

HERALD  
WESTPORT  
HIGH SCHOOL

COMMENCEMENT

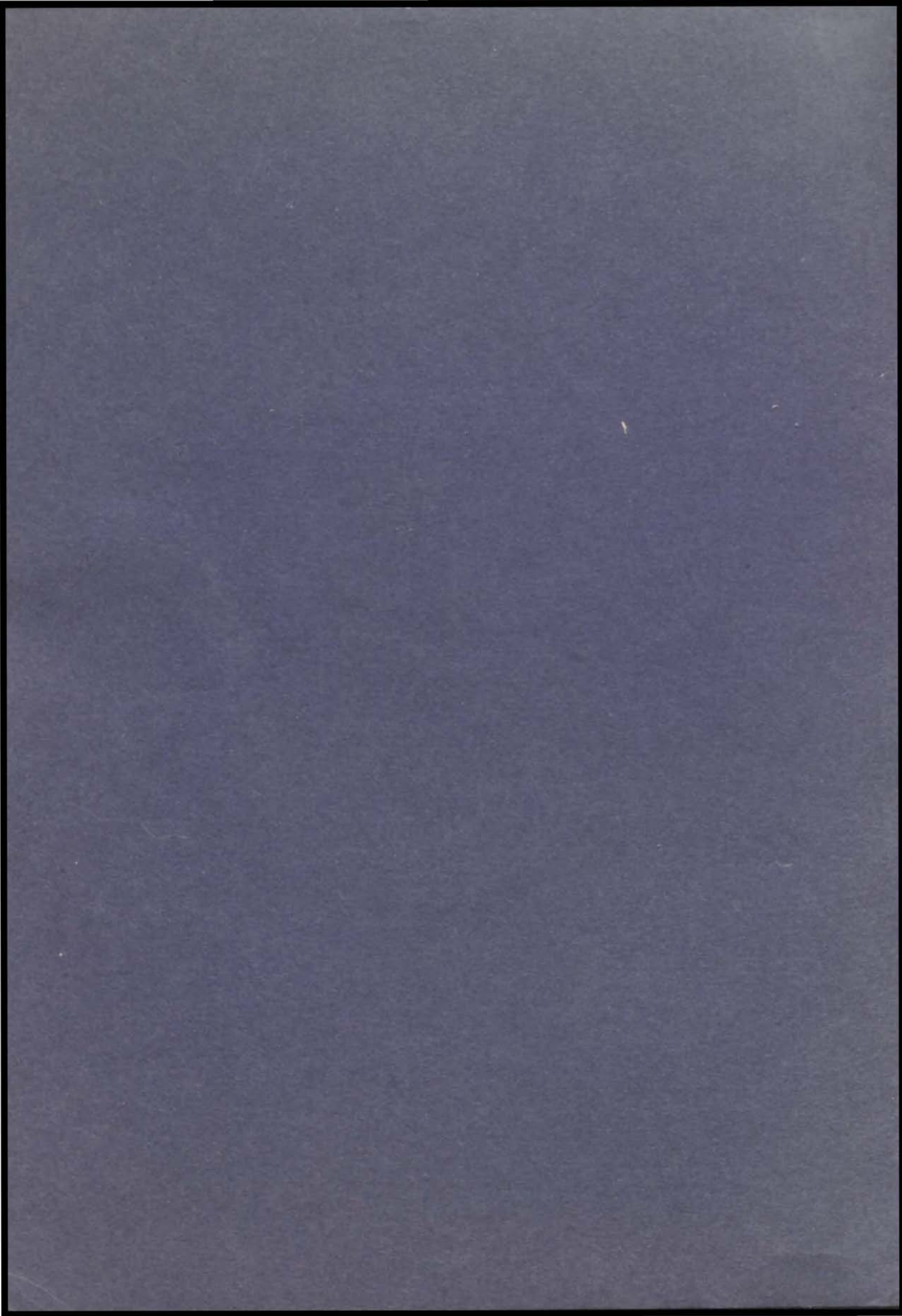
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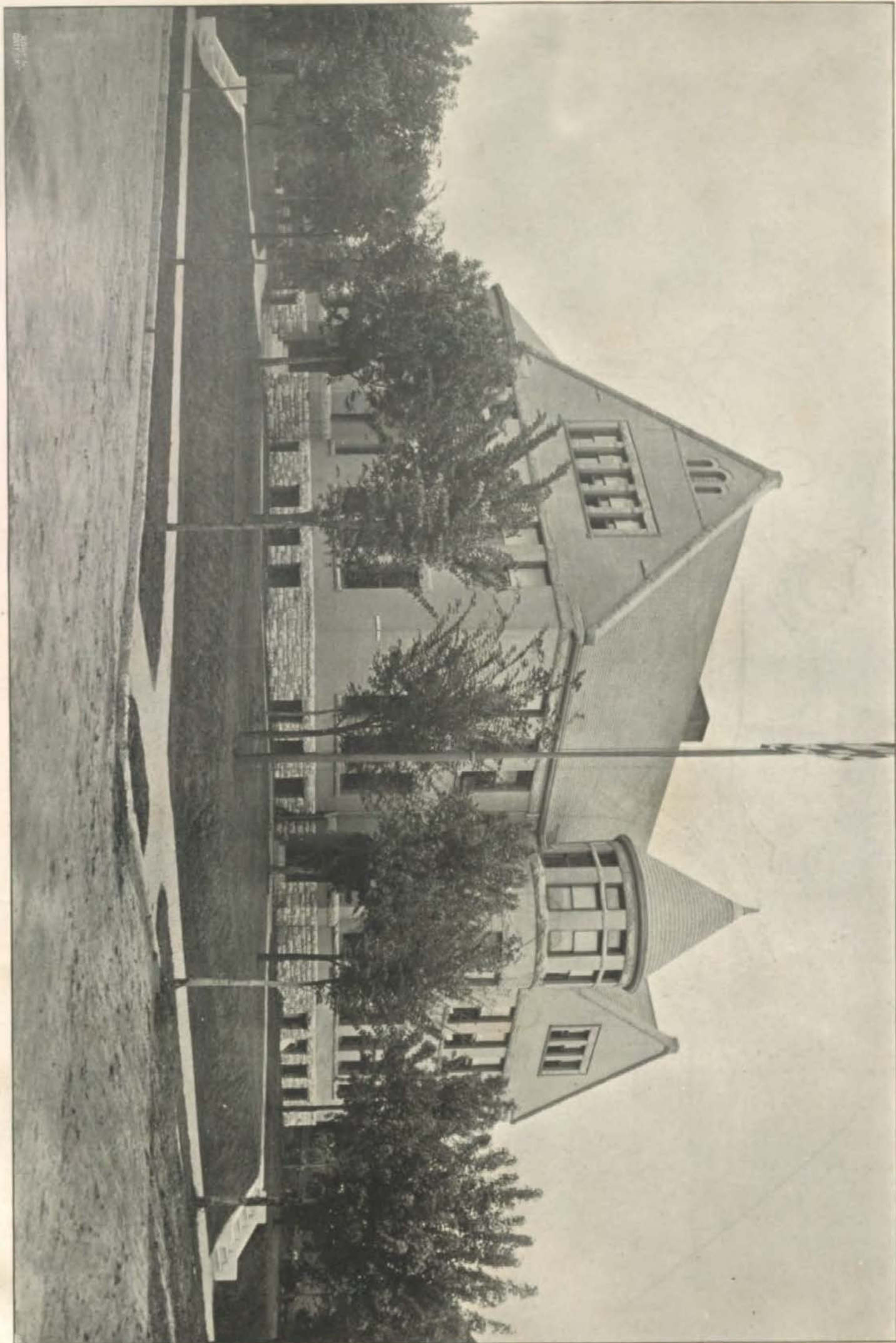
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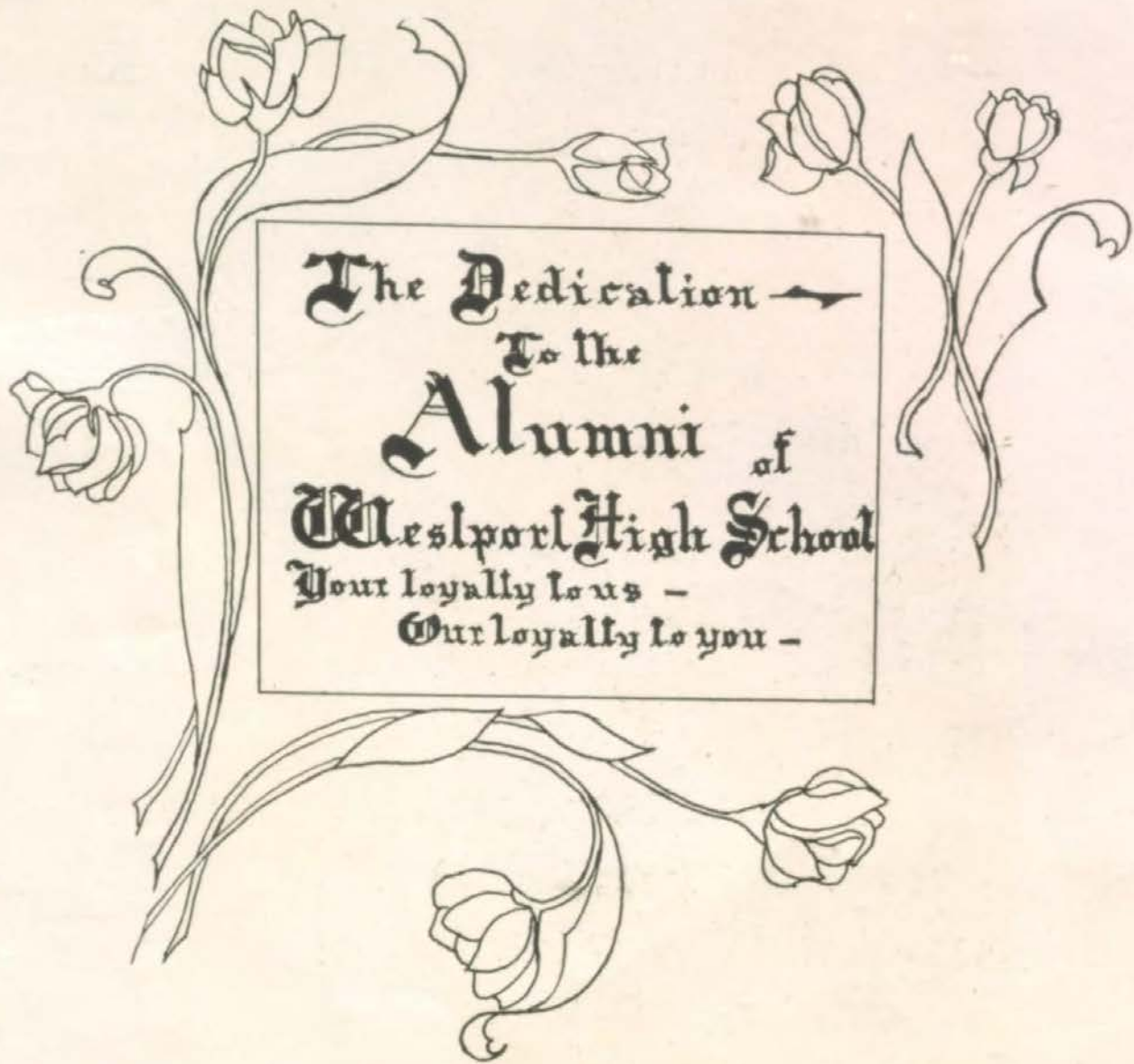
KANSAS CITY

WELLS GARDNER





1911



The Dedication —  
To the  
Alumni of  
Wesport High School  
Your loyalty to us —  
Our loyalty to you —



OFFICERS OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

ARTH &  
SONS

## Roll of Alumni.

### CLASS OF 1893.

Boeber, Mollie.  
Rowe, Mary E. (Mrs. John B. Christianson).

### CLASS OF 1894.

Burtch, Libbie. (Mrs F. Simpson).  
Harrison, Daisy. (Mrs. Chas. McNair).  
Spence, Edna.

### CLASS OF 1895.

Anwyl, Annie.  
Gould, Clarence K.  
Johnson, Frank.  
Rountree, Owen. (Deceased).  
Whipple, Carr.

### CLASS OF 1896.

Bell, Rena.  
McDaniel, Bessie R.  
Pinkston, Sophia E. (Mrs. Dr. Ben Berry).  
Lyman, Forrest S.  
Rowell, Loren W.

### CLASS OF 1897.

Bell, Hugh L.  
Hornbuckle, Roy W.  
Bowers, Ollie  
Donaldson, Emma. (Mrs. Wm. Hahn).  
Folk, Jessie H. (Mrs. E. N. Cramer).  
Lyman, Jessie. (Mrs. H. H. Eckert). Deceased.  
Maloney, Margaret A.  
Smith, Marie L.

### CLASS OF 1898.

Field, Clarence.  
Underwood, Franklin M.  
Wornall, Rowen B.  
Bastman, Anna J.  
Booth, Beulah H. (Mrs. Jack Trestrail).  
Cook, Mabel.  
Hornbuckle, Nannie.  
Lowerre, Georgia L. (Mrs. J. D. Forrester).  
Smith, Annabel A.

### CLASS OF 1899.

Evans, John E.  
Hahn, Frank J.  
Martin, Daniel.  
Shultz, Alba E.  
Waller, Francis D.  
Bowers, Mary E.  
Colburn, Ethel L.  
Ellis, E. May. (Mrs. Howard Lathrop).  
Gibbs, Ethel.  
Gosnell, Alberta C.

Holmes, Ella L.  
Martin, Nellie.  
O'Brien, Ada F.  
O'Brien, Theresa F.  
Parrish, Florence.  
Reynolds, Martha L. (Mrs. Slocum).  
Wittlin, Elizabeth.  
Wornall, Elizabeth.

### CLASS OF 1900.

Chester, Walter.  
Pinkston, Forrest L.  
Tillson, Leo M.  
Bell, Fannie.  
Bucher, Maude.  
Chase, Louise Q.  
Cunningham, Kate B.  
Depew, Martha.  
Ellard, Adelaide.  
Fitzgerald, Blanche S.  
Hamilton, Laura.  
Hempel, Ethel.  
Hodge, Minerva F.  
Kern, Elizabeth L.  
Longshore, Lula B. (Mrs. Frank Greene).  
Mastin, Fannie B. (Mrs. Jo Hopkins).  
Peters, Floy. (Mrs. Geo. Palmer).  
Pinkston, Annie C.  
Watson, Edna.

### CLASS OF 1901.

Donaldson, Glenn R.  
Emmert, Leroy W.  
Fisher, L. Cameron.  
Flowers, Herbert W.  
Forrester, D. Bruce.  
Gregg, Lester F.  
Ham, Roscoe C.  
Kennedy, John M.  
Rowell, James G.  
Scott, Orrie B.  
Small, John M.  
Underwood, Geo. A.  
Allen, Dora L.  
Allen, Lena D.  
Asbury, Lotta L.  
Carr, Edith M.  
Drake, Margaret L.  
Dunlop, Faye A.  
Gardiner, Jessie.  
Hahn, Lena M.  
Hamilton, Gertrude G.  
Holcomb, Maude M. (Mrs. L. H. Fisher).  
Knepp, Sarah J.  
Lash, Annie K.  
Pederson, Bertha J.

### CLASS OF 1902.

Clark, Harold B.  
Colburn, George C.  
Eyman, Frank H.  
Hatch, William P.

Knepp, William H.  
Patton, Q. Howard.  
Porter, H. Guy.  
Samuel, Thos. D.  
Snodgrass, Vail H.  
Towsley, Frank L.  
Barton, Geldia B. (Mrs. E. Donaldson).  
Bastman, Rosa G.  
Burns, Pearl.  
Courtney, Vera.  
Cross, Stella.  
Eggleston, C. Victorine.  
Endres, Minnie.  
Hiatt, Elsie A.  
Hile, Lillie E.  
Hill, Fenta E.  
Lindsay, Frances B.  
Lowerre, Pearl O.  
Moore, Nellie M.  
Ogden, Olive.  
Patton, Ruth E.  
Price, Amy.  
Price, Julia N.  
Prince, Nellie F.  
Rumsfeld, Alvina D.  
Russell, Adelaide E.  
Sharp, Lora.  
Shotwell, Bertha W.  
Spence, Bessie.  
Wiedenmann, Anna B.

### CLASS OF 1903

Adams, D. Stanly.  
Bruner, Glen L.  
Bruner, Rea M.  
Colburn, L. Earl.  
Fife, Clyde L.  
Folk, Frank E.  
Frazier, Harry K.  
Hatashita, Choichiro.  
Schlegel, F. Orlin.  
Smith, Perry C.  
Stowell, Carl D.  
Underwood, Herbert W.  
Wilson, H. Lee.  
Adams, Winifred.  
Barnes, Clara M.  
Burgess, Martha.  
Caffrey, Rose C.  
Carr, Eleanor.  
Eggleston, Blanche.  
England, Fredericka.  
Flowers, Margaret E.  
Flowers, Mary C.  
Green, Natalie.  
Kern, Mabel.  
Lowerre, Ruby A.  
Peterson, Olive L.  
Polk, Grace R.  
Rogers, Anna.  
Stowell, Irene.  
Sumerwell, Eva M.  
Walter, Celia.  
Wiedenmann, Josephine.



### HON. ROBERT L. YEAGER.

On Monday, November 23, 1903, Robert L. Yeager, who had served as a member and president of the board of education for nearly twenty-three years, died suddenly at his home in Kansas City. Hon. Robert L. Yeager, by virtue of his rugged honesty, his clean life, without spot or blemish, his devotion to the cause of education and everything else that

tended to make people wiser and better, his self-sacrificing spirit and cheerful helpfulness to others, his great love for children, his sympathy for those in distress—all these qualities made him probably one of the best beloved and the most highly respected of our citizens.—*J. M. Greenwood, in Journal of Education.*



1. Mrs. Effie J Hedges. 2. Mr. J. L. Shouse. 3. Miss Sophia Watson. 4. Miss Anne Crombie Wilder. 5. Mr. George Sass. 6. Mr. S. A. Underwood. 7. Mr. Preston K. Dillenbeck. 8. Mr. H. L. Green. 9. Miss Stella F. Hodshier. 10. Miss Carolyn Stoner. 11. Mr. A. O. Bigney. 12. Miss Margaret DeWitt. 13. Miss Gussye Kahn. Mr. F. C. Kettler.

FACULTY, WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL.





Grand Opera House,

Tuesday Evening, May 24, 1904.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Invocation . . . . . Father William J. Dalton.  | Essay . . . . . "American Humor."<br>Miss Pearl Dudley.   |
| Soprano Solo . . . . "The Time of Roses," Reese.<br>Mrs. J. M. Stevenson.                                   | Baritone Solo . . . "The Three Wishes," Pinsuti.<br>Mr. L. D. Kniffen.  |
| Salutatory . . . . "Inquiry for Information."<br>Miss Alberta Creswell.                                     | Oration . . . . . "The Rhodes Scholarship."<br>Mr. Charles Wolf.  |
| Essay . . . . . "Modern Chivalry."<br>Miss Frances Kizzie Johnson.  | Declamation . . . . "The Pettison's Firsts."<br>Miss Lotta Phillips.  |
| Violin Solo . . . . "Air Varié," Vieuxtemps.<br>Miss Elizabeth Russell.<br>Accompanist, Miss Emily Russell. | Valedictory . . . . "Commercialism and Genius."<br>Miss Nettie Wiedenmann.                                      |
| Declamation . . . . "The New South," Grady.<br>Mr. William Rufus Hornbuckle.                                | Contralto Solo . . . . "Seguidille," Bizet.<br>Miss Mattie Lou Catron.  |
| Oration . . . . . "Robert Walpole."<br>Miss Mary Emma Minor.  | Presentation of Diplomas . . . . .<br>. . . . . Honorable Frank A. Faxon.<br>Accompanist, Mrs. Effie J. Hedges. |





- 1—William Rufus Hornbuckle.
- 2—Anna Catherine Ormsby.
- 3—Jessie Pearce Cheatham.
- 4—Alvin Lorie.
- 5—Frances Florence Beers.
- 6—Adron Wright.
- 7—Eunice Viola Beard.
- 8—Catherine Norine O'Brien.
- 9—Amy Athaliah Meyer.
- 10—Alberta Creswell.
- 11—Charles Wolf.
- 12—Frances Kizzie Johnson.
- 13—Mary Mildred Hyre.
- 14—Bessie Samuel Fife.
- 15—Hazel Lilian Hatch.
- 16—Myrtle Ducret.
- 17—Nettie Wiedenmann.
- 18—Louise Helen Hahn.
- 19—Pearl Dudley.
- 20—Robert Canine Hornbuckle.
- 21—Jeannette Elizabeth Samuel.
- 22—Raymond Marran.
- 23—Dorothy Elizabeth Partington.
- 24—Obie Emmett Durham.
- 25—Clifford Bradley Smith.
- 26—Amanda Elizabeth Garrett.
- 27—Annie Elizabeth Burgess.
- 28—Lotta Phillips.
- 29—Anna Hamilton.
- 30—Annette Lacene Douglas.
- 31—Audrey Cocks.
- 32—Mary Emma Minor.
- 33—Addie Pearl Zumalt.
- 34—Nelle Elizabeth Sumerwell.
- 35—Edward Maurice Higgins.

