

Kansas City

May 1901



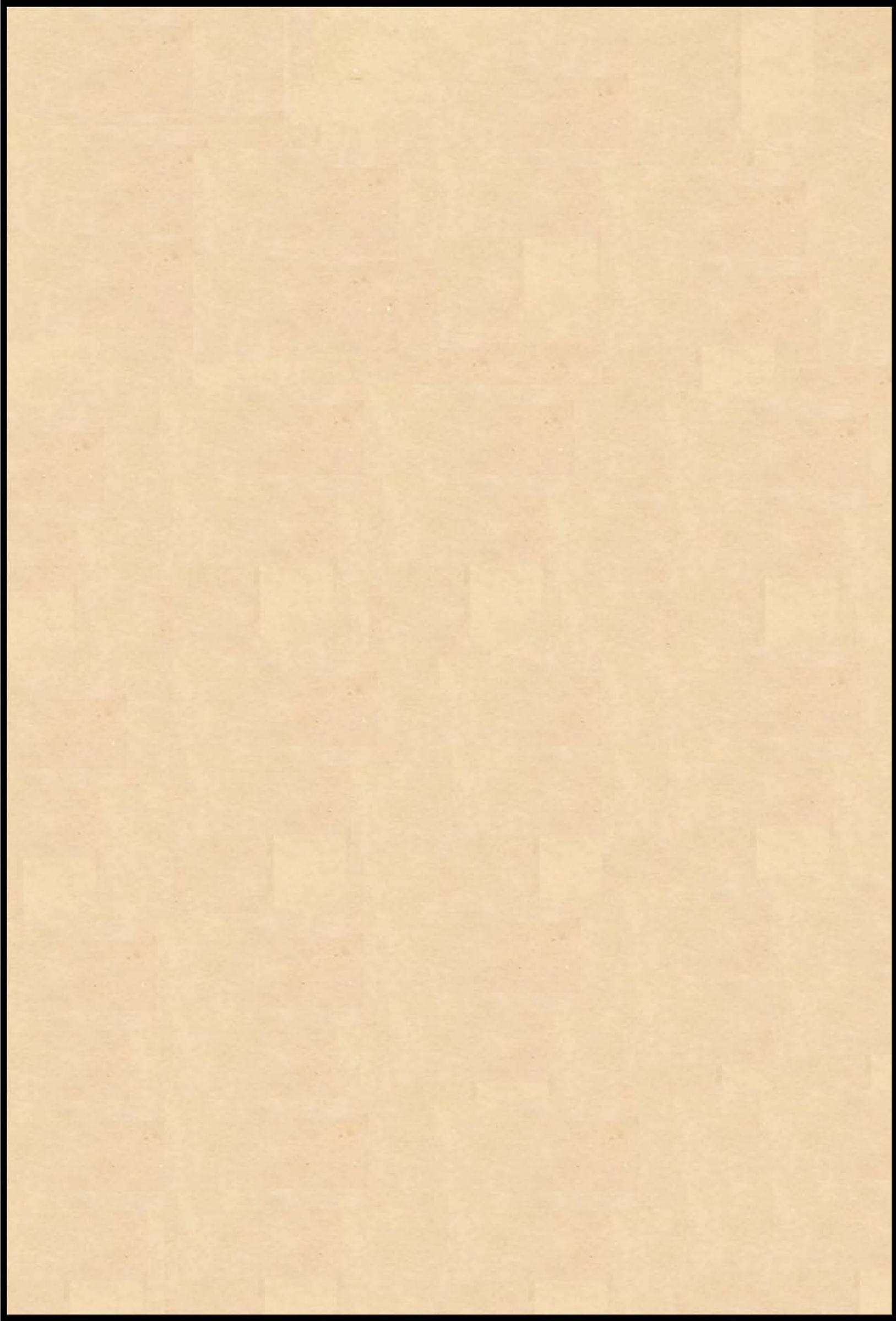
Commencement

Number

HERALD



T HIGH SCHOOL





WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL.

EDITORIAL STAFF WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL HERALD.



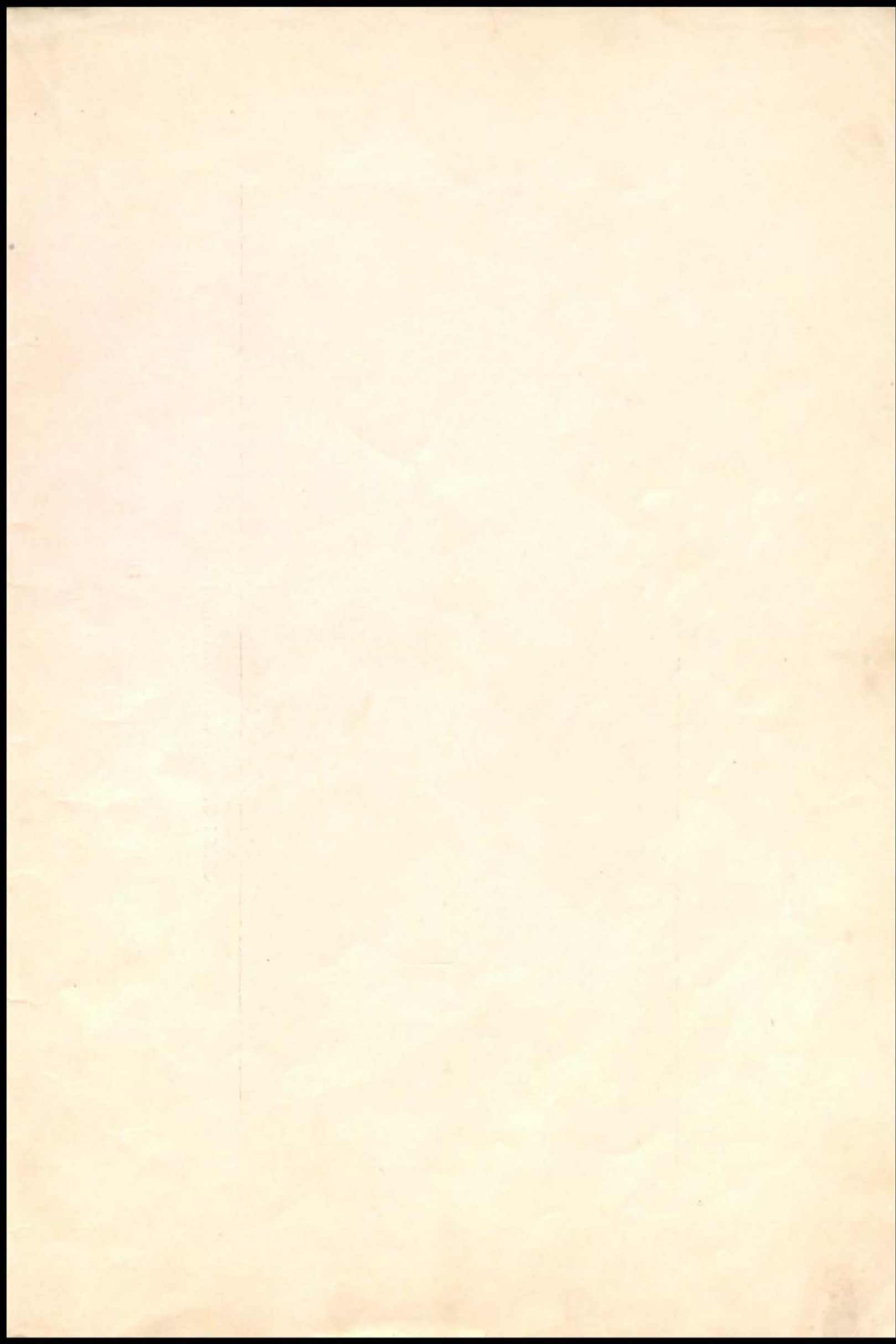
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Miss Bessie Spence.

Miss Stella Cross.

Mr. Perry C. Smith.
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CLASS OF 1901, WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL.

The Westport High School Herald.

VOL. I. KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, May, 1901. NO. 1.

Published in the Interest of

WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL,

39th Street and Warwick Boulevard.

Salutatory—The Herald's Arrival.

We have now secured our champion and are ready to enter the lists and share the triumphs of the field of conquest. When the literary tournament begins and the blast of trumpets announces the arrival of the combatants, "The Herald," with a bow of blue and yellow, the colors of his mistress, on his helmet, will ride forth to defend her and gain new victories in her name.

In the opposing ranks, which contain knights from the two hundred or more high schools in the State of Missouri, we know we shall encounter some old, dauntless warriors, whose dented armor is full proof of their bravery and who will be formidable enemies to conquer; but when we consider the skill of our knight, we have no fears for the outcome of the battle.

To the new knight, whose armor is truth, whose shield is wisdom, and whose shining lance is the sharpest of wit, will go the spoils of the day, the laurel wreath and the approving smiles of the ladies, for his ambition and fearless bravery will overcome all difficulties.

Nor is this a mere fortune-seeking cavalier, who enjoys dangers and empty honors; but he is a true knight, and will show what Westport High School has done, what she is doing, and what the bright future has in store for her. We are proud of our gallant champion, but are yet more proud of his mistress; and we mean to arm and equip her defender, and send him forth each year to gain the honors which rightfully belong to her.

Editorial Staff, Westport High School Herald.

Editor-in-Chief, Miss Gertrude O. Hamilton.

Assistant Editors, Mr. Frank H. Eyman, Miss Bessie Spence, Miss Stella Cross, Mr. Frank L. Towsley, and Mr. Perry C. Smith.
Business Manager, Mr. Carl D. Stowell.

Class of 1901, Westport High School.

Colors: Green and Gold.

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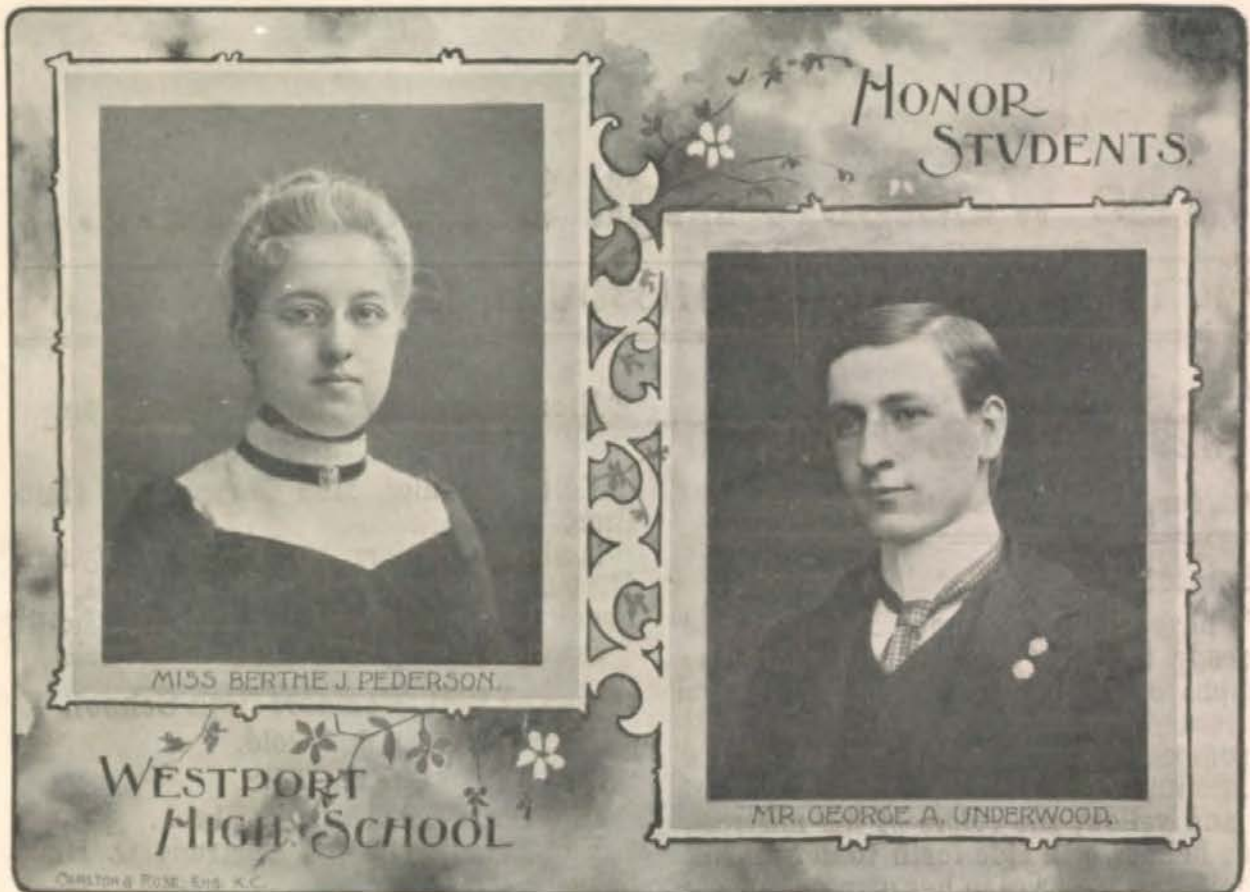
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Commencement Programme,

Class of 1901,

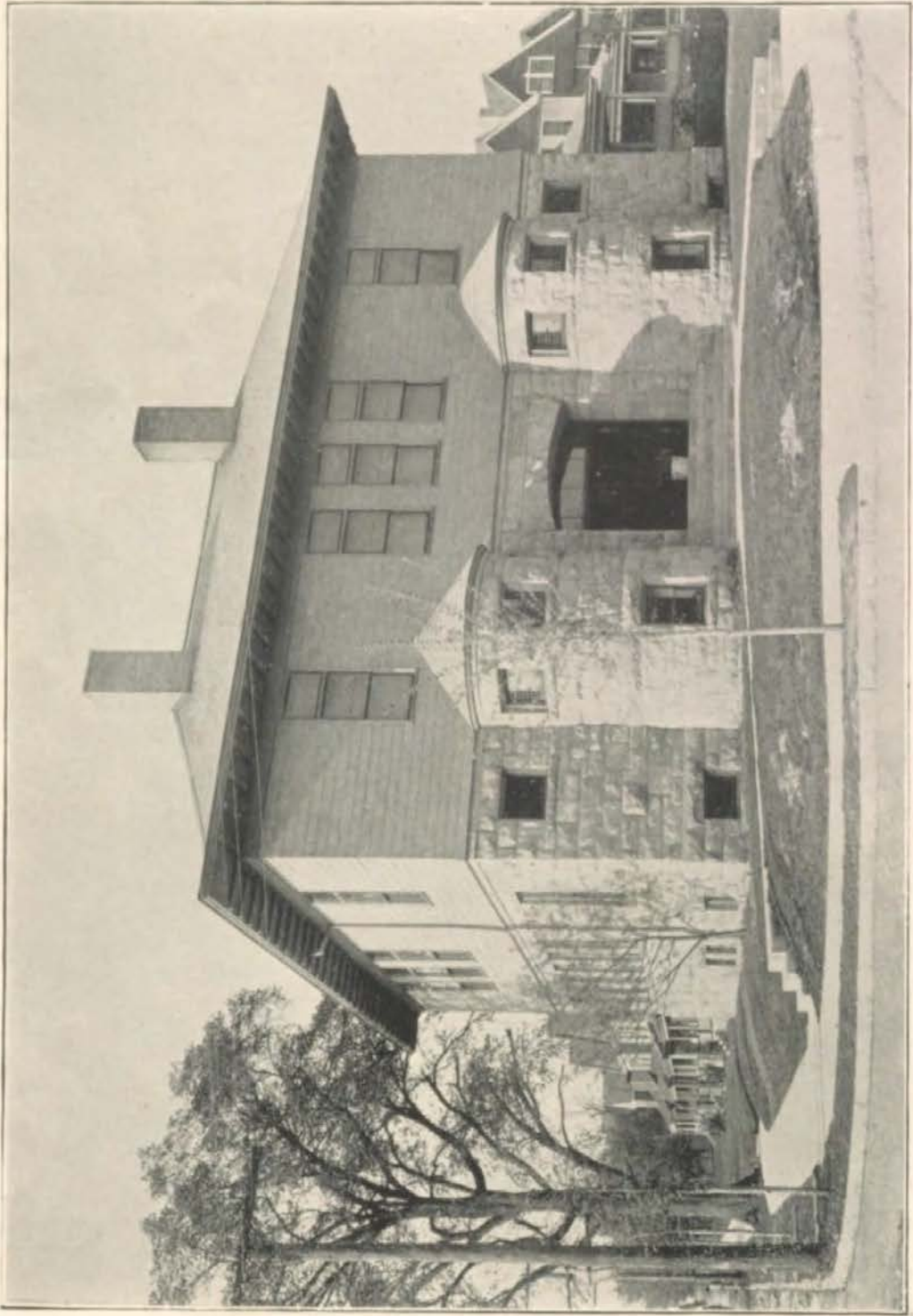
WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL,

Academy of Music.

