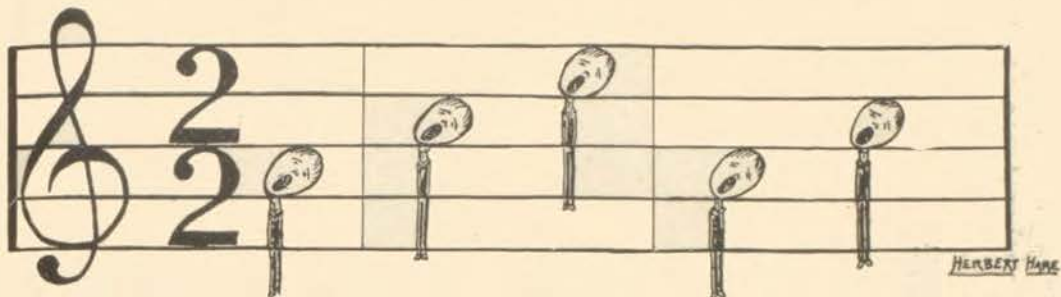
Lamber Hibbs
Clyde Gossage
Prof. B. E. Riggs
Ross Anderson
Huber Kerns

Walter Munich
Lee Mathews
Miss Flora Schmidli
Joseph Straub

Wm. Muir
Chas Tree
Prof. J. J. Ellis
Louis Seutter
Lyle Harvey

Winfred Joyce
Kenneth Darnall
Edward Boerich
Elmer Hodges

BOYS GLEE CLUB



Boys' Glee Club.

Prof. B. E. Riggs.....Director

Miss Florence Schmidli.....Accompanist

MEMBERS.

Ross Anderson
Earl Bigler
Otto Binder
Edward Boersch
Paul Caleb
Earl Chaffee
Isadore Copeland
Kenneth Darralt

Hugh Glass
Clyde Gossage
Lyle Harvey
Lambert Hibbs
Elmer Hodges
Frank Hood
Winfred Joyce
Huber Kerns

Lyman Mason
Lee Mathews
William Muir
Walter Munch
Joseph Rogers
Louis Seutter
Joseph Straub
Charles Tree

Girls' Glee Club.



Bertha Brown
Gertrude McCormack
Helen Fishburn
Anna May Young

Virginia Miller
Marjory Reule
Alma Straub
Mable Patterson

Prof. J. J. Ellis
Florence Leonard
Flora Schmidli
Marjory Keene
Prof. B. E. Riggs
Director

Prof. B. E. Riggs
Irene Jackson
Violet Clausen
Johanna Seutter

Hazel Jones
Marie Ward
Avalon Harris
Louisa Gundaker
Flora Schmidli
Accompanist

Treba Wells
Ruth Shedrick
Mina Upton
Eva Cohen

Esther Fishburn
Bess Davidson
Mary Fraher
Gracia Bremer



Girls' Glee Club.

Prof. B. E. Riggs.....Director
 Flora Schmidli.....Accompanist

MEMBERS.

Gracia Bremer
 Bertha Brown
 Violet Clausen
 Eva Cohen
 Bess Davidson
 Esther Fishburn
 Helen Fishburn
 Mary Fraber

Louisa Gundaker
 Avalon Harris
 Irene Jackson
 Hazel Jones
 Marjory Keene
 Florence Leonard
 Gertrude McCormack
 Virginia Miller

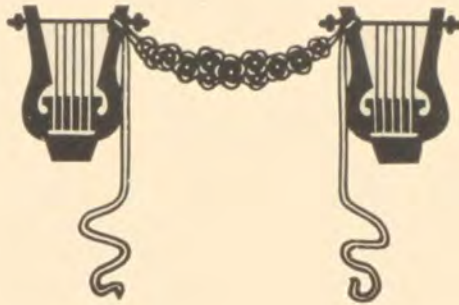
Mable Patterson
 Marjory Reule
 Flora Schmidle
 Ruth Shedrick
 Alma Straub
 Joltanna Seutter
 Marie Ward
 Treba Wells
 Anna May Young

Orchestra.



Lyman Mason	Clyde Wright	Jan. Fifield	Mihiken Neil	M. Arderson	Joe Rogers	W. Joyce
R. Arderson	Leslie Alber	Tracy Barnes	Lloyd Ramey	Frank Hamilton	Basil Joyce	
Joe Strath	Donald Scott	Prof. J. E. Riggs	Sarah Lee	Elsie Claugen	Nellie Trowbridge	
	Arvonne Grambs	Peter Gunn	Margaret Hart	Prof. J. J.		

ORCHESTRA



Prof. B. E. Riggs.....Director
 Jack HaleyAccompanist

FIRST VIOLINS—

Robert Anderson
 Lloyd Ramey
 Frank Hamilton
 Edward Olson
 Joseph Rogers
 Helen Gumm
 Bernice Gamble
 Elsie Clausen

SECOND VIOLINS—

Sarah Lee
 Guy Haley
 Joseph Straub
 Nellie Trowbridge
 Clyde Wright

BASE VIOL—

Lyman Mason

CLARINETS—

Tracy Barnes
 Leslie Alber

FIRST CORNETS—

Marguerite Hart
 Donald Scott

SECOND CORNETS—

Basil Joyce
 James Fifield
 Harry Stearns

TROMBONES—

Milton Anderson
 Milliken Neil

PIANO—

Jack Haley

CHURCH CHIMES—

Winfred Joyce

DRUMS—

Mr. Ellis

SENIORS



SENIOR OFFICERS



GRACE D. TAYLOR
- VICE-PRES -



MANLEY STOCKTON
- PRES -



HAROLD STEWART
- SEC -



OTTO BINDER
- TREAS -



BOYD MARQUIS
- SER. AT-LARGE -



MAURICE O'SULLIVAN
- GIFTORIAN -

m.b.

Seniors.

MANLEY STOCKTON, PRESIDENT.

For four years we have been under the influence of this institution. There is a great deal contained in this brief statement. Those influences which have been brought to bear upon us while we have been in High School have had no small part in the shaping of our futures. If we are influenced by the proper forces, early, our lives will be profitable and fruitful, while on the other hand misdirected energies are responsible for most of the failures later in life. We feel that these four years at Manual have teemed with profitable experiences. Many of us have centralized our activities in Manual. Many have determined their occupations as a direct result of Manual's influence. Now that we are concluding our course we all feel that we are not stopping where we began, but we feel quite sure that we have been inestimably benefitted by our High School life. Therefore, as a class we do not want to disband and lose all intimate connection with teachers and fellow students until we have expressed our heartfelt appreciation of Manual as a factor in our lives. When we refer to "Manual" we do not think of the building with its equipment, but rather the faculty. To most of us our teachers have been valuable tolerant friends. They have watched us from the time we tip-toed shyly from class to class till now, when we assume the air of importance, traditionally and, in fact, an attribute of Seniors.