## Memory.

A thing, as sweet  
 As the far-off  
 Scent of rose,  
 Come back, ere time  
 Your locks and eyes  
 With age shall dim;  
 And deeds for good  
 Are ill are done.  
 Come then, not bring  
 The sting of bleak  
 Failure—false hope—  
 For the dark hour  
 When to our friends  
 We said 'farewell';  
 But bring with thee  
 The bliss of past  
 Hopes and victory  
 The joy of youth  
 And life and love.

Myrtle Ducret



CLASS OF 1904.

### Board of Education, Kansas City, Mo.

Hon. Joseph L. Norman, President.  
 Hon. Gardiner Lathrop, Vice-President.  
 Hon. J. C. James.  
 Hon. J. S. Harrison.  
 Hon. F. A. Faxon.  
 Hon. Milton Moore.  
 Hon. E. F. Swinney, Treasurer.  
 Hon. W. E. Benson, Secretary.  
 Dr. J. M. Greenwood, Superintendent.

### Faculty of Westport High School.

Mr. S. A. Underwood, Principal.  
 Miss Margaret De Witt, English.  
 Mr. H. L. Green, Physics and Chemistry.  
 Mr. J. L. Shouse, History and English.  
 Miss Gussye Kahn, English and German.  
 Miss Anna Crombie Wilder, Latin and Greek.  
 Mr. George Sass, Art.  
 Miss Carolyn Stoner, French.  
 Miss Sophia Watson, Biology.  
 Mr. A. O. Bigney, Mathematics.  
 Mr. Preston K. Dillenbeck, Elocution.  
 Miss Stella F. Hodshier, Study Hall Monitor.  
 Miss Effie J. Hedges, Music.  
 Mr. F. C. Kettler, Physical Director.  
 Mr. C. B. Snedeger, Janitor.

#### "THE SENIORS."

London, Ohio, welcomed Edward Maurice Higgins as a native, January 18, 1886. His faculty for mischief was highly developed. He attended a country school and was bitten by a mink. His highest grades were made in athletics and 3d Algebra (?).

Robert Hornbuckle; born in Jackson County, Missouri, in 1884. He spent all his vacations toiling on a Missouri farm and entered this noble school as a Freshie in 1899. Uncle "Cy" presented him and other foot-ball boys

with a large "D" in algebra; great surprise in the ranks.

Annette L. Douglas; born in Kansas City, in August of 1884. When five years old she rang the farm dinner-bell at 3:30 p. m.; made many friends thereby. Plays tennis and basketball. Loved (?) physics for two years. At present she is striving hard to be honest and upright.

Frances Beers; born in Hutchinson, Kansas, in June, 1886; spent her infancy just growing; a rival of Gertrude Smith. She spent vacations on a ranch in Kansas and at the Omaha Exposition. Miss Beers is very fond of cats.

Nettie Wiedenmann; born Valentine's Day, 1888, in Kansas City, Missouri. She has enjoyed measles, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, and various other ills, but is evidently possessed of the full nine lives. She graduated from Allen school when about twelve years old, and on entering Westport High School she hung up a "V," and now graduates as Valedictorian of her class. But a "V" would not begin to tell the story of her graduating togs.

Will Hornbuckle was born in Jackson County in 1886. The first seven years of his life were spent in an insane asylum, of which he remembers nothing. Being released as a harmless lunatic, he started to school and reached Westport High School in 1900. Amid the wonderful students of Westport he regained his mind, although still somewhat dreamy, and played with credit on the '01, '02, '03, and '04 base-ball teams; also on the '02 and '03 foot-ball teams. Will enter M. S. U. for a law course next fall.

Lotta M. Phillips; mostly stubborn; going home from school one day she waded through two feet of mud to get out of reach of a friendly dog. After taking Caesar a year she dropped him, because he was too ancient. She wanted to study the "moderns," they were decidedly more interesting. She is now looking forward to being a happy bachelor girl.

Pearl Zumalt; born in Clay County, in the

merry month of May. This small child had a temper. Her one delight was sewing "doll-rags." She entered Westport, and her vacations have been spent on a farm, in boating, riding, "moonlight-night walks" (O joy! !), and feeding pigs.

Miss Jenny Samuel; born November 7, 1886, went to Europe as a child to visit her relations. She attended the Garfield and Allen schools until fourteen, and entered Westport as a Freshie in the fall of 1900. Her entire mind is bent on having a flower-garden.

Annie Elizabeth Burgess; born on the celebrated Ellis Island. After brilliant and well-deserved honors at ward school, she entered W. H. S. Then she joined the C. S. Miss Annie has actually, really seen President Roosevelt. One day in chemistry, Miss Burgess burnt her finger, and this laid her on the shelf.

Louise Helen Hahn; this precious infant learned the alphabet at the age of two days. She graduated from the Allen school at the age of twelve. Having studied so hard she had no time left for any incidents of infancy, or if she did she soon forgot such foolish, frivolous things. It is to be hoped that she won't study her head off some day.

Anna Catherine Ormsby; lived at her birth-place, Covington, Kentucky, for two years; moved to Indiana and soon after she came to Kansas City; she hopes to perfect the match-making process which she learned in the Chemistry Laboratory.

Hazel Lillian Hatch; you would never think this august personage was a child, but, sad to say, she was. She entered W. H. S. as a pupil, of course; she was not a scholar, but just a plain pupil. W. H. S. is a very slow school for her, as nothing happened in all her school life.

Adron Wright; born at Seneca, Missouri, eighteen long years ago. He entered high school with glowing honors and an average of 59.500001. He has been "scrub" on the first foot-ball team and "sub" on the fifth base-ball team.

Pearl Dudley was born in Kansas City, in February, 1886. Her infant design was to get

hold of the jam-pot. Her disposition is that of a hobo; has farmed in York State, mined in Denver, and studied in Detroit; chosen to impersonate a gypsy in the Round Table open session, a character which has clung to her ever since. Her highest purpose in life, like that of many other unfortunate Seniors, is to graduate in '04.

Audrey Cocks; born in Lowry City, Montezuma. Unlike other precocious infants, she ran off to attend school; she spent her vacations in New Mexico, and when in school spent time chiefly trying to avoid mathematics. She desires to become an excellent marksman, and to own a goose-farm.

Mary Minor; born in the "Sunflower State," in 1885. She attended infants' school until ten years of age; expelled forty-eight times and arrested once. She attended reform school for the next five years and then entered the Westport High School as a renegade, in the fall of the year 1901. She caused her teachers, especially Miss Wilder, great worry and trouble by her atrocious actions as substitute. Her highest object in life is to be a Latin teacher and translate "Brutus et two ducks."

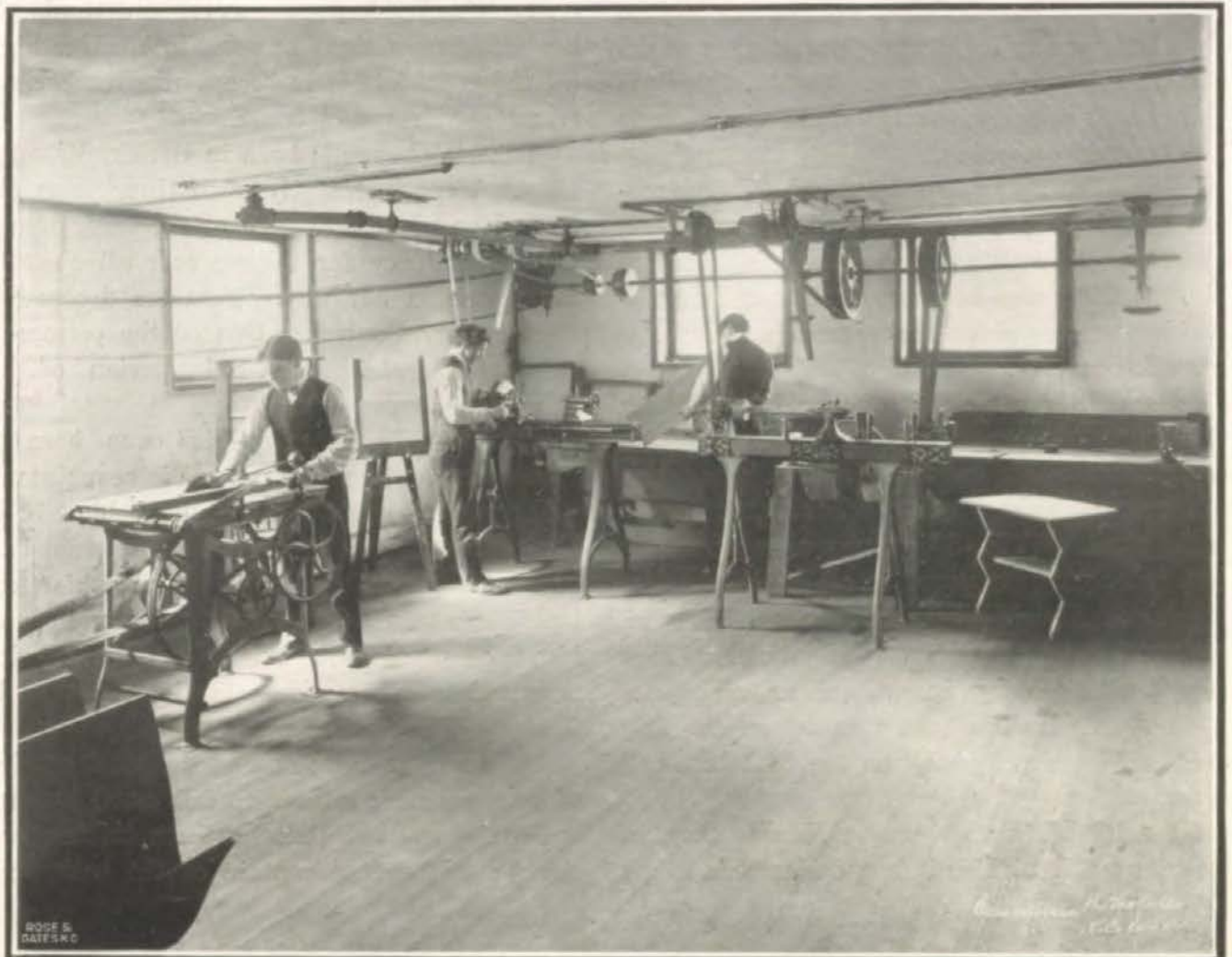
Alberta Creswell; born in Orrick, Missouri, 1886. Wept incessantly until three years old. Played on piano and sang at six years of age. Had a tendency for falling over all obstacles that came in her way. Feathers drooped at Declamatory Contest. One of the editors-in-chief of *Herald*. Was Salutatorian of her class, '04.

Obadiah Durham; "Obie" was born in "Muzzoora," where he early made acquaintance with green peaches. He amused himself by tying tin cans to dog-tails. His external badness was removed by a direct appeal to his "feel-in's." His acquired depravity at Central caused him to be called to the office of S. A. U. for fostering class spirit. He was also criticised by Miss De Witt for bad penmanship.

Amanda Garrett; one of the most sensible of young ladies; refused to talk until two and one-half years old (but has been talking ever since); was elected captain of the basket-ball



A CLASS IN THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



AT WORK IN THE SHOP

team. She has decided to accept as her husband a "human man."

Jessie Pearce Cheatham was born in Warrensburg, Mo., in 1886. She was guarded, pommelled, bumped, and tyrannized over in turn by three older sisters, and ran wild in the country with the chickens, calves, dogs, colts and sundry other animals. She boasts that she has passed thirty-five times and flunked once, and received one A from Mr. Green—something of which she is very proud.

Catherine Norine O'Brien; born in Sedalia, Mo., October, 1887. Her infancy was remarkable in that she was just like other children, her chief amusement being dolls. We wonder if this has now given way to joy in dol's. Her late unpleasantness was the dissection of the cat in physiology. Has been a Clionian, but will now join the Humane Society.

Bessie S. Fife; born in Glendale, Kentucky, March 22, 1886, where she lived quietly until she entered school. Her vacations were spent on ranches, learning to be a cowboy and also helping to build a church. She spends her time practicing for entertainments, preparing Jones' Prose, or trying to stuff the little Sophomores with rhetoric or American literature.

Charles Wolf was born in "Ole" Kentucky, in 1886; herded grasshoppers until three years old. He entered Westport High School as a Freshie September 15, 1900, drank out of the fire bucket and entered the orchestra. Beginning to think of future life, he learned to play "Yankee Doodle," looked wise and imagined the teachers thought him so. He has done nothing this year, for the Seniors are too young to do anything without the advice of the Faculty.

Amy Meyer was born in Westport in some remote period and ran off eight miles to church at the age of two months. She was fastened to a chair by a mischievous Sophomore and was not able to rise when called upon by Miss Watson. She was lectured by one of the teachers for studying on Sunday.

Alvin J. Lorie was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1886. Won great fame at Central, faint rumors of which have reached Westport High

School. The source of his few freckles can be accounted for by that summer spent "down in the sand-hills of New Mexico." He can play ball and work the teachers.

Nelle Elizabeth Sumerwell was born in Cass County, Missouri, in 1886. Her infant life, it seems, was a continual string of exciting adventures. Her school life was uneventful, and not until her Senior year did this personage reach the climax by impersonating "Aunty Doleful" in the Senior entertainment.

Dorothy Partington. It is a very significant fact that Miss Partington was very fond of "cutting up" in her infancy, at one time cutting up her whole apron for doll-rags; whipping followed. We cannot help wondering whether such a treatment might not prove effective at present—but then she is a Senior. However, she "got along perfectly natural-like" in Westport High School until she came to geometry and physics.

Frances Kizzie Johnson; this prodigy, when about one year old, had her finger chopped clear in two. When preparing for her famous career in Westport High School, she first attended Allen school and afterward Hyde Park, until almost twelve years of age. She joined the Clionian Society and delighted in wearing the colors.

Myrtle Ducret first saw light in the Union Cemetery of this city. During her infancy she "helped" her father by pulling up his plants for weeds, and taking care of the baby, which consisted in dropping him upon every possible occasion. She played basket-ball with her finger-nails and elbows as safeguards. The third year she entered an essay contest which she didn't win. She wants to be a designer, architect, and author. That's all.

Anna Hamilton; born on the Cannibal Islands, A. D.—maybe; she is not sure; delighted in making mud-pies and pinching the cat's tail. Rows and rows of the most luscious chocolate cakes were consumed daily. Now a graduate of Westport High School.

Raymond Marran was born in New York City, 1886. He went to school by himself when

fifteen years old. Every rain-storm saw him swimming and every hail-storm saw him hailing a policeman. He wants to learn geometry and chemistry, as he intends to go to the North Pole in an airship in 1929.

Mary Mildred Hyre; born December 2, 1887, in Lexington, Illinois, and she then—well, her life was a blank until she entered Long school and attended there until ten years of age. Another blank, and she entered Westport High School as a Freshman in 1900, and—that's all; nothing happened after that.

Eunice Beard; born in St. Louis. She was

a very capable young lady and always attended to her mother's callers. One day she dismissed an especially persistent one with the words: "Mamma is out for *sure* this time, Mrs. Smith."

Clifford Bradley Smith (Oh, wondrous name!) was born at Hickman's Will, Missouri; rebellious temperament. A cow kicked Smith, Sr., some ten feet; little Smith laughed and received severe punishment. Made highest record of Freshies—*i. e.*, played on the gridiron. Has been a president of the Clonians. He is a jolly "has been." Seriously (no one takes him so), he has hosts of friends.



### INQUIRY FOR INFORMATION.

Every man, as far as he has wisdom, is curious. His curiosity may extend to the concerns of other men, in all classes, both above and below him: the way they live, the thoughts they think, and the desires they have. The wider a man's contact with the life of his time and his study of it, the greater and more productive is the man's mind. The more he lives within himself, for himself, the less joy he gets out of life, the more narrow-minded he becomes, and the more selfish he is. A restricted view of life belongs more, as a rule, to the villager, for his horizon is limited and his knowledge necessarily narrowed. He accepts village standards as possessing the authority of universal standards, and he thinks and works on a small scale. To think and act largely, to mingle with the world, to come in contact with many kinds of men—these are the first considerations in the study of mankind. A man learns much from his own

time and race and from his relations with other men, but his greatest gain is the power to appropriate the results obtained to his own best advantage. The instinctive grasping after knowledge is common to everyone and has been from the beginning of the life of the world, and information will not be lacking to the one who has imagination to conceive, curiosity to ask, will to have and inclination to seek.

A person lacking inclination is hopelessly exiled in this world of information-seeking people. Even a desire to acquire knowledge is always productive of fairly good results, if not of total success, but inclination without will is perfectly useless. Where there is no will, the way is generally wanting also. Without determination, there is no getting at the heart of knowledge. One may ask for information, but if one does not have the energy to further his inquiry vigorously, his questions fall lifeless,



unanswered. A man may ask for a definite piece of information, time after time, and still receive no satisfactory reply, but the only way ever to succeed in his purpose is to ask and to keep on asking until he is answered. If untiringly he keeps on seeking, seeking for the answers to his questions, sooner or later all his queries will be satisfied, all his desires for knowledge gratified.

Some questions seem destined never to be answered, but the zeal for information carries people on still to ask them. Philosophers are always devising theories of those evanescent questions: what are we? whence came we? whither are we going? and, although in the past no success has attended the efforts of these greatly learned men to discover the solutions to these great puzzles of life, still they are striving and searching and hoping for the unraveling of the wonderful mystery. Man's curiosity is always urging him to grasp after that which is ever beyond him, and his interest is only increased when just as he seems to have attained to a tangible proof of some baffling problem, it resolves itself into intangibility again and passes on as tantalizingly out of reach as before; but his pursuit of it is never-ending—his interest in it never lessens. His imagination still leads him to believe that somewhere, sometime, he will be successful.

The imagination is the kaleidoscope of the intellect. It is ever presenting pictures which move and change as if endowed with life. These mind pictures arouse the man to action and inflame his interest in the acquisition of information. The creative power in a man's brain at once responds to the workings of the imagination and then all the wonderful powers of an intellect are revealed and the world marvels at the depths of the mind of a human being. "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!" The source of a man's thoughts is always a cause of wonder even to the man himself, and although scientists have been seeking to discover the magic of the workings of the mind, that instrument of the soul still hides its secret

effectually, and if that secret ever be revealed, Nature will whisper it to the one whom she has endowed with fitting characteristics to receive it and use it.

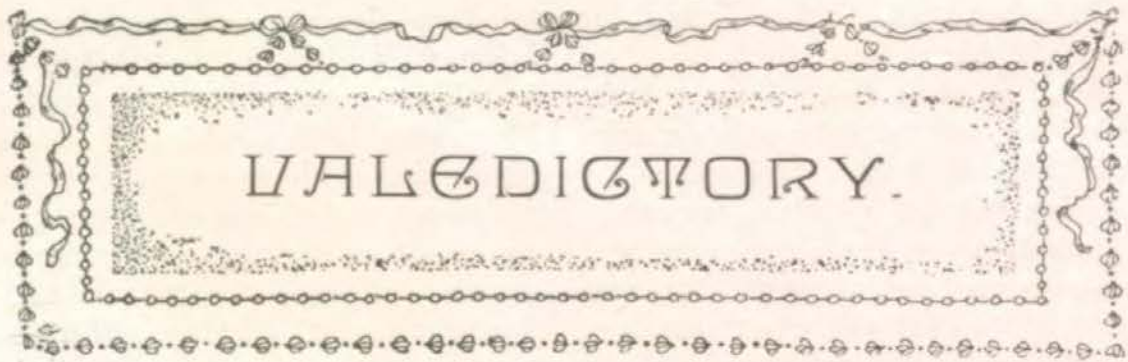
For every person in this world there is some knowledge, which belongs exclusively to him, and if a man dismisses everything from his mind and turns a receptive mood toward the information in the universe, that which is rightfully his will come to him and supply his needs. Then, after he has attained to all the knowledge which is his very own, he can start anew and absorb part at least of all the surplus information which is going to waste for the need of someone to possess it. One may ask, Where is this information? It is everywhere—in the elements, in the works of men, in their writings and sayings. Emerson says that everyone he meets is his master in some point, and he learns that one thing of him. It is possible to make this information one's own and to use it in the most beneficent way. Knowledge may be absorbed by everyone who cares to take the trouble to submit to the discipline it involves. Shakespeare read in such a way as to incorporate into himself the knowledge acquired and to actually possess it, and as proof of his success he has left to the world literary works that will live forever.