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| Invocation, Rev. E. M. Dugger. | Oration, "Value of Public Institutions."
Mr. David Bruce Forrester. |
| Salutatory, "Literature and Life."
Mr. George Arthur Underwood. | Recitation, "Mrs. Ripley's Trip.".....
.....Hamlin Garland. |
| Essay, "The Manufacture of Ancestors."
Miss Anna Katharine Lash. |Miss Margaret Lemon Drake. |
| Vocal Solo.....Selected.
Mr. Fred Wallis. | Vocal Solo, "Spring"....George Henschel
Mrs. Mabel Haas-Speyer. |
| Recitation, "Life for Life"....E. S. Brooks.
Mr. James Garfield Rowell. | Valedictory, "The Sphinx".....
.....Miss Berthe Johanna Pederson. |
| Essay....."Stories in Stone."
Miss Sarah Jane Knepp. | 'Cello Solo, (a) "Narcissus"....Nevins.
(b) Gavotte.....Popper.
Mr. Karl Smith. |
| Violin Solo, (a) Romanza,
(b) Scherzo,
.....Hans Sitt
Mr. Hans Peterson. | Presentation of Diplomas.
.....Superintendent J. M. Greenwood. |



1. Margaret De Witt, 4. Gussye Kahn, 7. S. A. Underwood, 10. Geo. J. Storz, 13. Elisabeth E. Dobbin,
 2. Martha M. Fontaine, 5. Anne C. Wilder, 8. Preston K. Dillenbeck, 11. Marguerite H. Smith, 14. Jennie Rose,
 3. Stella F. Hodshier, 6. W. H. Whitten, 9. John S. Ankeney, 12. Florence G. Neale, 15. Sophia Watson.



ALLEN BRANCH LIBRARY.

Salutatory—Literature and Life.

By GEORGE A. UNDERWOOD.

Stretching far away to where the sun sets, was a tract of country, a level land on the boundary of a forest and a vast treeless plain. Back among the trees stood an old brick house; nestled here and there a lone cabin. A stream quietly winding through the waving fields left upon its banks shining bits of treasure. By chance a traveler came upon this bed of ore. Almost before one could think, shafts were sunk, the precious metal obtained. Like mushrooms, houses sprang up, hotels, stores, workshops, schools for the children, churches for the people; where the first glance had seen but a quiet farm, the second revealed a mining town, which had grown, prospered,

All this is something, you say, which will materially benefit the world. It means employment for men and homes for families. Here the surplus population of congested larger cities may go and live a healthier and a cleaner life, breathe purer air, and dwell amid better surroundings. The men who founded such a town were true philanthropists, though perhaps unconscious of the fact. Other men will rise—other towns will be built—but what of those who write a book or add to the literature of their nation? What do they bestow on life?

These are questions often asked. The practical business man regards literature solely as a luxury of the mind, something that can be enjoyed, but which is not at all necessary. He questions whether literature can help a railroad man, a manufacturer, a grocer, or a laborer to accumulate money.

To help mankind pile up wealth is no the purpose of literature. To-day the only sign of a particular evil in this country is the love of money. The land "is sown with the seeds of Cræsus and the crop is forward and promising." The decay of a nation can be predicted when the energies of its people are absorbed in amassing great possessions. When men think of naught but wealth, then every man becomes envious of his neighbor and strives to rival him, and in his efforts to make a fortune he forgets virtue. And in proportion as riches

and rich men are honored in the state, virtue and the virtuous are dishonored. And so at last the rich man is raised to distinction and revered, while the poor man is lowered and dishonored.

The care of the soul is man's chief duty, that of the body next, and of money least. This order of things is usually reversed by mankind, and therefore literature, which is the treasure of the soul, is passed by as of no practical value in the affairs of life. Few people realize the actual influence literature exerts upon them, just as when virtue saves a state from decay, few at the time so believe, but credit the salvation of the state to obedience to economic laws or to skillful manipulation of finances; whereas, literature is really one of the most potent and lasting influences of true civilization.

As when the cool, life-giving rain descends upon the thirsty, sun-parched field, withered and shriveled vegetation springs up and yields its seed, so does literature reanimate and invigorate life, which without it yields no seed that will flourish and blossom in its time. Literature or the culture resulting from the study of literature is to the man as the polish to the diamond. The diamond in the rough may have that within it which may become valuable, it may be all that makes the diamond, but it has no luster, it gives no light; polish it and how beautiful, how valuable it becomes. Likewise, a man without culture may be honest, worthy, and may exert a certain influence, but culture broadens the man, makes him more valuable to the state, more helpful to his brother.

Think what life would be without one good book! We could read no novels, study no dramas, there would be no poetry wherein we could find our thoughts, sentiments, and ideals expressed in the choicest, purest and most delicate language. Consider these, the novel, the drama, poetry.

The public reads the novel perhaps more than any other form of literature. In this there is much to be deplored. People too often read merely to be entertained, and get nothing of benefit accruing from serious study of the book. But novels may serve as the steps to a higher literature. To-day the novel is a text-book from which,

if we read it aright, we may get excellent mental training. While we read we should analyze the motives, feelings, and actions of the characters, study the plot, style, and purpose of the author. Thus we see the novel may in a degree develop the public mind. Further, from it one may get many ideas of foreign nations and former epochs, their habits, thoughts and philosophies. Marion Crawford's portrayal of modern Italian life is most real; in Tolstoi the great restless soul of Russia has found voice; Scott has endowed the rusty armor and dry chronicles of England with life; in "Quo Vadis" can be seen the living Roman; by Ebers has been pictured the grandeur and majesty of ancient Egypt. From the "Iliad" down, the story has ever been a great favorite with the public, and a classic necessarily educates.

The relation of the drama to life is much the same as with the novel. Could we spare the sublime soliloquies of Shakespeare? Could we spare the lessons taught and embodied in such beautiful form? Could we afford to be deprived the pleasure given in those soul-inspiring passages found throughout his works—passages which instill noble thoughts and result in nobler deeds?

Poetry brings music of the woods, the green fields, the murmuring brook, the joy of springtime. Poetry is the soul of life, for life without it is not true life. Sainte-Beuve says: "In every man there is a poet who dies young." But just as the scent of roses lingers about a broken vase, so do an appreciation and love for the poet remain with us. From the beginning of ages the post of honor has always been given to poetry; the song of the bard has always inspired and uplifted humanity in its struggle for existence. One cannot read a noble poem without feeling raised to a higher plane than that of ordinary life. The poet is one who sees the Infinite, and looks at things "more clearly, widely, and fully than they are seen by the common eye." If one grows weary of the world, its sordidness, troubles, and selfishness, if his daily associations seem trivial and commonplace, then let him turn to the poet, who will show him what is fair and good, a vision that enraptures.

In considering the relation of literature

to life, its comparative value should not be left unnoticed, its worth to men in comparison with things whose importance is never questioned. When one contemplates the great industrial improvement and social progress of an age, he is apt to regard a literary product as insignificant in comparison. It is only when we look back over the ages that we see what is permanent and lasting. While all the grandeur of ancient nations has been swept away, yet their literature lives on. Perhaps the chief result left of an heroic struggle is a poem or a record, left by a man of letters. There is no influence comparable to the personality of a powerful man on his own generation. After time has passed, will human life be more affected by what Bismarck did or by what Goethe said? A little scrap of paper with a poem written on it may have that vitality, that adaptation to life that it may be of more consequence than any material achievement.

And we, imbued with the study of the best thought of great minds, come before you to welcome you with no less enthusiasm than graduates of other schools and other years. Each life is a written page; we present to you these twenty-five, and trust as you and the world read them, there may be found some, if not all, who will leave a message that will share the fate of that written on that little scrap of paper.

Essay—The Manufacture of Ancestors.

By ANNA K. LASH.

To those of you who have noble progenitors, this subject may seem somewhat paradoxical, since he who longs for ancestors would scarce acknowledge he had disgraced them by engaging in anything so very commonplace as manufacturing, which means so literally "made by the hand."

Our forefathers gave little thought to their ancestors. Their minds were filled with the ponderous problems of a future country and race, and, unlike the people of the present day, they did not live in the past. Since the forests have been felled, the country's wild animals exterminated, and the fields tilled, the people of to-day do

not come into such close contact with the broadening influences of Nature.

With other blessing of advanced civilization, wealth has been accumulated by some, and thus has been formed a leisure class with time to cultivate aristocratic tastes. America's daughters go abroad for education and bring home, together with their gowns from Felix and from Worth, a love for patrician institutions; America's sons go abroad and are imbued with everything English, "don't you know"; while the one who does not understand the fold of the last new cravat or the proper tilt of the hat is certainly out-of-date.

With the many steps forward that mark the change from civilization to refinement come new ideas of pedigree. The American wants to readjust matters, after he has had to yield precedence in English society to a person of little comparative wealth just because the latter possesses a shield of ancient design, so he brings down the family armor which was ridiculed by his grandparents and hangs it in the foremost place in his hall; a coat of arms is set up over his mantel, and the family tree is exhibited with pride. These matters settled to his satisfaction, he thinks he can relieve his daughter of the opprobrium which the newspapers have hurled at her for trading her money for a title.

Newspapers, too, are never so well pleased as when relating tales reflecting upon the wealthy, finding blots on their scutcheons, or turning the glare of daylight upon the grinning skeleton which has reposed so quietly in the closet since grandpapa's time.

Henry VII., of the Tudor family, manufactured ancestors right merrily, both for himself and those who set him up in the business. This is mentioned only to show that America is not the only manufacturing center, but that in England as well some of the greatest families owe their origin to "butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers."

It has been said that "pedigrees in peerages are, as a rule, not only false, but impossible," and often the higher the claim to aristocracy the more proof the lineage has been manufactured. When one considers that this was done in defiance of a law which condemned the manufacturer to the

loss of an ear, one can appreciate the blessings of the American's unrestricted liberty.

Some genealogist can be found in nearly any of our large cities who, as a means of private enterprise, will make a pedigree to suit the taste and purse of the buyer. One plutocrat is known to have paid five hundred dollars for one individual limb on his family tree, when a few years back less than one-fifth that sum would have bought every tree upon his little farm. But, comparatively speaking, that is a small amount to pay for anything so illustrious as an ancestor, and if the coming billionaire need pay no more, he can without doubt buy a lineage extending back to the origin of the species.

When one beholds the Chinese, that semi-barbarous and most ignorant of nations, carrying this reverence for descent to the extent of worship—views them in their temples prostrate before the ancestral tablets, one passes in amused fancy to America's wealthy class, *ennuyé* with the effort to supersede each other in the number of dollars, decorating itself with crest and coronet, shield and helmet, courtesying low and calling it civilization and culture.

After all, probably, manufactured ancestors are best, for then they are perfectly accoutred, without flaw, and with no possible breaks in the line, while the real ones may have made their exit from the world not strictly in accordance with what is considered the best form.

Most of us, however, who cannot afford them, for they *are* expensive, must console ourselves with Bobby Burns, who says:

"No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And in what lordly circles you've been;
An insect is still an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a queen."

Oration—Value of Public Institutions.

By BRUCE FORRESTER.

To estimate the good that has been accomplished and is being accomplished daily by the establishment of the many public institutions of this country would be a task of as great magnitude as would be that of affixing a separate and distinct name to every star studding the celestial sphere.

When speaking of institutions in general,

it is essential that we distinguish between public and private institutions; although in many particulars they are the same, the aim and end are far different.

Public institutions are either donated by some individual to a community for the exclusive use of the public, or are established and maintained by the public for its own betterment; while private institutions are established more for the revenue to be derived therefrom than for any other purpose.

When we hear the name of an educational institution mentioned, we naturally associate with it a pile of labor-involving books; but after we have studied these books and learned from what commonplace and natural sources they have sprung, we reach the conclusion that book learning alone does not afford a good education; we must see the thing described, itself, to obtain a clear idea of its structure, and if we wish to impress it more strongly on our minds, we must see it in actual operation. Hence, manual training schools have sprung into existence, where accuracy of the eye and dexterity in the use of the hands and close and minute observation are necessary.

This spirit of observation takes such hold on the student that when he sees an article or reads a description of it, his mental and visual senses act in unison and form a mental picture of the article thought of or observed. He no longer takes a casual glance at an object and then forgets that such an object existed, but he scrutinizes it carefully, inspecting every detail. In after-years, when he is thrown upon his own resources, this spirit of observation which has grown upon him stands him in good stead. He no longer rushes into a thing hot-headed, but first thoroughly examines into it, passes upon it, and as carefully carries it into execution.

It is often said that a young man's chances at the present time are not so good as they were fifty years ago. But look deeper into the matter and you will find that the young man's chances at the present time are a great deal better than they were.

