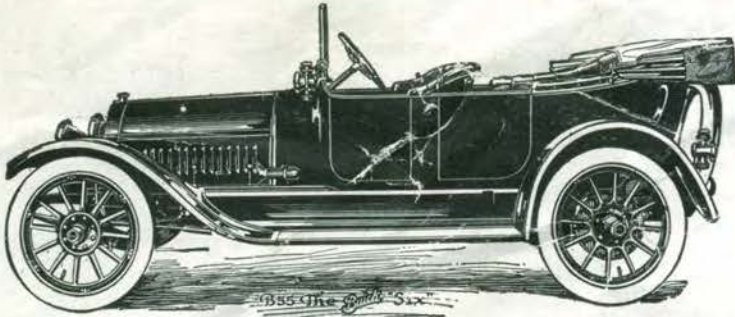


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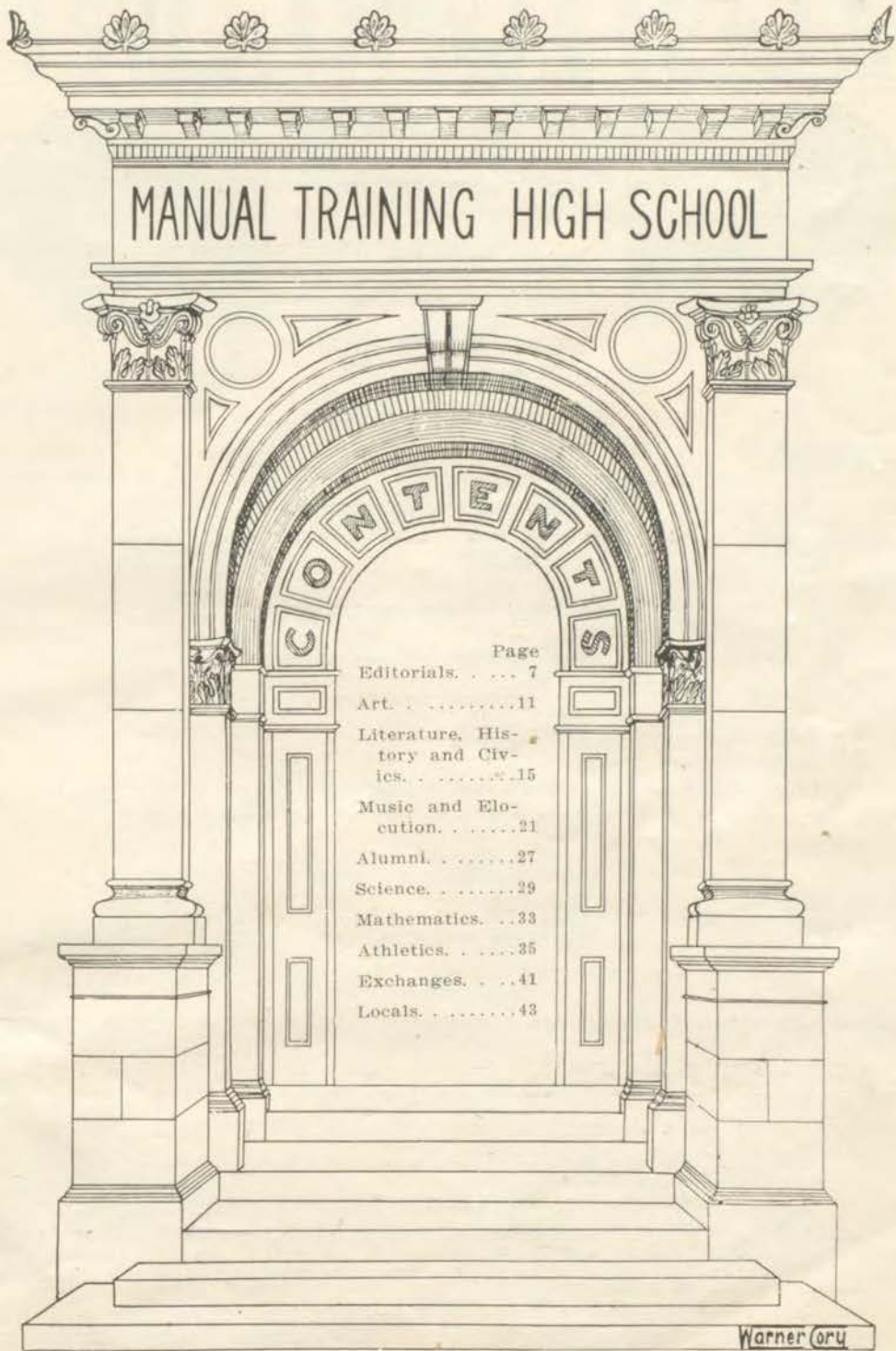
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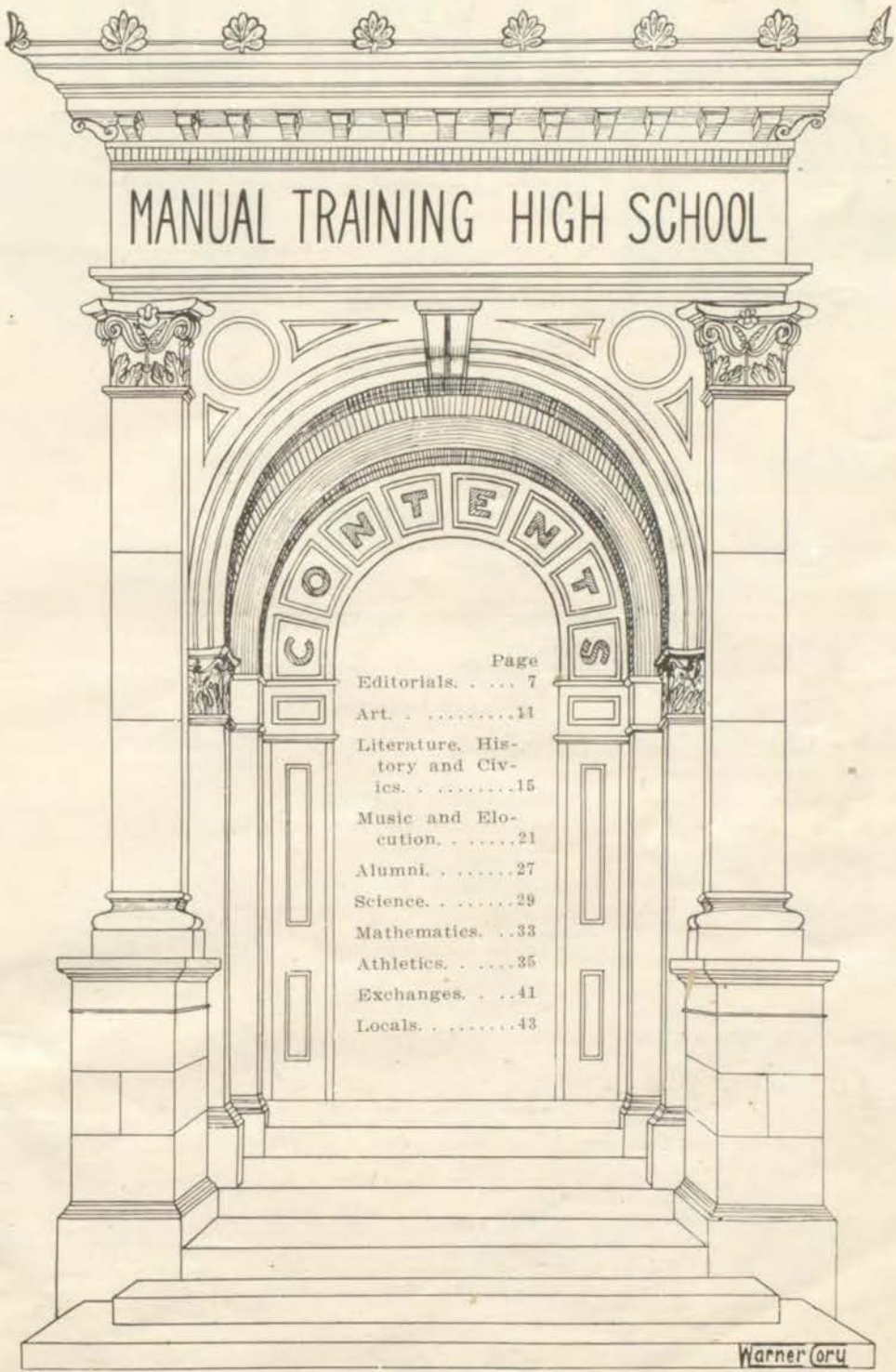
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THE NAUTILUS



Build thee more stately mansions
O, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave 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. XVII. No. 3.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

April 14, 1914.

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The Nautilus is entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Post Office, under date of Jan. 19, 1893, as Second Class matter, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

NOTICE

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

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

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

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

Only one more issue of the Nautilus remains, the big Annual. How many loyal Manualites have handed in their names for a copy? Do you

A Final Appeal. realize that out of our sixteen hundred odd enrollment, only

four hundred and eighty-six have subscribed for the school magazine?

Do you realize further that owing to the opposition of the Merchants' Protective Association, advertising is scarcer than

the proverbial hen's teeth, and just as hard to find? Do you realize most of all

that it will cost us sixteen hundred dollars to bring out the Annual, and that

since advertisements are so scarce, we must depend more than ever before on

student support for the "wherewith" to bring out a worthy final number?

This year probably ends the Nautilus in its present form. The only way in

which we can have a school paper at all next year will be by installing a printing press and having the paper issued by

students in the printing classes. No such artistic product as the old Nautilus of

the last seventeen years can be produced under these conditions, however. We

cannot hope to have more than a weekly or monthly paper with none of the special

departmental features for which the Nautilus has always been ranked among

the leading high school magazines of the country.

In view of this fact, will you not help us to make this final issue a fitting

climax to the seventeen glorious years of the Nautilus's career? Begin at once to hand in your names and your money for the final issue. The girls should be especially interested because of the great bargain offered. Think of getting for thirty-five cents a magazine for which the actual cost per copy is more than a dollar! But it is not money alone for which we plead. We want material—the very cream of your year's work. And remember—*do it now*. Only a month remains before material for the Annual must be in shape for the printer. Do your work quickly and give the editors a chance to pick out the best before that time. Remember, the Staff are only your agents. It is the quality of your work that will determine the quality of the magazine.

We are especially moved to this appeal by the reception given the New Year's issue. Not having had a sufficient number of copies of the Thanksgiving number, we ordered two hundred extra copies of the January issue. It was a bright, snappy number. The literary and local departments were especially large for a mid-year issue. Several good cartoons were a feature usually reserved for the Annual. One of our exchanges in commenting on this issue, said it was more like a standard magazine than an ordinary high school paper. Furthermore, the assistant city editor of one of our big dailies, after examining the number in question, said he considered it the best edited high school magazine he had ever examined. Yet what happened to our extra numbers? Most of them are now down in the basement to be used for kindling.

We cannot afford to have this happen with the Annual, because the cost of the extra numbers is too great, hence we must have beforehand some definite statement of the number of copies needed. Since this is our last big Annual, we intend to make it a souvenir issue in every sense of the word. If you have enjoyed the cartoons in the last two issues, you will certainly enjoy the Annual. If the faculty do not dodge or break the camera, we hope to give you their pictures to carry away as remembrances. It is our intention to make this

a number that every student will prize after his school days are over.

Won't you help us? We want your subscription; we want your material, but above all, we want your loyal support. "If you can't boost, don't knock!" It is your magazine, not ours. We are only your representatives, whom you were indiscreet enough to choose to carry out your will. Every stone you cast, either at staff or magazine, is a reflection upon your own good judgment or ability.

We are departing somewhat from the policy we established at the beginning of the year.

"Don't explain! Don't apologize! Don't retract! Get the thing done and let them howl!"

So far we have neither apologized nor retracted, but we are giving this word of explanation in the hope that the surplus school spirit remaining after the close of the basketball season will rally to our support and help us to make this Annual the final word in high school magazine excellence.

Among the many excellent assembly programs held since the last appearance of the Nautilus, mention must be made

of the two beautiful musical performances of February 19 and 27. The first was a piano recital by Mrs. Carl Busch and a group of her pupils, the second a delightful program by the Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Carl Busch.

On Wednesday, March 18, the Central debating team, chaperoned by Mr. Lewis, visited us and spent some minutes telling us how much would be left of our team after the Central debaters got through with them on Friday night. Our team responded in kind. Mr. Hurwitz sounded a prophetic note when he said that he would even rank the Central team with Shakespeare, since, like that great man, *they couldn't repeat!* And you will observe that they didn't. Mr. Kizer gave us one of his usual two-minute dryly humorous talks. Mr. Lewis assured us of Central's high regard for Manual, only regretting that this regard could not prevent their dealing harshly

with us on the following Friday night. As proof of this regard, he asserted that Central had generously divided basket ball honors with us, and had even furnished us a pretty good man for principal.

In regard to the division of basket ball honors, we can only say that it is remarkable what one can do—*when he has to!* As far as Central's furnishing us a principal is concerned—well, we have always felt that the good things of earth should go to those who can appreciate them most. If this be true, then Manual has the better right to Mr. Graves, for if the Central pupils had appreciated him half as much as we do, they would have built a wall around Central to prevent his leaving.

Well, the basketball season is over, and Manual, Central and Westport will continue to wrangle, wherever two or three are gathered together, over the weighty question of which team really deserved the pennant. We can congratulate Central and Westport on the good showing made by their teams, even while we reserve our decision on the question under dispute, remembering as we do the hard conditions under which our team made its splendid fight.

Something must be said, however, of the sportsmanship shown by the Northeast players and rooters. A few defeats did not dishearten this bunch of "good sports;" they fought well and died fighting. Of course, they expected to win the championship and had a perfect right to hope such a thing, but luck was against them. But a team that fights as hard at the end of the season as they did at the beginning, after having lost every game, and a bunch of rooters that turn out in increased numbers after every defeat, show that there is stuff in that crowd that kings and queens are made of.

Do you remember Kipling's tribute to the English marines, who, as the Victoria sank, calmly went through their drill on deck and died like men?

"To take your chance in the thick of a rush, with firing all about,
Is nothing so bad when you've cover to 'and, an' leave an' likin' to shout;
But to stand and be still to the Birken' 'ead drill is a damn tough bullet to chew."

And that is just what Northeast did. While the other teams fought for well-earned victories, she faced certain defeat with the courage of the true sporting spirit. Do you remember the closing lines?

"We're most of us liars, we're 'arf of us thieves, and the rest are rank as can be,

But once in a while we can finish in style for the ends of the earth to see."

And didn't Northeast "finish in style"—fighting to the last minute, playing a clean, straight game, good "sports" and gentlemen all?

Here's how, Northeast. You're our style of sportsmen. We can't all win, but we can be good losers. And next year, when the clean, manly, undaunted spirit of this year has had time to bear fruit—well, just you watch Northeast's smoke!

N. B.—Since the foregoing article was written, the debate is over—and say! did you see Northeast's smoke?

Mr. Graves has just returned from a two weeks' tour of inspection of high school conditions in the following cities:

St. Louis, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, New York City, Washington, D. C., Richmond, Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago. Mr. Graves came home very well pleased with the conditions in our own "dear old Manual." He says that although we have the poorest building, it may be considered more homelike, than any he saw on his visit. He also says that Manual athletics are better controlled and in better condition all the way round than in any of the schools he visited. Most of the buildings had fine gymnasiums and sometimes two, so Mr. Graves' statement may be considered a great compliment to Manual athletics. He said that all of the lunch-rooms are run different from our own,

but the other schools said ours was the ideal way; that is, run by the domestic science department. He also finds that Old Manual pays more attention to mechanics than any of the Eastern schools. Ours is the only school in which the girls get a chance to cook in large quantities. It is certainly encouraging that after visiting so many up-to-date cities, Mr. Graves is still able to find so much of which to be proud in our own school.

Since our new lunchroom has been instituted, there have been about two hundred fewer promenaders in the halls at noon. We do not know

Our New Lunchroom. whether they go in couples or in bunches, but Miss Hazen is glad to have them in any form, just so they have a nickel or a dime which they want to part with. This lunchroom is run entirely by the cooking department. The girls buy, cook and sell everything. This gives them a chance to cook and buy in large quantities, and as they keep the books, they also get a few lessons in Mathematics.

On account of lack of space, the food is served on the cafeteria plan. Those who wish sandwiches only make their purchases in the cooking room, and eat in a corner of the assembly. Hot foods are served at small tables in the model diningroom.

Miss Hazen's idea in running this lunchroom is first, to accommodate the pupils, and second, to obtain funds for furnishing the diningroom more extensively. The food is served at the lowest possible cost. The menu is changed every day, and there are usually twelve different varieties of eatables. Miss Hazen is always glad to get any suggestions which will in any way improve the menu or method of serving.

Dr. Hall has already shown us that the way to return to basketball is to return, whether we have a gymnasium or not. Now Miss Hazen and her able corps of assistants have demonstrated that the proper way to open a lunch room is to open it, whether we have the room or not. We started the year by saying, school spirit was dead. Well—if it was, it is at present a very lively corpse.

Our second Patrons' Night, held March 13th, was one grand success. Pupils, parents, and even seniors turned out to see the senior play and get Patrons' better acquainted. The play was Night. One of the best ever given in

Manual and everyone seemed to enjoy himself immensely. The crowd was estimated at about 2,200, which necessitated giving two performances of the play. Mr. Graves's smile was so broad that his mouth was the only visible part of his face, but we will all agree that he had a perfect right to wear that smile. Track season will soon be open. Just keep the spirit up.

On January 14th the domestic science department gave a delightful luncheon for the benefit of the Nautilus staff. The afternoon was made pleasant by the presence of Miss Nautilus Hazen and several of her most competent pupils. Some witty jokes were passed around and as a whole the afternoon was one of happiness and jollity.

The menu was as follows:

Oyster cocktail.

Cream Lima Bean Bisque. Croutons. Limento. Potatoes. Rolls. Veal Cutlets. Carnation Parfait. Rose Ribbon Cake.

Coffee.

Hostess and Host, Lucille Clifton and Sue Bennett.

Of all the missiles of which this year's staff have been the target, this was the most agreeable. "Hit us again."

Miss Ethel Chalkley, one of our former teachers, who has been abroad studying art, has returned to take charge of our late beloved Miss Heyl's classes. We are all indeed glad to have he work fall into such competent hands, and rejoice at our good fortune in having Miss Chalkley with us again.



Beulah Gamble.

God calls our loved ones, but we
lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth, in thought
and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

PERHAPS a brief account of her mother's life would be a good background for the story of the life of Miss Heyl, our lamented art teacher, who has recently left this life to enter that vast forever.

Mrs. Heyl's life showed well those traits of character, perseverance and integrity which also helped the daughter to succeed. In her young married life Mrs. Heyl and her husband left Germany for America. On the way over, however, the husband died, leaving the mother with a young child to find a home in a country of strange people whose customs and language were so different from her own. But she did not despair. She worked bravely and by using her every wit she became accustomed to the new ways of life. She came to Independence, where she

met and married Mr. Heyl. Then after a time they moved to Westport, which for fifty years has been the home of the family. Here the mother was again left upon her own resources with six young girls to support, after the death of the father, Mr. Heyl. She taught them to be independent, self-reliant and courageous. As they grew older, each cultivated her own tastes and tendencies.

When Miss Heyl was a young girl, she attended Sunday School at the Westport Baptist church. Like her mother, she had faith and trust in God. She was for many years a member of the Westport Baptist church. As a young girl she was employed as a clerk in different department stores in the city. While she was selling ribbons, she delighted in matching the colors. In this way her artistic taste was cultivated. She began to study art in night classes. After several years of hard study, she became somewhat skilled in her work, and when Kansas City could offer no more advancement to one who was so apt and willing to learn, she determined to go abroad and study. As her mother's native country was Germany, she planned to go there.

So work and save she must. After a time, at a salary which could not have been very large, she saved a thousand dollars. Then unfortunately the bank where she kept her savings, failed. All was lost and her much-longed-for study abroad was deferred several years. But with hope still young and ambition unquenched, nothing daunted, she began to save another thousand dollars. Finally without further disappointment she went to Munich, Germany. There she studied for several years with the best artists, living as economically as possible, with a German family.

She won a scholarship with her work that enabled her to study longer, and gave her privileges in the National School at Munich. She met with many other successes in her work, but in the midst of her honors and successes a call came from home; her mother was getting old and needed her. Then with a fine sense of duty, she came back to America—to Kansas City—to teach in the new Manual Training School, which was just being completed.

She fully expected to go back some day and finish her education as an artist.

For thirteen years she taught at Manual Training High School. As a teacher she was admired for her fairness and generosity. She was quick to see the most hidden talent of her pupils. She was patient with those who, though they did their best, had poor results in their work.

The teachers of Manual Training High School sent the following tribute to Miss Heyl's sisters:

"In the sorrow that is yours, words fail to express what we feel for you. Yet as long-time associates with your beloved sister, the principal and teachers of the Manual Training High School give you their deepest sympathy in the loss which is yours and is deeply theirs as well.

"We, who were closely associated with Miss Heyl, appreciate most fully her lovable disposition, her devotion to her work and the generous spirit of sacrifice which marked her entire life.

"No one who was long associated with Miss Heyl could fail to appreciate the nobility of character which grew out of her deep sincerity and absolute truthfulness; characteristics which enabled her to rise superior to the ever-recurring annoyance of life.

"Her extreme generosity and her fairness in her dealings with others were marked qualities. Her devotion to the spirit of true art coupled with extreme modesty in regard to her own artistic achievements, have won for her an honored place in the community and in the hearts of her friends.

"The best inheritance she leaves, aside from the memory of herself, is the high standard of art that she established among her pupils and her friends in this school and in this city."

This is a tribute in which pupils and friends outside of school can sincerely and heartily join.

Music was furnished at Miss Heyl's funeral by a quartet of Manual students: Margaret Longsdorf, Ruth Gibson, Walter Munch and Ross Anderson.

* * * Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
 For this fair town's face, yonder river's
 line,
 The mountain round it and the sky
 above,
 Much more the figures of man, woman,
 child,
 These are the frame to? What's it all
 about?
 To be passed over, despised? or dwelt
 upon,
 Wondered at? oh, this last of course!
 —you say.
 But why not do as well as say,—paint
 these
 Just as they are, careless what comes
 of it?
 God's works—paint any one, and count
 it crime
 To let a truth slip * * *
 * * * Art was given for that;
 God uses us to help each other so,
 Lending our minds out."

LITERATURE HISTORY AND CIVILICS



EDITORS

Vera Curran

Bernard Hurwitz

A Sulphur Artesian Well by Moon- light.

FUEN DOBYNS, '15.

During the warm summer months I spent my vacation in a small country town, southeast of Kansas City. Sweet Springs, Missouri, has long been known throughout the country for its fine sulphur wells, sweet springs and other mineral wells, which are to be found in abundance in and about the "Springs."

Late one hot August evening, a party of us wishing to forget the heat strolled down to one of the sulphur wells, or gushers as they are called there.

We were engaged in conversation when one of our party remarked, "Where is that awful odor coming from? Don't you all catch it?"

"That is the Sulphur Gusher," answered another. "You know that it contains as much sulphur as any well in the United States."

We were now about three-quarters of a mile from this artesian well and there being a strong wind from that direction, the sulphur odors were carried along by it and were indeed very noticeable and strong.

As we approached, the moon broke from behind a dark cloud and the darkness seemed immediately dissolved into a cheering flood of light, enveloping everything. We could now hear the mighty roar and splash of water, and the sulphur odors became more and more prevalent. We began to look about for the well which we knew must be close. Suddenly as we rounded a hill that had hitherto kept the "gusher" from our view, there at our feet came rushing the waters from the lake of the well in a swift whirling current. The moon shining on this foaming water caused it to glisten, where the bubbles broke, like millions upon millions of diamonds.

We climbed by the side of these rapids up the hill that still lay between us and the gusher, and as we proceeded the little stream seemed slowly to sink into the darkness. We had now climbed high enough to see just the very crest of the spout. We stopped. We could easily imagine a huge silver hall, being balanced in the air, on—it seemed on nothingness. We proceeded farther. More and more of this

any postoffice or railroad station costs but twelve cents to any part of Germany or Austria.

The Germans live sane, healthy lives out of doors. Whole families go to the country for the week ends. This would not be generally possible in America, but suburban travel by trolley and train is very cheap in Germany, and the out of doors is generously furnished with restaurants and homely comfortable inns where a palatable lunch can be had for a trifling sum.

These are but a few of the admirable characteristics of the German city, but from them we can safely say that, whereas the enterprising American may boast of things which Germany does not possess, there is indeed much to be learned from the excellent government of the German cities.

A Football Story.

FRANK FITZPATRICK.

The whistle had blown signalling the end of the third quarter and the score stood 3 to 9 in favor of the Fenmore team. Fenmore College had always been Williams' keenest rival at football. Fenmore had won the last three games easily and it looked as though they were going to take the fourth, but with a little harder struggle.

"We've got to beat them, Jimmie," said Coach Gatlin to Jimmie Stone, the star half-back of the Williams team, "and we will, too, if you will only dodge Grey, that tackle of theirs.

"All right, coach, I'll do my best," said Jimmie as he listened to the advice the coach was giving him.

The whistle blew for the beginning of the last period and Jimmie, taking off his sweater, went out on the field, determined to do as the coach had told him. The play was fast and furious during the next few minutes but Grey seemed to stop everything that came his way. The Williams team tried every trick they knew, but still could make no impression on the stone-wall defense of their opponents.

Finally, on their last down, with the ball on their own thirty-five yard line, Williams decided to try a forward pass. The quarterback threw the ball

in a pretty spiral and Jimmie, catching it squarely, was off in an instant; dashing down the field as hard as he could go. With the aid of his teammates he had passed most of the Fenmore team and it looked as though he had a clear field before him when suddenly he caught sight of Grey, who had been playing back, coming across the field after him.

Jimmie, for the first time, felt fear grip him; he felt like dropping the ball and running in the opposite direction, when suddenly he remembered the coach's advice.

Summoning all of his courage he started running straight at Grey. Just as Jimmie came within a few feet of him, Grey leaped forward and Jimmie turned suddenly to one side. Grey missed his mark and Jimmie went shooting on to score the only touchdown of the game.

The Blue Valley Parkway.

FRED GARLEMAN.

Some cities have become famous because of their artificial waterways. The Alster River in Hamburg, the Charles River in Boston, and the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia are the most noted artificial water parks in the world. The Blue Valley in Kansas City affords opportunity for equal or even greater accomplishment.

The Blue River has been made a subject of an exhaustive study by the Board of Park Commissioners, its superintendent, landscape architects and engineers. They have carefully worked out a plan of development that is complete in every detail. This plan consists of two main features—first, to build a parkway from Fifteenth Street along and including the Blue River to Swope Park, with a boulevard connection to eastern terminus of Cliff Drive at Indian Mound; second, to improve the Blue River and make it navigable to Swope Park.

The boulevard connection of this parkway, starting at the end of Cliff Drive, will go south along Belmont and Ewing Avenues to Fifteenth Street, thence southeasterly to Nineteenth and Bristol, where it will con-

nect with the Blue Valley Parkway. The main boulevard drive of the parkway will then follow the bluffs on the west side of the valley to Thirtieth Street, where it leaves the river and goes southwesterly through a small ravine to Topping Avenue, thence along Topping directly south across the valley, rivers and railroad. Then it goes along the east bank of the river to Swope Park. This route makes the most direct connection between North Terrace Park and Swope Park that will not conflict with the industrial activities of the Blue Valley, as the main boulevard follows the bluffs on the opposite side of the river from the railroads.

Another part of the plan is to make the Blue River into a waterway that can be controlled at a uniform water stage of some depth. This can be done by building a movable dam at Nineteenth and Bristol. The Board of Park Commissioners' plans call for a dam of such height that the surrounding low land will be submerged to the extent of making a lake of one hundred and forty acres, at the same time filling the river to a depth of from ten to twenty feet to a distance of one and one-fourth miles above Swope Park, making a boating course of fifteen miles in length.

If this plan of building this parkway is carried out, can you imagine the result? Suppose that it had been built and that we were taking an automobile ride along it ten years from now. Going along the Cliff Drive, we have a very comprehensive view of the bottoms, but now at Indian Mound, we can see for miles and miles in every direction. We can see the Blue as it flows into the Missouri. Leaving this picture, we go south over the well kept boulevard until we are on the cliffs above Sheffield. Below us we see all kinds of factories and other buildings. Near Nineteenth Street we leave the bluffs and go down into the valley. Soon we get a glimpse of water through the trees ahead of us, and then we are on the bank of a lake that has made Kansas City famous. At one end we see a bridge,

but, on close examination, it proves to be a dam with a bridge on top. The water of the lake is clear, and the surrounding park is well kept, and is artistically decorated with shrubs and flowers. A number of trees adds to the beauty of the place. The park is thronged with numerous picnickers. The lake is dotted with boats of all kinds, sizes, and descriptions. We have just started to enjoy a cool ride under the trees when we come on a large swimming beach that is fairly alive with people. The lake is getting narrower now, and it finally merges into a stream that is much wider and deeper as well as clearer than the old Blue of ten years ago. We still see quite a few boats, and so, as we speed along over the smooth road, we sit back in our cushioned seats and are glad that we are alive. Sometimes, we are close to the bank of the river in the cool shade of the trees, and, sometimes, we are cutting across the bends of the river. At Forty-third Street we cross the river and from there we follow the east bank of the river. There are not so many boats here, although the stream is amply wide and deep enough to accommodate them. But we pass several fishing parties, many of whom have ample evidence of any fish story they may wish to tell. And so the scenery continues in every pleasing variety.

Is a parkway like that worth while? Just from the pleasure it would give the people of Kansas City, it would more than repay the cost of construction. But let us look at its value from an economic standpoint. You will remember the motor boat and swimming races that we had here recently. Those two events advertised Kansas City all over the United States. How much greater opportunity we would have for such advertising if we had a boating course on the Blue. This boating course would be much better than the one on the Missouri in every respect. Many other public events and festivals could be held there also. A great gala stretch of water could be made out of what is now at best an uninteresting, insanitary stream.

A Winter's Afternoon.

PAUL KOERNER, '15.

Dr. Preis was sick, deathly sick. He could see his body as it lay on the operating table, surrounded by noted surgeons. He watched these people curiously as they worked over him. With deft fingers and the certainty of long practice one of the surgeons was laying bare the region of his heart. It was an interesting case, undoubtedly. The trouble with his heart had been bad, but since—

Dr. Preis suddenly thought of the strangeness of his position. There was his body under the surgeon's knife, yet he felt nothing of it. His mind, his soul, or spirit seemed to view the body from afar. It was very strange.

As he was soliloquizing on the strangeness of his experience, he heard voices coming from behind him. He turned and saw two shadowy shapes. They were watching the surgeons who were operating over his body, an animated discussion going on between them meanwhile.

"He shall live," said the one, decisively.

"But his span of life is nearly broken. Why not mercifully break it?" argued the other.

"He is not prepared to die. The idea in his mind will do much for the advancement of science," answered the first.

"It will but extend the lives of other unfortunate mortals," returned the gloomy one.

Dr. Preis listened to this conversation without emotion. He divined that these two spirits were talking about him, but he felt disinterested. As they turned away, however, he followed, seeming to float in the air without any conscious effort. As he floated on, a rosy light appeared. As he entered this light, Dr. Preis heard many voices, all uniting in a loud humming murmur. The spirits that he had been following had been floating along in silence until the one said: "I will watch for his spirit. If I can prevent its return to the body, he will die."

The other did not answer, and they parted. As soon as the one who wanted to bring about Dr. Preis's death was

gone, the other turned to Dr. Preis. "I am the Spirit of Life," it said. "If you would live, return quickly to your body. The Spirit of Death is watching for you, and will prevent your return if he can. And the spirits of other persons who have been obliged to stay here will help him."

Dr. Preis attempted to speak, but no sound came. The Spirit of Life advised, "Do not attempt to speak. You cannot until you have permanently left your body. But go, return, or it will be too late."

As the Spirit of Life ceased speaking Dr. Preis saw a troop of shadowy forms coming toward him. The indifference he had felt until now vanished. Life suddenly became desirable and he fled precipitately. With a shout the spirits gave chase. Not knowing how to return to his body or just what to do to evade his pursuers, Dr. Preis was in a quandary. His movement was without any effort on his part. Every time he thought of a certain turn or deviation from his course he turned immediately.

But his lack of experience in this of locomotion seemed to work to his disadvantage, for when he looked back he saw that the spirits were gaining on him. One of them was only a few feet behind, and Dr. Preis could hear it, muttering to itself. Suddenly the operating room came into sight. And then, heavens!— Ahead of the doctor were several spirits, and at a shout from those following him they turned. Dr. Preis swerved to the right but his enemies had closed the way of escape in this direction. He turned again, this time in the opposite direction. The spirits were closing in on this side, too. He flew, as swiftly as possible, to the small gap still left. Just as he reached the opening, a form darted in front of him; in a moment several others surrounded him; he heard a shout, and—

The doctor awoke. His pipe was out. Bruno, the dog, who had been sleeping before the fire, had noticed that it was growing cold, and was stretching himself. The doctor looked at the clock. It was nearly six. He had been dreaming three hours.



MUSIC AND ELOCUTION

EDITOR

Margaret Hart

The Senior Play.

The Seniors are grateful for the consideration shown in giving them an opportunity to make the annual class play a really notable event in the year's work. For the first time in a good many years the entire evening was given over to the Seniors and they were told to make good with a vengeance at entertaining the friends and patrons of the school. "Hicks at College," a rapid-fire, three-act comedy, was presented, not once, but twice, each time to a capacity house. The huge success the play scored was due in a great measure to the faithful co-operation and sacrifice of those in the cast. Producing a play always means sacrifice and work, particularly so under the crowded conditions of our school, but those taking part feel amply repaid by the splendid reception accorded them by Manual's record-breaking, enthusiastic audience. The play is an indication of what can be done in dramatics at Manual. We hope that its success is a definite promise of better and bigger things in the future. The cast follows, with

the exception of the picturesque bill poster and those furnishing the music: Hiram Hicks, the Braino Man.....

..... Franklin Moore
 Tom Horton, who writes advertisements. James Richardson
 Fritz Jordon, Horton's chum, who plays basket ball..... Lawrence Winn
 Adam Biddicut, professor in Northern University..... Robert Warren
 Dean Smiley, dean of Northern University. Lathrop Backstrom
 Percy Robbins, from "Deah Boston".
 Ranson Tower
 Adolph Hopkins, a lazy boy.....
 Francis Proper
 Bastian Briggs, a dig.... Arnold Block
 Josh Anderson, a basket ball enthusiast. Howard Jameyson
 Charlie Padlet, a reporter for the "Daily Shrick"..... Clark Moore
 Peters, the proprietor of "The Pal"..
 Russel Wilson
 Walker, manager for the Braino Man
 Glenn Rider
 June Grant, senior, interested in Horton. Edith Tavis

Polly Porter, senior, interested in Jordan. Laura Shipley
 Claire Angeline Jones, a stage struck girl. Hazel M. Jones
 Susy Spriggins, a freshman, with a crush. Margaret Ten Eyck
 Daisy Armstrong, an athletic girl.
 Ethel Hawkinson
 Fluff Finley, a fusser girl. . . Ruth Hibbs
 Flora Belle Delamartyr, waitress of "The Pal". Mildred Chilton
 Place—Northern University—a co-educational college.

ACT I.

Scene—The Palace of Sweets, familiarly known as "The Pal," the meeting place of town and college.

Time—Morning, three days before the championship game.

ACT II.

Scene—The campus of Northern University.

Time—Morning, the day of the game.

ACT III.

Scene—"The Quarters," home of the six boys.

Time—Evening, the jubilee after the game.

Music by Manual Band and Orchestra.

The Debate.

The fourth contest for the Amherst Cup finds us still in the running, with the competition tightening up by the admission of a fourth school, Northeast High, the victors this year. The question this year was, "Resolved, That Municipalities of the United States Should Own and Operate Their Own Utilities." Manual's two splendid teams had to be content with an even break, the negative team winning decisively over Central, the affirmative team losing at Northeast. Possibly no contest in school, if managed properly, means more to those taking part. Certainly none of our students' activities entail more of sacrifice and of effort. Our boys went into the fight in November. For nearly four months they read and studied and wrote upon the subject. The most gratifying result is the wide knowledge the boys have gained of a question upon which in a few years they must pass an intelligent verdict. Our boys worked

untiringly and stood squarely upon their own responsibilities throughout. Winners and losers alike deserve our highest commendation, for Manual's colors could not be carried more honorably into the fray nor defended more loyally than they were on the night of March 20.

The teams:

Affirmative—Howard Jameyson, Fred Gabelman, Clarke Berry, John Gaylord.

Negative—Bernard Hurwitz, Maurice Hoare, Will Grainger, Charles Cleeton.

Coming.

Manual's largest and most artistic literary event, the Elocution and Oratorical Contest, Friday night, April 17. This is always a notable event and this year we promise the most interesting fight in the history of the contest. The number competing for places has been growing each year and the standard of the work correspondingly increasing. Four medals are to be awarded, gold medals to the winners in Elocution and Oration; silver medals for those drawing second honors. Between twenty and twenty-five of "Manual's best" are making a whirlwind fight for the eight coveted places on the final contest, and to say that there will be something doing is putting it mildly. The music department will be on hand with its best numbers. It's anybody's fight. Get in and root.

Some Reflections on the Beauty and Value of Music.

MARY FRAHER, '15.

Music may be divided into two main divisions; namely, vocal and instrumental. Vocal music tends to strengthen the voice, develop the muscles of the chest and expand the lungs. It aids one in enunciation, pronunciation and articulation. The most important of these is articulation. By articulation is meant the distinct utterance of vowels and consonants, which aid one vastly in being clearly understood. Enunciation and pronunciation are of great benefit also, for by them we are enabled to speak properly and with perspicuity. In fact, vocal music in the main fits one for public speaking.

Vocal music evidently found its proto-

type and elements, so to speak, in the vast book of nature. Since the period in the great Creation's dawn, when "the morning stars first sang together," mid the mist of ages, like a grand chorus it has swept triumphantly along.

Now it is mayhap a note of sadness or again a paean of joy. With the first breath of spring, nature summons her choristers in the groves. Summer, fall, winter, each respectively swell. "The Music of the Spheres." The sigh of the wind, the rustle of the leaf, the roar of the storm, old ocean's moan, each and alternately animates or depresses, pleases or pains.

The lullaby of the mother is fresh from Nature's fount. How it soothes the weeping child! As the artist fashions a masterpiece in painting by being true to life, so the true vocal artist garners from Nature's storehouse its sweetest breathing zephyrs, and, like fragrant perfume, they captivate the senses.

Religious songs, expressive of varied emotions of the soul, have ever enriched our literature, by their simple touching pathos. Sometimes 'tis joyous, then sad and mournful, as the scene depicts. Who, that has heard the "Stabat Mater" sung by a true artist in the Gregorian Chant, but beholds the mother weeping at the cross, and the son transfixed by the nails to the wood! Who, that understands and hears the chant of the "Dies Irae," but seems to fix their eyes on that day of wrath, the great day of general judgment! The "Rock of Ages," with its exceeding symphony and pathos, captivates the soul. "Lead, Kindly Light, Lead Thou Me On," is prayerful, humble, touching, grand!

"Olden Melodies" ever awaken the sweetest memories of the past. Music has ever held a permanent place in the history of all nations. And whether it is the grand and lofty strains of martial music, animating and encouraging the brave soldiers in battle, or whether it attends his sepulchre and chants the funeral dirge over his remains, it is equally inspiring or moving.

In the late war between the states, when there were encamped two hostile armies, and but a river divided them, the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were

wafted across from the Southern encampment; and as they died away and were again taken up by the musicians of the Northern army, what a tender and equal bond of sympathy was awakened!

Who has not heard of the venomous reptile, enchanted by the sweet and varied charms of instrumental music! The operator now advances, then recedes. The reptile is charmed. He follows, moves up and down with each change of note. How wonderful the effect of music!

All music was evidently meant for man's elevation, but like every other good, it can be abused or descend to the obscene or the ridiculous, according to the taste of the recipient. It can charm the ear of the good, the true, and the beautiful in grand opera, or satisfy the crowds in the interim of low vaudeville.

A Short Interview With Carl Busch.

MILDRED IRENE MILES.

Many people think that the great composers are a thing of the past, but really, there are musicians living today that will be talked of after their death, as the great old composers are talked of now.

There is, in this city, a great composer and orchestra director who will some day be known as one of our most noted musicians of this age.

Carl Busch is the musician of whom I speak. It seems to me that he is appreciated more in the East and in the Old World than he is right here in Kansas City.

Carl Busch was born March 29, 1862, in Bjerre, the peninsula of Jutland, in Denmark. He received some instruction on the flute and piano as a boy, and between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years was employed in various government offices. He began the study of law in the University of Copenhagen. The law, however, was not to his liking. He was persuaded to begin the study of music. He became a pupil of Olavesen, a member of the Royal Orchestra, in violin; Kruegel in harmony, and Longgaard in piano.

He became a pupil in the conservatory and won a scholarship and other honors while studying there.

In 1886, Mr. Busch went to Brussels, where he received a scholarship in the Royal School of Music. Not satisfied here, he went to Paris, where he remained one year studying and playing under Benjamin Godard. He then went back to Copenhagen, and while there he was persuaded to come to Kansas City to organize a string quartet. Mr. Busch at once became an important factor in the musical life of Kansas City, and has done more than any other musician to put Kansas City on the map in the musical world.

Mr. Busch is mostly noted as a composer. A few of his works are as follows: "The Four Winds," "Hiawatha and May," "A Children's Cantata."

Mrs. Busch is also one of the most noted Kansas City musicians.

Mr. Busch was knighted in 1912 by King Christian X of Denmark in recognition of his services to musical art.

I hope that we will all appreciate Mr. Busch more, from now on.

Department Locals.

Boult (after reading the "family row" scene from the "School for Scandal" with Vera): "Believe me, that's the first time I ever had the shivers."

Mr. Drake (after a ten-minute lecture on Macbeth): "Are there any other questions?"

The only one who was listening: "No. That's all I have to know to write my theme for English tomorrow."

Babe Shiddell: "Oh, it won't be any good if we don't have Vera in it."

Doc.: "Oh, I don't know. I'm in it. The family's represented."

Mr. Drake (discussing the Senior play): "All the characters seem well placed but one. Jimmy just simply doesn't know how to make love."

Effie: "I could have told you that long before you chose him for the part."

Doc.: "All the fellows on the team get four season tickets apiece."

