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## Spirit of the School.

Behind gray walls we nurtured thee  
Until full strong and clear  
Thy strident voice at every game  
Rings out where all may hear  
Winning for Westport High the day  
And in thine own resplendent way  
Heralding far and near the name  
Round which our every thought entwines  
To thee, sustaining spirit of the school  
We dedicate these lines.

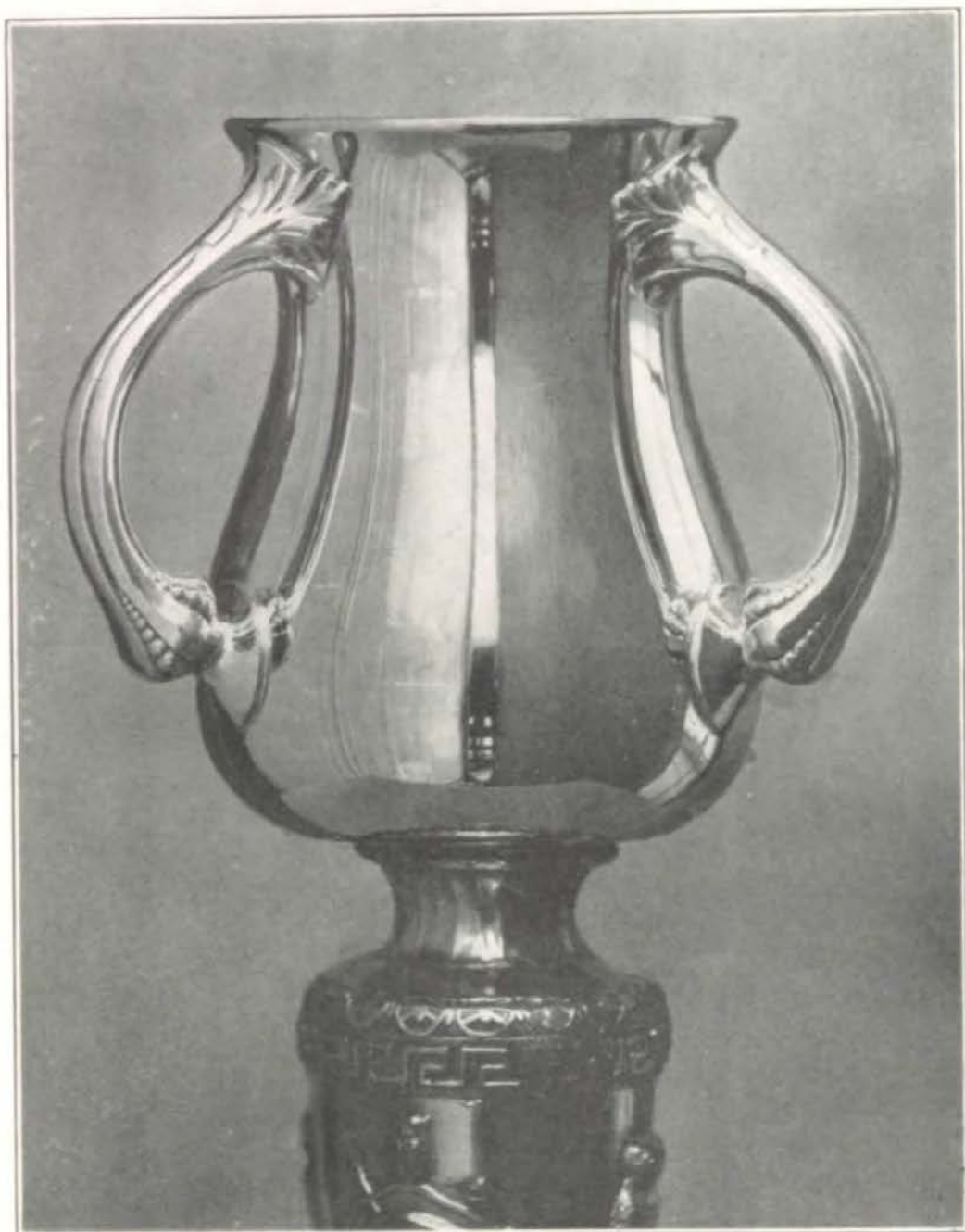
Harriett Dorn'os

## The Athlete.



Forth from the Spirit of the School,  
Minerva-like, full-armed, and strong  
Hath sprung an Athlete who has won  
The highest praises of the throns;  
For Cup and Pennant now are ours,  
And herald Westport's fame abroad—  
Trophies of those splendid powers  
In all the ages, men applaud.  
To thee, Athlete, whom every heart enshrines  
We dedicate these lines.

Cup  
Given by  
Missouri University  
for  
Inter-scholastic Baseball Championship  
Won by  
Westport High School  
At  
Columbia, Missouri,  
May 5, 1906.



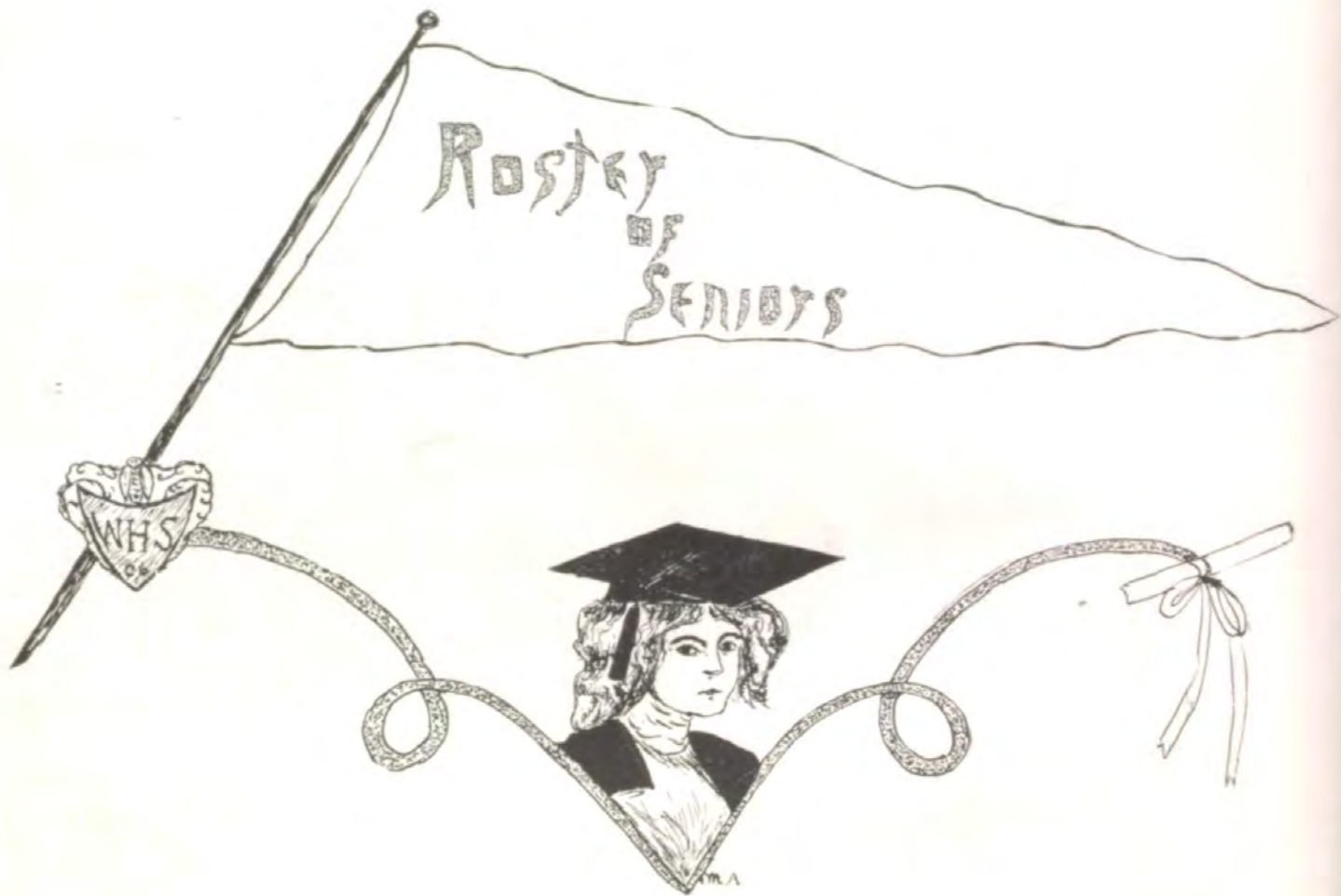
WON FROM YEATMAN SCHOOL OF ST. LOUIS.



THE FACULTY.



Invocation . . . . . Rev. Claude Kelley	Oration:
"By Right of Sword" . . . . . Bendix. High School Mandolin Club.	"The Oratory of America the Expression of Its History." Miss Effie E. Rogers.
Essay:	Oration:
"Some Influences of the English Reformation." Miss Lillian H. Riley.	"The Menace of Wealth." Mr. J. Lucas Campbell.
Oration:	"Meditation" . . . . . C. S. Morrison. High School Mandolin Club.
"The Unterrified Democracy of the West." Mr. Wesley W. Stout.	Declamation:
Chorus . . . . . "The Vagabonds," Fanning.	"The Don't Hurry Club." Mr. Carl K. Malone.
Declamation:	Oration:
"The Author's Readin' at Bixby Center." Miss Goldie Brandom.	"American Diplomacy." Mr. Edward R. Schaufler.
Essay:	Chorus . . . . . "The Morning Ramble," Veazie. Vocal Galop.
"Time Values." Miss Mabel L. Johnson.	Presentation of Diplomas . . . . Hon. O. H. Dean.
Chorus Trio . . . . . "The Mariners," Randegger.	

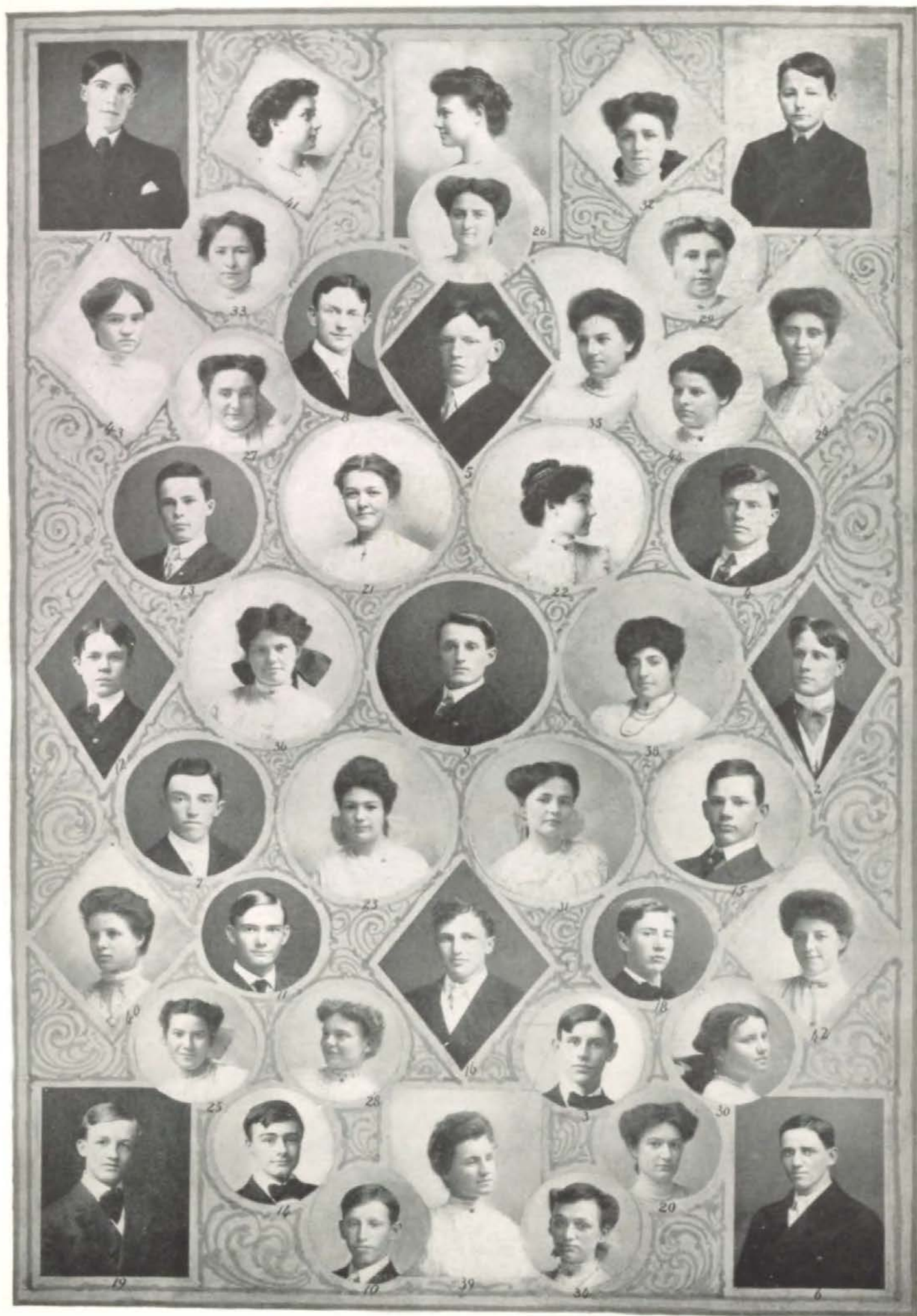


### CLASS OF 1906, WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL, KANSAS CITY, MO.

- |                                 |                              |                            |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1—Harry Winthrop Austin.*       | 16—Wilfred Waltner.          | 31—Margaret McCreery Fort. |
| 2—Walter Robert Barnes.         | 17—George Hale West.         | 32—Julia Emorette Green.   |
| 3—John Lucas Campbell.          | 18—Douglas Buchanan Wornall. | 33—Mary Higgins.           |
| 4—John Crayton Dillingham.      | 19—Earl Cranston Wright.     | 34—Maud Holcomb.           |
| 5—John Tillett Flowers.         | 20—Iva Verd Abraham.         | 35—Mabel Lee Johnson.*     |
| 6—Roy Martin Gregg.             | 21—Amy Muriel Algeo.         | 36—Marian Ketcham.*        |
| 7—Edward Llewellyn James.       | 22—Grace Anna Barker.        | 37—Mae Clementine Lamborn  |
| 8—Claude Stuart Jennings.       | 23—Ethel May Bowen.          | 38—Blanche Lederman.       |
| 9—Carlton Knold Malone.*        | 24—Goldie Brandom.           | 39—Edna Christine Nelson.  |
| 10—Walter James Packwood.       | 25—Ethel Jeannette Bridges.* | 40—Lillian Henry Riley.*   |
| 11—Henry Earl Ragland.          | 26—Mildred Adelle Clark.     | 41—Effie Estellyn Rogers.* |
| 12—Edward Reynolds Schauffler.* | 27—Eula Lee Durham.*         | 42—Clara Emeline Rose.     |
| 13—Adolph Taylor Starck.*       | 28—Lotta Lavinia Edwards.    | 43—Bertha Florence Smith.  |
| 14—Wesley Winans Stout.         | 29—Neva Etwein.*             | 44—Grace Maureen Walter.*  |
| 15—John Henry Thompson.         | 30—Florence Edmond Evans.    |                            |

\*Honorable Mention.





SENIOR CLASS.

### OF A STRANGE NATURE.

Perhaps all of you have at some time or another spent hours of the night, partly in dreaming and partly in thinking, or else wearily waiting for morning. In just such a time these events passed before me. The characters and incidents appeared so real that the sentences easily formed themselves. During the time that I was correcting and rewriting the story I could see the face of Megareus as clearly as if he were by my side.

My thoughts on this particular night seemed to take wing and fly over green valleys, snowy mountains and white-capped waves to a small unnamed island in the southern seas. There amid palms, orange trees, and tropical plants, I heard, as it were, a strong, clear voice say, "They only meant it for a joke but—" There was a pause and though I listened again I heard no other word save the name "Verona," uttered in a smothered undertone.

In my dream, I drew near the place from which I had heard the sounds and peering through the thick branches of the pomegranate, saw a man sitting on a fallen tree with his chin resting heavily in his hands. He was large and to a degree muscular, his face swarthy, his eyes dark and melancholy. The thick, black hair, long and curling at the ends, gave him a place among the men of southern climes and by some intuitive power, I felt he was Italian. As the leaves rustled in my vicinity he lifted his eyes and peered pathetically into the distance as if yearning for some far-away land. My dream body approached the stranger and asked who it was who had made the mistake. I knew that I was invisible to his eyes but never before had I seen such an expression of joy mingled with sadness.

He stood as if amazed, uncertain as to what to say. Then as I repeated the question and asked "Who is Verona?" through tears he told me the story of his wrongs as though he had rehearsed it many times. His gentle face was all aglow as he recalled his boyhood days in

sunny Italy and the memories of his mother and his father. In words of tender endearment I learned of his brother and sister and of Verona, his sweetheart. Then, as his face darkened, he said:

"Just about five years ago, I determined to make a career for myself and with all the enthusiasm of youth I chose to go to sea. I began at the bottom of the ladder but I never even reached the second round.

"On the first cruise I ever made, a set of rough sailors, while drinking and gambling, tempted me to play one game. Instead of betting money—just for a joke,—they decided that if I lost, I should be put on this island until another ship, due here in a few hours, should pass and pick me up. I, young and unaccustomed to the jokes of seamen and rather, to escape their ridicule, agreed, but the ship has never come."

The tone of absolute despair in which the closing words were spoken seemed by its very intensity to rouse me from the lethargy that held me in its grasp. And in my dream struggle I seemed to lift myself above the island and its wretched inhabitant. As my eye swept the sea about me I discerned in the distance a ship, outlined against the horizon. Impelled by some subtle motive I returned again to the side of the Italian, and, availing myself of this unknown power of making my thoughts known to him, I bade him hurry to the shore, as rescue had come to him. He arose and uncertainly, as if not knowing why, made his way to the shore where day after day, for five years, he had watched with expectant eyes for some means of escape.

He stood silent awhile and then in the far east he saw the speck. A change came over his features. "Can it be possible?" he cried. "It is—it is a vessel!" Hurriedly he built a fire of dried branches and leaves so that there could be no danger of the ship's passing without noticing him. Slowly and steadily the speck grew larger and larger until he could distinguish figures moving upon the deck.

Tears blinded Megareus as the hope of deliverance revived within him and then fell from his eyes as he distinguished, flying from her mast, the Italian colors.

As the vessel neared the shore, he heard the welcome shouts of the sailors. Then as his bedimmed vision cleared itself, he saw that beside the form of the captain stood that of a slender, dark-eyed woman whose eager glance for a moment seemed to meet no response from the eyes of Megareus. Then as he realized the truth, with outstretched arms and quivering sigh of joy, he gasped, "Verona."

To my dream vision it seemed an interminable time ere the boats were lowered and had reached the shore. Megareus, with Verona clasped in his arms, seemed satisfied without further explanation and I could catch only broken sentences that told of the return of one of the sailors of Megareus' vessel—of his inability to definitely locate the island, and of Verona's appeal to the government to aid her in the search for her lover—and then all faded away in an indescribable harmony of happy voices and then nothing but oblivion.

Muriel Algeo, '06.

## THE SENIORS.

"Be to their virtues very kind;  
Be to their faults a little blind."

Earl Ragland—"Rags."—Baseball (3-4); Debaters (2, 3, 4); Round Table President (4); A brilliant athlete of small stature, much beloved by the girls. Successful politician, with great influence. It will pay to cultivate his acquaintance, as he may secure you your offices.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

Blanche Lederman.—R. T. C. (3, 4); I. K. B. (4). A modest and retiring violet, but a maiden of true worthiness. Quite an expert in the manufacture of fudge.

"Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee."

Mary Higgins—"Irish."—Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4). From the good old Emerald Isle she comes. Has apparently made quite a killing with easily enamored youths.

"She is pretty to walk with and pleasant to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on."

Marian Ketcham.—Another of those foolish virgins who burn the midnight oil. R. T. C. (3, 4).

"Night after night she sat and bleared her eyes with books."

Edward R. Schaufler.—"Tadpole"; Herald Staff (2, 3, 4); Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4); Debater, (4). Small of stature, large of brain. Eloquent, poetic, and mischievous. Stephen Alexander's Pet - Abomination. Gave the Shepherdess a hard race, but she seems at last to have reformed him—to the outside eye at least. Writes at the rate of forty stories to the month, thirty-nine of which are unprintable and the other unsuitable. A great genius, but rather too irrepressible.

"One-fifth of him genius and four-fifths sheer fudge."

Walter J. Packwood.—"Ape"; Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4); President K. B. S. (3). A small, mischievous individual, whose whole mind seems to be devoted to tormenting the Shepherdess. Another of Stephen's favorites. Has a long, capacious smile filled with large teeth.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Taylor Starck.—"Adolph"; "Zahl"! Studious youth of uncouth appearance. Has a pull with "Uncle John" Shouse. Clionian (2, 3, 4); Debater (4). Rather shy of the maidens, although it is rumored abroad that he is laying desperate siege to the heart of one, Tripp Garnett, for purely material considerations.

Earl Wright.—The proverbial preacher's son. That striking countenance and flowing golden hair has taken by storm the hearts of the most hardened coquettes. This genius,

however, does not consider it necessary to waste any time exerting himself on anything—except working the teachers twice a year. Debater (3, 4); Clionian (1, 2, 3).

