

HERALD



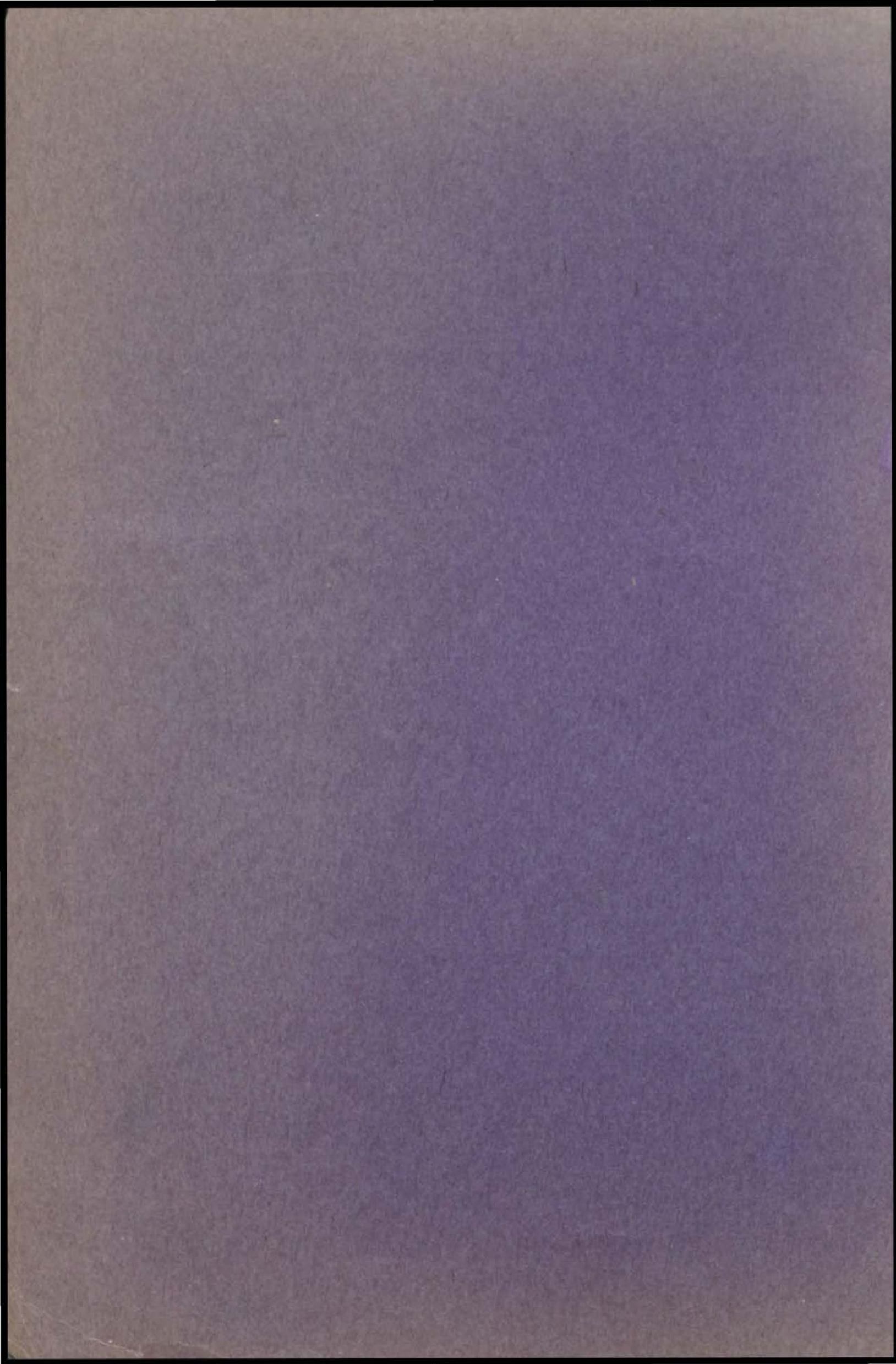
WESTPORT HIGH
SCHOOL



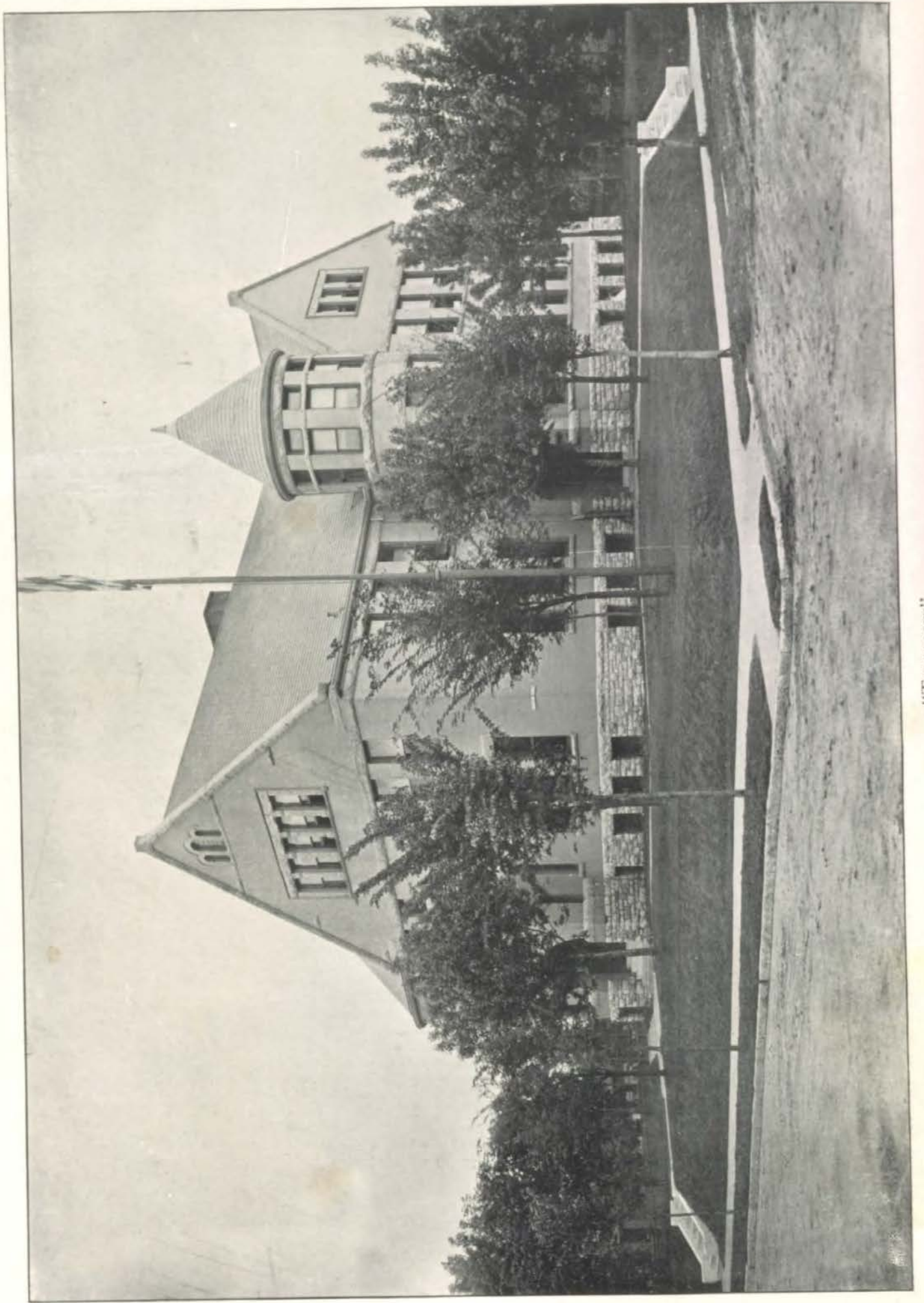
MENT NUMBER

JUNE 1907

KANSAS CITY







"TWILIGHT"

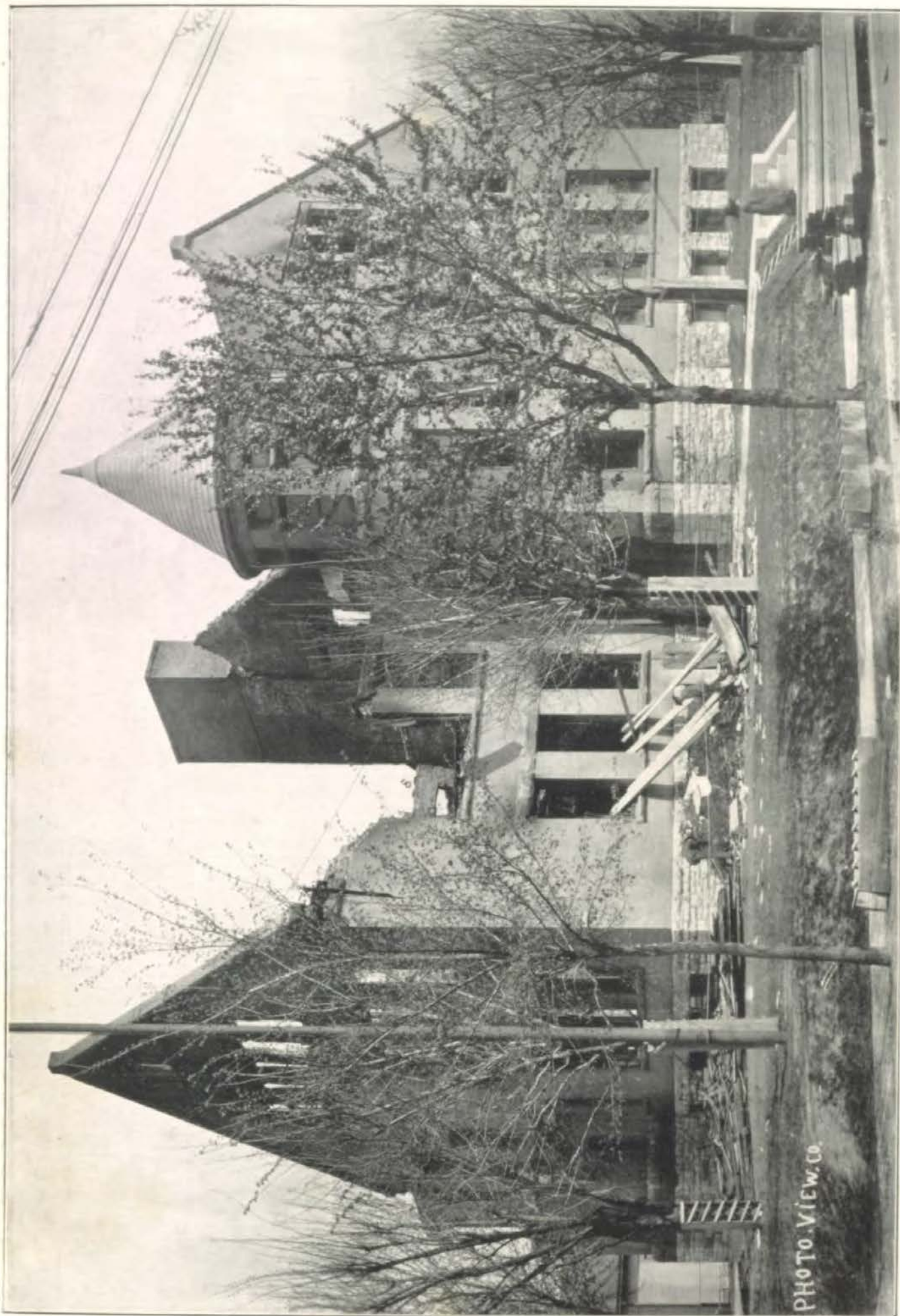


PHOTO-VIEW, CO.

"DAWN"
Monday Morning, April 15, 1907.



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DEDICATION.

UPON this page we here
indite

NO lengthy

DECLARATION.

EACH heart in sympathy with
thee

RESPONDS in

WISE relation.

OF FRIEND, to thee we offer
then

OUR work in

DEDICATION.



STEPHEN ALEXANDER UNDERWOOD.





Invocation Dr. S. B. Campbell.

Melody in F *Rubinstein*.
High School Orchestra.

Vocal Solo, Toreador's Love Song . . . *Couchois*.
Mr. Ernest L. Cox.

Essay:
"The Supremacy of the God of Speech."
Miss Laura E. Snodgrass.

Declamation, "The Rebellion of Pa" . . . *Barbour*.
Miss Helen M. Weber.

Declamation:
"For Dear Old Yale."
Mr. Wilbur C. Heslip.

Oration:
"Publicity."
Mr. Ayers H. Blocher.

Chorus, "Nightingale and Rose" *Lehnert*.