From books, then, one can gather and possess unbounded knowledge. From books power is transmitted to individuals and wonderful are the results. Hamilton Mabie says from Plato one gets "a certain liberation of the imagination, a certain widening of experience, a certain ripening of the mind." To some people a book is an entrance into a real living world, and for the time being they live in the world which the printed page has created for them, and they gather to themselves the information contained within its covers as easily and as naturally as they would pluck flowers from a bush in their path. But to others the book is only a jumble of words or sentences, interesting, perhaps, for the moment, but leaving no impression whatever. The information which they might have gained is all lost to them. To such people the

reading of a book is no benefit. It is said that the whole world speaks to the man through the volumes he takes from the shelves if he puts himself into a receptive mood towards them.

The receptive mood towards knowledge is

the only means of acquiring it. To open one's mind to receive information, to meet it half-way—aye, even to go out and seek it—that is to secure the whole treasure-trove of the world of information. *Alberta Creswell.*



### COMMERCIALISM AND GENIUS.

Genius, taken in the broad and general sense, means distinguished, mental superiority, or uncommon intellectual development. But the word, as generally understood, implies great and peculiar gifts of Nature, which impel the mind toward special favorite kinds of mental effort. The principal implements of genius are the imagination, the power of calling up mental images, and of conceiving and expressing the ideal. It is through these that new combinations of old ideas are formed, and by the use of an intuitive power that the aims of genius are reached.

The mind of every great genius is concentrated upon one particular line of thought, such as literature, art, or painting; and the intellect, like the rays of the sun, when drawn to a small focus, only gains in strength and intensity. Every genius is skilled in but one kind of work, and with the experience gained by expending all his efforts along this particular line, he is prepared to bring forth his masterpieces.

But the rise of genius is not effected by the concentration of the mind upon special lines of thought; it is rather the result of a high degree of excellence which exists around about it and forms the environment in which it flourishes. A Raphael or a Michael Angelo does not come into the world at a time when the world is not

ready to appreciate him. The accomplishments of such men are the result of a long series of efforts on the part of previous artists. While, perhaps, the works of these previous artists may have been of a minor character, there was still a merit, a substance, an essence in them, that prepared the way for the coming of greater productions.

Think for a moment! Did a Dante or a Milton step suddenly into the foreground of the world's great pictures? Is not each rather a composite portrait of a host of vague, indefinite, phantasmagorical faces peering out from the ages that have preceded them?

A Miltonic or a Dantesque era is distinguished for its flourishing condition of art and literature. They are then considered as of real and valuable assistance in the development of the mind and character of the people. Works are produced with no especial aim on the part of the author. The soul of the artist must find expression and the masterpieces in which the soul is given free expression find a ready response in the hearts of the people. It is such masterpieces that create a love for the beautiful, that stir "the divinity that is within us," and that receive everlasting public approval.

In ages of this kind, men struggle against poverty and disadvantages that they may give



WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.



IN THE LUNCH ROOM.

their time to their labor. And just as great as were the accomplishments of these men, just so small, taken from a commercial standpoint, were their rewards. The souls of such artists were in their work, and all else was of no significance to them. Absolute unselfishness prevailed in their hearts and their rewards were such as men feel only when they have fully accomplished all that they set out to do.

The artists of these early schools were, however, not without substantial recognition. Kings, nobles, and members of the royal family were looked upon as patrons of the arts. To them singers, poets, and painters turned for appreciation and support. And art gallery, library, and public hall owe perhaps to such noble patrons all that remains of the glory of mediæval art.

Even to-day some countries give financial aid to artistic enterprises; but from the time of Johnson royal patronage has gradually and slowly changed into public patronage. As early as seventeen hundred the public had begun to give support to the authors in the way of a small allowance for their works. After Johnson's declaration of independence from the patron, help from individual people was no longer expected and the future of art and literature fell into the hands of the people.

Unfortunately the value of true art was misjudged. Authors, instead of being remunerated for the literary or artistic merit of their productions, were rewarded according to the amount of work received. By this method quantity grew to be the standard, and not quality. No evil results were immediately felt on account of this system of compensation. Its effect upon future ages time alone was to tell.

During the early part of the eighteenth century, an intellectual revolution was slowly taking place among the people. The public in general was growing more intelligent, and with this increased intellectual development came a natural increase in the number of people who were interested in the literary efforts of the times.

The world of readers was enlarged. The mind of the people was developed by political

and social experiences, and with these changes in government and social relations came an increase in wealth. The increased amount of wealth led to higher refinement and culture, and this naturally caused a greater demand for books by the reading public.

An interest in the works of such geniuses as Shakespeare and Milton was revived and the publishers were busy for some time with the reproduction of classical masterpieces. Never before was the sale of these so large and never before were they read with so much avidity.

But the work of past authors was not comprehensive enough to satisfy the wants of the people. The publisher was appealed to for newer productions, and only through him could the demands of the readers be supplied. And through his encouragement literature became a profession.

Even after Goldsmith, the demand continued to grow larger while the supply remained practically the same. Competition naturally arose among the publishers; and just as the price of any article of commerce is governed by the demand and the supply, so the lack of a sufficient supply of literary productions resulted in a continuous rise in the desires of the people for works of an entertaining and fascinating nature.

The publishers' offers were too great an inducement for the writers of the times. The prospects of earning a living by writing only tempted many to hack-writing, and this period brought forth the writers of the attics and garrets of Grub Street, not one of whom can lay claim to other than mediocre abilities.

The intellectual impulse soon showed itself in a greater supply of literature. New fields of thought opened, and as a result of the intellectual tastes of the public came the groups of novelists and romanticists, who contributed much of a pleasing but hardly valuable character. This activity continued to obtain up to and during the latter part of the eighteenth century, when a real literary revival occurred.

At the present time literature is in a condition similar to that of the early eighteenth

century. An intellectual revolution has again been going on among the people. Never before was the public so intelligent and never before was the world of readers so extensive. Greater and more important political and social changes have continued to develop the mind of the average individual. And the great increase in wealth has only added an advancement in the culture and refinement of the people.

Again is the demand for books fast exceeding the supply and again has the publisher become the only means of filling the wants of the public. The competition between publishers has become stronger, and as a result of this competition has grown the rapid advancement in the price and in the quantity of literary material. Again have commercial interests forced genius into the background and again has book-making become a business.

But with this spirit of commercialism holding all things in its grasp, may we not hope that a demand for genius will arise and that true art may again find its place; that we may look forward to the coming of writers who care not for themselves, but who write because they are prompted by a superior intellect, by an uncommon vigor of mind, by great and peculiar gifts of nature, which we call genius? Have we not a right to expect the return of an Augustan age of literature, to which even greater geniuses will contribute even greater masterpieces? In future years will not this peace and prosperity afford opportunity for a greater intelligence and culture in the people at large? And may not these be new forces which go to the making of a higher degree of excellence from which genius itself may arise?

*Nettie Wiedenmann.*

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Prof. E. A. Huppert, supervisor of drawing, judged the work of the pupils in the Art department.

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Mary Abercrombie received the first highest honor for her life-size charcoal drawings from the cast of St. John by Donatello.

## EMERSON.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, American literature was undergoing a radical change: writers and readers alike began to revolt against the prevailing style. Intellectually, America was now as closely bound to the mother country as she had been politically in the old colonial days; she needed as yet another "Declaration of Independence" to become entirely free. A few patriots ardently championed the cause, but with little success; it remained for Emerson to liberate American thought in his address, "The American Scholar," delivered at Cambridge in eighteen hundred thirty-seven. The force of his appeal was wonderful; he was hailed as a liberator, and henceforth his writings were to have an important and direct bearing on our literature. Thus was the great philosopher of the West first made known to the world.

In eighteen hundred thirty-six Emerson had published his first work, entitled "Nature," which, although it created but little impression then, is now considered an epoch-making book; his conversion to transcendental philosophy prompted the writing of this essay, as it did all of his others. Those advocates of a new school had for the most part allied themselves to this system of ethics. But Emerson found himself the natural leader of this group, and in "Nature" the first true western interpretation of this eastern doctrine was given. In this work, however, his sentiments were in advance of the people. It took his Cambridge oration to gain him recognition.

In the West, transcendentalism realized in Emerson its truest and most faithful disciple. It did not long remain as a forceful doctrine in America, but it awakened a great philosopher and furnished an avenue for some of the most sublime thoughts that have lighted the productions of American authors.

In his interpretation of this system, he differs slightly from its mystic founders. He combines with his ideal standard a stern practical rectitude, inherited from his Puritan ancestry. He seems never able to accept the pure

transcendentalism of the Orient. He presents always in his best essays an unique combination of the true and his individual version.

That characteristic for which Emerson has been most severely criticised is his unsympathetic style, which grew directly out of one of the fundamental principles of his ethics—the belief that the present thought should always be expressed without regard for consistency or for consequences. Another point of criticism is his habit of complacently waiving aside the cherished tenets of his fathers for those which he considered more important. He also cultivated a petulant irreverence. But in all these he is natural, direct, and original. He seeks for no effects and, although his terse, trenchant sentences startle and electrify, the easy flow of his eloquence composes and satisfies.

In some respects Emerson is among the greatest of American poets; but as a philosopher he is at his best. A reading of his "Representative Men" will give a very clear understanding of one phase of his philosophy. In it he conceives great men as the inspired instruments through which great ideas are expressed rather than as the originators of such ideas. The world is made up of the great Over Soul, of which each human soul is a part; but in great men is centered a larger share, by which virtue they are able to comprehend and explain phenomena which might remain unheeded by the ordinary mind. He thinks the example of their lives rather than their actual deeds affects the tide of events. This book is characteristic; but in America it is not generally conceded the best, although it won him fame in Europe.

The American likes him best as the clear expounder of the good and beautiful, as the candid judge, condemning all that is weak and foolish, praising all that is noble and pure, always founding his decisions on a clear understanding of the principles that underlie conditions; and, although often harshly iconoclastic, he is at all times kindly disposed.

As a theologian he found sympathy for the greater part of his life with the Unitarians. His ethics and his religion he mingled very

closely. He believed in the possible perfection of every man as he believed in the absolute purity of Jesus, and held it incumbent upon each to seek to attain that development of soul which the Nazarene had attained. For the strict forms of the Christian Church he had no sympathy, for which reason he had found it necessary to resign his Congregational pastorate. Relying upon the sufficiency of the inner light to direct proper actions, he recognized no absolute external authority.

When Emerson tried to purify the stagnant waters of Western thought by the crystal drops of Eastern mysticism, he failed; but out of this failure have come many benefits, not alone in his actual productions, but, too, in the suggestiveness of his work and the contagion of his spirit.

*Alberta Cooke, '05.*

#### THE BEGINNING OF SAMANTHA AND JOSIAH'S WEDDING TRIP.

Samantha and Josiah were sitting together one evening after all the work was done on the farm, and they seemed unusually quiet. Samantha had been trying to carry on a conversation for some time, but without success, as Josiah seemed lost in thought.

Josiah was a tall, lanky man, who seemed all arms and legs and who didn't know what to do with them. He had a thin crop of yellow hair and a scrawny bunch of sandy whiskers, which he always stroked when thinking deeply. He was one of those happy-go-lucky, good-natured men who always have a good word for everyone and everything.

Samantha, on the other hand, was altogether different. She was short, fat, and dumpy, with her dark hair drawn in a tight little knot at the back of her head. She was a nervous, fidgety little woman, who loved a good time. An occasional little spat with her husband was not distasteful to her, and it is a question as to who usually came out ahead.

After thinking deeply for some time, Josiah seemed to have arrived at a conclusion. It was

not his nature to be sudden. He looked up at Samantha and said, with a slow drawl:

"Say, S'manthy, we've been married just thirty-two years to-day."

"Right ye air, Josiah, right ye air, and we've lived right here on this old farm ever since; and we've been right happy, too."

"That 's right, we have, S'manthy; but don't you think it's about time we're going on a wedding-trip? You know we—"

"A wedding-trip! the very idee! To go away an' leave this farm to go to rack an' ruin an' have our children a-running wild without no mother—why, Josiah Hodunk, who's gone an' put such a notion in yer head?"

"Now, S'manthy, there ain't no use in yer flaring up like thet. We've got plenty of money and that we didn't have when we got married, an' I think it's about time we're a-goin' somewhere, so let's pack our duds an' go up to New York fer a couple of weeks."

They had to argue about so long, of course, before they came to a conclusion; then Samantha, who was longing to go but thought it her duty to stay home, said, after thinking a short time:

"Well, Josiah, since ye hev set yer mind on going, I 'spect I'll hev to go 'long with ye to take care of ye. There 's no telling what you 'd do when ye get up there with that crowd."

"Now, S'manthy, yer talkin' sense; now—"

"Well, ye needn't git so 'lated over it that ye hev to tangle my yarn all up."

"Say, S'manthy, I reckon ye hain't never been out of this little vill—"

"Why, Josiah Hodunk, hain't ye got no memory? Didn't I go up to Jakersville thirteen years ago, an' that 's eighteen miles from here."

"So ye did; I 'd 'most forgotten about it, but ye know it ain't a big place—"

"Not a big place? Why, Josiah, it's got *three* grocery stores." Samantha leaned back satisfied.

"Well, S'manthy, ye hain't never been to New York, an' I hev twice. Ye know the first time I went I got kind of broke in ter the ter-

r'ble crowds always in the streets. The next time, ye remember, I took Uncle Hiram with me. He ain't never been there before." Here Josiah chuckled softly to himself and began to stroke his whiskers meditatively.

"When we got down town on the main streets the usual crowd was there chasing back and for'ards, and Uncle Hiram, he walked on just bewildered for awhile. He ain't never seen such crowds before; but suddenly he gasped for breath"—Josiah stopped again to chuckle more audibly this time—"then he just sort of planted himself and said: 'Ye look here, Josiah Hodunk, I may be a big fool, but I hain't a-goin' to take a nuther step till this procession gits by.'" Here Josiah let out two or three guffaws and went out to tell Bill and Maria, the head farm-hands, about the coming trip.

Just one week later Samantha and Josiah found themselves on a train going at full speed. Samantha was quite nervous and did not attempt to hide it, but Josiah sat beside her with the air of a man who owned the whole railroad. He had been to New York twice.

"Say, Josiah, see that 'ere cloud yonder? That looks like rain. I wonder if Maria will remember to shut the chickens up in the north coop, the other one 's leaky; and I'm sure Bill's goin' to forget to give that medicine to the sick cow, and, oh—"

"Now, S'mantha, what's the use in a-wor-r'ing over things that can't be helped now; if—"

"Josiah Hodunk, hev you gone an' lost my sky blue umbrellar that I've had ever since Mary Susan died?"

"Well, S'manthy, I put it here in the corner of this here seat, but I don't— Oh, here it is!" said Josiah, with a sigh of relief. "It 's slipped under the seat—I'll fish her out; come on, come on—Gosh! here she is."

"I hope Maria won't put Sammy's best shoes on every day. I hev told her not to, but she 's— Oh, dear! where 's my campfire bottle? Josiah, hev ye gone an' lost that? That bottle 's been in our family over fifty years."

After some time Josiah found it and all

went well until after they had gone to bed in the sleeping-car. Samantha wanted the window open and Josiah wanted it shut. Samantha knew she would suffocate if it was not opened, and Josiah knew he would freeze to death if it was.

"Now, Josiah, there hain't no use in talking; it's got to be opened. I can't get my breath."

"Very well, hev yer own way, as usual. When ye bury me, you 'll know it was just yer silly notions that sent me to my grave."

The window was opened.

"Well, that's something like it; how lovely that air is!" Samantha breathed a sigh of relief.

"Achoo!" sneezed Josiah. "Gosh! how cold it is. It's more expensive—achoo!—to bring a dead corpse back on the train than when it's alive—achoo!"

After all this talk they awoke next morning to behold to their surprise that the window was still shut; they had only opened the inner one.

Josiah looked at Samantha and Samantha looked at Josiah, who drawled:

"Wall, S'manthy, I reckon we're a couple of old fools."

About an hour later Samantha and Josiah started for the dining-car. Josiah was sure he knew the direction, so he led the way through two cars, and when the third one was not the one they were in search of, Samantha suggested that he was going wrong.

"Now, S'manthy, how could I go wrong—all you have to do is to follow yer nose."

"Then in this case I reckon yer nose is on the wrong side of yer head. I'm sure the car is at the other end of the train—anyway, I'm going to ask."

"But, S'manthy, I saw—" began Josiah.

"Say, Mister, can you tell me the way to the eating-car?" asked Samantha.

"Why, yes, it's four cars that way," said the stranger, pointing in the direction Samantha had wished to go.

"Now see, Josiah," said Samantha, with an "I told you so" nod of her head.

"Well, here we are," said Josiah, as they entered the dining-car; "that little walk just give us an appetite fer breakfast."

"You don't need to walk to find yours," said Samantha, grimly. "I don't ever remember a time when ye had to hunt fer it."

Samantha ended her order by saying to the waiter: "And bring me a biled pertater without the 'a la' on it. I'm used to eatin' mine without."

They ordered a good breakfast, but when the bill came around, Samantha was scandalized.

"A dollar an' a ha'f fer that little grub," she said; "never I'd be fool enough ter pay thirty-five cents fer a biled pertater."

They went back to their car, and in a short time Samantha began to get nervous.

"Ain't we 'most to New York, Josiah?"

"Yes," said Josiah, consulting his time-card, "in about an hour. Air ye tired?"

"Well, I'd sort of like to git my feet on firm ground fer awhile."

They sat silent for some time; then the brakeman came through the car, calling "New York."

Samantha and Josiah put on their things and got their grips down.

"Well," said Samantha, "why don't they stop and let us off?"

"They will when we get to New York."

"He told us ten minutes ago that this was New York."

Just then the porter came through the car and picked up their grips and started on.

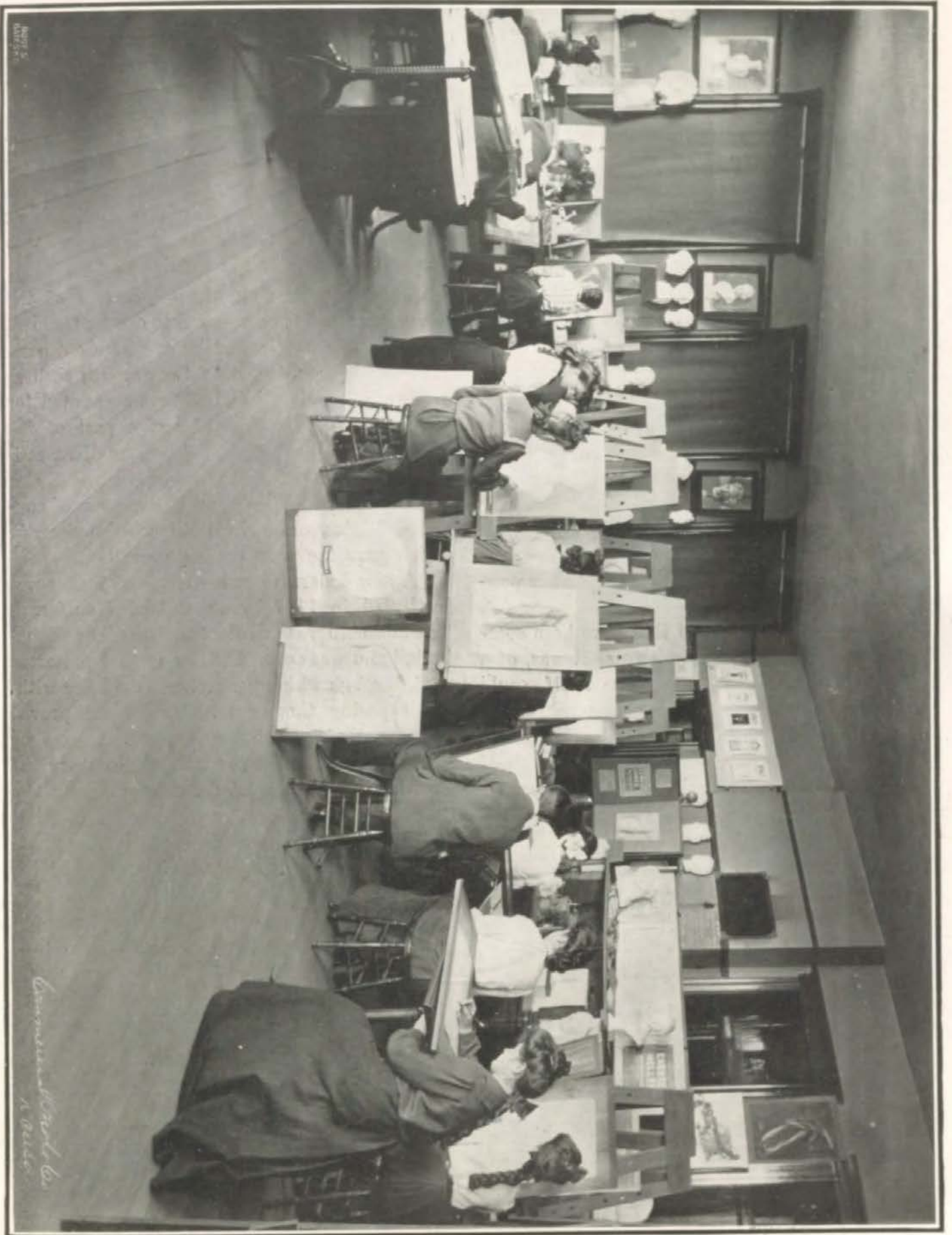
"Say, look here, darkey, where air ye goin' with our things. We may be from the country, but ye can't take our things right out from under our noses like that," Samantha said.