In those times only the rich and independent could afford to send their children to the schools for higher education; while the

poor man's children must be content to make what education they could get at the district school suffice them for the remainder of their lives.

This, as every one can see, gave the rich man's son a greater advantage. By the training his mind had received in the higher branches, he was enabled to step above lower positions and accept something nearer the top; while the poor man's son must start in at the bottom, and in that case, he who reached the top proved necessarily the "survival of the fittest." Times have changed now, and the poor man stands on a par with the rich. Since this country has a government for the people and by the people, it is against all cognition to suppose that the poor man, who has just as much voice in the legislation as the rich man, is going to stand by and see opportunities slip by his children, into the hands of the rich, when he might make it possible for them to seize these opportunities.

Accordingly, with the assistance of his colleagues, he is making it feasible for the different States to increase their number of public institutions, and to hold out greater advantages to those who attend.

Anyone who has in any way investigated the history of our country is familiar with the difficulties experienced by many of our national heroes in procuring any sort of education. Think of the God-send it would have been if they could have had access, as the American youth of to-day has, to the many public libraries, containing volume after volume of books, treating every subject of which the human mind has already conceived.

A person may occupy the most humble position in life, but in the evening, after he has completed his day's toil, he may go to any of these libraries and for two or three hours delve into the hearts of those subjects which before were to him nothing but a blank.

Thus he may so educate himself, unassisted, through the books at his command, that he may find himself better fitted to accept any position to which he may aspire.

This, then, is the reason why so many of the poor boys that started in at the bottom a quarter of a century ago are to-day occupying high positions of trust and import-

ance in our large industrial corporations. They saw the opportunities held out to them by the public and then seized them.

It is accepted by everyone that New York city is the principal gateway to our country. This being the case, it is naturally the dumping-ground of countless hordes of immigrants who have come to our shores from all parts of the world, having heard of the fabulous wealth some men are enjoying.

Although it is gratifying to note the rapidity with which the population of our country is increasing, it is an important duty we owe these people, and their posterity, who are destined to share their lot with us, that we familiarize them as quickly as possible with our language, habits, and customs; for, as Washington has said: "Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness." If we wish to live happily, associated with these people, we must establish institutions where they may learn and grow accustomed to our ways.

Great is the responsibility! On New York and other large sea-coast cities rests the pressure of providing public institutions, such as schools, museums, libraries, art galleries and the like, where the habits and tastes of these people may be so refined and they and their posterity may be a pride and help to our nation, and not a detriment.

It is the misfortune of many children to be deprived of both parents and guardian in the early years of their existence. To allow them to grow up wild, like weeds in a garden, subjected to the many evil influences of those with whom they would be compelled to associate, would be breaking one of the most sacred laws of humanity. It is an absolute necessity for the good of the people at large that public homes be established, where these young people may not only be kept from such influences, but where they may as well be disciplined and educated.

If there were more of these public homes, and larger attendance at them, the money that is expended to enlarge such institutions as jails, penitentiaries, and reformatories could be put where it would be of more lasting good.

In many countries of Europe it is considered a disgrace for a parent to send a

child to a public institution. This foolish pride in parents forces their children to go through life with what little education the parent can afford to provide. In America this is far different. Our public schools have reached such a high degree of excellence and superiority over private schools that the people have not been slow to see the folly of a useless expenditure and to take advantage of that which is for their own advancement. And if we wish to keep ahead of other nations, we must hasten the establishment of all institutions that shall tend to train the hand, broaden the view, give freer scope to the imagination, and that shall cultivate and enlarge the perception and acquisition of knowledge in all directions.

Essay—Stories in Stone.

By SARAH J. KNAPP.

When, with the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, He wrought woman and filled her full of delicate fancies, He left to Nature her rock-ribbed hills from which might be wrought children, who should tell to man stories in stone of conquest, religion, and love.

These, like children of men, must be cultured and refined. This is done by the men who cut and carve them and place them in buildings, where they at once become poems and songs, chronicles and epitomes in stone of the character, the aspirations, the faith, the successes and failures of our forefathers.

"Imagination is the eye of the soul," but this eye does not always see clearly. If psychometry were a more fully developed science, we might hold in our hands mere bits of stone from the Taj Mahal of India and the story of Shah Jahan and his beautiful wife, Mumtaza Mahal, would tell itself to us, would tell how the powerful Mogul emperor and empress lived and loved in a beautiful spot in India. How Mumtaza Mahal went into the southern country and died.

The empress had said one, perhaps, it was only a whisper to him, that she wished he would build her a marble palace, which should eclipse all others the sun had ever shone upon; although the empress died,

her wish did not. Shah Jahan decided that if he could not build a palace for her living, he would build it to her dead. Nevertheless, this story of passionate love recalls Mohammedanism, its curse upon woman, its long enslavement of her, its thousand years of polygamy, but it has built to a woman's memory the most beautiful, the most costly mausoleum, the richest tribute man ever paid to love.

Of the beauty of Taj it may be said, as of piety or heaven, "no man knoweth it save him that receiveth it." In the early sunlight the Taj must look like the fairy palace we have so loved to read about; but by moonlight, with the fragrance of the Oriental garden perfuming the atmosphere, it takes upon itself new beauties, and reflects a softened light in wondrous rays that seem to enter the soul and cover all with peace and serenity. One doubts while standing there that beyond is a world of sin and sorrow. Bayard Taylor likens the Taj to a castle in the air brought down to earth. It is poetry transmuted into form, a poem the tablets of which are marble, and the letters jewels.

If in India is reared the palace of love, in Greece was born Psyche, the soul, and hand in hand with love she has sent forth that sublime intellectual life that has enriched the world. We are unable to name three of the world's greatest philosophers without mentioning a Greek; unable to count on the fingers of the right hand the greatest orators of time without a Greek; unable to speak the names of three of the greatest orators of time without a Greek, nor the world's greatest poet. No list can be made of the greatest sculptors but a Greek heads it, and the same with lawgivers and architects, those wonder-workers in stone. Go to the land of Socrates, Miltiades, Demosthenes, Homer, Solon, and, though in ruins, view the marvels of a Pericles and a Phidias. While the breeze blows across the Parthenon, crowning the Acropolis, it murmurs softly to the listening ear, "Greece still lives."

Listen and the Parthenon itself will speak: "One sultry day many people were walking to the Piræus. One of these gazed at the Saronic Gulf, where he saw the sail of a ship. This man was Pericles, and shortly

after he had reached the harbor, the *Amphitrite* sailed in laden with the treasure of Delos.

"There was much debating as to what should be done with this gold. Phidias and Pericles thought of building a temple to our glorious goddess, Pallas Athene. A few days later, Pericles stood on the orators' stage on the Pnyx and told the people that he intended to build this temple, and that Phidias should carve a gold and ivory statue to stand within. Thus was I conceived.

"A year later festivities were held celebrating the completion of this thought. The populace gathered; amid shouts of acclaim and sacrificial ceremonies, the statue of my patron goddess was unveiled. Thus was I born."

No thought of Greece arises but is preceded one of Rome.

"Rome at once the Paradise,

The grave, the city, and the wilderness."

"From the very stones of silent Rome

You shall grow wise, and walking, live again,

The lives of buried people."

What wondrous visions may these evoke of Rome, the conqueror, the reveller, and the persecutor. The triumphal arch of Constantine and the column of Trajan tell us of the glorious triumphs of the Roman legions from Britain to Carthage. Rome, the reveller, stands condemned in her luxurious baths of Agrippa. "The mixture of riches and pleasures which commerce produces, joined to freedom of manners, led to excesses of all kinds."

There are so many stories in stone that can be told of Rome, but the one that most appeals to us is that told by Rome the persecutor, voiced by the Mamertine Prison and the Circus Maximus. One cannot go to the Mamertine Prison without fancying he hears the prayers of St. Peter and his faithful followers who were treated so cruelly. Human imagination can scarce conceive the horrors of the persecution of the early Christians; but imagine the cruelty inflicted upon them when they were taken to the royal garden to be burned as human torches, or when they were thrown to wild beasts, or flogged to death in the arena.

of the Circus Maximus. Here in Rome, "ages, empires, and religions lie buried in the ravages they have wrought."

But triumphant over all, one religion has found its way almost around the world, and to that religion England has built her greatest abbey. Of it Irving says: "It is the empire of death; his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes." The stones of Westminster seem to preach more than to narrate. To look upon it is like listening to a sermon on the emptiness of life. Here lie people who have spent their lives striving for renown, only to be forgotten in the course of a few years, and yet as long as Nature lets men quarry from her stone-girt hills, so long will man strive to tell his story in stone.

"He passes away; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monuments become a ruin."

Valedictory—The Sphinx.

By BERTHE J. PEDERSON.

Every age has presented some problem to be worked, and satisfactory results have been obtained, but Egypt has handed down through all ages the unsolved and unsolvable riddle of her Daughter of Mystery—the Sphinx. She with her thick and heavy lips, once the type of beauty perhaps, is now a beast, a deformity to our generation, forgotten because a Cytherea sprang from the sea-foam.

"What are you?" This is the question asked that Puzzle of the Nile by men of thought and wisdom. She answers not, but looks on all with the same earnest eyes and tranquil mien. She is unchangeable amidst change. Why she is here, what she has typified, have nonplussed the wits of men. The question echoes and re-echoes down the centuries, the lips remain silent, yet in that silence speak—we know she has her mission to perform, her purpose to fulfill.

As seers and prophets have sought to reveal her mysteries, so we stand before the Sphinx of Life seeking a solution of the problems which confront us day by day. We forget that moments are lost in such an idle quest—idle because, ask as we may, there is

no answer; each must solve his own enigma. Each day presents some opportunity; but while we bewail the lost ones of yesterday, we miss those of to-day. And they tarry but a moment.

Life wields a scepter over three realms—Past, Present, Future. Hope stands forward as the protectress of the Future, while the patron goddess of the Past is Memory—Memory, that most unpopular of divinities. It is Byron who shows her to us as sitting amidst mouldered and withered leaves. We have the Present, it has been Future, it will be Past. So we have it in our power to build for Memory a beautiful temple filled with pictures which can be recalled, not with sadness, but with pleasure. But the shrines of Hope are heaped high with the offerings of her countless worshipers. She smilingly bids us look upon the Future seeing naught that Future holds, but that which seems so sure—success.

How to attain the greatest success? How to make the most of life? How to gain the greatest happiness? are questions which best, every man and woman on life's stage who play a part in the world's drama. Millions ask them to-day; millions will ask them to-morrow; millions asked them yesterday. But success, honor, happiness, or whatever you may most desire, never come by direct searching. Make your life a service to your fellow-man—that promises the certain attainment of happiness. The very test of life is what a man has become through the years; what he is in himself; what he is to others. Every man owes it to himself and to society of which he is a part to make the most of himself. Nature has furnished him with the necessary materials, but he must mould and fashion them according to the dictates of his noblest instincts. Much advice can be and is given as assistance, but each must make his own design and work it out.

The one right path must be discovered and then earnestly followed before the goal can be reached. As Euclid said to Ptolemy, "There is no royal path that leads to Geometry." It might be added that there is no royal path that leads to success. The world is rough and surly, but the faculty seems to be lacking in the most of men to offer resistance to the blows they meet therein; rather would they meekly yield as to a pow-

erful, but not invincible opponent. "Mankind are superficial and dastardly; they begin upon a thing, but meeting with a difficulty, they fly from it discouraged. The race is fair, the ideal great, but the men unsure." Men will put aside their personal opinions, having met with the taunts and jeers of the multitude because their ideas have not conformed exactly to popular views. To this very lack of self-confidence men can attribute failure.

But it is more likely that they will lay the blame on that mysterious and inexplicable something called Fate. Many people argue that, since all is governed by Fate, it is useless to struggle against difficulties. This, however, is merely the coward's excuse for his mistakes; the sluggard's reason for inaction. Napoleon believed that he had his guiding star of destiny and to it he attributed his rise to the very pinnacle of fame. But when he saw it wane he calmly folded his arms and with bent head accepted its decline. It is more probable that he owed his success to his personal bravery and military skill in the organization of his army. Should all admit Shakespeare's sentiment, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," progress would be a word of the past unknown to such a present. For it is the struggling and striving against limitations which forward progress and advance civilization.

Another source of failure lies in the choice of vocation. Look about and see the innumerable misfits between men and their life-work, and the conclusion is reached that one's life vocation must be chosen with infinite care, then persistently pursued. The world is full of misplaced people. Those who vacillate from one thing to another have seldom, if ever, been known to score a point in life's race. Sydney Smith's homely illustration exaggerates somewhat, but not far. "If you call the various parts in life holes of different shapes—some circular, some square, some oblong—in a table, and the persons acting the parts bits of wood of similar shapes, you will generally find that the triangular person has gotten into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, while the square person has managed to squeeze himself into the round hole."

After the choice is made, earnest and con-

stant application is necessary to the attainment of the aim. Half-hearted work wins nothing, but mind and soul must be aroused to the utmost in the efforts—the man who gains success glows, not glimmers, with earnestness.

The demand of the times for men, men of faith and action, must be answered. Strength is the first requisite—not Herculean strength; it is of little avail in the work the world wants done to-day. There are now no serpents to be strangled, no seven-headed hydra to be slain. Neither does wealth possess its former advantages. The world has come to recognize another kind of strength, a man's worth. It is the strength of personal qualities that now moves the world—the strength necessary to walk the avenues of success with that firm tread which admits of no challenge and derives most from character, the real foundation of success. As thought is the parent of the act, the sum total of your habits is character, a factor so important to favorable results in life. Life is not a mere drawing in and giving out of breath, it is character-building. With the inborn power to judge what thoughts should be entertained and which should be cast away, every man can be what he dreams. Rank, wealth, reputation, the mere baubles of the world, can be taken away, but character is one's own forever. Horace Greeley said: "Fame is a vapor; popularity, an accident; riches take wings; those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow; only one thing endures—character."

To augment the strength received from character, we must store up the knowledge gleaned from the experience of every day. Each past day should prove a store-house from which can be drawn for to-morrow's hunger. "That man has a great to-morrow who has back of him a multitude of great yesterdays." The racer in his course thinks not of the part gone over, the things behind, but he strains every muscle and nerve to that which still remains. Each day should be rich and fruitful, that we may have that with which to work, for the greatest genius cannot create without material.

Some genius whom we do not know has left us this riddle to be solved. He has left

us that awful Sphinx sitting alone on Egyptian sands. Men may come and men may go, but that sleepless rock watches unceasingly the works of man. And though she remains with staring eyes and voiceless lips, we know the question each will ask himself must be answered always from within, and that, when the eye of day opens once again, we shall have added one more picture to Memory's gallery, this one in which we say farewell to you, our friends, to our teachers, to our class-mates with whom we have been associated these last four years—farewell.

♦
Board of Education of Kansas City, Mo.

OFFICERS.