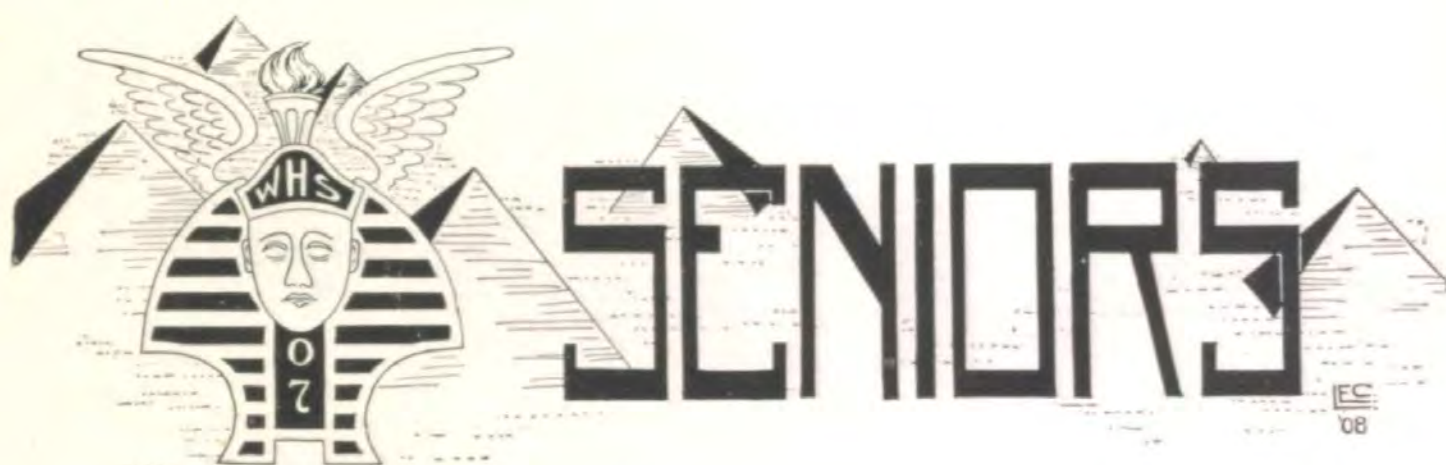
Oration:
"The Astute Oriental."
Mr. Martin K. Brooks.

Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor" . . . *Saenger*.
High School Orchestra.

Essay:
"The Ideal as Portrayed in the Different Forms
of Art."
Miss Wanda Simonds.

Address Honorable Edgar C. Ellis.
Chorus, "Oh, Hail Us, Ye Free!" *Verdi*.
(From "Ernani.")

Presentation of Diplomas . . . Hon. J. C. James.



CLASS HISTORY.

The path of knowledge seemed hard and thorny to the Class of '07, when, with diplomas clasped in sticky little fists, they first entered the portals of Westport High School, four years ago. 'Twas then that they held in awe the mighty Senior as he strode past in all the dignity of his vast knowledge; the Sophomore frightened them, too, with his oversmartness, which bespoke a slight smattering of learning; and the Junior treated them in an elder-brotherly fashion.

But four years have rolled by, bringing to them (in their own mind, at least) a most radical change; they have passed through all the stages of school development and have reached the last period. Each is now a full-fledged Senior, thoroughly assured of himself, thoroughly bored by any more knowledge than his head is already crammed with, and delighting in the impression he creates as he struts through the halls.

The Senior Class of '07 has reached this stage of self-importance, yet consider its merit. In the first place, was not our Class as Freshmen most worldly-wise in all attempts to betray its youth? Then, too, how many have survived the four years of brain-storm? And, although the number of boys has dwindled to the tabooed "23," what they lack in quantity they amply make up in quality.

Not long ago it was rendered possible by X-rays to examine the contents of the head of one of our illustrious Seniors.

The doctor explained the cause of the shadows produced by the brain structure as follows:

"The wavering shadow to the right of your hand is the cell in which fear and terror have their abode. Since the last term examination it has increased considerably and its umbra is so shaped as to lead one to imagine its growth due to stage fright. That large pale shadow is one of vacuous pleasure cell, showing uninterrupted devotion to study.

"Only once," said the illustrious doctor, "have I had the pleasure of finding such another brain, and that belonged to one of the most brilliant of modern statesmen."

Verily, the half will never be told of this wonderful Class! In fact, the old School caught herself meditating on whether the consummation of her hopes had not been reached when she produced this wonderful Class of '07, and whether it would not be decadence to fall back to any lower level of intellect. So one night our dear *Alma Mater* cast herself into the greedy flames, having brought forth this best and largest of her classes, the Class of '07.

Laura E. Snodgrass.

CLASS OF 1907, WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL, KANSAS CITY, MO.

-
- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Alexander, Colin Hay. | *Campbell, Anna Laura. |
| Amelung, Julian Randall. | Carnahan, Loie Catherine. |
| *Blocher, Ayers Haden. | Clagett, Nanna Bealle. |
| Brooks, Martin Kahao. | Ellis, Susan May. |
| Campbell, Marshall. | *Eyman, Jessie. |
| Campbell, Samuel Wallic. | Garrett, Mabel Alice. |
| Coleman, Arthur Saint Alban. | Gushurst, Alice Lucy. |
| Cox, Ernest Lincoln. | Hetherington, Helen Hibbard. |
| Douthitt, Ford. | *Himes, Hazel. |
| Gossard, Charles Oakley. | Hombs, Ruby Helen. |
| Heslip, Wilbur Christy. | Johnson, Abbie. |
| Hodges, Clarence Gray. | *Kirkpatrick, Ina Belle. |
| Klapmeyer, Harry B. | Lamborn, Elsie Stoner. |
| Koogler, John Graham Charles. | Lorie, Hazel Ruth. |
| *Luther, Oscar Paul. | Moore, Nellie Grace. |
| Marley, John Sheeks. | Mellen, Ruth Abercrombie. |
| McMillan, Rae Whipple. | Mott, Ethel Belle. |
| Mott, Albert James. | *Olsen, Anna Lou. |
| Nethaway, Carl Clayton. | Parker, Genevieve. |
| Newell, Clarence Lee. | Partington, Hazel Buckley. |
| Spencer, Lawrence Larkin. | Penn, Norah Margaret. |
| Toll, Alfred, Jr. | *Richards, Elizabeth Lyle. |
| Warren, Walter Brizsee. | Rose, Ethel Esther. |
| Addoms, Ethel Knickerbocker. | *Siegel, Margaret. |
| Alexander, Sheila MacCallum. | Simonds, Wanda. |
| Anderson, Margaret F. | *Snodgrass, Laura Elizabeth. |
| Bannister, Louise H. | *Spence, Fannie. |
| Bastman, Clara Gabriella. | Stickle, Emma Jeanette. |
| *Bosch, Sara Agnes. | Stringer, Alma Gertrude. |
| Brainerd, Anna Eliza. | Tucker, Audrey Ann. |
| Buckley, Ella Marie. | Ware, Catherine Adams. |

*Weber, Helen Marie.

*Honorable Mention.



MARSHALL CAMPBELL,
President.



JOHN S. MARLEY,
Vice-President.



EMMA J. STICKLE,
Secretary.



COLIN H. ALEXANDER,
Treasurer.



CHARLES O. GOSSARD,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

OFFICERS OF SENIOR CLASS.



LOUISE H. BANNISTER.



ETHEL K. ADDOMS.



ELSIE S. LAMBORN.



WALTER B. WARREN.



AUDREY A. TUCKER.



JULIAN R. AMELUNG.



ANNA L. OLSEN.



CLARA G. BASTMAN.



MARTIN K. BROOKS.



SAMUEL W. CAMPBELL.



MARGARET F. ANDERSON.



JESSIE EYMAN.



ETHEL E. ROSE.



WILBUR C. HESLIP.



HAZEL B. PARTINGTON.



ELLA M. BUCKLEY.



SARA A. BOSCH.



AYERS H. BLOCHER.



GENEVIEVE PARKER.



ANNA E. BRAINERD.



S. MAY ELLIS.



ALBERT J. MOTT.



ALICE L. GUSHURST.



NELLIE G. MOORE.



HAZEL R. LORIE.



RAE W. McMILLAN.



SHEILA M. ALEXANDER.



A. LAURA CAMPBELL.



FANNIE SPENCE.



ERNEST L. COX.



ELIZABETH L. RICHARDS.



WANDA SIMONDS.



RUBY H. HOMBS.



HARRY B. KLAPMEYER.



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JOHN G. KOOGLER.



CATHERINE A. WARE.



HELEN H. HETHERINGTON.



LAURA E. SNODGRASS.



NANCY B. CLAGETT.



HAZEL HIMES.



ETHEL B. MOTT.



LAWRENCE L. SPENCER.



CLARENCE L. NEWELL.



FORD DOUTHITT.



ABBIE JOHNSON.



MABEL A. GARRETT.



C. GRAY HODGES.



NORAH M. PENN.



ARTHUR S. COLEMAN.



INA B. KIRKPATRICK.



ALFRED TOLL, Jr.



ALMA G. STRINGER.



CARL C. NETHAWAY.



LOIE C. CARNAHAN.



O. PAUL LUTHER.

FAREWELL.

(To Our Teacher, H. L. Green.)

Come, rarest fancies, noblest thoughts,
Come, Art, and lead my sluggish mind;
Give me expression, pure and full,
To show those feelings truly kind
Toward one, a friend so good and true,
Who leaves old Westport far behind.

Ah, well! good friend, ah, well! ah, well!
We cannot in this world of ours,
Where sorrows swell our hearts with grief,
Know always what is best for us:
All earthly sorrows are but brief,
But since you leave us, in our hearts,
Although a selfish tear we quell,
We cannot help but say to you,
Farewell, dear friend; we wish you well.

Ah, well! ah, well! kind friend, ah, well!
When at our work, and in these halls,
Our minds will oft and oft recall
A friend we miss and always shall;
Then memory will our souls enthrall.
So, as through life you take your way,
Our hearts and wishes go with you;
Think of us tenderly, we pray.
Farewell, true friend; adieu, adieu.
Alma Cutter.

AVOIR BESOIN DE.

(To need.)

To pretty baby in her crib,
With curly hair and azure eyes
And little dimpled grasping hands
And look of sweet surprise,
Her daily portion, let me say,
My loving friend, to you,
Is what she always does regret
Avoir besoin de.

To little Johnny in his play,
Where anger often has its part
When Tommy gets the largest cake,
And little fists will dart,
A pair of wings and safe retreat
When father doth pursue
Are most embarrassing details
Avoir besoin de.

To him who wastes his time at school
And does not learn the rule of three,
Whose great delight is in his kite
And with the humble bee,
A little brains and common-sense,
A little firmness too,
Are very disagreeable
Avoir besoin de.

To timid little love-lorn maids,
Who sigh at each ensuing task,
And wonder if the time will come
When in love's sun they 'll bask,
A little beau with light moustache
And shining eyes of blue
Is the most distressing thing, perhaps,
Avoir besoin de.

To honest, upright business men,
Who get their living by hard work,
And do not thrive from borrowed wealth
And try their humble tasks to shirk,
Happy circumstance and chance,
Money that some other drew,
Are the sources that they do not like
Avoir besoin de.

To everybody in the world,
Reply whate'er you can or will,
In rain or shine, by day or night,
In best of health or ill,
A few good friends to lend a hand
Or sympathize with you
Are what you do not wish, I say,
Avoir besoin de.

Alma Cutter.

"QUANTUM MUTATUS!"

It is with great regret that we announce that this, the eleventh of July, finds the Senior Class of last month in a most distressing mental state. The strain of writing sixty-three different and original Senior essays was quite too much for their over-worked brains.

And those unexpected and strenuous finals—surely they were the last straw! And the Seniors of '07? they just succumbed, that's all—and instead of going out into the world in prime mental condition, they have been incarcerated, one and all, in an old musty building at Eleventh and Locust Streets. They while away the time bewailing Freshman days in old Westport and begging for a ray of sunshine and a breath of fresh air.

Many of them, at the height of their brain-storm, have been guilty of various petty and more serious crimes. On account of their abnormal condition, court proceedings have been waived and they have been confined for safe-keeping.

A full and complete list of the unfortunate members of this luckless class follows:

Miss Jeanette Stickle, *alias* Mlle. Eugénie St. Iklerie, who made such a success in "Life in the New School," was incarcerated for allowing her dramatic genius to carry her mind away. It incidentally carried away the box-office receipts and the scenery.

Margaret Siegel is one of the belles of the Sanitarium. Toward the end of school she developed a tendency to slide in the halls. Now she dances in the halls every evening from eight till midnight, amid crowds of admiring rats, mice, and kittens.

Laura Snodgrass became over-ambitious about declamation and public speaking. After the Commencement program, it was all they could do to restrain her from reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" as an encore. She spends most of her time reciting "Casey at the Bat" and "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*."

Anna Brainerd found a watch and lost her mind. She could not find the owner, and after she gave up the attempt she feared that the owner would find her. She insists that her name is Anna Erd, as her brain is gone. She has taken up knitting in her spare moments.

Charles Gossard was given nervous prostration by the admiring plaudits of the girls. He used to hear such expressions as "He's a love," "My! but isn't he sweet?" Now he paces up and down his padded cell repeating, "She says I'm a love," a distant, far-away look in his deep blue eyes.

Walter Warren was imprisoned to save his life. He impersonated a woman and attended a meeting of the "Old Cats' Association." They discovered his presence and a regiment of infantry had to escort him to safety. The terrible fright caused his mind to wander.

Martin Brooks is perhaps the most dangerous patient. He is believed to have committed many crimes, from stealing watermelons to assassinating the next president. He insisted on a trial by a jury of women, with an orchestra attached, and was put in a padded cell.

Down in one of the darkest dungeons, waving his arms in wild frenzy, lies John Marley. He expected to receive a subsidy for his family, but was disappointed. His mind gave way and he developed a tendency for indiscriminate flirting.