"Why, S'manthy, he's just goin' ter take them out so we won't have to carry 'em."

"Very well, let him go then, Josiah, but if that fellar steals 'em, don't ye blame me fer it, and remember that I warned ye. I never did trust them niggers anyhow."

The train began to slow down, and when it stopped they got off. Samantha had never





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THE ART ROOM.

*Cambridge Photo Co.*

seen so many people. She looked around awhile and then said:

"Say, Josiah, do you see anyone ye know? you've been here twice. You remember that Martha Ann Jones lives here—we must go and see her. I'm going to ask this man where she lives."

Poor Samantha! She did not appreciate the difference between New York and Greenville.

*Gertrude Smith, '05.*

### THE EVOLUTION OF THE WARSHIP.

What a commotion would have been created in the ancient or mediæval world had a modern, fast-sailing battleship of the first class, armed with long-range guns and all the recent additions to the war-machine, suddenly been launched by an enterprising ship-builder who lived a century before his time! This vessel would have had the commerce of the world at her mercy; no ship could have escaped her powerful guns.

And yet there must at first have been some conception, crude and primitive as it was, of a boat, which, with little injury to itself, could destroy or disable an enemy; and that there was history gives ample evidence.

Even in the earliest times thousands of years ago, builders of war-vessels realized the value of some material which gave protection to the crew, and prevented fire. Leather was one of the most widely used materials, as is shown by the modern French word "cuirass," derived from "cuir," which means "leather." The Greeks and Romans often used on their ships a thick wall of hides, from which the missiles of their enemies glanced harmlessly. Hides, brass, and iron were used extensively in the ninth century, and in the tenth another material, felt, was found to give such good protection that both the Normans and Saracens employed it in a sea-fight off Palermo. The Saracens had probably first used felt, for we read accounts of the beautiful effect of large mantlets of it, in red and yellow, hung on the sides of their ships.

Leaving the armor, which was so important a consideration then, as it is now, let us turn our attention to the vessels themselves. At about the time of the appearance of felt armor, the ingenious Venetians built for harbor defense a peculiar kind of ship. In the center there rose a high turret, from which any attempt at boarding could be repulsed. In front and back of this turret were the rowers, who forced the ship along at a fair speed.

The Saracens were the originators of the "dromons," which correspond to our battleships. These vessels were rowed by one hundred oars, each oar being manned by two rowers; so here we have a couple of hundred men accounted for at once. As these formed but a part of the crew, which included, in addition, soldiers, sail-makers, and artificers, who worked the Greek fire-siphons, these ships must have been of considerable size. Later, all ships had bulwarks, which gave the crew greater protection.

A new departure in the shape of vessels was instituted in 1187 by Conrad of Montferrat. The new ship was called a "barbotes," or "duck-back," and was covered with a leather-protected roof, through which the archers could fire without exposing themselves. This form proved very effective against the Saracens.

In the middle of the fifteenth century the Knights of St. John tried a new armor on two of their vessels. This armor was lead, and it was claimed that, while impregnable to cannon, it did not materially lessen the speed of the ship.

Half a century later, in Antwerp, there appeared a ship different from all others then built, which first deserved the name "iron-clad." It was built for the purpose of breaking through the lines of the Spanish army, which was besieging the city at that time. It was a large, flat-bottom craft, having a battery in the center, and was covered with plates of iron. Unfortunately for the people of Antwerp, it ran aground before it came near the enemy, and was captured, after being abandoned by the crew.

It is curious to note that about this time

another iron-clad, but similar in shape to the old "barbotes," was built in Japan. This craft was propelled by a central paddle-wheel, and mounted ten guns. The armor consisted of iron and copper plates, which gave the vessel the appearance of a huge turtle.

In the eighteenth century, the British sailors protected themselves from an enemy's missiles with old cables and ropes, which they hung from spars and piled up on the bulwarks. These rude shelters, it is claimed, reduced the loss in men at least one-half.

In the latter part of the same century, the Spanish, at the siege of Gibraltar, attempted to demolish the English forts with the aid of floating batteries, which were cut down from frigates; they were covered with sloping roofs, behind which was a thickness of seven feet of cork and wet sand. The English soon proved, with the aid of red-hot cannon-balls, that these vessels, supposedly fire-proof, were as easy to set on fire as the common wooden ships.

The Americans, in the first part of the last century, had several vessels of a much improved pattern, among which were two steam warships, built by Robert Fulton. But it remained for them, at a single stroke, to force the powers of the world to build their entire navies anew. That stroke was the battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, in the Civil War; it proved to all progressive nations that wooden ships were no longer of use in actual warfare. So far has this idea now developed, that, in battles between ships of to-day, all wooden articles are thrown overboard; for it has been found that splinters are the cause of more dangerous wounds than those made by shot. Since the Civil War, our styles of ships have grown far larger and stronger, until now we have those huge vessels which are like floating cities, using as much coal and provisions as are used by a good-sized village. It seems, however, that the limit in size has almost been reached, and that the chief requisites of the greater part of the battle-ships in the future will be speed and effective armament. This has been noticed in the showing of the armored cruiser in recent

wars; that its guns were almost as effective as those of a battle-ship, while in speed it surpasses the battle-ships by a great margin.

The world is waiting for the submarine boat to be put into actual service; great things are expected of it, and it is probable that in the near future these hopes will be realized. There is good reason to believe that, if this style of vessel ever reaches the perfection of the present ordinary kind, an even greater revolution will be made in the navy than was made by the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*.

Walter Wolf, '05.

### A LUNCHEON.

One of the most pleasant occurrences of the year was the German and French luncheon given by the students of those languages. Everything was thoroughly German and French—only the foreign languages were spoken, and the dishes were strictly in accordance with the nationality of the table. At the German table was to be had einmagnierte Herring, Kartoffel Salat, Apfel Charlotte, verdoppeltes Butterbrot, Pfeffernüsse, Pumpernickel, Roggenbrot, Schmier-käse and Zweiback. At the French table were shrimp salade à la Mayonnaise, olives à l'Amerigine, ham à la naturelle, salade à la pomme de terre and ice-cream française. As many of the dishes as it was possible to prepare at home were made by the students themselves. After the luncheon, two interesting programmes were rendered by various pupils. The German "Die Wacht am Rhein" and the French "Le Marseillaise" were sung. The programmes were as follows:

#### *In German.*

"Die Lorelei" . . . . . (duet).

Miss Creswell, Mr. Robertson.

"In Lauterbach hab' ich mein' Strumpf verloren."

Paul Luther.

#### *In French.*

"Marietta" . . . . . Ruth Johnson.

Imitation of Modjeska . . . Mary Abercrombie.

The luncheon was pronounced a grand success and was heartily enjoyed by all who took part.



A FRESHMAN CLASS IN THE STUDY HALL.

## CUPID'S POSTMAN.

"Say, Jack, I don't think it's square to go back on a fellow like this. I thought it was decided at the beginning of the year that you were to come home to New York with me. The Pater, you know, has a fine position waiting for both of us."

"I know, Dick; your father's a brick, and it is with regret, I assure you, that I must refuse; but you see I couldn't ask mother to leave the old home and the many associations and dear friends of years—it would mean real sorrow to us both."

The above conversation took place in Dick's luxuriously furnished "den" at Yale. These two chums had been hazed together when Freshies, had taken the same course, and in every way were loyal comrades. And now their Senior year was drawing to a close, and Dick Huntington was exerting all his powers of persuasion to induce his friend, Jack Downley, to accompany him to his home in New York. But Jack was firm.

"No, Dick," said Jack, "I appreciate your father's kindness more than I can say, but I have been independent all my life, and I expect to hustle from the bottom of the ladder to the top, if I ever get there, without any help."

They sat in silence, puffing their pipes. Each thought of a fair young girl that he had known and loved since childhood. She had shared all their boyish sports, permissible for a girl, and had shown no preference, though each boy secretly thought that he found special favor in her clear blue eyes.

Owing to his increasing business, Mr. Huntington removed, with his family, to New York. When, four years later, Dick was sent to Yale, by hard struggling Jack earned a scholarship in the same college. Each boy silently entertained the hope that when he graduated he would tell a certain golden-haired girl of his love and try to win her.

"Dick, see here what I got in this morning's mail—an offer of a position as postman in our

town, from an old friend of my father, who is postmaster there. Now, of course, this must appear to you rather a slow beginning, and I confess that I have higher ambitions, but this will do for a starter and I shall accept with thanks."

Dick betrayed great excitement and eyed his friend impatiently. Jack returned the look with interest.

"Well! why don't you say something—congratulate a fellow on his luck?"

Dick murmured something that was anything but complimentary to his chum. Then, changing the subject, he said, in an off-hand manner:

"Oh, by the way, I got a letter from Tess to-day, and"—with a frown—"she sent you her love and said for me to tell you that you will hear from her soon. She says she is surely coming down with your mother to see us graduate. She also asked me if I remember the day she put her foot through a kite we had made, because we wouldn't let her fly it. Girls never could fly kites anyway. Say, Jack, those were jolly times; we never realized it until now that they are passed."

And Dick uttered a sigh at the memory of those by-gone childish pleasures that would never come again.

Two months later old Yale was flying blue ribbons and bunting decorations from every doorway and window, for the end of the year had come, and the air rang with cheers for Jack Downley, who had carried off the honors.

Tears of joy stood in the eyes of Jack's mother, as he delivered the valedictory, and she had a very sympathetic companion in Tessie Deane. Tessie, however, was laboring under conflicting emotions, for she could not tell, in her heart, which boy she would rather have had win that glorious honor.

Another summer had come, and, as Jack assorted his mail in the Hamton postoffice, he thought of the time, just a year ago that very day, when he had been the lion at Yale and Tessie had looked up into his eyes and told him

how glad she was. He now wondered if she had ever looked at Dick in just that way. He remembered, as he mechanically placed the letters and papers in their different piles, just how she looked. Her eyes were as blue as the Yale pin she wore at her throat—the pin he had sent her—and her dark blue dress, with its white collar and belt, formed a bewitching contrast to her golden hair with the sunbeams caught in it, and her fair, dimpled chin. And, though he saw her every day, for there was always some mail for the Deanes, he never forgot just how she looked when she congratulated him. Some very tender words had rushed to his lips then, but he controlled them with an effort. It would never do to tell her now that she had been his one great inspiration to win the honors that so many had striven for. Nor would it do to ask the question he so longed to, for a postman's salary would not maintain two people with any great amount of luxury, though bushels of love were thrown in.

He was brought to earth again with a start, as he read the address of the object of all his musings. It was on a crested envelope, written in a hand he knew only too well. Now Jack didn't, of course, know the contents of that letter, but the fact of its very existence was enough to make him very miserable, and his worst fears were aggravated when Tessie received the letter, so reluctantly given, with a smile and a blush; and when Jack asked her why she was in such "glowing" spirits, she answered something entirely off the subject. This called for the remark:

"Some girls are so 'funny' one never can get any satisfaction from them."

Whereupon up went the pretty head, as she replied that she had not put out the sign, "Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded." Jack went away in a huff, and as the mails continued to bring those letters he had a temptation not to deliver them, but his high sense of honor spurned such a thought.

One day, after having delivered a more bulky-looking document than usual the day be-

fore, he was very much surprised to see Tess with suspiciously "pink" eyelids. The fact of his having no mail seemed to relieve rather than to disappoint her.

The contents of that bulky manuscript was anything but calming. Dick had asked her to be his wife; to live in great New York, and let him care for and surround her with every luxury that love and wealth could procure. She was angry and amazed at her feelings. She didn't seem to care for Dick as much or in the way she thought she ought to love the man that she would marry. It would be dreadful to leave her mother and the dear old town where she has lived all her life and—and Jack. No, she couldn't *possibly* leave Jack; that was her whole reason in a nut-shell.

She was sitting in her cozy little room, thinking it all over when the sharp, familiar little "toot-toot" of the postman's whistle came to her ears and seemed to fix her decision, whatever it was, for she tore the letter lying in her lap into a thousand pieces and tossed them into the waste-basket, then fairly flew down the stairs to answer the summons.

Jack was in a state of open rebellion. He had decided, the night before as he read over the offer of a fine position with a banking firm, to venture the question which was to decide his fate, if another letter came from Dick. The Boston firm of Messrs. Goodrich & Co. had heard of his Yale record, and were looking for just such a young man as Jack. It was a fine opening with every prospect of advancement, and Jack's eyes glowed as he re-read the letter, and, besides, with Tess to help him, what could he not do?

"It's simply the limit," he muttered, "to be obliged to deliver the love-letters of a rival."

Then he wondered if anyone had ever been in a similar position before. He took heart again, however, when Tessie met him at the door, smiling so sweetly and felt that Fortune might at last favor him when she said:

"Do come in a minute, Jack. I've just made some delicious fudge." He needed no second invitation. Then, plunging at once, said:

"Tess, dear, it's killing me to bring you these letters."

"Why, Jack?"

This open question was asked with wide, innocent eyes expressing, seemingly, great surprise and wonder. But had Jack taken her hand just then he would have found it cold and trembling.

"Can't you guess, dear? It's only because I love you so."

Those innocent eyes were on the carpet now and there was no question forthcoming. At this silent encouragement, Jack became bold and said:

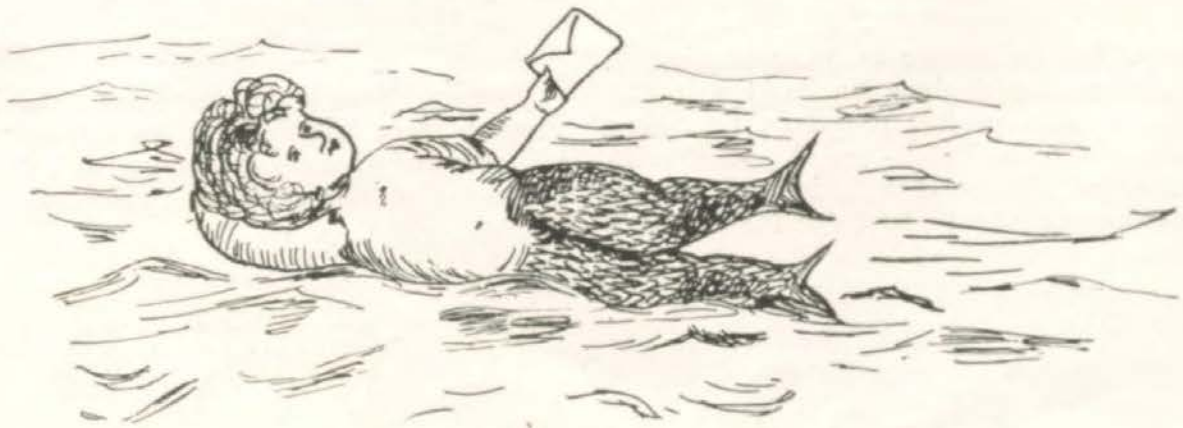
"Tessie, darling, do you love me enough to share with me the little I have?"

Tessie raised her eyes to his and said with just a suspicion of mischief in her earnest, tender little face:

"I don't know, Jack, dear; I might if I were asked."

The postman left the Deane residence that day with a very warm feeling around his heart, but tempered just a bit by his pity for poor Dick. And little did the neighbors guess the cause of the late delivery of their mail that summer day.

*Shirley Allendorph, '05.*



## Answers to Correspondents.

Amanda—Mr. Bigney's pronunciation of "square root" as "skroot" is authorized by no Eastern dictionary. Perhaps you have heard the statement made that all genius has certain privileges and immunities which nobody else can claim.

H. L. G.—You can say, "This machine is turned by a crank," without insinuating that you are the crank, by attaching an electric motor to it.

George S.—You wish for perpetual youth. A way which will probably be discovered in five hundred years. If you can only wait till then, you will become as gay and lithe as a Freshman and as happy as a "pig in clover."

Margaret D.—Owing to your inclination to wander into theories, philosophies, and "isms," you ask some remedy by which you may concentrate your mind. I know of a device which is placed upon the top of the head, under the hair. Whenever the mind is led astray by an "ism," the machine gives the head a little twitch. Send a self-addressed envelope for further information.

A. O. B.—In answer to your inquiry, I would say that chiffoniers can be kept in the school-room with perfect propriety, providing they are said to hold foot- and base-ball suits and an extra storage of examination papers. Yes, one corner may be kept for the teacher's

individual use. Be careful to keep that part under lock and key.

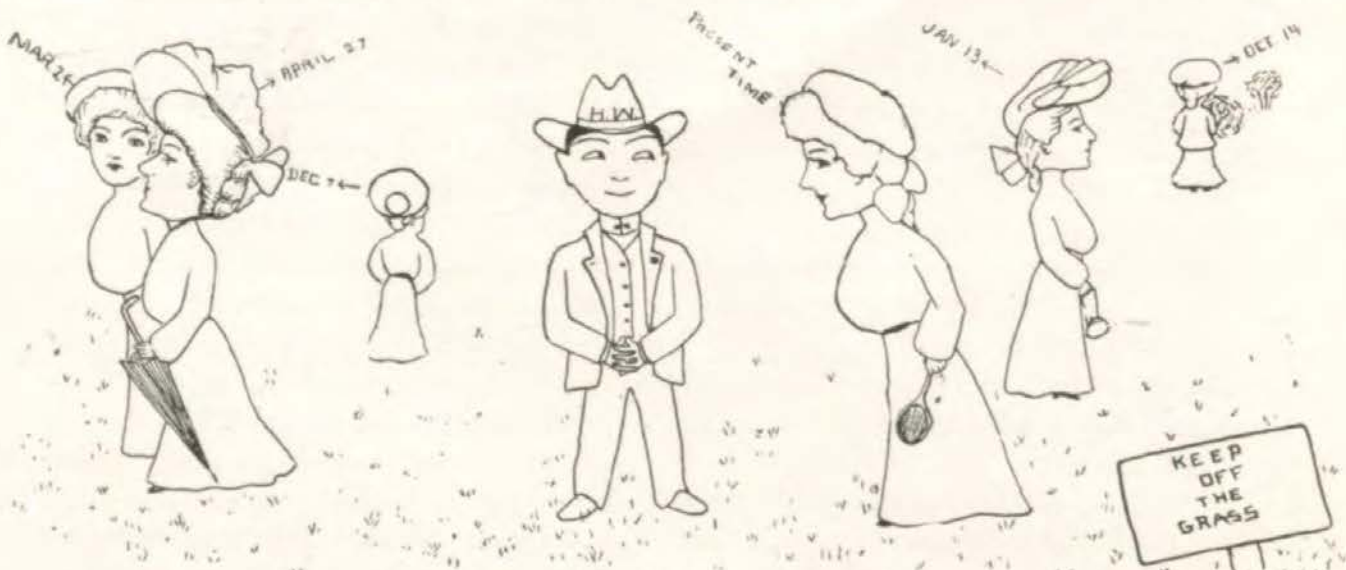
Stella—Yes, it is perfectly proper to go riding with a gentleman in the evening without a chaperon, provided it is a "gladsome night" and there's no "madsome" dog to say "bow-wow."

M. De. W.—Don't worry about that small mirror in your "boudoir." The school will make a petition to Mr. Underwood to take up a collection to buy a new one for next year.