Mildred Clark.—A mild, pleasant lassie of gentle, winning manners. Not, to be frank, of an over-pushing and aggressive nature, but a jewel to those who know her. R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4).

"A very gentle lady and of a good conscience."

Ethel Bowen.—Skilled in the rolling of oculars and the manipulation of smiles. R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4).

"She is a woman, therefore may be wooed."

Margaret Fort.—A lady with more than one string to her bow. The strings include "the Catcher," "Windy," "Rags," and numerous others. R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4); President of Senior Class.

"Here comes the lady! Oh, so light a foot will ne'er wear out the everlasting sput."

John Thompson.—The sure enough ladies' man, and devoted champion of the I. K. B's. He has a great future—behind him.

Douglas Warnall.—"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man." Otherwise we would be tempted to classify him as a giraffe. He is most fair (as to his hair). Long, languid, lean, lumbering, loving lump.

Carl Malone.—An orator this, most fiery, at least with regard to his countenance. He, too, feels the attraction of feminine eyes. But his affections are divided—and they fail. Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4); Debater, (4); Football (2, 4).

"That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman."

May Lamborne.—Another of the many who have made an impression on the soft heart of the mathematics teacher. Like others of her fellow Seniors she has given up the useless practice of devoting any time to lessons.

Maud Holcomb.—An "engaged lady" of rather startling and gypsy-like appearance.

"Engaged" presumably to wash Mamma's dishes.

"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath *may* prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

Florence Evans.—This maiden only arrived this year from the Sunflower State. Is tall and most divinely fair.

"Man delights not me — nor woman neither."

Wesley Stout—"Windy"; "Pebble head."—A very eloquent dispenser of hot air. Clionian. President (4). Out of consideration no mention is made of his whereabouts during 1-2. Debater (4).

"Who thinks too little and talks too much."

Clara Rose.—A student of Milton. Of a joyous and gushing personality. R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). Has ensnared many with the coy, alluring glances which are generally directed toward the baseball field.

"Beware the fury of a patient man."

Willie Waltner.—An all-round good athlete. Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain of Baseball (3); Basketball (1, 2, 3); Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain of Football (4); R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4); Debater (2, 3, 4).

"O, Willy! Willy! with those curls

You take the hearts of all the girls."

Julia Green.—"Cherry lips." Julia is a dashing artist lady, who has distinguished herself as a Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4); I. K. B. (4); and Chief Editor of the Herald Staff (4).

"Her lips were red, and one was thin  
Compared with that was next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly."

Ethel Bridges.—An awfully sweet child is little Ethel. Such a pretty naive air with her. R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4).

"If to her share some female errors fall;  
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

Walter Barnes.—A large and pleasant personage of unruffled calmness and serenity. Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4); Football (3, 4).

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

Muriel Algeo.—Herald Staff (4); I. K. B. (4). Rather retiring in disposition, but excellent company when you know her.

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

Claude Jennings.—The baseball kid from Ellsworth, Kansas, struck Westport at the beginning of his Junior year. R. T. C. (3, 4); Debater (3, 4); Baseball Captain (4); Baseball (3, 4); Junior President (3). "For he's a jolly good fellow, as nobody can deny."

"A hitter, a very palpable hitter."

Mabel Johnson.—One of society's shining lights; R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4); I. K. B. President (3, 4). Holds herself rather aloof from the common herd, but "Pride goeth before a fall."

Harry Austin.—A mighty man of valour. Has been known to eat two consecutive bowls of Garnett soup. Is small of stature, but is death on mathematics. Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4); Debater (4); Base Ape (1, 2, 3, 4).

"And still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Eula Durham.—A plump and cheerful little maiden who industriously studies her lessons. Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Lucas Campbell.—Famed afar by having won a place on the commencement program of Westport High School. A nice child.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Edna Nelson.—A lady of great and profound intellectuality. She once wrote an article which was printed in this great and famous paper. R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Edward James.—Mabellian in his tendencies. Has taken some considerable part in athletics, generally as a substitute, but ever a loyal rooter. R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4); I. K. B. (3, 4).

"And when a lady's in the case,  
You know all other things give place."

Crayton Dillingham.—"Dilly." Vast and powerful is this jewel of the athletic field. Has

been assisting Westport for the last four or five years on the gridiron and the diamond. Captain of Football (3); Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4).

"What man dare, I dare."

Roy Gregg — "Zip." — Skilled in several lines; Football (2, 3); Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Clionian Refined Minstrel Show (4). Likewise has made a decided dent on the hearts of several susceptible Freshman and Sophomore maids.

"And even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

I'verd Abraham.—Such a sweet-tempered Jayhawker! Almost a chemistress. Rather tall, but quite pretty.

"Mine a cottage beside the hill;  
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear."

(A Wish.)

Lillian Riley.—A fair-complexioned little lass with a soprano voice. A light tripper across the halls.

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care."

Effie Rogers.—Optician; author of "The Iron Pirate." A child quite young, though of experience.

"Give the ocular proof."

Neva Etwein.—Somewhat cherubic, often spends her time in celestial realms. Golden-haired and azure-eyed.

"The maid who modestly conceals  
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals."

Grace Walters.—A noble girl with ready wit and fun when she allows that you may know her well. Takes occasional flights into the supernatural.

"True as the needle to the pole  
Or as the dial to the sun."

Lotta Edwards.—There is no doubt that a Harvard graduate has an attraction for Lotta. Just ask the geometry teacher. Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4). Has decided to let nature take care of her pretty blonde locks.

"Of all the griefs that harrow the distressed,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest."

Grace Barker.—An absolute misnomer, as she is very modest and retiring, and not at all given to straining her vocal cords. Disagreeable people say she has a "pull" with the Faculty. R. T. C. (3, 4).

"With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye."

Goldie Brandon.—Disclaimer R. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4.) Fond of Busch (not the well-known variety).

"There is language in her eye, her cheek, her lip."

Bertha Smith—Possesses a sweetly seductive smile, which is one of her chief attractions. Has only graced this school for two years. R. T. C. (3, 4).

"Handsome is as handsome does."

Hale West—"The Deacon"—A faithful follower of the baseball and football teams. Has shone in the glare of the footlights, and is able to carry on a courtship in a very life-like manner. Gives fatherly advice to the "Base Apes." Clionian (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Remote from men he passed his days,

Prayer all his business, all his pleasure  
praise."

## PERSONAL HABITS ARE RELATED TO SUCCESS IN LIFE.\*

ANNA LOU OLSEN, '07.

Personal habits are not the customs that belong to the people of one race by which they may be distinguished from another. They are not the customs that distinguish one class of society from another. But they are the habits and customs that separate and distinguish one individual from every other individual in the world. These habits are probably the most important factor in bringing about success in life or in making a failure of every attempt.

"Success in life," in the broadest sense of

\*A prize of ten dollars in gold was awarded for this essay by the local W. C. T. U.

the term, means the accomplishment of one's highest ideals. But, it may, and probably does mean something entirely different to each person. To a musician it means one thing, to an artist another and to an author it means something quite dissimilar to either of the others. In the various walks of life each man has his own ideals and his own interpretation of "Success in Life."

As has been said before, "Success in Life" means the attainment of one's greatest hopes. But if we wish to make a success of our lives we must toil ceaselessly. In order to strive so hard we must have something behind us that will push us onward toward the goal. The first requirement for the battle is a strong will-power. The will-power, in order to make a success of life, must be so strong that it will be able to push onward through toil, to overcome obstacles and to be cheerful and hopeful all the way.

The next requisite for the fight is a good character. This is what leads a man one way or the other. A man may toil hard and have a strong will-power to accomplish his end, but if he has not the character, he may not, in some instances, accomplish his object in the right way. On the other hand, if he has a good character it will help him greatly in the struggle.

There are two ways of accomplishing "Success in Life," the wrong way and the right way. Some might think that there should be only one way of succeeding, but there are many people whose desires or ideas of success are so selfish and ignoble that their means of obtaining them are of the basest kind. This is especially true of the great financiers of the day, their aims are purely selfish and their means to them, atrocious.

Then, on the other hand, there is the right way of attaining to success in life. This is the way that the man or woman with a noble character takes. However, one who succeeds or hopes to succeed, seldom has a selfish motive in his ideas of success, as the majority

of the busy people of to-day do. When a person starts to make a success of life, his motive and his goal decide at once which way he will take and what his habits will be.

We may take, for example, a man who cares for money above everything else. It is foremost in his thoughts, he hopes to possess the name of millionaire some day. Since he prizes money above all things, then would he not value it even above honor? If this is true, his love for money will lead him to obtain money without regard for the way of obtaining it. He may forge successfully, he may steal, he may deceive the public and in countless other ways he may make money. In the meantime we may examine his personal habits. They certainly distinguish him from anyone else. He has attained success in life in his own estimation, but was it not by his bad personal habits? Will he ever be happy in the use of his money?

The greatest writers of this age and also of ages past have been greatly influenced by their personal habits. Men, as Macaulay, Tennyson, Burke, and many others must have had the highest and noblest of thoughts in order to produce such great pieces of literature. It has been said that noble thoughts spring only from a sound mind and body, hence these men were strong in both mind and body. Certainly one can not have these things if he has bad habits.

Indeed there are some great pieces of literature that have been produced by men who were physically wrecked by their bad habits. Edgar Allan Poe was one of this kind. Some of his works are great pieces of literary art, yet he was a drunkard. Would you speak of his life as a success? Would he live his life the same way, had he a chance to live it over again?

Again, we might take, for example, the head of some large trust, one who controls millions of dollars. Perhaps we might find out how much mental work and even physical suffering is required to take care of such an immense amount of business. He, indeed, must

have a sound mind and body; but, in order to obtain these, he must be temperate in all things.

We learn from a great reformer, Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, that now the competition in business is so great that men who desire to succeed must keep themselves in a condition to work. Although they may not have any scruples on the subject of intemperance, yet they know that sobriety pays. They demand that their employees shall be able to do good work and this means temperance for the employee.

The contractor does not care to hire "dull tools" and so he demands clear thinking of his workmen. They, too, know that they will be discarded for other men whose minds are untarnished by drink. Then, too, if they are intemperate they will spend their money for so-called "pleasures"; and where will it end? Will the employer want as an employee a drunkard and a spendthrift? No. No man would care to trust such kind of man around him. Steadily downward he will go until he reaches the poor-house or ends in the grave of a thief or murderer.

The musician is another type of person who attains to success in life. Music is judged usually by the thought or sentiment of the composition. The composers who write silly or flashy music never have their names placed among great masters of the art. They are but temporary celebrities. It was the writers who embodied the noblest thoughts in music that are called the "grand old masters." These grand old masters must have had many noble thoughts and must have led a grand and noble life to express them in such inspiring music.

If we look at our own surroundings, we may be able to see people of all kinds, and, by a little observation, we may find that the people who live narrow and cramped lives are the ones who think in just such a style. But the people who live not only for their own good but to help their fellow-men along, we will find are the ones who think and see the grander and nobler things in life.

Thus when we examine the most successful people in every walk of life we find that the happiest and most successful in the estimation of others are those who have good habits and noble thoughts and actions.



EDWARD R. SHAUFFLER,  
Winner of American History Medal.



EDNA MARSH,  
Prize Winner of Mid-year Herald Cover.



MURIEL ALGEO,  
Prize Winner of Annual Herald Cover.



GERALDINE OWEN,  
Prize Winner of Declamation Contest.



ROBERT FIFE,  
Prize Winner of Declamation Contest.



**THE FIFTH ANNUAL DECLAMATORY CONTEST.**

On Friday evening, June 1, Allen Library Hall was the scene of the most successful declamatory contest in the history of Westport High School. From the time the opening musical number by the Mandolin Club, under Prof. Dickenson, struck the first note until the closing remarks delivered by Prof. Martin, as chairman of judges, the whole programme moved with a smoothness and promptness highly commendable.

Where all the numbers were of such uniform excellence, only the judges' decision, which awarded the girl's prize of ten dollars in gold to Miss Geraldine Owen, and a similar boy's prize to Mr. Robert Fife, could settle the question of superiority. A ten-dollar gold-piece went to Miss Lou Olsen for the best essay on a temperance subject, and was presented by Mr. Webb, of the Missouri Savings Bank, in a clever and suggestive speech. Mrs. Meriwether, a member of the Elizabeth Benton chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, after an address that brimmed with well-chosen patriotic sentiments, announced that Mr. Edward Schauffler had won the American History Medal, and pinned it upon his coat.

A Shakespeare set was the reward Miss Edna Marsh received for the best cover for the mid-year HERALD. Miss Muriel Algeo, with the best cover for the annual HERALD, gained for herself a ten-dollar prize. Honorable mention for W. C. T. U. essays which received a badge was given Misses Jessie Eyman, Laura Snodgrass, Ethel Mott, and Ayers Blocker. In the history examination Edna Nelson and Carl Malone received honorable mention.

The musical numbers were especially beautiful and the rendering much above the usual.

The program in full follows:

- "Rally Round" . . . . . E. M. Wheatley
- Music . . . Westport High School Mandolin Club
- Declamation—"Farmer Whipple, Bachelor" . . . . . Leda Craven

- Declamation—"The Method of Charles Stewart York" . . . . . James Field
- "Merry June"—Vincent . . . . . Girls' Chorus
- Declamation—"The Lance of Kanana" . . . . . Goldie Brandom
- Declamation—"The Trial of Ben Thomas" . . . . . Robert Fife
- "Dainty Little Ingenue"—Luders . . . . . Mandolin Club
- Declamation—"Helène Thamré." . . . . Geraldine Owen
- Declamation—"The Unknown Speaker" . . . . . Fred Ryan
- "The Mariners"—Randegger . . . . . Chorus Trio
- Declamation—"The Little God and Dickey" . . . . . Sallie McCluer
- Declamation—"De Lancey Stuyvesant and the Horse Car" . . . . . Leslie Hohman

The judges for the declamations were Prof. W. H. Martin, of Morse school; Mrs. Josephine Heermans, of the Whittier; and Miss Bainbridge, of the Dillenbeck School of Oratory.

(At the Junior election.)

One of the candidates: "I want to withdraw my name."

Blocker, the Squelcher: "Oh! wait till after the ball, anyway."

A lot of Soph'more girls—  
 They had some little curls  
 Hanging down the back of their head,  
 They didn't have their lesson  
 And they kept their teacher guessin'  
 They were primping on their hair instead.

Packwood to Photographer: "I don't want you to make a very large picture."

Photographer: "All right, please close your mouth."



The Mandolin Club began some six years ago, with a membership of three. Even then their music was commendable, but an increase in numbers and the added years of experience have brought a higher standard of excellence. Under the able leadership of Prof. W. P. Dickenson, this standard has been maintained, and much credit is due him for his efforts. At the Christmas Play, Declamation Contest, and Commencement Exercise the several selections by the club met with a public approval that has established fully the value of the time and attention given to this feature of high school work.

Perhaps no one organization in the school suffers so much from loss of the Seniors as does the orchestra, since new members, as a rule, though prompt and attentive, must be thoroughly drilled before taking part in the public entertainments. Miss Addoms' work

as soloist is strengthening and other of the violinists are adding their names to the list from whom much may be expected in the future.

#### [Members of the Club.

Violins: Miss Abbie Johnson.  
Miss Ethel Addoms.  
Miss Clara Rose.  
Mr. William Kintz.

Mandolins: Miss Lotta Edwards.  
Miss Elsie Storr.  
Miss Julia Green.  
Mr. Walter Schaefer.  
Mr. Herman Kuehlke.  
Mr. Roger Hurd.  
Mr. Donald Farquahar.  
Mr. James Field.

Piano: Miss Cyrilla Humes.





Though there have been additional space and added facilities in the Art room, there is still a desire for greater development in both directions; but this can only be fulfilled when the new school is an accomplished fact. The exhibit this year shows a growing love for pictures and higher taste in the pupils' expression of art.

The annual exhibit of designs for the HERALD cover, charcoal work, lettering, and mechanical drawing was held in the Art Room on May twenty-eighth, and was of its usual merit and interest. Perhaps the most noticeable group of drawings was the HERALD covers. A prize of ten dollars had been offered for the best design and was awarded to Miss Muriel Algeo, a Senior. Those receiving honorable mention are: Martin Jones, Lydia Cook, Clara Bastman, Lucile Coffin, Gladys R. Duncan, Clyde Chase, Chas. Ward, Eleanor Rider, Clare

O'Rielly, and Edna Marsh. The first honor in charcoal drawing was taken by Clara Bastman and Alice Gushurst took second honor. The honorable mention pupils in charcoal drawing are: Ruth Chaney, Martin Brooks, Lydia Cook, Nellie Stewart, Gray Hodges, Mary Carnie, Blanche Carnie, Donald Johnson, and Margaret Jackson.

Those who have done creditable work in water colors are: Madelaine Archer, Muriel Algeo, and Frances Reid.

Lee Dryer took first honors in lettering and honorable mention was given to Dan Etwein, Chas. Paul Stivers, Marsh Kenney, Claude Jennings, and Julian Amelung have done very consistent work.

The judges who made the awards were Mr. E. M. Huppert, Mr. Harry Wood and Mr. S. Dahn.

## STUDY HALL ENTERTAINMENTS.

In spite of the greatly overcrowded condition of the school, matters have been so arranged that, by taking turns, the members of all four classes have been able to listen to two or three excellent entertainments of a varied character. Good music has been secured and a number of interesting speakers have addressed us. The first of these entertainments, which took place on April 9th was in charge of Mrs. Hedges. The programme follows:

1. Soprano Solo:  
Carmeña (Vocal Waltz)... ..Wilson  
Miss Celia Traber.
2. Contralto Solo (French Song):  
(a) "Were My Song with Wings Provided"... ..Hahn  
(b) "Husheen"... ..Needham  
Mrs. R. E. Hall.
3. Violin Solo:  
(a) "Melody in F"... ..Rubinstein  
(b) "Dreams"... ..Bartlett  
Miss Hope Stoner.
4. Soprano Solo:  
(a) "Driving a Bargain"... ..Capel  
(b) "When the Roses Bloom"...Reichardt  
Miss Luella Maas.
5. Trio, Serenade:  
"Sing, Smile, Slumber"... ..Gounod  
Miss Stoner, Violin Obligato.  
Miss Traber, Miss Maas, and Mrs. Hall.

Among the most delightful of these entertainments was the one given by the Dillenbeck School of Oratory, which even surpassed its uniform and unvarying excellence.

The programme follows:

1. "For Dear Old Yale"... ..Langston  
Mr. Mark T. Wilson.
2. "In Verona"... ..  
Miss Harriet Cole.
3. Violin Solo, "Fantasie Martha"... ..  
Miss Elma Eaton.  
Accompanist... ..Mrs. Anna C. Eaton
4. "A Critical Situation"... ..Mark Twain  
Miss Alice Wyvell.

5. "The Soft Spot of B. 606"... ..  
Miss Nettie Gallagher.
6. Whistling Solo, "The Melody of Love"  
Miss Gwendolen Edwards.

Accompanist... ..Mrs. Verne Edwards  
When, upon May 14th, Mr. Franklyn Hunt's splendid voice rang through corridor and halls, those who were barred from the study hall felt that a treat was decidedly being missed. The other number on the programme by Mr. Hunt's pupils added further to the desire to hear at closer range. The programme is given in full:

1. By Mr. Hunt.
  1. "La Visione"... ..Vanuccini
  2. "If I Were King"... ..Macaulay
  3. (a) "Who'll Buy My Lavender?"... ..Germain  
(b) "Oh, That We Two Were Maying"... ..Nevin
2. By Mr. Edwin Edwards.
  4. "The Colleen Bawn"... ..Benedict
  5. "Lorna"... ..
3. By Miss Cameola Burns.
  7. "Echoes"... ..Elizabeth Allen
  8. "At Twilight"... ..Nevin

## My Lady of the Study Hall.

My Lady of the Study Hall sits on a lofty throne,  
And keeps her watch with eagle eyes o'er many a lazy drone.  
No note can e'er escape her view  
She's onto all we say and do.  
Though visitors from all the world  
This fair dame come to see,  
And sweetly doth she smile on them,  
And nods most graciously;  
Yet still on us she keeps her eye,  
And notes the gentle am'rous sigh  
Of virgin, casting subtle glance  
At boy, and dreaming of the dance.  
Stella's a jailer deft and wise,  
Speedy of action and keen of eyes.

### COLONEL BROWN'S ADDRESS.

No more interesting or instructive address has ever been given in the school than that of Colonel Isaac Brown, "the bird man" from Indiana, sent out by Miss Helen Gould to carry information to the ignorant farmer and to withhold to some extent the ruthless hand of that rascally barbarian, the small boy. Colonel Brown described the habits and the usefulness of a number of birds, such as the woodpecker which plays so tremendously important a part in the preservation of our forest life, but he made the quail the particular subject of his appeal. With marvelous accuracy, he imitated the calls of the "Bob White" and described the habits of this invaluable friend of the American farmer, and from the penitent expression on some faces it would seem that his admonitions fell on good ground. The Colonel's talk overflowed with delightfully spontaneous bits of humor; for forty minutes or so the old study hall was in one unceasing gale of merriment. But, nevertheless, he left us a good deal to think about which had never occurred to many of us before; and to one and all his visit was a genuine treat.