Wilbur Heslip is kept in a reinforced concrete cell. He was confined for throwing a banner through the window of the fourteenth story of the Long Building, while engaged in a track meet at Elm Ridge. Enraged because it did not clear the river, his mind gave way.

Marshall Campbell, in a padded cell, objects to anyone else being president of anything. He was arrested for a violent attack on the insurgent president of Honduras. He is campaigning now for the presidency of the "Amalgamated Lunatics' Association."

While engaged in an argument with Miss De Witt, Alfred Toll's mind gave way, and he insisted that after death the soul took a Rockhill car, transferred at Eighth Street and Grand Avenue and took a car to Fairmount Park. He raves about not being allowed to follow the same path, and insists that he is but a soul, with no chunky body attached.

Catherine Ware applied herself too closely to writing a great play. After the loss of her mind, she finished the play and made the heroine marry the villain and the hero become a hopeless drunkard. She is at present covering all the blackboards with a romantic drama about a Mormon farmer with forty-eight wives.

Hazel Lorie became insane because no one would listen to her frantic descriptions of Europe. After six hours of careful description of the Tower of London, she discovered that for five hours and fifty-nine minutes there had been nobody in the same room. She has just finished the fifty thousandth page of a description of a Paris paving-stone.

The cell of Ernest Cox is well provided with graphophones, pianolas, guitars, violins, cornets, mandolins, bagpipes, hand-organs, accordions, etc., which the Sanitarium warden starts playing every morning at daybreak, while Ernest sings to their accompaniment the livelong day.

Clara Bastman became a lunatic over the prospect of winning the HERALD cover prize, and now sits in her cell drawing numerous designs and sees ten-dollar gold-pieces floating around in the atmosphere—all coming her way.

Paul Luther, although a little fellow, became a fanatic on pedestrianism, and his cell has been equipped with a tread-mill for his incessant walking.

Nanna Clagett became pitifully insane over dramatic art, and sits in an easy-chair muttering dramatically Shakespearean verse. Her violent gesticulation has made her extremely weak.

Rae McMillan has a common trouble, auto-mania. He tried to run the "bubble" through a Monday assembly and to kill the teachers but spare the pupils. He has been confined in the "shoot the chutes" fire-escape, where he has hill-climbing contests between toy automobiles.

Helen Hetherington has a mania for wearing clothes—lots of them. Her deprivation early this year has caused a reaction during the early summer. Nearly every day she may be seen passing the windows with seven dresses on, four or five pairs of shoes, two hats on her head and several more hung in festoons from her shoulders.

When Samuel Campbell heard the names of the "three Campbells" at Commencement, his over-worked nature gave way. He believed he was the animal his name signifies and began to eat the flowers on the ladies' hats, and even tried to go seven days without a drink. At present he wanders up and down the halls swinging his head from side to side, believing himself in a desolate desert.

Bessie Richards, after having adored one of the teachers for two years and being disappointed in the return of her love, at last took up German and has become melancholy over her failure to master the language. She now paces her cell repeating eloquently, "Ich liebe meine liebe Lehrerin."

Norah Penn lost her reason after having tried in vain to defend herself against her ardent admirers in the bookkeeping class. She requires a constant attendant to tell her that she is alone and won't be bothered by "those horrid boys."

After eating a great deal of chili, Lawrence Spencer got cold feet and did not win the track meet. This drove poor Lawrence out of his senses, and now he insists that his room be kept at 100 degrees Centigrade. He will eat nothing but chili and red pepper, and keeps calling out for "fire water."

Ruth Mellen is an unusual case. She believes that she isn't; that she does not exist. If anyone contradicts her and says that they see her, she hides behind a match and insists that there is no such person as Ruth Mellen in the world, and that anyone who says there is deserves to be in a sanitarium.

Ayers Blocher's delusion is 'cross-country running and jumping. After school he was discovered hurdling counters in a china store with rather disastrous results. He was arrested and sent to the Sanitarium for safe-keeping. All day long he jumps from seat to seat in the Study Hall and runs round and round the halls, struggling to pass imaginary opponents.

May Ellis is under the impression that she is a china shepherdess who has been moved from her place and lost her companion shepherd. She walks around moodily, a pointer in her hand for a crook, looking for a mantlepiece where she can rest from her search.

Julian Amelung, soon after Commencement, seemed to forget the last four years. He believes he is a Freshie, and goes wandering around asking, "Please, Mr. Senior, will you tell me where the drawing-room is?" Also calling for milk in the lunch-room. He has even rolled his trousers up to the knees.

John Koogler believes he is a Mexican cactus, and that if anyone comes within ten feet of him, they will be pierced to the heart. He is so tenderhearted that he tries to keep everyone, even the girls, away from him. He has to be kept in a separate room with a box of sand to put his feet in.

Colin Alexander's mania leads him to believe he is a safety deposit vault. The duties of treasurer for the Round Table and the Seniors unbalanced his mind. He has to touch all the buttons on his coat before he will open his mouth, and is in constant fear that one of the girls will steal him.

Nellie Moore is suffering from "exaggerated ego." She struts up and down the Assembly Hall stage, bowing and smiling, throwing kisses to imaginary crowds, which she believes are cheering her madly.

Laura Campbell is suffering from mathematical fever. Up in Room 25 she has spent her time making geometrical figures, never erasing any until the whole board is covered. Still she goes on, frantically describing arcs, drawing tangents, covering whole squares with arithmetical calculations, all of them invisible. She is so mathematical she refuses to eat anything but pie (π).

Harry Klappmeyer has lost his mind, his heart, and his money. He was discovered begging for enough money to win his sweetheart's hand and to build her a home in Harlem. Now he sits in the halls, his eyes blindfolded, crutches (borrowed from Amelung) by his side, turning a hand-organ and holding out a tin cup for pennies, tears of gratitude streaming down his face at the sound of a coin.

Clarence Newell, who was depending upon the crops this season, became despondent over the failure, and goes about now carrying an oil lamp, trying to keep the cabbages from freezing.

Wanda Simonds fancies that she is an interrogation mark. She is not violent unless she sees Miss De Witt, when she launches into such a frenzy of "Whys" and "Hows" that Electrolysis himself, though a most intrepid beast, pales to his very whisker-ends.

Carl Nethaway fell off the tally-ho at the Junior ride and injured his brain. He was able to graduate, but soon afterward was taken with the idea that he was a steam plow and commenced to rush through the crowds, scattering them right and left. Now he spends his time digging furrows in the floor with a hat-pin.

One of the most pathetic sights in this institution is Sarah Bosch, who sits all day on a bench in the sunshine, playing with wooden blocks and repeating, "This year, next year, 999 years." Visitors are told that she spends her time thus, imagining she is constructing a Union Station for Kansas City.

Arthur Coleman has gone back to his second childhood. He has a large flock of Teddy bears, several life-sized dolls, and a doll-baby carriage. He becomes tearful if he does not get his warm milk at the proper hours, and insists on taking two naps a day.

Alice Gushurst went crazy with joy because saw a joke on the second reading. Now she becomes violent if she is not supplied with copies of the comic papers, which she learns by heart, carefully marking the places to laugh and chuckle. Her sense of humor is slowly developing, at the expense of her sanity.

Ford Douthitt's mind was unbalanced by his carrying around the weight of a Senior pin. The strain got on his nerves, and now he imagines that he designed the old heavy one and must design a lighter one. He goes about drawing minute, flowery designs with the inscription, "'07 Sanitarium."

Lou Olson, after completing her lengthy treatise on temperance, became so enthusiastic over woman's suffrage that she is now afflicted with a severe brain-storm.

Ella Buckley is known as "Whispering Ella." She contracted the habit in High School, but during the few weeks before Commencement she made a sudden resolution to break herself of the habit, with the result that her brain gave way under the severe strain. With a string of beads in her hands, she paces her narrow cell, whispering as she slips each one.

Ruby Hombs is kept in a straight-jacket most of the time. When she is not, she thinks she is playing "Statue." It is believed that, while trying to strike a very beautiful yet difficult attitude, she strained one of the cords in her neck, which unbalanced her mental equilibrium.

Ethel Mott and Ethel Addoms, while walking past the cemetery on their way home from school late one night, thought they saw a ghost. The awful experience drove them insane, and they now pace wildly to and fro, holding a geometry before them as a shield and shrieking, "Sacred to the memory of" and "Here lies."

Poor Ethel Rose tried to forget her sojourn in Topeka and partially succeeded until, during the Commencement program, someone mentioned "Prohibition." The awful word brought such dire remembrances to her mind that she was led from the stage a raving maniac.

Ina Kirkpatrick gave so much time to Latin that her mind became a blank on every other subject. She thinks she is a gladiator of Cæsar's time, and spends her spare moments trying to prick Mr. Snedeger with a javelin.

Hazel Partington was driven mad by the theft of her curls. Some envious person grabbed the afore-mentioned treasures just before Commencement. When Hazel discovered her loss, she refused to go on the stage until some wood-shavings were given to her. When her diploma was handed to her, she took off a shaving and bestowed it on the donor of the diploma, saying, "Let 's swap, sir."

Fannie Spence imagines that she is literary editor of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Century*, *Collier's*, *Everybody's*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*. She insists upon having her clothes trimmed with pen-points and has to be forcibly restrained from drinking ink. This is the saddest case of a brilliant mind gone wrong in the whole Sanitarium.

Abbie Johnson went insane while attempting to invent fifty-seven varieties of coiffures. She only accomplished forty-nine, and the disappointment overwhelmed her.

Helen Weber is afflicted by a religious mania. She prances up and down her cell, trying to dig her heels as far as possible into the concrete floor, and mutters texts solemnly.

Elsie Lamborn's indulgence in the artful powder-rag has led to a pitiful hallucination. She thinks her nose is always shiny. To remedy this imaginary defect, the poor crazed child carries constantly with her a bag of flour and a bucket of whitewash.

The intense excitement of being on the stage at Commencement drove Genevieve Parker insane. She now believes she is a Spanish dancer and whirls incessantly upon the Assembly Hall stage, to the intense mortification of the religiously inclined inmates.

Hazel Himes is one of the noisiest of the inmates. Someone proved that she said three words in succession and the terrible truth drove her insane. Now she talks incessantly in a loud tone of voice, and almost drives the other lunatics crazy.

Gray Hodges became mentally deranged from overstudy. Miss De Witt, judging from his brilliant recitations in English, feared a total breakdown, and recommended a thorough rest for his overtaxed brain.

Albert Mott believes he is a tennis ball, and, as his chief delight is rolling down stairs, he has to be kept in a padded room. He has marked off a court on the floor with chalk, and jumps from one side of an imaginary net to the other, raising an awful racket. His favorite exclamation is, "Love fifteen."

Loie Carnahan's mind has been permanently injured by finding that she can no longer have Miss Patrick's company to guide her footsteps, and her helpful hints as to how to really appreciate Wednesday afternoon matinees. The poor child is now confined in a room the walls of which are papered with Miss Patrick's pictures and the moldings lined with directions which Miss Patrick gave her before she graduated.

When Sheila Alexander's mind gave way, the close proximity of her "fuzzy" coat made her think she was a Teddy bear. Now she paces around her cell, growling and snapping at all comers. In spite of her mental state, she is inclined toward Stout-ness.

Audrey Tucker became so terrified at the prospect of a possible return to Higginsville that she also fell into queer ways. She dyed her hair green and wears a blue and lilac dress to harmonize. She raves because she cannot change the color of her eyes to pink.

Alma Stringer was one of the latest and most desperate victims who succumbed to the influence of high school life. While taking a vocal course under Mrs. Hedges, she lost her mind in attempt to place her tones in the correct location.

Wedding-bells and disappointment in love was the combination that drove Margaret Anderson insane. The marriage of two other Seniors weighs so on her mind that every time she hears the dinner-bell she imagines that it is playing the "Lohengrin" Wedding March. She has had her cell fitted up with secret passages, in which she can hide when the jailer brings her dinner.

Mabel Garrett imagines she is nine feet tall; and, in continual fear of bumping her head, she has insisted upon having the ceiling of her cell raised ten feet. Even now, when it is about fifteen feet out of reach, she has had it padded doubly thick.

Trying to keep up with the latest fashions of Argentine drove the unfortunate Louise Bannister crazy. Now she is in the remotest cell in the Sanitarium, making clothes for a pug dog, which she has taken with her as a companion. She insists upon running the sewing machine at midnight by X-ray light.

When she heard of the loss of her Senior essay in the fire, Jessie Eyman received a severe chill which mentally unbalanced her. Now she sits in an asbestos-lined cell, wrapped in blankets and furs, with the thermometer at 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Latin sentence read as follows: "Lupa ad vagitum occurrit, lingua infantis lambit, matremque se gessit." This is the way it was rendered by a slightly excited Freshman: "A wolf ran up and licked the children like a mother."

IMPRESSIONS.

The sound of bells, wild and alarming, clanging fiercely out upon the windy night! The cry of voices as firemen hurried to and fro, adjusting ladders and lifting the long, snake-like hose! Men, women, and children huddled together on every corner and doorstep; their expressions telling of the half-conscious state of mind! Women with straight and stringy locks of hair straggling carelessly from beneath shawls and caps; men with coat-collars turned up about their throats, and children gazing with sleepy yet excited eyes at the sight across the way.