We are unwilling to boast loudly of our many accomplishments, but we have grown in wisdom and others have marveled greatly thereat. In this culmination of accomplishments when visions of dazzling futures and aspirations of greatness are apt to render us momentarily thoughtless of our indebtedness,

we want to testify to the fact that these accomplishments are owing to the influence of our teachers. A great many people are able to look back over their school days and see living before them again certain respected teachers of the dim past. It is these memories that furnish inspiration to a spent life. As our lives deepen from childhood into maturity we shall remember our teachers and principal of the four years past with an ever deepening sense of appreciation.

Aside from any specific estimate of what we have learned from books there is another possession that we shall take from Manual of even greater value. For example, if we were to live a life of absolute inactivity with no events of any nature marking our early life, our old age, during which we naturally tend toward retrospection, would be void of half its charm. Or, if we should commit a sin of horrible consequences in youth the thoughts of that bitter past would destroy the peaceful quiet which rightly belongs to later life. If on the other hand we are so placed in our youth that we are each day storing up worthy material which would be conducive to pleasant memories, if we are each day establishing experiences of interest, if we are each day associating with friends of proved worth, and if we are continually building a bulwark against shame and ignominy, then we are establishing wonderful grounds for retrospection a little later, and thereby insuring ourselves with an invaluable policy.

Our life at Manual has meant all of this and more. We are indebted beyond expression to our friends and teachers of the past four years.

LIST OF GRADUATES

MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL

1913

Boys

Allshouse, Harry A., Jr.
Alley, Verto R.

Baldwin, Maurice W.
Beamer, Milton G.
Berkley, George Briant
Berkowitz, Michael
Berry, Thomas M.
Bigler, Earle S.
Binder, Otto C.
Black, Garland C.
Booker, Edward C.
Borders, Walter W.
Brand, Carl August
Breitag, Louis H.
Brink, Paul F.
Buehner, William W.
Burke, Edmund C.

Caleb, Paul R.
Callahan, Drury V.
Carter, James L.
Cleaveland, Julian E.
Cobbs, Lloyd L.
Coffey, Claude R.
Cory, Warner Albert

Davis, Morris
Deardorff, Fred
Dietzel, Louis H.
Disney, Roy O.
Duncan, R. Edwin
Dworkowitz, Harry

Feldmeyer, Victor L.
Finster, Carl G.
Fitzpatrick, Richard M.
Funkhouser, Jack

Goldstandt, Milton
Gould, Edwin Fish
Gould, Stephen Grover
Greer, Norman J.
Groom, Wilbur Frank

Hakan, Albert
Herd, Frank P.
Hermer, Louis
Higbee, Frand D., Jr.
Hodges, Elmer
Holmstrom, Gustaf E.
Holtz, Bernelle Wilson
Hosterman, Harold U.
Hurd, Edward B.
Huscher, Marion Eugene
Hussey, Pierce A.
Huxtable, Ruben

Imes, Terry W.
Ingraham, Lee Guthrie

James, Clyde Winter
Johnston, Clifford A.
Jones, Paul V.

Kelly, James W.
Keusch, Paul William
Kort, Morris

Linger, Homer Roy
Lyon, Alfred

Major, Oscar Seilon
Markel, E. Dickinson
Marquis, Walter Boyd
Muir, William George

Naughton, William Paul
Neil, W. Milliken
Nottberg, Gustav

O'Connor, Richard J.
O'Sullivan, Maurice J.

Peck, Charles Northrop
Pierce, Harold
Plank, John Russell

Reasor, Eugene Francis
Rofls, Eugene Leonard
Root, Robert Douglas

Sackman, Everett A.
Schneitter, Lee
Scott, Albert W.
Seibel, Stanley
Senninger, Charles B.
Seutter, Louis
Sherwood Theodore C.,
Jr.

Sloan, Charles F.
Smith, Elwin L.
Smith, Walter E.
Sote, Harry E.
Stains, George William
Stewart, Jack Harold
Stockton, Manley
Stutzer, Harry F.
Swanson, Roy

Treleaven, Howard
Trowbridge, Irvin
Tucker, McLain L.

Upton, Walter

Vreeland, Henry S.
Wallace, James
Wilson, Guy E.
Wolfert, Adrian Lee
Wood, George Allen

GIRLS.

Allen, Margaret
Arnold, Margaret G.
Aronhalt, Gladys
Arrowsmith, Mildred

Backstrom, Frances M.
Bangs, Ruth

Bates, Nadine
Beddoes, Louise
Beghtol, Fern
Biser, Nora B.
Bohon, Mildren Harriet
Booy, Boukje
Borman, Ruth Elizabeth
Bremer, Gracia Gertrude
Brenizer, Ethel Kathryn
Brink, Elizabeth Marie
Brown, Bertha
Brown, Dorothy Allen
Busekrus, Helen

Campbell, Alma Virginia
Clausen, Violet
Clifton, Lucille Gertrude
Cohen, Dora
Cohen, Eva
Coleman, Evelyn Ida
Crooks, Marjorie Elma
Curry, Pauline

Daniels, Helen
Davenport, Mildred
Davis, Helen Elizabeth
Donovan, Mary Joseph-
ine
Draver, Helen Norton
Dungan, Eva Louise
Dunn, Florence M.

Edmond, Mable
Ellis, Edna
Erickson, Alma Regina
Ewing, Alta May

Finkelman, Bertha
Fishburn, Esther E.
Fishburn, Helen Salome
Fouts, Beryl
Funk, Irene Louise

Gaylord, Mildred
Geiss, Lulu
Gilwee, Jessie G.
Gladstone, Bertha
Goodman, Eva
Goodman, Fannie
Graham, Elizabeth
Grant, Cornelia Fisher
Gray, Helen Louise
Griffith, Lucile
Grimes, Nella Margaret
Gross, Emily Jane
Gundaker, Charley L.

Haas, Bernice Elizabeth
Hansen, Marjorie
Hardy, Linna May
Harbordt, Frances J.
Harrison, Bessie Louise
Harstine, Ruby Vernice
Hawley, May M.
Haywood, Dorothy

Hazlett, Gladys Flavia
 Henthorne, Lena May
 Hendrickson, Edna M.
 Heuermann, Mabel C.
 Horner, Josephine E.
 Hull, Helen M.
 Hunter, Electa M. G.

Isbell, Frances Drucilla

Jackson, Catherine Irene
 Johnson, Rhoda Eleanor

Kahl, Jessie Wood
 Klausmeier, Ida Louise
 Kornbrodt, Frieda

Lechtman, Sarah
 Lee, Sarah E.
 Leonard, Marie Louise
 Letney, Nana Eula
 Levinson, Helen
 Lewers, Dorothy
 Lewis, Maud
 Linger, Sarah Elizabeth
 Livingston, Esther L.