### GOOD ADVICE BY DR. CHAPLIN.

On Thursday, April 19th, a number of the Juniors and Seniors had the pleasure of listening to a short but excellent discourse by Dr. Chaplin, the chancellor of Washington University. Dr. Chaplin spoke of the necessity of starting early in life with a firm determination to make the most of one's self. The perfect man is the man who, whether he possesses great or small ability, makes the most of himself and his opportunities. He cited, as an example, Dr. Thomas Young, one of the leading spirits of the early nineteenth century, who started in life with the determination to acquire as much learning as possible, and then spoke of Dr. Young's success-

ful career. Dr. Chaplin also dwelt on the increase in knowledge along the different branches of learning, particularly along scientific lines. He declared what we already had no doubt of—namely, the superiority of Kansas City over St. Louis in regard to higher education.

The doctor carefully observed the sanctity of the lunch hour, a point which was appreciated perhaps as much as anything by the pupils who were fortunate enough to hear this interesting talk.

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A growing geranium plant was put into a dark room and left there about forty-four hours; this used up all the starch that was then in the leaves. A single leaf was then selected, and a piece of tinfoil carefully put around it; this was left solid, with the exception of a small hole, the size of a ten-cent piece, through which the light could pass to reach the leaf. It was then placed in the sunshine and allowed to remain there for six hours. The leaf was now cut from the plant and placed in boiling water to kill it. It was then dropped in alcohol, which removes the green coloring, and left for about two days. Afterwards, when soaked in iodine, it was found that the presence of starch could only be detected in the leaf where the hole in the tinfoil had permitted the sunlight to reach the leaf, thus proving that light is the agent which produces starch in plants.

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Miss Shire: "Whenever anyone got supreme power against the law he was called a tyrant. A group of patriots used to rush on him and kill him."

Mr. Cary (in Study Hall first hour): "I wish there were some patriots around here."

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Latin Teacher: "Mr. Kirshner, what do you do with all the books you borrow?"

Bobby: "Oh! I sell them down town, mostly."

## FIELD DAY AT COLUMBIA.

All those who were lucky enough to go to Columbia are willing to affirm that they had the best time of their life. Although at the start the Freshmen and Sophomores were refused the privilege of enjoying the trip, after-arrangements — made by themselves — did away with this seeming partiality.

The entire number of accepted pupils met at the school, Friday morning, May 4th, a little before nine o'clock. Many carried suitcases or grips and all wore colors. A special street-car had been procured and all were taken direct to the depot without change. After a wait of about half an hour, we boarded our own private car and settled down for the long trip. Some one had brought a bolt of ribbon and on one side of the long strips of paper between the rolls of ribbon the score of the last baseball game was written; on the other a request to deliver to the Manual-Central train which was to pass later. These strips were thrown out of the window at every station with the hope that they would reach those on the following train for whom they were intended.

By noon everybody was hungry and lunches began to appear. At every station a raid was made on the lunch-rooms, and Mr. Hull was successful enough to get a pie. At Centralia the colors were tied at the top of a "Look out for the Engine" sign by the energetic efforts of Mr. Dillingham. Here we were also joined by a delegation of about thirty-five, the enterprising Freshmen and Sophomores, who had organized an excursion on the C. & A. railroad and had come down on their own responsibility. They joined the regular crowd and at Columbia received the same courtesy as was given to all certified Westport excursionists.

The long-heralded terrors of the road-bed between Centralia and Columbia failed to materialize. We arrived at Columbia at about

half past four and went at once to the Academic building. There we were directed to our rooms. We then sallied out to secure supper and see the town. There was no dance the first evening, as was expected, so many went to the depot to see the Kansas City excursion come in. As is usual with excursions, it was late, and the interval of waiting was occupied by giving yells and listening to the yells and songs of the University students.

Saturday morning dawned cloudy, and everywhere people were looking up at the sky and wondering if it meant to rain. About eight o'clock a few drops fell and everyone was in despair, but it was only a sprinkle and was over almost before it began. A little later, crowds, wearing ribbons, sleeve-bands, and pennants of different colors and combinations, were seen streaming towards Rollins Field, where the most important event of the day, to us, was to be decided. Unexpectedly, the game started nearly on time, with all seats filled and a large crowd standing. Though Westport started off rather badly, the final score—fifteen to five, in Westport's favor—gave to that "little school on the South Side" the championship of Missouri.

After the game, lunch was served in Academic Hall to the accompaniment of music by the M. S. U. Cadet band. Later there was a machinery display in the Engineering building, or a concert by the band to attend, or else one could stroll through the town, with its large trees and queer old stone street-crossings. Many spent this time in wandering around the campus and seeing the University. Academic Hall, the principal building, faces a flat quadrangle of green lawn, in the center of which are six large stone columns, part of the old Academic building. Around this quadrangle are arranged most of the buildings of the University. At one side the ground slopes down and at a short dis-

tance are the hospital and the medical laboratory. Scattered over the campus are the other smaller buildings.

Towards two o'clock the crowd again flocked back to the athletic field. Although Westport had no men entered, the track meet was very entertaining and exciting, especially as many had friends from the other high schools, and thus took some personal interest in the meet. In the track events, Kansas City was again successful, Manual securing first honors, and Central second.

After the meet, tea was served in Academic Hall. Early in the evening, the essay contest, which was well attended, began. While this was in progress, the dance, which appealed more to the majority, commenced. For those who preferred graver attractions, there was the rest of the essay contest, and following this, the debating contest. In the essay contest, Kansas City scored another victory, a Central girl winning the scholarship offered as a prize.

About half past ten, the debate being over, the exodus to the station began. While waiting for the train, a spirit which certainly should be encouraged was shown. Boys from all the schools of Kansas City gathered, and instead of trying to drown each other out, combined and gave the yells of all three of the high schools. There, we were not "Westport," "Central" or "Manual" boys, but Kansas City boys. Somewhere between half past eleven and twelve the train pulled in. We departed amid the usual hurrahs, yells, and welcome invitations to return again. After a night, broken by short naps and longer periods of wakefulness, the train arrived in Kansas City and the crowd, tired but happy, broke up and scattered to their homes.

Many thanks are due to the University for the hospitality it extended and for the entertainment it provided. Many students showed especial kindness and put themselves to some discomfort to entertain the strangers. From the favorable comments heard, it is probable

that those who were unable to take this trip, may look forward to great enjoyment in next year's M. S. U. High School Day.

*Paul Stivers, '08.*

## THE FRENCH AND GERMAN LUNCHEON.

The students of the modern language department gave their sixth annual luncheon on Friday, May 25, in the school lunch-room. The tables were decorated with the national flowers of France and of Germany. Upon the side walls were draped the red, white, and black of Germany and the tri-color of France. The national flags of these two countries and of America were hung at one end of the room. After the luncheon a characteristic programme was rendered.

### FRENCH MENU.

Salade des Ecrivisses.	Compôte de Saumon.
Petits Pois.	Pain Beurré.
Crème Glacée.	Sauce de Cerise.
Café Noir.	Biscuit à la Fromage.
Olives.	Les Trois Mendiants.

### GERMAN MENU.

Kartoffelsalat.	Kalter Aufschnitt.
Oliven.	Saures.
Erdbeeren Soufflage.	Kaffee.

### PROGRAMME.

Song . . . . .	"Heil dir im Siegerkranz."
Recitation . . . . .	"La Cigale chez la Fourmi."
	Gertrude Mullett.
Song . . . . .	"La Marseillaise."
Declamation . . . . .	Heine's "Kinderlied."
	Cuthbert Conrad.
Address in French . . . . .	Mrs. Conrad.
Address in German . . . . .	Dr. Schauffler.
Song . . . . .	"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."





FRENCH AND GERMAN LUNCHEON.



I am your new French corresponden ; I go immediately present me to you. I will now describe myself to you may see what a crazy correspondent you have. I have a brown hair and black eyes, not a very conspicuous nose. I am rather tall and rather comfortable.

I have received your happy letter which has made at me great pleasure. I tank you. This is Miss Rodet whish has give at me your letter because she tell at me that you have lost my destination. Now I am in the holidays for several days since the fire of April.

Have you a merry character? I like very much to laugh and I am not often mournful.

I have one yard and fifty-eight centimeters tall.

I am sixteen years old, I am young. I go into class. My parents are occupied of passenger train. I have four fathers and two

sixters. A sixter is teacher, he have a husband teacher. A father go in school, three fathers are at Paris. I live at my uncle to go in school. Here it is cold. I am cold at my fingers.

I learn English since two years on'y but I am not very clever in that. I shall make some enormous mistakes, but I hope that you will be much indulgent to me.

Are you boarder or not? I am it and my sister, Marguerite, also. It is a miserab e condition, none liberty and initiative.

I was delightful this morning when I received you letter and the Westport High School Herald and I thanks you for that.

How weather is it at Kansas City?

I am glad to have your photo. You please to me very much.



### Officers.

Ayres Blocker.. . . . .	President
Wanda Simons.. . . . .	Secretary
Francis Downey.. . . . .	Treasurer
Colin Alexander.. . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms
Miss Anne Wilder.. . . . .	Adviser

### Junior Class History.

There can certainly be no doubt that the Class of '07 is one of the best not only in quantity but also in quality. A short retrospect of the history will prove this. As Freshmen they had the smallest record for drinking out of the water-buckets. While as Sophomores their bright sayings were even quoted by the staid and dignified Seniors. As Juniors they have proved the best bluffers, and thus more economical of the midnight oil.

They have at last reached the stage where the childish things are put away and they have been drilled in class organization. Upon this momentous occasion Ayres Blocher was elected president, Hazel Himes, secretary and Wanda Simons, treasurer. Colin Alexander was appointed sergeant-at-arms.

Now the attention of the class was turned to that most grave and serious problem of pleasing the pleasure-sated Senior Class. Great originality might have been displayed in this entertainment if it had not been the

usual case of "might have been." One proposal consisted of trusting ourselves on an untraveled road-bed extending to Olathe. On this trip we might have felt the pleasant thrills of discovery were it not that the wherewithal to transport the Seniors was lacking. Of the two remaining plans for a trolley-ride to Independence and a tally-ho, the latter was selected.

On the eventful night of June 8th, the tally-ho set out upon their explorations. A poetic soul might have composed a sonnet to the stars or the trees or the soft twilight shadows. But I fear there were few poetic souls in those tally-hos; it would be far more truthful to say that they each one tried the powers of his throats in rather unharmonious sounds.

All physical exercise is said to be good for the digestion; yelling in some forms is exercise. That must have been the reason, on the return from the drive, of the tremendous inroads made upon the delectables set out upon the lawn. For after the farewell toasts had been said, the lanterns on the lawn snuffed out, and the grounds deserted, the mice held a conclave in which they bewailed the inhumanity of those unfeeling Seniors and Juniors, and decided to remove to a better foraging ground.



THE HERALD STAFF.

# The Westport High School Herald

VOL. V.

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No. 1.



**EDITORIAL STAFF**

**EDITORIAL STAFF, 1905-06.**

*Editors-in-Chief* { JULIA E. GREEN, '06.  
EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER, '06.

*Society*—MARSH KENNEY, '09.

*Literary*—LAURA E. SNODGRASS, '07.

*Athletic*—CLAUDE S. JENNINGS, '06.

*Exchange* { BEATRICE EDWARDS, '08.  
DONALD JOHNSON, '08.

*Local* { LEDA CRAVEN, '08.  
PAUL STIVERS, '08.

*Art* { MURIEL ALGEO, '06.  
MARTIN L. JONES, '09.

*Business Manager*—FREDERICK T. RYAN, '07.

*Asst. Bus. Mgr.*—ALFRED TOLL, '07.

*Adviser*—MISS MARGARET DEWITT.

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MART. JONES.



At present it is impossible to obtain anything except rather general information with regard to the new school. The ground lying between Oak and McGee on Thirty-ninth street was bought some time ago, and the architect is now at work upon the plans. The new building is to face on Thirty-ninth street and will be set well back on the lot, giving a beautiful expanse of terraced lawn to the north. It will be built either of native stone or of vitrified brick, and three stories in height. There are to be entrances on the north, east and west. The assembly hall will be on the first floor and will seat from twelve to fifteen hundred. In the basement and extending up to the second story there will be a splendid big gymnasium equipped with the best modern apparatus, which should mean generations of successful basket ball and track teams. The building will be built in the English collegiate style and will be modeled to a great degree after some of the newer buildings of Washington University in St. Louis.

Last year the High School Day held by the University of Missouri at Columbia was some-

thing of an experiment. It was an experiment that made good, and this year thousands of high school boys and girls from all over the State went to Columbia to attend the track and field meet, the baseball game, which determined the championship of Missouri, and the essay and debating contest. At the same time they were enabled to become acquainted with the State University. Kansas City carried off the honors in all but one of the events. It is to be hoped that, in the number of students who go to Columbia in the next few years, the people of that fine old town may reap the harvest of their kindness and hospitality.

It is with the deepest grief that this edition of the HERALD announces the death of another of our fellow-students, Earl Parsons, a member of this year's Senior class. Mr. Parsons died, after a long and painful illness, on February 16, 1906. Every student must feel a keen sense of regret at the loss of this honest, unselfish, and noble young man, and, through the pages of the HERALD, Westport High School wishes to express its sincerest sympathy for his parents and family in their bereavement.

It is rather an unusual pleasure, that of congratulating a pennant-winning Westport team. But at last Fortune has seen fit to smile upon us, and we have come off from the frays of the diamond with victorious colors. Victory was due to the untiring efforts and unfailing pluck of the boys in the face of the greatest discouragements. The season started out with an overwhelming defeat for Westport. But instead of becoming discouraged the boys only practiced the harder and by a splendid uphill fight won the championship of the City and of the State. Never has better spirit been shown in the course of Westport athletics; the baseball team deserves the heartiest congratulations and thanks from the entire school.

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This time the trouble arises across the line, and is occasioned by the passing of a rule by the Kansas City, Kansas, Board of Education, similar to the one adopted some time ago by our own board to do away with high school fraternities. The fraternities, in revenge, have almost broken up the high school athletics, and to all appearances, the Kansas City, Kansas, High School may look forward, for some time at least, to a course of quarrels and jealousies which must needs prove highly detrimental to the general welfare of the school. Without considering the right and wrong of the question, Westport should be unceasingly grateful for having been spared the problem of the high school fraternity.

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Among the many inconveniences and privations necessarily attendant upon the present crowded condition of the school, none has been felt more keenly both by boys and girls than the loss of the Gymnasium, which it was found necessary to cut up into class-rooms. This has resulted in the death of the basketball team, and more than one of us has longed for a little good wholesome exercise such as we used to enjoy afternoons in the old "Gym." But this discom-

fort was unavoidable, and, like the society halls and the assembly hall, there will doubtless be a new Gymnasium in the new school—a Gymnasium whose glories will fully compensate for a little patience and delay.

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The Exchanges have been of the greatest benefit to the Herald this year and we wish to thank them for the courtesy they have shown us. Their originality and spirit has given us an incentive to fresh accomplishments, while their exchange columns have offered tempting quotations. We wish them great success for the future and hope to be of greater assistance to them when an enlarged school offers better facilities.

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It has been the policy of the HERALD to re-organize at the end of every two years. Mr. Edward Schauffler, who has for three years been a member of the staff, will graduate with the Class of '06. Miss Julia Green also severs her connection with the school, as do Miss Muriel Algeo and Mr. Claude Jennings, members of the same class. A change of adviser is also in prospect, and with this issue will pass away the carefully selected bits of advice given by the Duenna.

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It is to be hoped that the student body will take a greater interest in contributing material for the future HERALDS, and that more people, both students and teachers, will stop to slip a "poem," "story," "local," or "exchange" beneath the lid of the HERALD box.

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It may appear at first to outsiders that this issue of the HERALD has devoted too much space to the victory which Westport has won in baseball. But when a small boy wins out against tremendous odds he has a right to exult considerably, and Westport is the "smallest boy" in the high school league.

## FOR HIS ALMA MATER.

"Oh, it's simply awful," groaned Frank. "I always have hard luck."

"What's the matter now?" asked a tall, sinewy youth who had just stepped into the room, and had heard this last remark.

"Here, just read this," said Frank, as he shoved a little slip of yellow paper across the table.

"Why, it's a telegram," exclaimed Wilson. He read aloud: "Can no longer keep you at college. Business failure. Come home as soon as possible."

A shadow crossed the reader's face. "Well, that is tough," he said, "and you know the game comes off in three weeks."

"Yes, I know," replied Frank, "that is what I was thinking about. I wish I could stay until after it is over; but that's too long, for I suppose the Governor wants me home in a week or two."

"It's certainly the hardest luck we have had this year. We will surely lose the game now."

"Oh, it is not so bad as all that, Wilson; but what I was worrying about was the fun I am going to miss in not being able to help beat Harvard."

"Now, see here, old man, don't you talk that way. You are the best man on the team and you know it. Your loss will seriously cripple us."

"Well, never mind that now," said Frank Mastin, "we will go out and find the captain and talk it over with him. No doubt there are others, who can play my position just as well as I can."

With these words Frank arose, and they left the room together. The two speakers, Frank Mastin and Wilson Harbaugh, were players on the Princeton baseball nine. Mastin, as Harbaugh had said, was one of the best players on the Princeton team and his loss would seriously cripple it. The two teams of Princeton and Harvard were very evenly

matched, and the least improvement or weakening of either side would influence the game greatly. The game which was to decide the championship of the Eastern league was to be played in three weeks, and both sides were practicing hard.

Mastin was the son of a rich New York banker who was himself a graduate of Princeton and was willing to sacrifice almost anything for his dear old alma mater. Frank was catcher on the Princeton team, which position he played excellently. Wilson Harbaugh, the first baseman, was also a very good player, although he was not considered as indispensable as Mastin.

One warm afternoon, about a week after the foregoing conversation, Harbaugh was seated in his study with an open book before him, gazing dreamily out of the window. Suddenly he heard rapid steps in the hall, and Frank Mastin dashed in, flourishing a letter.

"Hurrah!" he shouted.

"Well, of all things, what do you call this?" exclaimed Wilson.

"Here, here, read it, read it!" shouted Frank.

Wilson snatched the letter and read it hastily. When he came to the last few lines he read them aloud: "My affairs," it said, "are not in nearly so bad a shape as I at first thought, although they are bad enough; but you shall stay until after the game. You must win that game for old Princeton, for your dad's alma mater."

Harbaugh stood dumbfounded for a moment, and then burst out, "Your old governor is a brick!"

"Isn't he, though!" said Frank.

Then seizing Wilson by the arm he hurried him out to communicate the news to the other members of the team. That afternoon Frank entered into the baseball practice with renewed vigor and a determination that meant trouble for Harvard.



\* \* \* \* \*

On the day of the game an enormous crowd was at the ball grounds. Everyone was hushed with expectation, for the opposing teams were already in their respective places. The Harvard men were at the bat. "Play ball!" shouted the umpire, and the little white sphere sailed over the plate. The bat swished through the air, but nothing happened. "Strike!" called the umpire. A few more balls were thrown and the man was retired. The next two men were also put out. Neither side scored the first inning; nor the second; nor the third nor fourth. The excitement was intense. The expectation of the spectators was keyed up to the highest pitch; and when, in the fifth inning, Harvard scored a run, such a cheer went up as had never been heard before, even on that battle-scarred old field.

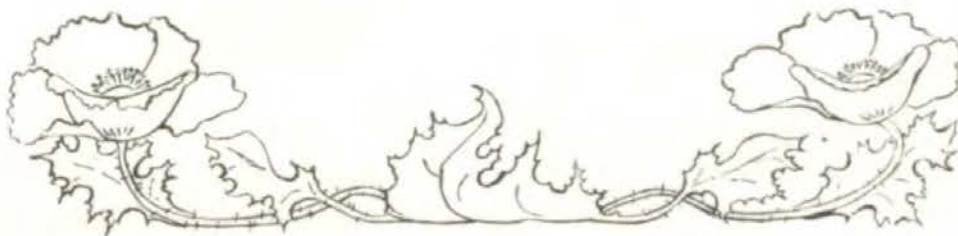
But Princeton was not to be downed; when their turn at the bat came, Browning got a two-base hit. He was advanced to third on a single by Hickman; and finally he reached home on a wild throw by Harvard's second baseman. The cheering was even greater than before; the whole grandstand

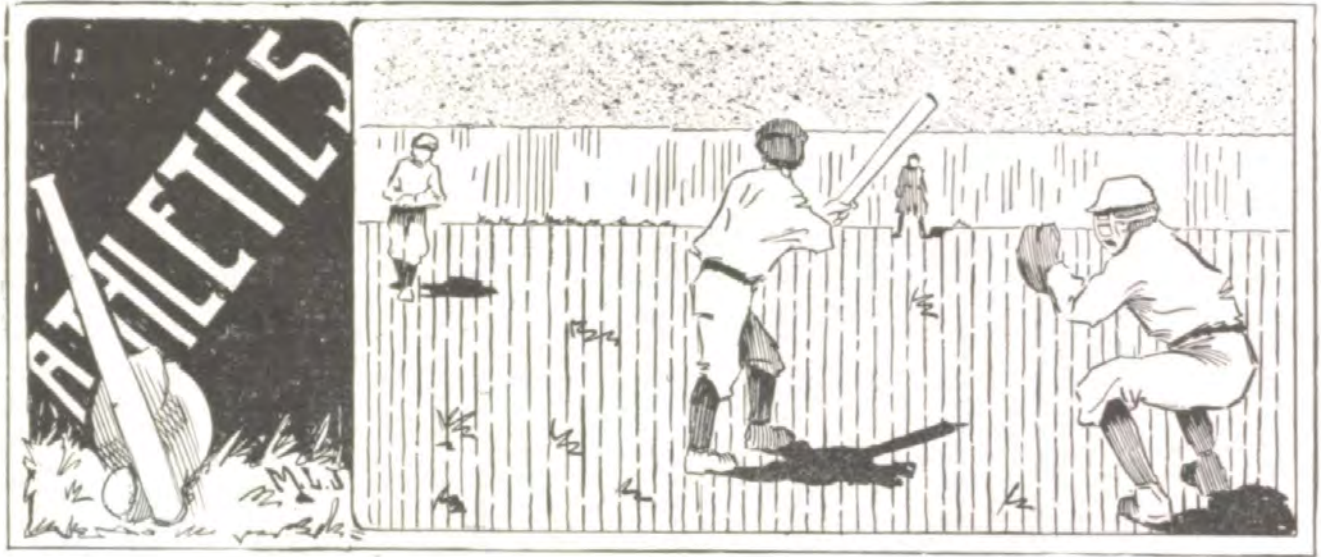
was one seething, roaring mass of excited humanity, wildly brandishing the gold and black of Princeton and the crimson of Harvard. But try as they would, neither side could score another run until the ninth. In this inning the Harvard boys tried desperately to score, but failed. Princeton came to the bat, but had two outs accredited to her side when Frank Mastin was called to the bat.