Vera: "Say, are you a Mormon?"

Fritz: "My first thought on the morning after the debate was what in thunder did I wake up for?"

Laura: "Attending a debate isn't bad, but getting home sometimes is awful."

Mr. Drake (the morning of the play): "Now, children, do any of you know why I am standing on my left foot?"

Pinky, of the play: "He's saving his right one for tonight."

It is said that Jamison couldn't talk for a week after the debate.

This must be the proverbial silver lining to the cloud.

Babe (going home from school): "I wonder what kind of a place this is? The sign says 'Sawdust for sale.'"

Vera (dreamily): "The place where they make blockheads, I guess."

Mr. Drake: "For a few days we will be bored by the stars of the class."

Doc.: "Oh, I don't know. I listen to one of the stars a great deal. I call it entertainment."

The affirmative team begs to submit the following report:

Gaylord: "Good night!!!!"

Gabelman: "It's—it's fiction (?)"

Jamison: "I tell you fellows, it's—ah—um—well, it's—you see it was—oh—?!!!"

Berry: "——!!! ——!!! ——!!! (?)"

Sanders (beginning speech): "Now since Miss Renne said yesterday that everyone was beautiful——"

Effie: "Oh, I take it back; I take it back."

Georgia Amick (in midst of sixth hour bunch): "There are lots of crazy people in this school and I am among them." Ouch!

Mr. Drake: "I wish Hurwitz and Laura would leave out some of that politics."

Hurwitz: "This isn't politics; it's Senior love."

Hail to Old Manual.

ROSS E. ANDERSON.

I.

We sing of thee, dear Manual,
Because thy name is known so well.
Our hearts are true,
Are true to you;
Today, and yes, forever.

Chorus:

Then give a cheer, cheer, cheer;
To that old school so dear.
And then we'll sing,
And then we'll sing—
Hail to old Manual,
Hail to old Manual,
Hail to old Manual,
Hail!

II.

Thy name is known both far and near,
And not a foeman do you fear.
You conquer foe,
And joy bestow,
Upon our hearts forever.

Chorus:

III.

May always, ever thy great name,
Live among the great names of fame,
We lift above,
The name we love,
Thy name shall live forever.

Chorus:

Hail to old Manual

Words and melody by "Cupid" A.

Harmony by Margaret Longsdorf.

1. We sing of these dear Man - u - al, Be - cause thy name is known so well. Our

hearts are true. Are true to you; To - day and yes for - ev - er Then give a

Chorus

cheer, cheer, cheer, To that old school so dear. And then we'll sing, We'll sing. And then we'll sing, - we'll sing, -

Hail to old Man - ual, Hail to old Man - ual, Hail to old Man - ual, Hail.



EDITOR

Mary Rose

Alumni Notes.

One of the most successful of Manual's sons in the world of business is Arthur S. Brink, class of 1906, who is a member of the firm of the House Wrecking Salvage & Lumber Company. This firm is capitalized at \$50,000 and in addition to other merchandise sells some 500,000 feet of lumber annually. This firm also employs two other loyal sons of Manual, J. F. Reinhardt, '13, cashier, and Abert Larson, '15, who is assistant bookkeeper.

Ernest Elliot class of '09, has made an unusual success in his short business career. He is a salesman for the dictaphone, which proves of no small value to the business man as a time and money saving invention.

Two of our former graduates, Ruth Borman, '13, winner of the Walter Armin Kumpf Physics Prize, and Bertha Brown, '13, are attending the Kansas City Normal School.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Mr. George H. Bowles, class of 1908, and Miss Hazel Dorothy Teggarden of Springfield, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Bowles are at home, 4439 Norledge Place.

Mr. Fred Hammil, class of '08, is now employed in the Milwaukee Corrugating Company. Mr. Hammil is the father of a son, to whom the name Fred Hammil has been given.

A graduate of 1913 has been kind enough to give our faculty some advice on college entrance requirements. Her letter reads as follows:

"I should like to ask that it be published that the teachers be more specific in advising the students in regard to their courses. That is, they should state clearly just how much work they must take in certain departments to get college entrance credit. For instance, physiology alone does not count for college entrance credit, but counts when zoology is taken with it. It would have gained credit for me if I had been informed of this ruling when I took my course in physiology. As it is I am four hours short in my work. A half a credit seems a small amount, but it counts a great deal when one takes into consideration the fact that a student might gain five hours' credit at college if he had taken a half year's more work in high school."

Mrs. Charles M. Busch a former pupil at Manual, who has become very prominent in the musical world, and was president of the Kansas City Musical Club, is the mother of a daughter, Mary Linda, born January 14, 1914. Mrs. Busch was Linda Loomis before marriage.

Announcement has been made of the birth of a daughter to Mrs. McMillan, formerly Madge Martin, class of '12.

Among the former graduates of Manual teaching in the public schools of this city are Mary McAuliffe, class of '09, and Ellen Peters, class of '09, domestic science teachers. Miss Eva Segel class of '07, and Miss Hazel Purnell, class of '08, are teachers at the Kensington School.

Miss Annie Bray, class of 1912, is now attending Huff's Business College in this city.

Miss Grace Tucker, who attended Manhattan College the year following her graduation, is now a bookkeeper in the Home Telephone Company.

Mr. Frank Higbee, class of '13, is a clerk on the United States Steamship Galveston. The following is from a recent letter of Mr. Higbee's: "I left the Island, Yerba Buena, September 19, arrived in Honolulu the 26th, a 2100-mile cruise. I thought I was some leagues from Kansas City but saw something that looked like home when on the reading table in the Y. M. C. A. was an Annual Nautilus. We then cruised 3,337 miles to Guam, arriving there October 25th, and from Guam to Carrrte. Traveling about this way the ship may get so far from the States that it will take a month's pay to send a postcard home.

"I have not been ashore here at Carrrte, but will go tomorrow. The last time I was on land was at Guam. There I walked inland seven miles to the metropolis of the island, Agana, where there are several two-story skyscrapers and a few thatched native huts. The beach is sheltered on both sides by royal cocoanut palms. When one gets thirsty there he has simply to break open a cocoanut and drink the milk.

"I am seeing many picturesque sights, having several interesting experiences, and learning a great deal."

Miss Letta McLain, class of 1913, is taking a post-graduate course at North-east High School.

Mr. Fulton Moore, class of '11, is now in his sophomore year at Central College, Fayette, Mo.

The marriage of Miss Elsie Sutorius, class of 1911, and Dr. Charles E. Salsbery, was celebrated February 14. Dr. and Mrs. Salsbery are at home, 1123 East Twenty-eighth Street.

Mr. Harold B. Pierce, '13, is now attending the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass. Mr. Claude Coffey, '13, is in the Rose Polytechnic School, Terre Haute, Ind.

Two of our girls of the class of 1913 are now taking the kindergarten training at the Froebel School. They are Irene Jackson and Esther Levingston. Ruby Nagle '12, is also attending the Froebel School preparatory to becoming a kindergarten teacher.

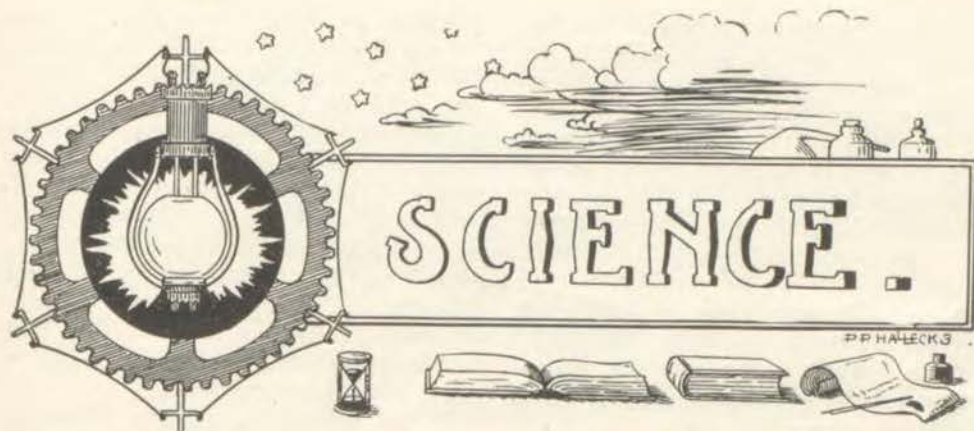
Mr. Harry L. Hawkinson, class of '06, is now special agent of the Provident Life and Trust Company in this city. He is quite successful in the insurance work and we are glad to hear of his excellent position.

Miss Gladys Pettijohn, a former pupil of Manual, has entered the theatrical world. She is now on the Orpheum circuit. Miss Pettijohn is very talented and we wish her great success.

Miss Gladys Hazlett, class of '13, is studying music under the direction of Edward Kreiser. Miss Hazlett also has a small music class.

The glee club of the University of Missouri, of which Charles Toomey, class of '10, is president, have returned from a concert tour to the Pacific Coast, having started February 1. This trip was financed by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and included visits to the Grand Canyon, Los Angeles and a return trip through the Southern states. The members of the glee club were absent from school one month.

Dean Peters and William Schepp, class of 1911, are employed respectively by the Illinois Glass Company and the Oppenstein Jewelry Company.



EDITOR

Ben Goldstein

The Manufacture of Ice.

CHARLES E. CLEETON.

I wonder how many of us know anything about the manufacture of ice which we use in our homes, and without which life would be somewhat of a burden on a hot summer day? I will try to give you a brief account in the paragraphs following.

The plant which I visited the other day has eight large boilers which make steam to run the huge Arctic engines. These Arctic engines pump ammonia into the freezing vats.

In an ice plant these are huge vats of brine below the level of the floor. This brine is made by placing one hundred pounds of salt in every ten gallons of water, so you may know it is very strong. It may be frozen only at a very low temperature. Through it, passing back and forth in coils of pipe, is ammonia.

This huge vat is divided into a number of small sections, which are about the size of one of the large cakes of ice you have all seen in the ice wagon, which brings ice to your door. In these sections are placed oblong galvanized boxes containing water, which has been boiled and filtered by a scientific process. The lids of the vats are then closed and the water left to freeze. The best temperature for making ice is ten to fourteen degrees above zero.

Several years ago all ice was pulled

by hand. By "pulling" ice is meant the process of taking it from the brine and getting it out of the galvanized tanks. This is now done with an electrical air crane. By the old method a man could not pull very many cakes of ice a day, but now a 12-hour shift of three men pull on an average of twelve hundred cakes a day. This would be about one hundred and eighty tons.

When the water has frozen one of the men takes a bar and slips it through two holes in the sides of the galvanized freezing tank. He then turns on the steam and the ice is lifted from the brine. It is then placed in a vat which is filled with hot water. This is to loosen the ice so it can be taken from the freezing tank. When it has thawed sufficiently, it is placed on a chute and sent to the storage room.

The storage room is a very cold place, as you may know. The men who handle the ice in this room have to wear two and sometimes three suits of clothing in order to keep warm. These men, as a rule, have to be pretty strong fellows in order to stack up these three hundred pound cakes of ice. The ice which is brought to your door comes direct from this storage room.

Many people imagine they can taste ammonia in the ice, but in this they are

mistaken. There are two causes for that peculiar taste which some pieces of ice have. One of them is that in some instances a freezing vat will slip down into the brine before the ice puller intended it to do so. In this case a little of the brine seeps into the water. As the water freezes, the impurities are forced to the center by the formation of the crystals. This is the cause of the peculiar taste of the ice. The other cause is that a vat may have a small leak in it, thus allowing the brine to seep into the water. This is a brief account of the manufacture of ice.

Facts in Physics.

Did you know—

That a floating body must displace its own weight of the liquid in which it floats?

That it takes but twelve cubic feet of air to weigh a pound?

That one cubic foot of water weighs 62.3 pounds?

That if the air, like the ocean, had the same density throughout, it would reach out into space only five miles?

That platinum has been drawn into wires but .00003 inch in diameter?

That gold has been hammered into sheets 1-300,000 inch in thickness?

That charcoal will absorb ninety times its own volume of ammonia gas, thirty-five times its volume of carbon dioxide, and but 1.7 its volume of hydrogen?

That the freezing point of alcohol is 130 degrees centigrade, and its boiling point 360 degrees centigrade?

That water gives out heat when it freezes?

That one gas burner is equivalent in oxygen consumption to four persons?

The Value of Physics As a Study.

DUDLEY DEHONEY, '15.

Many interesting theories of great importance are derived from the study of physics. Such subjects as these are discussed: "Force and Motion," "Pressure in Air," "Molecular Motions," "Molecular Forces," and "Work and Heat Energy." I think that one reason pupils should study physics is, that its principles underlie every day phenomena. Scarcely a day goes by but I put into

practical use some point that I have learned from physics. Take, for instance, the theory of capillary attraction. Capillary attraction is the power possessed by porous bodies of drawing up a liquid. A capillary tube is a tube having a very minute diameter. If colored water—colored in order that it may be seen in the tubes—be poured into a number of connected capillary tubes having different diameters, it will be observed that the liquid stands the highest in the tube which has the smallest diameter. This is due to capillary attraction.

In the theory of capillary attraction lies the principle of dry farming, which is now being very widely discussed. Thus, if the ground is broken up and cultivated, the pores, resembling capillary tubes, are made larger. The moisture which is in the earth will rise and then be kept in by a layer of dust or other substance. On the other hand, when the soil is packed, the pores are smaller and accordingly most of the moisture rises and evaporates. Capillary attraction also accounts for the rising of oil in the wicks of lamps, the rapid absorption of liquid by a lump of sugar when only one corner of it is immersed, the complete wetting of a towel when one end of it is allowed to stand in water, and the taking up of ink by blotting paper.

Another subject of great importance in the study of physics is the theory of artificial cooling. This theory is one of the most difficult to understand and yet it is one of the most interesting when understood. If one did not have some knowledge of the theory of artificial cooling, it would be almost impossible to solve the problem of vaporization, condensation and the like. Artificial cooling means cooling by solution. For example, if a handful of common salt is placed in a small cup of water at the temperature of the room and stirred with a thermometer, the temperature of the mixture will fall several degrees. This is due to the fact that as the molecules escape from salt crystals, two forces are acting on them. These two forces are the attraction of the water molecules tending to increase their velocities, and the attraction of the remaining salt molecules tending to diminish their velocities. If the

molecules of the salt have a greater force than the molecules of the water, the mean velocity of the molecules will be diminished, and accordingly since the speed of the molecules has been reduced, the heat, which is produced by these molecules, which are going at a rapid rate, will be diminished and the solution will be cooled to a certain extent. Ice and ice cream

are made by artificial cooling. One should remember in the making of ice cream that it is the salt and water that do the cooling and not merely the ice, and therefore the water should not be let to run off.

The foregoing theories are only a few of the interesting ones that bring out the value of physics.

BOTANY NOTES.

Algae and Fungi.

ROSA KORN BRODT.

The study of algae and fungi, a phase of botany which is studied in the second term, is a very interesting subject. It is wonderful and often times hard to believe that these seemingly lifeless, insignificant plants and growths are full of life and carrying on work the greater part of the time. Still more interesting to us is the plant in all its completeness, as it is displayed to us under the microscope. We begin to understand its existence, and its place and work in life when we can see its minute parts enlarged. Although, probably, a few of the subjects which we study in Botany, are not directly useful to us, as is the case in almost any subject or science, yet the study of fungi, particularly, is helpful to everyone who would apply it. The term "fungi," embraces so large a class that likely were two different specimens to be placed together, one would never type them as belonging to the same class. The subject is such a broad one that were one to put in a life's study upon it, every particular and detail would not then be revealed.

An Interesting Phase of Botany.

MARJORIE LEWIS, Hour 7.

The most useful phase of Botany is the one which teaches us the proper pruning of flowers, shrubs and trees. Also the proper time and way of planting them.

These useful things are also the most interesting because in knowing how to do these things our interest is kept up in the taking care of the plant life about our own homes.

Infectious Plant Diseases.

ELOISE SHUMARD, '15.

Let me tell you something about those infectious plant diseases. Great precautions should be taken against them.

Some of these diseases are pear blight, crown gall, mildew and rusts.

Pear blight appears on the branches of trees and causes them to die, first killing the leaves and then the stem. These should be cut off and burned.

Crown gall is very serious. It occurs on peach and pear trees, on the roots and just below the base as a swollen ring. The only remedy is to cut down the tree and burn it.

Mildew and rusts grow on nearly the same kind of plants, namely, fruit trees and rose bushes. Although mildew appears as whitish granular growths, rusts appear as a brownish streak. These diseases can be prevented by spraying several times with Bordeaux mixture.

How to Plant Sweet Peas.

ELOISE SHUMARD, '15.

Now is high time to plant those precious sweet peas if you want the envy of your neighbors. First, soak the seeds over night and when the birds begin to sing, get up and dig a trench about two feet deep, throwing the top dirt to one side. After the trench is dug put the top soil with a little fertilizer mixed with it, in the bottom of the trench and fill it up, within eight inches of the top. Then plant the seeds four inches apart. Fill the trench four inches more with dirt and fertilizer. As the sweet peas grow, fill gradually more earth and fertilizer until the top is reached.

Nature's Lovers.
MARGARET HALEY.

Everyone can and must have some conception of the beauty of this world, so full of the Creator's unlimited knowledge. To the earnest and discreet searcher who attempts to catch a glimpse of the secrets of Nature, it reveals numerous formations apparently insignificant to the multitude of people. They are creations of such rare workmanship that the ordinary eye is incapable of appreciating their delicate texture. To him, man's greatest works, such as the steam engine, the watch and the finest works of art, as compared with the wonders of Nature, are coarse and crude.

Naturally, Nature impresses everyone differently; some see its beauty, others its usefulness, while others see both. Again, people can be classed into those who understand Nature and those who love Nature with untrained minds. For example, the savage depends on it for his sustenance in a direct manner. In some of its objects he detects and appreciates its usefulness; yet its complexities are beyond his comprehension.

The farmer looks principally to the usefulness in Nature, for he, too, depends upon it for a livelihood, but not in such a direct manner as the savage. He considers the growing of his crops a me-

chanical process; yet, he must, at times, especially on an early summer morning, when everything in Nature is at its best, be conscious of a sudden thrill of love for it, and thankful for everything in his possession.

The highest thought of the scientist is to make something in Nature practical in life. He understands its involved composition, but is not interested in its beauty, even to the extent of describing a rare flower which he may have seen on one of his expeditions.

The tourist enjoys the wonderful objects of Nature, and delights in relating the unusual scenes of his journeys to others; (but his impression of these creations penetrate no deeper.

The painter and the poet are so deeply impressed by every beautiful object, scene, or person that the inspiration lifts them above the ordinary events of life. Their sole purpose is to describe it in some way other than the mere relating of its beauties.

With this prevalent feeling toward Nature, what could be more self-evident than this quotation?

"To the natural philosopher there is no natural object that is unimportant or trifling; from the least of Nature's works he may learn the greatest lessons."

EDITORIAL.

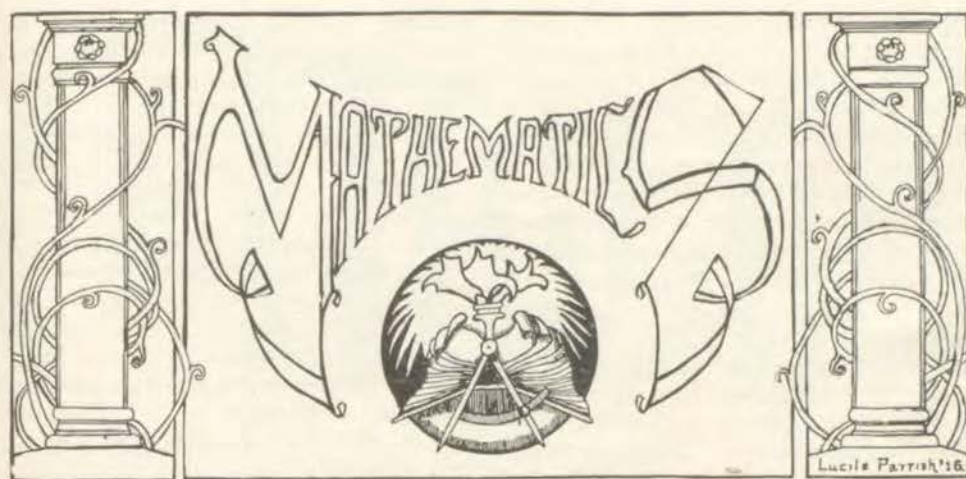
When in the course of human events a real "class" comes into the seniority at Manual precedents are set aside, new things are done and the old "labor temple" is benefited.

G. O. C. Such a condition arose this year when at the close of the first term, a number of boys in school felt a desire to take up cooking, not only as a pastime, but also as a study, leading to agriculture and chemistry, and also as a basis for business life.

The class has met with phenomenal success and the sixteen boys who enrolled have not only formed some fine friendships with Miss Hazen and her

able assistants, but have learned many things, both interesting and valuable. The primary idea of the class was to take up elementary cooking, specializing in camp cooking, but many other subjects have been dealt with and many important things in regard to food laws have been studied and discussed.

The boys have named their class the G. O. C., Genial Order of Chefs; but it is highly possible that it also means Greasy Old Cooks. Be that as it may the course has certainly proved valuable and it is the hope of the present G. O. C.'s that the good work will continue. "The easiest way to a man's heart is through his stomach."



EDITOR—Carl Betz

The Mathematics of the Stars.

By C. W.

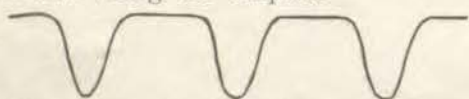
The science of astronomy makes more use of higher mathematics than probably any other. The astronomer's work depends almost entirely upon mathematics. Most people link the astronomer inseparably with the telescope, through which he looks the live long day at the stars, endeavoring to extract thereby their mysteries. Were the truth known, however, such an astronomer would make little progress and certainly none of the startling discoveries would be accorded him. Through the largest telescope the largest fixed stars in the heavens appear as flickering points of light. No surfaces whatever are discernible, this being only possible in the case of our own planets. It will be seen that nothing definite can be ascertained from the stars by the telescope alone. Here mathematics comes to the rescue and practically all our knowledge of the universe is obtained by means of it. In fact, it has only been in comparatively recent years that great progress has been made in this science, and before higher mathematics was applied to astronomy nothing definite was known concerning it at all.

With the naked eye it can be seen that many stars change in brightness, that they will be at one time dull and bright at another. With telescopes many others can be seen to have changing light. When the brightness is measured

with the telescope it is found that the changes are regular and occur at regular intervals. A light is then plotted. Most of us are familiar with the graphs used in mathematics; they form an important part of the science of astronomy. Each star which changes in this manner is in reality two stars, always revolving about each other and eclipsing each other; and since they are so close together that they cannot be distinguished even by a powerful telescope, some other means must be devised to learn about them. This is the light curve, previously spoken of, plotted from the change in brightness, which was measured by the telescope.

The change is caused by the eclipsing; when the stars are side by side we see the most light; when one is behind the other, the least. Such stars are called eclipsing binaries. Then using the plotted light curve and higher and very complex mathematics, many things can be determined regarding the stars, such as size, mass, density, swiftness of motion and distance apart. Here the spectroscope also comes into important use in determining swiftness and direction of motions. The light waves coming from the approaching star will be hastened, while those from the receding star will be retarded, with the result that the lines in the spectrum will be distorted. Then if the spectra of the two stars differ, as is most generally the case, the displacement due to motion can be measured.

About four hundred of the fixed stars in the heavens are known to be variable stars; the orbits of about only ninety, however, have been computed. They are divided into two or more classes. The first class is known as the "Algol" variables. In this class one star is completely dark, while the other is bright. The period of variation of this group; that is, the time of one complete revolution, is generally short. In some cases it is as short as a few hours, while the longest is four hundred and four days. The variable star Algol, the first discovered, and after which the class is named, has a period of three days. It is in the constellation Perseus and is visible to the naked eye. At times it is very bright and at times it seems to drop out of sight; that is when the dark star is in front. One of the shortest periods among the stars of this group belongs to U. Pegasi, which has a period of nine hours. It is in the constellation Pegasus. Curves are plotted for every star, those of the same division somewhat resembling each other. The following is a typical curve of the first class, the depressions being the eclipses.



The second class is the Beta Lyrae type. In this class both stars are bright and are so close together that one is nearly always eclipsing the other. The curve in this case is more rounded, due to the constant change in brightness. Two separate dips will be noticed on account of the eclipse of each star.



Beta Lyrae is one of the stars belonging to this group and is in the constellation of the Lyre.

The third group is less definitely defined. Both components of the binary give some light, but in general one is large and faint, while the other is smaller and very bright. When the faint star is in front we have the deepest eclipse; therefore the deepest depression in the light curve. When the small bright star

partially eclipses the large faint one, there is also some light lost, but not as much as before. So we have in the light curve a shallow second dip.



Y. Cygni, in the constellation of the Swan, is one of this type. Besides these there are many irregular binaries, their periods ranging from eight hours to twenty or thirty years.

This is a most interesting study and there is an unlimited amount of material behind it. Here we merely give a general idea of the subject, and call attention to the fact that astronomy is not studied with a telescope only, but the greater part is worked out by mathematical reasoning and computation. The planet Neptune was discovered by a man who never looked through a telescope.

Remembering π .

In the following verse the successive words, by the number of letters in each, give the successive figures of the value of the constant π , the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. The value of π .

(3.141592653589793238462643383279+) is thus easily remembered to thirty decimal places by memorizing the following: Now a rule I would pronounce,

To pupils large and small,
Remember, strangest thought sometimes
Can to our memories call
Things we forget.

Then let the relation
Lie in easiest quotation.

Rural Students Are Best in Mathematics.

In a recent edition of the "Indianapolis News" Professor David Rothrock, co-head of the department of mathematics at Indiana University, made an interesting comparison between rural students and city students, in which he asserted that the former rank higher in mathematics. Professor Rothrock arrived at this conclusion by keeping for a term a record of the students enrolled in mathematics.

ATHLETICS



Ross Anderson

EDITORS

Barbara Block

A Triple Tie.

The basket ball season of 1914 ended in Manual, Central and Westport having an even percentage, and Northeast far in the rear. The last named school did not win a game.

Standing of the teams:

Standing of the Teams.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Manual.	6	3	.667
Central.	6	3	.667
Westport.	6	3	.667
Northeast.	0	9	.000

First Game: Manual and Northeast.

Before a loyal crowd of eleven hundred, on the night of January 9, Manual defeated Northeast by a score of 37 to 15. Northeast was outclassed all the time. Both teams played clean ball. All of our boys played a good game. Riley was the highest point winner. He "caged" seven field goals and tossed fif-

teen free throws. Kenny obtained three field goals and Lawrence Winn one.

The first half was a walkaway for us. The score at the end of that period was 23 to 6. Northeast played better basket ball in the second half, but they could not overcome our lead. Much credit is due them for their work for we must remember that "they are young yet."

The score:

Manual 37.

	G.	F.T.	F.
Riley, f.	7	15	3
Kenny, f.	3	0	5
Pickard, c.	0	0	6
Winn, g.	1	0	11
Boult, g.	0	0	5
	—	—	—
	11	15	30

Northeast 15.

	G.	F.T.	F.
Tallquist, f.	1	9	2
E. Swearingen, f.	1	0	2
Woodbury, c.	0	0	4
Majors, g.	0	2	8
H. Swearingen, g.	0	0	4
Condon, g.	0	0	4
	—	—	—
	2	11	24

Referee, Ockerblad. Umpire, Campbell.

Manual and Central.

The second game of the season was played with Westport on Central's court. We were defeated by a big score. They had us beaten at the first of the game. Our boys were just outclassed and we have no excuse to offer. Our guards

could not hold their forwards down. Riley was "there" with the free throws, but could only get one goal from the field. Pickard got the jump on Westport's center with ease. He also collected four points for us. The game was a fairly clean one.

The score:

Manual 23.			Westport 45.				
G.	F.T.	F.	G.	F.T.	F.		
Riley, f.	1	10	5	Wickline, f.	6	16	6
Kenny, f.	2	0	5	Green, f.	5	0	4
Pickard, c.	2	0	3	Ritterhoff, c.	3	0	2
Winn, g.	0	0	8	Jones, g.	0	0	5
Boult, g.	0	0	1	Ruby, g.	0	0	2
	—	—	—		—	—	—
	5	10	22		14	16	19

Points awarded: Manual 3, Westport 1.
Referee, Ashley. Umpire, Smallfield.

Manual and Central.

We lost again. Score: Central 46, Manual 37. Hard luck. We couldn't "shoot." Riley, twenty-two free throws;

missed only six. Very good. Two goals for "Pick." Three for Kenny. Walker and Vincent stars for Central.

Score:

Manual 37.			Central 46.				
G.	F.T.	F.	G.	F.T.	F.		
Riley, f.	1	22	3	Walker, f.	8	0	5
Kenny, f.	3	0	9	Vincent, f.	7	11	0
Pickard, c.	2	0	2	Morse, c.	1	0	13
Winn, g.	0	0	3	Viner, g.	0	0	5
Boult, g.	1	0	2	Rider, g.	1	0	5
	—	—	—		—	—	—
	7	22	19		17	11	28

Points awarded: Manual 1, Central 1.
Referee, Ashley. Umpire, Smallfield.

Manual and Northeast.

Again we defeated Northeast. It was a close game. Only three field goals were made during the game. We made one of them. It was made by Riley. Riley made all of the points for us. He

caged 15 free throws out of twenty-four chances. "Glue-Fingered" Stanley made his appearance on the first team. He played a classy game. The game was not very exciting. Our boys only made 17 fouls.

The score:

Manual 19.			Northeast 15.				
G.	F.T.	F.	G.	F.T.	F.		
Riley, f.	1	15	2	Talquist, f.	0	10	2
Kenny, f.	0	0	1	E. Swearingen, f.	1	0	6
Stanley, g.	0	0	5	Woodbury, c.	1	0	8
Boult, g.	0	0	5	Condon, g.	0	0	3
Pickard, c.	0	0	4	H. Swearingen, g.	0	0	5
	—	—	—		—	—	—
	1	15	17		2	10	24

Points awarded: Manual 2, Northeast 1.
Referee, Ashley. Umpire, Smallfield.

Manual and Westport at Westport.

Our team put a surprise over on the South Siders. We won, 38 to 29. It put us back into second place. The Westport boys could not hit the basket. We made eleven points before Westport started to score. Riley, as usual, did some great free throwing. He missed

only five out of twenty-five. He got away from his guard for four field goals. Pickard made three field goals. Wickline made all but two of Westport's points. Our guards worked hard and Boult showed us he could put in a goal. A large crowd filled the Westport gymnasium.

The score:

Manual 38.				Westport 29.			
	G.	F.T.	F.		G.	F.T.	F.
Riley, f.....	4	20	5	Wickline, f.....	3	20	3
Kenny, f.....	1	0	10	Green, f.....	0	0	3
Pickard, c.....	3	0	5	Ritterhoff, c.....	0	0	4
Boultt, g.....	1	0	10	Jones, g.....	0	0	5
Stanley.....	0	0	3	Ruby, g.....	0	0	5
	—	—	—	Florey, f.....	0	0	3
	8	20	33	Pittam, c.....	1	0	2
					4	20	25

Point awarded: Westport 1. Referee, Okerblad. Umpire, Campbell.

Manual and Central.

We lost our second game to Central in an exceedingly close contest. Morse, the captain of the Central five, shot the goal in the extra time, that won the game for Central by the score of 30 to 28. The game was tied when the pistol was fired that ended the game. Riley was

hurt during the last few minutes. During the time he was back in the game he missed several free throws, owing to his injury. Anyone of these throws through the basket would have meant the championship for our school. Pickard was in form and slipped in five field goals.

The score:

Manual 28.				Central 30.			
	G.	F.T.	F.		G.	F.T.	F.
Riley, f.....	1	16	1	Vincent, f.....	4	6	4
Kenny, f.....	0	0	2	Walker, f.....	5	0	2
Pickard, c.....	5	0	2	Morse, c.....	2	0	9
Stanley, g.....	0	0	2	Rider, g.....	0	0	3
Boultt, g.....	0	0	2	Viner, g.....	1	0	5
	6	16	10		12	6	23

Referee, Dr. Allen. Umpire, Campbell.

Manual and Northeast.

For the third time we met and defeated Northeast, this time by the score of 21 to 15. In the first half they played

an even game with us, but in the final period they weakened and we ran away with the contest. It was a good game but there were not many features.

The score:

Manual 21.				Northeast 15.			
	G.	F.T.	F.		G.	F.T.	F.
Riley, f.....	3	7	2	Majors, f.....	1	7	1
Kenny, f.....	2	0	0	E. Swearingen, f.....	2	0	1
Pickard, c.....	2	0	4	Woodbury, c.....	1	0	5
Stanley, g.....	0	0	3	Ayres, g.....	0	0	2
Boultt, g.....	0	0	1	H. Swearingen, g.....	0	0	4
	7	7	10		4	7	13

Referee, W. O. Hamilton, K. U. Umpire, Campbell.

Manual and Westport.

We defeated Westport on their own court the twenty-seventh of February by the score of 37 to 21. The game was a little one-sided. Kenny showed some "class" in putting in eight goals from the field. All he had to do was to get

the ball, wind up and then "shoot" and the ball would go in the basket. Our boys played a very clean game. In the last half, Westport ran in four fresh men but it was of no avail, they could not catch us.

The score:

Manual 37.			
	G.	F.T.	F.
Riley, f.....	2	9	2
Kenney, f.....	8	0	2
Pickard, c.....	3	0	4
Stanley, g.....	0	0	3
Boultt, g.....	1	0	2
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	14	9	13

Westport 21.

	G.	F.T.	F.
Wicklinc, f.....	3	4	3
Flory, f.....	1	0	0
Ritterhoff, c.....	2	0	1
Jones, g.....	1	0	4
Ruby, g.....	0	0	2
Subs.	1	0	8
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	8	4	18

Referee, Dr. Allen. Umpire, Campbell.

Central and Manual.

After much discussion as to where the last game of the season was to be played off, the question was finally decided by "flipping." We were fortunate enough to win the flip. We chose the best court in the league. Westport's court was the best then, because Northeast's "gym" had not been completed.

The game was one of the best, if not the best exhibition of good basket ball during the season. Our team showed what they were made of. The boys were in fine condition and they played all around the blue and white team. Our guards "covered" their men and our center got the tip-off. What more would we want? The score tells the story:

Manual 36.

	G.	F.T.	F.
Riley, f.....	1	15	3
Kenney, f.....	4	0	4
Pickard, c.....	2	0	2
Stanley, g.....	1	0	8
Boultt, g.....	2	0	2
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	10	15	19

Central 28.

	G.	F.T.	F.
Walker, f.....	1	0	4
Vincent, f.....	2	11	3
Morse, c.....	1	0	4
Rider, g.....	1	0	2
Viner, g.....	2	0	2
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	7	11	15

Points awarded: Manual 1, Central 3.
Referee, Ashley. Umpire, Smallfield.

Our Second Team.

The members of the second team deserve much credit for the good showing of the first team. The "regulars" would not have had anyone to practice on if it had not been for the second team. The members were: Middleton, Hairgrove, "Dingy" Marshall, Winkler, Winn and

Anderson. For the first two games, Stanley played with us.

We had a good team in the first half of every game, but in the second half—oh, my! However, the team showed up very well. Four of the boys will be left with us for the team next year. Watch them.

Notes from the "Ringside."
("We Strive to Please.")

"Riley brings the cows home." But it looked like a dainty, dainty maiden that Riley brought home from the last game of the season. It was nice to see Riley and the maiden sitting in car when going home, but—Riley was sitting with "papa" and she was sitting alone.

Who would have thought of the delicate, diminished Mr. A. Pickard bringing a young, blushing sophomore to the

game? But he did!

What did you say about rabbits? "Wha' da ya mean, rabbits?" Ask George Stanley, alias "Tango Liz," about the bunny.

Did you say you saw some seemingly "serious" seniors. Perhaps it was "Doc" and—

Kenny had a different one at almost every game. Settle down, my boy.

The "Gym" Girls' Assembly.

On Thursday, March 19, the girls of the gymnasium classes, under the direction of Miss Hoernig, gave a most enjoyable and delightful assembly. Never before, since Miss Hoernig has given her annual entertainments has the program been as varied, complete and thoroughly entertaining as it was this year. The program was as follows:

1. "Ritka"—Hungarian Folk Dance.
2. Bulgarian Folk Dance.
3. "The Fireflies"—Aesthetic Dance.
4. "The Nightingale"—Aesthetic Dance.
5. Barcarolle, from "Tales of Hoffman" Offenbach.
Miss Lena Hoernig.
6. "Will You Dance With Me?"—Playground Song Game.
7. "The Beauty of the Alps"—Tyrolean Character Dance.
8. "The Fairy Queen"—Aesthetic Dance.
9. "Valse Brilliante"—Aesthetic Dance—Mattei.
Miss Lena Hoernig.
10. "Krakovienne"—Polish Folk Dance.
11. "The Forest Spirits"—Greek Dance.
12. "The Spirit of Spring"—Greek interpretive Dance—Gounod.
Miss Edith Kasoi.
13. "Irish Lilt"—Folk Dance.
14. "Sicilian"—Sicilian National Dance.
At the piano—Miss Pearl Roemer.
Explanation of dances—Miss Mildred Strong.

Of the four folk dances given, the Hungarian Folk Dance and the Irish Lilt

were the most popular, especially the latter, which was much more delightful on account of the characteristic Irish peasant costume. "The Fireflies," an aesthetic dance, was also very well portrayed. Another equally interesting dance was the Tyrolean Character Dance, called "The Beauty of the Alps." This, too, was given by a class of girls in the national costume and showed the result of much training by Miss Hoernig, and willing diligence on the part of the girls. Two beautiful numbers were rendered by Miss Hoernig herself, one, the "Barcarolle," from "Tales of Hoffman," and the other an aesthetic dance, "Valse Brilliante," both executed with the exquisite finish of one who understands the true art of dancing. But the delight of the entire program was the Greek Interpretive Dance, a solo by Miss Edith Kasoi, who was assisted by a group of twelve girls representing the four seasons. Miss Kasoi was dressed in the usual soft, white robes of a Greek goddess, which showed off to perfection her natural grace and charm. Another adjunct to her success was her winsome smile, which was constantly present throughout her dancing. The last number on the program was the Sicilian National Dance, a combination of grace, more fancy costumes, and tambourines, which seemed to win the audience over immediately. It was well chosen as the closing number and insured another certain triumph for Miss Hoernig.

The May Festival.

The annual May Fete will be held on May 1 this year, as previously. The festival is a benefit dancing performance given for the purpose of raising a fund for any worthy high school girl who would otherwise be unable to attend college because of lack of necessary tuition fees. There are about sixty girls expected to participate from each high school in the city. The training and rehearsing of the girls is under the instruction of Miss Thompson of the Y. W. C. A. It is hoped that the entertainment will meet with all due success.

Athletic Note.

Say, girls! Doesn't this sound good? We are getting our share of the credit for the grand and brilliant record that our basket ball team made this season. And all unawares, too, wasn't it? Well, here's how it happened. One of the boys on the team (some player, too), admitted that the minute he needed the least bit of encouragement of something to steady his nerves while he was playing, all he had to do was to take a peep at the feminine contingent of the audience, see all those nice white sweaters and caps with their scarlet banners and ribbons, and shoot the ball to victory!

the jokes are the best, although I think some of the latter may have been adopted from my own humorous works.' At which there was a great hulabaloo, and the great writer was ejected without ceremony."

For such a new magazine, the "High Times" has certainly made wonderful progress. It compares favorably with our other exchanges, and bids fair to surpass them after a little experience. Its stories are good and the entire paper is well classified and interesting.

The Central "Luminary" has honored our humble publication with a comment. Here it is: "Nautilus, your paper is a credit to the Kansas City high schools, but may I inquire how much of the 'literature' is actually read by all the students?"

We are not informed as to how much of the literature is read by the students, but we venture to say that it would not hurt most of them to read all of it.

A new and interesting magazine has made its appearance among our exchanges. "The Quill," from Des Moines, Ia., is a good type of the high school paper; complete and well classified in its departments and enlivened by numerous jokes and cartoons. The "Squashtown Gazette" is a unique and humorous idea, and is well developed by its editors.

The Christmas number of the "Scarab" is particularly good in its literary and jokes departments. The serial, "The Sheep Man," was concluded in this number, and it proved to be an excellent story. The "Scarab" is one of our best exchanges.

Our friends from Northeast may not be so successful in basket ball, but they are certainly capable of putting out an excellent school magazine. As the "Nor'easter" grows older it will probably increase the number of its departments and the amount of subject matter, but as far as quality and general excellence are concerned, there seems to be small chance of improvement.

Another stranger on our exchange list is the "Kodak," from Mt. Gilead, O. It is a fairly good paper, but it might make some improvements. For instance, a few cuts and headings for the different departments would help things considerably. The literary department is far too large for the rest of the magazine; your other editors need to get busy. We would suggest also that you do not use two different kinds of paper as in your December issue. It gives a sort of scrap book effect to your magazine.

As Others See Us.

The "Nautilus," published by the Manual Training High School of Kansas City, has more the appearance of a standard magazine than an amateur high school paper.

You have a very well balanced paper, which shows careful preparation on the part of the staff.—Lawrence High School "Budget."

The "Nautilus," from Kansas City, we have this month for the first time, but we hope not the last time. It is certainly one of our finest exchanges and we think that the art editor has contributed largely to its success.

Smiles and Snickers.

Teacher: "Give me a sentence using the word 'ransom.'"

Freshie: "When father came downstairs sister's beau sure ransom."

Mary had a Thomas cat,
It warbled like Caruso;
A neighbor swung a baseball bat
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

Popular Senior: "Where have I seen your face before?"

Insignificant Freshie: "Right where it is now."

Percival: "She said I might kiss her on either cheek."

Clarence: "What did you do?"

Percival: "I hesitated a long time between."



EDITORS

Alfred Coop

Laura Shipley

Judge: "You're privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impaneled."

Defendant: "Well, this, yer honor, Oi'll fight that shmall man in the corner wid one eye."

Teacher: "Give the name of the largest diamond known."

Millard Riley: "The ace."

Judge (to policeman): "What is the prisoner charged with?"

Policeman (with Riley): "Dunno, yer honor, but 'taint sodewater."

Conductor: "Madam, that child looks older than three years."

Mother: "Yes, indeed, he does; that child has had a lot of trouble."

Earl Levey (in Chemistry): "What do you know about cement?"

Walter Shively: "It's a hard subject."