The school-house, wrapped in a coat of scarlet flames, first lapping hungrily about the Laboratory windows, then growing wilder and wilder, climbing higher and higher, up, up, up, consuming everything within its path and reaching out its furious tongues until it touched the roof, then leaping with demonlike fury far up into the heavens till it met the dark night sky—and sending continually upward myriads and myriads of tiny sparks, appearing to be stars let loose. Soaring and sailing, upward and outward, vanishing at last to give way to a myriad more.

At the highest windows, perched upon the top-most rungs of toppling ladders, firemen fought vainly to extinguish the flames.

The bottles of chemicals in the Laboratory went to their doom with a sound like the crashing of thunder.

The numberless fish in their gold and silver gowns swam wildly about the aquarium. As the light of the clambering flames grew brighter and brighter, the beautiful creatures sank away from the intense heat, down to the cooler waters beneath the rocks—but even there the water became warmer and warmer until at last it boiled and bubbled—the floor beneath the glass house gave way and the whole thing crashed downward—all but the little gold and silver creatures, who were lifted up and wafted heavenward by a great, kind, gust of wind—that carried them up among the sparks—indistinguishably like them—until they too mingled with the stars in the infinite.

The graduates of past years leaned from their places to speak to friends and called each other's names in piteous tones as the fury of flames came closer and closer—then softly they bade each other good-bye and cried again to those up and down the hall and stairway. Oh, the horrible sensation! those flames leaping and crawling about them, and the horror of seeing the friends near them go crash-

ing down from their long accustomed places into the angry pit of flames.

High up in the Music room the flames gnawed, slowly at first, then furiously, until at last the piano, the beautiful instrument of a million moods—felt the devouring flames climbing upward until, as the floor gave way, the entire body of the instrument broke into flames and sunk deep into the débris with one long, pitiful, yet strangely beautiful cry of pain, the swan song of its existence, it went to join "the choir invisible."

At last, when the fury of flames had done its worst, the great front door was torn back and deep within the heart of the building, standing as true and god-like as ever, wreathed round about with a frame of distant flames, stood the exquisite figure of Apollo, seeming to portray in his proud and steadfast poise that, though all else were lost, the undying spirit of the School remained.

Catherine Ware, '07.

THE DECLAMATION CONTEST.

The sixth annual Declamation Contest of the Westport High School was held Friday evening, May 31, in the Allen Library Hall. In spite of the afternoon's rain and the threatening clouds, the hall was well filled with an appreciative audience. The following program was given:

- "The Holy City" *S. Adams.*
Westport High School Orchestra.
1. "Lasca" *F. Desprez.*
Mr. James H. Field.
2. "The Other Wise Man" *Dr. Van Dyke.*
Miss Helen H. Hetherington.
- "Sing On" *Denza.*
Girls' Chorus.
3. "Gentlemen, The King!" *Robert Barr.*
Mr. Leslie B. Hohman.
4. "A Vicarious Flirtation."
Miss Nanna B. Clagett.
- "Sailing" *Markes.*
Boys' Chorus.
5. "The New South" *Grady.*
Mr. W. Paul Jones.
6. "The Soft Spot in B. 606."
Miss Sallie M. McCluer.
- "Donawellen" *Ivanovici.*
Westport High School Orchestra.
7. "Jean Valjean" *Victor Hugo.*
Mr. Paxson Winsborough.
8. "The Tale of Two Cities" *Dickens.*
Miss E. Jeanette Stickle.

After the contest, the judges, Mr. Porter Graves, of Central High School, Miss Dothart, of the Kansas City, Kas., High School, and Superintendent Gwynne, of Mound City, retired to their almost impossible task of deciding upon the winners. When it comes to choosing the best of four declamations, entirely different in subject matter and style, and all so well given, to say that this choice is difficult is to state the fact mildly. The contestants were so nearly matched that the audience would have felt just as satisfied had the decision been given to any one of the speakers.

While the judges were discussing the declamations, the Rev. Paul Jenkins, pastor of the Linwood Presbyterian Church, gave a talk about school athletics. He told stories of his life at Princeton and kept the audience laughing throughout. He presented a cup, given by the Schmelzer Arms Company, to Charles Gossard, for winning the 'cross-country run last Thanksgiving. He also gave medals to the Ward School boys who won events at the Elm Ridge meet, and another cup to the Norman School for winning the relay. It was decided that the cup tied for by Grover Earl and James Hogg should remain in the School, with their names and the events they won engraved upon it.

A set of Hudson's Shakespeare was then awarded to Miss Lydia Cook for the best cover design for the mid-year HERALD and ten dollars in gold to Miss Lucille Coffin for the best design for the Commencement number. The Rev. Louis S. Cupp then presented the ten-dollar prize, given by the W. C. T. U. for the best temperance essay, to Philip S. Barnes. Miss Alma Cutter, Miss Irene Curtis, Miss Marguerite Smith, Mr. Carl Davis, and Mr. Walter Moore were given honorable mention and awarded Swastika pins.

After this the declamation judges awarded the ten-dollar prizes to Miss Sallie M. McCluer and to Mr. Paxson Winsborough.

A TREASURE-HUNT.

One day, while I was rummaging in the attic, I found an old parchment, on which were written directions for locating some hidden treasure. The contents were somewhat as follows:

"About ten miles west of Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, and on the old Sante Fé Trail, is a small cave, out of which flows a stream of water. In the cave, and fifty yards from its mouth, is a small opening leading off to the left.



MR. PAXSON WINSBOROUGH,
Winner of Declamation Contest.



MR. PHILIP S. BARNES,
Winner of W. C. T. U. Prize.



MISS SALLIE M. McCLUER,
Winner of Declamation Contest.



MISS LYDIA E. COOK,
Winner of Mid-Year HERALD
Cover Prize.



MISS LUCILLE COFFIN,
Winner of Annual HERALD
Cover Prize.



To find treasure, enter this opening and follow main passage to tenth branch which leads to the right; follow this to the end. Find point which is ten feet from center of large rock, and in line with opposite corner. At a point eighteen inches to the left of the point thus found, dig two feet. The treasure is yours."

As any other boy would have been under similar circumstances, I was wild with excitement. As quickly as I could I went to where father was working, and bombarded him with questions.

"All I know about the parchment is this," he said: "One day, when you were a baby, two men stopped here to rest. They had been traveling all morning in the hot sun, and one of them—Lander, I believe, was his name—had become overheated. Before night he became ill. The other fellow left that same evening. Before going, however, he called me aside, and told me that Lander was a visionary man, and therefore I must take no stock in his tales of treasure. During the night, Lander called me to his bedside, and said he was dying. He gave me a small box, which he said contained a valuable parchment. He made me swear—I couldn't refuse the wish of a dying man—not to open the box until fifteen years had elapsed. If within that time no one who answered a certain minute description, which I have forgotten, called for it, it should be mine. I had forgotten the existence of the parchment. Let's see—the time was up last year. But, mark me, I have no faith in his treasure tale. I've had too much experience in such things".

At first father would not let me go, but finally he gave his consent, saying that I was old enough to learn the futility of expecting to get rich quick.

At the time of which I am speaking, I was eighteen years of age, and lived with my father near Independence, Mo. I judged that, as it was only eight or nine miles to the cave, I should be able to make the entire journey in a day. I decided to go on foot, fearing that I should attract attention by leaving my horse hitched outside the cave. Then, too, there was danger of his being stolen.

One morning at daybreak I set out alone, with a lunch, a few tallow candles, plenty of matches, a hatchet, and a pocket-knife. I wished to take a pick and shovel, but I feared that would attract too much attention. Before nine I reached a cave which answered the description given. There was the stream of clear, cool water! How my heart leaped with joy at the thought that I, a poor farmer boy, should leave the cave a rich man! I should

not only be able to go to college, but should also be able to build my parents a new home, and still have enough left to keep me in comfort the rest of my days. How nice that would be! But time was too precious to waste, standing at the mouth of the cave, when the treasure was waiting for me.

I lighted a candle and proceeded. What did it matter if I had to wade through water, and bend nearly double, so low was the roof? Not much, at a time like this.

About fifty yards from the mouth of the cave, I found an opening to the left, but too small to admit my body. But I wasn't to be hindered by such trifles. I set to work to enlarge the opening. After about an hour's hard work, I was able to crawl through, when, to my inexpressible joy, I found myself in a cool, winding cave. The roof was not much higher than my head, and I noticed the absence of stalactites and stalagmites; in other respects the cave resembled the large caverns of the world, even to the numerous side-branches, some of which were very low and narrow, while others were almost as large as the main passage.

I followed the largest passage until I reached the tenth branch on my right. I followed this, trembling with fear. It terminated in a large room, in one corner of which was an almost cubical stone. I placed my candle on the ground, and set to work. First I found the center of the stone as nearly as I could. But here my trouble began. What a fool I had been for coming off without a measure of some kind. If I should guess at the distance, I should probably have to dig three or four times. This would not do, for my candle supply was limited. I sat down on the rock to think. Yes, what a fool I was. Who ever heard of locating hidden treasure without the most accurate calculation and measurement? As I sat there, calling myself hard names, my glance rested for a moment on my hatchet, which I had dropped to the floor as I entered. Quick as a flash, I was on my feet. I had often used that hatchet handle as a rule. It was exactly twelve inches long!

Feeling less discouraged, I carefully found a point ten feet from the center of the stone, and in line with the opposite corner. I next found a point eighteen inches from that point, the line joining the two points being perpendicular to the original line. Here I began to dig.

As I had no tools except a hatchet and a knife, the digging proved a laborious task. But, in spite of my hard luck, I soon found that I was approaching the required depth. My heart began to beat faster. My hatchet struck something. It was

metal. I was so nervous I could hardly work. Soon I had the top of a chest exposed to view. It was the work of a few moments only to lift out the chest, and break its rusty lock. In the chest I found two canvas bags, one of which contained silver coin, while the other, by far the most valuable, contained gold and precious stones, including half a dozen of enormous value. As the chest was too heavy to carry, I replaced it and covered it up. With one bag of money and the burning candle in one hand, and the other bag in the other, I started for the outside world.

I thought I had gone in the right direction until I came to a dark, swift stream of water, about ten yards wide. My heart almost gave way with fear. I was lost! True, near the other side was a small opening, through which the faint daylight streamed, but between me and it lay a cold, dark river, which I feared to attempt to swim, lest its current carry me where human aid were of no avail. I wanted to leave by the same opening through which I had entered; but, as my candle was about gone, I had to abandon the idea. There was only one thing to do, and that was to throw my treasure across, and swim for liberty.

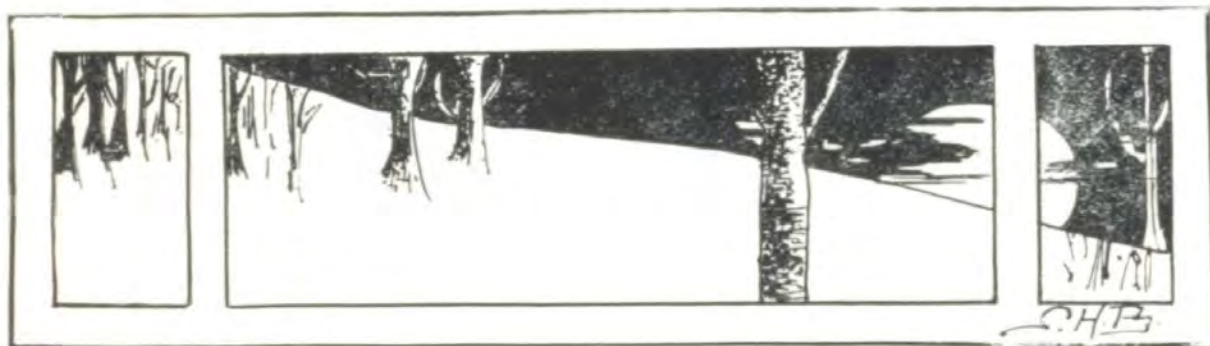
By a great effort, I tossed the bag of silver across. But in so doing I strained my arm. Any

sensible person would have left that bag of gold and precious stones there, and come for it later. But not I. I must take it with me. Because of the angle of the opening, only a small amount of daylight entered the cave. Indeed, as soon as the candle should go out—it was already growing dim—it would be almost pitch dark, and I feared that coming darkness. The quicker I got out, the better. After removing my clothes and pitching them across, I picked up the bag and swung it into the air. I watched it in breathless silence. It missed its mark! It fell into the river and sank from sight. I almost fainted.

I had barely strength enough to swim across and dress. I took what Fate had allotted to me, and passed out into the warm spring afternoon. As I looked back into the cave to get a last glimpse of those dark regions, the candle went out with a flicker, leaving in darkness the cold underground river, in whose depths lay untold riches.

Until within the last few years, the narrow opening which led from the cave into those dark caverns was entered by many an enterprising lad of the neighborhood. But now, I believe, its exact location is not known, the opening itself having been closed by a caving-in of the roof.

Charles Smith, '08.



A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

"Tell me not," in idle jingle,
 Marriage is an empty dream!
 For the man is dead that 's single,
 "And things are not what they seem."

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"
 Single blessedness a fib;
 Man thou art, to man returneth,
 Has been spoken of the rib.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way,
 But to act, that each to-morrow"
 Find us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though light and gay,
 Still, like pleasant drums, are beating
 Wedding marches all the day.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb driven cattle!"
 Be a hero—get a wife!

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead past bury its dead!
 Act, act in the living present!"
 Heart within, and hope ahead.