Myrtle D.—My recipe for roast Freshman follows: First thump the victim's head for the same reason you thump a watermelon. Send him to room seven with his lesson unprepared. Great chances must be taken whether he will be singed. If he is well browned, sprinkle with grated charcoal, powdered sulphur, and potassium nitrate, and ignite. Garnish with fixatif.

J. Farmer—You ask how to kill potato-bugs. My system never fails. First catch the bug, then drop him in boiling water and let him stay for five minutes. If he is not dead then, repeat the process. This method can be used on other kinds of bugs, whose skins are not too tough.

Senior—Here is the recipe for a classic fry: Procure from Miss Wilder some Greek roots; add some of Caesar's campaign, and fry on a discus. Eat this delicious concoction with a trident.



SOME OF THE ONLY GIRLS HE EVER LOVED

MARY ASPELL



**JLD SETTLERS' DAY."**

On Wednesday morning, November twenty-fifth, a number of the old settlers of Kansas City were invited to the high school to enjoy the exercises of an "Old Settlers' Day" program. Misses Callie Clark and Alice O'Neil rendered excellent solos and were warmly applauded.

Father Dalton delivered the address of the day. His subject was, "An Outline of Kansas City's History." He spoke in part as follows:

One of the greatest benefits derived from a high school education is the development of a loyal and patriotic love of one's native country or city. I feel certain that the pupils of the Westport High School are interested in the history of their own beautiful city.

Kansas City had its beginning when, in seventeen hundred ninety-eight, some white men landed at the mouth of the Kaw River. There was but a handful of these men, and after a few years all traces of their visit had vanished. Several years later a small band of French-Canadians, *en route* to St. Joseph, stopped here through mistake, and, after finding this a desirable home, they determined they would first go on to St. Joseph to sell their goods and then return to their first landing-place.

Before they returned, however, Jos. Robideau, with a company of five traders, settled here for the purpose of trading with the Indians, two tribes of whom had previously strayed here from Iowa. These traders organized into two companies, known as "The Missouri Fur Company" and the "American Fur Company." After spending a few years in trading, and after having conquered the Indians, they determined to go farther into their new home and make a plat of the surrounding country. This they did, and after a short time they returned with their families, having decided to make Kansas City their permanent home.

A few more families landed from time to time, until, in eighteen hundred twenty-eight, Westport Landing, as it was then called, could boast a population of between forty and fifty families, scattered from the mouth of the Kaw southward, for about ten or twelve miles.

Rapid progress was made, and in forty-five the city was organized as such, and the first officials took their offices. The next fifteen years were without hindrances to the growth of the city, and all would have been well had not the Civil War occurred. But during that period the population decreased from thirty-five thousand to but three or four thousand people.

The hopes of these few who remained were not crushed, however. Having once determined to make their city prosper, nothing could hinder them. It was this determination on the part of those few honorable people that laid the future course of the entire city. Not discouraged by trifles or even great disadvantages, they pressed onward in their effort for the betterment of their city until, in the contest for the bridge, Kansas City's determined men won the city's present position by quietly building the bridge and thus drawing commerce and trade to the city, which now grew rapidly in population and importance.

But Kansas City's history was not to be one of unending prosperity, for in seventy-two the terrible plague of the grasshoppers devastated the country. For days and days the insects remained, and every day at noon more came in such quantities that they actually hid the sun. So great was the number of the pest that traffic had to be stopped. Trains could no longer run; all supplies were cut off and the entirely barren country left by the grasshoppers so augmented the suffering that the following year a great panic ensued. There was nothing to eat, no money to be obtained, and the people only survived by the harvesting of bountiful crops the following year.

After the panic the country was again at rest. Railroads were now built, the grain business was introduced, and great plenty abounded everywhere. But this increased prosperity was only to add increased misery, for soon everyone's attention was turned to the buying of stocks. Notes, mortgages, interest—all were forgotten in the great greed for wealth, and in eighty-three the city suffered one of the greatest booms ever known in this country. Homes

were lost, everything was neglected, and this boom proved more disastrous than the plague of the grasshoppers.

After this Kansas City soon reached the position it has held so successfully for many years. Such is the history of our city. Full of adversity, it still shows the determination of its first settlers in doing the best in their power for the betterment of their own native city.

*Nettie Wiedenmann, '04.*

### A VISIT FROM DR. DRAPER.

On Friday morning, October twenty-third, the pupils of Westport High School were especially favored by a very informal but profitable talk by Dr. A. S. Draper, president of the University of Illinois. Dr. Draper has a very pleasant voice, a good command of language, and the faculty of knowing young people and young people's way. Sitting before his audience, he talked in a conversational manner, holding the attention of every student. No more impressive address has ever been heard in our school. Some of his thoughts are here reproduced:

The public school is the place where the majority of America's boys and girls receive their first lessons of right and justice; the place where they are all brought up on the same footing with no distinction of any kind; in fact, it has been accurately called the "common bond of union," where the poor children and the rich are alike reared in the same atmosphere, both having to work equally as hard to obtain their education. In Europe this is not so, for there your rank has much to do with your situation in life; if you are a nobleman's child, you will always be known as such, and if the child of a laborer, you cannot rise very high above that class in the estimation of the people, no matter what your aim and ambition in life may be.

The fact is clearly brought out that because the poorer children have to gain their education as best they can, always by hard work, they may be, in the end, the best scholars, for they know, to accomplish the highest aim in life, they must

struggle for it and be persevering in all they do, while the rich children often become lazy and indolent in school, simply from knowing that work is not a necessity to them. Speaking along this line, let me mention an example: General Sheridan, who himself told the students and cadets of West Point that he never expected to be what he was, but when he was appointed second lieutenant, he did make up his mind to be the best second lieutenant there was; that he kept on being honored and receiving higher positions, and he soon reached the position of general of the United States Army and all on account of his perseverance in sticking to his purpose. Another apt example is that of a man whose occupation was selling cookies, who had no chances or opportunities to advance, but one day he chanced upon a stone, which he learned was very valuable; he at once became interested in stones and made a collection which he sold for three hundred dollars at the World's Fair. He used this profit for other collections, and after some years of work of this kind he was engaged at Tiffany's in New York, where he is annually paid a large sum for his good and honest judgment concerning precious stones of all kinds. In a similar way, J. F. Hulse rose to be one of the skilled geologists of the age.

This idea is clear: that every boy and girl has a chance to achieve success, but they must have ambition, or they will amount to nothing. In this day and age the boy and the girl are on the same footing; they have the same opportunities and advantages; this was not so fifty years ago, when the man was the superior and the woman was the mere housewife. I should like to impress upon your minds the important idea of having an aim in life, of having something in view which you are fitted to do and do well and then to work toward that aim with all the enthusiasm and earnestness you have. Since I have been talking, my mind has often turned to that beautiful picture of Priscilla hanging there on the wall. I feel a particular interest in the picture, on account of the artist, Mr. George Boughten, who was noted for his talent,



IN THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

especially, in painting Pilgrim pictures. Mr. Boughten was at first only an errand-boy in a hat store, and his talent was first noticed from his drawing so many pictures on hat-boxes when out on his errands. His friends began to take an interest in him, and by degrees he became able to give more and more time to his art. The story of the artist's great life and work is a fitting illustration of what those who set out to accomplish an aim in life may attain.

In closing, let me try to impress upon your minds that success in life is a purely personal matter and depends entirely upon the individual's perseverance and determination to do what he has set out to do; again, let me say, be loyal to your work; begin now by being loyal to your school, to your home, to your city, and to your country, standing up for them on all occasions.

*Mary Minor, '04.*

#### FIELD WORK IN BOTANY.

We, the pupils studying botany, have gone on many trips in search of flowers. We have found the following:

*April 2, 1904, at Swope Park:*

Violets; moist ground—Violet family.

Sweet Williams; woods—Polemonium family.

Buttercups; open woods—Crowfoot family.

May Apples; rich woods—Barberry family.

Johnnie Jump-ups; low, rich woods—Violet family.

*April 10, 1904, at Roanoke:*

Columbines; rocky soil—Crowfoot family.

Redbuds; open woods—Senna family.

Spring Beauties; moist, open woods—Purslane family.

Verbenas; in pastures—Verbain family.

Meadow Rues; rocky soil—Crowfoot family.

Dogtooth Violets; rich ground—Lily family.  
Jack-in-the-pulpits; rich woods—Arum family.

Garlics; moist meadows—Lily family.

*April 24, 1904, at Brush Creek and Oak Street:*

Apple, Plum, Peach, and Pear; common in cultivation—Rose family.

Wild Indigoes; in fields—Pulse family.

*April 25, 1904, at Linwood and Benton Blvds.:*

Bellworts; rich woods—Bellwort family.

Ground Ivies; shady, moist places—Mustard family.

Lilacs; in shady places—Olive family.

Wood Sorrels; common—Sorrel family.

Water Cresses; by streams—Mustard family.

Peppergrasses; in fields—Mustard family.

*April 26, 1904, at Dodson:*

Cranesbills; open woods and fields—Geranium family.

Blue-eyed Marys; moist soil—Figwort family.

Buckeyes; open woods—Horse-chestnut family.

*April 28, 1904, along Dummy Track:*

Yellow Puccoons; open woods—Borage family.

Blue-eyed Grasses; moist meadows—Iris family.

Rue Anemones; woods—Crowfoot family.

*May 1, 1904, at Indian Creek:*

Bloodroots; moist soil—Poppy family.

Shad Bushes; open woods—Rose family.

Wild Crab-apples; open woods—Rose family.

Ranunculus Abortivus; in pastures—Crowfoot family.

*May 5, 1904, at Leeds:*

Mustards; in fields—Mustard family.

Papaws; open woods—Custard-apple family.

The Dutchman's Breeches; rich soil—Poppy family.

Toothworts; rich woods—Mustard family.

Bitter Cresses; wet meadows and marshes—Mustard family.

Strawberries; open woods—Rose family.

*May 11, 1904, at Hyde Park:*

Cleavers; waste places—Madder family.

Ranunculus Abortivus; common—Crowfoot family.

Yellow Wood-sorrels; around damp places—Sorrel family.

Dandelions; common everywhere—Chicory family.

Redhaws; open thickets—Honeysuckle family.

Iris; moist ground—Iris family.

Solomon's Seals; open woods—Lily-of-the-Valley family.

During the term we have also analyzed:

Callas; from homes—Arum family.

Tulips; on lawns—Lily family.

Hyacinths; door-yards—Lily family.

Crocuses; very early—Iris family.

Black Haws; open woods—Honeysuckle family.

Yellow Puccoons; sandy plains—Borage family.

Bloodroots; damp woods—Poppy family.

Wild Gooseberries; rocky woods—Gooseberry family.

Currants; in thickets—Gooseberry family.

Clovers; everywhere—Pulse family.

Buckeyes; moist ground—Horse-chestnut family.

White Daisies; fields and meadows—Composite family.

*Julian Amelung, '07.*

Honorable mention was accorded the following pupils in the class of free hand drawing from the cast of heads, objects, and still life: Robert Hornbuckle, Mable Storr, Walter Packwood, Anna Ormsby, Elizabeth Stevenson, Bessie Minor, Blanche Bliel, Grace Walter, Anna Burgess, Edna Marsh, and Gladys Rose. To the class in water color painting: Nelle Sumnerwell, Mary Minor, Celia Walter, Alberta Creswell, and Nettie Wiedenmann. To the class in design and letterings: Clara Bastman, Mabel Eggleston, Joseph Farmer, Amy Meyer, and Paul Parker. To the class in mechanical drawing: Charles Wolf, Sidney Hodge, Raymond Wing, and Harold Folk. Helen Harper Loucks' design for the *Herald* cover was chosen. Honorable mention was accorded: William Peet, Clara Bastman, Grace Keith, and Gertrude Smith.

# JUNIORS



## OFFICERS.

Sidney Hodge, President.  
 Harriette Dorn, Vice-President.  
 Alberta Cooke, Secretary.  
 Walter Wolf, Treasurer.  
 Robert Ormsby, Sergeant-at-Arms.

## NOTES.

We shall have enough money to pay for the tally-ho ride and buy the Seniors some peanuts.

The prospects for a strong Senior Class are as bright and promising as can be expected. It will probably be the largest class that has ever been graduated from Westport High School.

The Juniors gave their annual Monday morning entertainment on March 21. A large audience attended and applauded liberally. Each member appeared at least once on the stage.

The Juniors are a class who have some object in life, and they want this object to be made known. For this reason another section of Senior biographies would not be out of place in next year's *Herald*.

We wish to impress upon the readers of the *Herald* the fact that both prizes in the Declamation Contest were won by Juniors. In addition, the medal for the best examination in American History is now on the coat lapel of Mr. Charles J. Mount, another Junior.

## HANS AND GRETCHEN.

Hans was a typical young Dutchman; stout and stolid, he needed only the wooden shoes and a proper scene to furnish any artist with a model for a Dutch boy. His sister Gretchen was his junior by several years, and as such was willing to accept his leadership in all things. Especially was this true when Hans, whose native dullness had been eliminated, to a great extent, by his residence in America, had gotten into some new scrape. Gretchen was perfectly willing to allow the cat-o'-nine-tails to hover over the shoulders of Hans, as a result of some new escapade.

Their latest adventure, however, had resulted almost fatally to Gretchen. The well, a large one of stone, was provided with a windlass to raise the huge oaken bucket. In the well, hugging the side closely, there grew a wonderful lily, at which the children would gaze longingly. Finally, in a spirit of bravado, they determined to brave everything to get the flower. Gretchen, who was much smaller than her brother, got into the bucket, and was let down into the well. But the boy had overrated his strength; he felt the handle gradually slipping through his fingers. He called loudly, but nobody came. At last, when he felt that he could hold on no longer, he was conscious of a strong hand on the handle, and his father's voice sounded dimly in his ear. A soft flower brushed his face, but he had fainted. With the aid of water he was quickly revived, and then he saw in his hand the beautiful flower which had almost caused the death of one whom he loved more than anyone else.



EDITORIAL STAFF.

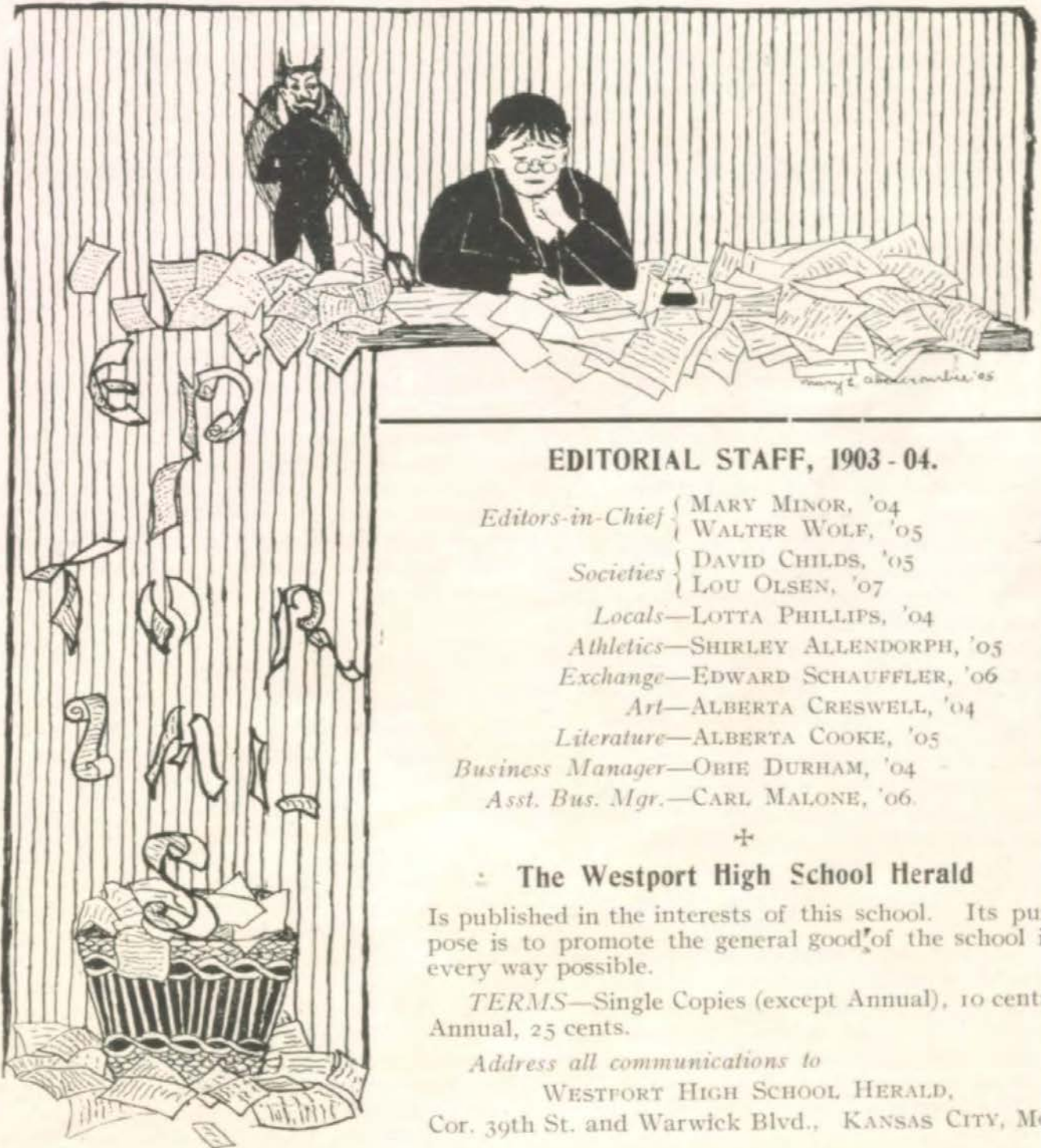
JOHN A. BATES & CO.

# The Westport High School Herald

Vol. IV.

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No. 2.



## EDITORIAL STAFF, 1903 - 04.

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WALTER WOLF, '05

*Societies* { DAVID CHILDS, '05  
LOU OLSEN, '07

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*Athletics*—SHIRLEY ALLENDORPH, '05

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*Literature*—ALBERTA COOKE, '05

*Business Manager*—OBIE DURHAM, '04

*Asst. Bus. Mgr.*—CARL MALONE, '06.

+

## The Westport High School Herald

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WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL HERALD,  
Cor. 39th St. and Warwick Blvd., KANSAS CITY, MO.

## EDITORIAL.

Pupils who are candidates for the high school will find no better time to enroll than at the middle of the year. While most pupils enrolling at this time must continue their high school work through four and one-half years, there can be no valid objection urged to this, for some of the leading high schools of the United States are planning for a six-year course in the high school, that their students may enter college better prepared to meet its exacting requirements.

Another reason favorable to enrollment at mid-year is that in case of sickness or unavoidable absence or hindrance, the pupil has a margin of one-half year, which may enable him to complete the work on time, instead of giving five years to it.—*Mid-Year Herald*.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in his annual report, states that graduates of the public high schools are, as a general rule, much better adapted for college work than students from the so-called "prep" schools.—*The Woodward High School Oracle, Cincinnati, Ohio*.

Let the students of Westport High School be generous and each one buy a copy of the *Herald*. It costs only twenty-five cents—that is less than is the cost of the printing. The students are actually getting the paper at a cost less than that of publication!

This is the first year in which advertisements have appeared in the *Herald*. We hope that you will patronize the people who have kindly helped us with their advertisements. They have added materially to the *Herald* fund, and it is only fair that we should give them good returns.

No other department of our paper is looked forward to with more interest than our exchanges. It is the "funny sheet," and is gleaned from many sources. We have a large number of school papers coming to us each year. Here are some of the best:

*The Mirror,*  
*Echoes,*  
*The Nautilus,*  
*The Luminary,*  
*The Record,*

*M. S. U. Independent,*  
*High School News,*  
*The Daily Maroon,*  
*The Gleam,*  
*The Oracle,*  
*Old Hughes,*  
*Westminster Monthly,*  
*N. D. H. S. Review,*  
*The Daily Echo,*  
*The Jayhawker,*  
*The Sentiment,*  
*Old Gold and Purple,*  
*The Radius,*  
*High School Life.*

### THE VALUE OF "ROOTING."

Our athletic department, especially that of base-ball, has received the support of almost the whole school this year, thus showing that the student body has at last recognized the value of "rooting." It encourages our boys, strikes terror into the hearts of the opposing team, and tells the boys that enough Westport "fans" are attending the game to buy each player a pair of socks next year. It also makes the "rooter" very hoarse, so he can stay home the next day and take several pints of cough syrup. If these are not sufficient inducements for each Westporter to attend every game possible, call at Mr. Bigney's room and he will give special reasons too numerous to state here.