Joseph L. Norman, President.
Gardiner Lathrop, Vice-President.
E. F. Swinney, Treasurer.
J. M. Greenwood, Superintendent.
W. E. Benson, Secretary.

MEMBERS.

Honorable Joseph L. Norman,
Honorable J. C. James,
Honorable Gardiner Lathrop,
Honorable J. S. Harrison,
Honorable F. A. Faxon,
General Milton Moore.

♦
Westport High School Faculty, 1900-1901.

MR. S. A. UNDERWOOD, Principal,
Political Economy.

MISS ANNE CROMBIE WILDER,
Latin and Greek.

MR. W. H. WHITTEN,
Physics and Chemistry.

MISS SOPHIA WATSON,
Physiology, Zoölogy, and Botany.

MISS MARGARET DE WITT,
English.

MR. JOHN S. ANKENNEY,
Drawing.

MISS GUSSYE KAHN,
German and French.

MISS FLORENCE G. NEALE,
Civics and English.

MISS ELISABETH E. DOBBIN,
Mathematics.

MR. PRESTON K. DILLENBECK,
Elocution.

MISS JENNIE ROSE,
Vocal Music.

MR. GEORGE J. STORZ,
MISS MARTHA M. FONTAINE,
Physical Directors.

MISS MARGUERITE H. SMITH,
Librarian.

MISS STELLA F. HODSHIER,
Study Hall.

MR. C. B. SNEDEGER,
Janitor.

♦
Clionian Society.

Colors: Purple and White.

OFFICERS.

President, Mr. Herbert W. Flowers.
First Vice-President, Mr. Choichiro Hatashita.

Second Vice-President, Miss Bessie Spence.

Secretary, Miss Adelaide E. Russell.

Treasurer, Mr. Carl D. Stowell.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Geo. C. Colburn.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Dora L. Allen,	Minnie Endres,
Mollie K. Allyn,	Frank H. Eyman,
Lotta L. Asbury,	L. Cameron Fisher,
D. Stanley Adams,	Herbert W. Flowers,
Martha Burgess,	Jessie Gardiner,
Annie E. Burgess,	Natalie Green,
Burdette Blue,	Fannie C. Groom,
George G. Balcom,	Lester F. Gregg,
Rea M. Bruner,	Lena M. Hahn,
Glen L. Bruner,	Louise H. Hahn,
Allie C. Cullers,	Ethel Hyre,
Laura L. Cullers,	Edna L. Hamlin,
George C. Colburn,	Augusta E. Hatch,
Earl Colburn,	Lillie E. Hile,
Harriette Dorn,	William P. Hatch,
Myrtle Ducret,	Kinkead W. Haynes,
Mabel C. Damer,	Choichiro Hatashita,
Annette L. Douglas,	Ira E. Henderson,
Glenn R. Donaldson,	Wm. R. Hornbuckle,



R. C. Hornbuckle,
 Frances K. Johnson,
 Elizabeth L. Kern,
 John M. Kennedy,
 Frances B. Lindsey,
 Anna K. Lash,
 Wilson A. Lofton,
 Susie Morris,
 Raymond J. Marran,
 Deanie Norris,
 Helen Ogden,
 Lotta M. Phillips,
 Nellie Norris,
 Guy H. Porter,
 Addie L. Robbins,
 Pearl A. Robbins,
 Emma E. Riley,
 Myrtle Rogers,

Adelaide E. Russell.
 J. Elmer Riley,
 James G. Rowell,
 Jennie E. Samuel,
 Lora E. Sharp,
 F. Irene Stowell,
 Bessie Spence,
 Thomas D. Samuel,
 Harry J. Stough,
 Clifford B. Smith,
 Carl D. Stowell,
 F. Orlin Schlegel,
 H. W. Underwood,
 Boly F. Vogel,
 Anna Wiedenmann,
 Lillie B. Zumalt,
 Addie P. Zumalt.

Round Table Club.

Colors: Blue and Yellow.

OFFICERS.

President—Miss Maude M. Holcomb.
 Vice-President—Mr. Geo. A. Underwood.
 Secretary—Mr. Frank L. Towsley.
 Treasurer—Mr. Roscoe C. Ham.
 Sergeant-at-Arms—Mr. John M. Small.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Winifred Adams, Clara M. Barnes,
 Lena Allen, Goldia Barton,
 Mabel Aldrich, Gertrude Bishoff,

Pearl Burns,
 Mary B. Barnes,
 Frances F. Beers,
 Fannie M. Bell,
 Louie Beers,
 Eleanor Carr,
 Alberta Creswell,
 Harold B. Clark,
 Audrey Cocks,
 Vera Courtney,
 Stella Cross,
 Margaret L. Drake,
 Robert L. Drake,
 Frank Depew,
 A. Faye Dunlop,
 Blanche Eggleston,
 Victorine Eggleston,
 Le Roy W. Emmert,
 Mary C. Flowers,
 Margaret E. Flowers,
 Bruce Forrester,
 Harry K. Fraizer,
 Helen Fredman,
 Clara R. Futvoye,
 Amanda Garrett,
 Roscoe C. Ham,
 Gertie O. Hamilton,
 Anna Hamilton,
 Hazel L. Hatch,
 Elsie A. Hiatt,
 Mary C. Hill,
 Tenta E. Hill,
 Jeannette C. Hodge,
 Maude M. Holcomb,
 Mildred M. Hyre,
 Mabel Kern,
 Sarah J. Knepp,
 Edith P. Kerr,
 William H. Knepp,
 Libbie Lavery,
 Pearle Lowerre,
 Nellie M. Moore,
 Giles R. McDaniel,
 Drusilla Moses,
 Ruth A. Lofton,
 Olive Ogden,
 Anna Ormsby,
 Howard Patton,
 Bessie Partington,
 Caroline Pieper,
 Amy E. Price,
 Julia N. Price,
 Ruth E. Patton,
 Olive L. Peterson,
 Grace R. Polk,
 Berthe J. Pederson,
 Nellie J. Prince,
 Maude A. Rogers,
 Sadie H. Sager,
 George Schulthies,
 Grace M. Shearer,
 Bertha W. Shotwell,
 John M. Small,
 Eva Summerwell,
 Nellie Summerwell,
 Orrie B. Scott,
 Frank L. Towsley,
 Geo. A. Underwood,
 Celia J. Walter,
 Josie Wiedenmann,
 Nettie Wiedenmann,
 Mabel Wright,
 Lee D. Wilson,
 Charles H. Wolf.





CLIONIAN SOCIETY.

CLIONIAN
SOCIETY

Class Pin.**Girls' Athletic Association.****OFFICERS.**

President, Miss Margaret L. Drake.
 Vice-President, Miss Maude M. Holcomb.
 Secretary, Miss Clara M. Barnes.
 Treasurer, Miss Berthe J. Pederson.
 Custodian, Miss Mabel C. Damer.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Winifred Adams,	Ruth A. Lofton,
Clara M. Barnes,	Drusilla Moses,
Rosa G. Bastman,	Anna C. Ormsby,
Jessie P. Cheatham,	Berthe J. Pederson,
Alberta Creswell,	Floy L. Peters,
Laura L. Cullers,	Caroline L. Pieper,
Allie C. Cullers,	Olive L. Peterson,
Margaret L. Drake,	Lotta M. Phillips,
Myrtle Ducret,	Ruth E. Patton,
Mabel C. Damer,	Maude A. Rogers,
Annette L. Douglas,	Bertha W. Shotwell,
Clara R. Futvoye,	Celia J. Walter,
Amanda Garrett,	Josie Wiedenmann,
Fannie C. Groom,	Nettie Wiedenmann,
Maude M. Holcomb,	Anna Wiedenmann,
Hazel L. Hatch,	Frances Beers,
Frances K. Johnson,	Louise Beers.
Edith P. Kerr,	

Baseball Team.

Mr. Rea M. Bruner, Manager.
 Mr. Lester F. Gregg, Captain.

POSITIONS.

Bruce Forrester.....	1st Base
Thomas D. Samuel.....	2d Base
Lester F. Gregg.....	3d Base
Boly F. Vogel.....	Short Stop
L. Cameron Fisher.....	Left Field
Robert C. Hornbuckle.....	Center Field
Arlin M. Corp.....	Right Field
Rea M. Bruner.....	Catcher
Orrie B. Scott.....	Pitcher

SUBSTITUTES.

John M. Small,
 Herb. W. Flowers,
 William H. Knepp,
 George G. Balcom.

Westport Baseball.

Westport High has never been quite as successful in playing baseball as football. Last season, although Westport was at the foot of the list, she was no less courageous and carried out the schedule through the last game. This year the outlook is better, although not quite good enough. By subscription her generous friends have raised enough money to purchase suits of the school colors for the team, as well as complete equipment in the way of bats, gloves, mask, chest-protector, etc. Her opponents will find that Westport is game and will keep a team in the league until she wins the cup.

Football Team, 1901.

Thomas D. Samuel,	L. Cameron Fisher,
George G. Balcom,	Glenn R. Donaldson,
I. Howard Patton,	William H. Knepp,
Orrie B. Scott,	Herbert W. Flowers,
Lester F. Gregg,	Frank H. Eyman,
William P. Hatch,	Harold B. Clark,
Boly F. Vogel,	Clifford B. Smith,
Bruce Forrester,	Le Roy W. Emmert.

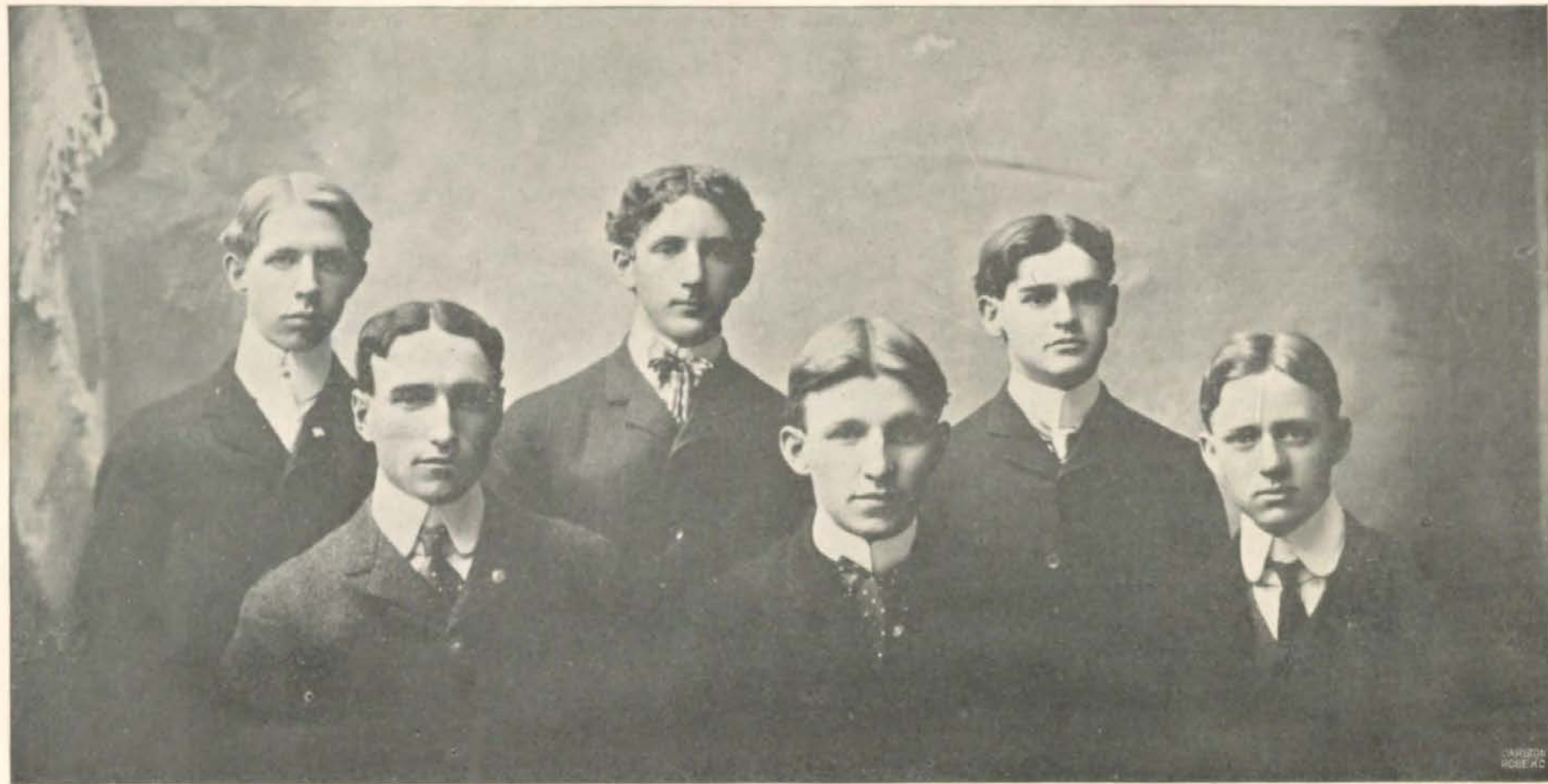


ROUND TABLE CLUB



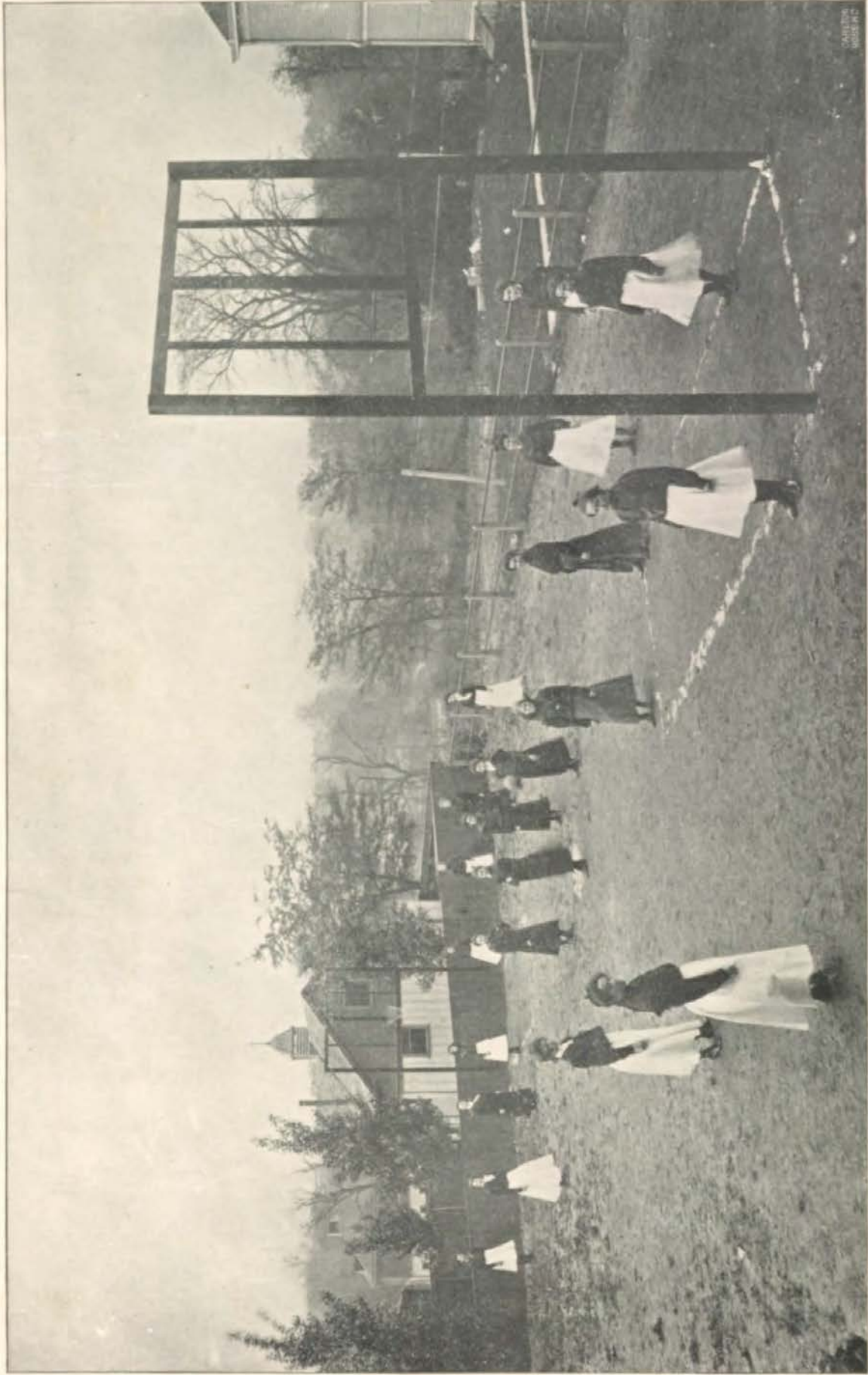
GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS OF BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