McCarty, Esther
 McColl, Dorothy Isabella
 McCormack, Gertrude E.
 McLain, Leta Anita
 Mankameyer, Myrtle
 Marold, Frieda Marie
 Martin, Boone
 Martin, Esther
 Minor, Laura Doe

Moffett, Helen V.
 Moling, Ruby Hazel
 Moor, Gladys
 Muchemore, Hilda
 Murphy, Anna
 Musser, Mildred
 Myers, Onie

Nicholas, Leona M.
 Nichols, Mildred C.
 North, Mona Faye
 Nye, Ethel Katherine

O'Brian, Anna May
 Orloff, Helen
 Orvis, Minnie

Palmer, Hattie A.
 Peden, Laura Eunice
 Poland, Esther Edith
 Powell, Frances O.
 Prather, Marie
 Pugh, Alice Marie
 Renne, Effie P.
 Roach, Irma Montaldo
 Roberts, Mary Florence
 Robinson, Pauline Ruth

Savage, Kathleen Esther
 Schmidli, Flora Elizabeth
 Schramm, Helen
 Senner, Ann Christine
 Shedrick, Ruth Willia
 Shepherdson, Gertrude
 Sherman, Clara Louise
 Simpson, Annabell

Smith, Elizabeth
 Steele, Ruby Rosamond
 Stickney, Grace
 Storms, Esther B.
 Sutton, Inez

Taylor, Grace Duget
 Taylor, Louise Virginia
 Thomson, Yula Bryan
 Topping, Helen
 Tutt, Daisy Gardner

Ulrich, Lillian
 Upton, Mina

Vandewart, Irene
 Vetter, Margret M.
 Vitt, Goldie
 Vogel, Alfreda Marie

Wall, Bessie
 Ward, Marie
 *Warnock, Laura E.
 Weller, Fay Marguerite
 Wells, Treba Inal
 Wendel, Irene Edythe
 Whaling, Marie E.
 Wood, Grace
 Wood, Roberta Virginia
 Wooley, Myrtle Edna

Young, Anna May
 Ziegler, Ruth Marguerite
 Zimmerschied, Mary L.

—
 *Deceased

PROGRAM
OF THE
16TH COMMENCEMENT
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL
JUNE 4TH, 1913

1. Music—Manual Training High School Orchestra, Mr. B. E. Riggs, Director.
2. Invocation—Rev. Dr. George H. Combs, Pastor of Independence Avenue Christian Church.
3. Music—"Senorita Mine"..... Petrie
Manual Training High School Girls Glee Club.
4. Essay—"The Modern Hercules".....Miss Mina Upton
5. Recitation—"The Child".....Miss Marie Prather
6. Music—Vocal Solo—"Roll on Thou Deep and Dark Blue Ocean"....
.....Mr. William Muir
7. Essay—"The Poet".....Miss Ida Klausmeir
8. A Crayon Cartoon Talk.....Mr. Elmer Hodges
9. Music—"Pale in the Amber West".....Manual Training High School
Boys' Glee Club.
10. Debate—Affirmative of the Woman's Suffrage Question as discussed
at the Missouri State University Freshman Contest on last May
3rd, and won by Mr. Lee Ingraham.
11. Music—A Whistling Solo—"Legoretto".....Miss Dorothy McColl
12. Class President's Address.....Mr. Manly Stockton
13. Music—"Proudly Flies the Eagle".....Senior Quartette
Earl Bigler, William Muir, Otto Binder, Paul Caleb.
14. Presentation of Class of 1913 to Board of Education.
15. Address and delivery of Diplomas to the Class by Hon. George H.
Forsee, Industrial Commissioner of the Kansas City Commercial Club.
16. Music—"Sailing, Sailing"..... Marks
Manual Training High School Glee Clubs and Orchestra.

SPECIAL HONORS.

- Mr. Lee Ingraham, Winner M. S. U. \$125.00 Freshman Scholarship.
Mr. Maurice J. O'Sullivan, Winner Kansas City Law School Scholarship.
Mr. Dickinson Markel, Winner Walter Armin Kumpf Chemistry Prize of
\$10.00.
Miss Ruth Borman, Winner Walter Armin Kumpf Physics Prize of \$10.00.
Mr. Wilbur Groom, Winner Washington University \$500.00 Scholarship.
Mr. Otto Binder, Winner Washington University \$500.00 Scholarship.



Frances Harbordt



Lulu Geiss



George Wood
Senior Play Cast



Bernelle Holtz



Edna Hendrickson



Ann Semner



McLain Tucker



Margaret Allen



Rhoda Johnson



Julian Cleveland



Gracia Bremer
Girls' Glee Club, '12-'13



Gustav Holmstrom



Cornelia Grant



Harry Dworkowitz



Marie Leonard



Walter Upton



Nella Grimes



Boukje Booy



Victor Feldmeyer



Esther Storms



Myrtle Wooley



Pierce Hussey



Gladys Aronhalt



Helen Draver



Eva Cohan
Girls' Glee Club, '11-'12,
'12-'13.

Mable Havermann



Paul Jones

Albert Scott



Irma Roach

Marie Whaling



Minnie Orvis

Louis Suetter
Glee Club, '12-'13





Bertha Finkleman

Hilda Muchemore
Girls' Gluee Club, '11-'12



Manley Stockton
President Senior Class,
1913; Nautilus Staff,
'11-'12; Glee Club, '11-
'12.

Bessie Wall



Frances Powell

Wilbur Groom
Washington University
Scholarship, 1913; Nauti-
lus Staff, '11-'12; '12-
'13; Manual Debating
Team, 1912



Thomas Berry
Track Team, '12-'13

Lucile Griffith





Edward Booker



Irene Wendell



Alfred Lyon



Goldie Vitt



Margaret Vetter



Fred Deardorff
Nautilus Staff, '12-'13



Helen Busekrus



Mildred Bohon



Boone Martin

Ruby Steele
Girls' Glee Club, '11-'12



Lena Henthorne
Girls' Glee Club, '11-'12

William Stains
Nautilus Staff, '12-'13



Maurice O'Sullivan
Giftoorian of Senior
Class, 1913; Nautilus
Staff, '12-'13; Winner
of K. C. Law Scholar-
ship

Helen Daniels



Esther Livingston

Linna Hardy





Alma Campbell

Leta McLain
Senior Play Cast



Leona Nicholas

Harold Pierce



William Muir
Track Team, '11-'12;
'12-'13; Glee Club, 12-
'13; Senior Quartette,
'13

Helen Levinson



Helen Orloff

Dorothy Brown





Mina Upton
Girls' Glee Club, '11-'12



Elwin Smith



Adrian Wolfert



Irene Funk
Girls' Glee Club, '11-'12



Irene Vandewart



Irwin Trowbridge
Senior Play Cast; De-
bating Team, 1913



Jack Funkhouser



May Hawley



Helen Topping
Vice-Pres. of Junior
Class, '12

Jas. Wallace



Albert Hakan

Jessie Gilwee



Anna O'Brian

Roberta Wood



Howard Treleaven

Walter Borders
Nautilus Staff, '12-'13





Morris Kort



Esther Martin



Effie Renne
Senior Book Staff



Helen Moffet



Alma Erickson



Verto Alley
Winner of Gold Medal
in Elocutionary Con-
test; Debating Team,
'12-'13; Senior Play
Cast



Northrop Peck



Louise Beddoes



Marjorie Hansen



Eugene Reasor



Charles Senninger



Laura Minor



Helen Davis



Marie Ward
Girls' Glee Club, '12-'13



Florence Dunn



Frank Higbee
Senior Book Staff; De-
bating Team, '13; Glee
Club, '11-'12



Paul Brink

Anna May Young
Girls' Glee Club, '12-'13



Bertha Gladstone



Gustav Nottberg



Otto Binder
Treas. Senior Class; De-
bating Team, 1913; Glee
Club, '11-'12; Senior
Quartette, '13.