### NEWS FROM THE UNIVERSITIES.

Students of the State University at Columbia have circulated a petition for excluding foreigners from the men's dormitories. The cause of this action was the announcement that several Egyptians intend to enter the university next year as students.

The University of Porto Rico is showing the fact that it is American by entering heartily into all kinds of athletics. It has recently proposed a track meet for all the high schools on the island. Foot-ball and base-ball are exceedingly popular in these tropical countries, especially base-ball. A base-ball team is to visit the United States and play at the St. Louis Exposition.

Students of Northwestern University, who are members of the Evanston musical club, hope to visit the St. Louis Exposition and take part in the choral contest for a prize of \$5,000. They plan to go in a special train and spend a few days visiting the exhibits.





### FOOT-BALL.

During the first week of school there was the usual lack of foot-ball enthusiasm, but a new supply was furnished us by our coach, Mr. Shippey.

After about three weeks of practice, we defeated the Prossos; score, 15 to 0. A few weeks later Kansas City, Kansas, got the better of us on a muddy, sloppy field. But it was not to be wondered at, as the superior weight of the Jayhawkers swept every obstacle from their path, breaking our lines without much trouble. The score was 10 to 0. Westport, however, soon had their revenge, the following Friday defeating the Kansas in one of the hardest fought games of the season. Until the last five minutes of play in the second half no score had been made, when in one of the fiercest scrimmages Robert Hornbuckle, our left half-back, was so severely injured that he was unable to play the rest of the season. About a minute after time had been called for the injured, William Hornbuckle made a run of forty-five yards, scoring a touchdown. This was the only touch-

down made during the game, which ended with the score of Westport 5 to Kansas 0.

Our next game was with the Manual Training High School. On account of our former luck Westport entered in a decidedly weakened condition. The boys were stiff and sore, and substitutes were played in two positions. Nevertheless Manual ran up against a much tougher proposition than she expected, and the first half ended 5 to 5. And so it remained until thirty seconds before the close, when Manual made another touchdown, which ended the game with a score of Manual 11, Westport 5. During this game Robert Drake managed to get two broken ribs.

#### SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROOTERS.

Robert Hornbuckle was a good gainer of ground.

\* \* \*

Captain Higgins made a reputation as a sprinter.

\* \* \*

Drake was the champion hurdler.

\* \* \*



FOOT-BALL PLAYERS

"Adams" is known as a "tackler" and interference breaker.

\* \* \*

Lorie was noted for his quick work.

#### THE LINE-UP.

Center, H. Train.

Right End, C. Malone.

Left Guard, C. Smith.

Right Tackle, J. Farmer.

Left Tackle, W. Hornbuckle.

Right End, W. Waltner.

Left End, C. Dillingham (*alias* Adams).

#### The Liberty Game.

On Saturday morning, November 21, the wearers of the blue and gold, left the Kansas City station for the much talked-of trip to Liberty, to uphold the glory of the Westport High School in foot-ball.

There were about fifty in all, and a delightful time was anticipated by everyone. As there were several dignified chaperons accompanying the party, no trouble was feared. They were a very happy and somewhat hilarious crowd of boys and girls, glad of a day's outing, and filled the coach with cheering and laughter, which in time grew rather deafening, in spite of all those poor chaperons could do, and certainly no one envied them their task. At 11:30 a. m., our arrival was hailed with enthusiasm, and the rousing Liberty yell greeted our ear.

The party separated; the girls and most of the teachers, after being shown through the Liberty Ladies' College, made a tour of inspection of William Jewell and its contents, which was rather limited, the girls thought, it being the weekly holiday. The foot-ball team and coach, chaperoned by its conductor and general manager, took in the town, regretting, of course, their exclusion from the S. S. C.

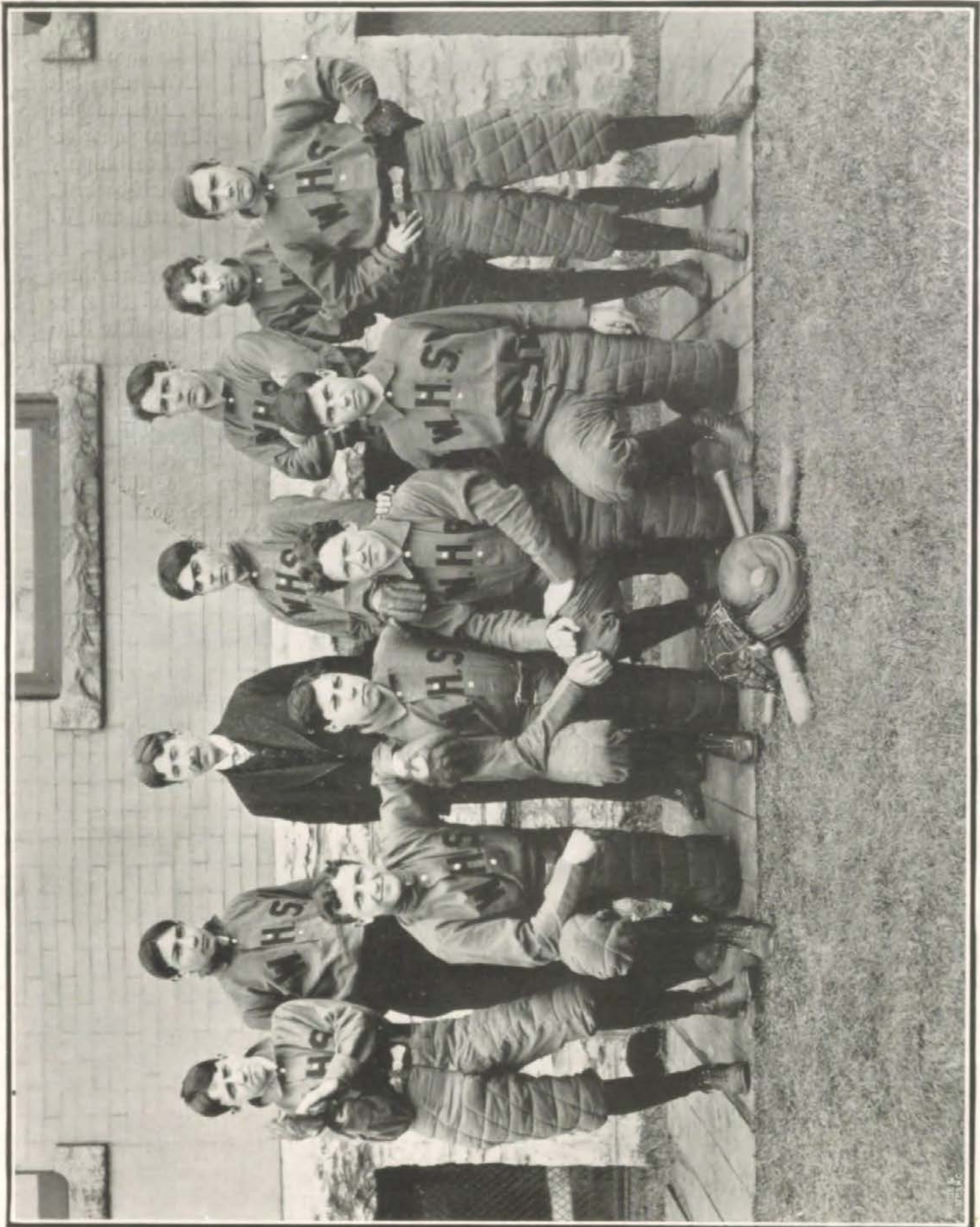
It was a hungry bunch of enthusiasm that met at the restaurant for the dinner which had been previously ordered by our minister of finance, and took some time to satisfy our ravenous appetites. It was nearly 2:30 when the Westport crowd assembled on the field of bat-

tle. Our boys were lined up as follows: Center, H. Train; right guard, C. Malone; right tackle, J. Farmer; right end, W. Waltner; left guard, C. Smith; left tackle, W. Hornbuckle; left end, C. Dillingham (*alias* Adams); quarterback, A. Lorie; right half-back, Lee Shippey (coach); full-back, R. Gregg; left half-back, E. Higgins (captain), with E. Ragland and W. Fort as substitutes.

The game was called promptly at three o'clock. Westport won the toss and chose to defend the east goal. Liberty kicked off to Higgins, who returned the ball ten yards. Then began a series of line bucks which netted Westport their distance every time. Liberty's line seemed weak, as Westport tore great holes in it or ran the ends at will. Westport pushed the pigskin over for a touchdown after just eight minutes of play, but failed to kick goal. Things looked easy for Westport, but the boys had to pay the penalty of over-confidence. After changing goals, Westport kicked off. Liberty returned the ball twenty yards, and then began some of the finest playing that has ever been seen on the Liberty gridiron. Each team seemed to be playing desperately. Westport would hold Liberty for downs only to lose the ball. But finally Westport's line weakened visibly. The fierce plunges of Liberty's backs netted them gains which placed the ball on Westport's thirty-five yard line, where it was held for two downs; when Liberty made a beautiful drop kick, sending the ball squarely between the posts, which ended the first half with a score of 5 to 5.

During the second half, Liberty seemed to have everything her way, scoring two more touchdowns during this half, which made the final score, Liberty 15 to Westport's 5.

Our mascot "Texas" was with us and loyal to the last, and could one have had a glimpse into the crowded car on our return trip, it would have indeed been difficult to determine, by the continuous cheers and overflowing spirits of our courageous players, whether we had won or lost. We decided that it was not a lack of skill on the part of our boys, or in any way



BASE-BALL TEAM 1904.

were they less "up" in the art. It was simply a case of "unfavorable conditions." From one point of view the trip could hardly be looked upon as a success. Luck must change, however, and we expect to have our share of victories on the gridiron. So, with congratulations to our opponents of the L. H. S., "Here's waiting for our turn again."

### BASKET-BALL.

- W. H. S. vs. W. A. C., 14—9.  
 W. H. S. vs. W. A. C., 25—14.  
 W. H. S. vs. W. H. A., 15—14.  
 W. H. S. vs. Y. M. C. A., 25—32.  
 W. H. S. vs. Y. M. C. A., 23—14.  
 W. H. S. vs. Central, 23—13.

#### LINE-UP.

Willie Waltner (captain), Forward.  
 Edward Higgins, Forward.  
 Clifford Smith, Back.  
 Harold Train, Back.  
 Harold Waltner, Back.  
 Crayton Dillingham, Center.

While Westport has had basket-ball teams before, she has never shown one that exhibited such an excellent team-work and played better together.

At the beginning of the season the prospects for a good basket-ball team looked very dim. But the loyal spirit which prevailed in the school was very encouraging. All the games were well attended, the crowd was enthusiastic, and the games were well managed.

The first was with the Westport Athletics, whom we defeated in an excellent game. Our second game was also with them, and our boys showed better spirit and greater accuracy in throwing baskets, winning easily.

The third game, against the Alumni, was one in which all Westport students and graduates were interested. They had a very strong team, but nevertheless we won.

But while we had been improving steadily, we were defeated by the Y. M. C. A. This defeat, however, was wiped out by our next game.

Our next and last game was against the strong Central team. The game was well played, and, although Central displayed good team-work, Westport had little difficulty in winning.

### BASE-BALL.

#### GAMES.

- Westport, 11; Proso, 3.  
 Westport, 11; Manual, 10 (eleven innings).  
 Westport, 6; Central, 19.  
 Westport, 4; Central, 6.  
 Westport, 1; K. C. K., 4.

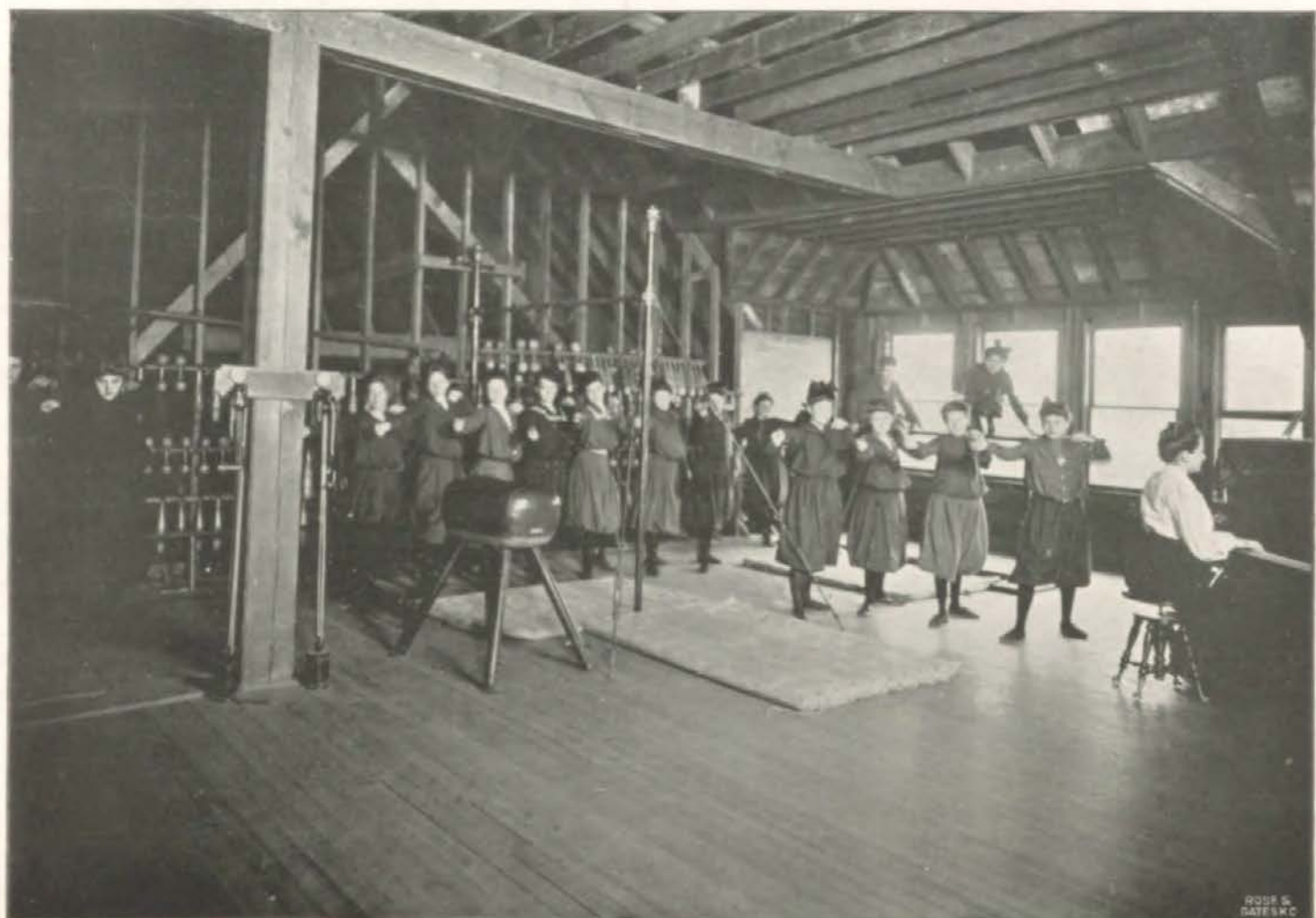
#### LINE-UP.

Edward Higgins, First Base.  
 Roy Gregg, Second Base.  
 Melvin O'Reilly, Short Stop.  
 Wm. Waltner, Third Base.  
 Robert Drake, Left Field.  
 Earl Ragland, Center Field.  
 Robt. Hornbuckle (captain), Right Field.  
 Alvin Lorie, Catcher.  
 Wm. Hornbuckle, Pitcher.  
 Crayton Dillingham, Right Field.  
 Harold Train, Utility Man.

Of our base-ball team this year we may frankly say that it is one of the best that has ever represented Westport and one of the best in the league. The fielding has been above the average, batting good, and the team-work excellent; but on account of the unfavorable condition of the weather hindering the practice, and also on account of injuries received by several players, the team, except on one or two occasions, has not shown its true form. The game with Manual, an eleven-inning affair, was won by the pitching of Hornbuckle, who fanned twelve men and allowed but six hits, and by the heavy stick-work of Dillingham and Higgins. The second game with Central was a pitcher's battle between Hornbuckle and Sanders, with honors about even, each allowing five hits, and each striking out ten men, but Westport was unfortunate in making a couple of errors which lost the game. The game with K. C. K. was played on a muddy field, and, although



A WINNING TEAM.



A CORNER IN THE GYMNASIUM.

Westport outbatted their opponents, they were defeated on account of their inability to bunch their hits.

#### MERITS OF PLAYERS.

Robert Hornbuckle, captain and one of the most experienced players, on account of the dislocation of his throwing arm was forced to surrender the catcher's position and move to the outfield. He is a very consistent ball-player, and has made an excellent captain.

Higgins, first base, though his fielding at the initial bag has not been above par, his ability to swat the sphere has gained him a wide reputation.

Wm. Hornbuckle, who has done exceptionally well, considering that he has had no one to alternate in the box with him, has the qualities of a pitcher—speed, curves, and control—and his place will be hard to fill next spring.

Lorie, who has done most of the work behind the bat, has made a very creditable showing. He has shown considerable nerve at critical times, which is an essential quality to the yielder of the big nut.

Gregg possesses a steady nerve and is a wonderfully accurate thrower.

Waltner has done good work with the bat and can be depended on to hit safely at critical times.

O'Reilly at short stop was a bit nervous and threw badly in the first few games, but he has gradually corrected this fault, and another year will develop him into one of the best short stops in the league.

Drake has never failed to accept even the most difficult chances and has also strengthened the team at the bat.

Ragland, who leads off in the batting list and who covers the central portion of the outfield, is one of the best run-getters on the team. He is a general fielder, a ready base-runner, and will be a source of strength to next year's team.

Dillingham's success as a ball-player lies in his ability to clout the sphere.

This is the most successful year the high school league has ever had. The play has been

faster, scores smaller, and the interest has been better than heretofore.

Westport will lose four players this year, who graduate, Robt. Hornbuckle, Wm. Hornbuckle, Alvin Lorie, and Edward Higgins.

The University of California is completing an athletic field which is to be larger and finer than Harvard's new stadium. The bleachers are being built to accommodate twenty thousand people, and besides this the banks are to be specially constructed and covered with turf for seating purposes. The foot-ball and base-ball fields are separate and both are surrounded by a half-mile track.

Fifty students from the University of Indiana are going to attend the Indiana State Republican Convention to study politicians' methods. The students have been holding mock conventions and desire to learn more about real politics. They have secured a private coach for the trip.

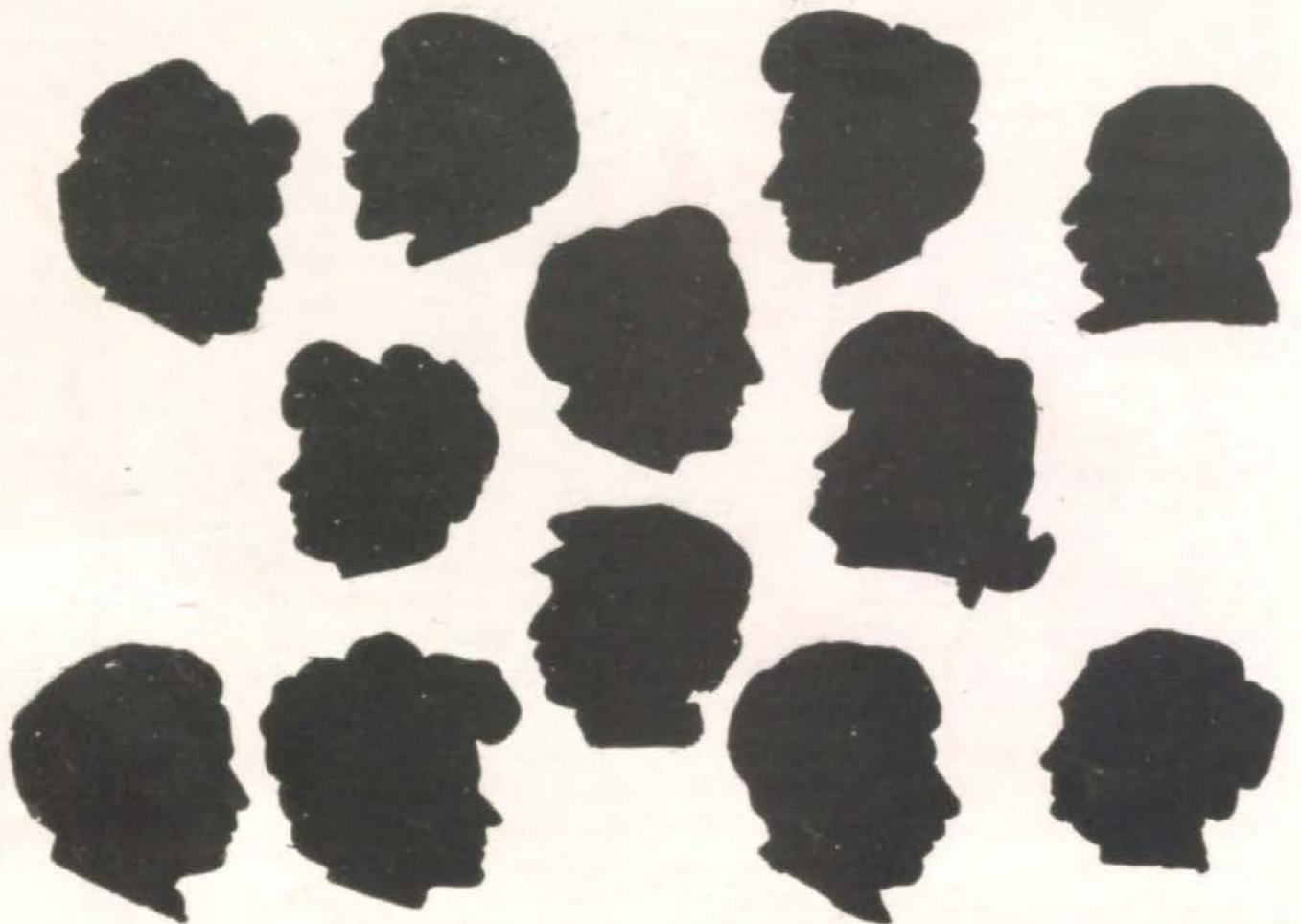
The faculty of the Iowa State College has changed the rule forbidding the organization of fraternities. The rule, so it is said, was based on a misunderstanding of the purpose and influence of these organizations. Several chapters will soon be inaugurated.