President, Mr. Glenn R. Donaldson.
Secretary, Mr. I. Howard Patton,
Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Frank H. Eyman.

Vice-President, Mr. James G. Rowell,
Treasurer, Mr. Carl D. Stowell.
Custodian, Mr. Bruce Forrester.



1905-1906
W.P.H.S.

BASKETBALL AT WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL.

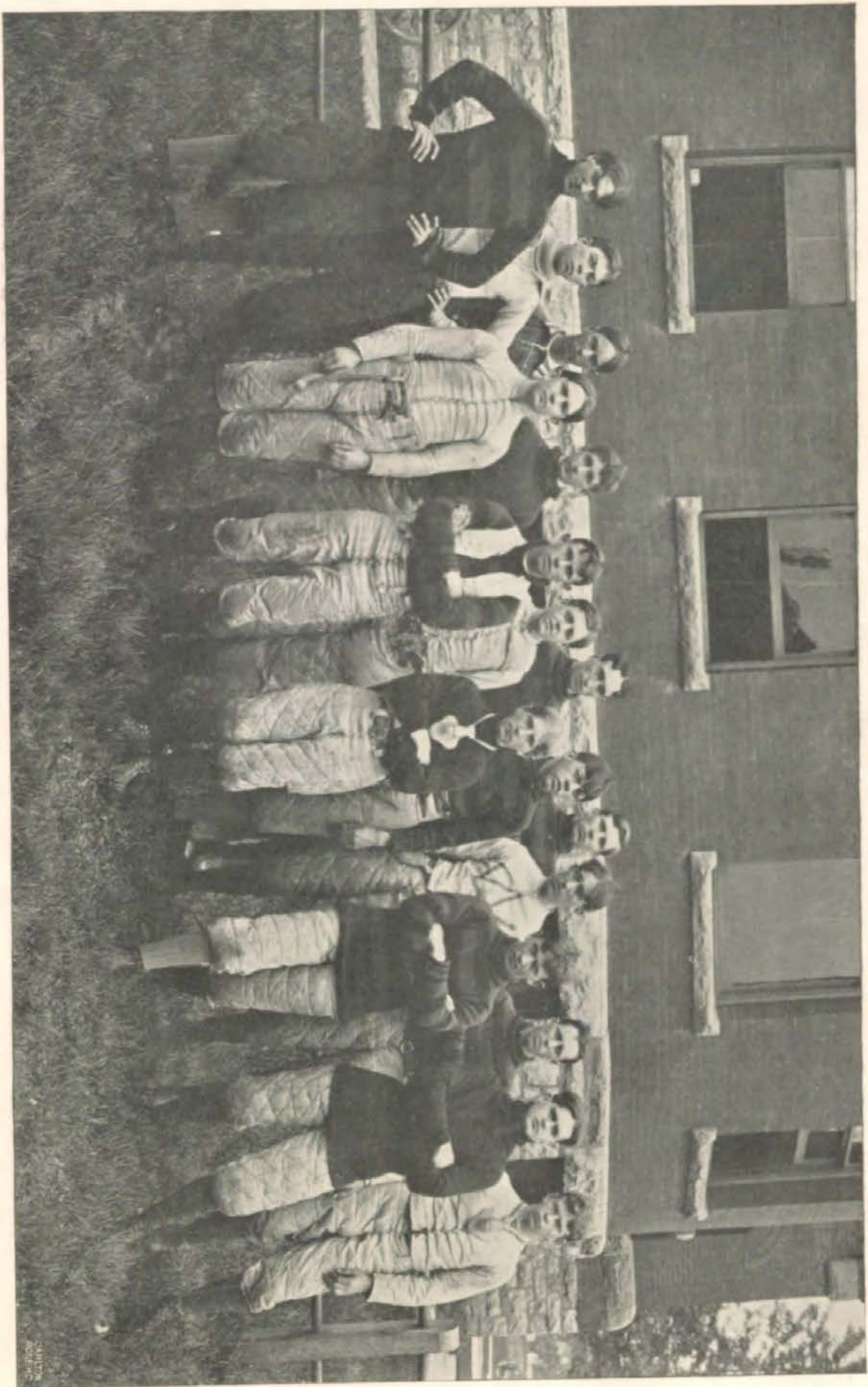


SOME OF OUR GIRLS.

1911-12



BASEBALL TEAM.



FOOTBALL CONTINGENT (in Cold Storage—will warm up next Fall).

SHARPE
APR 1918

Girls' Basketball Team.

Miss Clara M. Barnes, Captain.

POSITIONS.

Clara R. Futvoye.....	R. Forward
Clara M. Barnes.....	L. Forward
Annette L. Douglas.....	R. Guard
Nettie Wiedenmann.....	L. Guard
Maude A. Rogers.....	Center

SUBSTITUTES.

Josie Wiedenmann,
Ruth A. Lofton,
Rose Caffrey,
Frances K. Johnson,
Caroline L. Pieper.

Westport Football.

Westport is justly proud of the past record of her football team. Last season the eleven met defeat but once, although they played with teams averaging much higher and having had better training than themselves. The boys cleared enough from the games to purchase suits, making the team *par excellence* in appearance as well as merit.

A point which plainly shows the ability of the Westport eleven is the fact that several of the players have been offered their tuition in colleges near by, on condition that they play on their football teams.

The outlook for next season is good, for although several of the old players will graduate this spring, there is much good material left in the lower classes, and with this Westport expects to uphold her past record.



CORNER IN THE STUDY HALL.



Editorials.

"The Herald" has been edited under various, and in some cases difficult, conditions; in the students' den, with the ghosts of unfinished lessons hovering gloomily about; amid the rush and roar of street-car travel, where trains of thought are not prone to follow; and in the editor's sanctum, in which the dainty feet of the Muses sometimes fail to tread.

We realize that our work is crude and unfinished, nor do we expect to escape what we need so greatly, the discipline of adverse criticism; for we are aware that we have often strayed from the well-beaten track, and have many times had too little regard for established rules.

Nevertheless, we believe that the people are the true critics and will soon ascertain whether there are more good than poor points in our paper. Whatever may be their verdict in this case, we have made up our minds to be happy.

Westport High School.

It was ten years ago last fall that a little body of high-school pupils moved from their cramped quarters in the Main School into the new four-room building on the corner of Thirty-ninth Street and Warwick Boulevard. The new school was called the Westport High School, for at that time Westport was an independent little city, with its own Mayor and Board of Education. In September, 1884, when Mr. Underwood became Principal, there were only fifty-five pupils enrolled; to-day the enrollment shows an increase of five hundred per cent.

Not only was the enrollment small, but the facilities were inadequate. There were only three teachers and very little equipment of any kind, while now we boast of fourteen competent instructors and all the necessary apparatus, from the chemicals in the Laboratory to the buck and parallel bars in the Gymnasium.

In 1897, on account of the large increase in attendance, an addition was built to the

school, containing the Study Hall, Office, and Reference Library on the first floor; third, the fine Gymnasium. In due time after the little town of Westport was united to Kansas City in 1898, the Board of Education ceased to exist, and Westport High School was added to the list of Kansas City schools. Just before the beginning of the current school year, the grounds surrounding the building were graded, terraced, and sodded, and stone steps were built. The large lawn to the north of the building was converted into tennis and basketball courts, and a few weeks ago an iron flag-pole was erected in the center of the front grounds. All these improvements make the property a very attractive spot, and we now stand first among the high schools in our building and well-kept lawn.

Ladies and gentlemen, please lend ear,
And direct your attention for a moment
here.

If news of our doings affords interest,
Of all information this is the best,
We have a paper ready for you
Which will tell you where, and when, and
who;

It will tell you of our school and aims,
And incidentally give a few names.
Now the name of this paper perchance you
can guess;

'Tis "The Herald," "The Herald" of
W. H. S.

Athletics in Westport High.

One of the greatest strides made by the Westport High School during the past year has been in its gymnastic department. Through the energy and thrift of the school in giving an entertainment, and by substantial aid from the Board of Education, Westport High School has been able to establish a gymnasium, which it may well boast is the best in any high school in Kansas City.

The entire third floor of the building is occupied by the gymnasium and dressing-rooms. The gymnasium proper is thirty-four by seventy-eight feet, and along two sides of it lockers have been built, affording ample accommodation for the boys. The equipment of the gymnasium is complete.

The girls' large dressing-room adjoining the gymnasium proper has been supplied with lockers, a couch, rugs, tables, chairs, pictures, mirrors, and a large screen.

All the classes in the gymnasium are under the supervision of competent instructors, who take a personal interest in each member. The boys have the exclusive use of the gymnasium on Mondays and Wednesdays; the girls on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Both the boys and the girls have organized basketball teams and the space north of the High School building has been prepared for a tennis and basketball ground.

All the athletics in Westport High School are under the control of two associations: the W. H. S. Athletic Association and the Girls' Athletic Association of Westport High School. By the management and financial backing of these two enterprising associations, Westport athletics will certainly improve even more in the future than in the past.

♣ Cooking for Men.

Since so much has already been said on the subject, it can do no harm for us to venture our opinion of the practicability of cooking for men. No doubt this is a good idea carried out in moderation. But it must be admitted that it will seem a little strange for the fathers and brothers to make the pies and cakes, while the mothers and sisters mow the front lawn.

Yet boys are now admitted to cooking classes and they seem to be working even more diligently than the girls. With an intent look in their faces, they direct all their forces of mind to making the jelly just stiff enough and just the right color.

Perhaps when the men do the cooking we shall hear no more of the servant-girl question. Glorious thought! Perhaps there will be no more long paragraphs in our papers as to how to keep help in the proper subjection; no more exhausting arguments as to the superiority of the stenographer to the hired girl. Perhaps the man will know his due, expect it, and get it. Who can tell?

The proposition will at least bring about a change and a rest for both parties, man and woman. But the unfitness of such an arrangement will soon become apparent, each finding his and her incapability for the new situation. When each has some knowledge of the other's work and trials, they will both

resume their former duties with cheer, if not alacrity.

And this re-adjustment will not be long delayed, for the one will soon find out that, for all his brain and brawn, he is awkward in the handling of flour and soda. The other will find that she will sometimes be tired out with doing work that requires not more energy, but physical endurance.

In the meantime let us hear no more complaints of the new woman's inefficiency as regards the cook-book, when it is virtually taken from her hands by the men, who are working for perfection in the feminine (?) art of cooking.

For if papa knows how brown to roast the turkey, why need mamma stand by to see that it does not burn?

♣ Dr. Miller at Westport High School.

On Thursday, April 25th, Dr. F. J. Miller, Dean of Affiliated High Schools, of the University of Chicago, visited Westport High School for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it should be placed on the approved list. He was so pleased with the character of work done in our school that it was immediately placed on the approved list, although it is customary to make two visits before a decision is reached in regard to the standing of any high school.

Dr. Miller spoke to the pupils in the study hall a few minutes on the advantages of higher education. He said not many years ago the pioneer with his ax hewed his way through the forest to his western home and at that time there was little need of an education, but the conditions of living are now very different from those existing at that period. Then the people had their homes so far apart that they did not come in contact with each other oftener than once a week, but now we meet people every day, some of whom are very highly educated, and those who are not feel the lack of it sorely. Dr. Miller said that in college one obtains that mental training which is absolutely essential to the person whose aspirations are toward grander achievements than mere existence.

♣
Although we are not very old as editorial age is reckoned, we can boast of an exchange list. The Mexican Military Academy *Eagle*, *The Nautilus*, and the Missouri State University *Independent* were the first numbers to reach our sanctum.

On the annexation of Westport to Kansas City there was some talk of changing the name of our school to Hyde Park High School. At the protest of some of the old settlers of Westport, and particularly through the efforts of Hon. Gardiner Lathrop, the historic name of Westport High School was preserved.

The task of designing the cover of The Herald was given to the drawing classes. Miss Natalie Green designed the one which was accepted. The work of some others was so excellent that they received honorable mention. They were Mabel Aldrich, Rosa Bastman, Vera Courtney, Stella Cross, Fay Dunlop, Victorine Eggleston, Lillie Hile, Choichiro Hatashita, Olive Ogden, Lora Sharp, Celia Walters and Lee Wilson.

We cannot go to press without acknowledging the kind consideration we have ever received from the Board of Education since our annexation to the school district of Kansas City, in their ample provisions for our comfort and in improving the appearance of the building and grounds. Particularly noticeable in this connection is the friendly attitude of Chief Engineer Brady, whose visits have always resulted in the betterment of some existing condition.

Westport High School was the first high school, if not the first school, in Kansas City to inaugurate Patrons' Day. In the succeeding years this feature of our school life has become more and more profitable and popular.