Everybody works but the Seniors,
And they sit around all day,
Making fun of the Freshmen,
Of all they do and say.
Seniors never study,
For they are far too bright.
Everybody works in the high school
But the fourth year parasite.

Myrtle Courtney: "I told him he couldn't see me any more."

Louise H.: "Well, what did he do?"

M. C.: "He turned out the light."

Mildred Chilton (in English literature, speaking of the vicar's horse): "After they got the thing started, it wouldn't go."

Gordon C.: "Mother made it hot for me this morning."

Helen H.: "How did that happen?"

G. C.: "She got up and built a fire."



Jan. 29. The Nautilus came out today. We were kept busy dodging some of our friends.



Jan. 30. Manual beat Northeast. There was much vociferous cheering, led by three simsps dressed in red and white.



Feb. 2. Mr. Graves started calling the seniors down to the office to look at his Doomsday Book. Doomsday comes somewhere near the 1st of June.



Feb. 3. The number of Y. M. C. A. cards and Spearmint wrappers in the local box has become so large that there is not much room for locals.

Feb. 7. Miss Katherine Johns returned Gordon Case's picture today, saying she had no further use for it. Mr. Case wishes she could feel the same way about his umbrella.



Feb. 9. Flirting Fritz, alias Gaby Gableman denies the report going around that he is crazy about the girls. Track season is coming as he wants doctor to think he isn't running around nights.

Feb. 12. Judge Jameyson and Senator Hurwitz had an argument over Socialism.

Feb. 13. This was Friday, the 13th; no wonder Central beat us

Feb. 15. Boys' Sunday in the churches. Our ever versatile Mr. Moore has taken up preaching.

Feb. 17. A news item in the Star read: "Pinky Blitz Free Again." This has nothing to do with our own illustrious character of that name.

Feb. 18. Manual's new lunch room opened.

Feb. 23. The chemistry classes made hydrogen sulphide. A freshie fainted outside the door.



Mar. 10. A new structure is going up southeast of the school. We suppose this is the long looked addition to our gym.

Mar. 13. The senior play was held. Mr. Blumb and family occupied a prominent seat.

Feb. 27. Sympathy orchestra played at Manual.

Mar. 7. K. C. A. C. track meet. Manual got first and last in the half mile Boullt got first. We won't say who got last



Freshman yell:

I'm green!
You're green!
We are all green!
Class of 'Seventeen!

Guess what these two freshman boys are talking about.

"Gee, don't they feel funny?"
"Yeh, mine's got the biggest cuffs."
"They ain't English."
"I don't care; they've got bigger pockets than your'n."
"Have you got on real socks?"
"Yes; gee, I hate to go in. I bet the kids will laugh."

Freshman: "How can I get ahead?"
Senior: "By raising cabbages."

First Freshie: "Do you know the Salvation Army Glide?"

Second Freshie: "No; what is it like?"

First Freshie: "You dance on your heels and save your soles."

From a Freshie.

Caesar is dead and buried,
And so is Cicero,
And where these two old sports have gone
I wish their works would go.

Freshman Girl (at basket ball game):
"How many halves are there to a game?"

Freshie (describing a teacher): "When she winks, she is five feet tall."

Have You Noticed—

Morris Riley's powder puff?
 "Jeff" Garnett's swell ties?
 Winn's beauty spot?
 "Pinky's" butterfly bows?
 Gordon's pompadour?
 Edith Tavis' curls?
 Alan Pickard's "curls?"
 Mildred Chilton's dimples?
 Howard Jameyson's smile?
 Francis Graham's "apple blossom"
 cheeks?
 Bernard Hurwitz's "Irish" appear-
 ance?
 Louise Hindman's eyes?
 "Percy's" laugh?
 Margaret Ten Eyck's crush?
 Jimmy R.'s bashfulness?
 Elda Keen's coats?
 "Cupid's" lease on the hall in front of
 the office at noon?

He Knew All About It.

Mrs. Case: "Can anyone tell about a
 penitentiary?"
 James Smith (knowingly): "I've
 been in the Federal penitentiary quite a
 few times."

Dorothy White:
 Kisses are full of germs—so 'tis stated.
 Ischkabibble; I'm vaccinated.

Mr. Riggs: "What direction is the
 heart from the diaphragm?"
 Cupid A. (bashfully): "East!"

In the midst of a heated discussion in
 the public speaking class, between Pinky
 and someone else, Bill Grainger excitedly
 cried out: "I want to support Miss
 Hawkinson." Pinky, being greatly embarrased,
 was only able to say: "Oh,
 this is so sudden."

Bill, you should have more prudence
 and not annoy young ladies with such
 embarrassing remarks. It's undignified.

"Tomorrow we will take up graft-
 ing."—Mr. Shirling.

Myra Cockrill: "I am going to have
 my plume cleaned in the spring."

Sarah Pollard: "I'd think you'd get
 it wet."

Mr. Shirling: "Trees have their char-
 acteristic barks."

We have never heard them.

Jim Richardson (in cooking class):
 "Spaghetti is what comes out of maca-
 roni and leaves the hole."

Senior Girl (to love-sick Soph.):
 "What's the matter, sonny?"

Sophomore: "Oh, I have such an
 aching void."

S. G.: "Poor boy, you better take
 some headache powders."

We walked in Cupid's garden,
 We wandered o'er the land,
 The moon was shining brightly,
 I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl;
 How fast the evening flies.
 We spoke in tones of love,
 I gazed into her lunch basket.

Yes, I gazed into her lunch basket,
 And wished I had a taste;
 There sat my lovely charmer,
 My arm around her—umbrella.

Yes, embracing her umbrella;
 The charming little miss,
 Her eyes were full of mischief,
 So I slyly stole a—sandwich.

Ross Anderson (talking to Ruth Gib-
 son at Nautilus luncheon): "Ruth, what
 kind of cake did you make, angel food?"

Ruth: "No; I'd rather make devil's
 food for this bunch."

Ross: "Well, I believe I'd rather eat
 devil's food here than hereafter."



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LAST GAME



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HOW CAN SHE
GET TO TIER 2??



RAH! RAH!
RAH! SOP!

BRACKITY ACK!

Teacher: "Why can't a bicycle stand up?"

Bright Student: "Because it's two tired."

Stones for the classes:

Freshmen—Emerald.

Sophomore—Blarney stone.

Junior—Grind stone (?)

Senior—Tombstone.

Mr. La Motte: "Can you read?"

Pupil: "No."

Mr. La Motte: "I am afraid you are chewing."

The night was dark,
The air was sweeter,
The lightning flashed
And killed a moskeeter.



Look What Riley Brought Home!

Ways of Calling Us to Order.

Mr. Holliday: "Will you please observe proper decorum?"

Mrs. Case: "Pardon me, am I interrupting you?"

Mr. Kizer: "When you hear that bell ring, it's time to stop talking."

Miss Casey: "Behave, you trifling specimens of humanity."

Mr. Dodd: "Now children."

Mr. La Motte: "Taisez vous."
(French for "shut your mouth.")

Dr. Hall (loud whistle): "Listen, boobs!"

Julia Finch: "I hear they are importing eggs from China."

Frances Sabine: "Yes; China eggs."

Julia: "I'd think they wouldn't be very good."

Frances Bevis: "Oh, I expect they would be pretty hard to beat."

Mrs. Case (to Senior class): "What are embers?"

No answer.

Mrs. Case: "I forgot that you were brought up on natural gas."

Reminders of old books:

"Much Ado About Nothing"—Nautical office.

"Vanity Fair"—Millinery.

"Choir Invisible"—Room 5.

"Dante's Inferno"—Room 4 (Gym.)

"Put Yourself in His Place"—The office.

George Kenney: "What does this laughing gas smell like?"

Alan P.: "It smells funny."

Mr. Kizer: "What is the masculine of Jane?"

Wise Senior (very softly): "Sport."

If love is intoxicating, what is marriage? Answer: Delirium tremens.

Heard in the boy's cooking class, first hour: "This must be done; it is smoking."

Having received numerous inquiries as to who this mysterious person spoken of as "Pinky" is, we have gathered the following definitions from members of the faculty:

"A visible noise."—Mr. Drake.

"Correspondence fiend."—Miss Rack-erby.

"?? ? ! ! !" (no words to express it).—Mr. La Motte.

"Best-natured child in school."—Mrs. Elston.

"Disturber of the peace."—Mr. Graves.

"She seems like a daughter to me."—Mrs. Case.

Otherwise, in private life she is known as Miss Ethyl C. Hawkinson.

Mildred S. (in Physiology): "Why I stepped on a rusty nail when I was small and I didn't get poisoned."

Miss Nagle: "Well, you should have."

New Latin Declension.

Dogi.

Dogo.

Pupsum.

THE NAUTILUS

Down at his bench in old Room 6
 The Manual Freshman stands,
 The Fresh a puny man is he,
 With small and bony hands.
 And the muscles of his scrawny arms
 Are strong as rubber bands.

Gordon Case (speaking of the veal cutlets served at the luncheon given for the Nautilus staff): "I'm afraid my calf is getting cold."

Barbara Block: "Why don't you wear leggings."

Albert Hakan to Bernice: "Would you rather be human or just be the way you are?"

Riley (after Pinky had stepped on his foot): "That's right, crush my very soul."

Elda (to Jimmie): "How many solids do you take?"

Jimmie: "None, at present."

Elda: "What do you take then, liquids?"



We go into the office with an (un) Canny feeling. We are soon Dodd (dead). The Sexton rings the bell and we are put in Graves.

Shoot 'im again! He just wriggled his ear.

There is a little maiden
 Whose name is Elda Keen,
 And all the boys that know her
 Consider her a queen.

Her cheeks are always rosy,
 Her glances bright and quick;
 They say she goes to all the games
 And watches only "Pick."

Anon.

Spacing.

The parlor sofa holds the twain,
 Miranda and her love-sick swain,
 He and she.

But hark! a step upon the stair,
 And papa finds them sitting there,
 He and she.

Henrici (he had just finished a dance with Ruby and still had her program): "Wait a minute, Ruby, haven't you forgotten something?"

Ruby (blushing): "Oh! wait until we get home."

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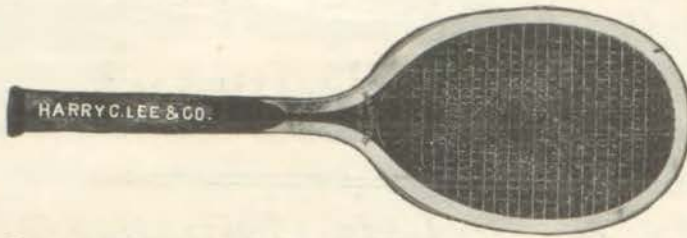
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Young Lady:- 125 dressed for gym.

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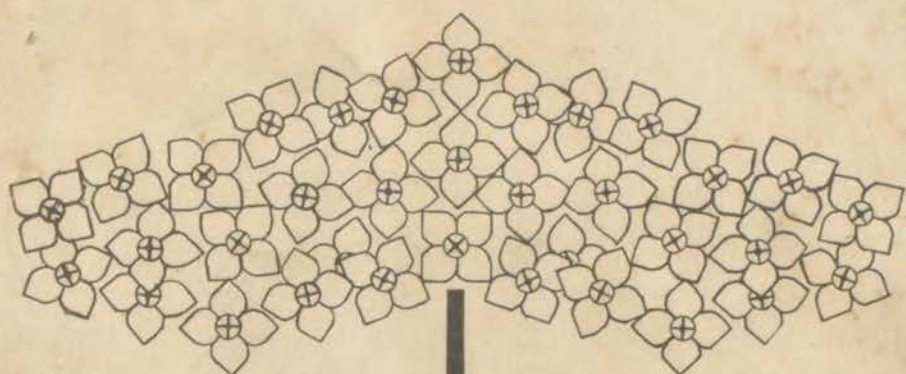
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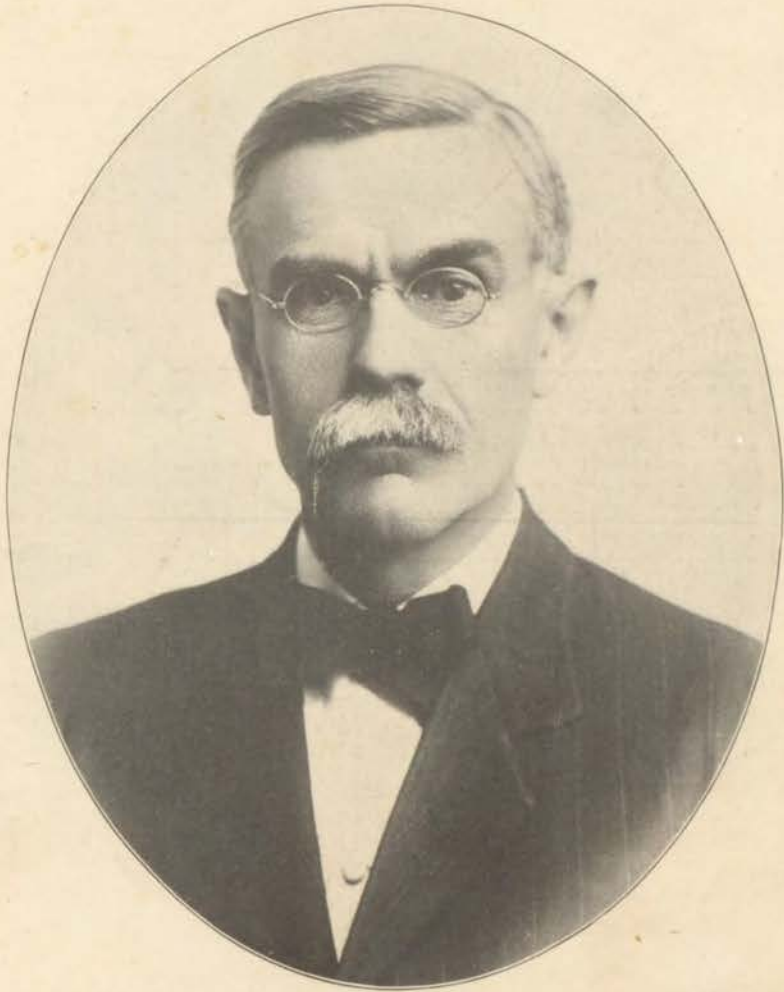
Dedication

To the new administration upon which rests the task of building for Manual a future that shall be worthy of her glorious past, this issue of the Nautilus is respectfully dedicated.





PORTER GRAVES
Principal



A. A. DODD
Vice-Principal

THE NAUTILUS



I. I. CAMMACK
Superintendent



F. D. THARPE
Ass't Superintendent



J. M. GREENWOOD
Advisor to Board



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Ass't Superintendent



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Barnett, Edith

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Drake, Nina—Latin

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Burnett, P. B.—French, Spanish

Kube, Emma—German

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Steele, Sarah E.

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Miles, Mrs. M. M.

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Bird, James

Riggs, B. E.—Music
Hall, E. M.—Gymnasium
Drake, H. L.—Elocution
Hoernig, Lena—Gymnasium

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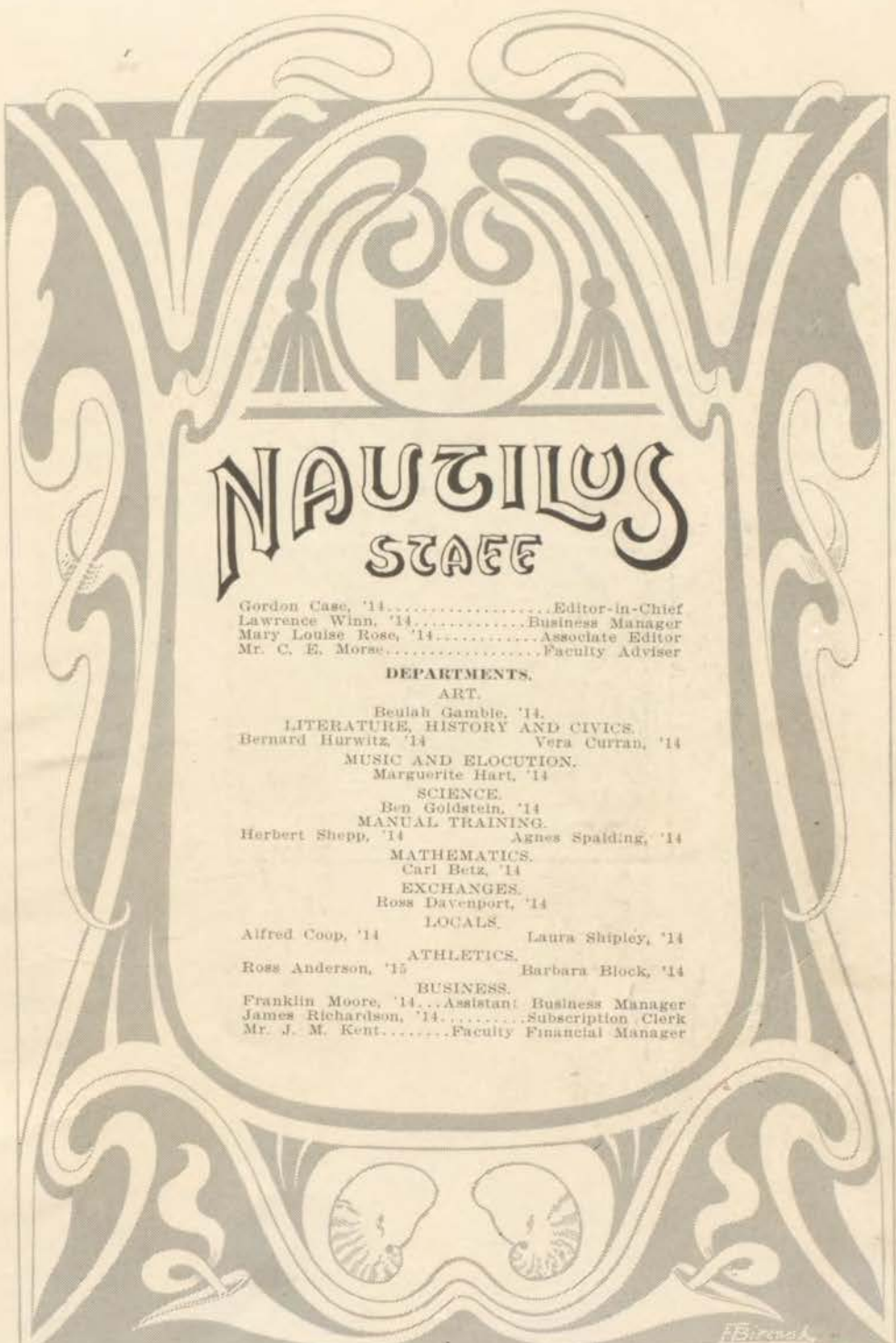
Custodian



Sarah Heyl 1863-1914

In Loving Remembrance





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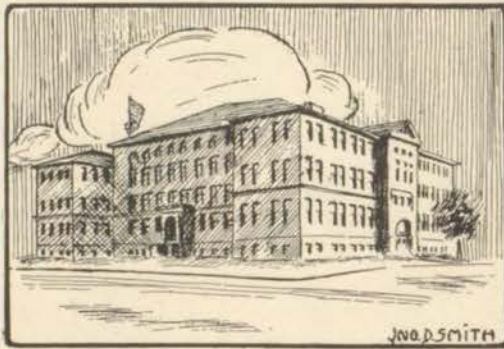
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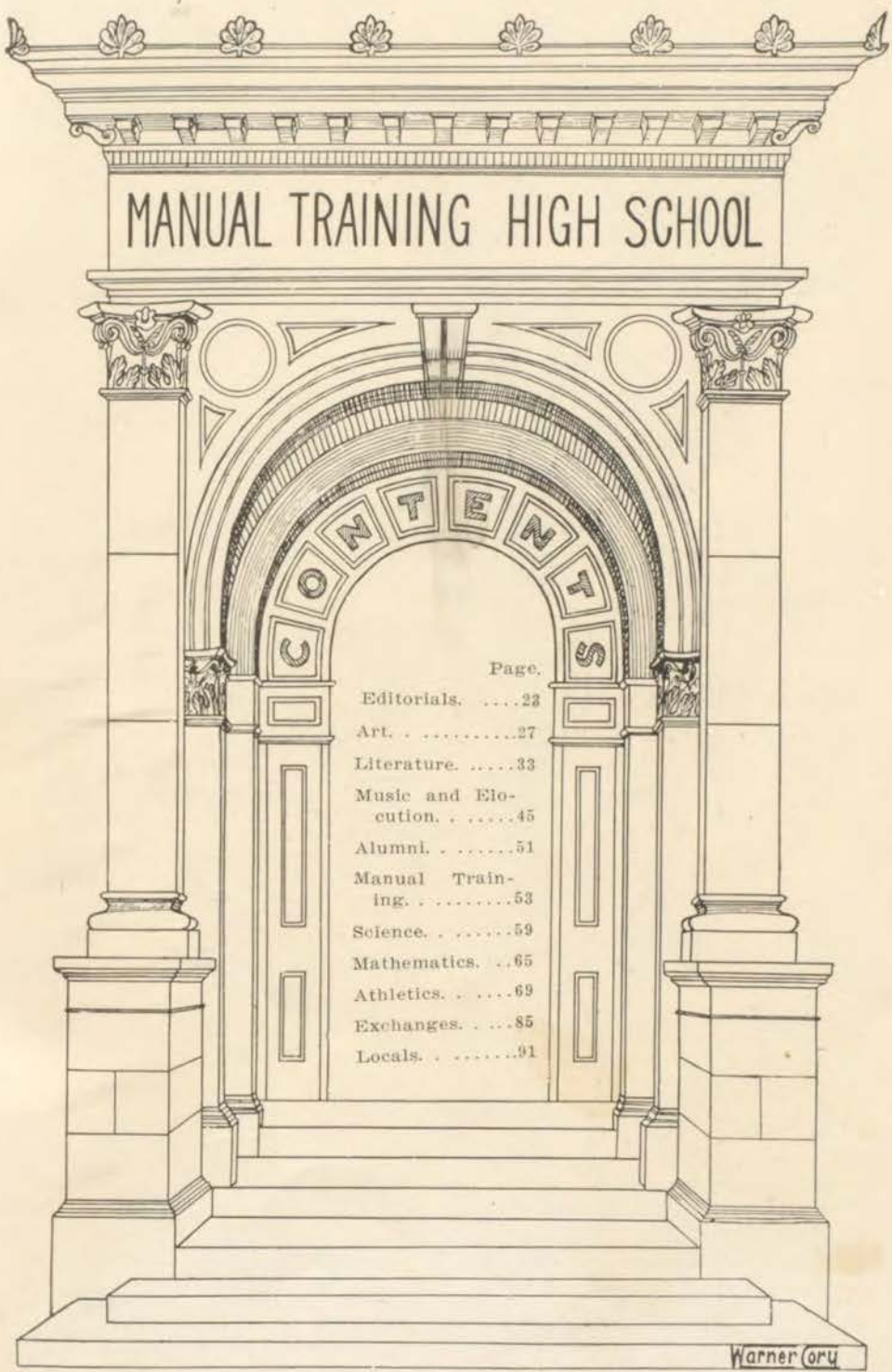
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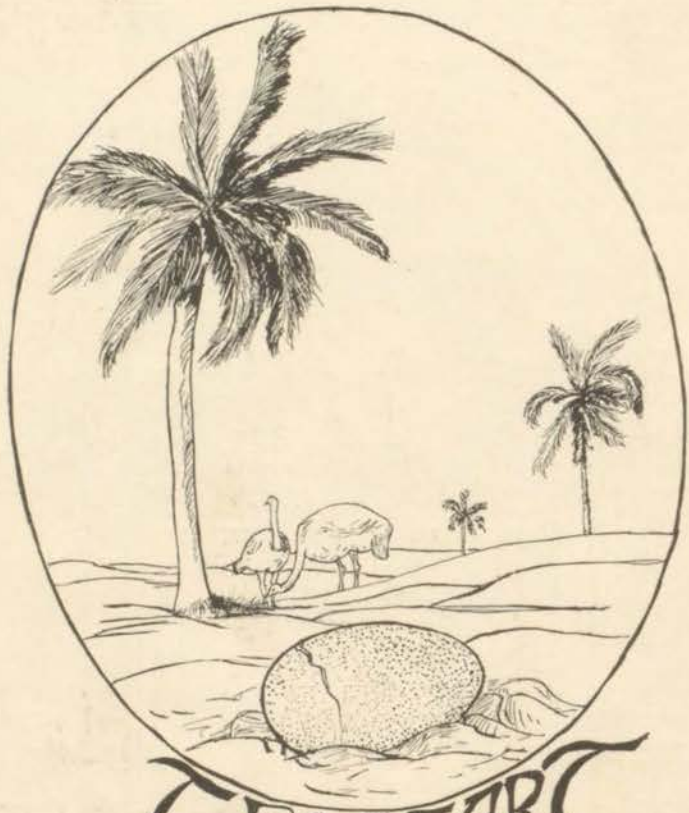




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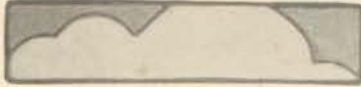
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THE START

THE NAUTILUS



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

Vol. XVII. No. 4.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

June 12, 1914.

EDITORIALS



GORDON CASE.



MR. C. E. MORSE.



MARY ROSE.

ALICE GALLAN.

After a year of trials and tribulations, the Nautilus staff wish to send out their last word of appreciation to the teachers and pupils who have so nobly aided us in the task which we took upon us at the beginning of the year—that of turning out a magazine which should be worthy not only of all that was best in the ideals of the past, but also of the broad-gauge plans of the new administration.

Whether we have succeeded or failed, your need of praise or blame should be awarded on the basis of how much you have contributed in material suggestions, or even by your attitude, toward that success or failure. Those who have never participated in the getting out of a high school magazine, think of the whole proceeding as a joke, and consider the staff of such a paper a group of favored young people who are getting a maximum of honor for a minimum of work. Well, if b-r-i-c-k-b-a-t spells "honor," we "got ours" all right. We are inclined, however, to believe that the opinion should be reversed.

If you have ever hounded teachers for material from their departments; hunted to their lair budding authors who had promised you stories or poems, and failed to get them in; got the material from an entire department two days late and sit up until 2 a. m. correcting and sorting so that the entire lot might be at the printer's by eight; bullied hard-headed business men into giving you a full page advertisement when they had solemnly sworn not to give you an inch; gone down on your knees to an obdurate art department in a vain endeavor to convince them that it was their bounden duty to suspend all regular work for a month in order to turn out all the cuts you wanted—if you have done all these things, and at the same time tried to convince half a dozen irate teachers that you were working overtime in your studies, then and only then, are you competent to sit in judg-

ment upon our sins of omission and commission.

We leave our critics to comment upon the things we have omitted. Among the things done, we number the unexpected success of our business department in the face of the handicap in the shape of increased printing rates and the attitude of the large firms of the city toward advertising in high school magazines. Our hustling business manager and his able assistant merely took it for granted that for each big advertiser lost they must fined half a dozen little ones—and they did it. The new department of mathematics has proved an unqualified success. Some of our most favorable exchange notices have been for this new feature. The separation of science and manual training have given an opportunity for expansion along these lines, as the excellent science articles of this year prove. We have been especially favored in our art features this year. Never before have the first three numbers of the year been so rich in cartoons and cuts.

While many students have contributed designs for cuts, our thanks for cartoons must go especially to Ben Goldstein and Walker Ford. Without Ford's splendid cartoons, half our enjoyment in the basket ball series would have been missing, and while thanking all our contributors for their kind services, we feel that the excellent appearance of the magazine owes more to Ford than to any other one person. All departments have been well represented.

Our annual number offers three new features; our stories are illustrated with specially posed photographs, we have a number of pages of snapshots representing various phases of student activity, and most important of all, for the first time in ten years, the students will take away in their annual the pictures of our beloved faculty.

None of our teachers, we are sure can realize just how much pleasure this last feature will give to all the students now in Manual, and most of all

to the old graduates, many of whom are subscribers to the Nautilus. This year's annual for example, will go to China, to the Philippines, to Holland, and to South America. Can you imagine how those "old guards," some of them ten years out of school, will feel when they open the magazine and look into those old, familiar faces again?

It is a happy trait of the human mind that time softens the harsh outlines in our memory. All that was unpleasant fades away, while all that was pleasant takes on a more tender grace. All petty dissensions are forgotten, all trivial misunderstandings obliterated, and our teachers will stand out in our minds as true and tried friends who spent many a weary day in our behalf, trying to equip us for our life struggle. How pleasing the thought that in future years, when these good friends have drifted beyond our ken, we may still treasure their pictured faces, rendered doubly dear by time!

With this statement of our year's work, we close. Should this be in truth Manual's last annual, it is our earnest hope that it may be found a not unworthy closing number. Whatever your opinion, we do assure you that we have worked honestly and earnestly, and that we have put into volume seventeen of the Nautilus, the best that we had in us to give. We may therefore, console ourselves with this beautiful thought from the great Goethe:

"Art little? Do thy little well, and for thy comfort know.

"Great men can do their greatest work no better than just so."

Well, well! the "Prom" is past and everyone is happy. Moreover, this year's "Prom" will go down in the annals of the school as the greatest ever. In former years, the students did not turn out to a Junior Prom in hordes—they only came in droves, but it was different this year. The first floor was too crowded for all to dance, so some fifty or sixty

The
Junior
Prom.

retired to the sewing room and engaged in the more dignified game of "Wink 'em."

The evening began with a grand march headed by Mr. and Mrs. Graves. From the very first, the evening was a delightful one. After the dancing was over, all retired to the second floor, where a delightful luncheon, prepared in the domestic science department, was spread. Needless to say, after such vigorous exercise there were nothing but empty plates to be seen in a short time. Our junior president and vice-president both delivered excellent addresses, which in turn called forth good speeches from our senior president, Mr. Graves, Dr. Hall, Miss Hazen, Miss Canny and Miss Eveland.

Good luck to you, juniors! You gave the seniors the best reception furnished in recent years. May you as seniors receive as excellent entertainment at the hands of next year's junior class!

Tribute To Dr. Hall.

A man may be a giant intellectually, but a pygmy physically. Why not aspire to be a division of each, and have good, common sense in addition to a healthy body?

The man that turns out these common-sense athletes is Dr. Hall. He is likewise the man that "puts the fear o' God" in the hearts of the freshmen, teases the sophomores, beats the juniors, and half kills the seniors. Those boys who come early under his influence are indeed fortunate, not alone for the training they receive, although that is indeed excellent, but also for the splendid ideals he inoculates. "If you can't win like gentlemen you can at least lose like gentlemen" is ever his motto, and he would rather lose a contest a dozen times over than resort to trickery or take an unfair advantage for the sake of winning. No boy can be associated with Dr. Hall for four years and not be made better and manlier by that association. To know him once is always to want him for a friend.

It is rumored that this is Dr. Hall's

last year with us. If this be true, it is indeed a heavy blow to athletics at Manual. What other trainer in the Missouri Valley could take our miserable little cracker box of a gymnasium and without the benefit of an indoor track or winter practice turn out basket ball teams such as we have had or track teams that could carry off the Missouri Valley trophy for four successive years, and are now "two years to the good" toward repeating the performance? Last year, Manual entered four meets and easily carried off all the honors. So far, this has been a victorious year. Of course, the final result of the "Sunday School meet," held on the K. C. A. C. field, is still in dispute, but as we have all the cups in our trophy case, we are not worrying.

Is it not indeed a pity that Manual must lose a man like this for want of a decent gymnasium, properly equipped? For years, Dr. Hall's boys have carried off the bulk of the athletic honors, not because they were so well trained in their particular events, but because the system used by Dr. Hall in the gymnasium work the year around was so admirably adapted for aiding their physical development that they were prepared to enter any kind of contest. It is not to be wondered at that a man of Dr. Hall's splendid ideals should be unwilling to keep up the unequal struggle longer; 1915 will see a fourth high school with admirable gymnasium equipment in the field against us. Can Manual's "fighting spirit" overcome this handicap?

We are all hoping against hope that rumor will prove false and that Dr. Hall will be at Manual to lead us on to another victorious year. If this may not be, then it is our earnest hope that his future life may be made better and richer by the consciousness of the good work he had done during his fourteen years at Manual. We feel sure that all the "Old Guard" who see this magazine will join with us now in school in this toast:

To the best trainer of boys in the Missouri Valley, the straightest, cleanest coach that ever turned out a winning team, the fellow that put the "man" in Manual—Dr. Edward M. Hall!

For the first time in several years we have some real faculty romances. Miss Margaret Elston is to be married on June 11 to Mr. Donald Witten. Both are Manual graduates, and in the Faculty. Miss Elston has been a valued member of our faculty for the three years just past. This pretty romance, which dates back to their school days at Manual, should completely disprove the popular notion that school day attachments do not outlive school days.

Miss Mary Canny is to be another June bride. Her marriage to Mr. Frederic B. Krug of Pasadena, Calif. will occur on June 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Krug will tour Europe during the summer, returning in October. Of course, we congratulate the lucky fellow, but—who can imagine Manual without Miss Canny? What a stale flat, and unprofitable place it will be without her pungent wit and her ready retort! Who will so ably read the titles of the next year's seniors clear to mansions in the skies as Miss Canny has done in by-gone years? And "when a feller needs a friend," who will rouse his drooping spirit with a few earnest words of good cheer, as she has always known how to do? Just how much Manual will miss her beyond our poor power to express, never any person had earned the right to carry with her into a new life the pleasing consciousness of a work earnestly and efficiently done, that person is surely our beloved Miss Canny.

The Nautilus wishes both these couples all the happiness that it is possible for earth to have in store for those who truly deserve her richest blessing.

ART



Manuscript Writing of the Earlier Centuries.

HELEN BOBRECKER, '16.

Have you ever wondered as you picked up a nicely printed newspaper or book, how books and newspapers were printed in the earlier centuries when there were no printing machines, paper and other conveniences, which we have in this present century?

The monks, especially those of Italy, did most of the writing and printing of the earlier centuries. The earliest known example of work of an European monk dates from the year 517. For a period of more than six centuries, from about the fifth to the twelfth, the safety of the literary heritage of Europe, in fact of the world, depended upon the scribes of a few scattered monasteries. Almost every one of these monasteries had its writing chamber, where silent monks were employed from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, making transcripts of valuable works, particularly of the Scriptures. The best Greek and Latin manuscripts are the work of these monks.

Parchment and vellum were usually the materials that took the place of our paper, and were written and printed with quill pens instead of steel pens and printing presses. Ordinary parchment is made from the skin of a goat, sheep or lamb which has been prepared in lime, dressed, scraped and made smooth by pumice stone. Its principal qualities are whiteness, thinness and stiffness. At times it was so scarce that parchments, which had already been used for manuscripts were scraped and rubbed and therefore could be used again. Vellum is made from the skin of any animal and is more polished, whiter, and more transparent than parchment. Not until the fifteenth century did paper take the place of parchment; although it was less durable, it had the great advantage of costing much less and being more easily obtained. About this time, as the result of the invention of the printing press, the production of books in manuscripts came to a close.

The monks first wrote their manu-

scripts entirely in gold and colors. Great use was made of the gold ink, especially during the time of Charlemagne, when luxury in the arts showed itself in all forms and when the parchments and vellums were dyed purple. Just imagine purple parchments with gold lettering. They certainly must have been very beautiful. But this manner of writing soon passed away. Now, only a few pages in each volume were colored, then only some margins or frontispieces, and lastly this decoration was restricted to the heads of chapters or to words to which great importance was to be given or to capital letters. Red ink was almost always employed for capital letters or for the title of books and for a long time after the invention of printing the volumes still had the red letters painted or skillfully written with the pen.

First the manuscripts were written with the capital writing, which was regular and well-proportioned. These capitals soon assumed the rounded shape known as uncial. The uncial writing was firm and heavy and somewhat too elaborate to serve all requirements of literature, so finally the half-uncial was evolved. Also, the slurring of the stroke of the uncials, whereby the bows of the letters were lost and their exact forms modified, led the way to the gradual development of small letters. These different letters, the regular and well-proportioned capital, the elaborate uncial, the modified uncial or half uncial and the small letters, which were used entirely for manuscript writing, filled the place now occupied by printed letters. The writing being regular, the lines were generally kept even by fine ruling or other guides.

Today, when we have all sorts of material and a great number of skillful writers, there has not yet been any whose work we could ably compare with those very beautiful and gorgeously colored manuscripts of the monks, who had very little material and a very narrow field from which to gain newer and easier methods of doing their work.



SPECIMENS FROM OUR ART DEPARTMENT

A Visit to Keith's.

HELEN DONDRICK, '16

The Home Planning classes made an interesting visit to Keith's Furniture Store Saturday, March 21. Mr. White, head of the drapery department, first gave them a talk on draperies, with furniture and textiles to illustrate. Then the classes were taken back, in thought, to the different periods of history, and their accompanying styles of furniture, up to the present time. Thus they watched the progress from the old Pompeian furniture, with its classic Greek lines, to the "Charles I," with its fancy stretchers, and spiral legs; and on to the "William and Mary," with its less-fancy stretchers, and spiral legs. This was the first period of good taste. The draperies were exquisite, being wholly designed and embroidered by the women of England. After this came the change to the "Queen Anne" style of furniture, with its cabriole leg, and spoon back. This was about 1758. Later, the "Chip-

pendale," having a claw foot, and Chinese tapestries, became popular. The Adam Brothers, having draperies with stripes for a background; the "Sheraton" and "Heppelwhite," closely linked together, the latter distinguishing itself by the "Prince of Wales" seal back; and the late "Georgian" furniture in 1720.—such were the successive styles of furniture. Then followed the "Windsor" chair, with a comfortable back. Of course, our modern furniture contains parts from all styles, but, we are glad to note, is mostly for comfort, not style. The "Sheraton" and "Heppelwhite" furniture is now used, also, enhancing many a lovely home.

Later the classes were pleased with illustrations of rooms, and rugs, drawn by one of Keith's decorators, Miss Wilcox. As this corresponded with the work they were then doing, the visit was at once a help and a pleasure.

*If men only understood
That the heart that sins must sorrow
That the hateful mind tomorrow
Reaps its barren harvest weeping
Starving, resting not, nor sleeping
Tenderness would fill their being
They would see with Pity's seeing
If they only understood.*

by James Allen.



A FEW SPECIMENS OF OUR ARTS AND CRAFTS CLASS.

EDITORIALS

MISS HEYL'S PICTURES SHOWN

The following article, clipped from the Kansas City Times of May 20, will be of interest to all Miss Heyl's friends both in school and out. This recognition of her merit as an artist, tardy though it be, can not be other than gratifying to all.

Surprises in the Work of the Late Head of Manual Art Department.

The real life of Miss Sarah Heyl, former head of the art department of Manual Training High School, who died March 2, was put into some one hundred and fifty pictures painted by her and now exhibited by a committee of friends in the old church studio at Fortieth and Penn streets.

Miss Heyl was as remarkable for her modesty as for her achievements. Supported only by her own efforts she came to a high degree of attainment in her work if not in public recognition. Surprise that Kansas City harbored an artist with such vitality of expression has been the common opinion of many who have seen the exhibit.

Miss Heyl spent five years in Munich in the early '90s. The Munich experience is emphasized in the portraits and figures, in which field Miss Heyl was most successful. The vigor of the modeling, the firm drawing and the candid treatment of nude surfaces are German in their spirit. Among the pictures exhibited are several figure studies for which she was given the first scholar's prize. The experience drawn from these is brought to a striking unity and completeness in the great figure of a man with heavy head of black hair and beard and stripped to the waist. For lack of a name given by the artist, the committee has named it "Job;" it pictures exceedingly well the qualities of that lonely figure of the Scriptures.

The smaller portrait of her mother—there are two—is a masterpiece of character painting and should be preserved for a place in the future Kansas City

Museum of Art. It is typical of the best portraiture and excels not only in conception and execution but in that more subtle process of catching the fine spiritual quality of the subject.

Other portraits are to be seen; water colors, still life, with many evidences of remarkable fine taste and mastery of her medium.

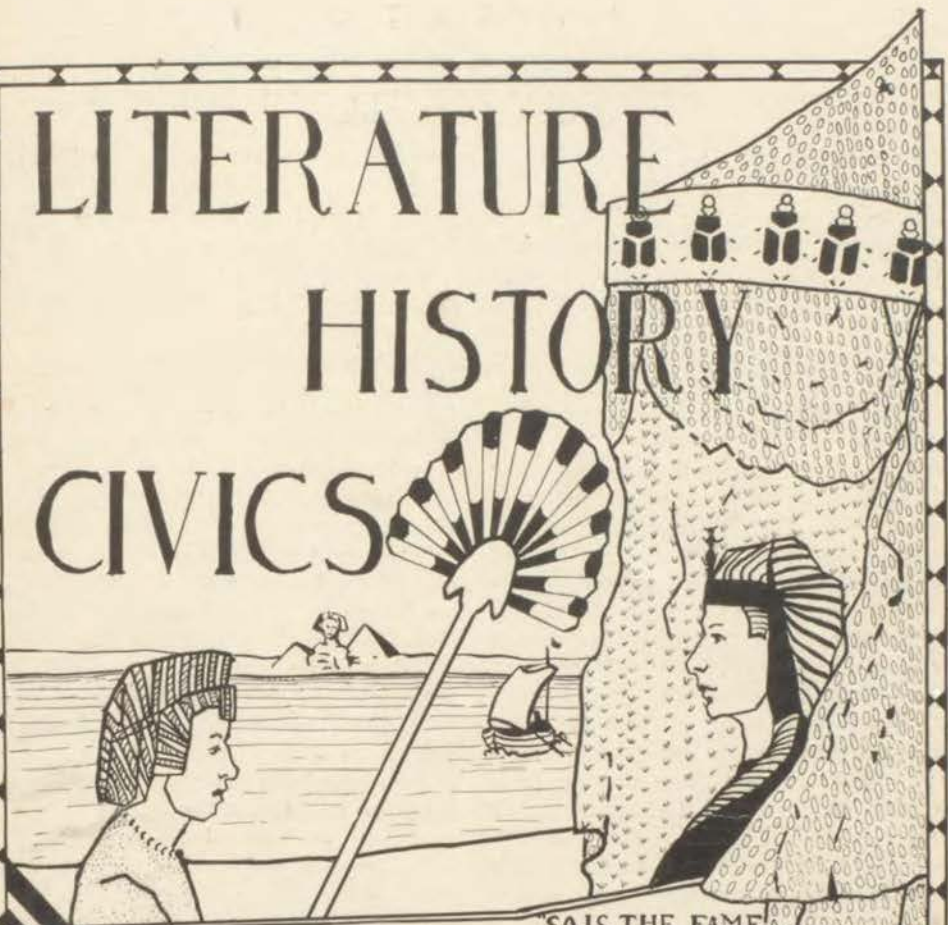
Miss Delle Miller hands us the following extract from a letter written by Miss Floy Campbell, former head of our art department,

Miss Campbell's Letters.

now supervisor of art for the island of Porto Rico. "You ask about my work. Well, it is flourishing in spite of insufficient materials and some pretty bad teachers. You probably saw the photo of my Lincoln sand table. I had some of the best Three Bears ones, some perfectly great Robinson Crusoe ones, and a replica of the town Plaza, in one place, in connection with beginning geography that was a peach—all the little houses and trees and the church, made by the children and built up on a modeled map on the sand table.