Lives of married folk remind us
 We can live our lives as well,
 "And departing, leave behind us"
 Such examples as will tell.

Such examples, that another,
 Wasting time in idle sport,
 A forlorn unmarried brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart and court.

"Let us then be up and doing,"
 With a heart on triumph set,
 "Still contriving, still pursuing,"
 Until each a wife shall get.

Betty C. Eastman, '08.

MY SPECTRE.

One evening, as I neared a corner crossing,
 I saw a light come shining down the street.
 I thought, of course, it was an automobile,
 Till, turning, great surprise stopped still my feet.

I saw a ten-foot monster glaring at me,
 Head in the middle, blazing wings arising,
 Clad in a striped prison suit from Lansing,
 With countenance both awesome and surprising.

Too scared to run, I stood in terror rooted.
 The monster never changed its awful grin.
 I nearly swooned, then fell to earth contented—
 I saw 'twas nothing but a Senior pin.



Never in the history of Westport High School have we had a musical organization which causes us so much pride as "Our Orchestra" of this year. Composed of eleven good members, under the splendid leadership of Mr. J. E. Chinnery, it has now become a vital part of the School system. The class of music mastered this year is of a high quality, and some excellent numbers have been given on various occasions.

On two afternoons the members delighted the old ladies of the Nettleton Home with their music, and had an afternoon planned to bring some sunshine into the lives of the unfortunate inmates of the County Farm, when the fire destroyed all their music, racks, etc.

These have all been replaced now, and the selections given by the Orchestra on the Declamation Contest and Commencement programs showed the thorough practice they have had this year.

Two of the most efficient members, Mr. William Kintz and Mr. Walter Metcalf, were absent when the Orchestra group was taken, and are therefore not represented in it.

This year's graduating class takes Miss Ethel Addoms and Miss Abbie Johnson, who have been with the Orchestra during the four years of their High School course. Their places will not be easily filled.

MEMBERS.

Violins:

MISS ETHEL K. ADDOMS.
 MISS ABBIE JOHNSON.
 MISS GENEVIEVE SMITH.
 MR. WILLIAM KINTZ.
 MR. WALTER METCALF.
 MR. PAUL GOODWIN.

Mandolins:

MISS ELSIE STORR.
 MR. HERMAN KUEHLKE.
 MR. MATHEW BEUDER.
 MR. JAMES FIELD.

Accompanist:

MISS CYRILLA HUMES.

Director:

MR. J. E. CHINNERY.





WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

AN UNSUSPECTED ATHLETE.

"It's no use; I just haven't got it in me!" The speaker, a rather small, slender boy, in running costume, sat dejectedly at the side of the hundred-yard marks at the Athletic Field. He was Hal Merton, and, though one might easily have taken him for a Freshman, a Junior in one of the high schools of a good-sized Western city.

He had one ambition, and one which would seem almost impossible the moment one looked at him. It was to gain recognition in athletics.

Foot-ball was clearly impossible because of his lack of weight and strength. When the winter came on, he had tried basket-ball. He practiced faithfully for weeks, only to fail even in getting on a class team. With base-ball it was the same way. As Tom Marks, the captain, had said to him, "You could play all right if you could only throw or field better, and bat some."

At last he had turned as a last frail hope to the track team, and now this bubble had burst. He had tried the hurdles, then the jumps, the distance runs, the pole vault, and the sprints. Of course there was no chance for him at the weights, and he was at last forced to admit that he was not the athlete he had hoped.

Everybody had been very sympathetic and encouraging. They told him to try again; that he would do better next time; but the next time had not come. As he picked himself up and walked slowly back to the dressing-room he was thinking hard. As he got into his clothes he argued the question, and when he started for home he had decided that he would stop. It seemed no use; he was not an athlete and could not become one.

During the next few weeks Hal's friends noticed a great change in him. Before this he had plunged into school life with all his spirit. Although he could not play foot-ball, there had been no more ardent supporter of the team. He had thrown his whole soul into his School and had stood by it through victory and defeat. He became very popular at the School, being the vice-president of his class and the treasurer of one of the school societies. Through all his interest in school life he had not neglected his lessons and had stood high in the class. Now there was a decided difference. He was no longer seen at the base-ball

games, he was absent from his society meetings, and he fell down greatly in his studies. He seemed entirely apart from the school, taking interest in nothing.

This radical change in his temperament caused considerable comment through the school. The teachers could not understand it, and asking him questions threw no light on the mystery. He began to get pale and even thinner than before. He passed all his time in reading, getting no exercise except when his friends dragged him away for a game of tennis. At this, as in all other athletics, he was but a mediocre performer, and it was difficult to persuade him even to an occasional game.

After one of the meetings of the Literary Society to which he belonged, from which he had been absent, several of his friends started on their way to the school tennis court. The conversation turned on Hal's queer behavior during the last few weeks. Various theories, from his having consumption to his being in love, were advanced. Dan Robson, the president of the club, and Hal's chum, was silent all the way to the court, evidently thinking about Hal. After they reached the court and were getting ready to play, he stopped in the act of putting on a shoe. "Say, fellows," he burst out, "I'll bet I know what's the matter with Hal. He's disappointed."

"Disappointed! Over what?" ejaculated Tom Lumley, a big, husky foot-ball player and weight man.

"Because he can't do anything much in athletics," answered Dan.

"You mean he's sore because he couldn't make the track team and has got sulky," corrected Lumley. "It makes me sick."

"That's not it at all," spoke up a freckled, red-haired boy. "It's easy enough for you to talk about it, Lumley; you've got a place on the team. I know how he feels. I felt that way myself last year, only not so bad. He just feels that he can't do anything."

"Well, can he?" came Lumley's reply.

"Lumley, to use your own elegant expression, you make me sick," put in Dan. "There are other things besides just beef like you've got. Maybe you can't understand it, but there is such a thing as

brains in this world. We've got to get him interested in something or he'll go plumb crazy from disappointment."

"You may call it disappointment, but I call it sulks," sneered Lumley. "I'm not going to try to do anything for a sore-head. I'll bet I can beat any of you throwing the hammer."

"Oh, we know you've got both Sampson and Hercules beaten a mile," groaned Dan as Lumley crossed the field. Then he gave a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness we can talk now without that bighead's butting in," he added. "I've got an idea."

"Impossible! I bet it's about something to eat!" ejaculated Rob Belford, the red-haired boy.

"You lose," retorted Dan. "It's about Hal. Let's let him win the tennis tournament."

"But how?" came the question. "How are you going to make him enter, and how can you make him win?"

"It won't be easy," replied Dan, "but we've got to do something. I can let him beat me a bit and get him into entering. Then those 'Philo' chaps will help us if we put it to them right. We can get every tennis-player in the School except Lumley."

"There it goes again, Lumley! Lumley! If we could only take down his conceit a bit, what a blessing it would be to humanity!" cut in Bob.

"If one of us could put Lumley out before he got matched with Hal," said Sidney Cole, another of "the bunch." "The only trouble is that he really has some backing to his conceit. At least if we don't make Hal win, there'll be no harm done."

The day of the tournament had arrived. For three weeks Hal's friends had worked with him and with others in the School and had at last induced him to enter. As had been predicted, all the good tennis-players except Lumley had agreed to let Hal win the tournament. In the preliminary round the number of contestants was reduced to sixteen. Hal had drawn a bye and Dan saw, to his relief, that Lumley could not be paired against

Hal until the final round and that he would have a chance at Lumley before then.

In the next two rounds, Hal surprised himself by defeating his opponents with ease. Sidney succeeded in winning his contests and was matched with Hal for the semi-finals. Lumley, as had been feared and expected, won both his contests, and Dan, who under ordinary circumstances would have had a good chance for the cup, had defeated his opponents.

In the next match Hal again astonished himself by winning two out of three sets and qualifying for the finals.

The next match called out the greatest interest. By the hardest kind of playing, Dan succeeded in taking the first set, six games to four. Then, to the dismay of his supporters, he seemed to weaken. Lumley took the next set, six to one. Lumley called out to Dan, "I see where your chances have gone up the spout." Dan set his teeth and smiled politely. It looked at first as if Lumley's boast would come true. He won the first three games with little trouble. Dan took the fourth after a hard fight and Lumley won the next. With the score at four to one Dan braced up and won the next two. Then Lumley won another, making the score five to three. Dan must win the next two. He steadied himself and by careful playing won the first. The second went to the deuce and after a long contest went to Dan. The score now stood five, all. Dan relaxed a bit and lost the next. Then, pulling himself together, bobbing Lumley's terrific drives, carefully placing each stroke, he wore out Lumley's guard, and took the next game. Then Lumley lost his temper at a decision of the umpire. After that it was easy, and Dan took the next two games and the match.

It would be hard to tell which created the more surprise, Dan's sudden reversal of form in the finals next day, giving Hal the championship, or Hal's sudden return to his former self. At any rate, the School understood, if Hal didn't, and proved it by electing Dan Senior president next fall, with but one dissenting vote. *Paul Stivers, '08.*





CLASS HISTORY.

The Class of '08 is without doubt one of the greatest classes that ever attended Westport High School. Looking back over the history of this Class, we find our record as Freshmen was untouchable and as Sophomores, unapproachable. While as Juniors we are great, as Seniors we will be the greatest ever. The present Seniors are so taken up with preparations for their Commencement exercises that they forget there could ever be another class graduating. Nevertheless we are being graduated from the rank of dignified Juniors to that of staid Seniors, just as surely as if we received our Diplomas from the platform of a theater stage.

For two years we have watched with longing eyes the Tally-hos go by filled with shouting Juniors

and happy Seniors. At last our time came, and on Friday evening, June 7, we filled six large wagons, starting from Allen Library Hall at 6:30.

For four hours we traversed the beautiful boulevards of Kansas City, then, tired and hungry, we returned and served refreshments to our guests, who unanimously pronounced it a most enjoyable evening.

It is now time to say good-bye to the Class of '07, and in doing so we wish also to bid God-speed to Mr. Green, who has been our adviser this year, and who also graduates from Westport High School in June to take up the practice of law.

Joseph Hawthorne, '08.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

High on a hill, back from the street,
The School of Westport perches,
'Mid giant maples, ancient oaks,
And dainty rustling birches.

The Campus slopes (full three feet wide)
Down to a shady dell.
(It's really an empty lot in back,
But that wouldn't sound so well.)

Five buildings are there in this School
(The Annexes are four),
Full noble— (Hang that fountain pen!
I'm stopped from writing more.)



OFFICERS OF JUNIOR CLASS.

JOSEPH G. HAWTHORNE,
President.

DONALD W. JOHNSON,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

ROBERT E. OSBORNE,
Treasurer.

MARVIN R. CARY,
Vice-President.

ZEMULA JOHNSON,
Secretary.

FACULTY GARDEN.

MR. UNDERWOOD.—Paw-paw.

MR. SCOTT, }
MR. SHOUSE, } Poppies.

MISS STONER.—Caprice.

MISS WILDER.—Touch-me-not.

MISS DE WITT.—Bitter-sweet.

MR. HULL.—Hops.

MISS KAHN.—Bridal wreath.

MR. BICNEY.—Dandelion.

MISS BUSCH.—Sensitive plant.

MISS NARDIN.—Daisy.

MISS HODSHIER.—Canteloupe.

MISS MCKIEGHAN.—Sage.

MR. HARNDEN.—Lady-slipper.

MR. GREEN.—Evergreen.

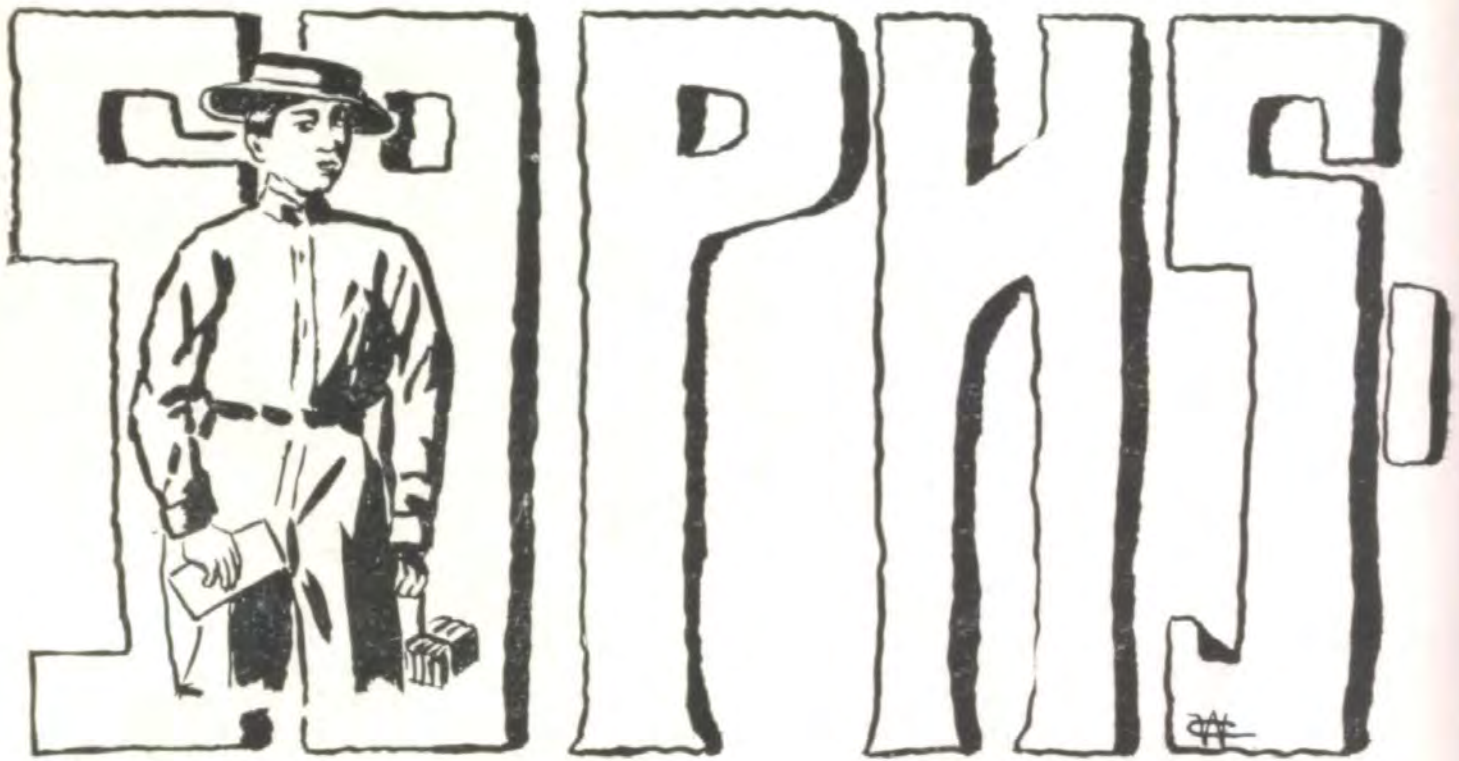
MR. SASS.—Bachelor's button.