Ethel Brenizer



Dorothy Haywood

Esther Fishburn
Girls' Glee Club, '12-'13





Beryl Fouts



Mary Zimmerschied



Lucille Clifton



Stanley Seibel



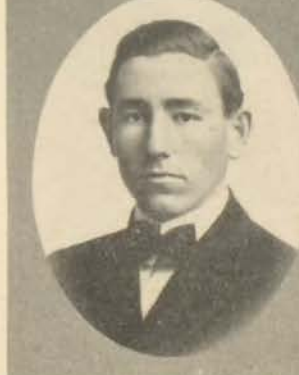
Edwin Gould
Nautilus Staff, '12-'13



Inez Sutton
Nautilus Staff, '12-'13;
Senior Play Cast



Pauline Robinson



Drury Callahan
Track Team, '11-'12;
'12-'13



Jessie Kahl



Clara Sherman



Mildred Nichols



Theodore Sherwood



Elizabeth Graham



Sarah Linger



Freda Kornbrodt



Louis Hermer



Harry Allshouse



Ruben Huxtable



Emily Gross



Mildred Gaylord



William Naughton
Glee Club, '11-'12



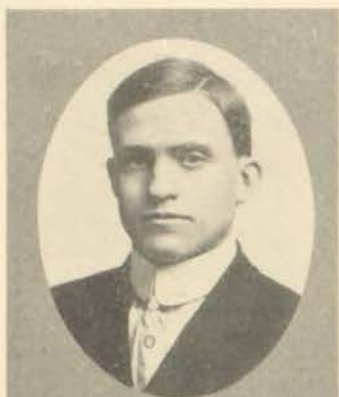
Carl Finster



Anna Murphy



Mildred Arrowsmith
Nautilus Staff, '11-'12;
'12-'13



Terry Imes

Ruth Borman
Winner of Kumpf
Physics' Prize



Josephine Horner

Edward Hurd



Dickinson Markel
Winner of Chemistry
Prize

Nana Letney



Louise Dungan

Louis Breitag





Morris Davis

Violet Clausen
Girls' Glee Club, '12-'13



Harriet Palmer

Richard Fitzpatrick



Clifford Johnston
Nautilus Staff, '12-'13;
Senior Play Cast; Ser-
geant-at-Arms of Junior
Class, 1913

Helen Schramm



Grace Stickney

Bessie Harrison





Flora Schmidli
Girls' Glee Club, '11-'12;
'12-'13

Pauline Curry



Edwin Duncan
Senior Play Cast

Lloyd Cobbs



Sarah Lechtman

Mildred Musser



Helen Hull

Dorothy McColl





James Kelly



Claude Coffey



Ethel Nye



Eva Goodman



Walter Smith



Robert Root



Esther Poland



Edna Ellis



Grace Taylor
Vice-Pres. Senior Class

Warner Cory
Glee Club '11-'12; Senior
Play Cast '13; Senior
Book Staff '13



Ruth Ziegler
Nautilus Staff, '11-'12,
and '12-'13. Secretary
Junior Class '12. Winner
of Gold Medal Elocutionary
Contest; Seeger German
Prize '12. Girl's Glee Club
'11-'12

Louise Gundaker
Girl's Glee Club



Louis Dietzel

Yula Thompson



Onie Meyers

Nora Biser





Ida Coleman



Lee Ingraham
Winner of M. S. U.
\$125.00 Freshman Schol-
arship; Nautilus Staff
'11-'12; Debating Team
1912



Charles Sloan



Ruby Harstine



Freda Marold



Harry Sote



Laura Peden



Myrtle Manhameyer



Clyde James



Fern Beghtol



Alice Pugh
Senior Play Cast



Eugene Rolfs



Milton Beamer



Mildred Davenport
Nautilus Staff '12-'13



Irene Funk
Girl's Glee Club '11-'12



Michael Berkowitz
Glee Club '11-'12



Florence Roberts



Maurice Baldwin



Ruth Shedrick
Girl's Glee Club '12-'13



Ida Klausmeir
Girl's Glee Club '11-'12



Oscar Major
Orchestra '11-'12



Treba Wells
Girl's Glee Club '11-'12;
'12-'13



Louise Taylor



Marion Huscher



Daisy Tutt
Nautilus Staff '11-'12;
'12-'13

Helen Fishburn
Girl's Glee Club '11-'12;
'12-'13



Alfreda Vogel



Harry Stutzer



Fay Weller



Marjorie Crooks



Maude Lewis

Boyd Marquis
Sergeant - at - Arms of
Senior Class '13; Debat-
ing Team 1913; Senior
Play Cast; Glee Club
'11-'12





Edmund Burke



Everett Sackman



Marie Prather
Senior Play Cast



Gladys Moor



Roy Disney
Senior Play Cast



Bertha Brown
Girl's Glee Club '11-'12;
'12-'13



Dora Cohon



Guy Wilson



Elizabeth Smith

Gladys Hazlett
Senior Book Staff



Frank Herd

Stephen Gould
Nautilus Staff '12-'13



Faye North

Mary Donovan



Frances Backstrom

Anna Bell Simpson





Richard O'Connor



Henry Vreeland



Electa Hunter



Irene Jackson
Girl's Glee Club '12-'13



Milton Goldstandt



Elmer Hodges
Glee Club '12-'13



Grace Wood



Lillian Ulrich



George Berkley
Glee Club '11-'12; Or-
chestra '11-'12

Carl Brand
Senior Book Staff



Mabel Edmond

Frances Isbell



Russell Planck
Track Team '10-'11;
'11-'12; '12-'13; Captain
Track Team '12-'13;
Glee Club '11-'12

Ruth Bangs



Ruby Moling
Nautilus Staff '12-'13

Milliken Neil
Orchestra '11-'12; '12-'13





James Carter
Orchestra '11-'12

Bernice Haas



Fannie Goodman

Lee Schneiter



Paul Caleb
Glee Club '12-'13; Senior
Quartette '13

Roy Swanson



Sarah Lee
Orchestra '12-'13

Helen Gray





Homer Linger



Esther McCarty



Gertrude McCormack
Girl's Glee Club '12-'13



Elizabeth Brink



Harold Stewart
Secretary Senior Class



William Buelmer



JUNIOR OFFICERS.



JAMES RICHARDSON,
Secretary.

MR. PETERS.

MARY ROSE,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

LAWRENCE WINN,
Treasurer.

VERA CURRAN,
Vice-President.

FRANKLIN MOORE,
President.

Juniors.

FRANKLIN MOORE, PRESIDENT.