The next term in the two lower grades, all the nature study is to be grouped around the building of a Porto Rican farm on the sand table, with dogs, horses, and cows in clay, a little house, an orchard of citrus fruits, a vegetable and flower garden. In the practice school I left them building a plaza on a map drawn to the scale of the Rio P. Plaza; the kiddies having determined the scale by pacing off the distance. This will bring in trees, houses, and various other things—perhaps people. They are making some stunning designs in the eighth grade for the native drawn work, from native flowers drawn in class. In one town I have started an experimental class in costume. Ernest Perrin is going to have a picture of the Landing of Columbus with the back ground of the real scene—for the school house faces on the bay where the event happened.

LITERATURE HISTORY CIVICS



"WOULD WE HAD SPOKEN TOGETHER."
"SO IS THE FAME"

MARJORIE MAY



VERA CURRAN



BERNARD HURWITZ

"THE TRIAL TRIP."

Being the Account of the First of a
Series of Trips in An Early Model
of the Time Machine.

The Faraday Physics society numbered just four members. The most important of these was the physicist, John Harton, who performed all the experiments, and explained them afterward to an interested audience of three, composed of the doctor, Mr. Lovie, the editor, Mr. Knox, and myself. Our meetings were held weekly at the home of the physicist, and were generally preceded by a supper.

At one of these meetings, just after we had finished an excellent meal, and were seated in the drawing room which adjoined the laboratory, the physicist started the evening's discussion by asking, "Do you remember our discussion about a year ago, concerning the fourth dimension in space?"

The doctor, the editor, and myself nodded affirmatively. "Do you still maintain that there is no such dimension?" "I never said there was no such dimension," corrected the doctor. "I merely said that I could not understand it." "What do you say then to a little excursion in this dimension?" asked Harton.

The three of us stared at him for some seconds. He had often told us that he would sometime take us for a trip in a hitherto unknown dimension, but we always regarded it as a joke.

"I'm not joking, either," he declared. "I've worked out the greatest discovery of the age."

"Do you mean to tell us that there really is a fourth dimension in space?" asked the editor.

"And that we can travel in it, too," assented Harton.

"Really, my dear boy," the doctor commenced, "this hallucination—"

"Oh, so you think it's a hallucination, do you?" Harton's face broke into a grin. "I'll show you."

He left the room and went into the laboratory. We could see his shadow through the glass door, as he opened a drawer, and took out several little cubes,

about two inches square and half as high.

"Is it a hoax, do you think?" the editor asked, turning to the doctor.

"Some sleight of hand trick or something of the kind, probably," returned the doctor, who was always skeptical.

A few minutes later Harton came back. He sat down at the table just before the fire, and mentioned us all to draw closer. As soon as we were all settled comfortably he began.

"I've experimented for ten months on this thing. Two months ago I found what I wanted. I have here," he opened one of the boxes, "a machine which will enable us to travel in the fourth dimension."

The thing which he layed on the table looked very much like a watch. The dial face had two hands, but instead of being divided into twelve-hour spaces, it was divided into nine spaces, five at the top and four at the bottom. The top spaces were lettered respectively U, D, T, F and R. The bottom ones were numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4.

"These letters at the top denote up, down, forward, etc.," explained Harton. "The numbers at the bottom are to regulate the speed. The space marked T is for the fourth dimension. This lever on the right side is the starting apparatus, and this other the reverse. You see it will carry us forward, upward, etc., too."

"But how on earth are those watches going to aid us in travelling in the fourth dimension?" asked the doctor.

For reply, Harton took a strap iron arrangement out of the box in which the machine had been, and attached it to the machine. Then he snapped it around his arm. It looked exactly like a large bracelet watch. He adjusted the hands by means of a screw in the top of the machine, and pressed a button in the rim. Then the unbelievable happened. The person of John Harton became hazy, seemed to resolve itself into mist, and disappeared!

We sat staring at the place where he had been standing, spellbound by the amazing occurrence. The doctor broke the charm at last by saying, in an awed voice, "Well, I'll be hanged."

"How do you suppose he did it," asked the editor, who was of a practical nature.

The doctor shook his head. "We'll have to wait until he comes back—if he ever does."

So we settled ourselves in the comfortable chairs, and prepared to spend the time as pleasantly as possible.

Harton's queer disappearance had occurred at exactly 8:45 o'clock, and for an hour we sat without saying a word. Then the doctor yawned, and pulled his chair closer to the fire. "Time for Harton to come back," he remarked. "It's not right for him to leave his guests alone so long."

A few minutes later the door opened and out of the laboratory walked John Harton! He walked to his chair and sat down. Then he asked, "Do you still consider it a hoax?"

"It was mighty clever," answered the doctor, "but really, you know, you can't expect us to believe you traveled in another dimension."

Harton thought a moment. "Then would you be willing to go on such a trip with me?" he asked.

The doctor shook his head. "It's risky enough to trust one man's life to such a little thing, not to speak of several men," he objected.

Harton opened three other little boxes, and produced three more of the watch-like machines. "I half expected this," he explained, "so I made one for each of us."

After some arguing and persuasion on Harton's part, the doctor and I agreed to go. The editor, however, had a business that he couldn't leave, and declined to accompany us. At last, at about eleven o'clock the three of us bade the editor good-bye, and watched Harton as he again explained how to run the "machine."

Finally everything was ready. All three pressed the button simultaneously.

The sensation of starting was not felt. As soon as the button was pressed the room and everything in it began to grow hazy, and after a short interval disappeared. Soon after the speed was pushed up from 1 to 2, 3, and finally 4.

By this time we were going very fast, as it seemed. Houses, trees and fields flew by. Then a vast desert, and again a river, all with increasing rapidity. At last everything grew indistinguishable, and appeared as one ashy blot. Now Harton raised his hand. He was stopping. We did likewise, and gradually slowing down, we found ourselves in what appeared to be a large field or plain. We stopped and looked at each other.

"Is it still a hoax, doctor?" asked Harton.

"I don't know what it is," the doctor answered. "But what now?"

"We must try to find some of the inhabitants."

"I don't see a house anywhere."

"Well, go a little farther along and see if there are any around. Just place the large hand at 11 and start the machine."

We did so, and mounted up into the sky.

"Now put the big hand at F," ordered Harton.

We obeyed again, and floated slowly along, about twenty feet above the ground. After about half an hour we came in sight of a large stone house. It was situated in what looked like a large park, and might have been a mansion of our own New York.

We descended to the ground and took counsel with each other. We decided to go boldly up, and accordingly approached the entrance. As we were ascending the broad marble steps someone stepped out of the doorway and ran past us down the steps. He was hardly four feet tall, and we supposed him to be a child. We could see no door and walked into a large hall which lay inside the entrance. Here we found several other little dwarfed people apparently waiting for us. They came close to us, talking among themselves and touching our clothing, our hands, and seeming to make remarks about us.

The doctor took a step backward, bowed, and said in a most conciliating

way, "Pardon our intrusion, but we are strangers, and have lost our way. Can you tell us where we are?"

As he spoke some of the little people began to laugh, tinkling, musical laugh.

"Do you think they can understand you?" asked Harton.

As if to answer him one of the group stepped forth and spoke. "Oh, speakers of a dead language, you are welcome. What we have is yours."

We stared at him open mouthed. Where could he have learned English? Why should he call it a dead language?

"Perhaps you are hungry?" he went on. He turned to an arched doorway on one side of the room and called, "Come." Out before our eyes came—a table! It was about eighteen inches high, and rolled into the room without any visible means of propulsion. And on it were several dishes.

Now, though we had dined but a short time before, I at least was as hungry as a man could be. And as the others felt the same we all sat down on the floor to eat. There was no meat. The meal seemed to consist of fruit or vegetables prepared, I must say, very excellently. And to drink we had a sort of wine, tasting rather sweet, and very good.

As soon as we had finished the man who had spoken to us before came up to us and said: "It is sleeping time, O strangers. Come then with me, and I will call your beds."

He led us into an adjoining room. The walls were covered with rich hangings, which we judged to be made of vegetable fibre. We looked around, but could see no beds. "Come," called our guide, and from out of a closet a low bed or couch slid across the room and stopped by him. He called twice more and two more beds appeared, after which he left us to ourselves.

"I wish those blinds were drawn," remarked the doctor. "I can't reach them, and there's altogether too much light."

He had hardly done speaking when the blinds began to drop, and soon everything was dark.

"Well I'll be hanged," remarked the doctor.

"Our descendants seem to have out-

stripped us by a good deal," observed Harton. "They have a mental wireless, it seems."

"Mighty convenient, whatever it is," affirmed the doctor. "But what place is this we're in?"

"The New York of the fourth dimension."

The doctor was snoring.

Next morning Harton awakened the doctor and I at an early hour. We dressed and entered the main hall. Nobody was to be seen. We went outside and found them all assembled there, looking at the horizon. Our friend of the day before was standing nearby, and Harton asked him, "What are you doing?"

"We are watching the fleet of airships in the sky."

"Are they from here?" asked Harton.

The man shook his head. "No, they are probably the war airships of our enemies."

"Will there be a battle?"

"No. Our airships are away and we have no means of defense. Our time has come to die."

He seemed set in his idea that there was no escape and Harton, the doctor, and I walked toward a clump of bushes, where we saw a fruit, something like an orange, growing.

Gradually the airships came closer and closer, until at last we could see many men, crowding around the rail. The ships were constructed on the plans which are used today, in the construction of the Zeppelin airships, but were as large as a man-o'-war. When they came up close to the house they swooped downwards, and circled around it several times. We counted seven of them. Suddenly a white ray of light shot out from the side of one of them. It struck the house and suddenly the house vanished. The stone had been melted by the ray!

"For God's sake," gasped Harton

Someone on board one of the airships saw us and pointed us out to his comrades.

"Quick," yelled Harton. "Pres your reverse lever, and set your hand at T."

As we followed his instructions we could see the heat ray sweep over the

fields burning up grass and shrubs, and shrivelling up the trees. In another minute it would be on our clump of bushes and we would be melted or burned to death. As the button was pressed, the scene grew hazy, and gradually faded away. * * *

At Harton's signal we slowed down, and when we stopped we were in the laboratory. We took off the little machines, and Harton rang for the servant. After a long interval without an answer being received, he rang again. A few minutes later a loud tramping was heard on the stairs. The door opened, and in marched the butler, an old horse pistol in his hand, followed by several other men servants.

"What—what's the meaning of this?" demanded Harton. The butler seemed nonplussed. He explained that our disappearance, without being seen to go out of the house, had caused him to believe that his master had perhaps been murdered or otherwise foully dealt with, but as he knew that if such were not the case, he would incur Harton's displeasure by disturbing things in the laboratory, he had determined to wait and see what would come of it.

"That's all right, James," Harton assured him. "Bring us something to eat."

A quarter of an hour later, as we were eating some cold meat and other hastily prepared articles, Harton asked, "Do you still think it's a hoax, doctor?"

"Perhaps I had too much wine at supper," the doctor answered. "It seems very much like a dream."

"What name have you given the fourth dimension?" I asked.

"It was already named. The fourth dimension is time!"

"And we—"

"—Traveled to the year 5025 A. D., gentlemen. The next machine to start into futurity will be one week from today."

An Elegy Written In a City High School.

EMONS WHISNER, '14.

The first bell tolls the knell of parting friend,
And, friends part slowly sometimes as we see

The last one up the stairs, his way doth wend,

And leaves the halls to silence and to me.

Save for the slamming of a heavy door,
Our halls of fame and note, the noise forsakes;

And, as the silence is disturbed no more,
I pause to view the pictures of our saints.

Beneath this glass and frame, 'tis sometimes said,

Where pictures of our graduates they keep,

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,"
The former student body is asleep.

The breezy show of frat pins newly worn,
The editors that twitter in their shed
The calling of the class at early morn,
No more shall rouse them from their framed bed.

For them no more the midnight oil shall burn,

Or, over-burdened with a student's care;
No sponges run to lisp their sire's return,
And ask of their hard work and toil to share.

Oft did the teachers to their working yield,

Their essays merry glee did oft provoke,
How little pain or sorrow did they feel.
But bow'd the head when cards of failure spoke.

The boasts of clubs and frats, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that grades e'er gave;

Await alike the inevitable hour:
Their paths of glory lead but to this grave.

Some lady's-man like this here Franklin Moore,

The lanky tyrant in the field of howls;
Some mute, inglorious Hurwitz here may snore.

Some Winn, who's guiltless of so many fouls.

Far be it from the senior's noble strife,
To lead their thoughts from learned books astray;

Or pine away or ponder on this life;
Or be alone;—or have things all their way.

Yet e'en these same from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial then is pasted high,
With uncouth writing and with frills be-
deck'd;
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their year, spelled by some
fancy Muse,
The place of type and printing to supply,
And many a fancy scroll around he
strews;
Appalling to the simple freshman's eye.

On some fond breast the graduate relies,
Some pleading look, the parting friend
requires:

E'en from this tomb the voice of nature
cries,
E'en in their faces live the ancient fires.

"For thee, who, mindful of th' unhon-
our'd dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale re-
late;

If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy
fate—"

Haply some hollow-headed swain may
say,

'Oft have we seen him 'round the local
box,

Or brush with hasty steps the rest away.
Or in the office of the "Nautilus," stalks.

'There by the foot of yonder creaking
stair,

That leads its old fantastic steps up high,
His listless length at noon-tide he would
stretch,

And gaze upon the maids that babbled by.

'Hard by yon' door, now smiling as in
scorn,

Muttering his wayward fancies he would
stare;

Or listening, woman-like, as one forlorn,
To scraps of talks on frats or ladies fair.

'One morn I missed him at the 'custom'd
place,

Along the halls, nor to the rooms came
he;

Another came;—nor yet beside the case,
Nor up the stair, nor e'en at Blumb's
was he.

'The next, I saw with joy, that we were
rid

Of him, for here's his face among the
train

Approach and list; to this fantastic lay,
Wrung from a hollow, over-heated
brain;

The Epitaph.

Here is his face upon this piece of card,
"A youth to fortune and to fame un-
known,

Fair science frowned not on his humble
birth,"

And failure seemed to mark him for her
own.

Small was his knowledge, but his heart
sincere;

Manual did him a recompence send;
He gave the Nautilus (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Manual (all he wish'd)
his friend.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,"
For few he had and they were far apart;
And now, to end, we'll say he gained
repose,

From woes that did beset;—and then de-
part.

This Debate Won the \$125 Freshman Scholarship at M. U.

Resolved: That the judges of the
Supreme Court of the State of Mis-
souri should be appointed for an in-
definite term, subject to recall by the
voters of the state.

Simply stated, the question means
that the state of Missouri should
choose her judges as a business man
selects his employees, and that they
should be subject to the same condi-
tions; viz., their service should con-
tinue as long as they are trustworthy
and capable servants, and the state
should dispense with their service
when such service becomes undesi-
rable. If the recall can be proved to be
a wise, efficient, and democratic power
of government, the appointment for an
indefinite term, which means essential-
ly upon good behavior, may be pre-
sumed. No one can deny the advisa-
bility of retaining any public official
for any length of time if that official

has proved himself a capable man for the place.

The first argument for the recall lies in the fundamental difference of duty of judges, formerly and now. The judiciary, a body, unresponsive and irresponsible to the wishes of the public hitherto, has now found itself attacked by the hostile criticism of the people. The public, in their struggle to destroy special privilege, and to open the way for just and fair legislation through truly representative government, have found barrier after barrier thrown in their way by independent, unresponsive courts. A new problem has entered into this spirit of democracy, the problem of removing the dead head of precedent from our judiciary and infusing into it something of the spirit of the time.

That the judiciary in its present day operation should be subject to something more tangible than its own conscience seems reasonable, when we consider that the courts can actually make law, amend law, and nullify law under the mask of interpretation. Hence, the Supreme Court of Missouri is today the founder of the public policy of the state of Missouri. And when an organism can become all powerful by its ability to create public policy, it is necessary that that organism be made responsible to those who created it; in this case a majority of the people.

The fact that state courts, realizing their independence, and knowing their power, have usurped such functions as we have mentioned, is notorious, as well as convincing and impressive when we consider that the courts of England in the last two hundred years have declared no law, which the people enacted through their legislators, to be unconstitutional. And in contrast to that, how commonplace it is to read of a state court in the United States nullifying an act of the legislature which the people have caused to be enacted. When the New York legislature passed a law limiting the hours of labor for women to ten a day, the New York court declared it unconstitutional, and furthermore stated that

"the time had come for the courts to fearlessly interpose a barrier against such legislation." The fact was that the courts fearlessly upheld the rights of big factory owners and small sweat shops to coin money out of the blood of helpless women, whom they worked haggard at a starvation wage. Would a decision, so contrary to the public policy of any state, so contrary to the spirit of any organic law have been rendered, had the power of the recall rested in the hands of the citizens of New York? And throughout our history, no decision by the people has more willfully denied justice. With the power of the recall in the hands of the people, no such decision would have been rendered. The fact that the judges know that such a power as the recall exists makes them shape their course with reference to the will of the people as expressed in the organic law and legislation, instead of interposing, as this court proposed, a barrier to the peoples' will, thus giving us the spectacle of a court setting itself in opposition to its creators, the people, and wholly forgetting its proper function of service to the people. There is no danger in the will of the majority. The American people have, by the very name of democracy, proved that they know what is best for themselves. Moreover, this new doctrine provides for the two fundamentals of democratic government, the will of the majority, and the voice of the minority through petition.

This leads directly to my second proposition, which is, that the recall is the best method of making the courts subject to the people. Impeachment, as a practical measure, has proved a failure. During the last fifty years not a single judge of the supreme court of Missouri, has been impeached. This does not prove their excellence, for I have but to mention the Oglesby case, and the indignation of the people to prove that here was an adequate case for action by the people. The legislature, regardless of the credit it deserves as a law making body has nevertheless, failed in its duty in impeachments, because impeachment means

the disgrace of the judge impeached. The recall simply means disqualification.

The recall proposes to change the trial of judges from the legislature to the people. The recall means that the sentiment of a majority of the people shall be effective in determining the scope of the legislative and judicial powers of the courts. On the other hand is the argument that the scope of police power is a question of mere technicality to be decided by legal precedents that antedate both our constitutions and our courts. Under this view it is inevitable that present day efforts for present day needs should be continually hindered by the curbing hand of eighteenth century jurisprudence. If democracy is successful the ultimate standard of what a court may do should be the mature conclusion of its citizens as to what it ought to do. It is the application of business principles to government. Every wise employer reserves the right to discharge the employee when the service rendered is unsatisfactory. But, have a majority of the people sense enough to know when to discharge? Those who

nominate and are qualified to elect should in all consistency be qualified to recall. The first two processes are the passing upon a man's qualifications before you actually know him; the recall is judging him by what he has done or has failed to do.

The truth of these arguments is emphasized by the fact that every state in which the recall has been instituted, the people are satisfied. Mistakes have been made but the claim that the recall means a change of judiciary every six months, and a cringing, vacillating, dependent judiciary has been proved to be groundless. Satisfaction to the people has been secured and that is the end of all democracy.

Therefore, since I have proved (1) that the times demand our judges be directly subject to the people, and (2) that the recall is the best method of attaining that end, and since the indefinite term is a natural correlative of the recall, I maintain that the judges of the Supreme Court of the state of Missouri should be appointed for an indefinite term, subject to recall by the voters of the state.

"As the Thoughts Are—"

EDITH TAVIS, '14.

The blackest blackbird sat on a limb a little above the others and seemed to spunk out noisy statement, while the rest of the company made a clamorous answer. At this, the leader cocked his head on one side, cast a suspicious glance at the man stretched on the ground, and seemed to make another critical remark. The mob was in the act of replying when the man sprang to his feet laughing. There were a number of frightened, protesting squeaks, a fluttering of wings, then merely the swaying of the limb over his head, while farther away the birds sent back challenging, impudent calls. Again the man laughed clearly and with a joyous freedom.

So absorbed had he been in the blackbirds that he had failed to notice the dainty stranger who stood regard-

ing him with the most profound surprise. He turned and saw her but the smile never left his lips and instinctively he removed his hat and spoke in a tone of easy comradeship.

"Good morning. Were you watching the birds, too?" There was a slight drawl to his words, but there were none of the mistakes in grammar so customary to the mountaineers.

"No, but I thought they were horribly noisy. I—I've lost my way. Can you tell me where my home is?"

Again the young man threw back his head and laughed. The girl marveled at the lack of restraint in his laughter, but drew herself up haughtily and asked:

"Is there anything especially funny about my question?"

"I beg your pardon. No, there is nothing especially funny about it, ex-

cept that I have no idea where you live," he answered.

"Oh, then you are a stranger here?" she asked, with an unconscious emphasis on the *are* and in a tone a shade more friendly. "Well, I'm a stranger, too."

"But I'm not a stranger," he protested. "I was raised in these hills."

"But how ——?"

"Do I happen to speak English?" he interrupted. "Well, you see I've read quite a bit and have merely adopted the language of my books."

She smiled in open friendship now, and they moved back up the path together. As they walked he talked in such a natural, easy manner of this carefree life in the woods that she was

charmed out of her dignified reserve. The hill life is merely a peaceful existence; the real life is found only in the cities where the people are."

As time went on the two were much together. She attracted him because her dainty refinement satisfied his sensitive, beauty-loving soul. He sought her society with the kindly intention of showing her the beauties of the forest and teaching her to understand them and him.

She, in turn, pacified a conscience bred to observe conventionalities, by saying to herself that here was a man with a superior intellect who was needed in the world outside. She must help him to understand it.



"YOU HAVE PLUCKED THE VERY HIGHEST FLOWER."

Something of this she said to him, and she told him in her turn of her life in the cities, her travels and of the studies that had broken her health and sent her to the hills to rest.

But if she had thought to awe the mountaineer with tales of a busy life that he could not enter and with stories of foreign travel, she was mistaken. As she finished, the young man smiled indulgently and said:

"You have wasted the best years of your life; now it is high time that you have come back to realities."

Bent on making him feel her superiority, she hotly replied:

"It is you who are wasting your life.

for as characteristic of the worlds they represented, she argued and tried to persuade him that the city was the place for him and he only smiled and pointed out the beauties of the forest.

"But these are merely physical beauties," she said one day. "What do you learn of life here? Your birds and flowers are beautiful but they have no soul, no character. Show me the failures that make this life interesting. You have physical beauty around you, but you must have intercourse with human minds. Where is the progress, the love and the religion in the woods? Why, you've never even heard a splendid sermon."

"It's true that I've never heard a splendid sermon," he said, "but I've been in the woods in the spring. Can any preacher preach a grander sermon?"

"And do you believe that the woods are all that is awakened by the coming of spring? Don't you know that all mankind feels the same awakening of new life and new energy? Nature shows the awakening influence year after year in the same way but many and varied are the methods man has of showing his awakened energy. Surely you see the left hand of the Almighty mechanically arranging the affairs of nature but you find the busy right hand in the medical and scientific discoveries, the inventions and all the marvels that mark the progress of man."

He was silent awhile. He felt that this argument was their final contest of will and that to win her he must first win the argument. Women have ever wished to be conquered since the time of the cavemen.

"Do you see that hill before us?" he asked, "the one where the white flowers are?" Well, that hill has always signified life to me. Notice how profusely the flowers grow at the base and how scarce they are at the top. Notice also the green ferns. They grow toward the top of the hill where the deeper shade is. Well, the ferns are the thoughts to me and the flowers are the people, of course. The ferns grow larger toward the top but the flowers remain the same except there are fewer of them at the top. It is just the same with people. Few of them ever reach the highest plane of thought and those that do find that there are still thoughts beyond their reach. See, the flowers never reach the altitude the ferns do."

They stepped across a shallow stream. She raced nimbly ahead of him until the thick underbrush retarded her passage. She also realized the contest was on and had purposely chosen her battle ground where there was no chance of a more personal conflict. He understood her flight and laughed at her confusion as she bent

and plucked the highest flower and a few of the ferns.

"Now see," he laughed, "you have plucked the very highest flower, tho you knew they were all alike, and it was only because it grew apart and among ferns. In the same manner you choose your friends for their individuality and thought. The sad part of this flower story is that each year the flowers bloom, reach their stage of perfection, as the people do, then wither away, and the next year come more just like them. On this hill the flowers have been improving for the last few years and on the neighboring hill the flowers have begun to degenerate, as the families and nations do. Now where is your progress in life?"

She had her answer ready. "It is an excellent comparison but it cannot represent the real life, for, tho you have the thoughts, the soul is lacking. Come, we must go back," she added quickly, as he started toward her.

"Perhaps you are right," he said resignedly, "I was merely giving you some of the products of my imagination." Then, with a new determination, "Now, since you have so successfully crushed my other arguments you must admit that love is here. You said there was neither progress, love nor religion in my woods, but you must admit that love is here for you are here and I am here, and I have watched the love stories of the forest too long to be mistaken. Come! Forget your foolish pride, dear, forget that I was raised in the woods and remember that at no time in your wonderful scale of progress will the love of man and woman be eliminated. I love you in the tender, protective way every man should love his mate. I know that you love me, but you are wilfully proud. Can't you keep the pride down long enough to give me the answer your eyes have told me I should receive?"

The quiet magnetism of the man and the direct sincerity of his speech, convinced her that he spoke the truth concerning both himself and her and his simple honesty gave her no choice but to give him the answer he sought.

So complete was her surrender that when he told her he was going to the city the next day to learn the city life, she protested against his going, saying that she required no such sacrifice, that her foolish pride was entirely gone, that she was growing to love his woods and believed he had been right all along.

But he said, "I must leave no doubt in either of our minds"—and he went.

But she remained in the mountains. Daily her new love for him and her thoughts of him brought her to understand the life about her and to love the things that he had loved, even as he had loved them. She was glad when his letters told her he was succeeding as a business man, yet she had grown to love the forest and wished each day for his return. At last she sent him this letter.

"Dear Boy: Today I visited the little hill where the white flowers grow and I thought all over again what you told me there that day. I went to the top of the hill and down on the other side and there—down through a path-way of rich, green ferns that stand for

the thoughts the flowers, or the people, never reach—I found the soul I said was missing. It had not the vanity of conspicuous color but was of a color with the ferns. It is so beautifully and delicately shaped and shaded, dear with a dignity so solemn, yet so modest, that it almost escaped my sight. It is the Jack in the Pulpit, boy, and it grows out of sight on the shadiest, quietest side of the hill, deep down at the base."

She expected him to return immediately in response to her letter, overjoyed at finding her content with the forest but instead of him she received this note.

"Am afraid you are getting sentimental, Dearie. Better come to me at once. Shall meet you on the noon train Friday and we will be married at once. Guess the woods is a fine place to live all right, but the Good Lord must have meant us to live in towns, else he would have left us in the primitive state. What does it matter where we live so long as we live together? We can always be happy. A man can be anything, any place, for, "As the thoughts are—so is the man."



INSTEAD OF HIM SHE RECEIVED THIS NOTE

The Relation of Poetry to the Other
Arts.

NORMA WEST, '15.

(\$25 Drama League Prize Essay.)

The relation of poetry to the other arts is a subject upon which much discussion has been wasted. There is a class of critics who, judging from their continual comparison of poems to pictures, claim poetry as a sort of companion of painting and sculpture. On the other hand, the followers of Wagner claim poetry as the companion of music. To find her proper place is, therefore, a rather difficult task.

With regard to the relations of poetry to painting and sculpture, however, one may consider the saying recorded by Plutarch that "poetry is a speaking picture and painting is a mute poetry." I think, though, that poetry is inferior, in some respects, to painting and sculpture. Poets are sometimes obliged to forget that passion when at white heat is scarcely articulate, never voluble; they are obliged to forget that in love and in hate words seem weak and foolish when compared with the silent glory of deeds, such as painting and sculpture can portray. This becomes evident enough when one compares the Niobe group or the the Laocoon group, or the great dramatic paintings of the modern world, with even the finest poetry. What human words can render the agony of Niobe or Laocoon, as one sees them in the sculptor's rendering? But poetry shows its superiority to painting and sculpture in showing the changes of emo-

tions, and in expressing the movements of the soul from passion to passion.

The Greeks, however, seem to have studied poetry not so much in its relation to painting and sculpture as in its relation to music and dancing. In Greek poetry, such description as occurs seems so alive with imaginative feeling as to become part of the dramatic or lyric movement itself. It is a significant fact that, in the Greek language, poetry was called "singing" before it was called "poetry." Poets were sometimes alluded to as musicians. Poetry can use the emphasis of sound to strengthen the sense, and can thus give a fuller expression to the soul than music can give. But poetry is, without a doubt, more closely related to music than to any of the other arts.

With regard to the relation of poetry to prose, Coleridge once asserted in conversation that the real opposite of poetry was not prose but science. One thing is at least certain, that prose, however emotional it may become, must always be directed by logic. But facts have no place in poetry unless they are brought into relation with the human soul. Some prose writing comes but a short way behind poetry in imaginative and even in rhythmic appeal. But, both poetry and prose, by their portrayal of noble characters, have the power to mold lofty ideals. They help us to see that our ideals will be reached only by doing nobly the humble duties of our daily life.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Knock, knock, knock

On thy patient staff, O school!

And I would that my tongue could
utter

The thoughts I must fain let cool!

Oh well for the little freshman lad

That he still can smile in his play,

And well for the cheerful sophomore

That nothing disturbs his day.

But alas and alack for the junior lad

Who next year's shambles must fill,

And oh for the day when the task is
done

And the hammer—till next year—
still!

Oh for my innocent freshman days,

Ere my soul this bitterness knew—

When I thought that all men were fair
and just,

All women tender and true.

Knock, knock, knock!

If aught it can pleasure thee!

But the tender grace of illusions de-
stroyed

Can never come back to me.



MUSIC

ELOCUTION

Our Musical Organizations.

MARQUERITE HART, '14.

Whether we have been conscious of it or not we have one and all enjoyed the orchestra, band and our latest child of the orchestra, the string quartet. If you will remember last year, a brass quartet was started but from lack of interest or some such cause, was discontinued. Here's hoping the string quartet which has so beautifully started will fare better and continue to grow in repertoire and always be ready when asked to "fill in."

The orchestra has been conducted on a different basis this year and proved very profitable. Every month we have an examination. The questions are written by Mr. Riggs and we are expected to look up the articles in the music magazine which all the members subscribed for, Jacobs Orchestra Monthly. These questions are graded by Mr. Riggs and we receive our places in the orchestra according to our grade received in the examination. This has a double benefit for it makes us read the articles when otherwise we probably would not. It creates an interest in the different departments and the "Honor Seat" is much sought after.

Mr. Riggs tries to interpret music as the composer has meant it should be. Sometimes his "instruments" as he calls us, do not feel the inspiration and then follows a clash of opinions and we finally close our practice with our "Music Master" declaring we are "bone-heads" but the "grin" is present next day and we are reinstated in favor. I believe everyone in the orchestra is there through either love of music and practice or through respect and admiration for the short interview with one of the best loved and most hard-worked teachers. We little realize how much time Mr. Riggs has spent with us. Every night he has some one of the many organizations to rehearse with. Before school he is always busy with individuals helping them through a hard part in Glee Club music or a solo. Three cheers for Mr. Riggs.

The Band has certainly "blossomed" out and is a credit to our school. We are noted for our orchestra and band

and glee clubs, and all through the patient industry of Mr. Riggs. Mr. Joyce has really trained the band and has proved a competent leader. They have played at the High School Club and at several other engagements. It was originally meant to liven up the Basket Ball games but since our "sisters" objected, we politely stepped back and maybe that is why we didn't carry off all the honors, (with no disrespect to Riley).

Spring Musical Contest and Festival.

The inauguration of a Spring Contest and Festival between the four High Schools, Manual, Central, Westport, and Northeast, held at Central, was Friday, May 15, 1914. We hope it may continue to increase in interest and results as the succeeding years roll by. The afternoon was devoted to the contest. Each school entered the hall single-file singing their school song. The effect was very beautiful.

The girls' choruses contests first, each school singing the same song, "A Dream of Summer." The boys then sang "Sing to Me Gondolier," each school taking the same song. Then the mixed choruses from each school took the song, "When the Heart Is Young," and the effect was certainly beautiful. Of course we were all interested in the outcome of this inspiring, harmonious, hotly contested performance but the decision was to be made at the evening performance after the "show." Whether this was an inducement to collect some more quarters or not, we were left to consider.

The choruses were each excellent but Mr. Chaffee and Mr. Riggs gave more shading to the songs than either Miss Whitney or Mrs. Hedges. In the morning the judges, Mrs. Arthur D. Brookfield, Miss Besse Miller and Mr. Clarence D. Sears, visited the different schools and judged them in sight reading. This was part of the test for the determination of the winner of the mixed choruses.

The evening performance was quite as beautiful as the afternoon. Mr. Carl Busch, who wrote all of the music used, conducted the performance. Mrs.

Hedges, Miss Margaret Langsdorf and Mr. Phillips Score were the accompanists for the choruses.

The male chorus, "The Brown Heather," was the first number with Mr. Chaffee and our own Walter Munch as soloists. The girls' chorus, "A Song of Spring," was refreshing, and then the combined mixed choruses sang "Paul Revere's Ride." If the others were beautiful, this was magnificent. It certainly thrilled you through and through to see so many, each doing his very best for the great climax of the day. When this grand chorus ended, we began to look forward to the announcement of the decision. It came and there were many happy and disappointed faces all about. Central received the cup given by the Kansas City Musical Club for the superior girls' chorus. Central succeeded in landing the cup presented by the Schubert Club for the best boys' chorus. Westport saved the third cup by capturing it for the mixed chorus, offered by Carl Hoffman Music Company.

M. U. Scholarship in Debate.

Manual's friends have every reason to be proud of our recent victory in the debate at M. U. Bernard Hurwitz was our representative against the men of the other schools and the "Senator" proved unbeatable. Mr. Hurwitz spoke upon the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the State judiciary of Missouri be subject to recall." Those who heard the contest report that our representative was never in danger. The victory is a notable one for Mr. Hurwitz. His power as a speaker is the result of three years of consistent effort and training. We feel all the better over the result because Manual has now scored six consecutive victories, over the best material in the state. We add with pleasure a new fall to the winners of other years and extend our best wishes for the future honors that the present victory presages.

THE CONTEST.

Our second contest in elocution and oration proved to be the most closely contested event of the last four years.

Our best readers were in the fray and all out to win. Somewhat to the surprise of many, Miss Mildred Chilton carried off first honors in recitation. Miss Chilton has been one of our most consistent workers and well deserves the honor accorded her. Miss Ruth Jensen, the pride of the juniors, ran a close second, a very close second indeed, and at least threw one awful scare into the ranks of the seniors.

In the orations, the Demosthenes of the Socialist party, lead easily on his favorite theme "Humanism." Mr. Jameson's appeal was especially stirring and effective. Mr. Ross Anderson took second place with an excellent oration on the "Martyr Spirit." Mr. Anderson's delivery was especially commendable.

This contest represents the real work of the Expression Department. We try to make it the most artistic event of the year. It is our sincere desire that the student body should hear this program above all others offered by the department, as we aim to make it our best. The material already in sight for next year's contest assures us of a program entirely up to the standard. Watch for it and pick your winner now.

OLD PLANS AND NEW ONES.

The Department of Expression has had a busy year. The dawn of a new era for Manual has meant new duties for that portion of the student body that expects to get before the public. Just how busy we have been may be surmised when we announce that the two programs in Assembly May 14, bring the total of the department's public programs for the year up to sixteen.

So much public work under our crowded conditions has necessarily meant inconvenience to many. We have harassed those near the Assembly Hall with the noises known to the business. We have "borrowed" people from classes occasionally. We wish to express our sincere thanks to those upon whom we have intruded, for it is only by their forbearance and co-operation that we have done any measure of justice to the young people taking part in our public events.

HUMANISM.

Gold Medal Oration. HOWARD JAMEYSON, '14.

I am going to speak tonight on a subject which you will think is unusual, no doubt—a subject which I think, speaking frankly, the people of the United States are ignorant of, or if not ignorant, they are prejudiced against. It is Socialism. It is hardly right to call it a party, it is a cause just as much as equal suffrage or as prohibition is a cause; and just as much as the abolition of slavery was a cause.

It is an acknowledged fact that the capitalistic class has managed our government; their insidious hand controls our courts, our judges, our legislature, our elections, and in fact it controls our very lives. Now, if you wonder why New Zealand is governed by Socialism, why in Germany, there are more Socialists in the parliament than any other party, and why the vote of the Socialistic party in the United States has doubled itself at every election; I can tell you. It is because the capitalistic class has managed society, and its management has failed. And not only has it failed in its management, but it has failed deplorably, ignobly and horribly. The capitalistic class had an opportunity such as was given no previous ruling class in the history of the world. It broke away from the rule of the old feudal aristocracy and made possible a wonderful era or mankind wherein no creature should cry aloud because it had not enough to eat and wherein for every child there would be opportunity for education, for intellectual and spiritual uplift. Matter being mastered and the machinery of life organized, all this was possible. Here was the chance, God-given, and the capitalistic class failed. It was blind and greedy. It prattled over sweet ideals and dear moralities, rubbed its eyes not once, nor ceased one whit in its greediness and smashed down in a failure as tremendous only as was the opportunity it had ignored.

Let us take our country, the most enlightened, the most prosperous na-

tion on the face of the earth; and it has ten million people living in poverty. And put beside that, this fact, that 71 per cent of the wealth of the United States is owned and controlled by two million people. Now, New Zealand, which is governed by Socialism, has not a single pauper nor yet a single millionaire. Then again, political economists tell us that if every man would take a hand in the work of the world it could be finished in four or five hours each day. Now, why is it that children are forced to work in our factories from twelve to sixteen hours? It is to provide luxuries for two million people; it is to provide hundred thousand dollar butterfly balls, like the one an eastern lady gave a short time ago. It is to provide terrapin suppers at 100 dollars a plate. And even as I am speaking there is a woman who has a standing offer of \$5,000 for a new "thrill" for society; something that she can spend thousands of dollars on, dollars tainted with the blood and vitality of children. Friends, the working class of America will rise to a point where they will refuse to allow the sweat of their brow and the strength of their sinew to be turned into diamonds, orchids and expensive retinues for a few over-rich individuals.

Think of the fortunes made by working men in white lead factories where death comes as a relief from the horrors of lead poison, which could be averted if the owners would adopt the more expensive process used in Germany. Think of the deadly match factories where death marches unhampered because the owners, in their mad rush for wealth, have forgotten their duties to their fellowmen and refuse to supplant a now antiquated method of making matches for a newer and safer one. Think of the eighty-thousand children working in the textile mills of the south alone. They never see day. Those who work on the night shift are asleep when the sun pours its life

and warmth over the world, while while those on the day shift are at the machines before dawn and return to their miserable dens, called home, after dark. Many receive no more than ten cents a day. Ten per cent contract active consumption. When they become sick there are men employed to go on horseback to bully them into arising and going to work.

Oh! you mothers, you fathers, proud of your children, children you love more than your life; think of sending them from you to work in dirty, unsanitary mills from seven in the morning to eight and nine in the evening, with nothing to eat but dry bread! Think, O! you father of that son so strong, so lithe, so full of energy, and vigor, wasting away his vitality in the dark depths of some coal mine in Pennsylvania, our "Keystone state." Think, you mother of that beautiful daughter, that daughter of your own flesh and blood, subjected to the most contemptible treatment that you can conceive! I ask you what sort of a race we can expect from people whose energy, vitality, and very life has gone into the cotton and coal they have produced when they were children. Think of that noble cry of Emerson's: "Give us poorer cotton, but for God's sake give us better men." Why, this is a slavery, a slavery that makes the slavery of the negro a paradise in comparison. The negro lived and worked in open air and sunshine; as a rule, his masters were kind. He was ignorant and with that ignorance came a happiness which only ignorance can bring. But those poor white men, women and children toiling in the textile mills of the south, the sweat shops of New York City, the mines of Pennsylvania, Michigan and Colorado, and perhaps even in the packing houses of your own city, do not receive enough money to buy the food the negro was given. They possess a degree of intelligence superior to that of the negro and with that intelligence comes a realization of the great wrong that society is perpetrating against them; and with that realization comes resentment which makes their condition doubly hard to bear.

Fate has been kind to you and me, she has spared us that misery and suffering.

The Socialists are called fools, fanatics and even anarchists because they want to put the industries, railroads and mines in the hands of the government so that the toilers may receive a share of the wealth derived from them. They cry aloud at our industrial condition that makes a few men immensely wealthy, and at the same time, many degradingly poor. They ask for the privilege God intended each man should have—a decent living for himself and family. Ask yourself how many men get this, yet they are called fanatics, and anarchists for having the presumption to ask for their rights. In a word, the Socialists want to make conditions such that those men and women forced by fate and circumstance to occupy the more humble walks of life may have all the necessities of life and some of its luxuries.

I wish that I had more time tonight. But in conclusion I ask this of you, even though you don't believe in Socialism, don't turn away and call the man a fanatic who advocates Socialism. You may not agree with some of his ideas, but remember he is sincere, and remember his purpose is to elevate mankind. Remember, my friends, when you are tempted to call a man a fanatic who is sincerely working for a cause, that mankind once made a sad mistake. Christ was crucified because he dared to advocate a cause which he knew to be better for mankind, which he knew to be right and which the world found out was right hundreds of years later. My friends, the cause for which I stand would own all the means of production so that every man would get his share; it would give every man, woman and child an education in order that they might prove their ability, and equality. Oh! my friends, it would unite the members of this great human family in the bonds of human sympathy, human brotherhood and human love. The world calls this Socialism, but I call it—HUMANISM.



JOHN GAYLORD

MR. DRAKE

FRED GABLEMAN

AFFIRMATIVE



CLARK BERRY



HOWARD JAMESON

MANUAL
DEBATING TEAMS

OF

1914

INTER HIGH SCHOOL
DEBATE



BERNARD HURWITZ



WILL GRAINGER

NEGATIVE



MAURICE HOARE



CHARLES CLEETON



MR. KIZER

ALUMNI



EDITOR MARY LOUISE ROSE.