"You must do it for dear old Princeton, Frank!" said his companion.

"I will if I can," he said, setting his teeth with grim determination. The first ball that was pitched he hit squarely. Away it went, far over the center fielder's head; and away went Frank. He plunged swiftly on to first, to second, to third. He was already two-thirds of the distance from third to the home plate when the coach roared "Slide!" Frank flung himself head foremost and his hands had just touched the plate when he heard a dull thud and the Harvard catcher stooped—too late. The Princeton roots were delirious with joy as they surged down on to the field. Princeton had won the championship of the East.

TAYLOR STARCK, '06.





Westport has followed last year's fine record in baseball, with a decided spurt this year. All that could be expected from the boys was realized, they having this spring won seven straight games out of eight played. At last, the long deserved and fought for pennant has reached the South Side, although the other schools held on as long as possible. The Westport boys deserve all the credit that has been bestowed upon them, winning the championship of the State of Missouri from the Yeatman School of St. Louis, and the city pennant of greater Kansas City.

The Kansas City Inter-Scholastic season opened April 7 at Sportsman's Park, where Westport met the proud and overbearing Manualites. The game was called at 2 o'clock, but owing to a thunder storm which had arisen unseen by the enthusiastic rooters, the game was postponed until Wednesday, April 12, with a tie score.

On April 12, on a muddy field, the two teams met again, with the following line up for Westport:

Ragland... ..C. F.  
 Dryer... ..C.  
 Dennis... ..P. 2 B.  
 Jennings... ..2 B. P.

Waltner... ..3 B.  
 Craddock... ..L. F.  
 Dillingham... ..R. F.  
 Cooper... ..S. S.  
 Kintz... ..S. S.  
 McCay... ..1 B.

Manual won by the score 13-0. The Westport boys knew how to take their defeat, and went home determined next time to get back at the crimson bunch.

April 14 seemed to be another unlucky day for Westport. They lost one of their best players, Gregg, but the blue and gold wearers were more determined than ever to win from Central. The game was hotly contested for 11 innings, but Westport showed up well in their endurance, beating Central by a score of 7-5. Jennings and Dryer were the battery for Westport and both showed up in their last year form.

Our next game was more of a farce than it was a baseball contest, and our new pitcher, Dennis, had K. C. K. at his mercy throughout. The game would have been a shut-out but for one costly error, allowing K. C. K. one run. Waltner showed up well in the back-stop line of work. The final score was 21-1. Westport got in some fine batting

practice; Ragland, Dennis, Cooper, Jennings and Gregg got two-baggers and Jennings secured a hit for three bases.

In the next week Westport cut out all pleasure and buckled down to good hard work, for we did not want Manual to boast of another shut out. Wells, the crack pitcher for Manual, was on duty the day of the game and was spreading around his favorite, "Gee, but they are easy fruit for me!" In the fifth inning Wells was anything from smiling. At that time the score stood 5-1 in favor of Westport. After that, the scoring stopped until the eighth when Manual ran up three points. The Manual boys were reputed to be great base-stealers, but Dyer put a stop to all of that. There was no base stealing done by Manual, while Westport stole a base whenever it was needed.

It was the most overwhelming defeat ever received by Manual, the heretofore a'most invincible baseball team, and the defeat was doled out to them in exceedingly large packages. At no stage of the game until the seventh inning did Manual make a showing that could prophesy a victory. Occasionally a man got as far as second, but he was still there when the side was retired.

**The Game.**

WESTPORT						MANUAL					
	AB	H	O	A	E		AB	H	O	A	E
Ragland, cf.	4	2	2	0	0	Lott, 2b.	5	6	2	3	1
Waltner, ss.	5	1	2	0	0	Brain, ss.	5	2	6	1	2
Dennis, 3b.	4	1	3	1	0	Blacker, 3b.	5	1	3	2	3
Jennings, p.	4	1	2	5	0	Robbins, c.	4	2	6	1	0
Dryer, c.	4	1	9	0	0	Gibson, rf.	4	2	0	0	0
Craddock, rf.	4	1	0	0	0	Hewitt, 1b.	3	0	4	2	0
McCay, 1b.	3	2	6	0	1	Frank, cf.	4	1	2	0	0
Cooper, lf.	4	3	1	0	0	Etherton, lf.	4	1	1	0	0
Gregg, 2b.	4	2	1	1	0	Bramble, p.	3	1	0	2	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>Totals</b>	<b>37</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>6</b>

Battery: Jennings and Dryer; Bramble and Robbins.

Score:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Westport	2	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	1-6
Manual	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	0-5

WESTPORT						MANUAL					
	AB	H	P	A	E		AB	H	P	A	E
Ragland, cf.	3	0	1	0	0	Lott, 2b.	4	0	2	2	1
Waltner, ss.	4	1	2	2	0	Brain, ss.	3	2	1	3	0
Dennis, 3b.	4	2	2	1	1	Blacker, 3b.	3	1	0	0	0
Jennings, p.	4	2	0	6	0	Robbins, c.	4	1	10	3	2
Dryer, c.	4	1	8	2	0	Gibson rf.	4	0	0	0	0
Craddock, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	Hewitt, 1b.	4	1	10	0	0
McCay, 1b.	3	0	7	1	0	Frank, cf.	4	1	1	0	0
Cooper, lf.	4	0	2	0	0	Etherton, lf.	4	1	0	0	0
Gregg, 2b.	4	2	5	1	1	Wells, p.	3	0	0	2	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>34</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>Totals</b>	<b>34</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>3</b>

Score by innings:

Westport	0	0	3	1	1	0	0	0	0-5
Manual	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0-4

Summary: Two base hits, Blacker, Dennis; three base hits, Jennings, Robbins; stolen bases, McCay, Cooper, Dennis, Waltner; struck out by Jennings 8, by Wells 10; bases on balls off Jennings 2, off Wells 2. Umpire, Justis.

**Standing of the League.**

TEAMS	Won	Lost	Per.
Westport	3	1	750
Manual	3	1	750
Central	2	2	500
Kansas	0	4	000

Manual and Westport were now tied for first place, and the tie was played off before a record-breaking crowd, on Tuesday, May 1st.

Manual had to swallow a very bitter dose, more bitter because the success of Westport meant that they would represent Kansas City at the Columbia, Mo., Track and Field meet.

The score was tied in the first half of the eighth inning, but Westport in their half of the ninth led off with Ragland's single. Waltner was hit by a pitched ball, placing





WINNING BASEBALL TEAM.

Rags on second. He scored on a long drive by Dennis, thus making the winning run with but one out. The sleepy playing of Manual was in direct contrast with the wide awake playing of Westport. Westport played a clear and steady game except when Waltner interfered with the ball on first, causing a wrangle. Manual disputed all close decisions, even to the extent of trying to mob the umpire, but the Kansas City police umpired that game.

Summary: Two base hits, Bramble, Jennings, Dennis; three base hits, Brain; struck out by Jennings, 8; by Bramble, 8; bases on balls off, Bramble, 3; Jennings, 2. Umpire Crutcher.

one to everybody. The team won their game and each player did himself justice, thus carrying off the championship of the State of Missouri.

The game was played on Rollins field before one of the largest crowds ever seen. The boys were encouraged by the constant sounds of Westport's yell. The game was called at 10:30 while a cold rain was falling. Westport won the toss and took their outs. St. Louis scored two runs in the first and one in the second inning. Yeatman was out of the fun until one of our fielders made an error in the eighth inning, presenting them with two more, amounting to five. Westport went into the game with a determination that was bound to win. All the Westport boys played ball like professionals, and they started things to moving in the fifth inning when Dillingham secured a home run, followed by Jennings's three bagger and a two bagger by Dryer, netting Westport five runs.



**Standing of Teams.**

	Won	Lost	Per.
Westport.....	4	1	800
Manual.....	3	2	600
Central.....	2	2	500
K. C. K.....	0	4	000

The next week Westport put in a lot of hard work, so that they could uphold the honor of the Kansas City schools, which they were to represent.

The trip to Columbia was an enjoyable

**The Game.**

WESTPORT						YEATMAN					
	AB	R	H	A	E		AB	R	H	A	E
Ragland, cf.....	3	3	1	0	0	Barret, ss.....	5	0	0	3	2
Waltner, ss.....	4	2	2	2	1	Droste, c.....	3	1	2	8	1
Dennis, 3b.....	4	1	1	2	0	Lamel, 1b.....	5	1	0	10	1
Jennings, p.....	4	2	2	4	0	Porri, L. lf.....	4	1	0	1	0
Dryer, c.....	4	2	2	1	0	Moran, 3b.....	5	1	1	2	4
McCay, 1b.....	3	1	1	8	0	Kleinschmidt, 2b	4	0	1	1	2
Dillingham, rf.....	5	1	2	0	0	Porri, W. cf.....	4	1	1	1	1
Cooper, lf.....	5	1	3	1	1	Schnellbacher, rf	4	0	0	0	0
Gregg 2b.....	4	2	2	2	0	Lonegan, p.....	4	0	0	1	2
Totals.....	35	15	16	30	2	Totals.....	38	5	5	27	13

Score:

Westport.....	0	1	2	3	5	0	1	3	0	15
Yeatman.....	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	5

Summary: Home run, Dillingham; three base hits, Jennings; two base hits, Dryer, Waltner; struck out by Jennings 10, by Lonegran 4; bases on balls off Jennings 3, off Lonegran 3; stolen bases, Ragland, Waltner, McCay, Cooper 2, Gregg 2, Dennis.

Our next game was with K. C. K. at Sportsman's Park, on Thursday, May 10. Although the crowd was small and quiet, and the weather fine, neither this fact nor the game was able to hold the gathering. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning on account of our boys being weak from ex-

haustion. It was close in the matter of runs, the 36 runs of Westport being so close together that at times scarcely 3 feet separated the runners. The scorekeeper refused to work any longer as two hours of the game had already elapsed. However he kindly consented to work one more inning, but the umpire had been carried off the field, weak from exposure in the hot sun.

The score:

	R	H	E	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
Westport	7	1	10	9	0	9	36	20	2	
K. C. K.	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	8	

Our last game of the season was with the Central team, May 16, at Sportman's Park. The game started off with 4 runs for Central. Dennis had his nose broken which crippled Westport in the worst way, but the boys kept plugging and popping away at the Central pitchers until they had worn three out and had piled up 18 runs to Central's 7. The game was called, as it was rather listless and Manual and K. C. K. were to play.

Batting average of team:

	Games	At Bat	Hits	Per Cent
Gregg	6	27	12	444
Cooper	7	32	14	437
Waltner	8	35	15	428
Jennings	8	33	14	424
Ragland	8	28	11	393
Craddock	5	22	8	363
McCay	7	28	10	357
Dennis	8	34	12	352
Dryer	7	28	10	347
Dillingham	4	19	5	263
McMillan	1	5	1	200

Regular line-up of team:

Dryer	Catcher.
Jennings (Capt.)	Pitcher.
McCay	1st Base.
Gregg	2d Base.
Dennis	3d Base.
Waltner	S. Stop.
Cooper	L. Field.
Ragland	C. Field.
Craddock	R. Field.
Dillingham	R. Field.

Subs: McMillan (L. F.); Kintz (2d B.); Gossard (C. F.).

### Baseball Alphabet.

A's for Assists, of which Jennings makes many,

Likewise Waltner, Zip Gregg and third baseman, Denny.

B stands for Base, the first step for a run, After a session at home just for fun.

C's Centerfield, he's speedy if small, He gobbles the flies and he smiteth the ball.

D is for Dryer, for Milt Dennis, too; Of such stars as these there are only a few.

E stands for Errors, to us quite unknown; We leave them for teams of inferior tone.

F, now my children, stands for Foul ball, The kind gobbled up by our catcher so tall.

G stands for Gregg, who's safe for a hit, And what comes his way, is grabbed by his mitt.

H is for Home run, the kind Dilly made When with the dubs from St. Louis we played.

I is for Inning, to others, I fear, Than Westport, it generally proves very drear.

J is for Jennings, the green-sweatered lad, Who makes batters and pitchers feel mightily bad.

K is for Kansas, most easy indeed; We class them with Yeatman, a bit in the lead.

M is McCay, who plays on first base; He is steady and sure, with an angelic face.

N is for Nonesuch, the Southsider's team. The way they play baseball is really a dream.

P is for Paul, the noted left field, And likewise a child who the big stick doth wield.

Q is for Queer, the way Central plays ball, So easy, they really are no fun at all.

R is for Runs, eight or ten to a game, While what our opponents get's really a shame.

S is our Shortstop, so steady and sure; A hitter whom pitchers can scarcely endure.

W's Westport, the best ever seen; We hit the ball, field the ball, play the game clean.

Y is for Yeatman, reputed so dread, We ran round their bases until almost dead.

Z is for Zip-boom-bah! Zipity-Zip! Zip, hurrah! Hip, hurrah! Hipity, Hip!

### Notes of the Field.

This year the boys seemed to be more energetic than before, and all turned out to prac-

tice every day. Dryer was behind the bat, and is now considered among the best; he plays a good game and keeps all prospective base stealers guessing. The initial bag was covered by McCay, a freshman, who is sure and steady, and a good batter. With his three remaining years, McCay will be the best first baseman that ever wore the blue and gold. Westport this year had an exceptionally good second baseman in Gregg, who played his territory well. He was always ready with a clean hit, and stole bases like an old timer. Waltner has played a good game all season, being handy with the bat and in running bases. The third bag which is the hardest to play was covered by Dennis in creditable shape, and he was always in the game from start to finish. The outer gardens were well supplied, in left was Cooper, who plays a steady game and is a sure batter. Ragland, in center, played a consistent game and is a good ball-player from the ground up, which is not very far. He usually had his way at the bat, getting a walk whenever he was tired, and a hit when needed. Craddock, a new man, showed up well in right field, although his base-running was not up to expectation, his batting and fielding were a credit to his team. Dillingham, who was laid up a few weeks with a lame shoulder, pulled through and kept up his record of a hard worker. His greatest weakness is at the bat,

but when he does hit the ball, it is usually good for a home run. He played a good game in the field and knew how to run bases. Jennings (Captain) was a credit and a great help to the team, and in all his games pitched winning ball, putting Westport at the top of the League, thereby winning the pennant.

The second team organized early in the season, but thought it disgraceful to be beaten by the first team, and disbanded as quickly as they organized.

Kansas City was victorious at the Columbia, Mo., tract and field meet. Westport did not enter any track men, but they *did* enter their baseball team. Manual did her best to gobble up everything else. Manual scored 35 points and won first place, with Central second with 29 points.

Westport's prospects next year are not very encouraging, but with their spirit a new team can be organized that will be able to represent the new school. Seven of this year's team are Seniors who will get their walking papers from Manager A. O. B.

Dryer has taught Manual one of the ten commandments: "Thou shalt not steal."

Jennings seems to have a mania for highly colored ball clothes.

Dillingham is now doing real work as a clerk.





THE BACKS.



### FOOTBALL RULES SHOULD BE REVISED.

The game of football as it has been played in the past, is doomed. The greatest evil of the present game is not its brutality; while that is one of the very objectionable features, it is not the greatest. The worst fault of the game is that it can be successfully played by only one type of men. It affords no opportunity for the average student to develop himself physically, for if the school or university have not the required brawn, they will

scour the country for it rather than to be beaten.

Dr. Hetherington, of Columbia, Mo., states that all the resolutions recently adopted at the conference of the Big Nine at Chicago, will be enforced at Missouri. Possibly more radical changes will be made, and if the committee does not make the desired ones it is generally understood, in such a contingency, that the game will be either suspended or abolished.

### TO THE HERALD BOX.

Oh, sad the day when I did lay  
My manuscript beneath your lid,  
With leaves well worn and pages torn,  
You keep it still beneath your lid.

It told my pain, it told my gain,  
In words so graceful and refined:  
But now I sigh and almost cry  
For lines so graceful and refined.

I studied Poe of long ago,  
And tried to make his meter work;  
But such is fate, that all too late,  
I failed to make his meter work.

So 'neath your lid my paper hid,  
For something nigh unto a week;  
I waited long to hear its song—  
I added weeks unto a week.

And now, ah me, my thoughts I see  
Held by relentless Herald Box;  
My tears fall fast, and long they last,  
But only drench the Herald Box.

My heart is worn and sadly torn,  
As are the leaves of my lost work;  
And it will bleed since I'll ne'er read  
The pages of my dear lost work.

Alma Cutter. '08.



## SOCRATES.

The big, rusty stove in Jenkin's grocery store, which served incidentally as clothing store, harness shop, and post-office, glowed a dull red, and the regular circle of cronies sat silently grouped about it on barrels and cracker boxes. Tony Johnson aloitly spat on the handle of the stove door, and the assemblage gazed at him in silent admiration. Then young Bill Wackman mustered up courage and told a rather good parrot story, recently acquired on a visit to the city.

"That reminds me," observed a very ancient and hairy old fellow who had come in meanwhile, "that reminds me of Loretty Perkin's parrot. Ever hear tell about it?"

Of course every one had heard times without number, but without waiting for an answer, Uncle Jerry proceeded: "These yere Perkinses, you'll remember lived in the big house next Pete William's place, an' in the days of old Ebenezer Perkins, they weren't slow, I can tell ye. Howsomever, the ol' man frittered away his money, one way 'n another, and when he died he left his daughter, Loretta, the place—he'd sold a right smart of it—an' about enough money to pay off his debts with. Ol' Mis' Perkins, she died a good while back. Loretty's brother, Bob, had gone out West an' no one heard anything from him till one day there come a telegram sayin' he was dead, an' in the course o' time his kid, a cute little gal, come back to live with old Ebenezer 'n Loretty.

"Well, as I said, Ebenezer he died. Loretty was a right smart gal and she managed to get a comfortable income off'n the place, sellin' vegetables and such like an' puttin' up fruit for the city folks that used to board to her house in the summer. But she kep' worryin' about not bein' able to give Julia, Bob's youngster, the schoolin' she wanted to. By this time Julia was fifteen and as pretty a girl as you ever laid eyes on. Everybody liked her, allus so sunny and pleasant.

"Now Loretty had a nephew in the navy, a smart, winning sort of a chap, but jest full

of the old Nick. Everybody wondered how it was he got along so well with his old aunt for they were thicker 'n thieves. On one of his visits this young feller brought her a parrot he'd picked up at some outlandish place where his ship stopped. That bird! it was the talk of the neighborhood. When the parson came to call, Socrates, as they called him, told that gentleman, in highly decorated language, all about his character and ancestry. 'Nother time the Missionary Circle was meetin' up at Loretty's house, 'n everybody was to read a Bible verse. Socrates, 'parently, was in a real devotional frame of mind, till ol' Mis' Evans piped up, 'Swear not at all!' The bird put his head on one side, shut one eye, an' says he, real slow—well, (glancing apologetically at a woman who had come in for a side of codfish)—well, I reckon I better not repeat his language.