MR. KING.—Golden rod.

MRS. HEDGES.—Hawthorne.

MISS SHIRE.—Soft pine.

MISS BURNS.—Red peppers.



CLASS HISTORY.

Having attained the height of our last year's ambitions and become Sophomores, we feel indeed very learned. What more could be wished for? But we find that there are some drawbacks to our position. We are feared by the Freshmen, disdained by the Juniors and ignored by the Seniors.

As we look back over the year, the chief thing that comes to our minds brings tears to our eyes—the burning of that dear old building in which we had drummed into our heads the knowledge that brought us to our present position.

But cheer up! we have seen the *site* and we

hope still to be able to see the *sight* of our splendid new building.

It is a matter of note that this year, for the first time, the Sophomore Class has been organized and class officers elected. We presume that this is because of the superiority of this year's Sophomore Class.

Alas! the time is fleeting fast—our high school days as Sophomores are numbered.

It is with some regret that we relinquish our position to the undeserving Freshmen, but we shall not refuse to be Juniors when the time comes.

Gertrude Schauffler, '09.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

In an English Class in Westport High School the pupils were given certain words to use in sentences. The following sentences taken from the paper handed in by one pupil tell their own story:

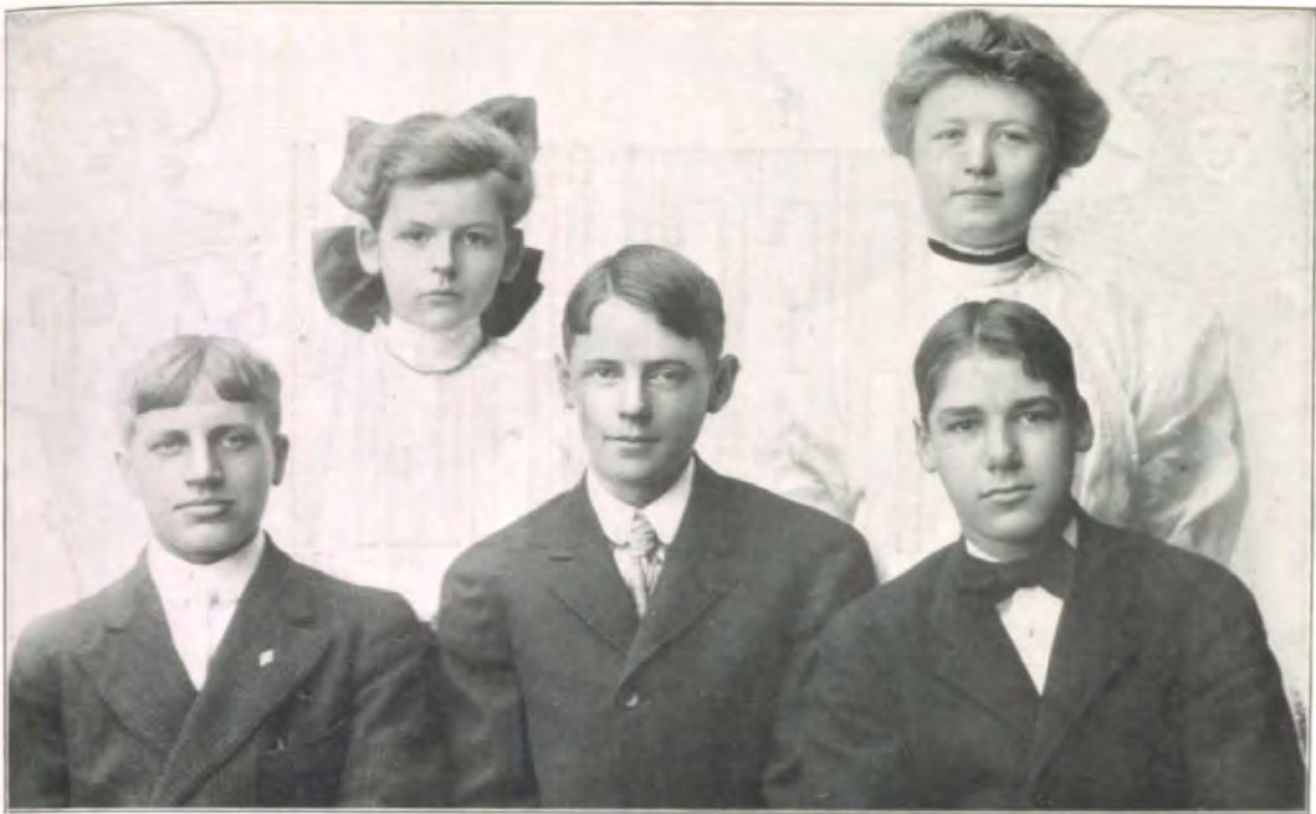
1. The boy, who was small was *temporary*.
2. The man who was rich came *hitherto* from Germany.

3. The man who was drunk was a *ignouring* (?) to the city.

4. The *immemorial* which the boy has, was not good.

5. The lard, which was made, was *rendered* easy.

6. The man, who was poor, was *attaining* money to get himself something to eat.



OFFICERS OF SOPHOMORE CLASS.

GERTRUDE MULLETT,
Secretary.

CLYDE B. CHACE,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

ELIZABETH JEWETT,
Vice-President.

VANCE H. DAY,
Treasurer.

WELLER R. OVERSTREET,
President.

A MODEL.

The following communication, recently received, explains itself. It was too good to keep, so we have decided to tell it to you.

To the editors and members of the Herald Staff:

"MOST HONORABLE AND ESTEEMED PERSONAGES,—I humbly ask you to overlook the audacity on my part in offering to you my meager contributions. By publishing them in the HERALD—that disseminator of knowledge and wisdom—you will confer upon me an honor for which, during the cycles of my terrestrial existence, I shall always be under obligations to you. Hoping that the HERALD—that paper which, though 'Old Westport' burn, though, after an expression of exuberant patriotism and loyalty, the school spirit seem to wane (yet

it must needs revive), shall shed a glorious luster over the history of the School—hoping that this paper be not impaired by the injudicious contributions of 'Freshman,' I remain,

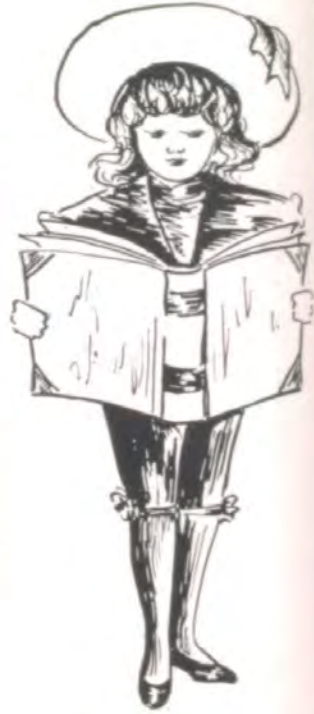
"Your most devoted humble servant."

AH, ME!

In the darkness of the dawning,
When you're lying soundly waking,
And the sun is slowly rising
By the twinkling of the stars,
Did you ever see the silence
In the noonday of the evening,
As it swelled with tone decreasing
In discordant chording bars?



FRESHMEN



CLASS HISTORY.

The history of the Freshman Class will have to begin with that epoch-breaking Enrollment Day, September 10, 1906, when, over 200 strong, we approached Westport High School in solemn awe.

Our awe increased when we entered the building and saw with what assurance the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors made out their programs, while we had to be told how to do everything. But we were *willing* to learn and anxious to reflect credit upon the Ward Schools which we represented, so meekly received and obeyed all suggestions, even the one frequently given us that the fire-buckets were not to be used for drinking purposes.

Our first year in High School has been a strenuous one. We first began with a ten-hour day. Later in the year, four Annexes were brought from

a Ward School (to relieve our homesickness, the Sophomores said) and the program was reduced to an eight-hour day.

Our already large number was recruited in the middle of the year by some new pupils from the Hyde Park School, and everything moved smoothly until, on April 15, the building was burned.

Our having to go to Central in the afternoon necessitated another change in program and gave us a six-hour day.

If we have not done so well as some of our teachers have expected, may it not in part be due to the troublous year we have just passed.

At least we hope in our case, "An unlucky beginning will make a good ending," and the Class of 1910 be the best as well as the largest.

Helen Comstock, '10.



L.E.C.



OFFICERS OF FRESHMAN CLASS.

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FRANK SHERRILL,
President.

JUDSON EUBANK,
Treasurer.

GEORGE D. HULL,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

MARGARET HOLMES,
Vice-President.

GUIDE FOR FRESHMEN.

Art.—The drawing of small whitewashed milk-cans, etc.

Advisers.—Society chaperons, useless and cumbersome personages acting as watchmen.

Automobiles.—Attention distractors, rubber-neck-causers in rooms fronting on the street.

Admit.—A substitute for an excuse. See "Excuse."

Annex Bench.—Used by girls between classes as a club-room. In wet weather, a water-trough.

Annex Walk.—A place for promenading between hours.

Athletic Cups.—Precious articles, carefully hidden in the safe—we hope; at least, we never see them.

Bells.—Small electrical apparatus, the relief of some oppressed students and the knell of others.

Boys.—Useless encumbrances of the back seats of the study hall.

Boys' Mirror.—A mirror broken by continual use in the girls' cloak-room, and kindly donated to the boys.

Cicero Vocabulary.—See "Cæsar Vocabulary."

Caesar Vocabulary.—See "Virgil Vocabulary."

Chalk.—Minute particles of a white or grimy substance. Sometimes accidentally (?) crushed under foot.

Excuse.—A slip of paper telling how ill a person was. Signed by the parent (???). See "Admit."

Freshmen.—Overgrown (?) ward school pupils who defy all definition.

Gymnasium.—A Latin word. Formerly used to designate an attic used for physical culture. Coming into use again. See "Cicero Vocabulary" and "Study Hall Entertainments."

Girls.—Creatures surmounted by hair-ribbons.

Holiday.—An excuse for a teacher to give extra lessons.

Inkwell.—A waste-paper basket and Freshman's plaything.

Janitors.—Persons who draw salary. May be found asleep in the basement. Unsanitary Dust Removing Company.

Juniors.—A body of pupils, old enough to know better, who spend good money to entertain the Seniors.

Lights.—An electric bulb, dated 4595672 B. C.—placed under the office desk, and a Welsbach burner without a mantle in the Reference Library.

Library.—Containing books not wanted or used by the school.

Lunch Room.—Place for the exchange of small change for water, salt, and pepper.

Music.—A severe fracture of the third-story atmosphere, noticeable for several blocks.

New Building.—An imaginary fable invented in the year 1 and still in a state of chaos.

Office.—Branch office of the Juvenile Court.

Principal.—A visitor's guide.

Porch on New Building.—A matrimonial bureau to be patronized by the Faculty, the student body watching with envy.

Reference Library.—Bookcases not in the Reference Library. Containing books not wanted or used by the school.

Proof.—A water-filter.

Study Hall Clock.—A "good time" piece. Usually within two weeks of correct time—if you are lucky.

School Yells.—Glorious combinations of euphonious harmony, too seldom heard.

Study Hall.—A diminutive chamber used for society meetings, rehearsals, or anything except study.

Study Hall Entertainments.—Vague reminiscences in the mind of the oldest inhabitant.

Study Hall Desk.—The bar of common justice (?). Bartenders, divers members of the Faculty.

Society.—Bodies of people. Membership, 150. Average attendance, 15.

Seniors.—X????!!

Sophomore.—A Freshman plus one year. The difference between the Sophomores and the Freshmen is ascertained with difficulty.

Tower.—A small useless prison reached by a ladder (once the home of the defunct Iota Kappa Beta).

Telephone.—An instrument used to wake the study hall guardian.