On account of the recent trouble with typhoid fever, Cornell University has installed a fine new filter, so well constructed that the water is relieved of 99.97 per cent of germs. Andrew Carnegie gave \$45.00 towards this enterprise.

The University of Michigan has been presented with eighty acres of land near Ann Arbor, to be used by the forestry department in trying experiments with growing trees. It is called the "Saginaw Forest Farm."

The University of Texas recently held a big picnic in which the entire faculty and student body participated. The band played while they ate, and the whole picnic was a great success.

The University of Missouri is to have an exhibit car at the St. Louis Exposition. Students of the University of Minnesota expect to give the opera "Parsifal."



Catcher. Curves. Referee. Full Back.  
 Rooter. Short Stop. Coach. Sweepstakes. Forward. Knockers. Fielder.  
 Umpire.

### WESTPORT ALL STARS.

#### NEW WELDING PROCESS.

Doctor Goldschmidt, of Essen, has invented a compound, composed of aluminum and certain oxides that will produce an extremely high degree of heat. This "thermit," as the combination is called, can be used with the aid of a melting-pot in the instantaneous welding of rails or pipes. When the pot is filled with an inflammable mixture, that is ignited and a few spoonfuls of thermit are added; the temperature immediately rises as high as 3000° Centigrade. Then an aluminum oxide is poured on that part of the pipe or rail to be welded, and the work is done "so quickly that the pot is cold and can be taken into the hand after being emptied."

#### TURNING WITH THE SUN.

Among the many peculiar structures exhibited at the Exposition of dwellings in Paris is a house of three stories, stationed on a platform similar to a locomotive turn-table, and equipped with such machinery that it is enabled to always face the sun. It moves so slowly that in a daily revolution the motion would scarcely be perceptible. A motor located in the basement of the building serves as the "turning force," by acting on a perpendicular shaft that passes through the middle of the lower story. The inventor, an architect, considers it more than a novelty, since he thinks it may be used in the treatment of sun cure, or heliotherapy.







# TO CLIO

Famed in many a legend old  
 Is Clio, child of Memory;  
 She, with trumpet of bright gold,  
 And scroll of song and history.  
 The choicest muse! Her ivory brow  
 Is crowned with Victory's laurel wreath.  
 To her, all hail! We here avow  
 To vaunt her praise from heaven above to earth beneath.

*Colors:* Purple and white.

*Flower:* The violet.

## Officers.

Harold Train, President.  
 Obie E. Durham, Vice-President.  
 Mary E. Minor, Secretary.  
 William Hornbuckle, Treasurer.  
 Alfred Toll, Sergeant-at-Arms.  
 Chas. Mount, Prosecuting Attorney.  
 Harriette Dorn, Carl Malone, Joseph Farmer,  
 Leona Vaught, Charley Mount, Programme  
 Committee.

## Clonian Notes.

With the close of each year, it is natural to cast a look backward and sum up just what the society has done. We have been so used to hearing ourselves designated the "smaller society" that it is quite a surprise and no inconsiderable source of gratification to find the really truly active membership of the society is eighty-six—of these there is an almost equal division of girls and boys.

Thirty-four new members were added this year, most of whom came from the Freshman classes, while the continued interest of the alumni of the society shows that the influence of Clio is a lasting one.

By the way, we should like to give a rousing vote of thanks to the "dearly beloved," who must say "good-bye" to us after Commencement. All have served the society loyally during their membership—but "once a Clonian, always a Clonian"—so they are not lost to us.

Bill and Bob are a team the Clonians hate to part with.

The Boys' Chorus is a new and interesting feature organized during the last half-year. At their first public appearance they gave the new Clonian song, which may now be added to an already nice little repertoire of songs devoted to the patron muse.

The social ten minutes, introduced as an intermission a few years ago, has proved one of



SOME CLIONIANS.

ROBEY &  
DANFORTH

the most enjoyable as well as valuable parts of the order of arrangement. It has been really used for "getting acquainted," and timid little Freshmen were dragged out of their particular corners to talk to the always confident Juniors and Seniors.

While the Clionians are not represented in Commencement honors this year, there are still *three* valedictorians to be counted to their credit in the last five years.

Clio remembered us! Charlie Mount carried off the medal for the best history examination.

The cover for the *Herald* of this year comes to us. Helen Loucks won first place with her design.

There has been quite a bit of cleverness evinced by members in the way of original compositions. Carl Malone presented a laughable skit on the merits of the different classes. Myrtle Ducret won the valentine for the best poem, and the following story was submitted by a member. It shows the interest taken in literature and history.

"Once upon a time there was a Knight. He was a teenty-weenty little Knight, but he carried a great big black shield and a great big lot of little swords—but they couldn't cut—and a great big helmet; he also carried a trumpet. Now this little Knight had not many sure-enough knights to follow him, so he had to finish out his retinue with a great number of ladies. He liked ladies.

"But one day he resolved to go forth and do valiant deeds. Now, to do valiant deeds one must be properly accoutered, and he was—all but some colors to tie upon his sword—but colors cost, and there had been tight hold of the purse-strings at the Sessions. Not one penny had he dared to spend all the year. He had to save it all up for a great big entertainment he was going to give some friends; so the poor little Knight was much depressed until—his eye saw, his hand snatched, the blue and yellow doily from the table—then he sallied forth to do valiant deeds! Once outside, he blew long and loud upon his trumpet—and that was all."

The Clionian panel for the World's Fair exhibit at St. Louis was a thing of beauty. The purple and white, the colors of the society, were represented by the design of bunches and a running border of violets, exquisitely painted in oil upon white satin. The artist was Miss Julia Green.

Without having to disturb the reserve fund,

the society has met all expenses and has a surplus in the treasury of one dollar and forty-seven cents. We have all we need, but we should like to spend it.

The Entertainments.

The regular bi-monthly programmes have had considerable merit, and a large measure of their success is due to the Programme Committee, who gave both time and attention to the work of their preparation and production.

As a whole, the programmes were good, but were occasionally diversified by especial ones that displayed a deal of talent and plenty of ingenuity in stage settings.

Another feature worthy of praise has been the music; and not one occasion has passed but some talented young member has contributed to the general enjoyment by good musical numbers.

It would be impossible to speak of each of the last half-year's entertainments in detail, but one of these cannot be omitted. On Friday evening, April eighth, the society entertained its Alumni at the school, with a sort of Children's Carnival. Lotta Phillips, as "Mother Goose," presided, and the way "Cinderella," "Old King Cole," "Jack and Jill," and all the rest of them came out of the book and pranced around the stage brought round upon round of applause. The programme closed with a tableau of Clio (Jessie Lonsbery) surrounded by her votaries (the boys' chorus). The effectiveness of the tableaux was greatly due to Mr. Green's assistance in using colored lights from the new stereopticon.

After the call for adjournment, punch and cake were served in the hall. Mr. Shouse, acting as toastmaster, obtained ready responses from Mr. Underwood, several of the Faculty, and a number of the old members, some of whom were charter members of the society.

Perhaps the crowning effort of the year was a decided innovation—what might be called the "Mutual Admiration Dance"—given April twenty-ninth, at the Academy of Music, in which the Clionians entertained the Round Table Club, and were equally entertained by them. Each society acted as both host and guest, and the way each fulfilled the duties of the two functions has been a source of admiration to the other ever since.

No account of the entertainments would be complete without some mention of the almost uniformly ready acceptance of programme duty by the members. Fines have been few, and a goodly spirit has prevailed accordingly.

CLIFONTIANS AGAIN.



1910  
S. J. [unreadable]

**"Hits" from the Programmes.**

Edward Schaufler as "King Cole."

"Little Billee" Alford as the "Fiddler."

Joe Farmer in recitations.

Harriet Dorn and Helen Loucks as pianists.

Clifford Smith in "coon" songs.

Obie Durham as the "Prince."

Alfred Toll as "Ah Ling."

Lenoir Robertson as the only "It."

Miss De Witt as the "Bureau of Information."

Gray Hodges as an "Escort."

Mary and Bessie Minor as the "Always Accommodating."

Muriel Mynatt, Claire Berry, and Inez Proudfit as "Three Little Helpers."

Lotta Phillips, Annie Burgess, and Charlotte Patterson as "Engaged Girls."

Edward Higgins as the "Only and Ever-to-be-remembered Edward."

Miss De Witt, the patron of the year, was asked to tell what the year of society work had shown and what it should further show. Her reply follows:

"It has shown a kindly spirit; a generous, almost lavish hospitality; a unanimous consent

to all demands making for social enjoyment; gallantry on the part of the boys; culinary skill on the part of the girls, and, best of all, much unselfishness in furthering the good record of the society. It should show even more unselfishness; better preparation for programme work; a bit more seriousness; and, last but not least, true Clionian spirit."

The society congratulates itself upon the officers of the year. There could be none better. To joy in a lesson detested by you,

That's exceedingly hard to do;

To get off an answer, when ideas are few,

That's exceedingly hard to do;

To say you are wrong, when you think you are right,

To be jolly and pleasant, when you feel like a fight,

That's exceedingly hard to do.

To smile when somebody frowns upon you,

That's exceedingly hard to do;

To see favors pass by, when you'd like a few,

That's exceedingly hard to do;

To be happy and bright, in the dark or the light,

To be studious, and earnest, and always polite—

But that's what Clionians do.



Colors: Yellow and black.

**Officers.**

President, Henry Lambert.

Vice-President, Sidney Hodge.

Secretary, Paul Parker.

Treasurer, Clifford Smith.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Robert Drake.

The first semi-term of our existence has been a very profitable one, and there is no doubt that it has been of advantage to every member.

\* \* \*

At our last regular meeting Mr. Underwood

presented us our charter, so now we are on the same footing as the other two societies.

\* \* \*

The one and only drawback to our club was the childishness of some of our Freshman members.

\* \* \*

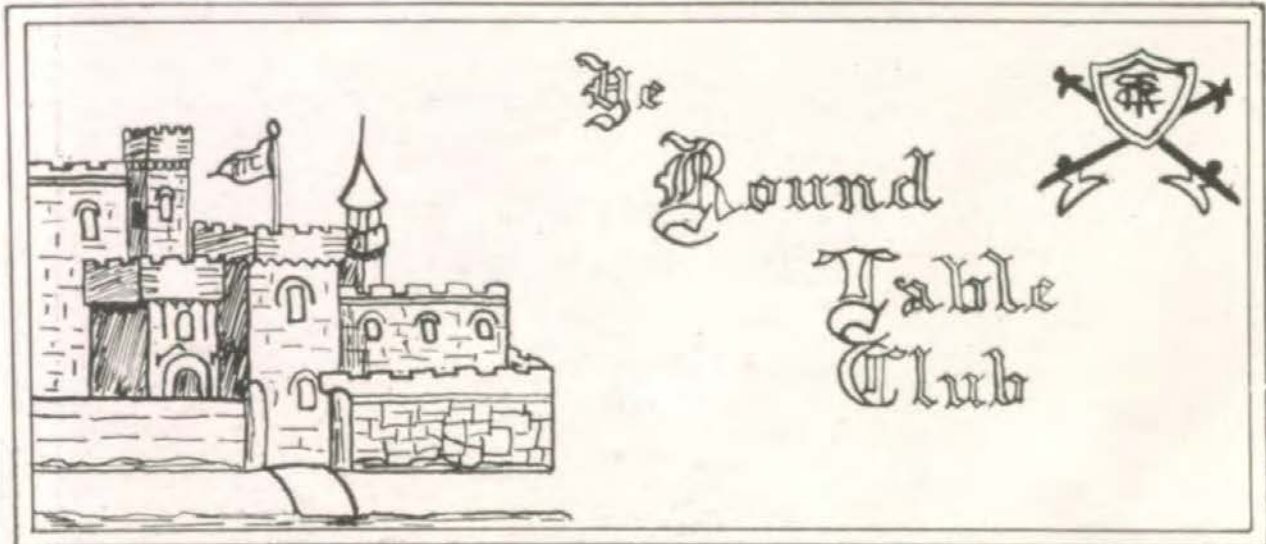
The members of the club thought that they were going to have a sister organization in the Girls' History Club, but the project "fell through."

One evening, when we came up to our meeting we ran into the Physical Geography class, star-gazing. No fatalities were reported.

### "The Dance of the Demons."

The Debaters are surely attaining prominence and success in the social as well as literary life of Westport High School.

Saturday evening, May 14, witnessed a delightful dance given by them at Croner's Hall. Elegant refreshments were served during intermission. Then the dancing continued until half-past eleven. The music, so everyone declared, was perfect. Punch was served during the evening. Everyone had a fine time, and this first dance was voted a complete success.



Colors: Blue and yellow.

#### Officers—First Term.

President, Nettie Wiedenmann.  
 First Vice-President, David B. Childs.  
 Second Vice-President, Sidney G. Hodge.  
 Secretary, Paul Parker.  
 Treasurer, Cameola Burns.  
 Sergeant-at-Arms, Harold Waltner.

#### Officers—Second Term.

President, Nettie Wiedenmann.  
 First Vice-President, David B. Childs.  
 Second Vice-President, Harold Folk.  
 Secretary, Eunice R. Sexton.  
 Treasurer, Paul Parker.  
 Sergeant-at-Arms, Raymond Wing.

Another prosperous year for the Round Table Club has just ended. Each year of our existence has shown marked progress in the development of the society, in numbers, enthusiasm, talent displayed in our regular programmes, and in the success of our open sessions. All this is in accord with the aims of the club, and we feel that this, our fifth year, has been the best.

When the Round Table Club was organized five years ago, Miss Wilder was appointed as the

first patroness. This year we have had her with us again, and we wish to thank her for her help and loyalty to us. We shall always regard her as a member of our society, and a true friend to the R. T. C.

Within the last four years the Round Table Club has been represented in the honor places on each Commencement programme. In 1901 both honors fell to us. Miss Bertha Pederson, president of the society for the first term of that year, was valedictorian, while the salutatory was delivered by Mr. George Underwood, vice-president for the second term. In 1902 Miss Victorine Eggleston was salutatorian, and in 1903 Miss Eleanor Carr had the same honor. This year the honors of the Senior Class were both awarded to R. T. C. members. The president of the club, Miss Nettie Wiedenmann, is the valedictorian and Miss Alberta Creswell, salutatorian.

#### Advantages in Belonging to a Society.¶

The purpose of the Round Table Club, as shown in our constitution, is to "maintain school spirit, foster the social life of the school, enable the members of the society to acquire experience in parliamentary usages, to arouse



R. T. C. MEMBERS.

ROSE &  
GATES INC



an interest in current events, to awaken thought and cultivate expression." From this one can readily see the advantage of belonging to the right society. We are made loyal members of our school and trained in all that is best outside of our regular studies. Aside from the advantages explained in the constitution, belonging to a society helps us in an infinite number of little ways, barely appreciable until the whole result is shown. We learn to exercise mental balance, gain ease in meeting others, and become accustomed to being on a programme and facing an audience, as we must do if we fulfill faithfully our duties as club members.

The monthly paper of the club, the *Center-piece*, has been an enjoyment to all and has done much toward making the meetings entertaining and enjoyable. Issued, as it has been, by an energetic and enthusiastic corps of editors, each edition has been eagerly awaited and listened to with much interest.

Here are some points of interest about the members of the club: the roll of membership shows ninety-eight active members—all wide-awake R. T. C.'s. The adjective, however, is superfluous because the two terms, "wide-awake" and "R. T. C.," are synonymous. There have been twenty-two members who have been present at every meeting this year. More than three-fourths of the Mandolin Club are enrolled in our society.

The programmes for this year have been characterized by unusually good work on the part of participants, who have done all in their power to make them interesting and instructive to the members. We have had three programmes with distinctive features.

In commemoration of Washington's birthday our programme was composed of patriotic poems, songs, and Revolutionary hymns. A new feature was introduced into our meeting that day; printed programmes suitably and artistically designed by our artist, Miss Blanche Eggleston, were distributed to the members and visitors. We were glad to have with us five of the Faculty, and we hope to see them often at our meetings.

One afternoon devoted to plantation melodies and stories, proved to be both amusing and entertaining; affording a pleasant diversion from our more serious work.

Our last meeting was given by the Girls' Bachelor Club, and the caricature of a woman's club was well carried out, the special features

being a paper on the "Universe," by Miss Katherine Ware, and a debate by four of the members, on the necessity of man for woman's happiness. The minutes read by Miss Nelle Summerwell as secretary were very funny, and the local hits interspersed between the numbers of the programme kept the audience laughing most of the time.

We are sorry to lose Kim Hersh from the roll of members of our club. He was a good worker as a member of the programme committee and helped arrange many pleasing programmes for us.

Again has the supremacy of R. T. C. been proved, this time by the girls who comprise our girls' basket-ball team.

Another proof that the R. T. C.'s are wide-awake is the fact that out of the eight contestants in the Declamatory Contest five are members of our society, while two of the rest do not belong to any society in the school.

The R. T. C. wishes to extend hearty greetings to the Debaters as a fellow-club in Westport High School.

We have now risen to the dignity of having programmes distributed to our members and patrons—once in a while.

Miss Winifred Adams, a former president, is attending the University of Kansas this year.

Miss Evaline Hartley, president in the spring of '03, is at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Miss Maude Holcombe, president of the society in 1901, was recently married to Mr. Fisher.

We feel justly proud of our talented members. We are indebted to Miss Blanche Eggleston for the excellent sketches which have appeared on the bulletin board from time to time. The mounting of the club pictures to be exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition was also designed by Miss Eggleston. On the gray card she has sketched, in white ink, the castle where King Arthur and his Round Table held court, this being a very appropriate design for our club.

The Round Table-Clionian party proved to be a great success, being a decided improvement over the separate open sessions which have always been given before.

The prizes for the best declamation in our annual oratorical contest were won by Mary Abercrombie and Paul Parker, both R. T. C.'s.



W. H. B. CO. N. Y.

OTHER R. T. C'S.

# Good Clothing.

---

THIS IS OUR HOBBY.

---

THE BETTER SUIT YOU BUY, THE BETTER YOU ARE SATISFIED.  
THE BETTER YOU LIKE YOUR CLOTHIER.

---

## The Hot Weather Goods are Ready.

---

Crash Suits, Shirts, Linen and White Duck Hats, Etc., Etc.

---

*Gordon & Koppel*  
1005 WALNUT ST.

Outfitters of Boys and Young Men.



# EXCHANGES



If the chigger were bigger—  
As big as a cow—  
And his digger had vigor  
Like a subsoil plow,  
Can you figger, picknicker,  
Where you 'd be now?

\* \* \*

Mamma (teaching Dorothy the alphabet):  
"Now think hard, dearie, what comes after t?"  
Dorothy: "After tea papa usually kisses  
the waitress, and she screams."

\* \* \*

A very stout hostess, who was entertaining  
a large company one evening, turned to a group  
of young men standing near her chair and smilingly  
asked: "May I trouble one of you young

gentlemen for a glass of water from the pitcher  
on the table?"