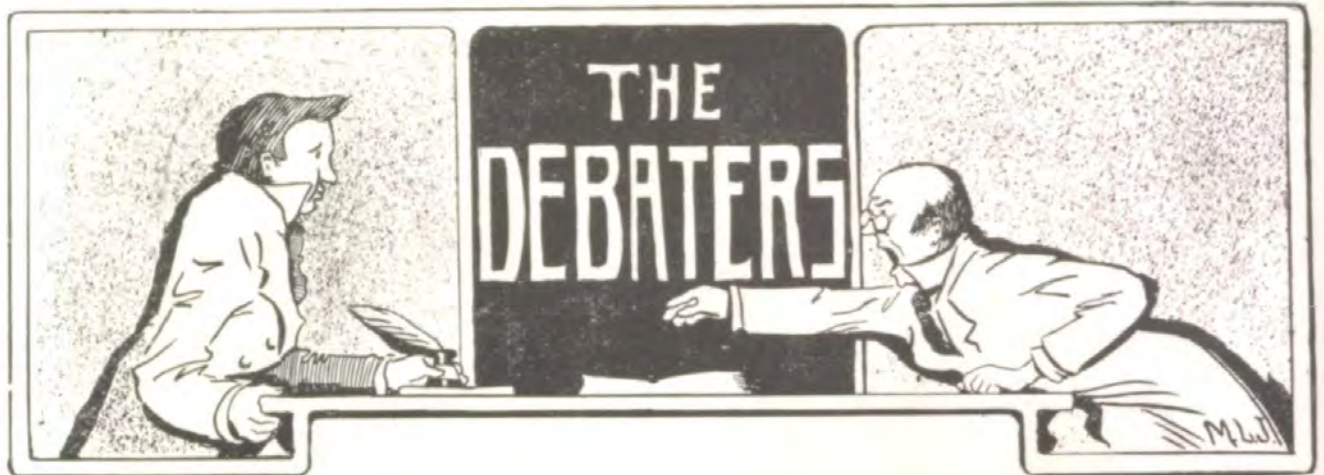
"Well, sir, poor ol' Loretty was mos' frantic. She tried all sorts o' ways to stop him, till finally somebody told her to shut him up in the dark when he cussed. So nex' time Socrates let loose, Loretty took an' shut him up in a little dark room in the attic. She hung his cage to a peg in the chimney and then left him. Socrates decided to improve the shinin' hours and whirled in to tear up his cage. The cage was part wood an' part iron an' 'twan't long before he had a good-sized hole in the back wall. And now he was up against the brick chimney. But a little thing like a brick wall never feazed Socrates. He jus' went right on picking out the mortar and chippin' away the brick, till Loretty come back for him. When she saw what had happened she like to fell over. For Socrates had broke into a little cupboard in the chimney; the brick was only a thin shell which the original Perkins, he that built the house, had put in so he could get at his money easy, for he'd laid aside a little nest egg of three thousand dollars in gold and drew in the peg to mark the place. Well, of course Julia went to college an' after she come back she married the youngster from the navy—but that's another story.

"Socrates, he quit cussin' for good an' all, an' they do say that by an' by he got so he'd chime in at the missionary meetin' with a verse of Scripture."

*Edward R. Schaeffler, '06.*

THE





**Officers.**

<i>First Term.</i>	<i>Second Term.</i>
Tom Moies, . . . . . President . . . . .	Earl Rag and
Earl Ragland, . . . . . Vice-Pres. . . . .	Edward Schauffler
Willie Waltner, . . . . . Secretary . . . . .	Willie Waltner
John Flowers, . . . . . Treasurer . . . . .	John Flowers
Arthur Moses, . . . . . Serg't-at-Arms . . . . .	Claude Jennings
Adviser . . . . .	Mr. H. L. Green

This is a club of boys organized for the purpose of improving its members in the art of debate and a knowledge of parliamentary usages.

The members are chosen from among the boys of the school who rank highest in English. The club is now two years old and thus far has had a total membership of thirty-four. The list of active members is limited to twenty.

**Roll of Membership, 1905-1906.**

Harry Austin.	Carl Malone.
Ayres Blocker.	Arthur Moses.
Marshall Campbell.	Earl Ragland.
Marvin Cary.	Edward Schauffler.
Raymond Clarkson.	Taylor Starck.
Ford Douthitt.	Paul Stivers.
John Flowers.	Wesley Stout.
Joseph Hawthorne.	Willie Waltner.
Claude Jennings.	Eugene White.
Paul Jones.	Earl Wright.

Each member is expected to study the subject for every meeting and to take part in the general discussion when this name is called. Reading from the Rules of Order is one number on each programme, and is often followed by a quiz or practice conducted by the adviser, Mr. Green.

We have had a good year of earnest work, and with a possible membership of fourteen at the beginning we look forward to a highly successful one during 1906-07.

**The Old Members.**

Harold C. Train . . . . .	Naval Academy, Annapolis
William Peet . . . . .	Kansas University
Boon Gregg . . . . .	Missouri Valley College
Robert L. Drake . . . . .	Missouri School of Mines
Sidney Hodge . . . . .	with A. W. Childs Realty Co.
Harry Lambert . . . . .	with German-American Bank
Thomas Moies . . . . .	with Long-Bell Lumber Co.
Harold Waltner . . . . .	University of Missouri
Harold Folk . . . . .	Mining, Fairview, Nevada
Charles Mount . . . . .	with Gordon and Koppel
Arthur Jones . . . . .	University of Missouri
Paul Parker . . . . .	with McPike Drug Co.
Ray Klappmeyer . . . . .	Warrensburg Normal
Joseph E. Farmer . . . . .	with Smith-McCord

The following members graduate this year:

Harry Austin,	Edward Schauffler,
John Flowers,	Taylor Starck,
Claude Jennings,	Wesley Stout,
Carl Malone,	Willie Waltner,
Earl Ragland,	Earl Wright.

Sorry to lose so many, but here's luck to you, boys!

We do not profess to be athletes but Jennings, Waltner and Ragland are the champion players of the champion high school of the champion city of the State of Missouri.

Our youngest members are: Harry Fowler, Logan Abernathy, Robert Cary, Marsh Kenny. They were admitted to membership May 28, the last meeting of the year.

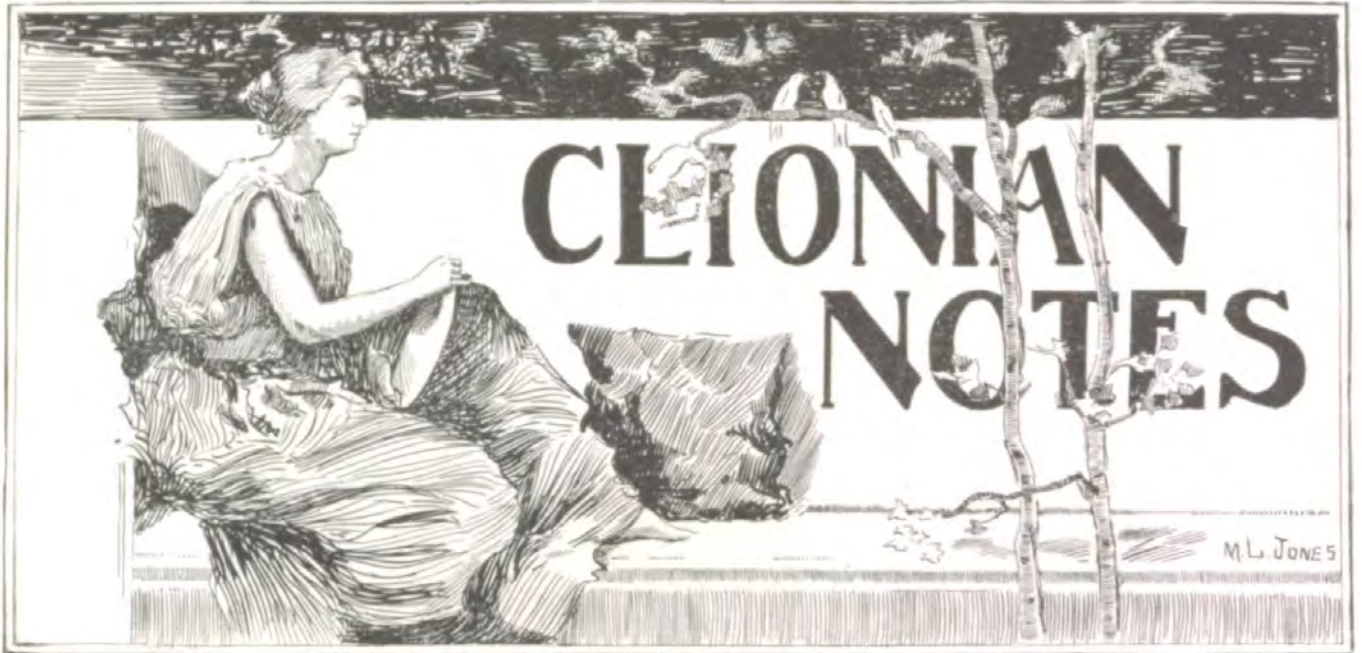
Our representative in the Inter-High School Debate at the University of Missouri was Carl K. Malone. He delivered one of the best arguments in the contest.

**Honorable Mention Seniors.**

Edward Schauffler.	Taylor Starck.
Harry Austin.	Carl Malone.



THE DEBATERS.



*Colors:* Purple and White.  
*Flower:* The Violet.

OFFICERS.

<i>First Term.</i>		<i>Second Term.</i>
Carl Malone . . . . .	President . . . . .	Wesley Stout
John Flowers . . . . .	Vice-President . . . . .	Julia Green
Julia Green . . . . .	Secretary . . . . .	Anna Brainerd
Wesley Stout . . . . .	Treasurer . . . . .	Fred Ryan
Julian Amelung . . . . .	Serg't-at-Arms . . . . .	John Flowers
Adviser . . . . .		Miss Ann Shire

The Clionians are proud of the fact that four of the Seniors who were successful in securing a place on the Commencement programme are prominent members of the Society. They are: Miss Effie Rogers, Miss Lillian Riley, Mr. Wesley Stout, and Mr. Edward Schaufler.

\* \* \*

The Clionians have suffered great loss in the death of Mr. Earl Parsons. Mr. Parsons was a member of the present Senior class and an earnest worker in the Clionian Society.

\* \* \*

ALUMNI RECEPTION.

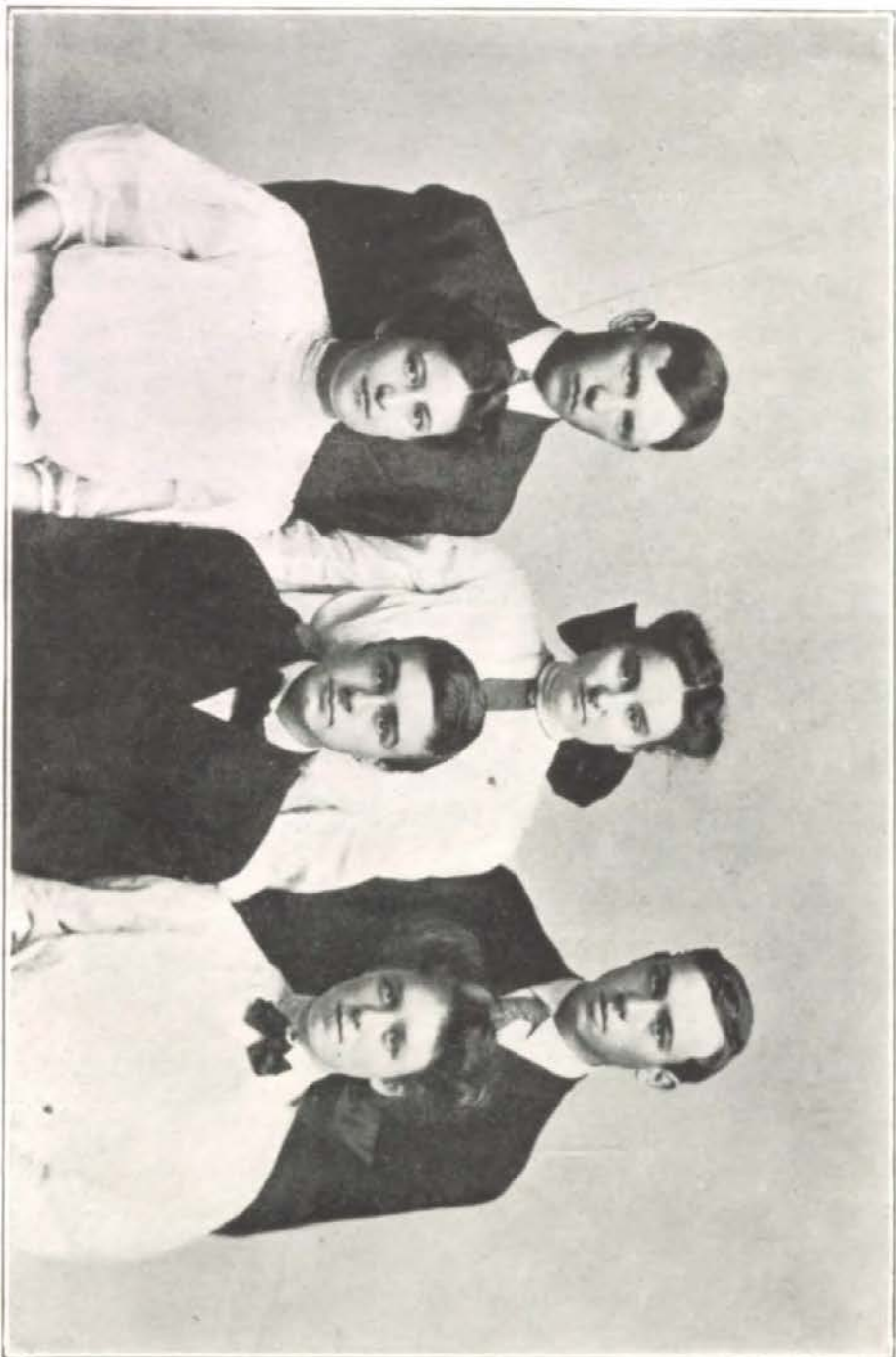
The most delightful programme of the year was that given in honor of the Alumni. Three of the boys, Wesley Stout, Roy Gregg, and Fred

Ryan, assumed the garb of the black man and sang "Nobody." Their accompanist, Taylor Adolphus Starck, was also a gentleman of color. Their dress and manners were so characteristic of the ebon race that they created much amusement.

Another interesting number on the programme was a play entitled "The Old Maid." The leading part was taken by Miss Effie Rogers, who was so natural and easy in her manner and action that she greatly pleased her audience. The other members of the cast also showed cleverness in the interpretation of their parts.

At the completion of the programme, a highly enjoyable feature of the evening took place. The members and visitors retired to the large hall where a table, with its dainty white cover artistically decorated with smilax and hyacinth, was laden with cakes and a huge bowl of punch. After refreshments had been served, Miss Stoner, a former adviser, acted as toast-mistress. The following toasts were given:

"The New High School" . . . . .	Mr. Underwood
"Clionian Birthdays" . . . . .	Miss De Witt
"Clionians of Yesterday" . . . . .	Mr. Wm. Alford
"Clionians of To-day" . . . . .	Mr. Malone
"As Seen by Them" . . . . .	Mr. Hull



OFFICERS OF CLONIAN SOCIETY.

## CLIONIAN RECIPE FOR PUNCH.

Ten girls for squeezing lemons; three boys for running errands; one gallon of patience; four ounces of milk of human kindness; stir gently for two hours with pointers. Season with essence of criticism, and serve not to those who have made it. Aid in making may be obtained from Miss Simonds, Miss Penn, or Miss Rogers.

\* \* \*

Mr. Carl Malone will furnish the recipes for making cakes.

\* \* \*

The Society is very much indebted to Mr. Cox for the charming music with which he has favored it. His solos have added greatly to the interest of the programmes.

\* \* \*

The Clionian girls have shown themselves to be exceptionally gifted when necessity demands. They are capable of entering the culinary department and there performing with much skill. The cakes made by them for the Alumni reception were excellent examples of their ability in this direction.

\* \* \*

In order to obtain the present addresses of past members, the Clionians have now a book in which all Alumni are requested to register. This feature was instituted at the last reception.

\* \* \*

A Freshman saw a horn one day—  
 'Twas lying in the hall;  
 "How very nice to blow," said he,  
 "And all the pupils call."  
 He snatched it up as quick as wink,  
 And one full blast he blew,  
 And out the end full-fledged and bright  
 Dear Clio gently flew.  
 Why does his face so twitch awry?  
 And why the horn drops he?  
 From out the little end he got  
 A taste of R. T. C.

A leaf from the adviser's note-book the week before the Alumni reception:

Speak to Malone immediately about "The Old Maid."

Engage a mustache for West.

Call for maps of Rome from VI. hour class.

Ask Mr. Hull if paste will make wigs stick.

Order four Macbeths.

Ask Miss Stoner if pink powder will do for paint.

Speak to Mr. Snedeger about his looking-glass.

Go to Morton's for a spoon.

(Do Clionians need one?)

Bring Mr. Ryan a rest.

Friday—pay day.

Send money to washwoman.

\* \* \*

That Westport High School appreciates the energetic and ambitious characteristics of the Clionians was again shown when Mr. Malone was chosen to represent the school in the Inter-High School Debating contest at Columbia.

\* \* \*

The Clionians hope for the speedy recovery of one of their faithful members, Mr. Hale West.

\* \* \*

At the last meeting, Mr. Greene gave us a short talk on "Emerson." Mr. Greene was at one time adviser of the Society, and a visit from him is always most welcome.

\* \* \*

Miss Harriet Dorn recently entertained the Clionians with a number of humorous recitations. Miss Dorn was a member of the Class of 1905.

\* \* \*

In our programme committee we have an ideal for future generations to follow. We challenge any organization to produce two such workers as Miss Cutler and Miss Edwards. Other societies might ask for the magic words used when preparing for entertainments.



We regret that the Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Carl Malone, was unable to be present when the officers had their pictures taken. Mr. Malone's strenuous law business detained him in court.

\* \* \*

When we think of the break occasioned in our ranks by the departure of our Seniors there is only one thing that consoles us, and that is the thought of our pleasure when we shall meet them at the next annual reception. The Clionians will never know what a beneficial influence the smiling yet firm countenance of Mr. Stout has had over them, until in his place shall sit some, we hope, equally clever Clionian. As for Malone, it is with tears that we look forward to the time when we shall no longer witness the stormy frown on his manly brow, as he stands pleading for his opinions in debate. Schaufler, the editor of our glorious paper—shall we no more hear his sonorous voice, pouring forth sparkling wit and humor, as though here were a fountain of happy thoughts? Then there is Starck, our musician. Would that he were a Freshman that he might begin all over! Gregg, the wondrous Gregg! He was our comedian, and many a laugh which he caused will now give place to a tear. We hope that Miss Rogers and Mr. West may be as admirably entertained as

they have entertained us, whenever they visit the Society as Alumni. Austin and Packwood, two of our prominent debaters, although small lads, have large brains. They are usually taken for Freshmen, but they belong to the Senior class. Dillingham's brawn and strength will be greatly missed, but when we think of him as a physical culture teacher or a living advertisement for some breakfast food, we are not selfish enough to wish him back. Flowers' blooming face and dignified strut will no more grace our meetings, and who will pull down curtains and shut doors as does our present sergeant-at-arms? Some fear has been expressed that next year the Freshman boys will not desire membership as they have this, for Miss Durham will not be here to bewitch them with her smiles. In Miss Green we lose a worthy though modest vice-president. It will be difficult to find anyone who will so appreciate the Glee Club's rendition of "Julia, Julia!" Other members of the graduation class who have afforded us great pleasure by their musical ability are: Miss Lillian Riley, Miss Mary Higgins, and Miss Lotta Edwards. A goodly number of most goodly ones to lose at one fell sweep.

But joy be with you day by day,  
And God's great wisdom guide your way.





*Colors:* Light Blue and Gold.

*Flower:* Daisy.

#### OFFICERS.

<i>First Term.</i>	<i>Second Term.</i>
Kenneth Taylor... President.	Earl Ragland
Edwin Ellis... 1st V.-President.	Ayers Blocker
Earl Ragland... 2d V.-President.	Paul Stivers
Margaret Fort... Secretary.	Nanna Clagett
Walter Schaefer... Treasurer.	Herbert Snodgrass
Paul Dudley... Sergeant-at-Arms.	Marvin Cary
Adviser...	Miss Evelyn Miller

To the Commencement number of the HERALD, from the R. T. C.—Greeting! We are proud of our school paper. It grows better with every issue. May it live long and prosper! We are proud of the R. T. C.—of its achievements and of its possibilities. May it live long and prosper!

The Club has been treated to some choice stereopticon views, for the able manipulation of which thanks should be given to Prof. Greene and Mr. Downey.

The Club enjoyed a musical programme on Friday, March the ninth. The entire school had

been invited, and every seat was taken. Mr. De Meglio, a violinist from Vienna, Austria, and Mr. Fritschy, a mandolinist of our own city, favored us with several selections—one of Mr. De Meglio's own composition.

Aside from his rare musical ability, Mr. Eduardo De Meglio is most interesting. He was born in Vienna, and has studied under many of the leading masters of the violin, in various European capitals. He taught successfully in St. Petersburg for a time, but was advised to try sea life on account of failing health. He secured a position as one of the band instructors of the British navy, and served in that capacity for eighteen months. Later, he spent some time in South America. He has been in the United States but a few months, and says frankly that he does not like it. He had with him two violins, one of which was made expressly for him. Both Mr. De Meglio and Mr. Fritschy are artists and we appreciated this opportunity to hear their music. Mr. Leslie Hohman, an R. T. C., was the efficient accompanist for the occasion.

The Club has enjoyed the musical numbers rendered by Miss Blanche Lederman, at different times during the year.

OFFICERS OF ROUND TABLE CLUB.



Miss Mabel Johnson, of the R. T. C., was one of the successful candidates in the Senior essay contest, and will appear on the Commencement programme.

Miss Leda Craven favored the Club with a reading that was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Downey deserves especial credit for his able and persistent efforts as member of the program committee.

Speaking of programme committee, did you ever serve on one? No? Then you have missed something. It is a great pleasure to ask people to appear on the programme—and listen to their excuses. Everyone approached becomes at once exceedingly modest. The programme-committeeman needs to be a diplomat and an optimist.

A scene from "The School for Scandal" was presented by Miss Bottom and Mr. Kenney at a recent meeting. Miss Bottom, as Lady Teazle, and Mr. Kenney, as Sir Peter, carried out their respective characters in a manner worthy to be commended.

Little Miss Lederman favored us with several vocal solos at one of our programmes. She was encored heartily, and responded with an alacrity that was quite as refreshing as the performance itself.

We regret to learn that Miss Dawn Cannon has left school. She was one of our promising members.

Miss May Mott is developing no small degree of talent as a reader.