Thermometers.—Instruments fixed at the correct temperature, no matter how cold or hot it is.

Virgil Vocabulary.—See "Cicero Vocabulary."

Window Shades.—Unmanageable coverings of a lemon hue.

"MEMORY IS MAN'S GREATEST GIFT."

The Class of '08 of the Princington High School was very proud of its valedictorian, Marion Edwards, and she in her turn had done her best with her valedictory essay, entitled "Memory Is Man's Greatest Gift," to merit the honors bestowed upon her. It had been read and re-read many times by the writer herself before being placed in the hands of the Principal for criticism and correction. The suggestions, however, had been few, much to her gratification, and, after she had given it a few additional touches, she had very carefully made a corrected copy, from which she intended to read at the graduation exercises, now but two days distant.

The intervening time was so full of preparations for the great event that Marion had had no time to look over her work again, so, being sure of its correctness, did not open it again until just before time for her to rise from her place and step forward to address the audience.

She was greeted with hearty applause, which she accepted gracefully, and then, in a clear, unfaltering voice, she began and read the first page of her essay, and was continuing with her eyes lifted from the paper, while she turned the pages, when, upon looking down again for the next sentence, she was utterly astonished to find a blank page.

Her confusion was evident. She hurriedly ran over the following pages, to find them all blank with the exception of the last, upon which was written in her brother's handwriting the title, "Memory Is Man's Greatest Gift."

Her first impulse was to run, but, realizing her position, she determined to carry off the situation in the best possible way, and, allowing her confusion to pass as having arisen from an incorrect numbering of sheets, she took advantage of her brother's suggestion and continued her essay from memory.

Leda Craven, '08.

ANCIENT BUILDINGS OF ROME.

Rome was not built in a day, and it cannot be "done" in a day, or even a week, as I found out last summer, but I shall try to tell as much as possible of it in the space allotted me.

As you all know, the Forum Romanum used to be the principal thoroughfare of the ancient Romans, although now it is simply a mass of ruins, very interesting and picturesque. Its original surface, twenty-six feet below the present level, has been cleared by excavations. In shape the Forum is a parallelogram, and consisted of a series of buildings round an open space called the Comitium. The buildings must have been very grand in the olden days, for even now the ruins are magnificent and imposing. One of these ruins is that of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, just three magnificent columns with some fragments of the architrave and cornice supported by them. This temple had been erected in commemoration of the battle of Lake Regillus.

Other notable ruins are those of the Temple of Vespasian, the Temple of Saturn, the Basilica of Constantine, the Arch of Titus, and the Atrium Vestæ, or the Palace of the Vestal Virgins. I will tell about only a few of these. The Temple of Saturn, of which only eight Ionic columns remain, contained the public treasury, which was called the Treasury of Saturn. On the steps of

this temple Roman generals took the oath that they had given a correct account of their spoil and prisoners.

The Arch of Septimius Severus was erected in 205 A. D. by the Senate and the people of Rome, in honor of the emperor and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta. A chariot, containing the statues of the emperor and his sons, drawn by six horses, stood on the summit. But the six horses, after numerous journeys and adventures, have at last been placed over the door of St. Mark's in Venice, which I afterwards saw.

The Palace of the Vestal Virgins was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by Septimius Severus. It is in very good condition now, and a fair idea of it can be gained. It was paved in black and white marble, and being rectangular in shape, had extending all round the court statues of High Vestals, sixteen on each side, six at the top and six at the bottom, all being very well preserved, except that all their heads are gone.

There was also, a little out of the Forum, a temple of the Penates, for the Romans thought that if there were Penates of the family, there were also some of the city. They were supposed to have been the household gods brought from Troy by Æneas, and a temple was erected to them accordingly.

The Arch of Titus was at the summit of the Via Sacra, or the Sacred Way, which led from the southern gate of Rome to the Capitol, and was the route by which triumphal processions passed to the temple of Jupiter. Between the Arch and the Colosseum, which is beyond the Forum to the south, the ancient pavement of the Sacred Way, composed of huge blocks of lava, still remains. While standing on the hill overlooking the Forum, the Colosseum is plainly to be seen.

It was originally called the Flavian Amphitheater, was begun by Vespasian in 72 A. D., and dedicated by Titus eight years later. It is the largest structure of the kind ever built, being capable of seating nearly 100,000 spectators (according to an old estimate). You can obtain a very good estimate of its size if you compare it with our Convention Hall, which seats 20,000. Though scarcely a third of the original edifice remains, it is by far the most imposing monument of antiquity that the Imperial City has to show, although I think that the Baths of Caracalla, on the Appian Way, come pretty close to it in grandeur.

They were begun by Caracalla in 212 A. D., and completed by Alexander Severus. They covered 2,625,000 square yards, and could accommo-

date 1,600 bathers. They had deep cellars underneath, so that they could be heated by pipes somewhat like our modern system. The walls are very high and immensely thick, which give an appearance of a fortress from the outside.

Close to the Colosseum is the Arch of Constantine, the best preserved and the most beautiful of the Roman arches. The sculptures of the upper part were taken from an Arch of Trajan, and illustrate the life of that emperor. Close beside the arch, and just a little distance from the Colosseum, is the Oozing Well, where the winner of the games in the Colosseum was wont to come to get a drink after his victory.

On the Palatine Hill are the extensive remains of the Palace of the Cæsars, which covered the whole hill, and in the time of Nero portions of the neighboring ones. Excavations have been carried on here at various times, and important discoveries made.

The Pantheon is in the most perfect condition of the ancient buildings in Rome. It was built B. C. 27 by M. Agrippa, and restored by Septimius Severus and Caracalla about 202 A. D. In 608 it was consecrated as a Christian church, but in 1087 was used as a fortress by one of the rival popes. The gilt bronze ceiling of the portico (weighing more than 450,000 pounds) was removed to make the canopy of St. Peter's and cannon for Sant' Angelo. The ancient bronze doors still remain. The interior is a rotunda, 140 feet in diameter, lighted only by the circular opening in the center of its dome. Hawthorne calls it "an eye, ever open to the heavens." This church has become "the burialplace of painters," Raphael and Caracci being among the number. King Victor Emmanuel is also buried here. One very peculiar thing about the Pantheon is, that there are always some cats there. When I was there, I counted twenty-five, and I do not believe that there are ever less than five present. They roam around, and get on top of the tombs and altars to lie down. Their eyes shine green in the dim light, and if one were superstitious, I think that would be a bad place for him to go, for some Italians think that the cats are spirits of departed people.

Remains of the Cloaca Maxima, built by Tarquinius Priscus about 2400 years ago to drain the marshes of the Verabrum, are still to be found, and its mouth is to be seen on the Tiber, a little above the so-called Temple of Vesta. This graceful little edifice is about fifty feet in diameter, and the Corinthian columns are thirty-two feet high.

The ruined Aqueducts that stretch their long lines of arches over the Campagna, towards the Alban and Sabine hills, may be seen from the Via Appia or other places outside the city. The Aqueducts feed many fountains in Rome, of which the principal ones are the Fontana di Trevi and Fontana dell' Aqua Marcia.

The Via Sacra, or the Sacred Way, took its name from the sacred processions that passed along it, the sacred rites performed upon it, and the sacred buildings that lined it. Many tombs line it, a well-known one being the Tomb of the Baker Eurysaces. It is in the form of a baker's oven, and covered with symbols of his trade, and bas-reliefs illustrating it. It was probably erected in the last years of the Republic.

The Catacombs are also one of the very interesting sights along the Appian Way. They were originally quarries which undermined all seven hills of Rome. The olden people of Rome used to bury all their dead here. The one on the Appian Way is the only one which has been thoroughly explored, and to which sight-seers are allowed. They are dark, and with so many passages and inter-passages that it is very easy for people to get lost in them. At the time of the persecution of the Christians, the persecuted fled to these Catacombs, and lived there for years, having their food brought in at night.

Of ancient mausolea and tombs, the most imposing is that of Hadrian, now the Castle of Sant' Angelo. It was begun by Hadrian, and completed by his successor, Antoninus Pius, 139 A. D. Procopius thus describes it: "The tomb of the Emperor Hadrian is situated outside the Porta Aurelia. It is built of Parian marble, and the blocks fit close to one another without anything to bind them. It has four equal sides, about a stone's throw in length; its altitude rises above the city walls; on the top are statues of the same kind of marble, admirable figures of men and horses." But the present fortress is a mere skeleton of the magnificent structure. Lucius Verus, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Commodus, were all buried here. It was first turned into a fortress 423 A. D. Tradition asserts that Gregory the Great saw St. Michael standing over the fortress sheathing his sword as a sign that a pestilence was stayed; to commemorate which the Castle is now surmounted by a figure of the archangel in the act of sheathing his sword.

This old castle served for a fortress during several ages, and its first cannon were cast out of

part of the bronze taken from the roof of the Pantheon.

The Bridge of Sant' Angelo, decorated with ten angels standing on the parapet, bearing the instruments of our Lord's passion; and St. Peter and St. Paul, an addition made in 1668 by Clement IX. It is the finest bridge in Rome, and was built by Hadrian. It crosses the Tiber, and leads to the door of the Castle of Sant' Angelo.

I am hoping to go back to Rome some day, for on the night that I left, I went to the Fontana di Trevi, threw in a ten-centesimi piece, took a drink of water with my left hand, and walked away without looking back. There is a superstition that if you do these things, you will assuredly go back to Rome.

Cyrella H. Humes, '08.

LATIN LETTER.

Mabel Moore to Miss Wilder, S.D.

Si tu vales, bene est ego quoque valeo. Scribo epistulam hanc ad te laeta. Habeo fabulam quam narrabo tibi.

Magister, quitentabat docere (persons) primum, secundum et tertium liberis, donavit (buttons) tris cuique liberorum ut memoria tenerentur. Magister dixit eos portatos esse (buttons) eras et scituros esse (persons) tris. Postero die puer parvus venit cum modo duobus (buttons). Magister interrogat ubi sit aliud (button). Puer dixit se habere primum et secundum (persons); sed matrem (sewed) (person) tertium in suo (pants).

Spero te non repperiturum esse epistulam difficilem legere cum non reperiar multa Latina verba.

The scarcity of the Latin words shows the progress of to-day.

An extract from another Latin letter:

"Judfilius Tu-ripa Feminae Ferociori salutem dicit." (Which translated is: "Judson Eubank sends greeting to Miss Wilder.")

THEN AND NOW.

A hundred years ago to-day,

In wildernesses here,

With powder in his gun, the man

Went out to get the deer.

But now the thing is somewhat changed.

And on a different plan:

With powder on her face, the dear

Goes out to get the man.

DO YOU KNOW HER?

She is absent. What a silence
Hangs about the noiseless air!
Not a sound is heard about us,
Not an echo anywhere.

She's returned. The air's resounding—
Such a hurry, bang and flutter.
Chattering and rapid talking!
Guess her name. It's A-ma C—ter.

"By the way, sir," asked the waiter, "how would you like to have your steak?"

"Very much indeed," replied the mild man, who had been patiently waiting for twenty minutes.

Little Boy (doing his evening prep. at home):
"Papa, where is the source of the Volga?"

Father: "I don't know."

Little Boy: "You don't know? And to think that to-morrow I may be punished for your ignorance!"



OUR FIRST DAY AT CENTRAL.



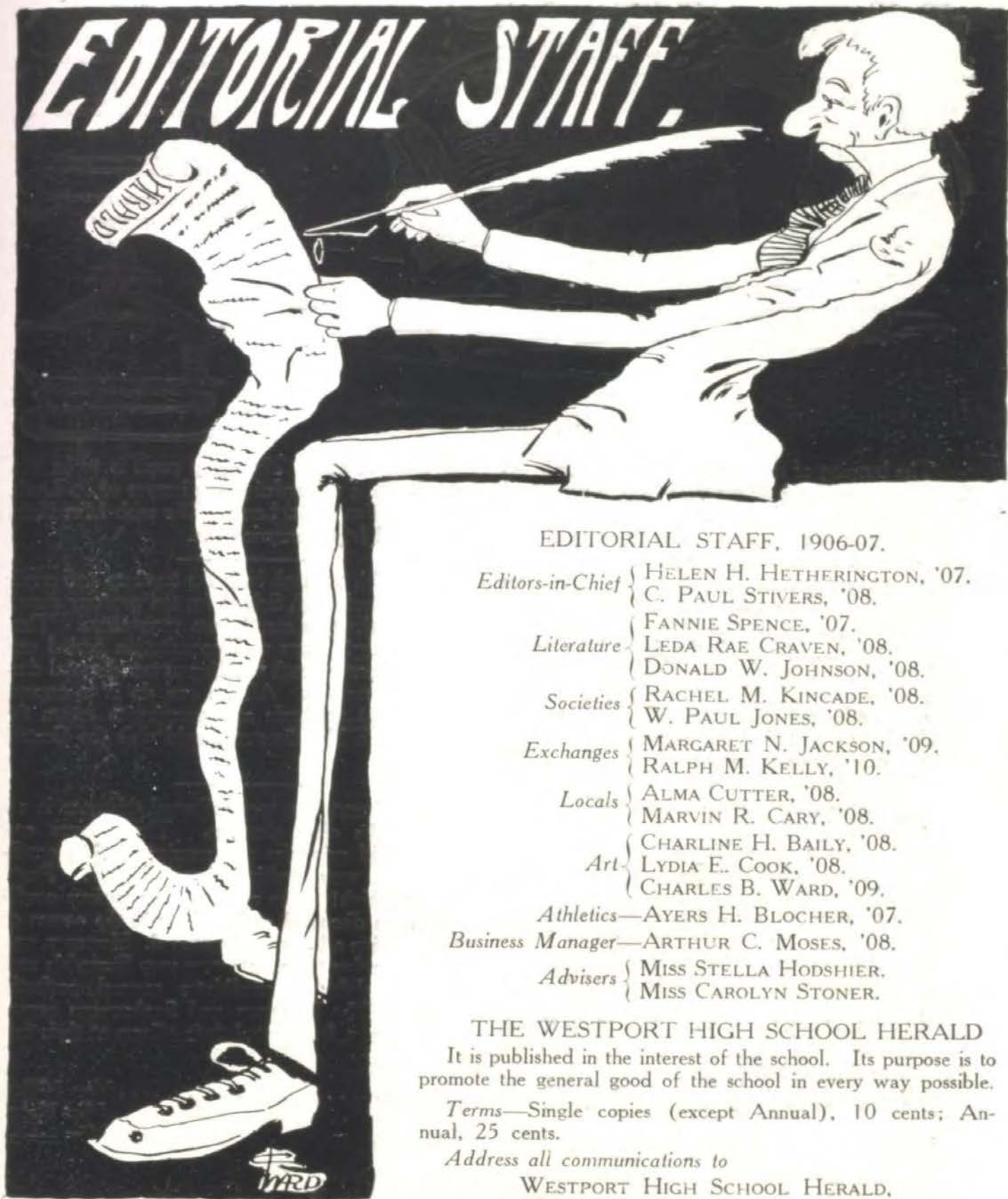
The Westport High School Herald

VOL. V.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JUNE, 1907.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL STAFF.