Miss Helen Levinson, who graduated from Manual in 1913, is winning fame in the theatrical world. Miss Levinson has been playing ingenue parts with the Ralph Rose Stock Company in Oklahoma City all season. She will also remain during the summer months. In the fall she is to go to New York in response to an invitation from Mme. Bertha Kalich, who saw her in a dramatic recital two years ago and who was so impressed with the girl she offered to be her professional guardian. The two have kept up a steady correspondence and Mme. Kalich is going to see that she is properly placed in the East. It is the wish of the students of Manual that Miss Levinson may achieve success in her chosen profession.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford A. Johnston announce the birth of a daughter to whom the name of Myra Lenore has been given. Mr. Johnston was a graduate of the class of 1913. Mr. and

Mrs. Johnston are at home at 917 Clarendon Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Mr. James McGuigan, class of '11, to Miss Dorothy Dentun of Oklahoma. May prosperity and happiness attend them throughout their married life.

The Nautilus desires to correct a very ludicrous misprint in the last issue. The statement was made that the "House Wrecking Salvage & Lumber Company, of which firm Mr. A. T. Brink, class of 1906, is a member, handled some 500,000 feet of lumber annually. A nearer correct figure is 50,000,000.

Mr. Harold R. Husted, class of 1912, who is now attending Ottawa University, has won many honors in his Freshman year. Mr. Husted, who has been spoken of as "Ottawa's silvery tongued Freshman orator," won first place against a field of nine contest-

ants at the first Kansas Peace Oratorical Contest at Topeka, April 17, with his oration, "The Task of the Twentieth Century." In winning first place Harold secured the highest place in Kansas college oratory for Ottawa University, and won a prize of seventy-five dollars. There were nine colleges entered and many strong orations were delivered. Husted's victory puts Ottawa in the undisputed lead of Kansas colleges for this year. His next honor was winning second place in the Inter-state Peace Oratorical Contest between colleges held at Des Moines, Iowa. Had he won first place he would have represented the West in the National contest which is to be held at Lake Mohawk, New York. The Nautilus wishes him the greatest of honors and is proud of the achievements of this splendid orator.

Later: The following clipping from the Kansas City Star is self-explanatory.

Ottawa, Kas., May 16.—Word was received here today that Harold Husted, 2921 Euclid Avenue, Kansas City, a Freshman in Ottawa University, will represent five Central states at the National Peace Oratorical Contest at Lake Mohawk, N. Y., May 28.

A question had been raised as to the eligibility of the winner of first place. The conference decided today that Ottawa is entitled to first.

A Carnegie silver medal awarded to Miss Ruth Vanlandingham, who was drowned last May near Russellville, Arkansas, while trying to save two friends, will be given to her sister, Irene, whose life Ruth saved a few months before her heroic death. While teaching school at Russellville last year, Miss Ruth Vanlandingham, together with the superintendent of the public schools at Russellville and his daughter, went to the Illinois river for an outing. The party went swimming. One of the members of the party drifted into deep water and Ruth, in going to aid, was drawn under by a swift current and was drowned.

Mr. William Stains, class of '13, who

is a teacher in Porto Rico, has written us a very interesting description of his trip to that island. The following is from a recent letter of Mr. Stains':

"The first thing I saw when I walked off the pier was a little cart on two squeaky wheels loaded with cocoanuts and pulled by two tiny horses and followed by a barefooted native in a white cotton suit.

"Upon going to the office of the Commissioner of Education, I found each person took a number when he went in and waited his turn to receive his location. The best way I can describe this proceeding to you people at Manual, who, I am sure can appreciate my comparison, is to say it was a little worse than the morning session of a Freshman enrollment. I was assigned to Aibonito, a town of two thousand inhabitants up in the mountains about two thousand feet above the sea and situated on the military road between San Juan and Ponce. To reach Aibonito I took the 'Dario,' a huge motor truck, out the military road and found I was soon chugging up the mountain side. Before I reached the mountains proper, however, I passed through some beautiful stretches of roadway, lined on either side with cocoanut palms, which came together over the center and formed a magnificent natural arch. Then came sugar plantations and orange trees growing wild along the road together with gorgeous poinsettas, which are prized so highly in the States at Christmas time. By actual count there are three hundred and twelve turns in eight miles of this same road and every one greater than a right angle. As the higher altitudes were reached the difference in temperature and the vegetation was very noticeable. There were no cocoanut palms, the poinsettas disappeared and the banana plants became larger and more luxuriant. The trees grew smaller in height and larger in diameter, the sugar cane was supplanted by large coffee plantations and immense valleys of tobacco, all grown under cheese cloth.

MANUAL TRAINING



Irving Flaming



AGNES SPALDING



HERBERT SHEPP

The Domestic Science Department.

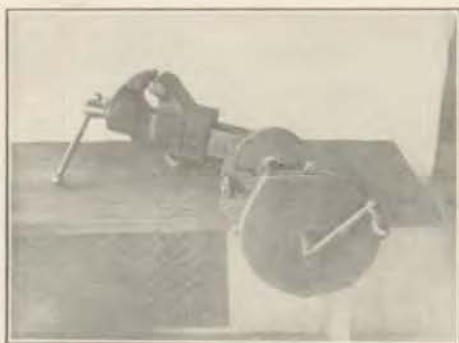
MADELINE CURRY.

The domestic science department has been unusually busy this year, in addition to the general class and laboratory work. A full-fledged lunch room has made its appearance and about two hundred and thirty-five pupils are served here each day with everything from hot nutritious soup (water omitted) to strawberry shortcake. All foods are prepared by the pupils in the department, working in regular class work. This is especially valuable to our girls since they gain facility in bulk cooking. Another interesting feature has been the boys cooking class, whose members have become expert in camp cookery, cake and bread-making.

At the various delightful meals which have been served this year, Manuals school organizations have been entertained; namely, the basket ball team, track team, Nautilus staff, string quartett and the debaters. The mothers were also present at teas, luncheons and dinners. They complimented the department and the girls upon the fine work they have accomplished. The motto of this department has been "expansion," and every year greater things have been done. Even the Juniors turned to room thirty-eight to assist them in solving the banquet problem, which was a wonderful success.

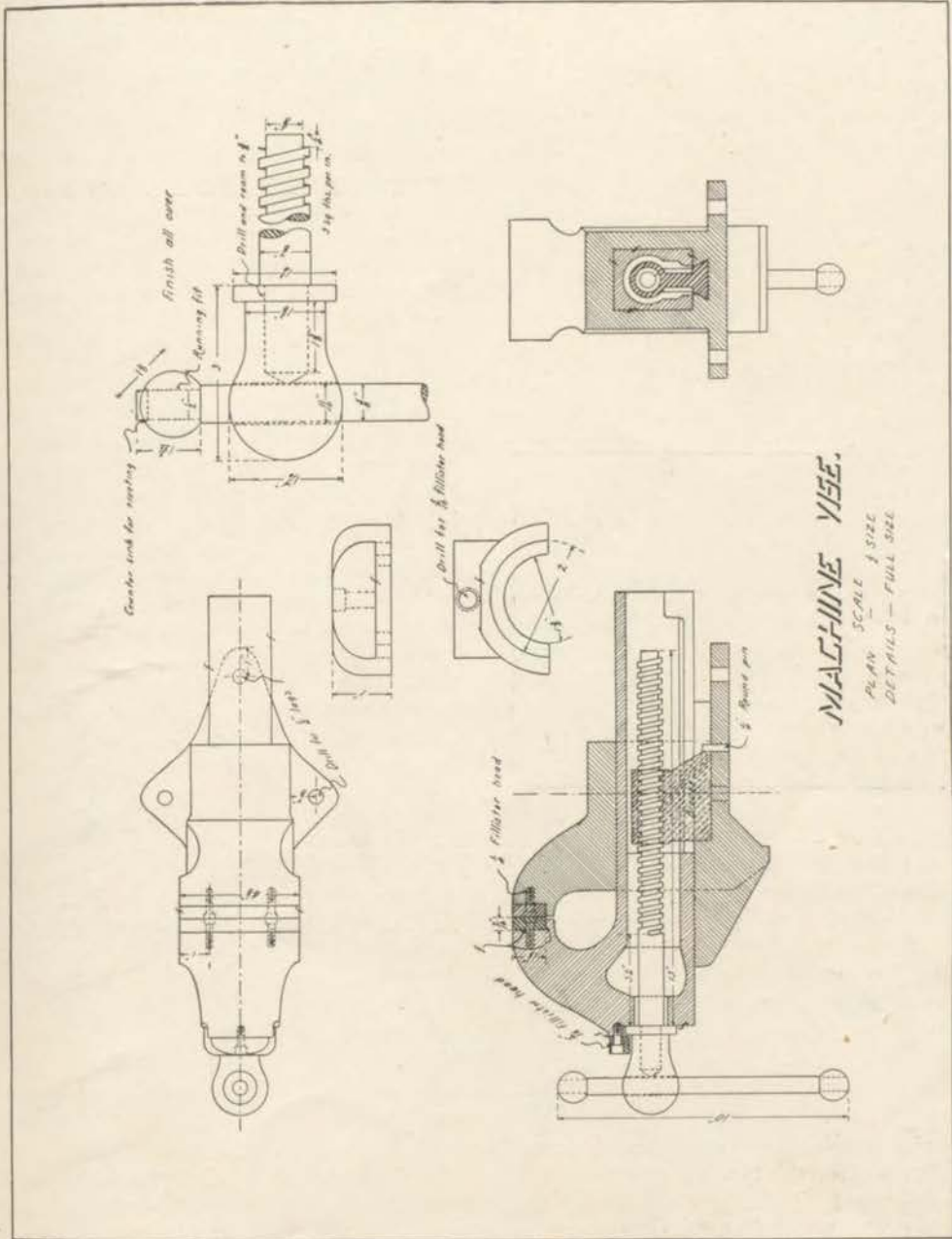
EDITORIAL

This year's work in the machine shop has meant considerable to some of our Senior boys. There are twelve boys with good machine vises at home doing service and the boy's pocket-book \$3.50 larger than if he had purchased such a vise at a store. There are eight other boys who have an emery wheel at work keeping knives and various other things sharp while they are \$4.95 richer than if they had procured an equally good grinder from another source. There are also several other boys making wood vises, others tap-wrenches, and one, Gilbert Bradbury, is making a beam balance scale.



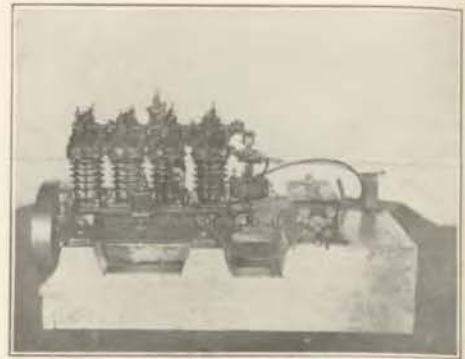
When it comes to making machine vises, such as are shown in the background in cut (A), Manual could very nearly be called a factory. The working drawing shown (B) was made by one of the boys in our drafting room. The patterns were made in the wood-turning room. The remainder of the work, consisting of straight turning, brazing, speed lathe work, riveting, polishing, filing, external and internal threading square threads, chuck work, drilling and tapping, planing and milling machine work and hardening and tempering, was done by each individual boy. In this way the boys get some work on every kind of machine found in the ordinary machine shop. The material used in these vises are cast iron, bronze, and machinery and tool steel. These materials cost the boys \$2.50. Such a vise at a store sells for \$6.00.

The hand grinders, such as shown in the foreground in cut (A), have not such a long history as the machine vises. These grinders do very good work. They have a six-inch emery wheel with a one-inch cutting surface.



The speed ratio of the gears is 12 to 196; that is, with one turn of the hand, the wheel makes 16 1-3 revolutions. The boys making these grinders have not quite as much work as those making the vises. The work on these grinders includes straight turning, gear cutting, chucking, boring, drilling, broaching, key fitting, milling, and work on the shaper. The materials used are cast iron and machinery steel. The castings cost the boys \$1.05 and the emery wheel \$1.00, thus costing a total of only \$2.05. An equally good grinder ordinarily sells for \$7.00.

The Manual shop has to its credit this year also a few engines. The one shown in the cut (C) was made by George Nitchy. It will develop two horsepower. On the Friday night of the exhibition at Manual, the night of



the senior play, this engine was belted to a small generator, also belonging to George, and thus furnished current to run an arc lamp belonging to our electric department.

The other cut shown (D) is that of a model four cylinder engine made by Ray Wilson at his home. Ray made his own patterns, had them cast, and finished them on his own machine lathe. The only part of the engine made at Manual are the cams which were made on our milling machine by Gilbert Bradbury. The cylinders of this engine have a bore of 1 3/4 inches while the piston has a stroke of 1 1/2 inches.

Thus the work in our school has a practical value to the pupil as well as an educational one.

"Bread and Bread Making."

There is no article of diet, unless it is milk, which is more generally used than bread. Naturally it must be of some value as a nutritious and inexpensive food. Even though bread seems to be one of the simplest cooked foods we shall find that it undergoes a somewhat complicated process before the finished loaf is produced.

The nutritive value of bread depends to a great extent upon the food principles which it contains. All five (carbohydrate, protein, fat, water, and ash) are found in bread. It is to be observed that these food principles occur in different amounts according to the kind of flour used in the making. For example: white bread contains 53.1 carbo-

hydrate, 35.3 water, 9.2 protein, 1.3 fat, and 1.1 ash; while whole wheat bread contains 49.7 carbohydrate, 38.4 water, 9.8 protein, .9 fat, and 1.3 ash. The digestibility of bread has much to do with its value as a nutritious food. This desirable property hinges upon the lightness of the loaf which in turn depends upon the amount of gluten in the flour used.

The first step in the process of bread making begins in the flour mill. Here the different grains of the various cereals are made into flours. The resulting flours contain as a rule all of the nutrients, but some of them contain nutrients having different characteristics, i. e., wheat flour contains a large amount of

gluten (cereal protein) which is more elastic and tenacious than that in other flours.

There are two systems of milling generally used. One is known as high milling and the other as low milling. By means of the latter process the grain is thoroughly cleaned and then ground between two crushers placed as near together as possible; graham flour is usually milled in this way. White and other flours are produced by the high milling process, which consists of a series of grindings or "breaks" sometimes six in number. Before the grain is ground it is screened, cleaned, and then tempered by heat and moisture so as to permit the removal of the bran at one grinding. A large number of milling products result oftentimes as many as eighty in a mill where the grain undergoes six "breaks."

Millers who are careful always grind as near the aleurone layer as possible, they also leave only enough of the germ in the flour to give it a good color. Thus the nutritive value of the grain is retained. Different grades of flour such as: straight grade, patent, standard and household are produced by blending the various middlings. Wheat of two kinds are very often mixed in order to obtain a flour having desirable qualities.

There is a difference between spring and winter wheat. Both, however, should be sweet and nutty in taste. The former is creamy in color, granular to the touch, has more gluten, and is known as "strong" flour. While the latter is a little whiter in color, smoother to the touch, contains less gluten, and more starch. If this winter wheat is squeezed in the hand it should retain the imprint of the fingers.

Strong flour is better adapted for mixing "straight" dough and soft flour for pastry or cake dough. Leading bakers have concluded that a mixture of winter and spring wheat is the most desirable for bread.

The second process of bread making consists of the mixing. The ingredients are very few; flour, water, a pinch of salt, and a little yeast being the necessary ones. Others may be added accord-

ing to the kind of bread desired. The yeast should be dissolved in luke warm water and stirred in the remainder of the liquid; the dry ingredients added and the whole mixed well. The dough is then set in a warm place and allowed to rise. Fermentation takes place and the active agent, which is yeast, develops. It consists of minute plants somewhat oval in shape which reproduce very rapidly when conditions are favorable. During their growth they feed upon sugar and dextrose and at the same time give off carbon dioxide which forces its way between the gluten of the flour, thus making the dough light. Yeast develops best at a temperature of 77 degrees to 95 degrees Fahrenheit (25 degrees to 35 degrees Centegrade). The best forms of yeast now used are compressed and dried cakes, the former, however, must be used when fresh while the latter may be kept a long time before using.

Now to return to bread making when the dough has risen twice its size it is thoroughly kneaded and allowed to rise again. After having kneaded and allowed it to rise a second time it is baked at 275° to 290° F. This process is known as the "quick-raising" or "sponge dough" method. The other process is almost the same, except that, the dough is allowed to ferment for a longer time and kneaded only once. This is called either the "straight dough" or the "slow raising" method.

The baking of the bread prevents further formation of yeast plants since the temperature of the oven is great enough to kill all the bacteria. The baking vaporizes the alcohol, forces out the carbon dioxide (both products of fermentation), and turns the water into steam. The destruction of these products all tend toward the raising of the bread after it has been put in the oven. When the bread is done it should be somewhat firm and have a golden brown crust.

From the data given it is safe to say that bread is one of the most nutritious of foods when properly made. A perfect loaf of bread should be light, consist of a crisp golden brown crust, a fine grained, and a slightly creamy crumb.

EDITORIAL

A number of our teachers expect to spend their summer vacations in interesting trips abroad. Miss Stella Jenkins, Miss Elizabeth Scott and Miss Bertha Elston, all of the English department, will visit Europe.

Manual Teachers Abroad. Miss Jenkins and Miss Scott will sail from Montreal, June 13, on the Scandinavian, for the British Isles, where they will spend the summer visiting many places of historical, classical, and literary interest. They expect to do a good deal of "tramping" to see and know rural England as intimately as possible. Miss Scott will spend three or four weeks with relatives and friends in or near Glasgow. During the first week in August they will visit Stratford-on-Avon, where they will attend the meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English. A notable feature of this meeting will be a series of pageants, illustrating the life in England at the time of Shakespeare. These pageants are a part of the six months' long celebration of the three hundred fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare. This interesting week will be followed by a run over to Paris to enjoy the treasures of the Louvre.

Miss Elston will make the "grand tour" of the continent. She will sail June 17 on the Princess Irene for Naples. After spending three weeks in Naples, Rome, and Venice, she will go for a week in the Swiss Alps. This will be followed by a visit to the Munich art galleries, and a trip down the Rhine, touching Heidelberg, Rothenberg, and other mediaeval cities. A week in Paris will be followed by a week of sightseeing in London, with side trips to Oxford, Canterbury and Stratford-on-Avon.

Another interesting trip will be that of Miss Sarah Steele of the history department to Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines and China. Leaving San Francisco on the Pacific liner, Korea, June 16, Miss Steele will go to Yokahoma by way of Hawaii, and visit the interior of Japan. At Nagasaki, she

will catch the boat for a trip to Manila and Hong Kong, later going up the river to Canton, and also visiting the Portuguese colony of Macao. She will go by local steamer to Shanghai and by train to Peking, getting many glimpses of the Great Wall by the way. Returning through Manchuria and Korea, she will re-visit Japan, returning on the Empress of China from Yokahoma to Vancouver. The trip to Kansas City will be made over the Canadian Pacific through the picturesque scenery of the Canadian Rockies.

That all quarters of the globe may not be slighted, Dr. P. B. Burnet, head of the foreign language department, will spend four months in South America as a member of the commission for carrying on the Cernegie Conciliatory Work. The party will sail from New York City, May 30, going by way of Barbadoes to Brazil. Here they will visit three or four of the principal cities. They will next visit Uruguay, going from there to Buenos Ayres, where they will remain until the first week in July. By July 8, they expect to be in Chile, and to visit several coast cities. In Peru, they will touch at Callao, Lima, and other cities of importance. They will go by way of Columbia to Panama, where they will spend a week inspecting the canal. They will return along the west coast to Columbia, and sail for home by way of Jamaica in October.

The party is headed by Dr. Harry Erwin Bard, of New York City, and includes representatives of such great schools as Chicago University, Yale, Columbia University, University of Illinois, and University of Nebraska. Only one other high school man is included, the head of the history department in the Brooklyn High School. We are indeed proud that one of the two high school men on the commission should be from Manual.

We congratulate these teachers on their enjoyable summer, and felicitate the pupils who are lucky enough to be in their classes next year to share the pleasure and profit of the voyages.



SCIENCE

H.W. FORD '15

The Psychology of Habit.

LYMAN W. MASON.

To understand habit one must know something of the arrangement of the nervous system. The brain is composed of thousands of cells or cell bodies called neurones with long hairlike threads growing from them called dendrites and axones. The ends of these threads are broken up into bushy brush-like shapes. Now there are nerves coming into the spinal cord from all the different sense organs and these serve to bring impulses from the outside world. There are also nerves going from the cord to all the different muscles to control them and make them act. These also have the end brushes, as they are called. In the spinal cord, or sometimes elsewhere, the brush-like ends of the neurones of the brain are very close to the end brushes of these nerves, or sometimes also the end brushes of the nerves themselves are close to each other in the spinal cord. This point where the end brushes are close together is called the synapse. Every time we perform an act, the point where the two brush-like ends of the nerves concerned in the act are close together become closely joined, thereby making it easier for the impulse to pass. At first when the impulse is received and a voluntary act is performed it is necessary for the impulse to go to the brain and the impulse to be sent out from there to the different muscles through nerves which go to them, causing them to contract or expand, resulting in motion. But after the same impulse is received and the same act is performed again and again, the impulse does not go to the brain to be transferred to the motor nerves. At the place in the cord where the end brushes of the motor nerves end and nerve which brings the impulse adjoin, there has been growing, at each repetition, a closer union between the end

brushes. The impulse now instead of going to the brain is switched across, as it were, into the motor nerve and the movement or act results without any part being played by the brain in the process. At this point, instead of it being necessary to think to perform an act, we must think not to perform it. The performance of such an act without being controlled or caused by consciousness is habit.

When one speaks of habit, it is usually spoken of in a bad sense, but this is not in the least justifiable. Without habit we should have to learn most of our common activities over every time we performed them. All of our common, everyday actions are habits; walking, talking, eating, dressing.

The results of habit are far reaching and important. At first a habit may be changed, but if repeatedly persisted in there comes a time when, if a certain impulse is received, the action will result before one is aware of it. This should not unduly alarm us, but it should help us to form those habits which will result in good actions, and not harmful ones. Work or laziness, control or non-control of the temper, crime or virtue are largely a matter of habit, and until we have formed habits too fixed to break, it lies with us whether we form those habits which will help or hinder us. Pillsbury, in his "Essentials of Psychology" says, "We are constantly forging chains of action in our nervous system that we shall never be able to break. Fortunate is the man whose chains are all suited to the life he is compelled to live. He was once free in the sense of our present problem, but after a few experiences he becomes bound to his past by chains that not even the strongest impulses can break."

The Sun.

JESSIE BRIDGEMAN, '14.

Imagine a large, white-hot cannon-ball. Imagine also, a few feet away a small bird shot. Figure out the per-

centage of the heat given off by the cannon-ball that reaches the shot and you will have a faint idea of the in-

infinitesimally small fraction of the heat given off by the sun that reaches the earth. And yet all the power we have on earth comes from the sun. The coal that runs our steam engines was once vegetable matter and would not have been but for the sun. Our water-power is furnished by water picked up by the sun. Even our animals and ourselves get our strength from vegetable growth, which would not be, but for the sun. It is any wonder that the barbarians have worshipped it "as a deity?"

After having failed to comprehend the tremendous amount of heat-energy given off by "old sol," we are prepared also to fail to comprehend its size. The diameter of the earth is 8,000 miles. The diameter of the sun is something like 860,000. In other words, it would take over one hundred earths lined up, to reach across it. If the earth were in the exact center of the sun, and the

latter were hollow, the moon could revolve around the earth, at the same distance it is from the earth now, and only be about two-thirds of the distance to the outside.

Of equal importance with its heat-energy is its light. The sensation of light is produced by exceedingly small waves which travel from the sun, through ether and air, and hit the eye at the rate of millions per second. These are shorter than the waves which produce heat. Waves of light travel 186,000 miles per second and come from sun to earth in about eight and one-third minutes. If the sun were suddenly extinguished it would take us eight and one-third minutes to discover our calamity.

I had better stop here for the sun may have gone out and you, gentle reader, have only eight minutes to finish this magazine, which you cannot afford to miss.

Our Bird Trips.

MONICA RYAN, '17.

Sometime ago, an opportunity was offered to members of the zoology classes, to accompany Mr. Shirling on a series of bird study trips to Swope Park. The object was to see the birds in their natural surroundings, to learn to recognize them by their songs and calls and activities as well as by their colors, and perhaps to find a few of their nests.

Since birds are most active and sing at their best in the morning, it was necessary for all who wanted to be present on these trips, to be early risers. Seventy-three was the time limit for the work to begin. Some of us who had a long way to go had to get up much earlier than usual.

Moreover, since the birds would be disturbed by a large crowd the number of the class on any one trip was supposed to be limited to ten, but somehow, there were usually more who slipped in.

Before this trip, few of us realized that so many different species of our feathered friends could be found in our

city. Previously many of us had seen but the few birds that are familiar to the residents of city neighborhoods and these trips were a revelation to us.

While most of the birds were on bushes in search for food, or flitting nervously about among the trees, we were fortunate enough to see a number of them at close range. For example, we saw the red-headed woodpecker busy at his usual occupation, that of pecking holes in the trunk of an old tree; the brown thrush was discovered sitting on its nest which was built at the junction of two wild crab apple trees, which apparently sprang from the same root; also, we found a nest with three eggs belonging to the dainty little towhee. This nest was securely hidden in a tuft of tall grass. Later, when the class was hunting for other bird studies, the sweet note of the towhee which sounded as though the little bird might be saying, "see-tow-hee-e-e-e," was heard on high. Although we were unable to locate the grasshopper sparrow we heard his "song," which sounded like

it might be the buzz of an insect, the grasshopper and hence its name.

Altogether we had the pleasure of seeing or hearing the following birds: the parris sparrow, yellowbilled cuckoo, red-headed woodpecker, crested fly-catcher, blue jay, cowbird, rose breasted grosbeak, meadow lark, Baltimore oriole American goldfinch, grasshopper sparrow, towhee, cardinal red bird, Tennessee warbler warbling vireo, yellow warbler, cat bird, screech owl, brown thrush, wood thrush, tufted titmouse, crow blue bird, robin bronzed grackle, mourning dove, yellow hammer, red bellied woodpecker and English sparrow.

On the limb of a lofty elm, we spied the warbling vireo caroling forth its song (which is very similar to that of the purple finch), and twittering about among the elm trees eating the seeds. We saw the American goldfinch, whose body feathers are a bright yellow, wings

of black and white and a splotch of brown or black on its head. Its song is very similar to that of the tame canary and this little bird might appropriately be called the "wild canary."

There were ever so many Tennessee warblers and yellow warblers fitting about, but they were so tiny and so nervous and sly that we barely could get a glimpse of them. A rose breasted grosbeak was more accomodating and sat up in a tree and sang, and turned first to one side and then to another for us to look at. We were amused at a little screech owl that turned its head to squint at us no matter which way we walked. We were also delighted with the way the tufted titmouse came when we imitated its note. It came quite close overhead, all a quiver of excitement and sang and flittered about wondering what was the source of the mimicry of its song.



THE "BIGGEST" TREE IN KANSAS CITY

A Trip to Gillpatrick's Laundry.

LUCILLE HARBAUGH.

The water used at Gillpatrick's Laundry is softened with soda ash, Na_2CO_3 , and lime, $\text{Ca}(\text{OH})_2$. In the spring of the year, twenty-five pounds of soda ash and seventy-five pounds of lime are used to soften 50,000 gallons of water; but in the winter it takes seventy-five pounds of soda ash and one hundred twenty-five pounds of lime to do the same work. This is because the water is low in the winter and there are more sulphates and carbonates that are insoluble than in the spring when the snow melts and runs down to the rivers.

In the tower where the water is softened there is a large round tank which holds the softened water. Above the tank is a very much smaller tank in which the lime and soda ash are put. A machine is started which mixes the soda and lime and then injects it into the hard water which is the city water that we use. It then sifts down through beds of excelsior which catch all the insoluble carbonates and sulphates. It is then ready for use and flows into the laundry through large pipes.

The water is tested by the chemist to see that it is not too hard or too soft. The clothes are washed in two and four pocket machines. In a two pocket machine one-fourth of a pound of soap and fifty gallons of water are used. The clothes are bleached with chlorine water. For white clothes, a solution of sodium hydroxide, chlorine, and salt is used which is prepared at the laundry. This solution is sodium hypochlorite. The oxygen of this solution breaks up and attacks the particles of dirt thus cleaning the clothes. The clothes are washed in two suds. For colored clothes, potassium hydroxide is used instead of sodium hydroxide because it saponifies grease four times as fast as sodium hydroxide thus not being so hard on the cloth. The clothes are wrung in extractors which rotate 1,200 times a minute forcing the water out of the clothes. They are dried in a warm room on lines which rotate very slowly.

The clothes are marked with a pin. There are thirty pins in each tray with

the same number. A different number tray is used for each person's clothes. When they are separated the clothes with the pins on with the same number belong to a certain person and are put in a box to themselves.

Men's shirts which are ironed go thru the hands of seven persons before they are ready to be delivered. The collars are washed, ironed flat, sent thru a machine which smooth the edges, another which dampens the seams to fold them, another to smooth the fold, then into a drying and shaping machine. The plain clothes are ironed between large rollers. The clothes are wrapped and then delivered to our homes in about three or four days.

Trip to the Chemical Laboratory in Kansas City, Kans., Postoffice Building.

In the Post Office at Kansas City, Kansas, is a chemical laboratory of which Mr. Smith is the head. At this laboratory are tested all kinds of canned meats, sausage, and meats such as hamburger steak.

A very interesting series of tests had just been begun on some hamburger steak. The first test to be made was for sulphide of soda, a white powder which is put on the meat to cause it to retain its bright red color. A sample of this meat was placed in a large flask, with some water and phosphoric acid and a flame was put under the flask. This flask was equipped with a delivery tube at the end of which was a beaker containing a solution of sodine. When the mixture in the large flask boiled, sulphur dioxide gas passes over with the steam and collects in the solution of iodine. The iodine changes the gas to the sulphate form if any is present.

The second test which was made with a sample of the hamburger was for formaldehyde. In another large flask a sample of the meat, water and some phosphoric acid were put. This flask was also equipped with a delivery tube at the end of which was a beaker. A flame was put under the flask. The steam passed off through the delivery

tube and condensed in the beaker. A test for the formaldehyde was then made by putting a solution of phenylhydrazine hydrochloride solution and a solution of potassium ferrocyanide in this condensed steam in the beaker. Then hydrochloric acid was added and if the solution turned red it showed the presence of formaldehyde.

A can of prepared meat was opened. The inside of the can was found to be very dark, which showed that the tin had corroded. Now a test for tin was to be made. A sample of this meat was put into a large flask. Some strong nitric acid was poured over this meat to eat it up so the tin would be left in solution in the acid. White fumes came from this, and when they came in contact with the oxygen of the air, they turned just the color of the bromine fumes. The solution of tin and nitric acid was black in color.

Another very long and tedious experiment being made was the one to test for pure leaf lard. They were testing for the presence of cotton-seed oil or tallow. The first thing done was to melt the lard. Then the lard was weighed, the little dish in which it was held being weighed first. A reagent containing iodine was poured over the lard that had been weighed. This solution was measured and allowed to stand thirty minutes. The solution was then titrated with a solution of hypo-sulphite of soda. The amount of that corresponds with the amount of iodine solution used. The difference of the amount originally put in and the amount unused equals the amount absorbed by the fat. Leaf lard takes up 60 per cent of its weight in iodine; cotton-seed oil 105 per cent of its weight. By these weights they calculated the amount of cotton-seed oil in the lard. They used the French system of weights because they can first move the decimal point and have the next weight.

In this laboratory are tested many different kinds of things. Oleomargarine is tested for coloring, bacon is tested for borax which is sometimes used for preserving it; mutton tallow is tested for the presence of other fats and other

things such as shortening and beef extracts are tested to see if they comply with the label.

In all, the tests made in the laboratory are very interesting and beneficial for one because the things tested are things which we use for our every day food.

Previous and Future Life.

FORD LOWREY

Science tells us that our earth was once a gaseous mass, which like the other planets, detached itself from the sun and finally cooled, and is now inhabited by man and the lower forms of life. But the gaseous matter of the sun, as well as all other matter in the universe, must have had its origin somewhere before which origin there was no such thing as space, matter or time, absolute nothing, or else the universe has been in existence forever and shall extend into eternity. Does it not follow then, that since there is a certain amount of matter in the universe, which cannot be lost, however much it may change form and position, that there is a certain amount of life, a certain number of souls distributed throughout the universe? Conditions of nature on other planets have been proved similar to ours; why then should life conditions not be the same?

Since God, the acknowledged maker of all things, made man on earth in His own form, why should he not have done so elsewhere? Then, admitting that there is man on other planets, and that there is a certain amount of life in the universe, why should not the soul of man when he dies on one sphere, for instance the earth, be transmitted to another body on another planet? We have said all matter in the universe is never changed in quantity, however much in form, that it lasts till the end or infinity and cannot be lost. Then is it not reasonable to say life shall be of equal duration, that the soul is immortal? Then this life we are leading may be only one in an endless cycle. We may have lived lives previous to this one, and may lead future ones.

MATHEMATICS



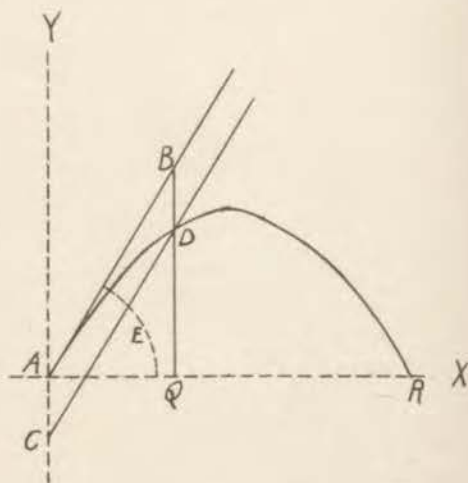
Firing the Big Guns.

C. W.—

A shell is placed in the gun. The breech swings shut and the gun is aimed. The electric switch is closed and the huge missile is hurled into space on its destructive journey. The shell very probably will hit the mark; for these gunners are trained men; they cannot miss many shots and hold their positions. Moreover, they are practical men. They have their charts and data before them and know just what the elevation of their piece must be for certain distances, communicated to them by the range-finders on the mast top. Yes, but many a mathematical and scientific problem had first to be worked out before the gunners could learn their profession. Gunnery is a science and is becoming one of the exact sciences. Every gun has its chart and range-table, and all the necessary information needed for the handling. These have been worked out by theoretical gunnery. Some of the things which must be considered under this head are weight of projectile, shape of projectile initial velocity, velocity at impact, elevation of piece, the range, the friction of the air, time of flight, action of gravity, etcetera.

One of the first things to be determined is the path of the projectile or the trajectory. This shows the range, time of flight, velocity of projectile and the direction and position of projectile at any moment. This state of perfection has, however, not yet been reached, as mathematics has been unable to furnish complete formulæ satisfying the natural conditions. The trouble arises from the friction of the air, which is practically at no two points the same. The resistance of the air to slow moving bodies of about ten feet per second varies approximately as the first power of the velocity. The ratio increases above this to the square of the velocity, until at 1,200 feet per second the resistance is found to vary as the cube of the velocity. Above this the ratio decreases again. Moreover, the resistance varies also as the altitude changes, since the projectile en-

counters air continually changing in density. The displacement of the air must also be taken into consideration. The trajectory in vacuo, which would form a working basis, may, however, be determined. Below is given such a trajectory and the course described by the projectile will be seen to be a parabola.



Let v equal muzzle velocity of projectile.

E equal angle of elevation of piece.

t equal time of flight.

Let the projectile start with velocity v from point A in direction AB , so that BAX is the angle of elevation. Let AB be the distance which would be traversed in a period of time t if gravity did not act. AC is equal to the distance through which the shot would fall in time t under the action of gravity only. The parallelogram $ABCD$ is then completed and D will be the position of the projectile at end of time t , and will be a point on the curve.

Then

$$AB = vt \text{ and } AC = BD = \frac{1}{2} gt^2$$

Therefore

$$AB^2 = \frac{2v^2}{g} BD \dots \dots \dots (1)$$

AB^2 bears a constant ratio to BD and

the trajectory is a parabola with vertical axis and AB for a tangent.

The horizontal velocity equals $v \cos E$ and remains uniform. The vertical velocity equals $v \sin E$ and is acted upon by gravity.

Then if x and y be the coordinates of point D.

$$X=AQ=vt \cos E \dots \dots \dots (2)$$

$$Y=DQ=vt \sin E - \frac{1}{2} gt^2 \dots \dots \dots (3)$$

From (2)

$$t = \frac{x}{v \cos E} \dots \dots \dots (4)$$

Substituting in (3)

$$Y = X \tan E - \frac{gx^2}{2v^2 \cos^2 E} \dots \dots \dots (5)$$

This is the equation of the trajectory in vacuo and is a parabola. To find the range put $y=0$ and the values of x give the position of gun and end of range.

Then

$$AR = \frac{q}{v^2 \sin 2E}$$

Professor Helie and Professor Bashforth have worked out fairly accurate formulae taking the resistance of the air into consideration. From these extensive tables have been made including all practical velocities and ranges. From these tables problems in gunnery may easily be worked out.

Spherical projectiles, fired from smooth bored guns, it has been found, do not always follow their trajectory, as the center of their form very seldom coincides with their center of gravity, and there is therefore an unequal action of air pressure during their flight. Also the diameter of the bullet must

needs be less than the diameter of the bore and it bounded from side to side in the barrel as it was being discharged and therefore did not necessarily follow a course in line with the muzzle. There also was an escape of gas between the charge and the barrel, which retarded the progress of the ball. Rifled ordinance has overcome these faults, with however a new additional feature. The projectile is of a cylindrical shape with a conical end. It is given a twist in its path through the barrel by means of a spiral groove in the bore, and rotates rapidly about an axis coincident with the axis of the gun. It retains this rotation throughout its flight. This rotation enables the shell to retain its position with the point forward. On account of the action of the air and the fact that the trajectory is constantly changing, the axis of the shell does not remain tangent to the trajectory, but is always "late" and therefore always makes an angle with the trajectory, the size of which depends upon the velocity of projectile, its weight, the velocity of rotation and the density of the air. Projectiles fired from rifled guns do not move in a vertical plane, but deviate to the right or left, according to the direction of rotation. Several theories have been advanced explaining this phenomenon, but they will not be discussed in this article.

This deflection of the bullet, called the "drift," is corrected by various adjustments of the sight. Rifled guns can be fired with much greater accuracy than the smooth bore type, and have been almost universally adopted by all nations.

The Practical Value of Trigonometry.

DUDLEY DEHONEY, '15.

To most students the practical value of trigonometry is not known. This is the reason I give for more pupils not studying this subject. After completing the required two or two and one-half years of algebra and geometry, the students asks himself this question, "Shall I take 'Trig'?" If he has not already heard something of the nature of the subject, he is most likely

to say to himself, "Well, I don't have to take it, and besides it never will do me any good, so I don't believe I will," and accordingly he does not take it.

I wonder if it ever occurred to him why he studied algebra and geometry. Outside of a few instances, the student is merely studying algebra and geometry in order to prepare himself for something valuable and practical—

trigonometry, and after going to all this trouble of preparing himself, he throws the opportunity away.

Some people think by the name that trigonometry is something hard; it is not, it is even easier and more delightful to study than "3" algebra. Trigonometry, in a word, is the calculation of sides, angles and areas of triangles. For instance, if one wishes to measure the height of any building or any object that is either too high to climb or in such a position that it cannot be reached, the height is very easily found by knowing the magnitude of one or two angles and a length of a side of a triangle of which the required height is a side; then simply applying a formula learned in trigonometry and solving a little mathematical problem. Of course the size of the angles must be measured. This is done with an instrument called a transit, which is very easily manipulated after a little practice. The length of one side is always found by measuring it with a steel tape measure.

A man must have some knowledge of the laws and principles of trigonometry in order to be a successful engineer and to solve those problems correctly. In fact, the knowledge of trigonometry would be an enormous gain to the mind of any business man.

Trigonometry is of great value in the laying off of sections of land, of running levels, of measuring heights, angles, lengths and distances. There is no better way of finding the area of an irregular piece of land or finding the depth of water than by trigonometry. Trigonometry is also of great value in surveying and navigation.

One place where the knowledge of trigonometry is very valuable and of utmost importance in school work is in the work shops, especially in the machine shops.

To be an expert thread-cutter or to cut threads at all and to cut them properly and sensibly, one should have a knowledge of trigonometry because without this knowledge he would not know how to find the depth of a thread. In thread-cutting, the angle and the pitch of the thread is given. The depth of the thread is now easily found by using a sine, cosine, or tangent formula that is learned in trigonometry. The knowledge of trigonometry also helps one in the finding of the length of a belt that connects two pulleys.

In conclusion, I urge everyone, especially every boy, to study trigonometry for it will be of some benefit to him no matter what line of business he takes up.



ATHLETICS



W. Ford '15.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

On March 24, at the annual Missouri-Kansas track meet in Convention Hall, Manual was represented in a relay race against Central. The boys who ran for us were Boullt, Winn, Gordon and Grainger. It was one of the best performances of the evening. Our boys took revenge for the defeat of the relay team in the K. C. A. C. meet, and won. A handsome cup was given as the first prize.

Records of the basket ball team:

	Free-		
	Goals	throws	Fouls
Riley, f. (Capt.)...	21	129	26
Kenny, f.	23	0	38
Pickard, c.	19	0	33
Winn, g.	1	0	22
Boullt, g.	5	0	30
Stanley, g.	1	0	24
Total.	70	129	173

Riley's free-throw percentage is 69 per cent.

Manual has a gymnasium team of which she is proud. The Assembly Hall program given by the boys was said by many to be the best program given this year.

Rope-skipping by the team was the curtain raiser. After the rope-skipping a clever exhibition of exercises upon parallel bars was given by some of the boys. Then came the most interesting and difficult part of the program—the pyramid building. Those who saw the pyramid work showed their appreciation by their enthusiastic applause. Music was kindly furnished by the "gym" phonograph during the rope-skipping and parallel bar work, and by the school orchestra while the pyramids were being built. We wish to thank both of the music providers for their renditions.

Captain Clarence Boullt has been a member of our team for three years. During that time he has shown us that he is one of the best high school athletes in this region. He runs any-

thing from the hundred to the mile. He also high-jumps and broad-jumps. While practicing the latter event he almost broke up his chances for running this year. He was jumping out on the lot when the jumping pit was muddy. In some way he turned his ankle and injured it severely. His injury causes him trouble when he runs.