A pleasing innovation this year was the special session, given at the Allen Library, Friday,

May the eleventh. The evening's entertainment was planned in honor of the Senior class, but the alumni of the Round Table Club and the members of the Faculty were also guests of the occasion. The appended bulletin served to enlist the curiosity of everyone interested:

NOTICE!!!

The Dramatic Club  
of the  
R. T. C.

Will Entertain the Seniors of W. H. S.  
May 11th, '06, at Allen Library,

WITH A PLAY ENTITLED

"THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE."

The Play is Highly Instructive as Well as Amusing. There is a Moral in it for Mothers, Fathers, Sweethearts, Aunts, Elocution Teachers, Professors, Florists, Dressmakers, Infants, and Even SENIORS.

The Moral of the Play is:

*If you would be happy and not interfere with the happiness of others, for pity's sake, Don't Graduate.*

At the appointed time, the members of the Club, together with their guests, assembled in the auditorium of the Allen Library. The evening's programme began with an address by our former adviser, Miss Anne C. Wilder. In a most happy manner Miss Wilder welcomed the guests of the Society and outlined the evening's entertainment, enlivening the necessary announcements with many original witticisms.

"The Sweet Girl Graduate" was the appropriate title of the farce which was rendered by the following able cast:

- Miss Maude De Smythe, the Sweet Girl, Secretary of the Class of 1906. . . . .
- . . . . . Miss Nanna Clagett
- Mrs. De Smythe, her mother, who is threatened with nervous prostration. . . . .
- . . . . . Miss Leda Craven
- Mr. De Smythe, her father, President of the R. I. P. Railroad. . . . . Mr. Paul Cooper
- Mr. Jack Hamilton, her beau, President of the Class of 1906. . . . . Mr. Marsh Kenney

Miss Matilda Hoppenhoer, her aunt, "who never graduated, thank heaven!" . . . . .  
 . . . . . Miss Jeannette Stickle  
 Miss Valeria Reynolds, her dearest friend, whom she loves very much. . . . .  
 . . . . . Miss Genevieve Parker  
 Madame Sateene, her dressmaker. . . . .  
 . . . . . Miss Charline Bailey  
 Miss Rantum, her elocution teacher, late of the Boston School. . . . . Miss Eloise Day  
 Professor Grindem, Principal of the High School. . . . . Mr. Ayers Blocher  
 Mr. Chinese Bulbus, the florist. . . . .

. . . . . Mr. Herbert Snodgrass  
 Katherine, the maid. . . . . Miss Marie Edge  
 "The Sweet Girl Graduate" herself, as portrayed by Miss Clagett, was a most natural character. Miss Clagett entered thoroughly into the spirit of the performance, and displayed a talent most unusual in an amateur.

Mr. Kenney, as Mr. Jack Hamilton, seemed quite in his element and won hearty applause from the audience.

The languid Mrs. De Smythe, in constant fear of an attack, was well impersonated by Miss Craven.

Mr. Cooper, as the President of the R. I. P. Railroad, and father of a Senior, proved himself equal to the occasion.

Miss Day, as Miss Rantum from Boston, deserves special mention for her patient and skillful training of the graduate.

The character of Madame Sateene, the dressmaker, was well presented by Miss Charline Bailey, who certainly achieved an artistic triumph in the evolution of the dress.

Mr. Ayres Blocker, as Professor Grindem, evidenced extraordinary "power," both of voice and presence.

Mr. Herbert Snodgrass, as decorator, carried out his part admirably. The maid, Katherine, was impersonated by Miss Marie Edge, who looked the part to perfection.

Miss Genevieve Parker, as the dearest friend of the heroine, was admirably suited to the part. The character of Miss Matilda Hoppenhoer

was perhaps the most mirth-provoking of all. Miss Stickle portrayed the character with clever art and was greeted with hearty applause at every appearance. Even her dress attracted much favorable comment, and deservedly, for surely "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

When the curtain had fallen on the last act of the farce, the company was served with light refreshments. It was a pleasant evening, and we hope such occasions may become a permanent feature of the Club calendar.

The year's work has developed some good business and executive ability among the officers of the R. T. C. Mr. Kenneth Taylor and Mr. Earl Ragland have proven themselves unusually capable presidents, while Miss Fort and Miss Clagett have discharged the duties of secretary with energy and ability.

We look forward eagerly to the society halls of the new building. Surely we can work with augmented zeal, when we have a suitable home. The R. T. C. heartily endorses Principal Underwood's suggestion that we lay aside a reserve fund for the furnishing of this home.

If you have not paid your term dues, keep out of Herbert Snodgrass's way. Mr. Snodgrass is destined to be a great financier—certainly a Rockefeller or a collector. Anyway, he is a good treasurer.

Miss Charline Bailey bids fair to become official artist for the Club. She designs Senior class pins also.

The vocal solo rendered by Miss Neda Abraham, at a recent programme, was deserving of much credit. Miss Abraham has a most pleasing voice and we hope to hear from her many times in the future.

The Club has enjoyed the readings given by Miss Eloise Sterling. "The Hazing of Valiant" was especially appreciated.



*Colors:* Green and Gold.

*Flower:* Chrysanthemum.

#### OFFICERS.

##### *First Term.*

Mabel Johnson. . . President. . .  
 Ethel Mott. . . Vice-President. . .  
 Ethel Addoms. . . Secretary. . .  
 Abbie Johnson. . . Treasurer. . .  
 Adviser. . . Miss Carolyn Stoner

##### *Second Term.*

Mabel Johnson  
 Ethel Addoms  
 Ethel Mott  
 Rachel Kincade

"A lady with a lamp shall stand  
 In the great history of the land,  
 A noble type of good,  
 Heroic womanhood."

—*Longfellow.*

The bi-weekly meetings of the Iota Kappa Beta Society have brought both profit and pleasure to its members. The course of study pursued this year, "Famous Women," included

women of all ages and times, and we have learned many interesting things in studying the parts played by clever women in the great drama of history. Coming down the centuries and continuing the list begun at our first meeting this year, we have had, this semester, papers on Catherine II. of Russia, Louise of Prussia, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Mmes. Maintenon and Sévigné, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Florence Nightingale, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanor Duse, Adelina Patti and Edith Wharton. Our list of famous women is necessarily incomplete, and we regret that we could not study the inspiring lives of all the women known to fame one might mention. However, we feel well repaid for the time devoted to becoming better acquainted with some of the great minds among women. We have had a happy selection of subjects, the papers have all been good, and consequently we can look back upon a well-spent and prosperous year.

IOTA KAPPA BETA.



Making use of our privilege of holding meetings away from school, the Society was entertained at the home of Miss Ethel Mott, March 12, 1906. The programme was in the hands of members elected this year: Miss Yates, with a paper on Maria Theresa, Julia Green, whose subject was Marie Antoinette, and our clever Freshman, Elizabeth Jewett, who wrote of the Empress Josephine, all proved themselves worthy of being made members of I. K. B. After the literary programme the girls of the Society demonstrated the fact that dancing is as great an art to-day as it was in past times, when our historical heroines tripped the light fantastic toe. One fact further was proved—that a measure to be really enjoyable must be trod with one's best girl chum. "Reuben" may be banished far beyond the "northern sea"! Let the dance go on!

The Society was represented by seven of our girls at Columbia. One of them was a guest at the Kappa Gamma house. All were delighted with the University and the quaint college town, and brought back glowing accounts to the less fortunate girls.

It is with regret that we see our Seniors leave us. Among this number are Mabel Johnson, Julia E. Green, Muriel Algeo, Blanche Lederman, all of whom have been most helpful and enjoyable members. We have to thank Mabel Johnson not only for helping to found the Society, but for presiding as its president for the two years of its infancy. The Society also feels the honor bestowed upon it when one of our members is placed upon the Senior programme.

One of the important changes in the constitution was the provision for increasing the membership from twenty to twenty-five.

We were very sorry to lose Willis Sullivant, one of our prominent members this year. She left school on account of health. We hope for her return next year.

## MEMBERS.

Ethel Addoms,	Hazel Lorie,
Muriel Algeo,	Julia Lyman,
Louise Bannister,	Ethel Mott,
Julia E. Green,	Rachel Kincaide,
Elizabeth Jewett,	Margaret Siegel,
Mabel Lee Johnson,	Laura Snodgrass,
Abbie Johnson,	Willis Sullivant,
Zemula Johnson,	Helen Weber,
Helen Heatherington,	Edith Wornall,
Blanche Lederman,	Alice Yates.

## Vanity Fair.

A bunch of merry girls are we,  
Fond of fun and jollity;  
A goodly sight indeed to see—  
Those with the label I. K. B.

There's Mabel, who is tall and prim,  
Whose notes and work are all in trim.  
She is the President, you see,  
Of this most famous I. K. B.

Of Hazel, of course, you all have heard.  
She is a "circus," 'pon my word!  
And of good looks she has her share,  
Admirers, too, and some to spare.

Louise is noted for her hair and eyes,  
But in the latter a sorrow lies;  
Her true love has gone to a far countree,  
And that's what ails Louise—maybe (?).

There's Abbie, whose bewitching air  
Causes the Junior boys to stare  
When she, with dainty pump-shod feet,  
Goes proudly down the village street.

'Tis easy Ethel Addoms with a lily to compare,  
So tall and pale, so delicately fair,  
But, unlike the lilies of which you've heard tell,  
She toils and sometimes even spins, as well.



Laura, oh, yes, an awful coquette!  
 She charms all the boys into her net;  
 Then her heart hardens or softens—maybe,  
 And she stamps them all with a large "23."

Our other Ethel is queen of fun:  
 She's "simply great," if you want a pun;  
 Her jolly laugh is a treat to hear—  
 We go to her when in need of cheer.

For Rachel there is an outlook bright,  
 We'll see her some day in the limelight,  
 With her golden hair and sweet blue eyes  
 She'll draw from the populace maddening cries.

Of Helens we've two: one fat, one slim;  
 We love them both with lots of vim.  
 Since we don't know which we love the best,  
 We might as well go on with the rest.

There's Zemina, with her baby face  
 So full of fun and winning grace,  
 She is one of the pets, you see,  
 Of the happy family of I. K. B.

We have an Alice grave and fair,  
 Who has a very learned air,  
 For she has taken at least one look  
 Into every single standard book.

Two Julias each well loved by us,  
 Over them both we make a fuss.  
 Both of them are artists of Fame  
 Each for herself will make a name.

Elizabeth is a dear little child  
 Of manner and disposition mild.  
 She has a winning, pathetic air—  
 We wonder what fortune she'll share.

Edith, also, is very young,  
 So we'll leave her praises half unsung.  
 She is yet but a Freshman small  
 Whose career is not begun at all.

Some say that miracles have not ceased yet.  
 It's so in the case of our Margaret:  
 She used to be calm as a summer day,  
 But now there's not one a whit more gay.

Out of a box of lavender, sweet Muriel has  
 stepped.

For two long centuries, she has sweetly slept.  
 She is just a Quakeress, simple and demure;  
 Of this each one of us is absolutely sure.

Blanche can play and also sing;  
 Her music does real pleasure bring.  
 We know she has a full supply  
 Of songs to brighten each down-cast eye.

Willis has gone away, you know,  
 To a place where forget-me-nots can grow.  
 The weather here was not the kind  
 Her book on gardening had defined.

Now that you know us one and all,  
 Come to the Tower some day and call.  
 We'd like to have you come and see  
 The fun of being an I. K. B.

Approved: CAROLYN STONER.

It is to laugh,  
 When poetry  
 As poor as this,  
 You sometimes see.  
 It is to laugh  
 One can't deny  
 When all such is  
 Rejected by  
 The Herald Staff.



Duenna, who with pleasing grace,  
 Has given hints for dress and face,  
 Must soon return to court of Spain,  
 Fair Ena's wedding to attend,  
 And her remaining years there spend.  
 But ere departure will explain,  
 To fair young maids and gallant youths  
 That rules of etiquette are truths,  
 Which they must follow if they'd climb  
 The highest round of social joys,  
 And gather pleasures, not annoys,  
 From forms polite in modern time.  
 With curtsey deep, farewell is said,  
 Where'er the Herald may be read.

\* \* \*

*Edna N.*—Your case is a very sad one, but perhaps you can get some little comfort from this short but "good quotation": "Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

*Lotta E.*—You ask me to give you a suggestion how to become a more famous singer—just cultivate a voice and then take the pseudonym: "Mademoiselle de Lottina," like a real professional.

\* \* \*

*Cox.*—Yes, yours is but one of the many requests I have concerning curls—. I find a little sugar and water is the best recipe for keeping locks in curl on rainy days.

\* \* \*

*Daffy Dilly.*—Although daffodils are spring flowers, they don't spring brains, Crayton. I shouldn't advise wearing double ones in your button-hole.

\* \* \*

*F. Louise.*—You ask as to the effectiveness of burying certain articles in the front yards of rich widowers. I am in the receipt

of two letters signed Evelyn M. and Ella Adeline, which bitterly complain that they carried out this experiment and that the only result was that one was bitten by a dog and the other arrested.

\* \* \*

*B. Smith.*—Yes, Bertha, rubber heels will add to your grace. Get them at once at the "Dainty Shoe Store." Also try walking on your heels at least five minutes each day.

\* \* \*

*Cooper.*—You want to be an actor but your family objects. Better mind your papa for a few years, because he furnishes the bread and butter.

\* \* \*

*Freshman Day.*—It is waste of time to pay attention to Lotta in the Study Hall. Her interests are centered in mathematics.

\* \* \*

*Lee.*—I feel sure that at the end of three months you will become a noted astronomer, if you obey the following: Take a boat-ride, using small telescopes, etc., at least four times a week. Company will make it more profitable.

\* \* \*

*Summer Blossom.*—I would suggest red roses, ferns and daisies as appropriate decorations for evening entertainments. Carry out same colors in details.

\* \* \*

*Alice B., Hazel and others.*—Curls and Puffs are very fashionable, and you say it takes you two hours to make your coiffure—I cannot understand why your teachers should object. Certainly, in society, what is on the outside of a lady's head is more important than what is inside.

\* \* \*

*Donald J.*—Silent admiration is a high compliment, but even timid as you say Z—is, I fancy that she would like a little more material evidence of your interest.

*Pink Boy.*—You regret your elongated stature and your exuberant freshness? Well, the first and best thing to do is to put considerably more weight in your head. And a little salt may take the freshness out.

\* \* \*

*Hazel L.*—The railroad fare to Rolla is \$6.85. But couldn't you get him to come to Kansas City?

---

### Hyde Park.

May makes all lawns beautiful but it adds a particular touch of freshness to Hyde Park. Its hills are covered with a soft green grass, which from a distance looks like a huge velvet rug.

The bloom of the lilac fills the air with fragrance, and the spotless whiteness of the snowball gives an air of purity and beauty. The giant oaks which tower above all look as if they were guardians of the place, but they make a shady place for the little toddlers to come and play, and for the nurse-maids to discuss their mistresses' sayings and doings. No scenic artist has ever produced anything so pretty as Nature presents us with in Hyde Park.

*Sumner Blossom, '09.*

---

Miss Shire: "What is the difference between a rock and a stone?"

F. Archer: "A stone is a little rock."

Miss Shire: "Well! what 's a rock then?"

F. Archer: "Oh! a rock 's a big stone."

---

Mr. Bigney to Miss J. (after she had proved a proposition): "Miss Johnson, that 's good—very good indeed—quite nice—but unfortunately it is not what we want."

---

Miss Wilder (in Latin): "Now, Freshmen, look at this work of the Seniors. Do you think you 'll ever be that green?"

## DEVELOPMENT OF FROG.

Although the frog is one of the best known of all animals, very few people are familiar with the complete changes which take place during its development.

The frog, with the salamander, newt, and many others, is a member of the class known as Amphibia. The amphibians are characterized by the double nature of their breathing organs. Although the amphibian, when it reaches the adult stage, usually has well developed lungs, at some time it has had gills, perhaps at a very early stage of development. These gills resemble those of the fish in structure and mode of use. In the frog the gills are present only in the early or tadpole stage. In later development they are replaced by temporary lungs, and finally, before the development ceases, by good ones. The frog is thus transformed from a water-breathing to an air-breathing animal.

The female frog lays her eggs during March and the early part of April. After depositing the eggs in the shallow water of some pond or stagnant stream, the frog pays absolutely no more attention to them. The eggs are numerous and are spherical in shape. At first the egg is only one-celled and is covered by two layers of a gelatinous substance which swells greatly when deposited in the water as in Figure 1. This cell divides and subdivides until the cells number eight and the stage represented by Figure 2 is reached. This cell division, or segmentation, continues until in Figure 3 we have an egg which resembles a blackberry in shape and contour. The cells at the top of the egg have divided more rapidly than the lower ones and have taken on a darker hue. This darker part grows down over the light part and forms the covering or skin of the tadpole, while the inside part, the one covered by the black, becomes the digestive tube. This is shown in Figure 4. Between these two layers of cells, another layer develops and produces the muscles, bones, and blood-vessels.

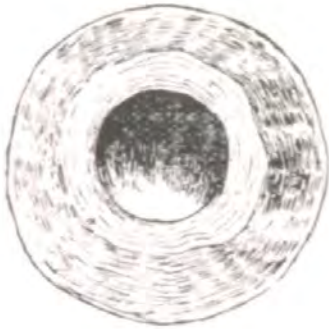
After the close of segmentation the egg becomes ovoid in shape and rapidly increases in length. Figure 5 shows the tadpole four days old. The head has assumed a separate position in the body and an eye spot is visible. A white spot on the neck can also be seen and indicates the growth of a gill. The tadpole is now ready for hatching, and wriggles out of its gelatinous covering. In Figure 6 the well-developed gills protrude and the tail has become longer. Soon after the gills are covered up by a backward growth of skin and internal gills take their place.

The species of tadpole here described eats a great deal and increases in size until it reaches the stage shown in Figure 7. It stays in this stage for two years, and the changes which have taken place since the earlier stage shown in Figure 5 are numerous. The body has become broad and round, the tail longer and stronger, the suckers from under the body have disappeared. The hind legs have grown out and are well developed. The forelegs cannot be seen at this time, but they are present under the skin. Eventually the tadpole is transformed from a fish-like creature to an air-breathing animal. It casts its outer covering, and its round mouth, which it has been using to eat plant food, is displaced by a wider and larger mouth, which is afterwards used for eating insects and small animals.

The forelegs appear, the gills are absorbed, and the lungs are developed. The tail begins to shorten and within a few days is completely absorbed. These changes are shown in Figure 8. And now the animal leaves the water a well developed frog.

Figures 1 to 6 inclusive are seven or eight times actual size. Figure 7 is one-half the size of the tadpole from which it was drawn and Figure 8 is just the natural size.

LESLIE HOHMAN, '08.



*Fig. 1*



*Fig. 2*



*Fig. 3*



*Fig. 4*



*Fig. 5*



*Fig. 6*



*Fig. 7*



*Fig. 8*

## THE IDOL'S EYE.

By the death of my grandfather, my father came into the possession of a valuable diamond which had been handed down from father to son for many, many years. This gem, which had been the eye of a Hindu idol, had been taken at the time of an invasion of India. It was held very sacred by the Sepoys and it was known that they had kept trace of the jewel during these many years, because attempts had been made upon different occasions to recover it, and several of the previous owners had met violent death presumably at the hands of the Orientals.

My father, Mr. Harrison, had in his employ a Sepoy servant whom he had always held in high favor.

One night when the wind howled and the trees groaned, my father was called away on business and as he said he wouldn't be home much before midnight, I went to bed. I lay in my bed a long time unable to go to sleep. I think I was just dozing off when a stifled groan from beneath my window sounding as if it was half carried away by the wind, reached my ears and caused me to sit erect in bed listening attentively and scarcely daring to breathe. Was I dreaming or was that some real sound I had heard? It came again like a faint whisper above the noises of the wind and trees. I could feel my hair begin to rise, my blood to freeze, and my eyes to stare as I sat transfixed with fear and horror.

Plucking up courage I called for father, but there was no answer. I then got down my gun and sought the servant, who went with me to investigate. Coming into the yard and groping our way about, guided now and then by a groan, I stumbled over a yielding mass which I at once felt sure was a human body.

I ordered the servant to strike a light, and by the faint flicker of the match, which was blown out almost as soon as it was lighted, I could discern the features of my father

writhing out his life on the grass. In the swift flicker of the flame I saw the agonized look on his face and knew that he was dying.

It is needless to say I was completely overcome with grief, but realizing something must be done and that hurriedly, I sent the servant for a doctor while I carried my helpless father into the house. But before the doctor came father had died. Someone had twice stabbed him in the back, one blow coming within an inch or two of his heart. Then and there I swore eternal vengeance against the murderer and that should I ever meet him I would kill him or die in the attempt.

At the time I wondered who could have had any reason for killing my father. I knew of no one who had a grudge against him. Could it be someone tracing the gem, hoping by his death to get possession of it? Several of its former owners had been killed in such a way. These thoughts continually bothered me. I could not get them out of my mind, and I began to fear that I had surmised correctly—that I had struck it right.

One morning—a week after the fatal night—coming down to breakfast and getting no response to my repeated rings, I went to investigate and found the cooking utensils were untouched and that the servant had disappeared. What was the meaning of this? Had he got employment from father just to watch the gem? Had he found out where it was hidden? Impossible, for it was hidden in an ingeniously constructed secret drawer and nobody but father and I knew where it was. Yet the man may have found it out accidentally.