Several of the young men hurried to comply  
with the request. One, who was particularly  
active, succeeded in reaching the table first.  
As he handed the glass of water to the hostess,  
she complimented him on his quickness.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said; "I am used  
to it. I got into many a circus and menagerie  
when I was a boy by carrying water for the  
elephant."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Newrich (back from honeymooning in  
the mountains): "Do you remember that lovely  
gorge up in the mountains, Arthur?"

Mr. Newrich: "I do. It was the squarest  
meal I ever eat."

THEY ARE CORRECT, BOYS!

THEY CAME FROM THE

I mean those

**Nobby Straw Hats.**

*Fashion*

Have You Gotten One?

**LEWIS' FASHION,**

1102 Walnut Street.

# WHEATLET

## Wins the DIPLOMA

Graduating from fad foods to a wholesome and delicious cereal, folks invariably select

### WHEATLET,

which makes you smack your lips for more.

The eating of Wheatlet proves its true food value, and fiction in advertised claims of other breakfast foods is entirely disapproved by official information we gladly furnish on application.

A half pound sample of Wheatlet for 6 cents in stamps and grocer's name

Wheatlet bears the same quality relation to other cereals that



does to all other flours.

Have you tried Strawberries with Wheatlet?

Chopped Dates and Wheatlet are delicious, too.



**THE FRANKLIN MILLS COMPANY,**

*"All the Wheat that's Fit to Eat,"*

705 Franklin Square,

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1878.

*D. P. Thomson* 10th and Walnut Sts.  
PHOTOGRAPHER

April showers bring May flowers,  
Also leaves and buds;  
But when they fall in Kansas, all  
They sometimes bring is floods.

\* \* \*

Mistress: "Didn't the ladies who called  
leave cards?"

Bridget: "They wanted to, but I told them  
you had plenty of your own, ma'am, and better,  
too."

Stella: "So Mabel's married! Who's the  
happy man?"

Bella: "Don't think there is any."

\* \* \*

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?"  
asked the old man, with as much ferocity as he  
could assume.

"Well," said the young man, "I don't want  
to, but I suppose I'll have to be if I marry your  
daughter."

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### SO EASY TO KEEP CLEAN.

That's the verdict of the housewife who has to do with the  
porcelain-lined bathtubs we supply and install. What's the  
use of a bathtub anyway unless it's clean and keeps you clean?  
If you want the clean kind, the easily kept clean kind, the  
kind to keep you clean, order of us.

C. E. THOMPSON,  
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The pleasure in receiving a gift is enhanced by the fact that it comes from Jaccard's, because the name is a guaranty of genuineness, of artistic merit, and of your intention to give the best obtainable. Remember, our prices are always reasonable.

Send for our handsome catalogue of graduation gifts

**Jaccard Jewelry Co**  
1032 Main St.

"Darling," he said, as he stole a kiss,  
"That was too sweet for any name."  
"Perhaps," she said, with a roguish smile,  
"It 's because I kissed Fido before you came."

\* \* \*

Sunday-school teacher: "We should never do in private what we would not do in public."  
Infant Terrible: "How about taking a bath?"

\* \* \*

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp, "I bathed in the spring of '86."

Jones: "I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now; I've taken a house by the river."

Mr. Golightly: "Oh, I hope you'll drop in some day."

\* \* \*

A delinquent subscriber was dying, and the editor dropped in to see him.

"How do you feel?" asked the pencil-pusher.  
"All looks bright before me," gasped the subscriber.

"Is that so?" said the editor. I hope you'll soon see the flames."

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### The Spirit of Caste.

"Now who is that," said a dignified hen,  
"That chicken in white and gray?  
She's very well dressed, but from whence does  
she come?"

And her family—who are they?"  
"She never can move in our set, my dear,"  
Said the old hen's friend to her later;  
"I've just found out, you'll be shocked to hear,  
She was hatched in an incubator."

\* \* \*

Sharpe: On his birthday before their marriage she gave him a book entitled 'A Perfect Gentleman.'

Short: "Well, did a year of married life change her opinion?"

Sharpe: "Yes. On his last birthday she gave him a book entitled 'Wild Animals I Have Met.'"

\* \* \*

A girl doesn't mind her rival being exasperatingly clever if she is also consolingly ugly.

\* \* \*

Miss Know: "I think that what a man does in this world he will do in the next."

Mr. Wise: "I hove not. I'm a fire insurance agent."

### The Declamation Contest.

The third annual Declamation Contest, given at Allen Library, Friday evening, May thirteenth, was attended by an appreciative audience. The awarding of the gold medal for the best examination in American history was also a part of the exercises. The fortunate winner of the medal was Charles J. Mount, Jr. The prizes of \$10 each to the best speakers were won by Mary Abercrombie and Paul Parker.

William Peet and Alice Gushurst divided the first honor in Design and Lettering.

\* \* \*

Blanche Eggleston received the highest honor for painting in water colors from nature and still life.

\* \* \*

Jessie Lonsberry received the second highest honor for her charcoal drawing from the east of the head of Savonarola.

\* \* \*

The above works, now on exhibition at the Missouri Educational building in St. Louis, will be framed and added to the permanent collection of the best work by the pupils of the Art department of the school.

BRUCE

Lumber Company.

TWENTIETH AND GRAND AVENUE.

PHONES: Bell, 357 Grand; Home, 357 Main.

KANSAS CITY, MO.





Miss Kahn: "What was the full name of  
Pope, the English writer?"  
Arthur: "Pope Leo."

A programme from the Century Theater  
was found on Mr. Underwood's desk. Strange  
things will happen.

W. E. BENSON, JR.

A. F. WADDELL.

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# For the Vacation Days.

## Vacation is Almost Here

In fact the warm, oppressive days are already making their presence felt; but are you ready, with sheer, cool, summer garments? Perhaps you are not fully prepared. Then come here. Never before have the

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Had so large and complete a stock of WARM WEATHER WEARABLES as are now here waiting your inspection.

## There's Not a Single Style-Idea

Stamped with Fashion's approval but will be found in this splendid collection. Then in addition are a number of new conceptions which you are not apt to find elsewhere, for it's been proven times without number that the new things get first showing at PECK'S.

## For Young Ladies

A most attractive display of the Shirt Waist Suits which are so sure to be so popular. No matter where you go—if your vacation be spent at the sea shore or at home, there's nothing you can find that's so cool, comfortable and at the same time so very stylish as the **Shirt Waist Suit**. There are suits of Linen, Pongee, Canvas Cloth, Chambray, Lawn and Gingham in the daintiest styles you've seen. There is an exclusiveness about these suits that one seldom finds in a "shop" garment.

## Then There Are the Waists

In a profusion of styles. Dozens and dozens of them—each seemingly vying with its neighbor for supremacy. The styles are smarter than ever. Even the lower priced waists seem to have a more refined style-touch than in former years; and the more elaborate models and lace effects—they are almost beyond description. Many are direct copies of **Imported Models** worth a half dozen times our price on the same style—only turned out by the clever Home Manufacturer.

## For the Young Men

Our Clothing Store is at its best—ready to serve promptly and accurately. The Summer and Outing Suits and odd Trousers are piled high on great long tables. You know we anticipated a big business and bought a larger stock than this store has ever carried. On account of the backward season, sales were slow—result is we are overstocked and prices have been made without a single thought of cost—**Prices Have Been Cut!**

Everything offered is new and up-to-date in every way—well made and splendidly tailored. Your tailor cannot give you as good a garment at twice the price as this sale affords. Visit the Third Floor when next in the Store. You'll be more than repaid.

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Wedding Presents in Silver.

Wedding Presents in Cut Glass.

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THE NEWEST AND UP-TO-DATE.

Mr. Shouse: "Where was the Magna Charta signed?"

Peet: "At the bottom, I guess."

\* \* \*

Mr. Higgins, when wounded in foot-ball, was asked whether he preferred an allopath or a homeopath, and replied: "It don't matter, begorra! all paths lead to the grave."

\* \* \*

Mr. Bigney (in algebra): "Now you see the answer comes out 3, 7, 11—those sound like policy numbers." We wish to know what our honorable algebra teacher knows about "craps."

In geometry, after Clifford's attack of the measles, Boon Gregg said: "Don't handle Mr. Smith's pencil; you'll get the measles."

\* \* \*

Miss Hodshier: "What was it that killed the Freshman?"

Billy Alford: "Why, a train of thought ran through his brain, demolishing it entirely."

\* \* \*

Gertrude Smith (in geometry): "I think there should be an oblique line drawn through 'I.'"

Mr. Bigney: "That is bad grammar, Miss Smith."

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1121-1123 GRAND AVENUE.

Freshman (in lunch-room): "We had the comparison of adjectives in Latin to-day."

Sophomore: "Well, then, compare 'bad' for me."

Freshman: "Baked beans, veal stew, creamed potatoes."

Miss Hyre (in chemistry): "Mr. Green, where is the ignite? I can't find it in the case."

\* \* \*

Miss Kahn: "Mr. Ormsby, name one of Shakespeare's tragedies."

Robert: "Paradise Lost."

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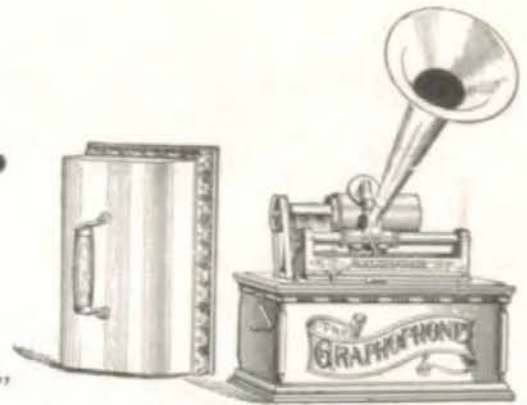
Ninety per cent of Kansas City's boys and girls have bought their School Books at Glick's and many of them are now buying them for their own children at the same place.

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Walter Wolf and Gertrude Smith were having a friendly squabble in the Mandolin Club Club one day.

Gertrude: "Aren't you ashamed to hold my hand?"

Walter: "I don't want your hand. I'm trying to get at your face."

\* \* \*

Miss Wiedenmann (teaching German): "What gender is can?"

Wolf: "Kahn is feminine gender."

Earl Ragland's Plea to the Tailors.

All I want is a new suit with long trousers—

Long enough to reach below my knees;

The making—why, I don't care how, sirs,

You'll not find me very hard to please.

I'm tired of being classed with Freshman boys;

Just make one pocket in there for my knife,

I'm willing to give up all my other toys.

\* \* \*

Mr. Green (to boys in the hall): Boys, get somewhere."

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REPAIRED AND EXCHANGED.  
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Miss De Witt: "Mr. Lorie, you must not use an abbreviation for 'and.' Only a genius is allowed that privilege."

Lorie: "Well?"

\* \* \*

We have learned from reliable sources that Miss Wilder's absence from school was due to her electioneering for "higher wages for teachers."

\* \* \*

Robert Drake's line of thought during the sixth hour is railroading, as he takes great

## The Rug House.

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We have the largest variety to be seen in any store in the West. It is simply impossible for you to buy the strictly reliable sorts, cheaper than we sell them. No matter what others may offer, you will find the RUG HOUSE quality and the RUG HOUSE prices will stand the test.

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It costs nothing to look.

Everything marked in plain figures.

**Shirey, McConney & Fries,**

**1013 & 1015 Grand Avenue.**

delight in playing choo-choo cars during that period.

\* \* \*

Packwood, in physical geography, after having his hair cut very short, arose to the occasion by a splendid recitation on the "Sa-hair-a Desert."

\* \* \*

Mr. Sass, calling the roll: "Mr. Fenner."  
No reply.

Mr. Sass: "Mr. Fenner."

Walter: "Sick!"

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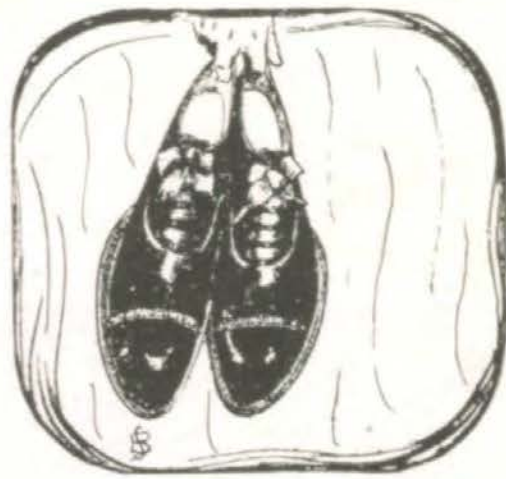
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
 GLOVE FITTING SHOES

Kim Hirsh was a well-known boy—  
 He sang and talked and grinned;  
 He used an ink-well for a toy,  
 And the teacher said he "sinned."

\* \* \*

There was a young teacher named Green,  
 Who grew so alarmingly lean  
 And flat and compressed,  
 His back touched his chest,  
 And sideways he couldn't be seen.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bigney (to Shirley, who is very quiet):  
 "What are you doing, Miss Allendorph?"

Shirley: "Why, I'm listening."

Mr. Bigney: "Well, that's certainly unusual."

\* \* \*

Mr. Boone Gregg: "What is a tete-a-tete?"

Miss De Witt: "I'll be glad to have you come up to room seven any time, Mr. Gregg, and I'll show what a tete-a-tete is."

\* \* \*

Physics pupils now carry their books in their arms so that gravity will not have so strong an attraction for their text-books; soon they will be carrying them over their heads.

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**Kansas City, Mo.**

Miss Hodshier has to use "Force" with "Sunny Jim."

\* \* \*

Boone Gregg says he is hard of hearing, so Miss Hodshier put him up in one of the front seats reserved for the Freshmen.

\* \* \*

Miss Watson (to Mr. Dudley, in botany, while the pupils were planting seeds): "Please scatter, Mr. Dudley."

\* \* \*

Harriet Dorn (in class studying Merchant of Venice): "I don't understand how Portia heard from Bassanio in so short a time."

Boon Gregg: "Why, I guess she 'phoned him."

Why doesn't Shirley care how many freckles she has? Is she in despair over freckles, and were they caused by the sun or by association?

\* \* \*

Astronomy pupil: "I have discovered that the world is coming to an end."

Inquisitive Sophomore: "What proof have you?"

Astronomy pupil: "Mr. Underwood has promised to go to a foot-ball game."

\* \* \*

Miss De Witt (in English Literature): "Yes, the moonlight on the Mississippi is certainly beautiful. I was there once—and there was a man with me—and—" That's all we know about it.

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One day a Freshman, while walking to school, saw a wagon on which was written the sign: "Three feeds for one cent." Remembering the difficulty he experienced in getting even one good "feed" in the lunch-room for ten cents, the poor Freshie decided that this was a "boom" which threatens the safety of our home industry.

\* \* \*

Wanted—A man for a husband who is a member of the Humane Society. Apply to Norine O'Brien, 9 E. 34th Street.

W. H. S. girls are becoming very exclusive, especially concerning basket-ball games.

\* \* \*

Mr. Parker says he thinks he was put upon the earth to live until he dies.

\* \* \*

Miss Kahn: "Mr. Lambert, give me an example of a climax."

Harry: "The question, the answer, the grade."

\* \* \*

Will Peet is learning his A B C's.



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An hour a day will raise your pay.

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 you can find them nowhere else in Kansas City. Sizes  
 to fit young men from 14 to 20 years.

"THE MEN'S AND BOYS' STORE."

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**In Memoriam.**

Not long ago some of the W. H. S. boys per-  
 formed a very kind and generous act, one well  
 worth mention from the Humane Society.  
 There had been an unusually heavy rain the  
 day before and seven poor little rabbits had  
 been drowned. The seven chief mourners who  
 took part in the funeral services were: Ed.  
 Higgins, Willie Waltner, Alvin Lorie, Crayton  
 Dillingham, John Flowers, Thomas Moise, and  
 Lenoir Robertson. Rev. E. Higgins passed his  
 hand above their poor little bodies and tenderly  
 blessed them; Sexton Dillingham charitably

acted as grave-digger, and seven tears for the  
 poor unfortunates were shed upon the warm  
 earth. The seven little souls had gone to their  
 rest. Peace be to their ashes.

\* \* \*

Gertrude Smith (in geometry class, looking  
 at an exercise on the board which had just been  
 slowly explained): "Couldn't that exercise be  
 proved by degrees?"

\* \* \*

Miss De Witt has lately enlarged her vocab-  
 ulary very materially. Her latest acquisition  
 is in "two cracks of a cow's thumb."

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# Undertakers,

No. 408

East Ninth St.



# Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Kahn: "What is tautology?"

Miss Bell: "The use of too many superfluous words."

Miss Kahn: "I asked for a definition—not an example."

\* \* \*

Mr. Shouse: "When is the word 'class' not collective?"

Russel Stimpson: "When you leave off the c."

\* \* \*

The W. H. S. boys have about decided not to let the girls watch their foot-ball games.

Dull Freshman: "Say, what was that man's name who was called before the 'Diet of Worms' in 1520?"

Bright Freshman: "Why, that was Paul Luther."

Dull Freshman: "Wonder if they were as good as Miss Clafin's macaroni?"

\* \* \*

Miss Watson (in physical geography): "Which is the heavier, mud or ice?"

Ralph Allen: "I think a hundred pounds of dirt and a hundred pounds of ice are the same."

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Paul Parker.	Pansie Holcomb.

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Lenoir Robertson.	Jessie Cheatham.
Georgia Barber.	Clifford Smith.

*Applicants.*

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Shirley Allendorph.	Beatress Lederman.
Maud Holcomb.	Louise Banister.

### Club of Blushes.

*Colors:* Scarlet.

President, Francis Peterson.  
Members, Francis Peterson.

\* \* \*

### Butinsky Club.

*Rule.*—Every member must have a license

Active Members,  
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Henry Lambert,  
Alvin Lorie,  
Alberta Creswell,  
Shirley Allendorph,  
Harold Waltner.

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\* \* \*

Mr. Lorie asserts that he has read Johnson's greatest work—the dictionary.

Miss De Witt asked her Senior literature class to express in words their *impressions* received the preceding Sunday evening at church. The answers were as follows:

Mr. Durham's Impresses: "Three labials—don't have to tell their author."

Frances Beers' Expressions: "Gee! Aren't those togs swell?"

Charles Wolf's Depression: "An earthquake."

Mr. Lorie's Compressions: "Two—right arm and left arm."

\* \* \*

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Next term begins September 26. For full particulars see W. P. Borland, Dean, or E. D. Ellison, Secretary, N. Y. Life Bldg., or address

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### Extract from a School-Girl's Diary.

*June 3*—I intend to study *hard* next year and get two zeros with a 1 before them. I got plenty of zeros last year, but the figures were sadly lacking.

*June 4*—One of the alumni boys handed me this poem to-day, illustrating his struggles with the labor problem. The poem read as follows:

Hired!

Tired!

Fired!

I sympathize deeply with him.

We heard that Walter Fenner went to the North Pole hunting "Hazel" nuts. We wish him success.

\* \* \*

The most delightful social event of the school season took place at the Academy of Music, Friday evening, April twenty-ninth.

The party consisted of a dance given by the Round Table and Clionian Society, and is considered quite an innovation in the writing of the two societies and the manner of entertainment. A pleasant time was anticipated by everyone and more than realized. Those who didn't care for dancing were pleasantly enter-

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tained by playing card games in the balcony or watching the dancers. These, however, were very few, as almost everyone was on the floor.

The hall was brilliantly lighted and tastefully decorated; the music was perfect and the floor could not have been improved. In fact, a few came to grief on account of its excellent condition.

The chaperons were Mr. Underwood, Miss Hodshier, Mr. and Mrs. Shouse, Miss Stoner, Miss Kahn, Miss De Witt, Miss Watson, and Miss Wilder.

A number of Debaters were also present and seemed to enjoy themselves as much as the Round Tables and Clonians.

Delicious refreshments were served during the intermission, after which the dancing was continued until the last waltz, "Home, Sweet Home," reminded us that all pleasures must end.

The two teachers, Miss De Witt and Miss Wilder, acting as hostesses, were overwhelmed

with expressions of pleasure for the delightful evening enjoyed by one and all.

#### Another Wizard Element.

While S. and Mme. Curie were experimenting with radium, their newly found metal, they discovered another metallic element which they called polonium, after Poland, M. Curie's native land. They found that this metal had a greater degree of brilliancy in darkness than even radium, and that it continually gave off very minute particles, but did not exhaust itself or lose its luminous power after any length of time.

Polonium proved to be valuable, as only a few hundredths of a grain could be extracted from several tons of pitchblende. No practical use has been found for this metal, but it is thought it will perform the functions of Roentgen rays more powerfully and with the use of a less complex apparatus.