Not very many years ago, in the fall of 1910 to be exact, there arrived at Manual one of the greatest conglomerations of knowledge ever housed under one roof. This magnificent aggregation, thought at first to be an ordinary Freshman class, was not at first recognized as a brilliant assemblage, but it was not for long that the faculty and upper classmen of Manual were to remain in this state of benighted ignorance. Powerful searchlights of wisdom began to spread their ultra violet rays of knowledge through Manual's dusty corridor and soon a great change in school tendencies became evident. All optics, both faculty and student, were turned upon this new-born class in wonder at the evidences of infantile precocity emanating from the brains of its members. Small wonder that members of upper classes, looking forward to the great and powerful future of this promising class, began to slight their studies so that they might fail and be permitted to join these youthful scions of wisdom. And so this Freshman class whose actions were so devoid of chlorophyll or verdancy was discovered to be a mighty factor in school life.

Then as the wheels of time rolled on in their endless course this class of ripened Freshmen became studious Sophomores and grew and waxed strong in the knowledge of Julius Cæsar, P. Geometry, Esq., and kindred celebrities. Their embryonic powers developed still more and their second year was indeed a year of progress. Feeling their own supremacy even in their sophomore year, this group of scholars realized that in consolidation and co-operation lay their strength. Therefore, a great band of fellowship grew up about these loyal Manualites which was destined to become the basis for a powerful organization in their later years. In this growing progressive manner their second year passed with many a pleasant event intermingled with those of a more serious nature.

You are probably aware that during these months of Sophomoredom the wheels of time were still revolving in

their aforementioned endless path and so when these self-same scholars returned again to grace the halls of dear old Manual they were recognized as mighty Juniors and were burdened with a great reputation which had to be upheld at any cost. But, did this noble class quake or groan under this burden? Nay, nay, Caroline, go to the foot of the class! They did most valiantly uphold their reputation even exceeding in many instances all past records.

Also in their Junior year these scholarly personages grew broader in their outlook and discovered that they had many friends who were not members of their own class.

About the time that this news found a place to slide into their already crowded brains the terrible truth dawned on them. Their own good friends—the Seniors—were about to leave them to go out into the wide, wide world.

After all this history and fore thought, that's what we Juniors wish to speak about. We have just begun to realize what those Seniors have meant to us. They have really paved the way for us, just as a powerful ruler sends his horsemen before him to herald his coming, or as a circus sends police ahead to part the multitudes. They have furnished us at least a substitute for rivalry in debating, courting, athletics, and other school activities. Although we have been victorious in most instances they have won, sometimes, a very high compliment to their ability. We have written beautiful verses in their Senior books, played them innumerable games of tennis, and have helped them ride in their automobiles, and so when they say their say on Commencement Day, and leave these halls forever, we'll miss them.

Before they go we cannot refrain from offering one bit of advice from our expansive brains. 'Tis this, Seniors: "Be straight, be square, be true and you will find success."

"Here's to you, Seniors,
May your good be better
And your better, best."



STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the Nautilus, published four issues per year at Kansas City, Missouri, required by the act of August 24, 1912:

Managing Editor—E. D. Phillips, (principal of school), Kansas City, Mo.

Editor—Fred Deardorff (pupil of school), Kansas City, Mo.

Business Manager—J. M. Kent (for faculty), Kansas City, Mo.

Publishers—Pupils of Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo.

Owners—Pupils of Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo.

E. D. PHILLIPS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of May, 1913.

[Seal.]

FRANK S. CASEY,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires Oct. 18, 1915).

The
Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.

extends to the students, the faculty, and the friends of the Manual Training High School, the courtesies of its store devoted to wearing apparel and dress accessories for youths and misses, men and women, and to the complete outfitting of the home—in every case presenting merchandise of the highest order of merit characteristic of this store.

**Youth's and Men's
Clothing and Furnishings
Walnut Street Floor**

**Our Specialty Store for Girls
Third Floor Annex**

Grand Avenue, Walnut and Eleventh Street
Kansas City, Mo.

That Party

"Bill" himself personally sees *that your guests have that same attention you would give*

Everything
Furnished

Bill Hicks

Catering
Company

Listen Too

Opening of the

Garden Cafe

Music—Dainty Lunches—Frozen Dainties

The Novelty Store

106 East 8th St.

Sells flashlights, pocketknives, books for mechanics, wireless goods, baseball and tennis goods, and hundreds of other items interesting for young men.

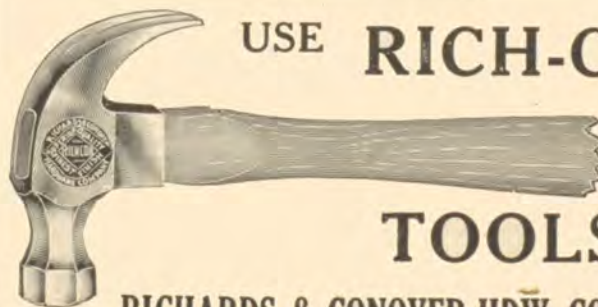
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BREAD - WITH A FLAVOR!

That one fact is the reason you will never change flour after asking your grocer to send you

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— FLOUR —**

The Perfect Pure Hard Wheat
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THE PUREST AND BEST

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Actual Size

Price . . \$1.75

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The Official
Manual Pin



Actual Size

Solid Silver . . \$.75
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**Art
Hardware**



**Fine Mechanics
Tools**

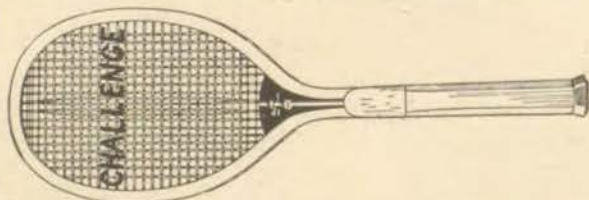
Established 1888

Wengert-Bishop Hardware Co.

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Kansas City, Missouri

Perry—Did you ever cross the street and notice the street crossing, too?
 Dolly—No, but I have walked up one side of the street and watched the other side walk down.