These things bore so heavily on my mind that to satisfy myself whether or not he had found out the hiding place I opened the drawer and found to my amazement that the gem was gone. There could be no doubt then, he had taken the jewel. Then he was the murderer of my father.

But where had he gone? If indeed he had the gem, surely he would not stay in this country but would probably take the next steamer for his native land. This was undoubtedly his plan.

Resolving that I would catch him, I engaged the services of an expert detective and was soon on my way to the wharf. Arriving there, I inquired of an official what time the next steamer sailed and was informed that it left in about half an hour.

A careful inspection of the surrounding revealed no trace of the servant, and it disturbed me to think that perhaps I had wrongfully accused him. But I resolved that I would wait until nearly the time of departure of the vessel and then I would go on board and make a search.

About ten minutes before the departure of the ship, I saw the Sepoy walking briskly up the street. Before he came in full view he looked searchingly over the people gath-

ered about the wharf, and then as if satisfied with his scrutiny, he made for the gangway. The detective quickly stepped forward and claimed his prisoner. When searched, the jewel was found. Finding himself caught, the Hindoo confessed everything. He had found out where the gem was hidden and had taken advantage of the stormy night to make off with the stone. He had hardly gotten out of the house when he had met my father.

Father, not recognizing the Sepoy, thought he was a burglar and gave chase, whereupon the Sepoy turned upon him and stabbed him.

Seeing what he had done and knowing that his disappearance would be connected with the murder, he went back to his room, where I had found him on the fatal night. The recovery of the jewel could not compensate for the loss of my father, and I could almost wish it away, so deeply upon me has settled the fear of the dread deed that may follow keeping it in my possession.





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Neckwear, Serge Coats,  
Duck Trousers. . . . .

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Teacher (to Jamie, who came to school with dirty hands): "Jamie, I am shocked at you, what would you say if I came to school with dirty hands?"

Jamie: "I wouldn't speak about it; I'd be too polite."

Tramp: "Will yer give me something to eat?"

Mrs Newly-Wed (glancing at wood pile: "Well, if you take that ax and—"

Tramp: "I won't need it, ma'am, my teeth are sharp."

Dutchman (defending his side of the argument): "I say a man born in Hollard is a

Dutchman, a man born in England is an Englishman!"

Irishman: "Bedad! the chickens hatched in an oven oin't biscuits!"

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer.

"And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat.

"To put your clothes in," was the reply.

"And go widout any?" exclaimed Pat. "Not a bit iv it!"

Ethel: "Mamma, if a little boy is a lad, why isn't a big boy a ladder?"

Mamma: "For the same reason that, although a little doll is a doll, a big one isn't a dollar."

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## **VETERINARIANS.**

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**KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.**

---

Teacher: "Well, how stupid you are! Can't multiply eighty-eight by twenty-five. I'll wager that Charles can do it in less than no time."

Abused Pupil: "I shouldn't be surprised. They say that fools multiply very rapidly these days."

George: "Rather than remain single would you marry the biggest fool on earth?"

Ethel: "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

---

Teacher: "What is memory?"

Bright Boy: "Memory is what we forget wid."

---

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**FOR LAUNDRY WORK**

**FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN**

Teacher: "Johnny, can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Freshie: "I heard father say they smelt it."

Dorothy: "Isn't it horrid? I've just discovered that my dolly is stuffed with sawdust!"

"Pooh! What of it? Lots of people eat breakfast food."

Jennie: "Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding day?"

Ruby: "Yes, indeed—I was there and saw her."

"Maud, can't you play tennis without all that noise?"

"Now, how do you suppose we are going to play tennis without raising a racket?"

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*Bell 'Phone 880 South.*

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"How do ye get out o' here?" asked the customer from beyond the suburbs, who was lost in a department store.

"You asked me that a few minutes ago," replied the floor-walker, "and I told you to follow your nose down the left aisle."

"I did, begosh, an' it led me to the cheese counter!"

Lady (at book store): "I want to get a good novel to read on the train—something rather pathetic."

Salesman: "Let me see—how would the 'Last Days of Pompeii' do?"

Lady: "'Pompeii?' Never heard of him. What did he die of?"

Salesman: "I'm not quite sure, ma'am—some kind of an eruption, I have heard."

"Tommy, how did you like the entertainment?"

"It was pretty good, but there was one girl they called a reader that done some mighty rough talkin'."

"What was it?"

"She said, 'Curse you, you shan't ring to-night!' She said it right out loud, too."

Prof.: "What would you call a man who pretends to know everything?"

Freshman: "A professor."

Grocer: "Well, little girl, what can I do for you?"

Elsie (aged 4): "Please, sir, my mamma wants a can of condemned milk."

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**Kansas City Book Exchange**

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Charley Bold Lad: "Yes, indeed, I never neglect the embracing of an opportunity."

Miss De Murely (with a sigh): "I'm not an opportunity, but —"

Fresh: "I smell burning cabbage."

Soph.: "You've got your head too near the fire."

Teacher: "Now, Willy, supposing you accidentally stood on a gentleman's foot, what would you say?"

Willy: "I would say, 'Beg pardon.'"

"If the gentleman gave you a sixpence for being polite, what would you do?"

"I would stand on his other foot and say 'Beg pardon.'"

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--	--

Johnny: "Pa, what is the rest of that quotation beginning, 'Truth is mighty?'"

Pa: "'Scarce,' I reckon."

Mother: "Tommy, your face is very clean, but how did you get so much dirt on your hands?"

Tommie: "Washin' my face."

Gentleman (to waiter): "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir; we serve anybody. Sit right down."

Schoolmaster: "Now let us have 'Little Drops of Water' again, and do, please, put a little spirit in it."

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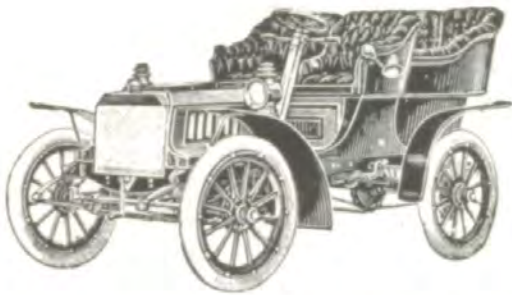
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waiter for and don't get.

Professor: "What made the tower of Pisa  
lean?"

Pupil: "It was built in the time of  
famine."

"I missed one of my pullets last night,  
Rufus," said the Colonel, sternly.

"Yo' oughtn't to shoot at pullets in de  
dahk, Colonel," replied Rufus.

"You objected to Jack because he had to  
work for a living, didn't you, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear. He doesn't belong to our  
class."

"Well, it's all right now. May he call  
to-night?"

"Has some one left him a fortune?"

"No, but he's lost his job."

Teacher: "Name a very small quantity."

Wise Soph: "A Freshman."

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## BADGER LUMBER COMPANY

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Mistress: "Bridget, I saw you kissing the milkman this morning. I will take the milk in after this."

Bridget: "'Tain't no use, ma'am; he promised not to kiss anyone but me."

Tommy: "Paw, what is pessimism?"

Mr. Tucker: "It's—it's something like rheumatism, Tommy."

"Mamma, don't you ever beat eggs when they're bad?"

"No, Willie."

"Then I wish I were an egg."

Jimmie: "Timmy Grogan is talkin' of gettin' him a bike."

Mickey; "Him! he ain't got the price for de wind wot goes in the tires."



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K. C. SCHOOL OF LAW, KANSAS CITY, MO.

She lost her head when he proposed,  
But he, a trifle bolder,  
Made search for it distractedly  
And found it on his shoulder.

Miss Hyso Prano: "Congratulate me on my lesson, Professor. Have I not sung well?"  
Herr Meister: "Ach, ya; that was a howling success."

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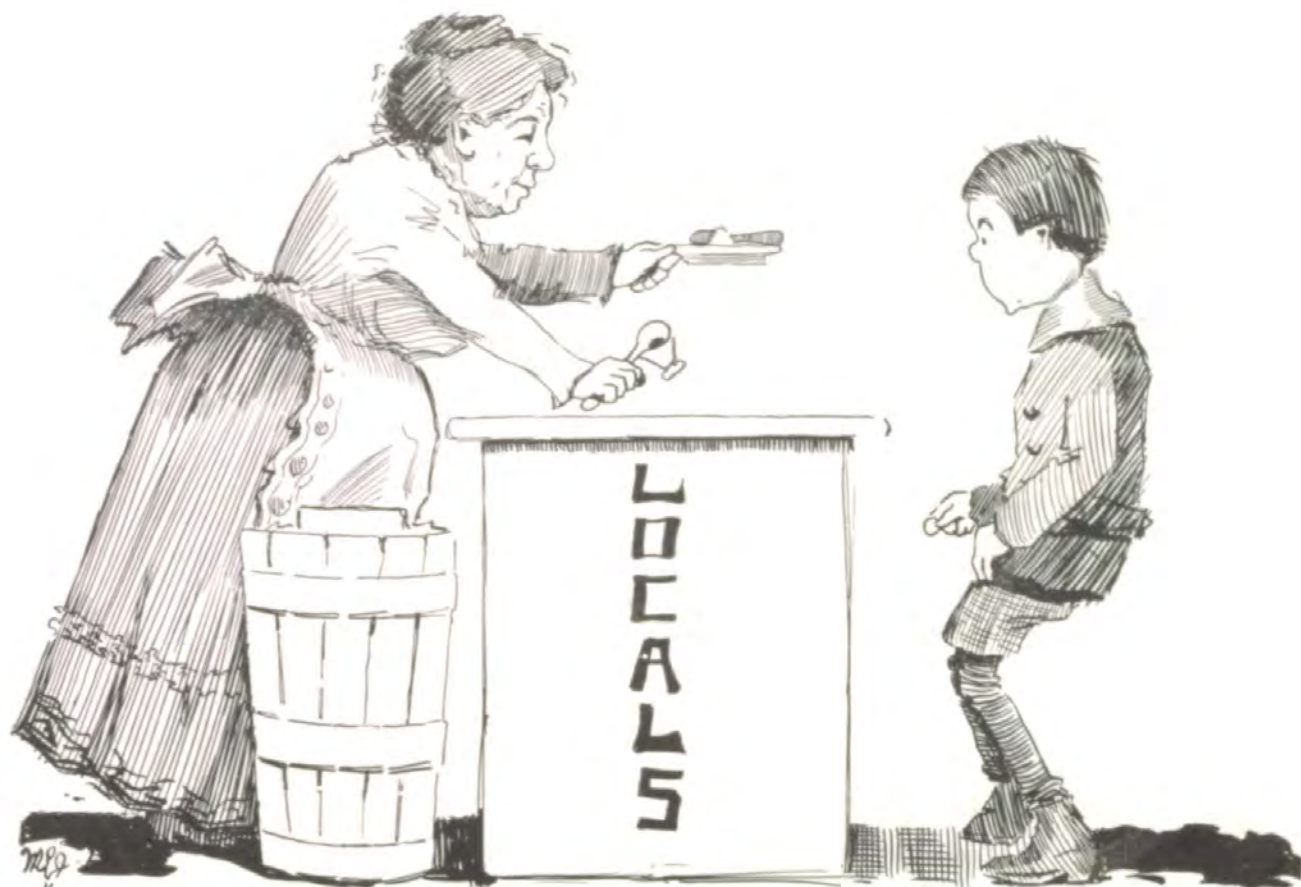
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Alma (waving her banner at the game):  
"I am a Westport girl."

Sumner Blossom: "So am I."

Miss Stoner: "Mr. Waltner, please put  
your feet under your desk."

Willie: "I can't."

Miss Stoner: "Well, at least put a part  
of them."

Going to the Office,  
They all tremble so;  
What if their excuses  
Should not go.

(Baby heard crying in the hall.)

Mr. Hull: "It's only one of the Seniors."

Miss De Witt: "What do you think of  
Shelley's poems?"

Ethel B. (presumably thinking of Walter  
P.): "I think they're awfully sweet."

Stephen, Jr.: "Do you expect to go to  
heaven, papa?"

His Pa: "Certainly."

Stephen, Jr.: "Well, it's always the un-  
expected that happens, isn't it, papa?"

Gossard (in botany): "Can you get more  
than one potato off a vine?"

Staying for Latin,  
My, what a bore!  
Taught by Miss Wilder,  
There in Room Four.

Meaning of the figure on the Senior pin:  
Late hours; drowsy in the day time; general  
dissipation.

Leslie: "Now, suppose I should be elected  
President of the United States.

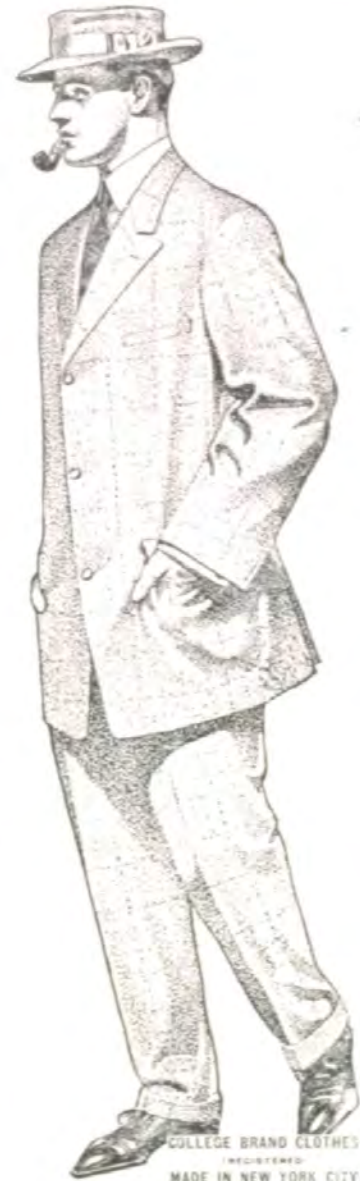
Miss Busch: "Please do not bring up im-  
possible things in this class."

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SHOP.

ROTHSCHILD’S

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KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.



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FINE CONFECTIONS.

MORTON'S BALL ROOM FOR DANCING.

Both 'Phones.

Mr. Chase: "I don't think marriage is the end of the story."

White: "We had a fine lesson in geometry to-day."

Johnson: "Who recited?"

White: "Oh! myself and some others."

Mr. Scott: "What is Newton's law of gravitation?"

Claude J.: "That everybody attracts each other."

Just smell that odor,

Land sakes alive!

Who's mixing chemicals

Down in Room Five?

SAD BUT TRUE.

Miss Busch: "What occurs to you in this connection, Mr. Schaufler?"

Schaufler: "Nuthin' occurs to me."

Leslie (in geometry): "Oh, Mr. Bigney, prove us something, won't you?"

A. WOLFROM  
PHOTOGRAPHER

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A mixture of languages  
Do they assign—  
Half English, half German—  
Up in Room Nine.

Mr. Shouse: "Could a woman be elected president?"

Clark: "No, she would have to be 35 years old and no woman would confess to that."

Miss De Witt: "The public looks to school teachers for sympathy." (It does not necessarily follow that they get it.)

Oh! grave and reverend Sophomore  
With hard won A's full many a score,  
Relax your solemn, thoughtful look  
And break away from dull text-book;  
Show but a spark of real, live fun  
And we'll forgive Fred Madison.



The Ragtime King of the cocoanut grove  
No longer is lonely for his lady love,  
He ordered a "BELL" for his jungle retreat  
And smiles as he hears her voice so sweet.

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1009-1011 WALNUT STREET.

Miss Miller objects to teaching elocution with a rival on the street. (Hee Haw!)

Mr. Hull (to J. Lucas, who has just swiped all his partner's salts in Chemistry): "Now isn't that just like a Scotchman?"

Clarkson (looking on map in Ancient History): "I think the Franks came from that green-colored spot."

Mr. Greenwood in fourth hour English class to Mr. Hohman: "I never could tell, but perhaps you can."

Just hear the thunder  
Falling from heaven,  
Who's reading Shakespeare  
There in Room Seven?

Miss Lederman (trying to form a syllogism for Lit.):

Ice cream is cold.

I am cold.

Therefore—ice cream (I scream).

Zemma likes blood-and-thunder stories.  
Donald writes that kind.

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Mr. Hull: "Is there any hot air coming from this direction?"

Mr. Scott to Dug (who had pushed his books off on the floor: "What made those books fall on the floor, Mr. Wornall?"

Dug: "I guess it was gravitation."

Bad situation!

Horrible fix!

Scott's snake's escaping

Up in Room Six.

"Did you get four propositions?"

What! you got them, all but three?

You are doing well, Miss Leda

In geometry."

Prof. of Mathematics (thoughtfully):  
"What I don't know would fill a very small volume."

Why this air of sorrow

Atmosphere of gloom?

This is Mr. Sass's

Drawing room.

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KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Mr. Hull: "Where is silicon found?"

Miss Lederman: "In quartz."

Mr. Hull: "O-o-oh yes! And it's also found in gallons, and sometimes in hog-heads."

Miss Warden (in English, with her hair in an elaborate knot): "How do you prove anything by the *Reductio ad Absurdum* method?"

Miss De Witt: "You've been trying it evidently."

Government and history  
And the love affairs of men  
Are discussed most thoroughly  
Over in Room Ten.

Mr. Bigney (to Rachel, who is attempting to draw a circle on the board): "Let me show you how to hold your hand, Miss Rachel."

Eugene White says that he is going to be a geometry teacher when he grows up. Ask him why.

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Miss Nardin (to Colin): "If you will stand a little farther away we will have a better view."

Mr. Heslip (in geometry): "The straightest line between two points is a short one."

Mr. Johnson: "That there light-haired girl is always lookin' at me in algebra."

Clarkson: "Well now! listen here."

Mr. Green: "Well, yes! I'm listening."

Mr. Carey cannot distinguish between the nominative and the possessive of the first personal pronoun. In geometry he persists in saying O. B. I. instead of O. B. Mine.

In Freshie Algebra.  
Terrible fate  
Someone will flunk you  
Up in Room Eight.

Mr. Bigney: "When you use the therefore (∴) be able to tell me what you put it there for."

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In hour seven—  
That is the one  
Who rules in Eleven.

There was one time when Paul Cooper's position was envied by every member of the baseball team. That was at the Round Table Club's entertainment to the Seniors.

Sounds of woeful sadness  
As if from a tomb,  
Hear the deep bass voices  
From the Music Room.

Mr. Snedeger (after devouring the remnants of the German-French luncheon): "I'm so full I couldn't hold another drop."

In Mathematics: "How many problems did you get, Mr. Fife?"

Fife: "Four."

"Well, which one can you take?"

Fife: "I don't exactly remember."

The Senior class thinks a poem given them to study is a nursery jingle. (It certainly is appropriate then.)

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Mr. Hull: "What is the angle under consideration, Mr. Heslip?"

Abbie: "The angle A B C."

Mr. Hull: "Miss Johnson, your name is not Heslip yet."

Mr. Ragland (in Debaters): "Mr. Moses, please give us your excuse for your absence last meeting."

Moses: "Mr. President, you will have to defer that until next meeting; I haven't thought of one yet."

## TO DOROTHY.

How doth the busy little girl  
Improve each shining power?  
By courting some atrocious boy  
Within each study hour.

## AT THE JUNIOR ELECTION.

Miss Johnson: "I nominate Mr. Toll for president."

Mr. Toll (a little later): "I nominate Miss Johnson for secretary."

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Freshman (in orchestra): "Gee, Prof. Dickenson has a cinch; he hasn't any hair to brush."

Senior: "Yes, but he has that much more face to wash."

Miss Shire: "Yes, there are countries where a woman can have more than one husband."

Arthur M.: "Then the women must be in power there."

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On the afternoon of the German-French luncheon Mr. Hohman was seen flying through the halls with a card reading "Herr Hohman." D. Johnson wants to know who has him for "her" Hohman.

Austin (in the farewell speech to Debaters): "Well, I think it's a pretty good sort of society."

Gaston Metzger tries to get through school on his big brown eyes and black hair, so Miss Nardin said.

Mr. Scott is not exempt from blame for Sunday baseball. He caught one of the fouls at a game.

Mr. Scott: "There was an unusually large shower of meteors quite a good many years ago. I got up about 3 o'clock a. m. and saw them. It was when I was about 6 or 8 years old."

E. J.: "In what year did you say that was, Mr. Scott?"

Mr. Scott (innocently): "About 1879."

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Miss Miller: "How do John Burroughs' works differ from Thoreau's?"

Robert Fife: "Burroughs' had a poetic inside."

A youth by the name of Malone  
Once kissed a girl over the phone.

"It's as good, May, you see,

As the old kind," said he.

She replied: "Well, I'll have to be shown."

Malone: "I suppose that you, being a married man, have heard that old 'Oh, this is so sudden'?"

Mr. Green: "Oh, yes! Five or six times."

Jennings (in Debaters): "I'm pleased to be a member of such an intelligent (?) crowd."

King: "There can be no Kernel in this light nut."

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F. T. CHILDS, Assistant Cashier.

Snaggles: "Somebody has left a lot of old apple-cores in this desk."

Mr. Hull: "Well, don't worry. The janitor will dispose of them."

Laura Snodgrass doesn't like her first name. After this call her Lizzie.

See the little Freshie  
So young and green  
Kindly direct him  
To Room Fourteen.

My! it is just awful  
To have Miss Hodshier call  
"Let me have that note, please!"  
In the Study Hall.

Leslie (practicing): "I can't be a dude."  
A Hearer: "Why, it seems to come naturally to you."

Miss Nardin: "Why is 'pedes' in the accusative?"

Moses: "Extent of space."