"Doc" specializes in "cleaning up" in the last lap of mile relay races. In the last lap of mile relay races at the Convention Hall at the M. U.-K. U. meet, he made a great run, and won the race for Manual. At the Quadrangular meet, a relay race, which has seldom or never been equaled in excitement, was run by our boys against the three other high schools. Our team was thirty yards in the rear of the leading team and Westport and Central were thirty yards behind us when the last race of the relay began. Boullt, wanting to save his strength and ankle for the K. U. Invitation meet, did not compete in any other event but the relay. When he started to run on that last quarter for us, no one thought that he could overcome the big lead. Gradually, however, he began to gain on the Northeast man and when the last two-twenty began, everyone was held in anxious suspense. Boullt put forth all that was in him and showed wonderful speed. He gained very fast on the Northeast man and at the last five yards pressed ahead and the race was won. He fell at the finish but he had crossed the line ahead of the Northeast man.

The name of Boullt will always be remembered by Manual for his great work in track.

Manual was thought to have no chances in the weights this year owing to the loss of Plank, but a very competent man was found for the weights in Harold Marshall. He has been putting the shot far enough to win a good many points for Manual. In the discuss, he is just as proficient. In none of the meets except the M. U. meet, has he been pressed closely.

Lawrence Winn is the best all-around athlete in the high schools of the Missouri Valley. At basket-ball he displayed a classy game for one who has had as little experience as he. On the track team he exhibits the best records in most any event. He excels in the hurdles and pole-vault. He could also throw the weights, jump, and run if he had time, and make very credible records in any of them; but in the meets, the hurdles, pole-vault and broad-jump are all he can handle. He holds a record of sixteen and one-fifth in the high sticks and 26 flat in the low. In the pole vault he has a record of eleven feet, two and one-half inches. That is a record which will stand for some time.

The West has contributed a point winning athlete to Manual's team. Kenneth Middleton came from the state of Washington. Although not very large in stature he can run and vault. He has been doing ten feet, six inches regularly in the pole-vault. Next year much improvement will be seen in his work. Dr. Hall suggests that he play basket ball also.

We have a half-miler who has scored in every meet this year. He is Alfred Coop. He has been running the half in good time. When Coop starts running, he picks out his man and sticks to him until the pace gets too slow then Coop does the pace-setting for himself.

Gordon Case has been on the team longer than any of the other boys. This is his fourth year. Misfortune has been with him during that time. He runs the hurdles and they are the hardest events to run. Case has perfected a good form in "taking" the hurdles. He has made Winn stretch himself in every race they have competed.

As a sprinter, Renolds Gordon shows us "class." He has a bounding stride and covers the ground with good speed.

Grainger is another of our point-winners. He has a powerful build and he shows some of his power when he runs.

When it comes to running the mile, Fritz Gableman is right there. "Roomy" never stops grinding. He always has a good deal of "stuff" stored up in him for the finish sprint. "Gabby" graduates this year.

All loyal Manualites should know and appreciate what Ed Meisburger did for us in the quadrangular meet. He equaled Winn in points scored by winning first in the 100 and 220 dashes and broad-jump, a total of 15 points.

Missouri University Interscholastic Meet.

The track season of 1914 for Manual opened May 2, at Columbia. Our team finished in the lead. We scored 34½ points while Westport, our nearest competitor, obtained 22½ points.

That morning we had the privilege of seeing the M. U.-Ames meet and of seeing "Billy" Powell, our former track and basketball man, win points for our State school. Before the meet we elected "Doc" Boultt captain of the team. This is his third and last year in Manual athletics. Then came the afternoon meet.

Winn was the highest point winner of the meet with thirteen and three-fourths of them to his credit. He established a new state record in the high hurdles. His time was sixteen and one-fifth seconds; one-fifth of a second better than the previous record. He ran a great race and so did Case, who finished third. Case is by no means a slow one on the high or low hurdles. He pressed Woodbury, the Northeast hurdler, hard in the high sticks. Winn would also have broken the record for the 220-yard low hurdle race if he had not slowed down on the last two hurdles. He was so far ahead of the others that he did not need to hurry and at that he equaled the state record of twenty-six seconds. In one of the trial

heats, Case was leading the other men when he injured his ankle in going over the fifth hurdle. Bad luck seems to follow Case around in the low hurdles. In the pole vault Winn tied for first place. He also took fourth place in the broad jump. Middleton, a new man on the team, cleared ten feet, six, in the pole vault. Anderson won third in the broad jump.

Boultt was the next highest point winner to Winn for us. In the mile he was beaten by a few feet. Inexperience in running that race, lost for him. In the half mile, he won handily. Coop ran a great race in the first half mile race, and finished third. He won the much coveted "M" in that race. Grainger won fourth in the first quarter-mile run and Gordon came in third in the second quarter-mile run. The winner's time was fifty-two and three-fifths, so Gordon must have been traveling some. Marshall won his "M" by getting fourth in the shot-put. Our relay team finished second in the mile relay.

Taken as a whole it was "Manual's Day"—a day long to be remembered by every member of the team and we wish to extend a unanimous vote of thanks to the athletic management at "M. U." and to our loyal Alumnae, who did so much to make the trip one continual round of pleasure.

When the track meet began Manual took the lead early and held it until the finish. It was a long afternoon for the athletes. The contests began promptly at 2 o'clock. It was 6:30 o'clock when time came for the distribution of prizes. An event was held every three minutes. Four and five heats and semi-finals had to be held for each event. Rollins Field was swarmed with athletes. There was barely room in the finals for all runners to get on the cinder path. Forty-six schools entered men. Twenty-four of them scored. The summary:

One-mile run—Grant City, Saville, first; Kansas City Manual, Boultt, second; Caruthersville, Oates, third; University High, Peters, fourth. Time—4:47 4-5.

100-yard dash—Kansas City Central, Lawrence, first; Slater, Parksdale, second; Joplin, Seyffert, third; Kemper, Stewart, fourth. Time, :10 1-5.

120-yard high hurdles—Kansas City Manual, Winn, first; Kansas City Northeast, Woodbury, second; Kansas City Manual, Case, third; Charleston, Lee, fourth. Time, :16 1-5.

Quarter-mile run—First race: Brunswick, Matsell, first; Charleston, Hobbs, second; Kansas City Central Rider, third; Kansas City Manual, Grainger, fourth. Time, :54 2-5.

Quarter-mile run—Second race: Kansas City Westport, Selby, first; Joplin, Sneeberger, second; Kansas City Manual, Gordon, third; University High, Pope, fourth. Time :52, 3-5.

220-yard dash—Kansas City Central, Lawrence, first; Clinton, Derwent, second; Slater, Parksdale, third; Kansas City Northeast, Swearingen, fourth. Time: 23 1-5.

220-yard low hurdles—Kansas City Manual, Winn, first; Kemper Military Academy, Winsett, second; Kansas City Northeast, Woodbury, third; Charleston, Lee, fourth. Time, 26 seconds.

Half-mile run—First race: Joplin, Miller, first; Kansas City Central, Rider, second; Kansas City Manual, Coop, third; Kansas City Northeast, Ayes, fourth. Time, 2 minute, 6 2-5 seconds.

Half-mile relay—First race: Webster Groves, first. Time, 1 minute 39 2-5 seconds.

Half-mile relay—Second race: Joplin, first. Time, 1:40.

High Jump—Kansas City Westport, Pittman, first; tied for first and second with Kansas City Westport, Morse; Webster Groves, Lacy, and Kansas City Central, Walker. Height, 5 feet 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Shot put—Charleston, Lee, first; Charleston, J. Lee, second; Appleton City Academy, Greene, third; Kansas City Manual, Marshall, fourth. Distance, 44 feet 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Pole vault—Kansas City Manual, Winn; Montgomery, Estes; Mount



George Kenney
R. Forward.



Allan Pickard
Center.



Morris Riley, (Capt.)
L. Forward



Clarence Boulton
L. Guard.



George Stanley
R. Guard.

Vernon, Bartles and Meyers; Kansas City Westport, Marr, tied for first. Height, 10 feet 10½ inches.

Discus throw—Appleton City Academy, Greene, first; Clinton, Arnold, second; St. Louis Manual, Deeds, third; Charleston, Lee, fourth. Distance, 111 feet 2 inches.

Broad jump—Kansas City Westport, Pittman, first; Charleston, Lee, second; Kansas City Manual, Anderson third; Kansas City Manual, Winn, fourth. Distance 20 feet 7 inches.

Half-mile run, second race—Kansas City Manual, Boullt, first; Vandalia, Laird, second; Kansas City Central, McGoon third; Plattsburg, Hord, fourth. Time, 2:08 1-5.

Mile relay—Joplin, first. Time, 3:44 4-5.

The Missouri Valley Championship Meet at Lincoln, Neb.

We again won the Missouri Valley meet. Five schools were represented. They were: Manual, Westport, Central, St. Joseph, and Lincoln. The score was forty-one points for Manual and Westport won second with thirty and one-half points. All of us enjoyed the trip. The meet was held on the University of Nebraska field. The day was warm but there was a strong wind.

Our boys showed strength both in the track and field events and captured five first places in the program of twelve events.

Winn again was the individual star. He won fifteen points. Barrett Castle of St. Joseph, also won fifteen points but he did not compete in as many events as Winn did. Barrett Castle is a former Manual boy. He moved to St. Joseph two years ago. Winn's greatest work was in the pole vault. He established a new record in that event by vaulting eleven feet, two and one-half inches. The previous record was eleven feet and was held by our own Billy Powell and V. Rector of Omaha. Kenneth Middleton won a good second in that event. He cleared ten feet, six inches. Winn won first

in the high hurdles with Case third. His time was the same as at Columbia, sixteen and one-fifth seconds. In the low hurdles Winn was not rested from other events and only placed second. The time in this race was two seconds slower than his best performance. In the broad jump Winn won third place. Case again met his "hoodoo" at the ninth stick in the 220 hurdles.

"Dingy" Marshall was the dark horse of the meet. He captured first in the shot put and first in the discus. His showing was very credible. We are expecting much of him next year if he returns to Manual and if he doesn't return "Woe be unto him." Another valuable man will be Middleton. Middleton beside taking second in the pole vault, really took fourth in the quarter-mile run. The judge did not see it that way, however. "Doc" Boullt ran away with the mile and finished second in the half. "Doc" has been laid up for some time with a severely "jimmied" ankle and has not been able to show the best he has in him. But we are not displeased at the showing our captain is making. Speaking of sprained ankles, five of the team have suffered with them and one has a badly bruised heel which does not heal, however. Coop again showed his ability and won fourth place in the half-mile. "Roomy," alias "Flirting Fritz" Gableman, showed that he really was "fast" and took third in the mile run. The main reason he won a place is because he had a good fellow to sleep with going upon the train.

The wind, which amounted to a gale, faced the runners in the stretch and prevented all assaults on Valley records in the dashes and runs. The summary:

100-yard dash—Castle, St. Joseph Central, first; Lawrence, Kansas City Central, second; Walker, Kansas City Central, third; Schmidt, Lincoln, fourth. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Selbie, Kansas City Westport, first; Lawrence, Kansas City Central, second; Friedman, Kan-

RELAY TEAM



Lawrence Winn H. E. Selvidge Dr. E. M. Hall Reynolds Gordon
Clarence Boult Will Grainger

sas City Westport, third; Rowen, Lincoln, fourth. Time, 23 seconds.

440-yard dash—Selbie, Westport, first; Rider, Kansas City Central, second; McMahon, Lincoln, third; Rowen, Lincoln, fourth. Time, 51 4-5 seconds.

Half-mile run—Rider, Kansas City Central, first; Boullt, Kansas City Manual, second; Jackson, Lincoln, third; Coop, Kansas City Manual, fourth. Time, 2:07 4-5.

Mile run—Boullt, Kansas City Manual, first; Atkinson, Lincoln, second; Gabelman, Kansas City Manual, third; McGoon, Kansas City Central, fourth. Time 4:46 2-5.

120-yard hurdles—Winn, Kansas City Manual, first; Rice, St. Joseph Central, second; Case, Kansas City Manual, third; Martin, St. Joseph Central, fourth. Time, 16 1-5 seconds.

220-yard hurdles—Castle, St. Joseph Central, first; Winn, Kansas City Manual, second; Penton, Lincoln, third; Vandiver, Lincoln, fourth. Time, 28 seconds.

Pole vault—Winn Kansas City Manual, first; Middleton, Kansas City Manual, second; Marr, Kansas City Westport, third; Waters, Lincoln, fourth. Height, 11 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (New Missouri Valley interscholastic record.)

High jump—Albrecht, Lincoln, first; Pittam, Kansas City Westport, second; Walker, Kansas City Central, and Morse, Kansas City Westport, tied for third. Height, 5 feet 8 inches.

Broad jump—Castle, St. Joseph Central, first; Pittam, Kansas City Westport, second; Winn, Kansas City Manual, third; Morse, Kansas City Westport, fourth. Distance, 21 feet 7 inches.

Shot put—Marshall, Kansas City Manual, first; Pittam, Kansas City Westport, second; Young, Lincoln, third; Strieby, Kansas City Central, fourth. Distance, 41 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Discus throw—Marshall, Kansas City Manual, first; Morse, Kansas City Westport, second; Pittam, Kansas City Westport, third; Rohloff, St. Joseph Central, fourth. Distance, 109 feet 1 inch.

Quadrangular Meet.

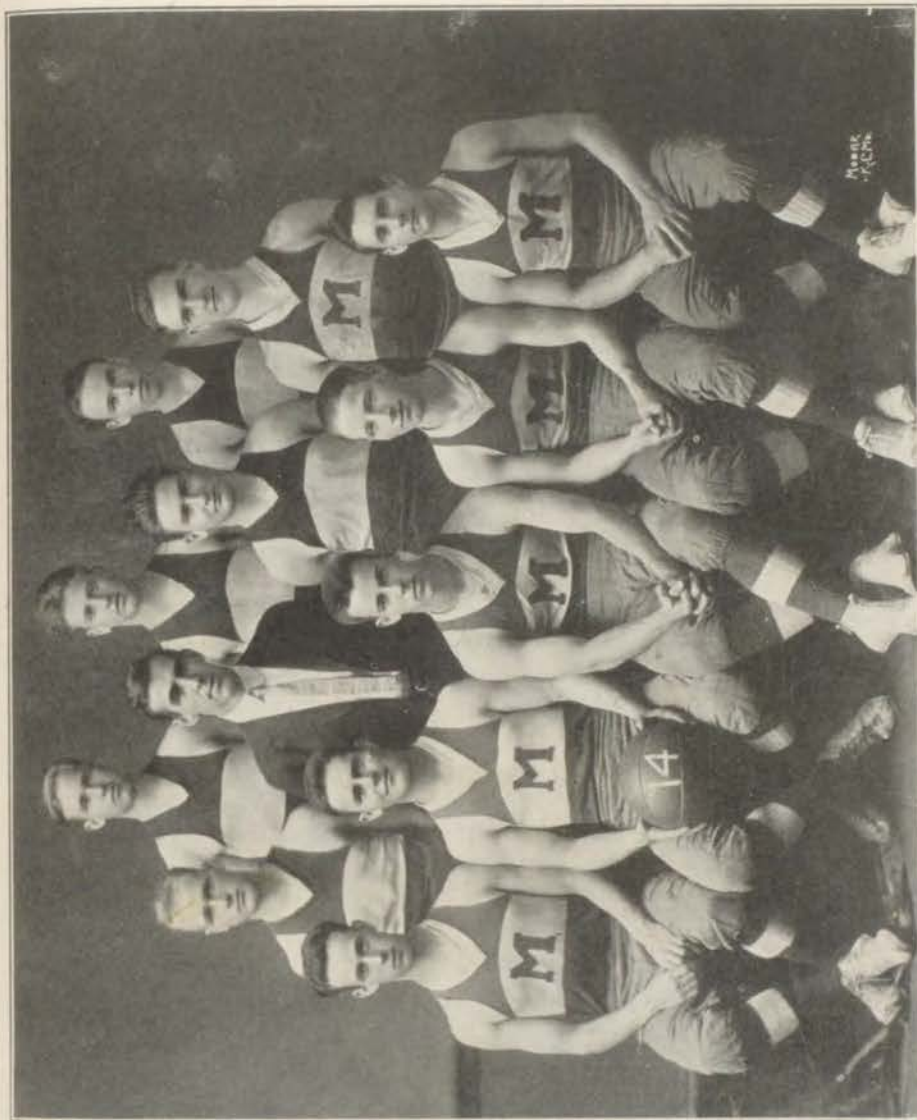
On May 16, a semi-ward school meet was held on the K. C. A. C. field. Manual, Central, Westport and Northeast entered men in four classes, A, B, C, and D. The divisions were arranged according to weight, height and age. Manual won the best prizes offered, the Harvard cup and the Michigan cup. The Harvard cup has been up for several years, but has never been permanently won by a school. This cup is given to the team scoring the most points in five events, the high hurdles, shot-put, high jump, 100-yard dash and the 440-yard run. It is necessary for a school to win these events three years in succession to come into possession of the cup. Central has won it on two former occasions, but the cup comes to us this year. The Michigan cup is offered for the school winning the largest number of points in classes A and B.

After some discussion upon the part of the officials, the meet was finally given to Westport with ninety-six points; Manual second with ninety-one; Northeast third with eighty-eight, and Central fourth with fifty-five.

The meet was void of any star work except that which was shown by our team. Two of our boys won fifteen points each, Winn getting first in the high and low hurdles and the pole vault, and Meisburger getting first in the 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, and broad-jump, in Class B. Winn equalled his own pole-vault record by vaulting eleven feet, two and one-half inches. The work of Boullt in the mile relay is explained in another part of this department. Marshall won the only event in which he entered. The mile run being abolished in this meet, Gabelman ran the half-mile and tied for second place with McGoon of Central. Coop set the pace in the class B half-mile and was not overtaken until the last few yards of the race. Coop certainly shows great work in his running. He came in second and Proper third.

Middleton again showed his ability in the pole-vault by taking second place and by taking second in the quarter mile run.

BASKETBALL SQUAD



Winkler, Marshall, Middleton, Winn,
Anderson, Dr. E. M. Hall, Hairgrove,
Boult, Riley, Pickard, Kenney, Stanley.

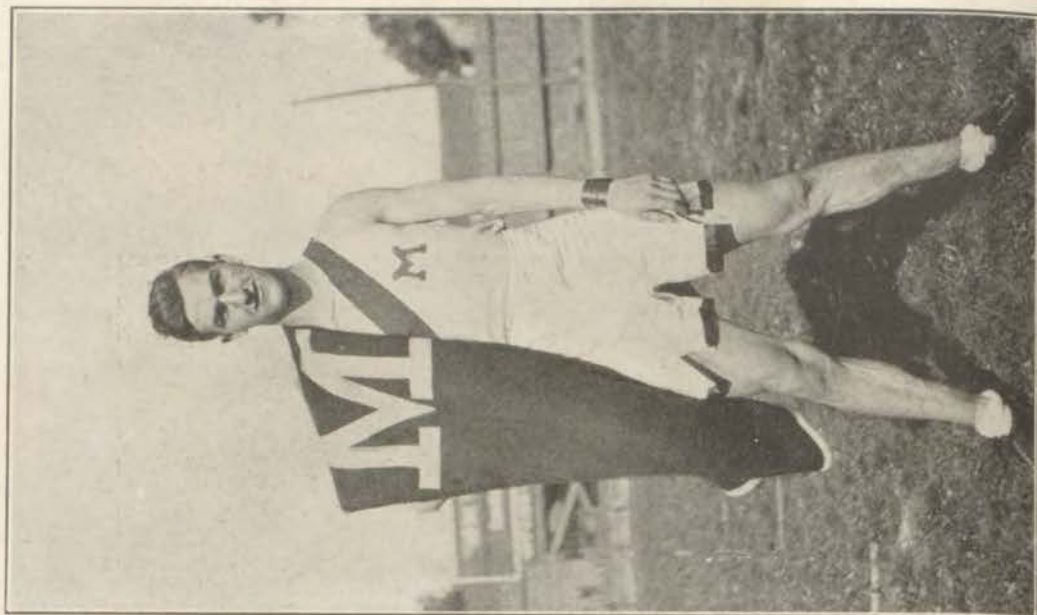
BOULT
and
WINN

THE
INVINCIBLES



Photo
by
W. H. Fadden
for
the
Columbia
Record

Boult finishing quarter at Columbia.



TRACK TEAM



George Stanley Harold Marshall Kenneth Middleton Ed Meisburger
Alfred Coop H. E. Selvidge Dr. E. M. Hall Reynolds Gordon Francis Proper
Gordon Case Ross Anderson Clarence Boullt, captain Fred Gableman Lawrence Winn

Manual took first and second in the class B quarter mile. We would have taken third if three men were allowed to enter. Gordon and Stanley finished in the order named.

Case, in spite of a very weak ankle, almost defeated Winn in the high hurdles and he did succeed in defeating Woodbury, the Northeast star hurdler. Case nearly beat him in the lows, also.

Our men in the smaller classes showed up very well. Joyce, in class C, won the eight-pound shot and got second in the high jump. Tower won the class B pole-vault by clearing ten feet. In the class C pole-vault, Barnes won third place while in class D, Smith won second. Stanley showed his ability in the shot by taking first place in class B. He heaved the twelve-pound ball thirty-four feet, nine inches.

The following is as complete a summary as could be obtained:

120-yard hurdles—Class A: First, Winn, Manual; second, Case, Manual; third, Woodbury, Central; time, 16.3 seconds. Class B: First, Gallagher, Westport; second, Walstead, Central; third, White, Northeast; time, 19.4 seconds. Class C: First, Major, Northeast; second, Cook, Westport; third, Scarritt, Northeast; time, 16 seconds. Class O: First, Ohleson, Northeast; second, Hill, Central; third, Bynan, Northeast; time, 19.1 seconds.

440-yard run—Class A: First, Selbie, Westport; second, Middleton, Manual; third, Jarvies, Westport; time, 53.2 seconds. Class B: First, Gordon, Manual; second, Stanley, Manual; third, Goodman, Central; time, 58.1 seconds.

220-yard hurdles—Class A: First, Winn, Manual; second, Woodbury, Northeast; third, Case, Manual; time, 27.4 seconds. Class B: First, Hillyard, Westport; second, Osborne, Westport; third, Walstead, Central; time, 28 seconds.

880-yard run—Class A: First, Rider, Central; McGoon, Central, and Gabelman, Manual, tied for second place; time, 2:05. Class B: First, Thompson, Central; second, Coop, Manual; third, Proper, Manual; time, 2:09.

100-yard dash—Class A: First, Lawrence, Central; second, Walker, Central;

third, Swearingen, Northeast. Time, 10.3 seconds. Class B: First, Meisburger, Manual; second, Friedman, Westport; third, Lovelace, Central. Time, 11 seconds. Class C: First, Schwartz, Northeast; second, Sharp, Central; third, McConnell, Northeast. Time, 11.1 seconds. Class D: First, Dwyer, Westport; second, Sandzen, Westport; third, Sales, Central. Time, 12.1 seconds.

Pole Vault—Class A: First, Winn, Manual; second, Middleton, Manual; third, Condon, Northeast, Ayers, tied; height, 11 feet 2½ inches. Class B: First, Tower, Manual; second, Hughes, Westport; third, Simcox, Westport; height, 10 feet. Class C: First, Scarritt, Major, Northeast, tied; third, Barnes, Manual; height, 8 feet 9 inches. Class D: First, Hostler, Northeast; second, Smith, Manual; third, Alexander, Westport; height, 9 feet.

16-pound shot put—Class A: First, Marshall, Manual; second, Woodbury, Northeast; third, Striely, Central; distance, 41 feet 1½ inches. Class B: First, Stanley, Manual; second, Haddock, Westport; third, Redman, Westport; distance, 34 feet 9 inches. Class C: First, Joyce, Manual; second, Eppinger, Northeast; third, Denebeim, Westport; distance, 40 feet 4½ inches. Class D: First, Alexander, Westport; second, Maloney, Northeast; third, Smith, Westport; distance, 33 feet 5½ inches.

High jump—Class A: First, Walker, Central; second, Morse, Westport; third, Pittam, Westport; height, 5 feet 7¾ inches. Class B: First, Godfrey, Westport; second, Berry, Northeast; third, Crowther, Westport and Osborne, Westport, tied; height, 5 feet 7¾ inches. Class C: First, Scarritt, Northeast; second, Joyce, Manual; third, Wood, Northeast; height, 5 feet 1½ inches. Class D: First, Weizel, Central; second, McGinley, Central; third, Maloney, Northeast; height, 4 feet 9½ inches.

220-yard dash—Class A: First, Lawrence, Central; second, Swearingen, Northeast; third, Jarvies, Westport. Time, 24 seconds. Class B: First, Meisburger, Manual; second, Friedman, Westport; third, Monteith, Northeast. Time, 24 seconds. Class C: First, Wood, Northeast; second, Schwartz, North-



B. Joyce
Stanley

Hamilton
Dr. E. M. Hall
Anderson

Meisburger
H. E. Selvidge
Barnes

Henze
Gordon

east; third, Sharp, Westport. Time, 26 seconds. Class D: First, Sandzen, Westport; second, Dwyer, Westport; third, Osborne, Central. Time, 28 seconds.

Mile relay race—Class A: Manual and Northeast tied for first place. Class B: Manual won. Class C: Northeast won. Class D: Westport won.

Broad Jump—Class A: First, Pittam, Westport; second, Morse, Westport; third, Lawrence, Central. Distance, 21 feet 6½ inches. Class C: First, Cook, Westport; second, Major, Northeast; third, Wood, Northeast. Distance, 17 feet ¾ inches. Class D: First, Hosler, Northeast; second, Sandzen, Westport; third, Ohleson. Distance, 17 feet 4 inches.

At the Seventh Annual Invitation Games held at Kansas University, we took first again with a score of twenty-five and one-half points. Lawrence High School was second with seventeen and two-thirds points.

Two records were broken, the high jump and the quarter mile. The surprise of the day, though, was when our little Flirting Fritz tied for first in the mile, making the run in 4 minutes and 46 seconds. Fred started out behind, as usual, but pulled up to first place in the 3rd lap, with a wobbly gait and a smiling countenance. He held his place to the finish and should have had first unqualifiedly if he hadn't been too sure. Winn was very much hindered in his events because of his sprained wrist, and "Doc" Boullt was very much troubled with his ankle.

Lack of space prevents us going into further discussion of the meet. The summary:

50-yard dash—First, Hilton, Chase County; second, Whittaker, Reno County; third, Schwartz, Northeast High; fourth, Swearingen, Northeast High. Time, 5 4-5 seconds.

120-yard hurdles—First, Winn, Manual; second, Barclay, Kansas City, Kas.; third, Brown, Alma; fourth, Case, Manual. Time, 16 3-5 seconds.

100-yard dash—First, Dutton, Concordia; second, Hilton, Chase County;

third, Lawrence, Central; fourth, Russell, Sumner County. Time 10 3-5 seconds.

High jump—First, Treweeke, Wichita; second, Pittam, Westport; third, Osborne, Westport. Walker, Central Morse of Westport and Barclay, Kansas City, Kas., tied for fourth. Height, 5 feet 11 inches.

Pole vault — Crawford, Topeka; Todd, Lawrence, and Luper, Lawrence, tied for first place; Middleton, Towers, Ayers and Condon tied for fourth place. Height, 10 feet.

Shot put—First, Roderick, Attica; second, Sharp, Carbondale; third, Billings, Maple Hill; fourth, Wilbur, Lawrence. Distance, 44 feet 3-4 inches.

Discus throw — First, Arnold, Anthony; second, Wilbur, Lawrence; third, "Rook" Woodard, Lawrence; fourth, Schultz, Norton. Distance, 115 feet 10 inches.

Broad jump—First, Pittam, Westport; second, Treweeke, Wichita; third, Anderson, Manual; fourth, Morse, Westport. Distance, 20 feet 4 inches.

220-yard dash — First, Lawrence, Central; second, Whittaker, Reno County; third, Hilton, Chase County; fourth, Meisburger, Manual. Time, 23 4-5 seconds.

440-yard run — First, Whittaker, Reno; second, Selby, Westport; third, Beck, Winfield; fourth, Middleton, Manual. Time, 52 seconds.

220-yard hurdles—First, Gallagher, Baldwin; second, Winn, Manual; third, Brown, Alma. Time, 26 3-5 seconds.

Half mile run—First, Rider, Central; second, Allen, Lawrence; third, Coop, Manual; fourth, Boullt, Manual. Time, 2:06 3-5.

Mile run—Tied for first, Budge, St. John, and Gableman, Manual; second, Gates, Topeka; third, Dedo, Kansas City, Kas. Time, 4:46 4-5.

Relay race—First, Manual; second, Lawrence; third, Northeast; fourth, Topeka. Time, 2:42 3-5.



Winn and Case finishing
120 yard high hurdles
Winn first Case second
Time 16.02

These pictures used through
the courtesy of Ralph Baird
K.C. Post



The invincible coach
Dr. E. Hall



Marshall putting the shot for
42 feet 5 1/2 inches



Maurice Hoare



Franklin Moore



Walter Garth

AH, HERE WE HAVE

those three simps dressed in red and white, that did the monkey-doodle stuff to scare the basket ball team into action. Note their manly beauty, the fire of success and enthusiasm in their eyes; alas, girls isn't it a shame all the other handsome boys don't dress in all those clothes?

But seriously, we take off our hat to the cheerleaders, the fellows who couldn't serve their school on the team (for obvious reasons), but who spent their time, money and energy in supporting that victorious team and in that way doing their part to place Manual even more firmly than before in the throne of supremacy. Again we cry, "Give us more simps—more of it!"

Mr. La Motte of our foreign language department will go to the University of Texas as instructor in higher mathematics next year.

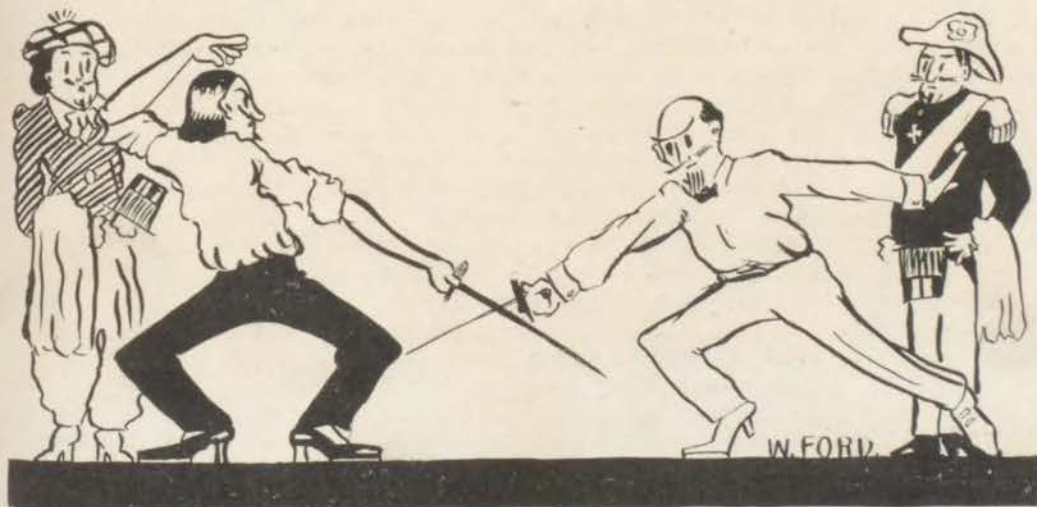
We congratulate Howard Jameyson on winning the Kansas City Law School scholarship, and feel sure he will maintain Manual's standing there.

EXCHANGES

ROSS DAVENPORT



EDITOR



A Quorum on Olympics.

"Oh, hum!" yawned Jupiter, as he awoke from his afternoon nap, "what's all this weeping and wailing I hear coming from the earth?"

"That," answered Mercury, "is the exchange editor down at the Nautilus office. He complains that he doesn't know what to say about his magazines."

"Well," grunted Jupiter, disgustedly, "go down and tell him to dry up and say nothing. It is much more dignified and would not disturb my sleep as his howling has today."

Mercury vanished into thin air and Jupiter got down on his hands and knees and raked around under his throne for his crown and scepter, which he had somehow misplaced. Poor fellow, he was getting absent-minded in his old age.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, as he climbed back into his seat, "there comes the gang. I had forgotten we were to have a meeting today."

"Whew!" puffed Hercules, as he toiled up the hill, "it's almost too hot for my lion's skin coat today."

"See here, Herc.," said Jupiter, severely, "you're always complaining about the heat. The trouble is you are getting too fat. You need exercise. I am going to give you twelve more labors to perform."

"Pooh!" said Hercules, "with all these modern inventions they would be simple enough."

"How about subduing a ferocious five-headed dog?" asked Jupiter.

"Oh, a Kansas City dog catcher would soon fix that up," replied Hercules, scornfully.

"Well, suppose you had to conquer the terrible Sicilian lion or the frightful thousand-headed reptile of the Sahara, what then?"

"Why," answered Hercules, carelessly, "for ten dollars a Ringling Brothers' lion tamer would do the first job and a little piece of dynamite would blow the monster into atoms."

"Well, well," said Jupiter, "this is really a wonderful age. Ha! here comes

Mercury. Let's see what he has to say."

Mercury arrived somewhat out of breath and threw down a huge bundle of papers and magazines of all sizes and descriptions.

"What's this rubbish?" asked Jupiter in astonishment, gazing at the heap.

"I got those from that exchange editor," answered Mercury. "He said he couldn't do anything with them."

"Well, let's look at them," suggested Minerva, thereby showing that feminine curiosity existed even among the gods.

"Here is a good looking one," remarked Apollo, picking up the "Whims," from Seattle. "I like the looks of this cover."

"You're always hunting something pretty," exclaimed Achilles, peevishly. "Why don't you look inside before you begin praising that magazine. Remember, its beauty may be only cover deep."

"There's where you are wrong," answered Apollo, turning the pages. "Look at these interesting photographs of Indians. I imagine one could learn a good deal from these stories, too. They look promising."

"Well, well," interrupted Hercules, "that may be, but your paper can't hold a candle to the 'High Times' here. I guess that isn't an appropriate cover design for spring."

"Humph," sneered Apollo, "I don't think much of that pale green color, I must say."

"Well, they make up for it by their good stories and jokes. If you don't believe it, read some of them."

"Oh, don't argue about it," cried Jason, "but if you want to see a really good magazine, come over here and look at the 'Quill,' from Henderson, Ky."

"By the way, Jason," interrupted Paris, winking at Juno, "what is a quill?"

"A quill, my son," said Jason, severely, "is a feather taken from the

pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another."

Paris subsided immediately.

"I wish you would read some of these poems," continued Jason. "They are the best that I have seen so far."

"Let's see them," cried Homer, running up. The old scribbler was always interested in anything that sounded like poetry.

"Hum," he remarked, after reading it. "That is pretty good, especially for high school students. Although the meter is somewhat loose-jointed in some places. Now in my own writing

— He was interrupted by prolonged groans of despair from the rest of the assemblage, and Perseus remarked dryly. "You have told us so much about your poems already, Homer, that we know them by heart. What we want is variety."

"That is just what I want, too," whispered Paris to Jason. "I am sick of looking at these things. Let's go over and see what Hector and his gang are talking about."

As they drew near the group they heard Hector saying carelessly, "Yes, I took up that stone which the two strongest men of the day could not lift from the ground, and threw it without effort against the Greek wall with such force that the gates sprang from their hinges."

"Hinges break easily, Hec., when they are eaten through and through with rust," remarked Achilles dryly, "and as for the stone, perhaps you are not aware that it was afterwards weighed and tipped the scale at exactly eleven pounds. Besides, I found it child's play to conquer you myself. A seat a little further in the rear would best become you. Now I do not wish to boast, but I made the whole world tremble because I was invulnerable."

"All except that little spot on your heel, Killy," interrupted Paris, "where I hit you with my arrow, you recollect. I always was a good shot with a bow."

"Pooh! Pooh!" laughed Juno, scornfully, "listen to Paris blowing up his own balloon. He always had such a good opinion of his own valor." She had never quite forgotten the time that

Paris awarded the prize for beauty to Venus instead of herself, and so she took every advantage to torment him.

"You seem to forget, my dear Paris," she continued, "the day that Philoctetes winged you so neatly with his arrow. Your aim was poor that day, I suppose."

"That was a foul," protested Paris, hotly. "He dipped his arrow in the blood of the Hydra."

Juno laughed and Jupiter spoke up impatiently. "Do, for the love of Moses, stop your quarreling and come over here and look at these papers. Now here is the 'Artisan,' from Boston. None of you have seen that, and it is worth looking at, I can tell you. This story called 'Another of Those Magee Things,' is mighty good and I nearly broke a rib laughing at some of the jokes. I like their cartoons, too, but a few more headings would help a lot. Here, look it over," he added, handing it to Theseus.

"Oh, I have one," answered Theseus. "'The Spectator,' from Louisville, takes my eye. It has the edge on most of them for jokes, cartoons, photographs, headings, stories, poems, —"

"Say," interrupted Hercules, "what do you think you are—a book agent? We will take your word in regard to the Spectator, but I wish some one would tell me why the 'Budget' spreads its advertisements all over the universe this way. I have looked at three numbers now and they are all alike. It's a shame to spoil the rest of the magazine that way," he said, tossing it aside and picking up "The Times," from Fort Madison.

"That is a nice looking cover," remarked Mercury, looking over his shoulder. "It has the appearance of a sort of dignified prosperity."

"Yes," agreed Hercules, "and it is just as good on the inside, too. Here is a well developed exchange department, and this story, 'A Race With the Moon,' is good, but I don't see why they put these cartoons away back in the advertisements where most people would never see them."

"Well, they can't all be perfect," re-

marked Paris. "Here is the 'Commerce,' from Omaha. It contains some mighty good material, but they spoil it by putting it in such an awkward form. The length and breadth are all out of proportion to the thickness. However, their article on rubber is interesting and instructive, and the idea of having an honor roll in the school is an excellent one."

"Speaking of perfection," said Minerva suddenly, "here is one that comes pretty close to it." She held up the "Carnation," from St. Louis, and it was immediately pounced upon by the rest of the gang. Apollo raved over the cover design and general appearance; Homer declared that the literary department was as good as any he had seen; Hercules vowed that the athletic department was the best ever, and Theseus was stricken with apoplexy after reading some of the jokes. The final vote was "the biggest and the best." Hooray for the "Carnation."

After the excitement had subsided, Venus remarked complacently, "That 'Carnation' may be awfully high and mighty, but for real, genuine interest, give me the 'Nor'easter,' from North-east High School. There is so much life and spirit in that magazine that it can hardly keep inside its covers. It has got plenty of cuts and illustrations, too, and its literary department is well developed."

"Hum," mused Theseus, "it must be nearly as good as this 'Scarab,' from Cleveland, O. Your 'Nor'easter' hasn't got anything on this one when it comes to school spirit, and this story, 'The Water Cure,' beats any I have read yet."

"Shucks, Theseus!" exclaimed Paris, crossly, "What do you know about magazines. You never did amount to much anyway."

"Never amounted to much," cried Theseus, angrily. "Why, man, when I started out for a day's killing, the way the men and dragons fled before me was a marvel to see."

"Oh, pshaw, The!" exclaimed Perseus, "old rheumatic Lycomecles threw you over into the sea with no trouble

at all. Talking about heroism, you should have seen me when I rescued Andromeda from the monster. That was something to tell of!"

"Poor Perse," said Jason, in a pitying voice, "what a victim he was."

"What's that," asked Perseus, angrily. "I a victim?"

"That's what I said, Perse," replied Jason. "It is high time for you to know how you were imposed upon in that matter. You see, Andromeda was getting along towards thirty years of age and Cassiopea, her mother, had almost give up hope of her getting a husband, when they heard you were going to pass that way on a certain day. So they chained Andromeda to a rock—just laid the chain over her lap, you know—didn't rivet it. Then they fastened to the foot of the rock a monster that had been raised in their family from a cub, and taught to do tricks and which had become so old and toothless that he could not hurt a fly. When Andromeda saw you coming she told the monster to roar and she began to scream herself, and you—ha! ha!—you rescued her. After which you married her. Poor old Perse!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared Hercules, rousing himself. "Gannymede, bring another round of nectar and charge it to Perseus!"

"Say," exclaimed Jupiter, sharply, "I have told you boys once to quit quarreling and I want it understood that my word is law. I allow no one to disobey me, gentlemen, not even in my home. My theory is that obedience should begin at home——"

"Jupiter!" Alas, how well he knew that voice. "Jupiter," continued Juno, severely, "we are going home now, and I want you to follow immediately, sir, or you will get no supper. Do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Jupiter, meekly.

"Very well, see that you obey," answered Juno, as she moved away with Minerva and Venus.

"Hooray, boys!" yelled Jupiter, when they were fairly out of hearing. "We'll have a high old time now. Gannymede,

roll out those barrels of nectar, and bring up the drinking horns and be mighty sudden about it."

Chaos reigned for the next few minutes among these worthy immortals. Magazines were hurled right and left, and in the excitement Theseus pushed the sleeping Homer off a rock and he fell with a crash on the mighty Hercules, who was basking in the sun underneath. Whereupon Hercules got up and proceeded to give Theseus a sound spanking and declared he would do the same to any one who ever disturbed him again.

Finally, after Paris and Jason had had a fight to see who would get the biggest drinking horn, the gods settled themselves at the festive board and for a while Gannymede was kept busy filling the goblets. Everybody laughed and joked and yelled and sang, and Hercules struck up an old hymn that he had heard in his boyhood, something about "We won't be home until morning," etc., and all joined in on the chorus. When the celebration was at its highest Jupiter rose unsteadily to his feet and raised his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen, (hic)" he began. "I want to propose a toast (hic) to all high school exchange editors. May they die young and be relieved of their miseries."

The toast was drunk with a roar that shook Olypus to its foundation, and Agamemmon rolled off his chair in a blissful state of coma.

About a half hour later, when Mercury returned from parts unknown he found Jason shedding bitter tears over the prostrate form of the sleeping Paris, while Jupiter lay with one foot in his goblet and the other on Hercules' neck. The rest of the company were indescribable.

Mercury gazed sadly on this mournful scene and as he gathered up the scattered magazines he was heard to say, softly: "Alas! Alack! What fools these immortals be."

Note—Any one doubting the truth of this story will find the magazines exactly where Mercury left them, in the library at Manual Training High School.

"News From a Far Country."