We learn that the Hendrick School will have a seventh grade next year. Under the principalship of Miss Fannie L. Vining, this school has a promising future. It was named in honor of C. L. V. Hendrick, who, as President of the Westport Board of Education, rendered a most valuable service to the schools of the South Side.

We are unique in the exercises of our last day of school, in that we give a *Last Day* and not a *Class Day* programme. It is an entertainment for the students, by the students, no invitations being extended to outsiders. The whole school participates in the exercises.

Great excitement prevailed in Westport High School when the rumor spread that three of the most popular members of the Senior Class were contemplating an extended summer trip full of adventures and dangers. In anticipation of the event, the Class of '01 has presented the boys with a magnificent loving-cup. The entire class as well as many other school-mates and friends will accompany them to the steamer *Annie Code*, waiting for them at the foot of Main Street. After hand-shakings and affectionate farewells, and amid cheers and the well-known class yell, the great boat will move majestically into the deep, and in less than thirty minutes will land her passengers at their destination. On their arrival at the opposite bank of the "Great Muddy," they will be met by the Class of '01 of the Harlem University and Summer School, who will escort them in a body to the famous Hotel Harlem. Here they will be the guests of honor at a banquet, at which the principal toast will be, "Long Life to Westport." On the next morning the three boys will walk home over the Milwaukee bridge.

Small John Small.

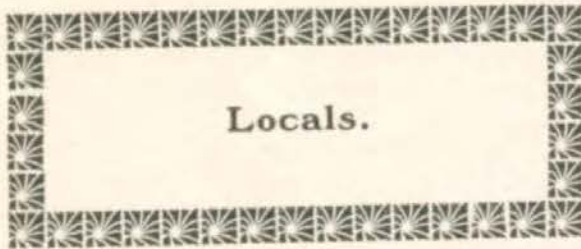
Johnnie is a Small boy,
And sometimes he forgets,
Or possibly misunderstands,
Which fact he oft regrets.

Now, Johnnie has aspirations,
And wants to play baseball;
And so he buys himself a suit,
In which this Small feels tall.

One day he went to Thomson's,
To have his picture taken;
He thought he wouldn't need the suit,
But again was he mistaken.

Poor Johnnie felt oh! so bad,
And didn't know what to do;
He telephoned to mamma dear,
And she felt real bad too.

She brought the suit to little John,
As any kind mother would;
And John got his picture after all,
Which made them both feel good.



Locals.

Burdette Blue, Class of '02, has moved to Coffeyville, Kas.

We were sorry to lose Drusilla Moses this spring. She has gone to Ottawa, Kas.

Ruth Lofton will spend her vacation in Cynthiana, Ky.

Floy Peters, of the Class of '00, now lives in Los Angeles, Cal.

Harry Stough will spend the heated term in Chicago and California.

In April, Mary Hill, Class of '03, moved to Los Angeles, Cal.

Tenta Hill will seek a shady nook in Perle Springs this summer.

"Made in Kansas City. A guarantee of excellence," refers no doubt to our High School Annual.

We regret that Charles Wolf will move to Denver in June.

Kate Dial will spend the summer in Montana.

Orlin Schlegel will enjoy his vacation with relatives in Chandler, Okla.

Frank Depew and Geo. Schulters expect to spend some restful days camping on the picturesque banks of the Blue.

We understand that one of the Seniors has made a strenuous effort to get a position this summer, so as to avoid wielding his father's lawn-mower.

Frank Eyman will join a camping party in the Ozarks, near Current River.

Frank Towsley will catch cool breezes and fish at Brodhead, Wis.

Margaret Drake will visit relatives in Pennsylvania this summer.

After attending the exposition at Buffalo, Miss Wilder will again resume her studies at Cornell.

Mr. Ankeney will enjoy the pleasures of the exposition, after finishing his work at Harvard.

Miss Rose will attend the exposition at Buffalo.

Miss Hodshier will take a pleasure trip to Colorado.

W. H. S. will be represented at the University of Chicago by Miss De Witt, Mr. Whitten and Miss Dobbin.

Miss Watson intends to spend the summer in Colorado and Iowa.

Miss Fontaine will study in New York.

After taking a course at Columbia University, Miss Kahn will attend the Pan-American Exposition.

Mr. Underwood will attend the National Educational Association at Detroit.

Miss Neale will attend the National Educational Association at Detroit.

Ruth Patton expects to visit in Lexington, Mo., during the summer months.

"N. G." on the cover of "The Herald" stands for Natalie Green, not for "No Good."

Louise and Frances Beers will be at home to friends at their new residence, Briarwood, 3400 Woodland Avenue.

During the early part of April, Miss Sophia Elizabeth Pinkston was married to Dr. Berry, of Independence. Miss Pinkston was a member of the Alumni Association of Westport High School, having graduated in 1896.

Prof. Dillenbeck will attend the exposition at Buffalo.

The Creator.

Translation of the German Poem "Der Schaffer."
From 2d year German Class.

Who was it made the beautiful flowers
That fills the world with fairy bowers,
With flowers of every shape and hue,
Red and white and yellow and blue?

Who was it sent the warm sunlight,
That makes the flowers bloom so bright,
And wakens them from out their sleep,
Under the snow so white and deep?

Who is it breathes into every bloom,
And fills the earth with sweet perfume,
That the fair children in their play,
Wish life one grand, long holiday?

'Tis our Father in heaven; that His children
dear

May be put in mind by their stay here
Of their beautiful home in heaven above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.



Dr. James Mickleborough Greenwood.

It may be stated without fear of contradiction that no city of its size in the United States can boast of so excellently constituted a Board of Education as that of Kansas City. One of the happiest results of a system which has utterly eliminated politics from all school questions, and has placed in control a body of able and disinterested men, has been the retention in the office of superintendent for a period already covering twenty-seven years, of a man eminent throughout the educational world, Dr. Jas. M. Greenwood.

The story of his life is in itself an inspiration to the children of Kansas City, for it is the story of a man who owes his success to his own unaided efforts. He was fortunate, however, in the accident of birth, for he comes of that fine old Puritan stock which first in New England, then in the great West, has left so indelible an impress upon our civilization.

He was born in 1837 near Springfield, Ill. His boyhood was spent amid the hardships of pioneer life, with only the indifferent educational advantages offered by the district schools, six years in all, with almost no

books save those which his omnivorous love for study and reading led him to purchase for himself. Yet for him who will learn, every experience of life offers valuable lessons, and the difficulties which might have thwarted a less determined nature only developed his natural self-reliance, strengthened his intense individuality, quickened him to greater activity, and laid the foundations for that physical strength which has left the vigorous step and the keen features of youth under the whitening hair.

His professional career, which he began as a teacher in Adair County, Missouri, at the age of sixteen, was interrupted in 1857 by a year devoted to advanced work in the seminary at Canton, Mo., and still further by his service in the Union Army from 1862 to 1864. In spite of his meager preparation, by his own intense application to study, he made himself so proficient in the higher branches that he was soon called to teach subjects in which he himself had never had instruction. He early attracted attention as a mathematician of unusual attainments, and his books and treatises on mathematical subjects have received widespread recognition. He is well read in the classics, abreast of the most recent researches of modern science, and an authority upon history and philosophy. No more competent critic of every detail of ward and high school work can be found. The mathematical directness of mind which enables him to see clearly the end to be attained, and the most practical means of attaining that end, has given him a power of organization which has raised the schools of Kansas City to the highest level. His force and originality have made him a valued member of national educational councils and committees. As life director of the National Educational Association and its President in 1890, he has exerted a wide influence and won a most enviable name for himself and our schools in the educational affairs of the country.

And yet desirable as is the position he has won abroad as educator, author, and speaker, it is in regard to the work done among the children of Kansas City that he can say with Horace: "*Exegi monumentum perennius aere.*" The children of the children who filled the schools of Kansas City when he came to us in 1874 are now the ones whose faces brighten with affectionate regard as they pass him on the street, who

speak of him among themselves always in terms of respect and esteem, whose lives will be better, their horizons broader, their chances of success infinitely greater for the work he has done here. And may the third generation of his people still find him ruling, a silver-haired Nestor, "known for his wisdom and justice and eloquence, prominent in council and in battle alike."



Judge A. M. Allen.

Every community owes its success and prosperity to a few strong men who are ever watchful of its interests, ever ready to defend its rights, and ever willing to make self-sacrifices in its behalf. Such a man is Judge A. M. Allen, to whom Westport owes a greater debt of gratitude than it can ever hope to pay.

Judge Allen was born in Fairfax County, Va., where he received his education. Here he also studied law and was early admitted to the bar. In 1855 he came West as a public surveyor. In this capacity he had many thrilling experiences. He was in Kansas during its border warfare, and saw John

Brown begin his career that culminated in Harper's Ferry.

It was during this time that Judge Allen had his first experience in the culinary art, and although he did not achieve the greatest success in this line, the bread he made was well appreciated and termed good by the members of his party when they came into camp tired and hungry.

In 1859 Judge Allen took up his residence in Westport and here his public life began. He was deputy sheriff of Jackson County, presiding judge of the county court and later representative to the State Legislature from Jackson County. In 1884 he was elected to the State Senate, where he rendered valuable assistance to his constituency.

Judge Allen's greatest benefit to Westport was his service as a school director during a period of twenty-nine years, from 1870 to 1899. For such a position, he was fitted by practical experience in the school-room in Virginia and also in Kansas City, for in 1858, with one assistant, Judge Allen taught the Westport school on the site now occupied by the Methodist Episcopal Church (South).

Through his efforts it was that Allen Library was established. Some years before, twenty thousand dollars in bonds were issued to aid in the construction of a horse-railway from Kansas City to Westport. On account of a remarkable advance in real-estate values at this time, the rate per cent tax levy, to create a sinking fund for the payment of these bonds, resulted in a collection of about ten thousand dollars in excess of the sum needed for their payment in full. Much controversy followed as to whether the county or the town of Westport was entitled to this money. Judge Allen secured the passage of a bill appropriating this sum for the establishment of a library within the territory from which the tax had been collected. Litigation followed and the struggle ended in the county court of Jackson County being compelled to turn over to Judge Allen, treasurer of the school district of Westport, the sum of eight thousand dollars. When the money was once in possession of the Board of Education, the task of erecting a suitable building at the corner of Westport Avenue and Wyandotte Street, and establishing a library therein, was soon completed.

In recognition of the valuable services of Judge Allen in the State Senate and in conducting legal proceedings in the Supreme Court in behalf of these measures, the Board of Education declared, by a resolution, that the library should be known as the Allen Public Library.

At the first meeting of the Board of Education, after the annexation of the Westport schools, May 12, 1899, on the motion of Judge J. V. C. Karnes, the name of the Main School, which is perhaps the oldest school in Jackson County, was changed to Allen School.

Associated with Judge Allen on the Board of Education of Westport were Frank Henderson, Frank S. Groves, Wm. J. Knepp, C. L. V. Hedrick and R. K. Johnson; all able men whom Westport will always honor and esteem for past services.



Historic Westport.

It is a caressingly warm Missouri day in the forties; coming to Westport from the river one passes by a long stone fence, within which is a comfortable homestead. In town is a new wagon train ready to start to New Mexico, and, when loaded, each wagon carries about 6,000 pounds. The drivers of the train are all swarthy Mexicans, called "Greasers" by the townspeople. They drive six pairs or "yoke" of cattle each, and the words by which they urge the oxen forward are none of them English. When a wagon gets stalled, the Mexicans know of no way of righting things except to whip the oxen harder and yell, "Carraho! Carramba! Sacramento! Sangre de Cristo!"

A young Mexican aristocrat, part owner and brother of the chief owner of a twenty-five-wagon train, turns his back to the wheel taller than himself, and, seizing it with both hands, lifts and struggles with it in vain. At last, with assistance, it is pulled loose, and the train rolls on. It winds slowly round past the only hotel, the Harris House. Diagonally across from the corner of the hotel is Dr. Scott's drug store, which is kept in his absence by his corpulent son Byron. Here every train that starts out on the journey to Chihuahua, Santa Fé, Fort Union, Fort Laramie or Salt Lake supplies itself with a medicine chest. When a man falls sick *en route*, the wagon-master or cap-

tain of the train doses him to the best of his knowledge and experience.

There are other trains whose drivers are all white men; many of them educated men going for health, adventure or to get nearer some field for making money fast. Most of them, however, are Missouri farmer boys, and they had so favorable a name as good ox-drivers that one naturally thinks of their descent from the pastoral Aryans, who once roamed over the steppes of Russia, driving their cattle and hauling their women and children in carts, the two wheels of which were cut from the end of a log. But back to old Westport.

There is rushing and hurrying, much sweat and profanity are poured out; great bales, boxes and barrels of merchandise are loaded into the "prairie schooners," and, as each one is loaded, it is driven down across the bridge and out to the prairie beyond the town, where all are collected on one spot.

To the right of the Harris House, as you look out of the front door, there still stands, the second door from the corner, the old brick store of Street & Baker, whose first partner is dead, and the second is president of one of the great banks of St. Louis. The store is thronged with a motley company of white, Mexican, Indian, half-breed and negro customers. A comely girl in bright-colored calico gown mops the perspiration from her olive-skinned face as she makes her purchase. She is Miss Sallie Bluejacket, a rich Shawnee belle. In one corner is a full-blood of the Sacs and Foxes, teaching a little white boy to talk Indian. His name is Chepek, and it links him to the far-off first home of his tribe. When Mr. Baker returns from a trip to New York to buy goods, Chepek asks him if he went by the Big River of the East (the Ohio) or by the Big Lakes of the North. On being told the latter, he asks, "Did you go to Chepawk?" This is the name of the city of Quebec, which the French changed to Kebek, and we, in following our pronunciation of the letter "q," have changed more.

In the afternoon and evening several young men straggle into the hospitable parlor of Mr. Joab Bernard, whose pretty daughters play and sing. Mr. Aguerre, a wealthy young Mexican, is courting one of them; it was his brother who tried to lift the wagon. The older one, Epefanio, is

more successful in moving the American girl, for he weds and carries her to his home in Mesilla.

Thus Westport appeared in the early days, and, small as the town then was, it was an important ganglion in the body commercial and politic, and from it went forth impulses to the Atlantic coast, as its cargoes of buffalo robes in bales and Mexican dollars in rawhide sacks came in from Ft. Laramie, Bent's Fort, Chihuahua, and Santa Fé. Its hands touched the rising and setting sun.

Here Frémont secured his outfit before starting for the Pacific Coast. What is now Kansas City was then hardly more than a landing for Westport.

Westport Avenue was once a part of the famous Santa Fé trail that led many to the far West; some traveled over this trail to wealth, happiness and a land of sunshine; others, unable to bear the burning heat of the desert, fell, and their bones lay whitening in the sand—a melancholy greeting to those who followed.