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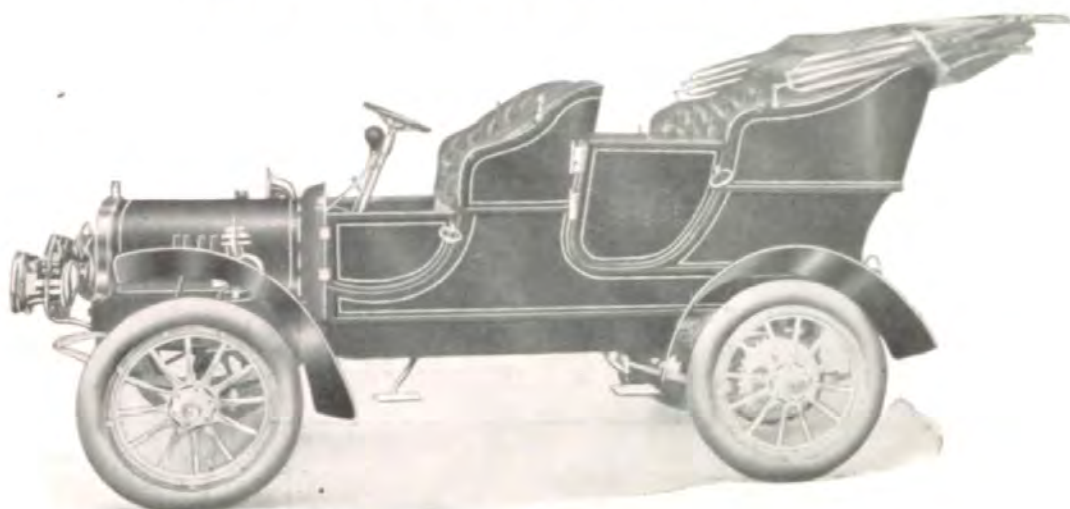
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Miss Hodshier: "Next time you come into  
the study hall, Mr. Packwood, try to lift your  
feet off the floor."

Miss De Witt: "Have you read your Oliver  
Goldsmith?"

Miss De Witt could not quote the marriage  
ceremony correctly. Miss Kincade corrected her.  
Just a difference in hope of using it, perhaps.

Freshie: "No, but I've looked at the pic-  
tures."

Miss Shire: "At a Roman funeral, when  
anybody was dead—"

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Mr. Underwood (at window in Art room with visitor): "Over there is the site of the new school."

Pupil: "I bet that's all the sight we get of it."

Freshie (in lunch room): "I want some ice cream."

Miss Tripp: "There isn't any more. Mr. Sass has been here."

Mr. Hull: "What is another name for sodium borate?"

Effie (in an undertone): "Bor-ax."

Mr. Hull: "Say it out loud; perhaps it is correct."

Effie (aloud): "Borax."

Mr. Hull: "That's right. You just didn't let the ax fall hard enough."

Roy G. (giving principal parts of "come"): "Come, went, gone."

The Freshmen call for bread and milk;  
The Sophomores eat beef stew;  
The Juniors like ham sandwiches,  
The Seniors ice cream, too.

The Faculty eat strawberries,  
And everything in sight;  
While Mr. Snedeger eats up  
The remnants left at night.

---

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## Hyde Park in Spring.

Hyde Park is a bower of beauty on a spring afternoon. Above the park the sky is deep blue with great white clouds like snow-drifts in it. The sun shines on the smooth green turf, making the shadows of the trees and bushes look like designs in a large green carpet. Here is a tree all in bloom, the pink petals stand out all the plainer for the green background. There is a little bush in bloom and its fragrance is wafted toward you. Some little ferns are growing in the stone wall nearby. Now you hear the song of some bird that is contemplating building a new nest in one of the trees. After a walk through the park on a spring day you feel that summer must not be far off.

*Ruth Williams, '09.*

The German-French lunch was too much even for the experienced "Tripp." Accompanied by "Susie," she fled to the coal-bin and silently wondered if she'd ever been guilty of such dishes as the foreigners prepared.

A contest has been arranged between Alma Cutter and Leslie Hohman. A prize of a talking doll will be presented to the one who can refrain from asking a question for the longest time.

Mr. Hamner borrowed a French book in the Study Hall. His object was to acquire a complete lover's vocabulary in order to propose to the French teacher. He is believed to have accomplished this perfectly in forty minutes.

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

## Class of 1897.

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

## Class of 1898.

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

## Class of 1899.

Bowers, Mary E.  
Colburn, Ethel L.  
Ellis, E. May. (Mrs. Howard Lathrop.)  
Evans, John E.  
Gibbs, Ethel.  
Gosnell, Alberta C.  
Hahn, Frank J.  
Holmes, Ella L.

Martin, Daniel.  
Martin, Nellie.  
O'Brien, Ada F.  
O'Brien, Theresa F.  
Parrish, Florence.  
Reynolds, Martha L. (Mrs. Slocum.)  
Shultz, Alba E.  
Waller, Francis D.  
Wornall, Elizabeth.  
Wittlin, Elizabeth.

## Class of 1900.

Bell, Fannie.  
Bucher, Maude.  
Chase, Louise Q.  
Chester, Walter.  
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.  
Pinkston, Forrest L.  
Tillson, Leo M.

## Class of 1901.

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

Small, John M.  
Underwood, George A.  
Watson, Edna.

## Class of 1902.

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

## Class of 1903.

Adams, D. Stanly.  
Adams, Winifred.  
Barnes, Clara M.  
Bruner, Glen L.  
Bruner, Rea M.  
Burgess, Martha.  
Colburn, L. Earl.  
Caffrey, Rose C.  
Carr, Eleanor.  
Eggleston, Blanche.  
England, Fredericka.  
Fife, Clyde L.  
Flowers, Margaret E.  
Flowers, Mary C.

Folk, Frank E.  
Frazier, Harry K.  
Green, Natalie.  
Hatashita, Choichiro.  
Kern, Mabel.  
Lowerre, Ruby A.  
Peterson, Olive L.  
Polk, Grace R.  
Rogers, Anna.  
Schlegel, F. Orlin.  
Smith, Perry C.  
Stowell, Carl D.  
Stowell, Irene.  
Sumerwell, Eva M.  
Underwood, Herbert W.  
Walter, Celia.  
Wiedenmann, Josephine.  
Wilson, H. Lee.

## Class of 1904.

Beard, Eunice Viola.  
Beers, Frances Florence.  
Burgess, Annie Elizabeth.  
Cheatham, Jessie Pearce.  
Cocke, Audrey.  
Creswell, Alberta.  
Douglas, Annette Lacene.  
Ducret, Myrtle.  
Dudley, Pearl.  
Durham, Obie Emmett.  
Fife, Bessie Samuel.  
Garrett, Amanda Elizabeth.  
Hahn, Louise Helen.  
Hamilton, Anna.  
Hatch, Hazel Lillian.  
Higgins, Edward Maurice.  
Hornbuckle, Robert Canine.  
Hornbuckle, William Rufus.  
Hyre, Mary Mildred.  
Johnson, Frances Kizzie.  
Lorie, Alvin.  
Marran, Raymond.  
Meyer, Amy Athaliah.  
Minor, Mary Emma.  
O'Brien, Catherine Norine.  
Ormsby, Anna Catherine.  
Partington, Dorothy Elizabeth.  
Phillips, Lotta.  
Samuel, Jeannette Elizabeth.  
Smith, Clifford Bradley.  
Sumerwell, Nelle Elizabeth.  
Wiedenmann, Nettie.  
Wolf, Charles.  
Wright, Adron.  
Zomalt, Adlie Pearl.

## Class of 1905.

Ada Magee Jones.  
 Alberta Cooke.  
 Arthur Anwyl Jones.  
 Bertha Ellis Poindexter.  
 Blanche Lorena Bleil.  
 Boon Samuel Gregg.  
 Cameola Burns.  
 Charles James Mount, Jr.  
 David Bradlee Childs.  
 Fern Louise Wittmann.  
 Flora Emeline Hood Cutter.  
 Francis Leon Peterson.  
 Frank Lenoir Robertson.  
 Gertrude Smith.  
 Gladys Rose.  
 Harold Guy Folk.  
 Harold Cecil Waltner.  
 Henry Clay Lambert.  
 Helen Edith Lynn.  
 Inez Esther Marens.  
 James Leroy Bennett.  
 Jessie May Lonsbery.

Katie Bell.  
 Laura May Patten.  
 Leona Vaught.  
 Mabel Charlotte Storr.  
 Mabel Dolly Palm.  
 Mabel Lavinia Rams.  
 Mabel Marie Merrick.  
 Mabel Agnes Carr.  
 Mabel Eggleston.  
 Mary Elizabeth Reintjes.  
 Mary Abercrombie.  
 Melvin Thomas O'Rielly.  
 Nellie Marie Beery.  
 Pansy Pearl Holcomb.  
 Ralph Smith.  
 Paul Burdette Parker.  
 Paul Smith.  
 Robert Graham Ormsby.  
 Shirley Allendorph.  
 Sidney George Hodge.  
 Walter Louis Wolf.  
 William Joseph Peet.

George Arthur Underwood, of the Class of '01, has made a splendid record in scholarship at the University of Missouri. He was graduated from that institution in 1905, receiving the degree of A.B. Being offered a scholarship, he remained for a post-graduate year and will receive the degree of B.S. in Education and A.M.

Mr. Underwood was last week elected to the Chair of French in the Missouri Valley College and will next September enter upon the work of his choice toward which he directed his efforts during his five years in high school and four years at the university. The HERALD has every confidence in his success.

Miss Annie K. Lash and Mr. Leroy W. Emmert, of the Class of '01, the former from the classical, the latter from the engineering course, are now graduates of the Missouri University.

The way he makes us giggle  
 Is something most absurd,  
 And the way he worms and wiggles  
 Is great upon my word.

He gets the pupils dreadfully scared,  
 They'd really like to run,  
 But when their sentence is declared  
 It turns out just a pun.

The Sophomore girls have just found out why their grades are all so poor. The mirror in their cloak-room is broken into fresh pieces every time they look in it. Hence bad luck.

Miss Kate B. Cunningham, of the Class of '00, will this year graduate from Kansas University.

## NEW BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

"ANNE 'N ANN." By Miss Wilder. A most interesting work of 217 pages. It is published in a very attractive cover by the Hereford Stock Publishing Company, of Emporia, Kansas. It tells in a clear, sparkling, short-cut form an enticing story of the intimate friendship of two young ladies. These two are inseparable; whenever one is seen, the other is never far away. The little narrative ends suddenly by one of the young ladies receiving a proposal, which she is too astonished to accept, and in consequence leads a lonely life, shared only by her inseparable companion.

"LITTLE EXCURSIONS WITH CUPID AS A GUIDE." By Mr. A. O. Bigney, Author of "How to Reach the Land of Venus" and "How and When to Speak." A light, catchy work of 237 pages. It is quite superior to his other works and brings out the character of the author much more clearly. It may be obtained at any bookstore, as it is an excellent seller and is very popular among the I. K. B. girls.

"A PLEBE AT ANNAPOLIS." By Mr. S. A. Underwood. Illustrated by photographs. An extremely popular work, especially among the more serious. It tells, in the form of letters, of the experiences and homesickness of a new cadet. "This review, from the Hankston County, Kansas, *News*, will set forth the general attitude: "It is a very touching tale. Many mothers whose sons had attended the county fair at Jay Center, ten miles away, after reading this book, spent the night in praying for their safe return." This book is sold by the McGee Publishing Company, opposite Hyde Park.

"1001 METHODS OF MAKING SOUP OUT OF SMALL REMNANTS." By Miss Tripp Garnett, author of "At the Sign of the Penny." A very useful book to the economically inclined. It tells, in a simple but effective style, how many a penny may be saved. It may be obtained for 100 green trading stamps at any place of exchange.

"RADIANT PAPAHOOD." By John W. Scott. An interesting study in temperament. The author of "Vicissitudes of Married Life" seems to have undergone a complete metamorphosis and takes the opposite view from his former popular book. The new volume has been received enthusiastically and should hold a prominent place in the libraries of all home and book lovers.

"HEALTH." By Miss Evelyn D. Miller. A small compact volume in which the author has compiled the prescriptions of all the prominent physicians for the commoner ailments. It is a very instructive work and should be followed by all suffering from disorders of any kind. - It is published in an attractive, concise form.

\* "ADVANCED ARCHITECTURE." By Mr. H. L. Green. An instructive work in which sound advice is given to those about to graduate, as to the manner of house to build. The author has consulted the tastes of many of the fair members of the various classes, and the boys should be able to please their intended companions, with the assistance of this volume.

"THE VISIONARY." By Miss Margaret De Witt, author of "The Eastern Philosophy," "Idealism," and "How to Break in Freshmen." This book goes still deeper into the realms of the speculative than any of its predecessors. The incomprehensibility of Transcendentalism is elaborated most lucidly in a series of visions in which the soul passes into space, and, after traveling indefinitely the regions of the mysterious and impossible, comes again to the body. It is a book in which Emerson or Poe would have delighted. It may be obtained in fourteen volumes from any prominent dealer. It is just the thing to catch up for light summer reading.

"SWEEP IN YOUR SLEEP." By the Assistant-janitor. A dainty little volume of 93 pages, which sets forth and explains the method of working and resting at the same time. A similar idea of getting lessons has been adopted



by the Junior class, and this little 16mo volume should enable them to perfect the method. It may be obtained at the leading book-stores, and, in a burnt leather binding, is very suitable as a gift-book.

"A WOMAN'S INTEREST IN ART." By Miss Carolyn Stoner. A dreamy book, filled with sentiment. It shows that a woman cares more for the personality of the artist than for art itself, except as it expresses the artist. It is rather vague in conception, but is the sort of a book for summer—one with no deep thoughts in it. It is a simple story of adoration.

"THE REJUVENATION OF ANN." By Miss Shire. A sequel to "Anne 'n Ann," is every whit as entertaining and appealing as its predecessor. The two saddened comrades go on a trip to Europe, and in the whirl and fascination of life in the gay capitals become reconciled to their fate, and they return with all the exuberance of youth again upon them. A sweet and delightful story of travel and comradeship. Easily obtained at any book-store. It should be read by all persons who intend to take a European trip.

"THE RHINELANDERS." By Miss Ella A. Busch. A description of the habits, mode of life and appearance of the inhabitants, and is a very faithful characterization of the German nation as a whole. Published by the Schmidt, Kraut Company, of Hamburg, Germany.

"THE HUSTLER." By Mr. Dan'l Hull. A novel full of life and vigor. It is a thrilling story of the exciting life in Armourdale. It is full of ginger and go, and the incidents follow one another rapidly. The climax comes unexpectedly when the hero, having for forty-six hours resisted, alone, a mob composed of three disgruntled Freshmen, makes his escape to Michigan in an airship, pursued by bloodhounds. A very interesting story, and one well worth reading.

"SIMIANOLOGY." By Miss Stella Hodshier, author of "The Feud with the D. Q. D.s." This story, with her intimate knowledge of the genus *homo*, is given an especial value. While it is of soberer tone than the former, it is still highly exciting and varied. It is full of sudden shifts

of scene and points of view and keeps the reader guessing till the last seven words. Don't fail to read this study of the "Apes."

"THE DWARF'S SPECTACLES AND OTHER STORIES." By George Sass. These are short sketches, illustrated by the author, of various happenings in the life of an artist. They are unusual stories and deal with an unusual personality. Several of these stories, including that from which the book takes its name, are very exciting. An undercurrent of love affairs runs through all the stories and knits them together.

"CONFESSIONS OF A SECRET SINNER." By John L. Shouse. A unique volume of deep moral significance. It sets forth how the hero is undercharged one cent in the lunch-room, and, not noticing this at the time, fails to rectify the error. It shows the moral struggles of the hero with himself and the long sleepless nights of anguish spent worrying over the terrible deed. It presents a problem, capable of a strong dramatization, which requires much thought before judgment be passed either one way or the other.

"EVERY MAN HIS OWN BARBER." By Mr. Snedeger. This book describes the art of shaving, dwelling especially upon the conditions under which it is advisable to remove a mustache. Many Freshmen would avoid much worry by purchasing this convenient little volume telling how, when, and where to shave.

"THE GOLDEN KEY." By Mrs. Hedges. A lovely romance of the life of a musician. The reader will note that the theme swells, with a few rests, to a grand crescendo and then fades smoothly and softly away to a happy end. It is a delightful and satisfactory story which has no deep moral or problem involved.

"THE COMING OF LOUISE." A story by Miss Louise Nardin. It is an autobiographical sketch of how the author left the beautiful and cultured West End, famed for its recent successes on diamond and gridiron, for the sole purpose of bringing a ray of enlightenment to the poor, ignorant children of the South Side of Kansas City, Missouri. It may be obtained from the West End Publishing Company in fourteen different styles.

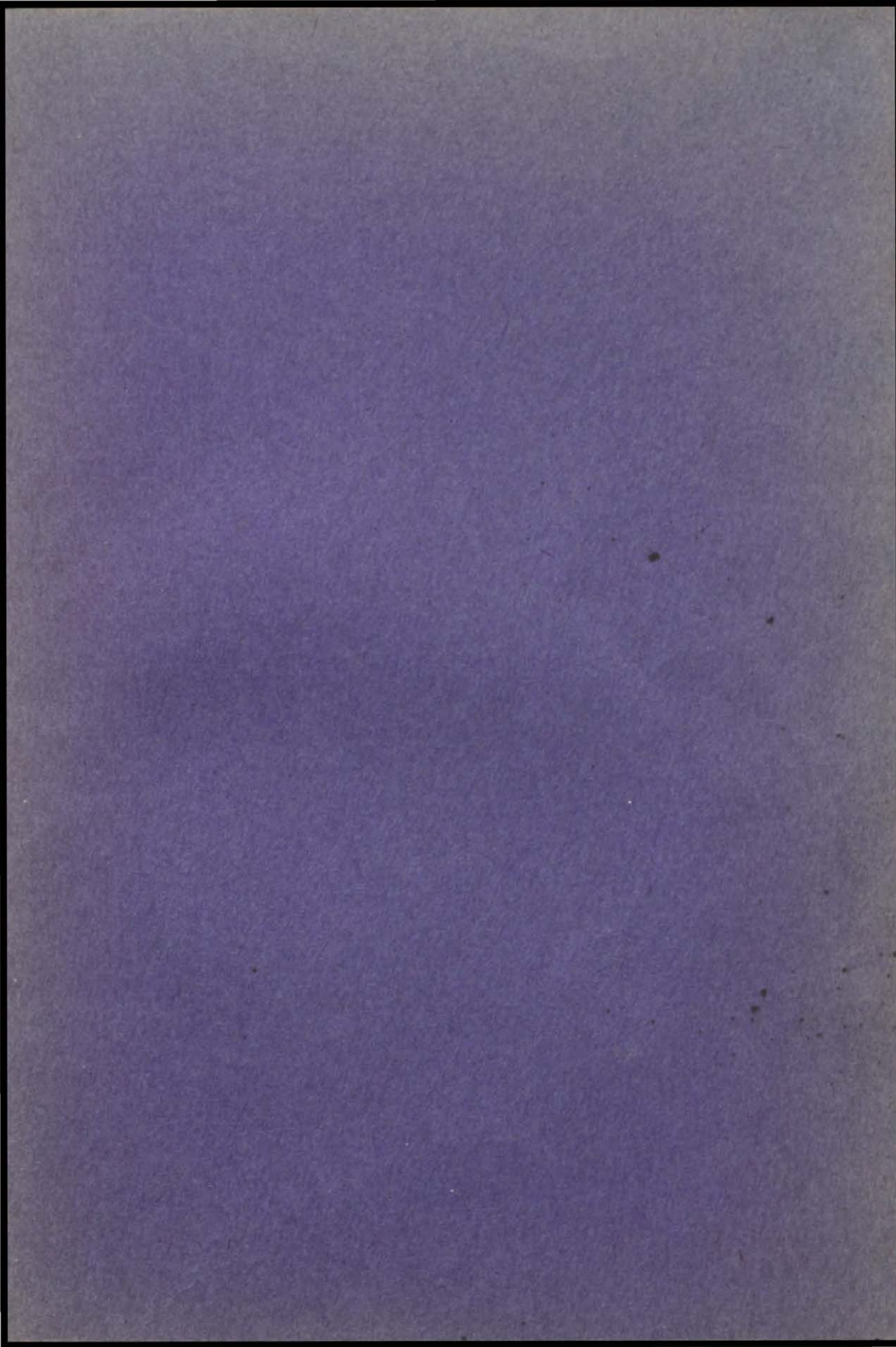
Many new things and some valuable equipments have been added to the biological laboratory during the past year. New tables constructed on the latest and best plans have been provided. Twelve new Bausch and Lomb compound microscopes, in addition to those already in use, now afford excellent opportunities to the pupils in this department. It is now possible for each pupil to have a drawer in which to keep his note-book and other materials needed, and he may also have the exclusive use of a microscope during his laboratory period. These advantages seem to be appreciated as shown by increased interest among pupils and the improved results of their work.

Systematic laboratory and field work has been made a regular part of the course in Physical Geography. Several hundred government maps and atlases, a dozen small globes, an aneroid barometer, and some geographical models were added this year to the previous equipment. The field-work has included a study of the work of a stream at different stages of its development, the growth of a gorge, a study of a waterfall, and the evidence of erosion as found in a rock quarry and on exposed points of land. A terminal moraine was also visited and the work of a glacier under these conditions was investigated.









ESSE QUAM VIDERI.