The Nautilus has been honored this issue by the receipt of the Manila High School Annual from Manila, Philippine Islands. It is certainly gratifying to know that the Nautilus is known in such a far off country, and their paper has been read eagerly by many of our students. It is certainly an artistic and interesting magazine, and it might enlighten some of our benighted scholars as to the lively and progressive spirit in the Manila High School. Come up to the library and read it.

"Kodak."—You have a neat paper but a few comments on exchanges would not hurt it at all.

"Blue and Gold."—Your paper would be greatly improved by the addition of a few stories and an exchange department.

"The Pattersonian."—The same as above, only more so.

The Nautilus has two exchanges, "The Track" from Winfield, Kans., and "The High School Mirror" from Elgin, Ill., both of which are issued weekly in newspaper form. Both contain some excellent material, but they are entirely overlooked in the presence of larger high school magazines. How much better it would be if these papers would combine say four numbers into one, add an appropriate cover design, a few good stories and divide their material into departments and thereby make a complete and interesting magazine which would do credit to their school. In their present form their excellence is not duly appreciated by the outside world.

The last issue of the "Luminary" from Central has neglected its exchange department. A few comments and criticisms would help considerably. The story "Justin King" is good.

Flowers and Lemons.

"Nautilus."—The idea of having a part of your paper devoted to mathematics is unique. The subject may sound "dry" but puzzles and essays on methods make this department interesting. The little poem "The Carpenter's Serenade" is amusing.—"Scareb," Cleveland, Ohio.

"Nautilus."—Your magazine certainly has a variety of departments and they are all interesting. The cuts are especially good.—"The Times."

"Nautilus."—Your cover is well drawn and your editorial well written; your cuts are good and head excellent columns. Those entitled Mathematics and Science were especially interesting to us.—"Artisan."

"Nautilus."—A very neat paper, but we do not consider it a good idea to mix the advertisements with the reading matter.—"Commerce."

EXCHANGES IN THE WORK SHOP.

There was some commotion in the tool chest. "Well," the Hand Saw was heard to remark, "I know I am superior to you all. As Julius Caesar once said, 'I came, I saw'; and when I settle down to work you can hear something drop."

"But," said the Hammer, "there is no steadiness in your character. You shift forward and backward while I am distinguished for always hitting the nail on the head." (Here the nail was seen to rub his cranium).

"Mr. Hand Saw," remarked the File in a rasping voice, "have you lost any front teeth lately?"

"Silence," cried the Hand Saw, "It's a shame that gentlemen must associate with such an ugly, cross-grained character as you. You try to scrape every one's acquaintance."

The Plane tried to smooth things over and stated he would have something to offer before the meeting adjourned.

"Oh! Shavings!" growled the File. Whereat the paper of tacks laughed till it burst its sides.

"Gentlemen," said the Glue-Pot, "While you can all saw, chop, hammer, and destroy, remember, that I am the only one who can mend and restore. In me are the elements of true greatness."

"Say," said the File, "aren't you somewhat stuck on yourself?" At which the Glue-Pot fairly boiled with indignation.

The Sand-Paper essayed to speak but was promptly laid out flat and advised that no unnecessary friction was desired. He had plenty of sand, however, and was only silenced by the Mallet, who rapped loudly for order.

"Where do I come in?" asked the Ten-Penny Nail.

"You don't," said the Claw Hammer, reaching for him. "You come out."

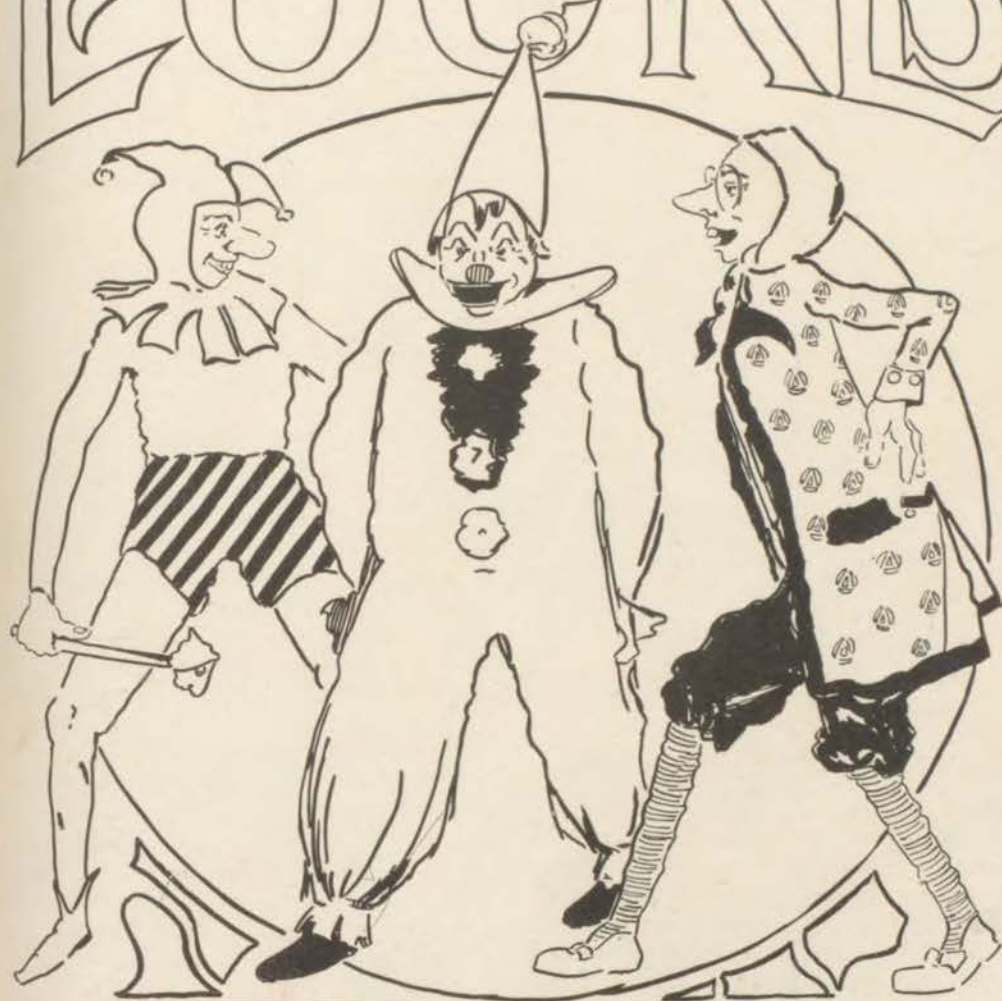
The Jack Knife, who was something of a blade, opened up, and declared that he had a point which he would like to present, but was greeted with loud cries of "Shut up!" which he did, with a click, after threatening to cut the acquaintance of everyone present.

At this moment the Auger commenced to stagger around and vow that he would "let daylight through everyone, when the Lid-of-the-Chest, a slambang sort of fellow, came down with a whack and said:

"Boys, I'm onto the whole crowd." And the janitor swept out.



LOCALS



•ALFRED COOP•



- BEN-GOLDSTEIN -



•LAURA SHIPLEY•

Freshie: "O, Miss Elston, are you really to be married?"

Miss Elston: "Yes, my dear."

Freshie, in awe: "Why, I didn't know teachers ever got married."

Cru-e-l-l-l Sarcasm.

Vera to Hurwitz: "I had a dream about you last night."

Pick: "Is that so? I have been having bad dreams lately, too."

English Teacher: "There are about five people in this class who really study."

Proper: "Who are the other four?"

Mr. Dodd explaining "Bill of Lading": "Now on the right hand side of the sheet it says, 'tall, short, or medium man, eyes blue, brown or gray.' Well the agent is supposed to punch these out."

The "teacher sent three boys—Ross Davenport, Emmons Whisner and Ralph Simcocks out to read the new weather map. On their return Emmons was missing.

"Where's Emmons?" said the "teacher."

Ross Davenport spoke up, "Why-er-er the map said a storm was coming, so he went down in the basement."

Did Alagonquin have a little Mohawk along with him about 3 P. M.? (Ask Pick.)

Ouch!

Howard Jameyson delivering an oration: "I want land reform; I want housing reform; I want educational reform; I want—"

Clark Berry: "Chloroform."

A Verra Good Answer.

Gordon: "Boullt said you were so skinny you looked like a drink of water in a rainstorm."

Vera: "That's all right, he's always thirsty."

Great People and Their Favorite Songs.

F. Moore—Love Me While the Lovin's Good.

C. Berry—And Then We'll Blow Blow, Blow.

L. Winn—Every Little Bit Added to What You Got.

G. Case—Love Me and the World is Mine.

V. Curran—All I Want is a Regular Man.

Proper—Sleep On.

Hurwitz—I Love the Ladies.

Mac. Pickard—The Pink Lady.

Backstrom—My Bonny is Over in Sweden.

G. Rider—Get Out and Get Under.

A. "Pick"—I Love the Cows and Cowlets.

Mary Rose—My Baby Rose.

Boullt—I Love a Lassie, a Bony Bony Lassie.

Big teams do not always win the cups. Nor classes A to D.

A few tried men, a coach like Hall—We're bound to Winn, you see.

Fine gyms do not a track-team make.

We win at basketball;

Let other schools their gym rooms take

If we have but a HALL!

Teacher (discussing Shelley's Ode to a Skylark): "Why does Shelley specify 'praise of love or win'?"

Maurice: "Those were the two great subjects of Greek lyric poetry."

Teacher: "That was a pretty bad combination, wasn't it? One of those is usually about all the average person can stand at a time."

G. Rider: "How many studies are you carrying?"

R. Gordon: "I'm carrying one and dragging two."

Marshall: "If you had as much in your head as I have you wouldn't sleep nights."

Middleton: "I didn't till I used insect powder."



The Daily Screecher

WAR NEWS.

Hostilities Begun In Mexico.

G. O. C. TO THE FRONT.

Mr. Blumb Will Accompany Our Boys
to Feed the Captured Greasers—
Huerta Cries For Mercy.

Who put the "ran" in "Carranza,"
is the question of the hour.

It's thought to be the guy that put
the "hurt" in "Huerta."

(Copywrite 1914, by the Nautilus Special Correspondent.)

Kansas City, Mo., June 1.—War is at last declared! Among the first to enlist were the members of the G. O. C., an organization from our own school. They have enlisted in the Commissary Department. This will necessitate the addition of 500 sick-nurses.

Senator Hurwitz, on account of his long acquaintance with Mexican athletics, will have charge of the lasso brigade.

SEÑOR SENATOR MATADOR
HURWITZ, S.O.S., P.D.Q..



Private Flirting Fritz has started taking lessons in guitar music and Spanish love songs. He intends to make quite a hit with the lovely senoritas down in Mexico.

The distinguished Mr. MacFarland Pickard was chosen as chief tower in the field wireless telegraph division.

Battery "B" First Company To Go.
The famous "Battery B" was the first company to leave. When last heard from they were crossing Baffin Bay. (If you don't know where that is, get out your geography.)



The wonderful Manual Brass Band has learned to play Yankee Doodle in ten keys. They are a wonderful aggregate of musicians.

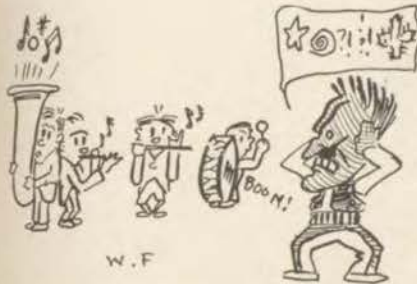
A Ladies' Auxilliary Corps has been formed which includes: Mary Rose, chief toe wrapper; Vivian Hulshizer and Fay Stubblefield, heads of stretcher brigade; Elsie Urfer, manicure Major and "Jeff" Garnett, mender of broken hearts. The red cross nurses will all be sophomores. They are said to be very good looking and intelligent. Large numbers of slightly wounded soldiers are expected.



At the Front.

San Tamale, Mex., June 5.—The troops arrived at San Tamale early yesterday. A desperate battle was begun at 2 a. m. It is rumored that our talented brass band has been captured. Grave fears are entertained for their safety should they undertake to play the Mexican national air before their captors.

The track team are the most highly elated and successful members of the whole bunch. They have outrun every Mexican sprinter that started after them. Lawrence Winn tried to gain time by hurdling every castus he came to. When he stopped he looked like the woolly spider monkey at Swope Park. At present his company is very undesirable.



W. F.

Two of our privates were captured by General Ignatz Chile last night. This morning Capt. Moore offered to trade him seventeen Mexican generals and five captains for them, but General Chile absolutely refused to take anything less than three cans of beans.



W. F.

MacFarland Pickard was caught by the Mexicans but when they looked at his mustache (?) they took him for a Mexican hairless and let him go.

Glenn Rider got fresh with a bunch of woolly-eyed Mexican fleas and now he looks like a victim of small-pox. He has been confined temporarily to the pest-house, with no companion but a bottle of "Mosquito and Flea Bite Ease." He will probably be better in a few days.



"Who wouldn't want to get shot? NEXT!"



W. F.

Ed. Note: If Doc Boullted for the border where would Vera Cruz?



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT FOR "MEX'S"

One Man Shot.

Corporal Riley was shot at 1 p. m. He had a dark brown taste and a bad headache this morning.

Further details are not known concerning the movements of our troops but if you are interested further you may call at the office and get the news direct.

Cleaton: "Mr. Drake, did you hear that Ruth Jensen was to be married?"

Mr. Drake: "Sure, you fish, I have the marriage license—that is, I mean the record of it on my desk."

Well, Mr. Drake, we want to certainly compliment you on your early success.

The Way It Looked to Her.

Mrs. Miles: "That drawing looks rather antedeluvian."

Freshman (drawing "Pick"): "Well, that's the way it looks from here."

Moore: "Say, it's a wonder that every music store in town don't go broke this week."

Sucker: "Why."

Moore: "Why they're all selling 'Too Much Mustard' for ten cents."

(Ed's Note—We were the sucker.)

Freshie: "What is the faculty?"

Junior: "The faculty is a group of people paid to assist the seniors in running the school."

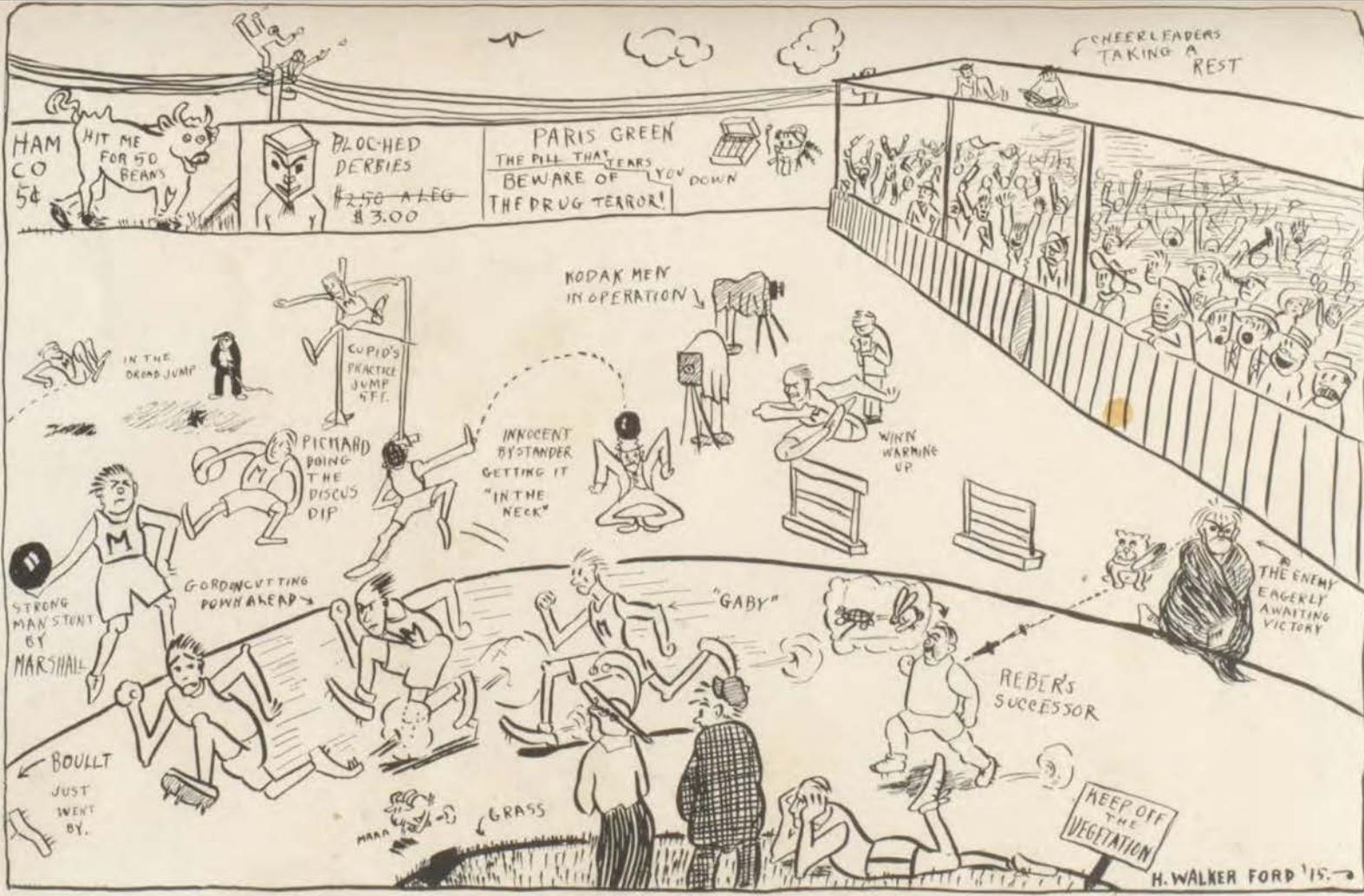
"Faith," said the policeman, examining the broken window, "this is more serious than Oi thought it was! It's broke on both sides."

Millard Riley has ptomaine poison from eating canned tripe. It is hoped his toe will not have to be cut off.



School Directory.

- School Grafter—Mitchell Charnowitz
- Handsomest—Lawrence Winn.
- School Clown—Mildred Chilton.
- The Little Feller—Mac Pickard.
- Great Politician—Senator Hurwitz.
- Old Blowhard—Bill Grainger.
- Athlete—Clarence Boult.
- Worst Nuisance—"Kubelik."
- Man Hater—Fay Stubblefield.
- Girl Hater—Flirting Fritz.
- School Dude—"Judge" Latshaw.
- All-around-good-fellow—Alan Pickard.
- School Boss—Mr. Graves.
- School Infant—Babe Shiddell.
- Largest Feet—Elda Keen.
- Biggest Heart—Mr. Riggs.
- Best Tennis Player—John Drake.
- Biggest Eater—Fay Gorman.
- School Doll—Genevieve Garnett.
- Most Ignorant—"Dingy" Marshall.
- Most Bashful—Beulah Gamble.
- Most Entertaining—Elsie Urfer.
- Most Considerate—Grace Craft.
- Sweetest Voice—Ruth Gibson.
- Most Graceful Boy—Tracy Barns.
- Goat Driver—Dr. Hall.
- Silent One—Agnes Spaulding.
- Angel Eyes—Mary Rose.
- Cutest and Wittiest—Ethyl Hawkins.



THE NAUTILUS

SOME TRACK MEET !!!

Books of the Day.

"My Gold Medals," Harold Marshall. This popular novel is getting pretty well known.

"How I Became a Speaker," Bernard Hurwitz. A rather long-winded dissertation.

"The Rotten Bunch on the Nautilus Staff," by a number of teachers. A very spirited discussion.

"How to Make Love," Flirting Fritz Gableman.

"Chicken Raising," Dr. Reynold Gordon. This is an interesting little book by a man who has had much practical experience.

"Methods of Removing Tar," Alan Pickard. This is a useful work. Necessity was the mother of Mr. Pickard's invention.

"The Passage" Algonquin Aloysius. Mr. Selvidge and Pick are good references for this little work.

"Why I Cut Classes," Alice Callan. The confessions of a criminal.

"A High School Grammar," Hubert Spake. This is really a commendable book.

"The Worthlessness of Some Athletes," Dr. E. M. Hall. If you like this book, Dr. Hall will be glad to furnish you with additional information on the subject.

"Bad Boys," Mrs. M. M. Miles. A true story with many exciting incidents.

"Modern Dances," Grace Kraft.

"Basketball—The Science of the Game," Mr. M. G. Riley. This book is already so well known to our readers that a comment is not needed.

"Matrimony," Doc Boult. Doc Boult is such a noted authority on such matters that this book will be very favorably received we are sure.

"Music and Musicians," Cupid Anderson.

"How to Break Oneself of Talking Too Fast," Francis Proper. Written by one who has been successful in this line.

"The Cross-Eyed (?) Spaniard," Mac Pickard. Mr. Case is well acquainted with this last publication of Mac's.

"The Thoughts of a Freshman,"

Morris Bodker. We are a little skeptical of this book as the writer was never known to have any thoughts.

For Boys Only—Girls Do Not Read This.

(Read backward). Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you, would you knew we.

Teacher: "Don't recite so loud you'll wake Wilbur."

"Ye Gods! It's Lizzie."

The night was dark and stormy
The sun was shining bright,
A young man from Tennessee
Yelled out with all his might,
"Shoot and kill me if you will
But oh, do spare my life,"
So the villian blew his head off
And killed him with a knife.
A young miss came tripping by
She was feeble and bent with years
On her face she wore a pleasant smile
And her eyes were filled with tears.
She saw the young man lying there
And cried aloud, "Who is he?"
The young man raised his headless
body
And shrieked, "Ye Gods! It's Lizzy!"

In English.

Teacher: "What chapter of the book did you like the best?"

Pupil: "The last one."

Teacher: "Why?"

Pupil: "Because it was the last."

Mrs. Miles: "Now pupils, I want to shut your eyes and look at the model."

If Manual would lose the last track meet, would Lawrence Winn? (Who dropped that banana peeling—zip—)

Julia Browne excitedly: "That boy over there threw a kiss at me."

Girls: "What did you do, Julia?"

Julia indignantly: "Do? Why? I threw it back to him of course."



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An Old Nursery Rhyme as Rendered
by Our Teachers.

Original Version.

I love to see a little dog
And pat him on the head,
So prettily he wags his tail
Whenever he's fed.

Mr. Graves.

I love to watch my little lambs
As through the halls they stray,
To weed the goats out from the sheep
And send them on their way.

Mrs. Miles.

I love to draw from morn' till night,
But if you'd see me smile
You'd give me pupils who could draw
For even a little while.

Dr. Hall.

I love to swat the little freshman
And hear him loudly bawl,
I love to take the lordly senior
And slam him 'gainst the wall.

Miss Steele.

I love the facts of history,
They make my pupils work;
I've need of praise for those who toil,
But woe for those who shirk.

Miss Casey.

I love to preach simplicity
In dress and manners, too,
But in the face of present styles,
What can I really do?

Miss Eveland.

I love to teach arithmetic,
But oh, I must confess,
I wish the girls would figure more
On Math. and less on dress!

Miss Della Drake.

I love the polished Cicero,
Yea, Vergil, too, and Caesar,
But why my class don't do the same
Is really quite a "teaser."

Mr. Kizer.

I love to crack my little joke
And with my pupils smile—
I also love to make them work
In right down royal style.

Mr. Riggs.

I love to sway the banton gay,
And see them breathless hang
Upon my every move—but oh!
I wish they really sang.

Reading Ivanhoe.

Teacher: "The old Saxons were heavy drinkers."

Pupil: "Is that what it means here where it says that Saxons rushed the barbi-can."

Teacher, discussing hydraulic pressure: "We now use hydraulic pressure to squeeze cotton seed oil out of cotton seed and flax seed oil out of flax seed."

Pupil: "Do they use it to squeeze caster oil out of casters."

Doc Boult: "I wonder why they call me 'Doc?'"

Pinkey: "Maybe it is because you look like a pill."

(Ouch, who threw those bricks).

Ah, Ha, a Solution!

Mrs. Miles says the object of the track team's mysterious short hair cuts, is to enable them to wear their hats after the meets.

Alan: "Say, there's a girl over here named Russell who wants to pay you a dollar."

Riley: "Here's where I rustle (Russell) up a dollar."

Jeanette Ritchie, parsing in Grammar class, "What do you want next, Mr. Kizer, hives"?

Bernard H. to Dorothy N., as M. Chilton enters the room, "That's the kind of a girl I want for my wife. Sort of a clown you know."



FACULTY



VACATIONS





"Our Artists."

Mr. Ogg (taking cards in alphabetical order): "Any F's?"

Sleepy Junior (awakening): "Yes, I got one."

Berenice Gamble: "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Ruth Gibson: "Yes, sit down. We serve everybody."

Miss Casey (in millinery): "I hope you will all marry Mr. Right."

Dorothy Norris: "We will probably all get Left."

Mr. Riggs, "David played on a lyre, which is a certain kind of instrument, but there are in this world many other kinds of liars."

Margaret: "Say, I thought you were going to join the church."

"Babe" S.: "I am, this summer. The water is too cold now."

Mary: "What night is commencement this year?"

Dorothy: "Why Wednesday, I think."

Mary: "Oh, I can't go, that's prayer meeting night."

(Note these were seniors).

In History.

Louise: "No, the King didn't care for Bacon at all."

Marion L.: "What is a 'dead policy'?"

Mr. D.: "A 'dead policy' is one that has expired."

Mr. Knight in Geometry: "What is a mean proportional?"

Mignon: "One that is hard to work."

Ruth: "Howard, if Edith keeps pounding your hat, you'll have to have it re-blocked."

Vera: "Wait, till he puts his head in it, then it will be re-blocked."

Mr. Drake, the morning after the debate dinner, "I am about \$2.50 in debt this morning as I had to lend all those boys money to take the girls home."

The Glee Club for Instance.

"Heard melodies are sweet but unheard are sweeter."—Keats.

Mrs. Elston: "That surely could be said of some people's singing, couldn't it?"

Figuratively Speaking.

Fond Father: "Professor, I don't think my son is making much progress at college. Is he fond of figures?"

Prof: "Well he attended all the musical shows last winter."

Ben Goldstein: "Why is my shoe like a church?"

Jameyson: "Fire!"

Ben: "Because it's holy."

Alan P. (in chemistry): "Is this found in nature?"

Mildred C.: "No, in Germany."

Mr. Riggs: "Your daughter has no capacity for music."

Fond Mother: "Well, I will go right down town and buy her one."

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

Freshie: "In the course of time, I guess."

Mr. G.: "I want you to report on this subject tomorrow."

Gilbert B.: "I would like to be excused, sir. I want to go to the ball game, this afternoon."

Seniors.

We should worry like a pair of trousers and get suspended.

Why not worry like an oyster and get canned.



THE NAUTILUS STAFF IN ITS INFANCY

Gordon Case.

"Call me sweet and tender names."
This is the wonderful Mr. Case. He is extremely fond of girls, we have heard, but the way he chases the girls out of the Nautilus office with a stick makes one think he'll turn out to be a wife beater. However, Gordon has a good heart if he doesn't show it. Dr. Hall said he was a fine boy up as far as his ears.



Franklin Moore.

"Hide not your light under a bushel."
Ladies and Gentlemen! Here we have the versatile Mr. Moore. Looking at this cherubic face you would not think that it would some day be plastered in front of a brain as Franklin's, would you? Those slightly parted lips show that his over-developed tendency to have his mouth open started early in youth. But all kidding aside, Frankie was a pretty child and is yet. You ask any of the girls if you don't believe it.



Verra Curran.

"Look only with thine eyes."
Just take one look at this bright and smiling face and we are sure you will never forget it. We would have liked to put Verra's life history in this column but her time is taken up by matrimonial troubles and she couldn't give us any reference. Anyway, Verra sure is a good-hearted kid.



Ross Anderson.

"Love me and the world is mine."
Ross has temperament all right. He is a "sure nuf" ladies' man. Ask Margaret if you don't believe it. He used to be an athlete and he says he is yet, but women and song are his chief diversions these days. Cupid has some shape, too, believe us. When he puts on his natty little track suit, he looks like a reincarnation of Siegfried the first, and would drive Annette Kellerman out of business in a week if he took up diving.



Ben Goldstein.

"Modesty is the lowest of the virtues."

When you first saw this picture you thought "Golly, look at those ears!" Didn't you. Well, you shouldn't make fun of Bennie's ears—they show that he has a generous nature. Bennie is sure some cartoonist and if this talented lad keeps up his art studies for a few more years, he will be able to print menus on a restaurant window.



Marguerite Hart.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

If you don't believe it look at the pucker-up "cupids bow" mouth and the disbended cheeks that foretell her future greatness as a cornet soloist. Can't you see the musical temperament in those melting hazel eyes?



Agnes Spalding.

"Blessed are the meek, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

We don't know whether this quotation is correct or not, but we couldn't find anyone who did, so we guess it's all right. But isn't she the meek thing, tho. Agnes is one of those people who don't talk much, but who do things. She ought to make the best kind of a wife, then.



Herbert Shepp.

"Forget me not."

This is that handsome light-headed boy that all the girls rave about. If Herbert wasn't so bashful he sure would make (some) ladies' man but alas—no hope—Herbert's mother told him it wasn't nice to flirt. Forgive us for our audacity, Herbert.



Laura Shipley.

"Hard work is my middle name, but I never go by it."

Here you see the industrious Miss Shipley. We have been told she is the hardest worker on the staff. In fact, she is one of the sweetest little onions we ever knew. But, after all is said, isn't she a lovable child?



Barbara Block.

"A sharp wit and a ready tongue."

We want to apologize, people, because Barbara's picture was omitted. We had the sweetest little picture in all the world of her but some pilfering vandal must have laid his hands on it and forgot to take them off. Well, never mind Barbara, they'll love you just the same. Famous people never care about having their pictures printed anyway. Barbara sure has a sense of humor and a good disposition. She couldn't have stood to be in the same department with Ross if she hadn't.



Lawrence Winn.

"Blessed is he that tooteth his own horn for no other shall toot it for him."

Step right this way, gentlemen! Just cast your eyes on this wonder! You now see before you young Samson, the famous athlete. This, friends, is the future we now see for our famous Mr. Winn. When you go to the circus next year, don't fail to visit the strong man in the dime show. Really though, looking at this sweet little face you would hardly think it could grow to be so aggressive looking. Take him, all in all, though, Fannie is a pretty good old scout and he may make the Olympic games yet.

Mary Rose.

"Drink to me only with thine eye
Hasn't Mary got the classy eye
though. Believe me you don't see
like that on every baby. The first
Franklin saw her, he got so excited
fell out of his cradle. Mary has a
liant future before her. She won
make one of the best actresses in
world if she had the right part—
where she wouldn't have to say an
thing. But she may never do anything
as desperate as that; in all probability
she will be a peaceful, contented
school teacher.

James Richardson.

"Laugh and the world laughs with
you."

Jimmy always has a happy smile
which shows a good disposition any
way. He thinks he's all right and
goes a long way toward fooling other
people (sometimes). James must be
a little deaf for whenever he gets ex-
cited his voice always rises to a pitch
slightly higher than a young Tex
cyclone in full action. He has a loving
nature, too, but he doesn't always care
to show it in public as he is a little
bashful, and doesn't like to have a
crowd around when he feels sentiment
coming on.





Beulah Gamble.

"She blushes like a summer rose."

That's what Shakespeare said, isn't it? Well, Beulah has the summer rose skinned a country block when it comes to blushing. That is probably due to her modesty. She has an artistic temperament, too. Temperament must run in her family for her "sin twister" is a musiker, while Beulah is an artist.



"Senator" Hurwitz.

"Men may come, men may go, but I go on forever."

In this "Knight of the Lace Curtain" we have the embodiment of the saying "gift of gab." Nevertheless, we will have to hand it to Bernard's remarkable brain, also his political tendency which brought him fame—these two virtues (?) have made him well known in Manual as well as gained fame for him.



Carl Betz.

"Gaze on me, for I know everything."

Carl is a wise guy all right. From the way he looks, you'd think he was calculating the diameter of his rattle, taking _____ for the circumference. But you have to be serious if you are to be a mathematician, don't you Carl.



Ross Davenport.

"Still waters run deep, and the Devil lies at the bottom."

Doesn't that describe Ross, though. He always looks as innocent as a lamby goat, but you can bet your last bean, he's up to some mischief. Ross is a bright boy, but he's terribly lazy. We think that he'll have a job some day as an editor, as they are as lazy as anything that ever lived. That's what the teachers think, anyway.



Alfred Coop.

"He eats, drinks, sleeps, and is almost human."

This little quotation applies to this gentleman (?) as he is at present. There's still some hope for him though, for homely boys make good looking men.

"At the Ball" ***

- BY
H. Walker Ford.



"BILL" GRAINGER
ABLE EXECUTIVE
PRES. CLASS '15



MAURICE HOARE
EX-CHEERLEADER
PRES. CLASS 14



RUTH JENSEN
SINGER
VICE-PRES. - '15



*** THIS IS SUPPOSED TO REFER TO THAT JUNIOR-SENIOR AFFAIR OF THE 16th OF MAY
EDITOR'S NOTE!

BUSINESS



LAWRENCE WINN



JAS. RICHARDSON



FRANKLIN MOORE



MR. J.M. KENT



H.W. FORD
1-15

THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

The degree of perfection which the Nautilus attains hinges to a pronounced extent upon the Business Department. It is this department that decides the monetary value of each issue, yet the students are eager to contribute to every department, but this. However, a few students, loyal to the school in everything, have assisted this year in procuring advertising for the Nautilus, and we wish to thank them one and all. Mention was made in the other issues of those assisting in the publication, but those whose names belong on the honor roll for the Annual are Arnold Block, Charles Cleeton and Howard Jameyson. The year has been unusually successful for the business department.

In spite of opposition that threatened to destroy the Nautilus, we have obtained the largest quantity and the best quality of advertising possible with our limited time and experience, and therefore feel that no apologies are necessary. Our only hope is that, through student patronage of our advertisers, the advertising they have placed with us will prove profitable.

E. LAWRENCE WINN.

FRANKLIN MOORE.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

- | | | | | | |
|------------|-------------|---------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| C. Mahoney | E. Miller | E. Williams | E. Jones | E. Jones | O. Harness |
| G. Leake | H. Mistelle | Hardin | M. F. Smyth | L. Parrish | R. Lewis |
| A. Harris | E. Harvey | V. Miller | R. Gibson | D. Noll | N. Fraher |
| L. Millemn | F. Leonard | F. Harness | B. E. Riggs | M. Longsdorf | A. Straub |
| G. Walter | M. Gannell | B. Stansberry | E. McGlynn | M. Keene | J. Scutter |
| | | | | | A. Clapp |
| | | | | | E. Lee |
| | | | | | M. Bancroft |
| | | | | | M. McFarland |



STRING QUARTET.

Dora Tree

Winifred Joyce

Frank Hamilton

Bernice Gamble



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Chaffee
Warren
Shively
Soft

Bluder
Warren
Treen
Cheriton
Kernie

Munch
Hodges
Mantrowe
Malikmanan

Holliday
Bliger

Anderson
Boorach
Darrinell
Lorenz

Hood
Shively
Alborn
Green



MANUAL BAND.

Solt	Warren	Alber	Alber	Hatey	Warren	Nifong
Shively	Chaffee	Chaffee	Alber	Hatey	B. E. Riggs	Hoffiday
				Joyce	Joyce	Olsen
				Straub		
				Scott		

Seniors



E. H. CROSBY



MAURICE HOARE
PRESIDENT



EDITH TAVIS
VICE-PRES



RUTH GIBSON
SECRETARY

SENIOR
1914
OFFICERS



MORRIS RILEY
TREASURER



ALLAN PICKARD
SERGT AT ARMS



RUSSELL WILSON
GLEANER

CASE

SENIORS

MAURICE HOARE.

One thousand nine hundred fourteen! That designates a year that should remain dear to every senior who leaves Manual on June 10. There are many reasons for this and a variety that should satisfy all. From the very beginning of the year, there was an atmosphere introduced into Manual that was different. One of the reasons, of course, was the change of regime. It was evident from the first that Manual was to be a different school. We soon realized this, fell in with the new spirit, and feel without the least regret, that we were fortunate.

Mr. Graves has introduced several innovations in school life, one of which should attract particular notice; that is his plan of bringing the high school student and the merchant of the city into closer relationship with each other and of endeavoring to help the student in any way even after he has left school. We do not have to feel that after four years of work the wisdom of all of which we did not understand, but now begin to appreciate we are to be thrust out into an unfeeling world, in which life is totally different from that which we have known for some time past. Instead, our school is to help and show us how to use and best appreciate what we have learned. We are fortunate to have been a year under such management. Would that we could have had more! But that which we have had will serve to bind us closer than usual to our alma mater.

There is another reason: The class itself has not been backward in accomplishing things. Usually the seniors, because of experience and training, carry off most of the honors of the school. But take down your annual Nautilus of 1913, look through its pages and see what you find. In athletics, practically the only competitive sport, the juniors were the favorites, establishing all the new records and capturing the majority of points in every track meet. In the debating team,

the juniors held up their end and in all other activities it was evident that the juniors were the class.

And now those self-same juniors are the seniors of '14. This year is truly senior. We are young and impetuous, we do not mean to claim credit for everything, but it is evident that the senior class is this year the superior class. The seniors, with one exception, have managed the Nautilus this year and promise to put out the best annual ever published by a high school. The business managers have broken all records for high mark in advertising and in that connection the same may be said of the senior book, which will be practically self-supporting. The senior this year as the junior last year is the one who has upheld the name of Manual as is shown by the basket ball team, the great majority of point winners on the track team, and the better part of the debate team.

This bit of egotism is permissible, only as it makes us realize that as we leave the school we have resting upon us the responsibility of keeping up the reputation outside of school that we have made and enjoyed while in school.

There is, however, one thought above all others that we should carry away with us and that is, "We are Manual graduates." That recalls to mind the school, its faculty, equipment, association and influences, all those things that have, in the period of greatest susceptibility, changed our old ideas, made new ones and given us the ideal to carry with us through life. "Manual graduates" means much more than merely a high school graduate. It means that we have come from a school that has stood out against others for the best in everything and, notwithstanding the partial lack of material equipment, has put out a "product" that stands for excellence always.

Let us then face the world with the same spirit that has carried us through four successful years at Manual.

LIST OF GRADUATES
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL
 1914

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Alber, Leslie J. | Joyce, Winfred | Weissinger, Harry Sidney |
| Allen, Earl | | Wentworth, Royal |
| Backstrom, Lathrop | Kenney, George Clarence | Whisner, Emons |
| Berry, Clarke V. | | Wilson, Russell |
| Betz, Carl William | Lowrey, Ford | Winkler, Edward B. |
| Bourskens, Frederick W. | | Winn, Lawrence |
| Block, Joseph Arnold | McCormack, Charles G. | Abraham, Hazel Gladys |
| Boult, Clarence | Malmfeldt, Harry Edgar | Amick, Georgia Marie |
| Bradbury, Gilbert | Malsness, Norman Johnston | Anderson, Ruth Adams |
| Bridgman, Jesse E. | Mason, Lyman | Ashurst, Sallie |
| Brookover, Harold E. | Mathews, Kelsey | Atkins, Lucille Agnes |
| Brueckmann, Walter | Mattoon, Parker | |
| | Meisburger, Edward Paul | Bancroft, Maude L. |
| Caleb, Philip | Messmore, Edmund | Bartlett, Tessie May |
| Case, Gordon Philip | Metcalf, Ralph H. | Batton, Stella May |
| Chaffee, Joseph Earl | Moore, Chauncey C. | Best, Hazel L. |
| Coe, Harold | Moore, Franklin | Block, Miriam Barbara |
| Coggshall, Frank Rolland | Mundorff, R. Franklin | Bovard, Aimee |
| Coleman, Morris R. | | Bowyer, Clara Louise |
| Coop, Alfred Miller | Nifong, Robert C. | Brotemarkle, M'rg'r't Virg'n'a |
| Crosby, James Emerson | Nitchev, George W. | Butterworth, Georgia Ethel |
| Curphey, Ralph M. | Null, Chris E. | |
| | | Callen, Alice B. |
| Davenport, Ross | Peters, Paul E. | Chambers, Rose Flory |
| Davis, Thomas James, Jr. | Pickard, Alan | Chilton, Mildred |
| Dike, Lawrence | Pickard, MacFarland | Clark, Lillian May |
| Drake, John | Proper, Francis Phillips | Clemens, Dorothy |
| | | Collins, Marie |
| Ellis, Byron | Reinhardt, Ralph R. | Curran, Vera |
| Eppinger, Clyde | Richardson, James | Curry, M. Madeline |
| | Rider, H. Glenn | |
| Felbeck, George T. | Riley, Morris Glenn | DeLaney, Marguerite |
| Forrester, Thomas | Rogers, Joseph | Donmyer, Bertha |
| | | Dunavan, Agnes Sarah |
| Gabelman, Fred | Schmidt, George | Dunne, May |
| Garth, Walter W. | Scott, Donald M. | |
| Goldstein, Ben | Shepp, John Herbert | Eads, Olive |
| Gordon, Reynolds Eugene | Shively, Walter L. | |
| Gorman, Fay | Simcock, Ralph | Fahey, Berenice Catherine |
| Graham, Albert Irving | Slabotsky, Samuel | Ferney, Jaunita McClain |
| | Smith, Ray Archur | Ferry, Elizabeth Frances |
| Harbordt, Otto E. | Spake, Hubert L. | Finnell, Nellie Jane |
| Helm, Karl | Sparrow, Sterling | Frazier, Zora |
| Henry, Sidney C. | Stanley, George Bowman | |
| Hibler, Earl | | Gamble, Beulah Mae |
| Hoare, J. Maurice | Tower, Ransom Edmund | Gamble, Bernice Rae |
| Hurwitz, Bernard | Travis, Mayo | Garnett, Genevieve |
| | | Gibson, Ruth Alice |
| Jameyson, Howard E. | Warren, Robert M. | Gillies, Opal |
| Jones, Max | Waterman, Wilbur | Goodwin, Mary Ellen |
| | Weir, James W. | |

- Graham, Frances
Graves, Lorene
Guth, Gladys
- Hall, Blanche
Harbaugh, Edith Alice
Harris, Esther B.
Hart, Marguerite Hall
Harvey, Esther B.
Hauk, Marie
Hawkinson, Ethyl C.
Hormer, Irene
Hersberg, Lucille
Hibbs, Ruth R.
Hilsinger, Esther Muriel
Hindman, Louise
Hoagland, Eve R.
Hofsess, Lorna Camille
Holzbaur, Lillian Elizabeth
Hutchison, Mattie J.
- Jones, Agnes Mathews
Jones, C. Elizabeth
Jones, Hazel
Jones, Hazel Maurine
Jones, Helen Darling
- Kahl, Mildred
Kasoi, Edith Carmen
Kassen, Esther
Kinmouth, Erma Lillian
- Ladd, Mona V.
Leake, Grace A.
Lehman, Edythe T.
Lengel, Mildred L.
- Leonard, Florence E.
Levin, Mary
Lewis, Marjorie Ned
Logan, Ruth
Longsdorf, Margaret
- McBride, Mary Ella
McCleary, Irma
McKinley, Vane
Manning, Nellie
Marsh, Harriette B.
Mertins, Eva Gaynel
Moore, Norma Lucile
Myers, Lois
- Nathan, Fannye Natalie
Naylor, Gladys Lavinia
Noll, Daisy
Norris, Dorothy Elizabeth
- Olson, Signe Elizabeth
- Peters, Dora
Pierson, Nettie M.
Plank, Opal Marie
Purnell, Madge Sloan
- Quiett, Nellie N.
- Ragan, Alpha L.
Ramage, Lenore Sophia
Reed, Pauline
Ritchie, Jeanette M.
Rose, Mary Louise
Russek, Esther Marie
Russell, Mable Estelle
- Ryan, Norma R.
Schindelman, Susie
Scott, Hazel R.
Scyster, Margaret Kerney
Seutter, Johanna J.
Sexton, Dorothy R.
Shafer, Marion
Shiple, Laura
Smith, Edna H.
Smith, Ruth Ione
Spalding, Agnes
Speck, Helen Lillian
Sternberger, Adeline
Stubblefield, Fay
- Tavis, Edith
Ten Eyck, Margaret
Thomas, Margaret E.
Tree, Dora M.
Tullis, Esther May
- Urfer, Elsie Irene
- Vaile, Mary
Vials, Grace Ethel
- Weidman, Lula M.
Wier, Marguerite
Wilder, Dorothy Helen
Williams, Helen Marie
Wood, Genevieve
Wood, Ruth M.
Wyman, Helen
Wyne, Phyllis Loraine
- Ziegler, Mary Catherine



Lyman W. Mason
Glee Club, 1912-'13
Orchestra, 1912-'13, '13-'14

Lowrey, Ford



Rose F. Chambers
Winner Annual Nautilus
Cover Design Contest

Williams, Helen Marie



Geo. B. Stanley
G. O. C.
Basket Ball, 1911-'12,
'13-'14
Gym. Team, 1912-'13,
'13-'14
Track Team, 1913-'14

Howard Jameyson
Debating Team, 1914
Gold Medal Oration, 1914
Senior Play Cast, 1914
Senior Book Staff, 1914
K. C. Law School Schol-
arship, 1914



Wier, Marguerite



Hindman, Louise



Mundorff, R. Franklin



Chauncey C. Moore

Senior Play Cast, 1914
Senior Book Staff, 1914



Lorna Hofsess

French Play Cast, 1913
Senior Book Staff, 1914



Collins, Marie



Nitchey, George W.