A New Wright & Ditson Racket That is a Winner at \$6.00

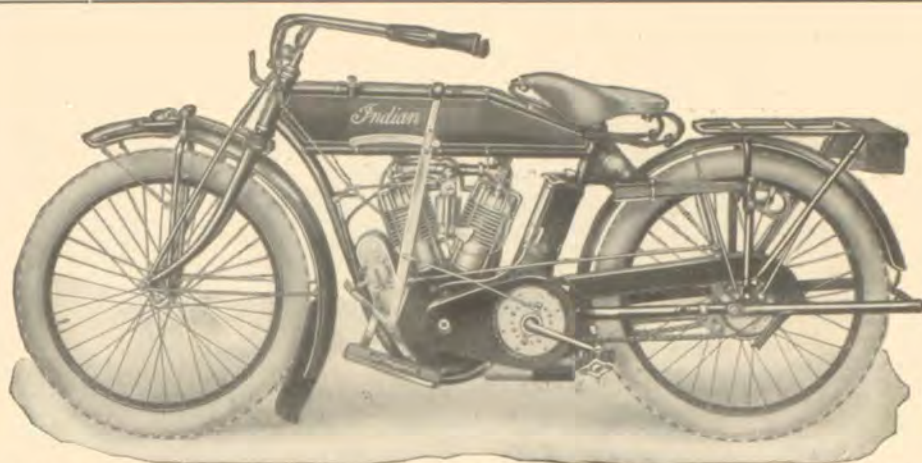
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Avenue

GEO. C. **LOWE & CAMPBELL** D. KEEDY
 ATHLETIC AND SPORTING GOODS

1113 Grand
Avenue

**EVERYTHING IN BASE-
BALL, TENNIS, GOLF,
TRACK, ATHLETIC
SHOES - CLOTHING**

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THE GREATEST COMFORT FEATURE EVER APPLIED TO A MOTORCYCLE
The Cradle Spring Frame of the INDIAN

represents the successful application of the automobile principle of spring suspension, similar to the cradle spring fitted to the Indian fork for the past 4 years.

Rear fork is hinged, allowing the rear wheel to yield to road shocks, which in turn are absorbed by the parallel sets of leaf springs; all jolting and vibration prevented; rider knows only a smooth forward gliding motion; exclusively an Indian feature.

THE INDIAN TWIN IS EARNESTLY RECOMMENDED AS THE MOST SATISFACTORY AND EFFICIENT ALL AROUND MOTOR CYCLE ON THE WORLD'S MARKET TODAY.

Come in and see the 1913 Indian models or write for catalog.

Hanson's Indian Motorcycle Wigwam, 1406 Grand Ave. Home Phone 5551 Main.

The Most Interesting Store in Kansas City



The year round, year in and year out---this trade mark is your guarantee on all

**Athletic,
 Sporting and
 Outdoor Life
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Schmelzer's

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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
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Have your dances at
 Morton's Ballroom West-
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10 East 11th Street and Westport and Main
 ALL PHONES

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Let the **STENOTYPE** Earn a Good Salary for You.

The
FASTEST
WRITING
MACHINE
In the
WORLD



The Best
Business
Firms
Demand
Stenotype
Operators
for their
Dictation
because of
ACCURACY
and **SPEED**

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HUFF'S SCHOOL, 503 Gloyd Building,
Kansas City, Missouri

The Most Practical School In America.

YOU need not feel at all backward about asking for information concerning our methods of receiving deposits, our rules for opening accounts, our manner of making loans, our rates of interest, etc. You will receive courteous treatment here.

Pioneer Trust Company

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MRS. WOILLARD'S OSTRICH FEATHER SHOP

Old Feathers and Hats made to equal new
New style bands and Willow Plumes made out of old feathers

1021 Grand Avenue ————— **Second Floor**

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Graduate in an "L System" Suit

Smart, Snappy, Lively, Dashing New Models Specially Featured at \$25

YOUNG MEN! See these rare and stimulating styles, fresh from "THE L SYSTEM." They reveal the very latest ideas from university centers; new, metropolitan, uncommon in model, in color, in pattern for Graduation wear—a style show of advance styles you'll find nowhere else. They're thoroughbreds and will give thoroughbred service. They're the sort that reflect your character and individuality. From stitch to style and fashion to fabric they are decidedly attractive. Ask especially to see the dapper 2 and 3-button English Norfolks, the most talked about suits in the country, featured in our young men's store in this great line at.....

\$25



Auerbach & Guettel
The Palace
CLOTHING CO.

909-919 MAIN STREET

One little drop of printer's ink
Can help you either swim or sink;
It can open up your eyes,
It can praise or scandalize,
Can take you to the Hall of Fame,
And then can bring you back again.
One little drop of printer's ink
Can make a million people think.

For "The Best in Printing"
See

CLINE PRINTING CO.

521 Locust St. Kansas City, Mo.
Home Phone 3454 Main

Pleasing results are obtained

by bringing your **KODAK**
FILMS to the Glendale Bldg.



Ackerman

At the head of the marble stairs

N. E. Corner 10th & Grand

Nelson & Wright

Men's
Furnishers

906 MAIN STREET
Home Telephone 2766

Home Phone Main 8216

MISS WHITE PHOTOGRAPHER

1104 Walnut St.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

*Excelsior
Auto-Cycle*

SERVICE

When you own an Excelsior Auto-Cycle you have, not only the best motorcycle you can buy, but you also have the satisfaction of knowing that you are enjoying Excelsior Service. We sell every Excelsior, or other motorcycle for that matter, with the intention of keeping you for a customer. How well our service and the Excelsior is appreciated may be judged from the fact that we have not lost even one per cent of original Excelsior riders.

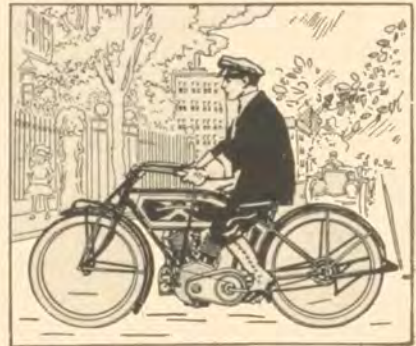
The Only Motorcycle
That Ever Traveled 100
Miles an Hour.

Winner of first four places
in Portland (Oregon) Hill
Climb February 23, with com-
petition of thirty entries

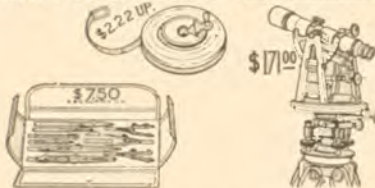
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DISTRIBUTORS

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Architects & Engineers' Supply Co.
ARTISTS MATERIALS, BLUE
PRINTS, OFFICE SUPPLIES,
REPAIRING.

923 WALNUT STREET.

COMMERCIAL *Spalding's* COLLEGE

10th & Oak Sts., KANSAS CITY, MO.
47th Year. \$100,000 College Building has 15 Rooms,
including Auditorium and Free Gymnasium.
SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, TELE-
GRAPHY AND ENGLISH. DAY & NIGHT SCHOOLS.
Write to-day for FREE Catalogue " "

SUMMER SCHOOL

9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

In patronizing these advertisers please mention THE NAUTILUS.

Carl Skars

will furnish to you

The Best Things to Eat

Delicatessen, Groceries, Meats,

Phones—Bell 759 Grand; Home 4991 Main

15th Street, near Troost

WE STRIVE TO PLEASE
ALPHA
FLORAL Co.
 1105 WALNUT—PHONES 1806

Official Manual Florist for years.
 Therefore we are prepared for your
 needs long before the time comes.
 You never need to entertain any
 doubt of being disappointed here.

Gate City National Bank

Kansas City Mo.

Capital and Surplus, \$225,000.00

Our new banking room is a model of convenience.

Our experienced clerical force is at your service.

Commercial Banking

Savings Department

Foreign and Domestic Exchange

Ladies' Department

Safe Deposit Boxes

Travelers' Cheques

Every accomodation found in up-to-date banking.