Over this trail went Sutter, a Swiss immigrant, who at one time lived in Westport, and later gained historic fame in connection with the discovery of gold in California. Jas. W. Marshall, while digging a mill-race for Sutter in the Sacramento valley, made the discovery that caused the great westward migration of people in search of the wonderful "El Dorado." The log-house in which Sutter lived is still to be seen standing in Westport.

In 1832, Colonel Ellsworth, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, visited the Indians west of Missouri and Arkansas. He took his departure from the French settlement where Kansas City now stands. Col. Ellsworth's party consisted of a number of well-known persons, among whom was Washington Irving. It was this expedition that furnished the material for his "Tour on the Prairies." While in this region Irving was at one time the guest of Rev. Isaac McCoy, the Methodist divine, who is chiefly remembered as the founder of Shawnee Mission.

Probably the first white man who came into Jackson County was Colonel Daniel Morgan Boone, a son of the famous Daniel Boone. However, Westport was not surveyed and laid off until 1833, and was not incorporated until 1857.

Traveling down the historic ladder to Civil War times, in the events connected with Westport is found a theme so rich and varied that it cannot be adequately dealt with in a limited space; yet a few happenings connected with that portion of history may be mentioned.

On October 23, 1864, the battle of Westport was fought. During the battle General Curtis had his headquarters on the roof of the Harris House, and from that lofty position issued orders. Judge W. R. Bernard, a well-known citizen of Westport, was appointed aide to General Curtis on the very day of the battle, and stood with his general all day on the roof of the hotel.

In the old brick house on Westport Avenue, occupied for many years by Dr. J. W. Aiken, a military conference was held which resulted in the issue of that famous General Order No. 11, signed by H. Hannahs, Adjutant-General, by order of Brigadier-General Ewing, who was supported in this act by his superior officer, General Schofield, Commander of the Army of the Frontier. When the officers who were to hold this conference arrived, they were met at the river and escorted into the town by a militia company, officered by Captain Stephen B. Elkins, now United States senator from West Virginia. It is interesting to note that of the parties who met in this military conference, the most obscure one, not many years later, as secretary of war, was giving orders to the Regular Army officer, who had attained to the rank of lieutenant-general.

At one time the Kansas Legislature held its meetings at Shawnee Mission, while the members of that body boarded at the Harris House on Westport Avenue.

The name Westport teems with historic memories, but the remnant of the quaint old town gives no evidence of the great importance it played in the history of early times. The name, however, links it to the past, and will be loved and remembered long after those who were eye-witnesses of its interesting early history have passed away.

Innocent Freshman: "Yes, High School is just fine, but we never have any time to play."

Even a barbed wire fence will give you points.

Westport High School Calendar, 1900-1901.

September 17, First day of school.

October 1, First Monday morning entertainment given in Study Hall, by Miss Jennie Rose, assisted by Miss Cora Tracy and others.

October 4 and 5, Carnival holidays.

October 8, Miss Jennie Rose organized her classes in Vocal Music.

October 15, Rev. Robert Keating Smith talked to pupils in Study Hall on "The Renaissance."

October 29, Dr. E. H. Merwin told of his trip to Egypt. Music furnished by Miss Rose and Miss Myrtle Rogers.

November 7, Among visitors were Dr. H. N. Moses and Mr. McClure, of the *World*.

November 9, Professor W. L. C. Palmer, Misses Matilda Brown, Berta Entrekin, Virginia Manser, Carrie Henry, Lula Slack, Maggie Phelps, Myra Ewin and Jennie McDonald, of Independence, visited Westport High School.

November 12, Dr. J. M. Greenwood spoke on "Truth and Honesty vs. Lying and Cheating."

November 26, An excellent musical programme was given by Mr. Charles Daniels and Miss Edith Pell.

November 29 and 30, Thanksgiving vacation.

December 20, Christmas play in Allen Library Hall, by Clionian Society and the Round Table Club.

December 21 to January 3, Christmas vacation.

January 8, Mr. L. C. Boyle gave an address on "Andrew Jackson."

January 21, "Junior Day." Entertainment by members of Junior Class.

January 28, Miss A. M. Shire, of Leavenworth High School, visited Westport High School.

February 4, Musical entertainment by Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Perry and the Misses Rosenberg.

February 18, "Senior Day." Reception to Class in 1951."

February 22, Washington's Birthday.

March 4, Mr. E. A. Huppert talked on

"Art." Music by Miss Vera Depew and Miss Tess Van Bergen.

March 15, Open session of Round Table Club in Allen Library Hall.

March 18, Mr. A. L. Springer, of the *Journal*, described how the news of a great city paper is gathered.

April 1, Miss Harriet Reynolds, Miss Theo Hacke and Mr. Carl A. Meiners provided an interesting musical programme.

April 12, Open session of Clionian Society in Allen Library Hall.

April 15, The Dillenbeck School of Oratory, in charge of Miss Sue Cain, gave an entertaining programme.

April 16, The following pictures, which are to constitute a permanent source of delight and inspiration were installed: A water-color of "Northwest Wheat Field." "Grand Canal of Venice," Thomas Moran. Photograph of Campanile, Florence. Photograph of the Capitol, Washington. Photograph of Castle Angelo, on the Tiber. Stuart's photographs of George and Martha Washington. "The Stump Speech," Gen. Bingham. "Caesar Augustus." "Victory or Nike."

April 25, Dr. F. J. Miller, of the University of Chicago, spoke of "Higher Education."

April 29, Mr. Walter C. Root gave an instructive address on "Architecture," Miss Anna Langhorne furnishing music.

May 3, Prof. G. B. Morrison, of Manual Training High School, was one of our visitors.

May 6, Prof. J. M. Greenwood, Superintendent and Mr. S. W. Howland, of Carthage, were visitors.

May 13, Miss Louise Parker and some of her pupils gave a delightful musical programme.

May 20, "Patrons' Day."

PROGRAMME

Chorus..... "Praise Ye the Father"

Recitation..... Selected
Miss Anna Ormsby.

Orchestra, Prison Song..... "Il Trovatore"

Mandolins. Guitars.

Miss Jeannette Hodge, Mr. Geo. Underwood,
Mr. Glenn Donaldson, Mr. Charles Wolf,

Mr. John Small.

Piano, Miss Adelaide Russell.

Vocal Solo.....Selected
Miss Myrtle Rogers.
Recitation....."Our Whippings"
Mr. John M. Small.
Chorus....."Sing On"
Recitation....."Come Here"
Miss Alberta Creswell.
Duo, Marche Triomphale. A. Gorla, Op. 91
Miss Elizabeth Kern, Mr. F L. Towsley.
May 28, Commencement exercises, 8:00
p. m., Academy of Music.
May 31, Return for Report Cards. "Last
Day" Programme.

W is for wealth, in wisdom and wit.
E is egotistic, for we know we're "it."
S is our standard, the yellow and blue.
T is the truth which we'll tell you.
P is the pride we have in our school.
O is for order we maintain without rule.
R is the right which we always defend.
T is the time on our lessons we spend.

H is for height we've reached in books.
I is industry, you can tell by our looks.
G is for gladness our paper will cause.
Hurrah for "The Herald" standing forth
without flaws.



The Man on Guard.

Westport High School has a friend in Mr. Snedeger, who performs his numerous duties with loyalty and pride. With the care which is characteristic of the whole school he mows, rakes, and waters the lawn; sweeps and dusts the rooms and halls; tends to the furnaces and keeps everything about the school as bright as a 1901 penny. He is well liked by both teachers and pupils, and they boast of him as the best janitor in Kansas City.

A Medley in Names.

Mr. Underwood always seeks a shady nook.
For she can't boil water—poor Miss Cook.
How can Fannie Groom hope to be a bride?
Yes, she is a Pieper, but she is not pied.
Who knows a Shearer who has no sheep?
All Robbins are songsters; ours don't weep.
Miss Garrett recites on the very first floor.
What do we all want? Moore, always Moore.
Miss Green is not what her name implies,
And Mr. Lofton, too, his name belies.
A Rose by another name would be as sweet.
Mr. Towsley's hair is always neat.
Miss Sharp is—well, she's not obtuse.
While Miss Wright for evil has no use.
Our Dial always wants to know the time.
But three Flowers that bloom in the spring,
tra! la!
Have nothing to do with this rhyme.
And why is dear little John so Small?
The Price is not high, after all.
Our Cullers is not a walking rainbow,
And one Beers admires Mrs. Nation, you
know.
There is nothing fiery in calm Miss Burns,
Jessie Cheatam all but strict honesty spurns.

Strayed or Stolen.

You can't please any of the teachers all the time, nor all the teachers any of the time, and on the whole, you are doing well to please any of the teachers any of the time.—*St. Joseph Forum.*

Grover Gosnell: "I guess I'll stay home from school to-day, Pop."
Pop: "Guess again."

Courses of Study in the Westport High School of Kansas City, Missouri.
SCHOOL YEAR OF 1901 AND 1902.

Term	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
	ENGLISH.	MATHEMATICS.	SCIENCE.	HIST., CIV. and ECONOM.	LATIN and GREEK.	MOD. LANG.	ARTS, etc.
FIRST YEAR.							
1	ENGLISH I.	ALGEBRA I. Book-Keeping I.	*PHYSIOLOGY or *ZOOLOGY.	ENG. HISTORY- ENGLISH I. CIVIL GOVT.	Latin I.	German, French, Spanish.	Elocution I. Drawing I. Music I. Phys. Culture I.
2	ENGLISH II.	ALGEBRA II. Book-Keeping II.	*PHYSIOLOGY or *BOTANY.	CIVIL GOVT.	Latin II.	Same.	Same.
SECOND YEAR.							
1	ENGLISH III.	ALGEBRA III.	*ZOOLOGY or *PHYS. GEOG.	ANCIENT HIST.	Caesar I. Greek I.	Same.	Elocution, Drawing III. Music III. Phys. Culture III Short-Hand.
2	AMERICAN LIT.	GEOMETRY I.	*BOTANY or *PHYS. GEOG.	MODERN HIST.	Caesar II. Greek II.	Same.	Same.
THIRD YEAR.							
1	RHETORIC I.	GEOMETRY II.	PHYSICS I. PHYS. GEOG.	Amer. History.	Virgil I. Xenophon and Prose Comp.	Same.	Drawing V.
2	RHETORIC II.	SOLID GEOM. or TRIGONOMETRY	PHYSICS II. METEOROLOG.	Amer. History.	Virgil II. Xenophon and Prose Comp.	Same.	Drawing VI.
FOURTH YEAR.							
1	ENGLISH LIT. I.	Coll. Algebra, Anal. Geometry, Higher Arithm.	CHEMISTRY I. Geology, Astronomy, Psychology.	Political Econ. Com. Law.	Cicero I. Homer, Prose Comp. and Hist.	Same.	Drawing VII.
2	ENGLISH LIT. II. Eng. Gram.	Same as 1st Term.	CHEMISTRY II. Same as 1st Term.	Political Econ. Com. Law.	Cicero II. Homer, Prose Comp. and Hist.	Same.	Drawing VIII.

*Three points must be made from the four subjects. Physiology, Zoölogy, Botany, and Physical Geography. Subjects in black capitals required.
Thirty-two points are desired for graduation, twenty-eight being the minimum allowed, of which eight points must be made in English, six in Mathematics, seven in Science, and three in History and Civics.
By vote of the Faculty, honorable mention will be accorded to every pupil making thirty-two points and exceptional work.
Pupils preparing for college are advised to select the college they expect to enter and consult the Principal as early as possible.
General High School Course, A, B, C, D. Classical Course, A, B, C, D, E. Other combinations may be allowed.



OFFICERS OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Alumni Association.**OFFICERS.**

President, Mr. Forrest L. Pinkston.
 Vice-President, Miss Edna Spence.
 Secretary, Miss Laura Hamilton.
 Treasurer, Miss Marie L. Smith.
 Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Alba E. Shultz.

Class of 1893.

Boeber, Mollie, clerk, John Taylor's.
 Rowe, Mary E., Mrs. J. B. Christiansen,
 teacher, Pineville, Mo.

Class of 1894.

Burtch, Libbie J., Mrs. L. J. Simpson,
 artist.
 Harrison, Daisy, teacher, Topeka.
 Spence, Edna, teacher, city.

Class of 1895.

Anwyl, Anna C., teacher, city.
 Gould, Clarence K., Mgr. Lumber Co.,
 Webb City, Mo.
 Johnson, Frank, cashier, Burdett, Rown-
 tree Co., Chicago.
 *Rowntree, Owen, Chicago.
 Whipple, Carr, insurance for Whipple
 Realty Co.

Class of 1896.

Bell, Rena M., teacher, city.
 Lyman, Forrest S., electrical engineer, St.
 Louis.
 McDaniel, Bessie R., teacher, city.
 Pinkston, Sophia E., Mrs. Dr. Ben Berry,
 Independence.
 Rowell, Loren W., manager department,
 Swift, St. Paul.

Class of 1897.

Bell, Hugh L., farmer.
 Bowers, Ollie, stenographer, city.
 Donaldson, Emma, Mrs. Wm. Hahn, city.
 Folk, Jessie Hilt, Mrs. E. N. Cramer, Kan-
 sas City, Kas.
 Hornbuckle, Roy D., farmer.
 *Lyman, Jessie, Mrs. H. H. Eckert, city.
 Maloney, Margaret A., teacher.
 Smith, Marie L.

Class of 1898.

Booth, Beulah H., Mrs. John Trestrail,
 city.
 Bastman, Anna J.
 Cook, Mabel, teacher.
 Field, Clarence S., plumber.

Hornbuckle, Nannie Baird.
 Lowerre, Georgia I., teacher, city.
 Smith, Annabel A.
 Underwood, Franklin M., University of
 Missouri.
 Wornall, Rowen B., University of Mis-
 souri.

Class of 1899.

Bowers, Mary Elizabeth.
 Colburn, Leora Ethel, telegrapher, Balti-
 more Hotel.
 Ellis, Edith May.
 Evans, John E., medical student, city.
 Gibbs, Ethel, Baptist College, Lexing-
 ton, Mo.
 Gosnell, Alberta C.
 Hahn, Frank J., contractor.
 Holmes, Ella Louise.
 Martin, Daniel, University of Kansas.
 Martin, Nellie, University of Kansas.
 O'Brien, Ada F., clerk, John Taylor's.
 O'Brien, Irene T.
 Parrish, Florence.
 Reynolds, Martha L., Mrs. Harry Slocum,
 city.
 Shultz, Alba E., law student, city.
 Waller, Francis D., accountant, Hodge-
 Walsh Electrical Engine Co.
 Wittlin, Elizabeth.
 Wornall, Elizabeth, student.

Class of 1900.