Herbert Shepp

Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14



Ferry, Elizabeth Frances



Leonard, Florence E.



Peters, Paul E.



Bridgman, Jesse E.



Harbaugh, Edith Alice



Scyster, Margaret Kerney



Winkler, Edward B.



Leslie Alber
Band, '13-'14
Orchestra,
Boys Glee Club



Margaret Longsdorf
Glee Club, 1913-'14
Mixed Quartette, 1913-
'14



Levin, Mary



Henry, Sidney C.

Lathrop Backstrom
Senior Play Cast, 1914



Hersberg, Lucille

Vials, Grace Ethel



Dike, Lawrence

Norris,
Dorothy Elizabeth



Olson, Signe Elizabeth

Brotemarkle, Margaret



E. Lawrence Winn

G. O. C.
 Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14
 Junior Treasurer, 1913
 Senior Play Cast, 1913-'14
 Spanish Play Cast, 1912-'13
 Latin Play, 1912
 French Play, 1913
 Track Team, 1912-'13
 Track Team, 1913-'14
 Basket Ball, 1914

Clarence Boullt

Track Team, 1911-'12
 Track Team, 1912-'13
 Track Team, 1913-'14
 Captain Track Team, 1913-'14
 Gym Team, 1912-'13, '13-'14
 Basket Ball, 1913-'14

Best, Hazel L.

Bowyer, Clara Louise

Forrester, Thomas

Emons Whisner
 Senior Play, 1914

Logan, Ruth

Sternberger, Adeline





Edward Meisburger
Gym. Team, 1914
Track Team, 1914

Crosby, James Emerson



Hutchison, Mattie J.

Harris, Esther B.



Bradbury, Gilbert

Eads, Olive



Fahey, Berenice Catherine

Butterworth, Georgia Ethel





Rogers, Joseph



Nifong, Robert C.

Vera Curran
Elocution Contest Silver
Medal, 1913
Junior Vice-Pres., 1913
Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14

Purnell, Madge Sloan



Hilsinger, Esther Muriel

Simcock, Ralph



McBride, Mary Ella

Jones, Agnes Mathews





Weir, James W.



Ellis, Byron



Anderson, Ruth Adams



Guth, Gladys



Ruth Hibbs
Senior Play Cast, 1914



Coleman, Morris R.



Lehman, Edythe T.



McCleary, Irma



Schmidt, George



Malmfeldt, Harry Edgar



Sexton, Dorothy R.



Agnes Spalding
Nautilus Staff, 1912-'13,
'13-'14



Peters, Dora



Ransom Tower
Senior Play Cast, 1914
Track Team, 1914



Ruth Gibson
Girls' Glee Club, 1914
Senior Secretary, 1914



Mary Louise Rose
Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14
Junior S'g't-at-Arms,
1913



Irving Graham
Tennis Team, 1914

Jones, Max



Graham, Frances

Laura Shipley
Nautilus Staff, '13-'14
Senior Play Cast, 1914



McCormack, Charles G.

Reinhardt, Ralph R.



Abraham, Hazel Gladys

Wilder, Dorothy Helen





James Richardson
 Junior Sec'y, 1913
 Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14
 Spanish Play Cast, 1913
 Senior Play Cast, 1914

Bourskens, Frederick W.



Marguerite Hall Hart
 Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14
 Orchestra, '10-11, '11-'12,
 '12-'13, '13-14

Gillies, Opal



Walter Garth
 Cheer-leader, 1914

McKinley, Vane



Bernice Rae Gamble
 Orchestra, 1912-'13, '13-
 '14
 String Quartette, 1913-
 '14

Tavis, Edith
 Senior play cast, '14





Travis, Mayo



Malsness, Nor'an Johnston

Margaret Ten Eyck
Senior Play Cast, 1914

Manning, Nellie



Gorman, Fay



Stubblefield, Fay



Clark, Lillian May



Ferney, Juanita McClain



Carl Betz
Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14

Donald M. Scott
Orchestra, 1911-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14
Band, 1913-'14



Smith, Ruth Ione

Frazier, Zora



Alfred Coop
Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14
Track Team, 1912-'13, '13-'14
Gym. Team, 1912-'13

Gordon Case
Glee Club, 1910-'11, '11-'12
Track Team, 1910-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14
Nautilus, 1913-'14



Russell, Mable Estelle

Jones, Helen Darling





Mattoon, Parker



Harbordt, Otto E.



Nathan, Fanny Natalie



Russek, Esther Marie



Wood, Genevieve



Messmore, Edmund



Tullis, Esther May



DeLaney, Marguerite



Smith, Ray Arthur



Hall, Blanche



Reed, Pauline



Speck, Helen Lillian



J. E. Chaffee
 Glee Club, 1913-'14, '12-'13
 Orchestra, 1913-'14
 Band, 1914



Marsh, Harriette B.



Franklin Moore.
 Cheer-leader, 1914
 Spanish Play Staff, 1913
 Junior President, 1913
 Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14
 Senior Play Cast, 1914



Jones, Hazel Maurine



Waterman, Wilbur

Francis Phillips Proper
Senior Play Cast, 1914
Track Team, 1912-'13,
'13-'14



Eatton, Stella May

Kasoi, Edith Carmen



Slabotsky, Samuel

Garnett, Genevieve



Pierson, Nettie M.

Bartlett, Tessie May





Bennie Goldstein
Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14
Debate Team, 1912-'13
W. C. T. U. Gold Medal,
1912



Goodwin, Mary Ellen



Coe, Harold



Atkins, Lucille Agnes



George Kenney
Boys' Glee Club, 1913-'14
Basket Ball, 1914



Curry, M. Madeline



Berry, Clarke V.
Latin Play, 1912
Debating Team, 1914
Senior Book Staff, 1914



Ashurst, Sallie



Hibler, Earl

MacFarland Pickard
Senior Play Cast, 1914



Bovard, Aimee



Shafer, Marion



Caleb, Philip



Urfer, Elsie Irene



Hoagland, Eve R.



Graves, Lorene



Helm, Carl



Allen, Earl



Seutter, Johanna J.



Beulah Gamble
Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14



Ladd, Mona V.



Maurice Hoare
Senior President, 1914
Debate Team, 1913-'14
Gym. Team, 1913-'14
Cheer-leader, 1914



Donmyer, Bertha



Naylor, Gladys Lavinia



Davis, Thomas James, Jr.

Reynolds E. Gordon
Gym. Team, 1913-'14
Track Team, 1912-'13,
'13-'14



Ragan, Alpha L.

May Dunne
Senior Book Staff, 1914



H. Glenn Rider
Senior Play Cast, 1914

Alan Pickard
Senior S'g't-at-Arms,
1914
Basket Ball, 1913-'14
All Star Basket Ball,
Track Team, 1913-'14



Myers, Lois

Kinmonth, Erma Lillian





Brookover, Harold E.

J. Arnold Block
Senior Play Cast, 1914



Ramage, Lenore Sophia



Ritchie, Jeanette M.



Bernard Hurwitz
Orchestra, 1910-'11
Glee Club, 1911-'12
Debate Team, 1912-'13,
'13-'14
Nautilus Staff, 1914
Winner \$125.00 M. S. U.
Scholarship, 1914



Metcalf, Ralph H.



Schindelman, Susie



Ethyl C. Hawkinson
Senior Play Cast, 1914



Morris Glenn Riley
 Basket Ball, 1911-'12
 Basket Ball Captain,
 1913-'14
 All Star Basket Ball,
 1913-'14
 Track Team, 1912-'13
 Gym. Team, 1913
 Senior Treasurer, 1914

Mathews, Kelsey



Amick, Georgia Marie

Clemens, Dorothy



Felbeck, George T.

Finnell, Nellie Jane



Kassen, Esther

Noll, Daisy





Sparrow, Sterling



Joyce, Winfred



Hormer, Irene



Quiett, Nellie M.



Bruckmann, Walter



Hauk, Marie



Barbara Block
Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14



Scott, Hazel R.



Weissinger, Harry Sidney

Robert Warren
 Band, 1913-'14
 Orchestra, 1913-'14
 Boys' Glee Club, 1913-
 '14
 Tennis Team, 1914
 Senior Play Cast, 1914



Mertins, Eva Gaynel

Lewis, Marjorie Ned



Plank, Opal Marie

Null, Chris E.



Wyman, Helen

Ziegler, Mary Catherine



This is one of our worthy Juniors put in by mistake.

Curphey, Ralph M.

Lengel, Mildred L.

Holsbaur,
Lillian Elizab'th

Ross Davenport
Nautilus Staff, 1913-'14

Smith, Edna H.

C. Elizabeth Jones
Glee Club, 1913-'14

Fred Gabelman
Debate Team, 1914
Track Team, 1914





Russell Wilson
Senior Giftorian, 1914
Senior Play Cast, 1914
Spanish Play, 1913
W. C. T. U. Prize, 1912

Eppinger, Clyde



Donovan, Agnes Sarah

Thomas, Margaret E.



Moore, Norma Lucile

Drake, John



Tree, Dora M.

Vaile, Mary





Wentworth, Royal



Coggshall,
Frank Rolland



Wynne, Phyllis Loraine



Ryan, Norma R.



Grace Leake



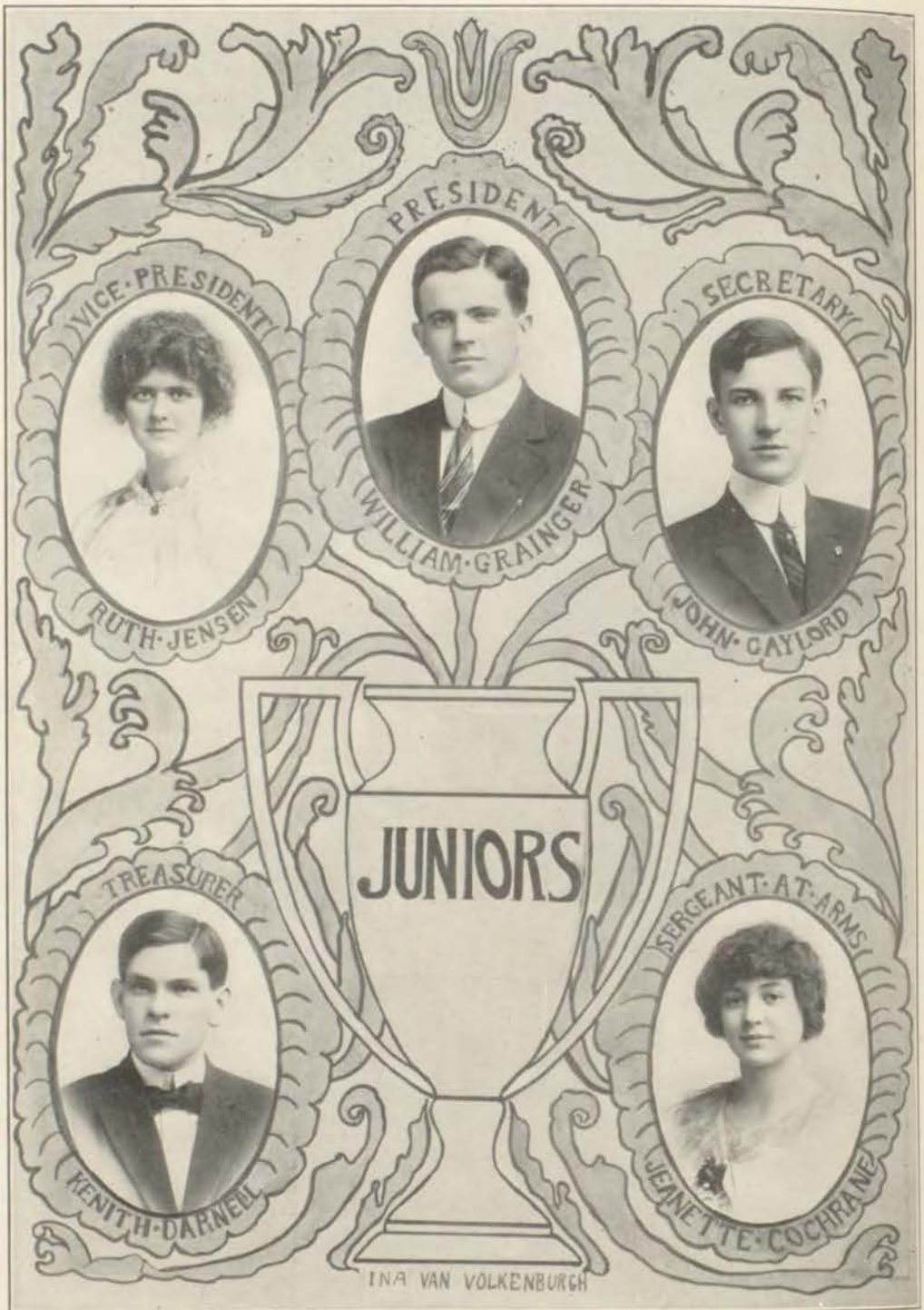
Mildred Chilton
Senior Play Cast, 1914
Elocution Contest Gold
Medal, '14



Bancroft, Maude L.



Jones, Hazel



JUNIORS

WILL GRAINGER.

Not many moons ago—it seems but yesterday—one of the most remarkable assemblages, in many ways, in the annals of Manual was ushered into the third year of its conquest of knowledge and wisdom. Perhaps it would interest you to know something of the history of this illustrious class. Prior to its entry into the halls of dear old Manual, in A. D. 1911, the record is incomplete, there being no contemporaneous writer. At the beginning of its history, however, in the first year of the reign of Professor Graves, there was an aggregate of three hundred and twenty eminent individuals. Now the lineage of this extraordinary people has not been traced, but the national characteristics speak for themselves. They are composed of members of the best families of the English, German, Russian, French, Swedish and Norwegian nationalities; nor are the sturdy Irish unrepresented. By some strange coincidence—who knows but what providence had a hand in it—the best talent and intellect from the four corners of the earth converged at this time to make up this mighty people.

But to come down out of the clouds, it is gratifying to record that while this class is by no means perfect, it is still striving onward and upward. The more they learn the more they want to learn. But not so with the mighty Seniors. What they know is incomprehensible to an ordinary Junior. They have explored all the fields of literature; they have delved into and mastered all the sciences—even the blessed mathematics; they have begun at the beginning and are now authorities on the history of the world—in a word, they have found out everything there is to be known. When they step out of the halls of old Manual the world will bow at their feet, and they shall go forth as the rightful heirs to the high and mighty places of the land.

But, dear Seniors, take a bit o' advice from your humble under classmen. When you ask the "boss" for an increase in your wages, and he tells you that seven dollars a week is twice

as much as you are worth, don't think that he is a brute; don't become despondent and contemplate suicide, but just forget some of your Latin and the other "fluffy-ruffle stuff" and see if you cant pick up a little information about the business. After you have learned that the hammer is to drive a nail with, and that the nail is to be driven into the wood, then you will be in shape to help the shipping clerk nail up boxes.

In carrying out the afore-mentioned conquest, this invincible Junior class encountered an organization known as the Faculty. It was thought at first that the function of that association was hostile to the interest and well-being of the class, nor was that belief without grounds, for upon some occasions its members have appeared as huge giants ready to swallow their victims upon the least provocation. It was only a short period of time, however, until the class had adapted itself to the environment and was coping admirably with its imaginary adversary. More recent reports have shown that the former beliefs about the hostility of the syndicate known as the Faculty were erroneous, and at the date of this writing (A. D. 1914) treaties have been made so that the two factions are now on good terms.

In all seriousness, we do wish to extend our heart-felt gratitude to our teachers for the kind and considerate interest they have taken in us.

And for the Seniors:

Here's to the class of one and four,
Gentlemen and ladies as true as of
yore.

Size up their work and see their remarkable feats;

Editors, housekeepers, mechanics and athletes.

We hope they'll not forget what they're s'posed to remember,

For they'll be ready for trouble again by September.

But they're trained in a school never equaled before,

So we're strong for these Seniors of one and four.



The Nautilus is entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Post Office, under date of January 19, 1898, as Second Class matter, under the Act of Congress, March, 3, 1879.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

DR. CROWDER.

This is a day of progress. New devices, now systems, new discoveries are being thrust upon the world with ever-increasing rapidity. In the medical world this is even more true than in other spheres of activity but among the discoveries and inventions of medical men, there is one which stands out head and shoulders above its contemporaries.

veritable siege of letters from appreciative patients in every civilized part of the world. One of the big reasons for the fact that all of his patients and friends believe in him is that he believes in himself and accomplishes for them more than he promises. He has a fine, strong, genial personality and one feels confidence in him as soon as he takes hold of a case.



This wonder of the century, this anacea of many human weaknesses, this redeeming star to the masses of afflicted peoples, is the unbelievably effective cure for nascent tuberculosis, catarrh, asthma and bronchial troubles discovered and perfected by Dr. W. H. Crowder, the eminent Kansas City physician and surgeon.

The system and devices used by Dr. Crowder are absolutely and solely used and controlled by him and are peculiarly adapted to diseases and troubles of the throat, nose and lungs, which diseases are readily and permanently cured in the sanitarium of this public benefactor.

The abnormal success of Dr. W. H. Crowder's work has subjected him to a

He has had wide training for his work for after having had many years experience in the drug trade he was graduated from the Kansas City College of Pharmacy and is thoroughly versed in the use of medicines as well as their chemistry.

Dr. Crowder believes that the basis of all cures lies in assisting nature in her work through the moderate use of drugs and a system of rest and dietetics associated with electro and mechanical therapeutics. Therefore his sanitarium at Sixth and Woodland is situated in a large, airy location surrounded by large trees and beautiful grounds and peculiarly conducive to rest and a thorough recuperation of strength and good health.

FLOUR

**KELLEY'S BEST
BEATS ALL THE REST**

Made In Kansas City

The Manual Chronicle.

March 16—Frankie Moore said a cuss word.

March 18—Mac visited a girl (who?)

March 21—A deadly horse fly peeped in the Nautilus office window, but withdrew its little head just in time to miss the broom.

March 25—Gordon Case ran a girl out of the Nautilus office with a stick.

March 27—What we supposed to be a new "gym" is only a shed for bicycles.



Nelson & Wright

Men's Furnishers

Home Telephone 2766 Main

906 Main Street

Julius Baer
OPTICIAN

2 Stores { 19 East Eleventh St.
911 Grand Ave.

Kodak and Kodak Finishing

BRIGGS

Your Kodak Dealer

914 GRAND AVENUE

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.



CHAS. H. CEASE
Baritone.

Voice Specialist

Voice Building,
Tone Placement,
Coaching.

*Available for Concert,
Recital, Oratorio.*

German Lieder a Specialty

503 Studio Bldg.

Bell Phone



E. Geneve Lichtenwalter

Pianist-Teacher

6th Floor Studio Building
9th and Locust Sts.

Bell Phone Main 3922

Miss Lichtenwalter's fortnightly musicals furnish abundant evidence of the superiority of her teaching

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

Miss Ida Simmons

Teacher of
PIANO

Down Town Studio
403 Studio Bldg.
Bell Phone Main 2215

Residence Studio
216 Garfield
Home Home East 2848

April 1—Junior election. We are in doubt about the date, but the bunch surely justifies this decision.

April 18—Mildred wears some new hose—hear those pink ones.

April 21—Marguerite T. rubbing some boy's neck in the Nautilus office, says she was erasing his collar.

April 26—Mary and Frank finish falling out and Ella got on the job.

May 1—For the second time this year a local was found in the box.



The Old Reliable

BADGER LUMBER COMPANY

Everything

in

Building Material

Thirteen Yards in Greater Kansas City
Insure Prompt Service

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

If you would buy good drugs and eats,
 And candy very fine,
 Step out to *Swearingen's*, at *Spruce*, on the
Independence Avenue Line.

SWEARINGEN-DRUGS

Cor. Independence Avenue and Spruce

Home Phone East 1354.

Bell Phone East 84.

May 6—Elda Keene was seen in the Nautilus office. This is a very unusual occurrence and should be given proper importance.

May 11—It is reported that Mildred Hinton recited in chemistry on Monday.

May 14—An illustrious assembly.

Marie Collins and Darnell make a most beautiful couple.

May 16—Track meet and junior prom. Westport won the baseball throw and marble flips in great style and also made a thrilling finish in the eighty-pound ten-yard relay. Fish-walking was very popular at the prom.

1102 East Fifteenth Street.
 3823 Independence Avenue.

J.R. Suddarth
 CLEANING & DYEING CO.
 CLEANS EVERYTHING TO WEAR

BOTH PHONES.
 KANSAS CITY, MO.

Young Men—see the Special New Graduation Styles From "The L System" at **\$25**

These suits embody all the features dressy young fellows admire; distinctive, original styles, beautiful fabrics, colors and patterns; elegant blue serges, designed especially for GRADUATION wear; the smartest, crispest, snappiest young men's suits, and the best values ever offered, at **\$25**



Young Men's Store

Auerbach & Guettel
The Palace
 CLOTHING CO.

909-919
 Main Street

Kansas City, Mo.

© THE SYSTEM

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

ADVERTISEMENTS

The clothes you wear express your "self",
And, if they're neat and clean,
You'll get a reputation good,
Wherever you are seen.

Now, we can't sell you suits of clothes—
We don't have them at all—
But we keep notions and such things,
Here at your beck and call.

We have pins and collars and dry-goods here,
And needles and neckwear, too;
We wish that you would call on us,
We'll be glad to show you through.

LADIES'
READY-MADE
GARMENTS

OTTO F. LANGE

MEN'S
FURNISHINGS

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

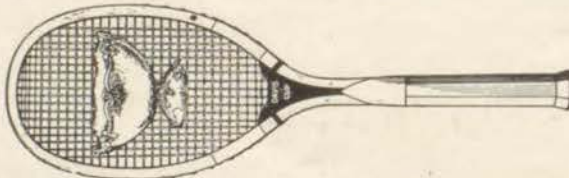
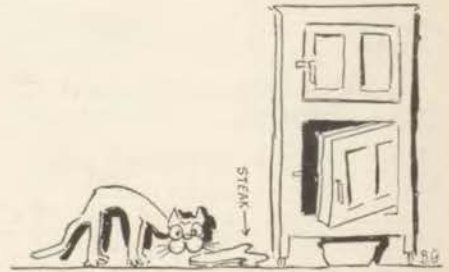
1118 East Fifteenth Street—Just Across from Manual

May 20—Grace Kraft was ready to leave the building at the end of the sixth.

May 22—The seniors begin to look sad. Next week has been set for exams.

May 26—Walker Ford has just begun to notice what a beautiful complexion he has.

May 30—On this day several pieces of steak were missing from the cooking department. The question is who took them?



ALSO
**BASE BALL
BICYCLES
CAMERAS
GOLF, etc.**

ASK TO SEE THIS ONE
GEO. C.

LOWE & CAMPBELL
ATHLETIC AND SPORTING GOODS
1113 GRAND AVENUE

TENNIS

We have some new model Rackets
that are worth looking over

TENNIS BALLS

All Makes, Three for One Dollar

SHOES

The Toe-Lace Kind Fit—\$1.75 to \$3

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

Robert Keith Furniture and Carpet Co.

Largest and Best Stocks
OF

Good Furniture
Oriental Rugs
European Rugs
Domestic Rugs
Curtains, Draperies

Grand Ave. and 11th St.

May 2—Bernard Hurwitz won the M. U. Scholarship.

May 12—Cartoons are refusing to show up. Perhaps they have joined the American Federation of Labor.

May 16—This is our busy day.

May 27—We have been asked in this column to bid the juniors, sophs and freshies a long, sad farewell. The seniors say they have enjoyed their reign and it is hoped that the juniors will profit by their example. Amen.



Furnishes Dainty Floral Decorations for
Clubs and Teas

BOTH PHONES.

GEO. M. KELLOGG FLOWER &
PLANT CO.
Florist

Flowers and Plants in Their Season.
Corsages a Specialty.

1122 Grand Avenue

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

Safety First

The first consideration in selecting a bank for your savings is

S - A - F - E - T - Y

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY
IS ASSURED YOU HERE**

FOR EVERY DOLLAR YOU DEPOSIT

BECAUSE we are restricted in the investment of our deposits to government bonds, high-grade community and railroad bonds and first mortgage real estate loans. Open a savings account with \$1.00 and begin to **SAVE**. We'll pay you 3% interest, compounded semi-annually.

FIDELITY SAVINGS TRUST CO.

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

N. W. COR. 9TH AND GRAND

OUR DEPOSITS ARE SAVINGS EXCLUSIVELY

The Ford is my auto; I shall not want.

It maketh me to lie under it in green pastures; it leadeth me into much trouble.

It draweth on my purse; I go into the paths of debt for its sake.

Yea though I understand my Ford perfectly, I fear much evil for the radius rods or the rear axle might break.

It has a blowout in the presence of mine enemies; I annoint the tire with a patch; the radiator boileth over.

Surely this thing won't follow me all the days of my life; if it does I will dwell in the house of poverty forever.

Hints in Courtship.

If she says the clock's correct,

You are neutral we suspect;

If she says the clock is fast,

You are gaining ground at last;

If she says the clock is slow,

You are done for—better go.

—Ex.

KANSAS CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE

A school that has for its object the thorough training of young men and women for success in life. Bookkeeping, 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. 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.

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

Funeral Prices Reduced

Independent of all Trusts

"Honor to whom Honor is due." Had it not been for Mrs. C. L. Forster reducing the Prices on all caskets ON DEC. 24, 1911, you would STILL be paying the OUTRAGEOUS PRICES for funerals. I have saved the PUBLIC from \$30 to \$250 on all adult Funerals for more than two years. Broadcloth caskets sold elsewhere from \$65 to \$100, my price, trimmed complete, \$30.00. I have only standard made caskets and the LARGEST variety to select from in the city, including all grades from the cheapest to the finest made. Auto or horse-drawn funerals same price. Everything guaranteed first-class in every respect. No charge for chapel. No branch office.

We Lead, Others Try to Follow

MRS. C. L. FORSTER

918-920 Brooklyn Ave. Both Phones East 336

Miss Hazen: Yes, we have sold these sandwiches for three months and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?

Voice from the Rear: That dead men tell no tales.

Said A 2 U
I C U R
Inclined 2 B A J
Said B 2 A
Ur mind I C
Shows signs of slight D K.

Nice Fixtures Make Cheerful Homes

Thousands of designs to pick from at very low prices.

We will appreciate your calling at our display rooms.

Tungsten Lamps at Wholesale Prices.

EDWARDS LIGHT COMPANY
1303 GRAND AVE.



In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

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
Goods**

Schmelzer's

1216-18 Grand Avenue

We save you money on
KODAK Finishing

Buy your Eastman Films from us and we will develop them

FREE

"Still Please"

Gleave's Photo Studio

1017-1019 Main Street

Kansas City, Mo.



"Guess I must be a Summer Girl,
For when I walk the beach
With clothes all starched with
Faultless Starch,
They say: 'Gee—Pipe the peach!'"

**FAULTLESS
STARCH**

FREE with Each 10c Package—An Interesting Book for Children

HAKAN

*Jeweler and
Optometrist*

1203 Grand Avenue

BICYCLES

Bought, Sold and Exchanged

Supplies and repairing for all makes. New Bicycles from \$20 up, second-hand ones at all prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Sellers Cycle Co.

Home Phone 4125 M. 15th and Paseo

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

F. L. SCHEURER

W. E. YEAGER

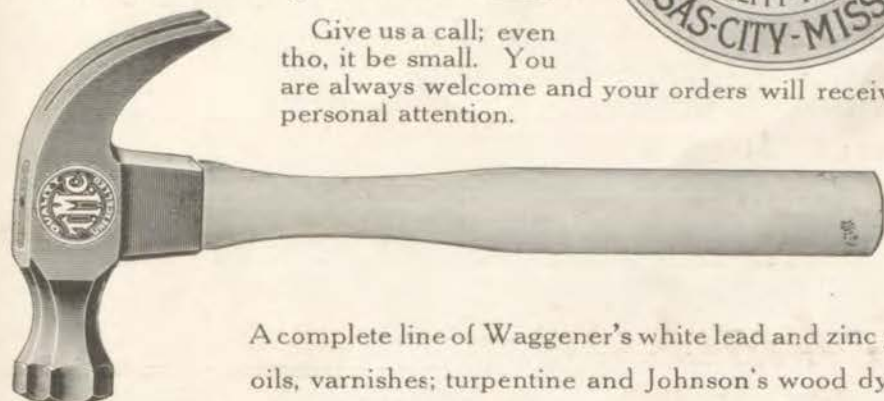
Tool Specialty Co.

DEALERS IN

All Kinds of
TOOLS and HARDWARE

Home Phone Main 5877

1110 East 15th St., Across from Manual



Give us a call; even tho, it be small. You are always welcome and your orders will receive our personal attention.

A complete line of Waggener's white lead and zinc paints; oils, varnishes; turpentine and Johnson's wood dyes.

He: If I were to throw you a kiss what would you say?

She: I'd say you were the laziest boy I ever knew.—Ex.

A little bit of writing
Scribbled on a cuff
Helps a guy remember
Lots of handy stuff.—Ex.

He: "I hear your landlady is a hen."
She: "Well she's laying for me all-right."

(Editor's Note—We were egged onto this yolk.)

Jings: Did you ever read "Looking Backward"?

Bings: Yes, once in an exam and got fired for it.—Ex.

"High school bred" is sometimes a four year loaf.—Ex.

The Veterinary Profession May Interest You

Four years' course qualifies for an honorable profession that pays, that offers official position with city, state and nation, that yields every advantage to be gained by study and practice of medicine. Further, it prepares for a useful, profitable calling which is not yet crowded.

Come in and look th'ings Over

The Kansas City Veterinary College,

1336 East Fifteenth St.

Kansas City, Mo.

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

"SAFETY FIRST"



We consider in developing your Kodak films. In the finishing we are very particular, and in the enlarging we are "there".

ACKERMAN
THE KODAK MAN
 GLENDALE BUILDING
 TENTH AND GRAND AVENUE

This



To
Tennis
 Players

Means
Guarantee of Quality
PRICES FIXED

Buy by the Mark
 A Necessary Guide
 to Quality in
 all things
 Athletic



C. C. Moore: "I wonder why so many fellows who go to dances "stag"?"

Teacher: How near did you come to that answer?

Student: I was just two seats away.
 —Ex.

The cigarette cough is the hack which precedes the hearse.

Old Maid (purchasing music): Have you "Kissed Me in the Moonlight?"

Clerk: Why-er-no. I guess it was the other clerk.—Ex.

"Hic-s-shay, mister is this the way to Boston?"

"Not quite. Don't slide so much, and put more spring in your knees."

Kenny: "What do you think of that twelve-foot fence I put up"?

Vivian: "I can't get over it."

Carl Shaver

will furnish to you

The Best Things to Eat
Delicatessen, Groceries, Meats

Phones—

Bell 759 Grand
 Home 4991 Main

15th near
 Troost

NOVELTIES IN
YOUNG MEN'S
SPECIALTY SUITS

FITWELL CLOTHING CO.

1008 MAIN STREET

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

Kansas City Dental College

New Building
New Equipment
Excellent Faculty

We appeal to the High School Graduate

Send for Catalogue

Write or call upon

Charles Channing Allen, Secretary

Northwest Corner 10th Street and Troost Avenue

K. C. D. C. Building

Kansas City, Missouri

ATHLETIC GOODS

Our Sporting Goods Department is now in shape to meet all requirements. All fresh, new stock, representing the best standard makes, and very moderately priced. A complete line of

Stall & Dean Baseball Goods

which are preferred by all the crack players. The Universities of Missouri and Kansas, Haskell Institute and the Kansas State Agricultural College use Stall and Dean Goods exclusively.

Tennis Goods

We have a comprehensive stock of Tennis Goods, including Wright and Ditson Rackets and the Harry C. Lee Rackets.

Bicycles, Fishing Tackle, Arms and Ammunition, Camping Outfits,
Golf Supplies, Motor Accessories, etc.

Bunting-Stone Hardware Co.

810-12-14 WALNUT STREET

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. 35c, 3 for \$1.00.

"Whyco" Coffee is served to more particular coffee drinkers than any other high-class coffee in Kansas City. 2¼ lbs., \$1.00.

WHYTE'S MARKET

1115-17-19 McGee Street

Out of the High Rent District Where It Pays to Pay Cash.

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

PRINTING AND PROGRESS

Progressive people prosper with perfect printing assistance. How easy it is to succeed when your wares are properly advertised. The House of Perfect Printing, constantly at your command.

PUNTON-REED PUBLISHING Co.

1024-26-28 WYANDOTTE ST., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Jaccard Jewelry Co.

Jewelers

Diamond Importers

Stationers

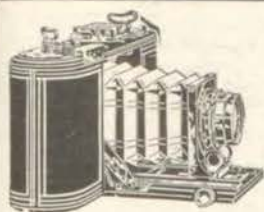
School Stationery and Class Jewelry in Original
and Exclusive Designs

1017-1019 WALNUT STREET



**TEACHENOR-
BARTBERGER
ENGRAVING
COMPANY
KANSAS CITY**

DESIGNERS,
ILLUSTRATORS,
HALFTONE AND
ZINC ETCHERS.



Vacation Time is Kodak Time

THERE is nothing that can make your leisure moments so pleasant as kodaking, and the memories of the dear old schooldays are perpetuated.

We are prepared to fill your every want in kodaks and supplies and show you how to use them.

Kansas City Photo Supply Co.

THE BIG KODAK STORE — 1010 GRAND AVENUE

Student's Good Lunch and Pastry

BLAIR'S IDEAL BAKERIES

TWO STORES

1518 Virginia Ave. NEAR SCHOOL 1306 East 14th St.

LIFE INSURANCE

supplies the only method ever devised whereby one can instantly CREATE AN ESTATE BY THE PAYMENT OF A NOMINAL SUM — it can be done in no other way.

For "REAL" Life Insurance, see

HARRY L. HAWKINSON

SPECIAL AGENT

Provident Life and Trust Company

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

516 BRYANT BUILDING

Home Phone Main 6220

Kodak and Kodak Finishing

BRIGGS

Your Kodak Dealer

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In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

D. V. WHITNEY, Ph. G.
President

W. M. FEDERMANN, Ph. G.
Vice-President

The Kansas City College of Pharmacy

712-14 Wyandotte St.

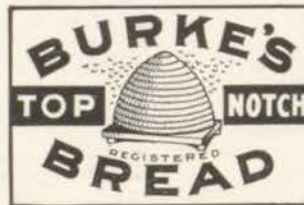
M. M. WHITNEY, Ph. G.
Secy. and Treas.

HOME MAIN 8008



I have builded a reputation

extending over many years of quality baking,
and the housewife who orders



gets the best bread it is possible to make.

Wrapped 5c and 10c Loaves

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

For Milady—French Kid,
SILK,
and Milanese Silk GLOVES

And for you, Mr. Man, the very best in
English Cape Gloves



IMPORTERS
14 PETTICOAT LANE

Junior Boy—"Have you 'Lamb's Tales?'"

New Clerk—"Sir, this is a book store, not a meat market."

I see they took up the pavement on Fifteenth St.

Yes, it was in the road.—Ex. Chestah, you'll be punished.

How About a **KODAK ?** **EDWARDS CUTLERY**
FOR A GRADUATING PRESENT ■ 21 E. ELEVENTH ST. EXPERT FINISHING

Kansas City School of LAW

Students have the advantage of practical office experience combined with theoretical work.

FACULTY



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Hon. John I. Williamson	Judge Walter A. Powell
Hon. Thomas H. Reynolds	Judge E. J. White

Tuition Payable in Advance or in Monthly Installments.

Excellent Library privileges. The unequalled success of our graduates at the Local Bar testifies to the proficiency of our work. For information see

E. D. ELLISON, DEAN EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 818 COMMERCE BLDG. **BEN E. TODD, REGISTRAR**
E. N. POWELL, Secretary and Treasurer

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

<p>The Manual Seal Ring</p>  <p>Actual Size Solid Gold</p> <p>Price . . . \$1.75</p>	<p>F. W. MEYER</p> <p>JEWELER</p> <p>1114 Main St.</p> <p>KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI</p>	<p>The Official Manual Pin</p>  <p>Actual Size</p> <p>Solid Silver . . . \$.75 Solid Gold . . . 1.75</p>
---	--	--

Gordan Case: "What are you going to give Pinkey for helping you—a kiss?"
Coop: "No, I should say not. I'm going to give her something nice."

Pensive Senior: I have something preying on my mind.
Wise Freshie: Don't worry. Let it alone and it will starve to death.—Ex.

A Chink by the name of Ling Sing
Fell off a street car. Bing! bing!
The con looked that way,
And was heard to say,
The car's lost a washer. Ding! ding!

For days and days she touched no food
Did Susie Suffragette.
And then she asked her prison guard,
"Is suffrage granted yet?"
And when he answered "Yes" oh, my!
The way that suffragette.—Ex.

<p>USE RICH-CON</p>  <p>TOOLS---</p> <p>RICHARDS & CONOVER HDW. CO., 5TH AND WYANDOTTE ST.</p>	
---	--

 <p>RED TURKEY WHEAT FLOUR</p>	<p>ARISTOS FLOUR</p> <p><i>The Flour With a Flavor</i></p> <p>IT GOES FARTHER</p>
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In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

Repairers of Jewelry, Watches and Clocks.

Water Color Sketches on Request.

ENGRAVING

GREEN JEWELRY CO.

Creators of Distinctively Artistic Designs in
Jewelry, Class Pins, Medals, Etc.

We made the 1915 Pin.

1104-6 WALNUT STREET.

HOME PHONE 1235

Save Time and Money by Going First to

THE HAHN BOOKSTORE

S. W. Cor. 11th and Locust

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS
STATIONERY AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES

HOME PHONE, 9237 MAIN

BELL PHONE, 3212 GRAND

===== SAM S. =====

Shubert Theatre

Kansas City's Only First-Class

===== Playhouse =====

The Only Real Drug Store in Town

SNODGRASS DRUG CO.

1118 Grand Avenue

CHEMICALS, LABORATORY SUPPLIES, PRESCRIPTIONS
ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, ETC.

In patronizing these advertisers please mention The Nautilus.

"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

For a Nifty HAIR - CUT

GO TO

GUS.'S BARBER SHOP

FIVE UP-TO-DATE BARBERS AT YOUR SERVICE

— 15th and Troost —

ONE OF THE VALUABLE INDUSTRIES IN KANSAS CITY

The Berkowitz Envelope Factory

with a capacity of *One Million Printed Envelopes a day*, supplying the business firms, manufacturers and bankers of Kansas City, and shipping their product into forty states of the United States, located at,

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Should it be your one ambition to write
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ancient subject and express in
language terse. The editor
may reject it if the meter's
out of joint; but if you
fashion it like this
he'll surely see
the point.

The reason that these lines appear
Is just because there was a fear
That without their hidden plot
This would be an empty spot.—Ex.

Spare My Sox!

Son of Athens, ere you shine
These bespattered shoes of mine
Let me on your mind impress
With the utmost earnestness
This, my warning, orthodox:
Keep the polish off my sox.

Son of Athens, hear me now,
There will be one Helva row
Take it even now from me
It will beat Thermopylae.
So, if you'd escape some shocks,
Keep the polish off my sox.—Ex.

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A man on third, two batters out,
Two runs more'd win the game.
If he could make a home run clout
Deathless would be his fame.
He hitched his grimy trousers up,
And spat upon his hands!
He pulled his cap athwart his eyes.
And faced the howling stand.
"Three balls!" the fans yelled with de-
light.
"Two strikes!" the umpire said.
He knocked the next ball out of sight.
And then fell out of bed.

Just a Hint.

"And after I get off the car," said the young man who had asked and received permission to call, "which way do I turn to get to your house?"

"Why," said she, "right in front of you on the corner you'll see a candy store—a very nice candy store—and-er—when you come out you walk two blocks east.—Ex.

Senior: Did you ever take chloroform?
Freshie: No, who teaches it.

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