United States Depository

K. C. WAFFLES

Six For Five Cents

BOYS, LOOK FOR THE WAGON

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BARTBERGER
ENGRAVING
COMPANY

KANSAS
CITY

DRAWINGS
ZINC ETCHINGS
HALFTONES

E.M.P.A.

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M. QUINN

535-537-539 Main St.

Kansas City, Mo.

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we want you to remember the

BERKOWITZ ENVELOPE CO.

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We produce **1,000,000**
printed envelopes a day and
we want to make yours at a
saving of 20%.

Ask your father if he buys
BERKOWITZ ENVELOPES?

We save him 20%

Established 1870

Graduation Gifts

*New and attractive suggestions
in Flower Pins, Lingerie
Clasps, Circle Brooches
and Silver Novelties*

*Prices and Samples furnished
for fine engraving of*

**Invitations,
Graduation Cards, Etc.**

CADY & OLMSTEAD JEWELRY CO.

1009-1011 Walnut Street



Ye Tennis Players should wear

ELK SOLE TENNIS SHOES

Lighter, Faster, more Durable than any other make

R. S. ELLIOTT ARMS COMPANY

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Students have the advantage of practical office experience combined with theoretical work.

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Kodaks, for
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Everything for Kodakery
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Expert Finishing
EDWARDS CUTLERY
 21 East 11th St.



Commence your business career
 by using

BANKERS INK

You will be pleased with it. It is
 MADE IN KANSAS CITY

BANKERS INK CO.,
 604-7 Wyandotte Street
 HOME PHONE M. 736

FRANK GATES

Prescription Druggist

FREE PHONES { Home Main 5287
Bell 3963
Grand 446

Delicious Ice Cold Drinks

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS

SUPPLIES AND BLUE PRINTS

METCALFE BLUE PRINT AND SUPPLY COMPANY
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BOLEY'S

The Home of Society Brand
and Kuppenheimer
Suits for Youth
in various grades

from \$15 to \$35

See Our Special \$20 Blue
Serge for Graduation

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Sell Your Old School Books at the

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Books Bought, Sold and Exchanged

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"ATLAS OATS"

A Perfect Breakfast Dish
Made In Kansas City, Mo.

—By—

ATLAS OATS COMPANY

Kern

**Importer
Ladies' Tailoring
and Gowns**

400-1 Ellis Building

**Why
Not
Make**

BRIGGS

**Your
Kodak
Dealer**

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Brown's Business College
Kansas City, Missouri

Home Phone 5591 Main 1114-16-18 GRAND AVE. Bell Phone 2910 Grand

SUMMER DISCOUNT RATES

BOOKKEEPING OR GREGG SHORTHAND
Three Months Spot Cash \$10.00; In Three Payments \$15.00.
Six Months In Three Payments \$15.00

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 the 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. 30c.

"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.

Repairers of Jewelry, Watches
and Clocks

Water Color Sketches
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ENGRAVING

GREEN JEWELRY CO.

Creators of Distinctively Artistic Designs in
Jewelry, Class Pins, Medals, Etc.

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Home Phone 1235

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Are Famous Everywhere for making up their handsomest

SUITS in
Club Checks
Shepherd Checks,
Dice Checks
Overplaids
Hair Lines
Cable Stripes
Neat Mixtures

We are showing them in black and white, blue and white, gray, pearl and brown, in both Norfolk and three-piece suits

\$25 and \$30

J. B. REICHLÉ CLOTHING CO.

18 and 20 E. 11th St. Sharp Bldg.

MANUAL PINS

75c Each



Every loyal Manual Student should wear one of these handsome silver, gilt, and enameled pins. Finest material and workmanship. We show them exclusively.

Jaccard Jewelry Co.

1017-1019 Walnut St.

The Wonderful Angelus ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO

The World's Greatest
Player Piano



And remember, our stock of Sheet Music, Musical Merchandise, Victor Talking Machines and Victor Victrolas is the most up-to-date in Kansas City. We also represent the world's best make of Pianos, Chickering, Steger & Sons, Emerson, etc.

CARL HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

Established 1869

1120 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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KANSAS CITY Business College

Young Women's Christian Association Bldg.
1020-24 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

A school that has for its object the thorough training of young men and women for success in life. Book-keeping, shorthand, touch typewriting, penmanship and all English and commercial branches. Free employment bureau. Day and evening sessions the entire year. Thoroughly experienced teachers. Highest indorsement from business men and former students. One of the strongest shorthand faculties in the entire West, teaching nine standard systems of shorthand and stenotypy. Dement, Pitman, Graham or Gregg shorthand. Penmen of national reputation. Perfectly equipped in every department. Largest study hall in Kansas City. Graduates placed in positions and students aided in defraying expenses while taking the course. Elegant new quarters; finest in Kansas City, especially designed for this school in the new modern fire proof Young Women's Christian Association Building, 1020 McGee Street. For catalogue and other information, address,

C. T. SMITH, Y. W. C. A. BUILDING, KANSAS CITY, MO.

"WE SELL IT FOR LESS"

LUMBER,
SASH,
PAINTS,
DUCKS BACK ROOFING

DOORS,
MILL WORK,
PLATE GLASS
HARDWARE

House Wrecking Salvage & Lumber Co.

"Dealers in Everything to Build Anything With"

18th and Troost

YARDS

20th and Grand

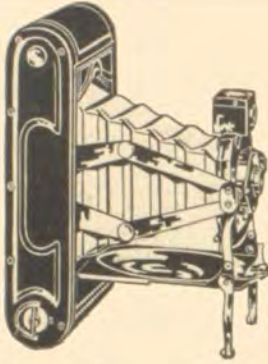


"Miss Lily White will please stand up!"
But Phoebe upward wriggled:
"I'm Lily White—with Faultless Starch."
And all the Pupils giggled.

FAULTLESS STARCH

FREE with Each 10c Package—An Interesting Book for Children

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Artists Material, Drafting Instruments and Supplies, Optical Goods and Fine Stationery, Better KODAK Finishing

K. C. PHOTO SUPPLY CO.

TEN TEN GRAND AVENUE

PUNTON-REED PUBLISHING CO.

INCORPORATED

P The Largest Publication **D**
House in Kansas City

Printers of Publications, Magazines,
Catalogs, and Edition Work

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Both Phones 5473 Main

BICYCLES

Bought, Sold and Exchanged

copies and repairing for all makes.
New Bicycles from \$20 up, second hand
ones at all prices. Satisfaction guaran-
teed.

SLIVERS CYCLE CO.

Home Phone 125 M. 15th & Paseo.

Home Phone 128 Main

McBRIDE & KERNS

DECORATING

Wall Paper, Paint and Glass

FORMERLY
E. D. WILLIAMS PAINT CO.

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F. GANGEL

MAKER OF

Pure Lard and Sausage
Ham and Bacon

Smoked with hickory chips.

WE DELIVER THE GOODS.