Bell, Fannie M., student.
 Bucher, Maude.
 Chase, Louise Q., teacher, city.
 Chester, Walter, O. L. Chase Mercantile
 Company.
 Cunningham, Kate B., student.
 Depew, Martha, clerk, Western Union
 Telegraph Co.
 Ellard, Adelaide F.
 Fitzgerald, Blanche S., student.
 Hamilton, Laura, secretary G. W. South-
 well Music Co.
 Hempel, Ethel M., student.
 Hodge, Minerva F., stenographer, West-
 ern Union Telegraph Co.
 Kern, Elizabeth L., student.
 Longshore, Lulu B., teacher.
 Mastin, Fannie B.
 Peters, Floy L., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Pinkston, Annie C.
 Pinkston, Forrest L., clerk, Ft. Scott &
 Memphis Railroad.
 Tillson, Leo M., farmer.
 Watson, Edna, University of Nebraska.

*Deceased.

Hyde Park School.

Mr. C. S. Parker, Principal.

Miss Julia E. Hall, Miss Emma E. Shelton, Seventh Grade teachers.

Class 1901.

Nellie Beery,	Nelson Lewis,
Katie Bell,	Donald Longshore,
Roy S. Benson,	Alma Mendenhall,
John A. Blodgett,	Earl B. Mill,
Arthur Bradlee,	Meroe Moies,
Ethel B. Brubaker,	Eleanor Neff,
John Chase,	Paul O'Brien,
Alta Cunningham,	Jeannette Peabody,
Ward H. Cook,	Colwell Pierce,
Mary E. Dayton,	Myrtle Reed,
Mabel Eggleston,	Mary L. Rood,
Harold G. Folk,	Minnie Rose,
Agnes Garrett,	Carrie Saunders,
Roy Gabbert,	Warren T. Sears,
Catherine Gilchrist,	Nannie Scott,
Haywood Hagerman,	Aubrey Spencer,
Evaline Hartley,	Fred Thompson,
Louisa Haynes,	Marie Warner,
Emily Hill,	Lottie Williams,
Pansy Holcomb,	Harley Wheeler,
Mary Koogle,	Walter Wolf,
Harry Lambert,	Douglas Wornall,
Edna E. Latimer,	

Allen School.

Mr. W. T. Longshore, Principal.

Miss Mary L. Stephens, Miss Nora Maloney, Seventh Grade Teachers.

Class of 1901.

Bernard Alderson,	Nellie C. Jones,
Shirley Allendorph,	Cloyse J. Jones,
Beulah Bucher,	Marian Ketcham,
Cameola Burns,	Lola L. Klaber,
Ruby B. Cook,	Lucy C. Lavery,
Crate Dillingham,	Ralph D. Martin,
Verna B. Doyle,	James Carr,
Alta M. Elmer,	Madge Netherton,
Myrtle Flannery,	Robert G. Ormsby,
George M. Fenner,	Paul Parker,
Victor G. Foree,	Francis Peterson.
William S. Givens,	Faith A. Pearse,
Sidney G. Hodge,	Fred E. Sautter.

Some Jokes on Our Teachers and Their Teaching.

Pupil in 1st Latin, translating: "The wild boar is in the street."

Inquisitive Miss Wilder: "What is a boar?"

Pupil, excited: "Boars are the men the English are fighting in South Africa."

Mr. Underwood tells this on himself: In a ward school examination some time ago he asked the question: "What popular book did you read during the summer?" The written answer was as follows: "Whose your School Master."

Gleaned from an examination paper of a promising interpreter of the classics: "An epic poem had six feet, and was written by Calliope."

Miss Kahn: "Name a law passed by England for the oppression of the American colonies."

Brilliant Junior: "The Monroe Doctrine."

A Junior wants to know to what or whom Miss Dobbin referred when she said that the geometry class need not look out the window to see something green in the spring.

Teacher to class beginning fractions: "If there were three in the family and five people came in to dinner, what would you do with the pie?"

John: "I would cut it in seven pieces."

Teacher: "No. Mary what would you do?"

Mary: "I would make another pie."

Miss Dewitt: "Do you like cod-fish balls, Miss Neale?"

Miss Neale (hesitatingly): "I don't know, I never attended one."

School-teachers, they always have cried

That wealth was a source of woe.

But since they never have tried,

How do they know?

Mr. Whitten: "What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"

Olive: "He has cold feet."

Miss Dobbin: "Suppose I buy oranges at the rate of five for two cents—"

Practical Howard (interrupting): "They wouldn't be fit to eat."

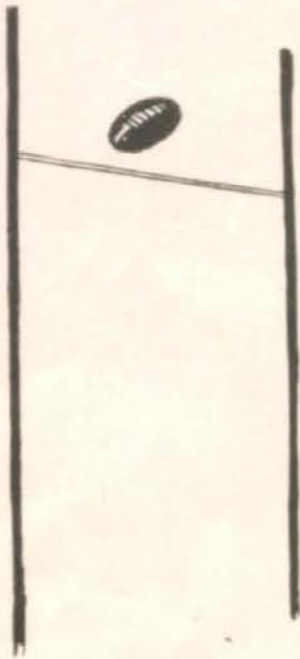
"Now, we're in a pickle," said Frank.

"A regular jam," said Bud.

"Heaven preserve us," said Glen.

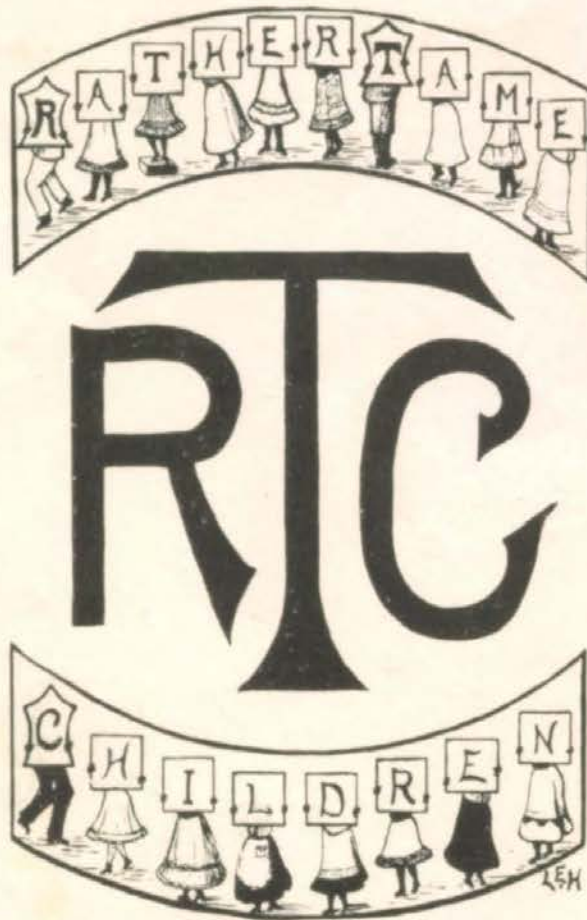
Miss Wilder to beginning Virgil Class: "What was the cause of the destruction of Tyre?"

Class scorcher: "Punctured, I suppose."



"The Herald's" Goal.

What They Think



WANTED, A FEW BOYS—R.T.C.

WHAT DO THEY STAND FOR?

Rats, Trouble, Cheese?
 Rogues Take Chances?
 Ready To Climb?
 Respect To Clionians?

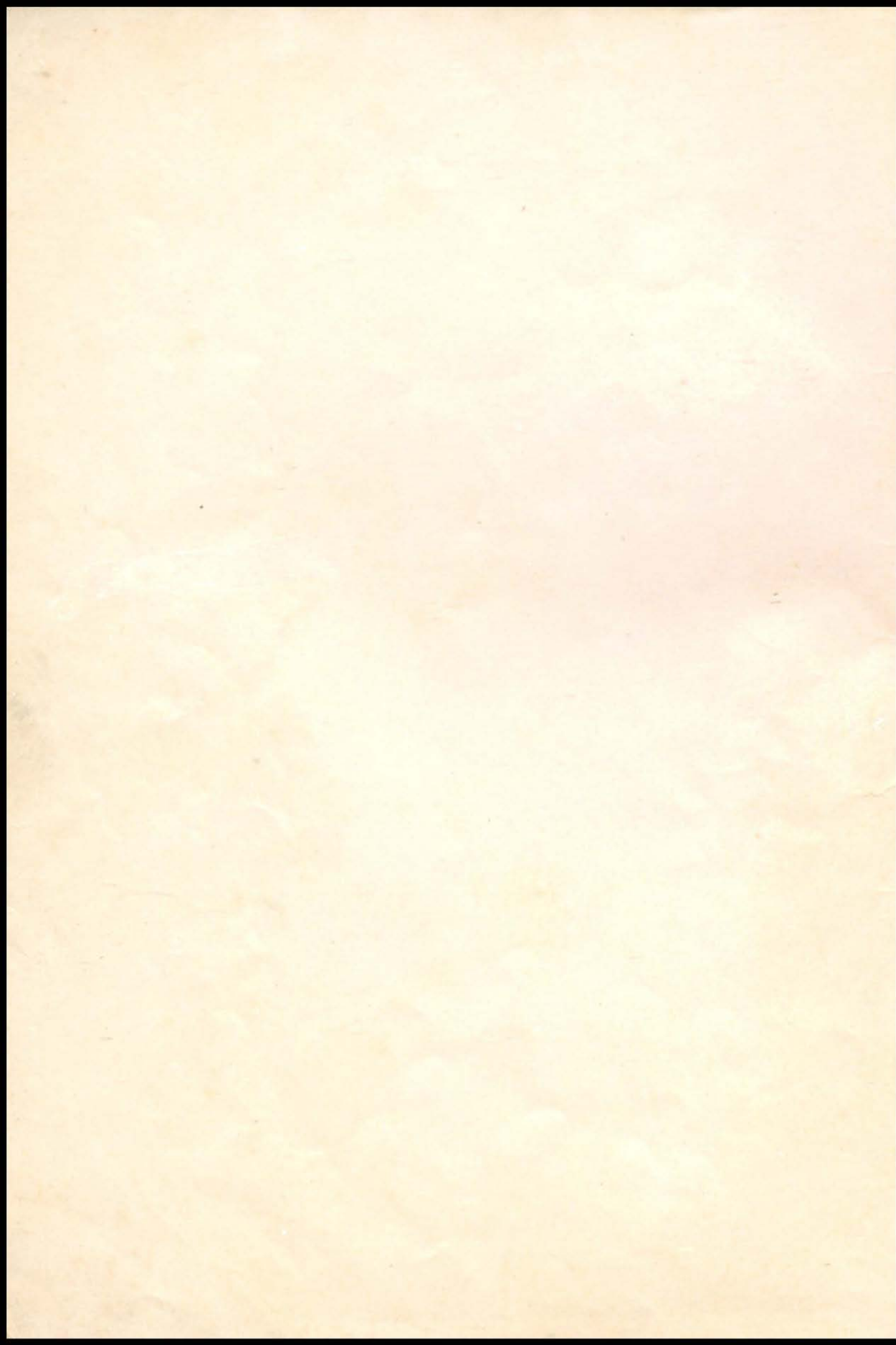
No, none of these—for all are agreed the R. T. C.'s are
 Rather Tame Children.

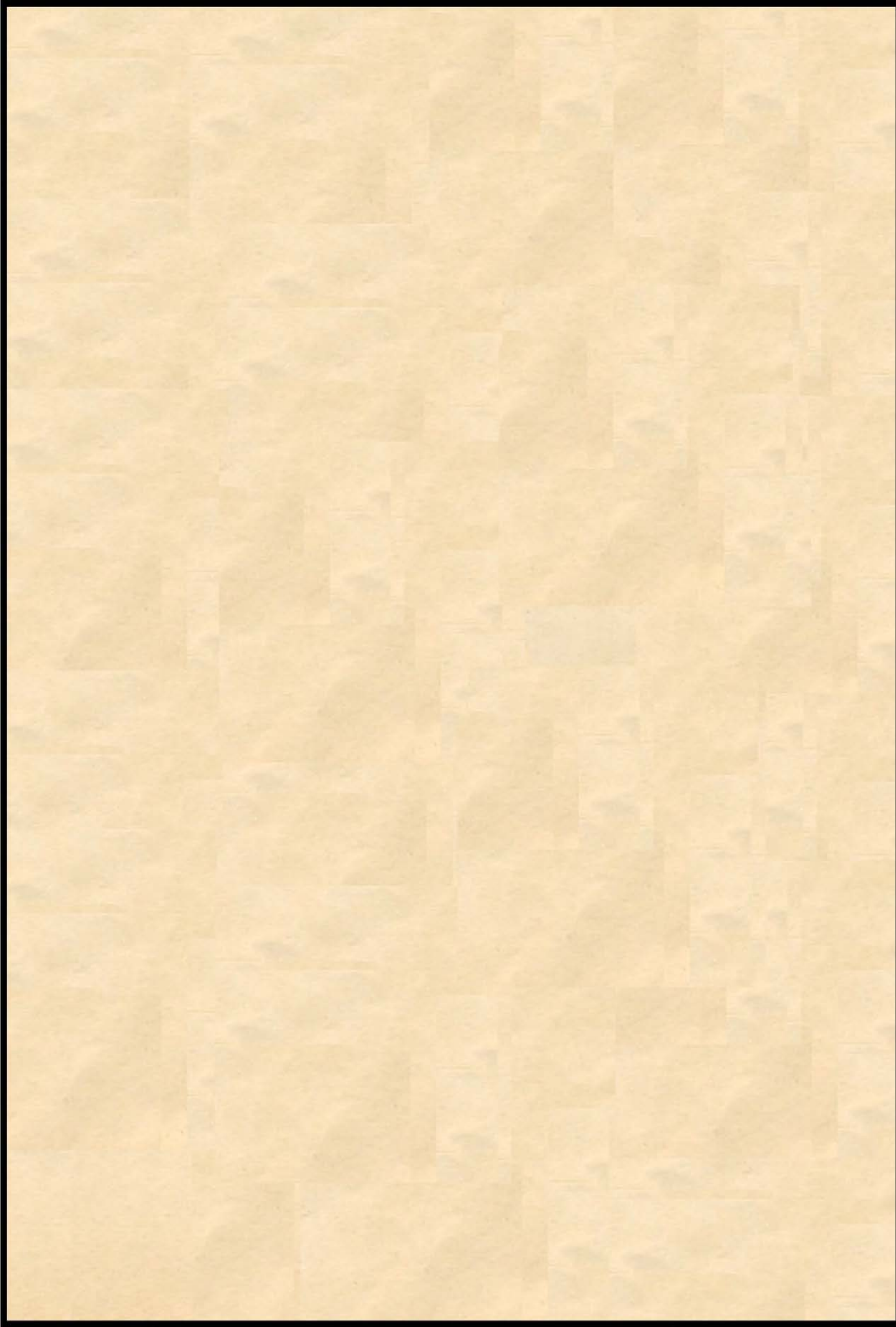
of Each Other.



Ye muse Clio weighed by ye Knight of ye Round
Table, and found wanting.









Esse quam videri.