19 East Eleventh Street

Hahn's Book Store

S. W. Corner Eleventh and Locust

**High School Text Book
Headquarters**

Now and Second Hand Books Bought,
Sold and Exchanged. School
Stationery. Pennants.

Both Phones:
Bell Grand 3212 Home Main 9237

MERCER'S

10th and Grand Ave.

Jewelry

Silverware

Stationery

"WHAT WE SAY IT IS, IT IS"

Let us take charge of your parties,
luncheons and dinners. We can furnish
delicious refreshments and maids to
serve you.

When down town, visit us at noon and
in the evening. Miss Sublette.

**MISS SUBLETTE
Milk Maids Tavern**

Grand Avenue Temple Building

Q Patronize the *Nautilus* advertisers.
These merchants support your school paper and
they expect results when they advertise. So get busy, *stu-*
dents, and do your part by buying whatever you desire
from a *Nautilus advertiser*.

In patronizing these advertisers please mention THE NAUTILUS.

Go to Art Department of
CAMPBELL PAINT AND GLASS CO.

1421-23 Walnut Street

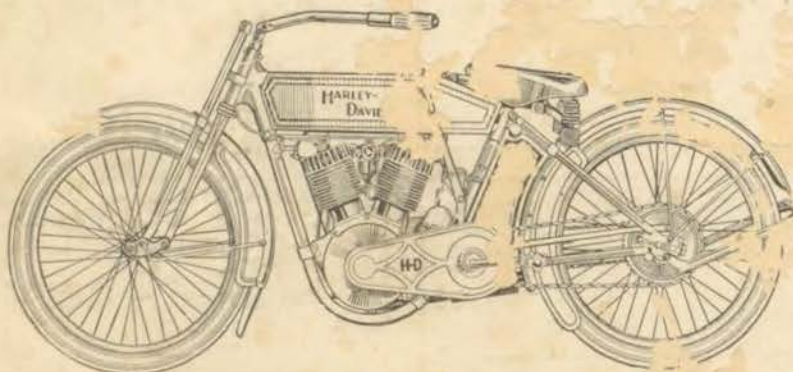
Home Phones } 2706 Main
 2810 Main

Bell Phone 2727 Grand



"THE MARK OF QUALITY"

Harley-Davidson Motorcycles



Leds in *Power, Speed, Flexibility.* Holder of the *World's Official Economy Record.*

MURRAY KOFNER MOTORCYCLE CO., 412 E. 15th Street

... bank and check book not so much a necessity adjunct for
 ... ng prestige to those not engaged in some business as is a sav-
 ... rely the latter is a representative of the part of the employed
 ... verge and conservative living a major factor in the make-up
 ... stice.

Per Annum Paid on Savings Account.
 Annual Dividend on Time Certificates.
 Per Annum Paid on Checking Account.

"SAVINGS ASSOCIATION BANK

W. J. STREET

... mention THE NAUTICALS.

Think It Over

You Had Better Be Safe Than Sorry

—BUY—

FASHION CLOTHES

—\$15 to \$30—

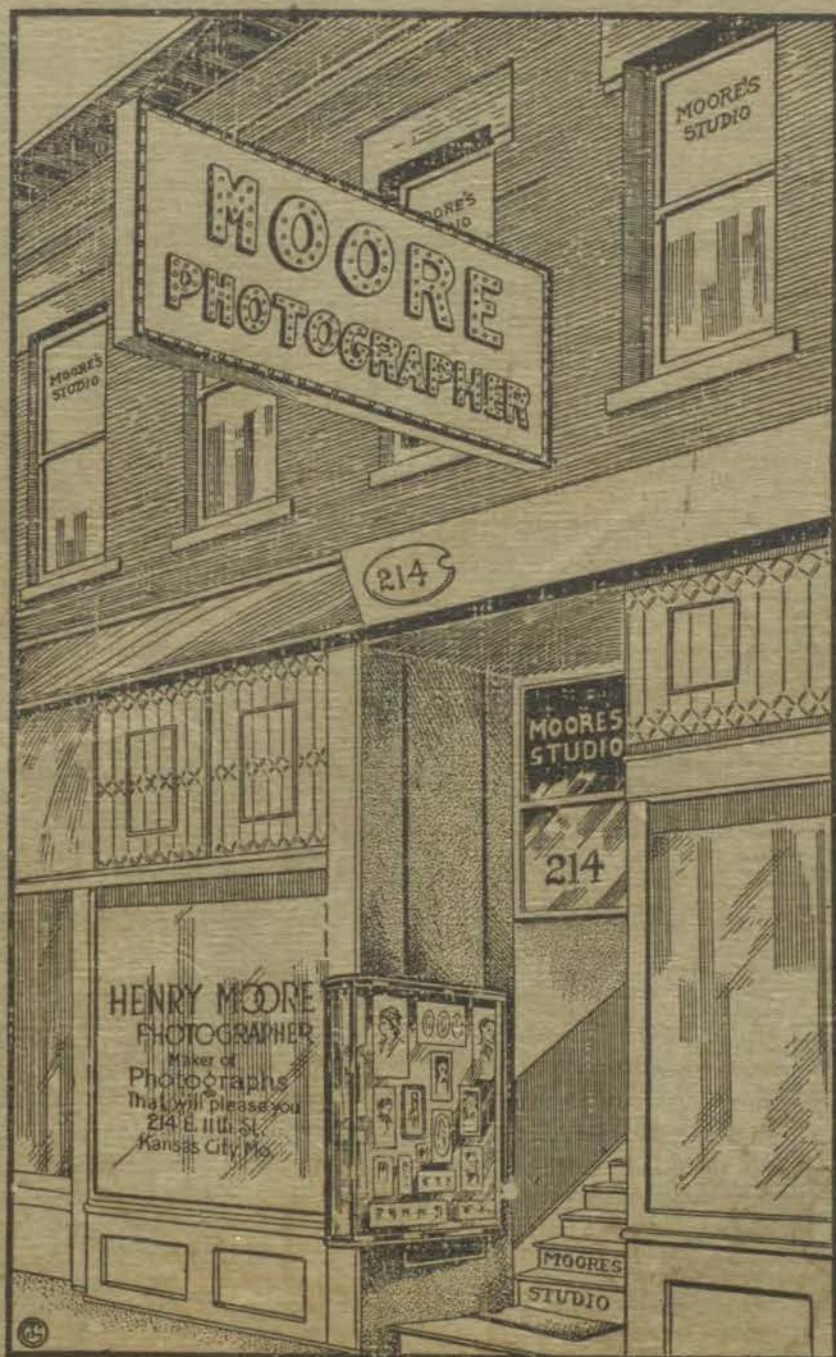


Fashion Clothes

You cannot afford to overlook a shop which makes a specialty, not only of selling you the merchandise best suited to your individual needs, but of giving excellent value. We'd enjoy a little visit with you whether or not you wish to purchase. Come in.

Shelton Clothing Co.

Fashion Clothiers 1006 Walnut St.



ENTRANCE TO HENRY MOORE'S PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO.
214 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo.
SPECIAL REDUCED RATES TO MANUAL HIGH SCHOOL.