EDITORIAL STAFF, 1906-07.

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<i>Advisers</i>	{ MISS STELLA HODSHIER. MISS CAROLYN STONER.

THE WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL HERALD

It is published in the interest of the school. Its purpose is to promote the general good of the school in every way possible.

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WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL HERALD,
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EDUCATION

The burning of the school building necessitated the change of the whole program for the year, and resulted in considerable loss and great inconvenience to both pupils and teachers. The fire was discovered early on the morning of April 15th. By the time the firemen arrived, the Physics and Chemistry room and the Biology room were in flames. There was no fire-engine near and the water power was not strong enough to check the fire. The whole third story burned and fell in upon the second floor. Then the fire was checked, but nearly everything that was not burned was water-soaked and spoiled. The books in the Study Hall bookcases were saved and the school records in the office were rescued. Mr. Scott was one of the heaviest losers. His biology collections and the manuscript of his book on "The Correlation and Development of Organs," which was nearly ready for publication, were destroyed. Many of Miss De Witt's and Miss Wilder's books were spoiled by the water. Nearly every teacher lost something and many of the pupils had books, note-books, or drawing instruments in the building. The fire practically put an end to all society meetings and school social events.

The School will lose two members of the Faculty this year, Miss Kahn and Mr. Green. Mr. Green will practice law in Kansas City. We wish him all success and hope that he will be able to settle all our troubles. Miss Kahn will also change her vocation and will take up house-keeping with a

little class of one. The lucky pupil is to be Mr. Irvin Barth, a successful young lawyer of St. Louis. They will live in St. Louis. We wish Miss Kahn a long and happy married life.

We wish to thank both the teachers and pupils of the Central High School for the courtesy shown us during the two months we were there. They shortened their hours and consultation period and placed the entire south building at our disposal during the afternoons. All we can do is to express our sincerest gratitude and promise to return the courtesy if a like disaster should visit the Central building.

A different plan was followed this year in regard to the class elections. The Seniors and Juniors held primaries and nominated their candidates. A very exciting time followed. Party spirit ran high! The merits of the various candidates were discussed and at times in the course of the campaign a bolt was threatened. However, upon election day the results were very favorable and even the defeated candidates seemed perfectly satisfied. The Freshmen and Sophomores organized this year, but elected their officers at their first meeting.

Last year	Miss Miller.
This year	Miss Kahn.
Next year	Miss ———

"His arm enircles me and mine and all."

DIED.

Ruth Stimson, February 26, 1907.

Leonard Fisher, May 16, 1907.

In getting out this number of the HERALD we have met with considerable difficulty. Although the material for the paper was not burned, it was smoked and water-soaked and had to be recopied. Then we were forced to hold our meetings in one of the Annexes in the mornings. We have done our best to overcome these obstacles, but offer them as an excuse for possible shortcomings.

The public has been looking for the announcement that the old Iota Kappa Beta Society had made a change in name for the last three seasons—in fact, since its "coming out." It was not unexpected that such a charming set of girls would not retain its maiden name for a great while. But, even when expected, the change came as a shock to some. The new name, Osiron, is a very pretty one, however, and does not carry with it the air of secrecy that the former name did.

Three members of the HERALD Staff graduate this year; Miss Helen H. Hetherington, one of the editors-in-chief; Miss Fannie Spence, literary editor; and Mr. Ayers Blocher, athletic editor.

The fire has greatly changed the plans for the future of the School. It is impossible for the new School to be completed in time for use next September and the old School is to be rebuilt. It will be used for a high school until the new building is ready for occupancy. Two sessions will probably be necessary, even with the use of the Annexes. We must have another year of hoping and waiting before we finally reach that paradise of which we have dreamed for years.

Those who have handed in manuscripts which were not published should not become discouraged. Some of those not published were nearly as good as those decided upon. Some came in too late for publication. Just cheer up and try again; next time your story or poem may be the best.

The copper plate of the old School came safely through the fire. It was wet and warped, but upon being dried out, straightened itself. The only bad result was that it is a little dim and hazy.

The success of this year's HERALD is due largely to our contributors and advertisers. We wish to make a public acknowledgment of the assistance they have rendered. "Turn about is fair play," and to patronize our advertisers is only doing them justice.

I sit me down upon my thumb,
I take my pen in hand,
The little thinklets will not come,
What shall I write that 's grand?

I see a house, I see a tree,
I see a sidewalk, too,
A dog is barking merrily,
Beneath the sky so blue.

The sky is gray, the grass is green,
The rain is pouring down,
And huge mud-puddles may be seen
On every street in town.

I rise up from my lowly seat,
I put my pen away.
I hope I never may repeat
What I have done to-day.

IMPORTANT DATES IN CONNECTION WITH THE HISTORY OF WEST- PORT HIGH SCHOOL.

- 1891—Building of old Westport High School.
1893—First Commencement exercises; number of graduates, 2.
1897—Enlargement of School.
1899—Westport district taken into Kansas City.
Nov., 1905—First meeting of citizens to discuss plans for a new building.
Feb., 1906—Purchase of site for new School at 39th and Gillham Road.
Sept., 1906—First shovelful of earth turned.
Nov., 1906—Annexes brought over to Westport High School.
April 1, 1907—Foundation of new School completed.
April 15, 1907—Old High School burned.

April 16, 1907—Removal to Central in afternoon.
 June 7, 1907—Corner-stone of new building laid.
 June 11, 1907—Commencement exercises; number of graduates, 62. Contract for superstructure of new building is to be let in June, and will provide for the completion of Westport Manual Training High School, which is to cost over \$400,000, by September 1, 1908.

THE CORNER-STONE LAYING.

On June 7th, at 2:30 o'clock, the corner-stone of the new Westport High School will be laid. When completed, this building will have cost over \$400,000 and will be one of the very best high-school buildings in the United States in its arrangement, construction and environment. In addition to the most modern equipment for academic work, there will be provided a complete installment of furniture and apparatus necessary for full courses in Mechanic Arts, Domestic Arts, and Business Training.

At the corner-stone laying General Milton Moore, chairman of the Building Committee of the Board of Education, is to be introduced by Principal S. A. Underwood. General Moore will direct the ceremony, which follows:

1. Chorus Music Class.
(Under the direction of Mrs. Effie Hedges.)
2. Invocation Rev. G. P. Baity.
3. Remarks Dr. J. M. Greenwood.
Superintendent of Kansas City Public Schools.
4. Remarks Mayor Henry M. Beardsley.
5. Address Hon. William S. Cowherd.
6. Deposit of the copper box in the cavity of the corner-stone.

The copper box which is to be deposited in the cavity of the corner-stone will protect its contents for centuries. In this box will be a complete roll of the names of pupils in the School, and of the Senior Classes of South Side Ward Schools. Copies of the past HERALDS, reports of the Board of Education, historical articles and documents connected with the School. If, in future years, any calamity should again befall the School, the contents of this box would tell to future generations what sort of people attended school then and what they did.

This ceremony is an occasion on which all loyal students should turn out. It marks an epoch in the history of the School, another step toward perfection.

"FOR LOVE OF THE HILLS."

Jack Stone got up and stretched his arms above his head,—which means that he was obliged to curl his fingers to keep from scraping the ceiling of the two-roomed hut. He was lonely on this night and longed for the grassy fields of old Kentucky. As he stood in the doorway and looked out into the star-lit night, he wished the hills of Montana would fade away and give place to the rolling lawns of the stone mansion with the long, winding drive-way and the old stables far in the rear of the house. In two weeks Thanksgiving would arrive, and with it the home-gathering—all the brothers and sisters would come home, and this time Jack meant to stay for good. For the last week he had talked of nothing else and had spoiled more than one game of solitaire for Chad Morgan with talk of his return home. He and Chad had "batched" together for more than three years and had become like brothers to one another. Jack had coaxed Chad to go back with him, but so far he had not been successful, nor was he likely to succeed, for Chad had told Jack that Montana looked good to him and he guessed he would stay a while.

So it happened that one week before Thanksgiving Jack stepped eagerly upon the platform of his train and bade farewell to Montana. In the little hut out among the Montana hills the usual routine of work was carried out. The first letter from Jack to the little hut told how he had "arrived safe in God's country once more," of the glorious times he was having, and all the good things he had to eat. Then a period of three months elapsed without word from Jack. But finally there came a letter with a tone different from the first. In this he asked how his pony, which he had given to Chad, was coming on, inquired after all the boys in the camp—and "why didn't Chad write oftener and more of it." He forgot, however, in his letter to mention anything about "God's country." A few more letters followed, in which he never failed to inquire about the boys at the camp, and how times were in Montana—one time he said "dear old Montana."

Chad, playing solitaire in the dusk of a December evening, felt a cold gust of wind come in with the opening of the door. He glanced up from his cards, and there before him stood Jack Stone. Their hands met and clung in the grip of friendship and Jack swallowed several times. Late that night while they were talking Chad looked up and asked Jack, "Say, old man, if you loved that confounded country so blamed well, what made you

come back to Montana?" "I don't know, Chad, old boy, unless it was just the love for the old hills," answered Jack, as he walked to the door and looked up at the dark ridge against the black skyline.

Marvin Cary, '08.

BUZZ! BUZZ!!

Sixty-six busy bees
Working in a hive;
One flew off at Christmas time,
Then there were but sixty-five.

Sixty-five humming bees,
There used to be one more;
Now another one elopes,
And there are but sixty-four.

Sixty-four buzzing bees,
Each responding to the call;
One decided not to buzz,
That left sixty-three in all.

Sixty-three singing bees,
All so light of heart and gay,
Flitting blithely through the halls,
Waiting for Commencement Day.



The Many.

JACK AND JILL.

A duet of diminutive specimens of humanity to the crest of a magnificent promontory perambulated, to possess themselves of some liquid fluid in a vessel. The entanglement of the masculine member's pedal extremities caused him to rapidly descend to the foot of the hillock, fracturing his cranium; the female member closely following.

George Boyle.

There comes a burst of thunderous sound,
The Seniors drop their books,
The gentle Juniors turn around
With startled, frightened looks.

The Sophs. turn pale with grief,
For that rumbling sound declares
That another luckless Freshman
Has tumbled down the stairs.

Here 's to the School whose colors we wear!
Here 's to the hearts that are true!
Here 's to the maid of the golden hair,
With eyes that are brimming with blue!
Garlands of bluebells and maize intertwine,
And hearts that are true and voices combine—
Hail!

Hail to the School whose colors we wear!
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue! —*Ex.*



The Few.



We shall not tire you with a long-drawn-out discussion of what Westport has or has not accomplished in Athletics this year, but that which we have to say we hope will be of interest.

On January 25, 1907, the Athletic Board, composed of Mr. Shouse, Mr. Bigney, and Mr. Hull, decided that Westport should withdraw from the Base-ball League. The action was taken on account of certain undesirable provisions in the constitution. But, in spite of the fact that we were not to play League games and that nearly all of last year's players were graduated, a surprisingly strong team was developed. Only one regular

match was played—that with the Independence High School. The score was 32 to 1, in favor of Westport.

The line-up:

Carl (Captain)	Short Stop.
Guy	3d Base.
Gottlieb	2d Base.
Donaldson	1st Base.
Fisher	Right Field.
Craddock	Left Field.
McMillan	Center Field.
Haywood	Catcher.
Gossard	Pitcher.

TRACK TEAM.

This is the first year that Westport has boasted a Track Team. We started out well, for our broad-jumping team defeated the West Side High School boys at the Y. M. C. A. games in Convention Hall, February 21. Another cup, and isn't it a beauty?

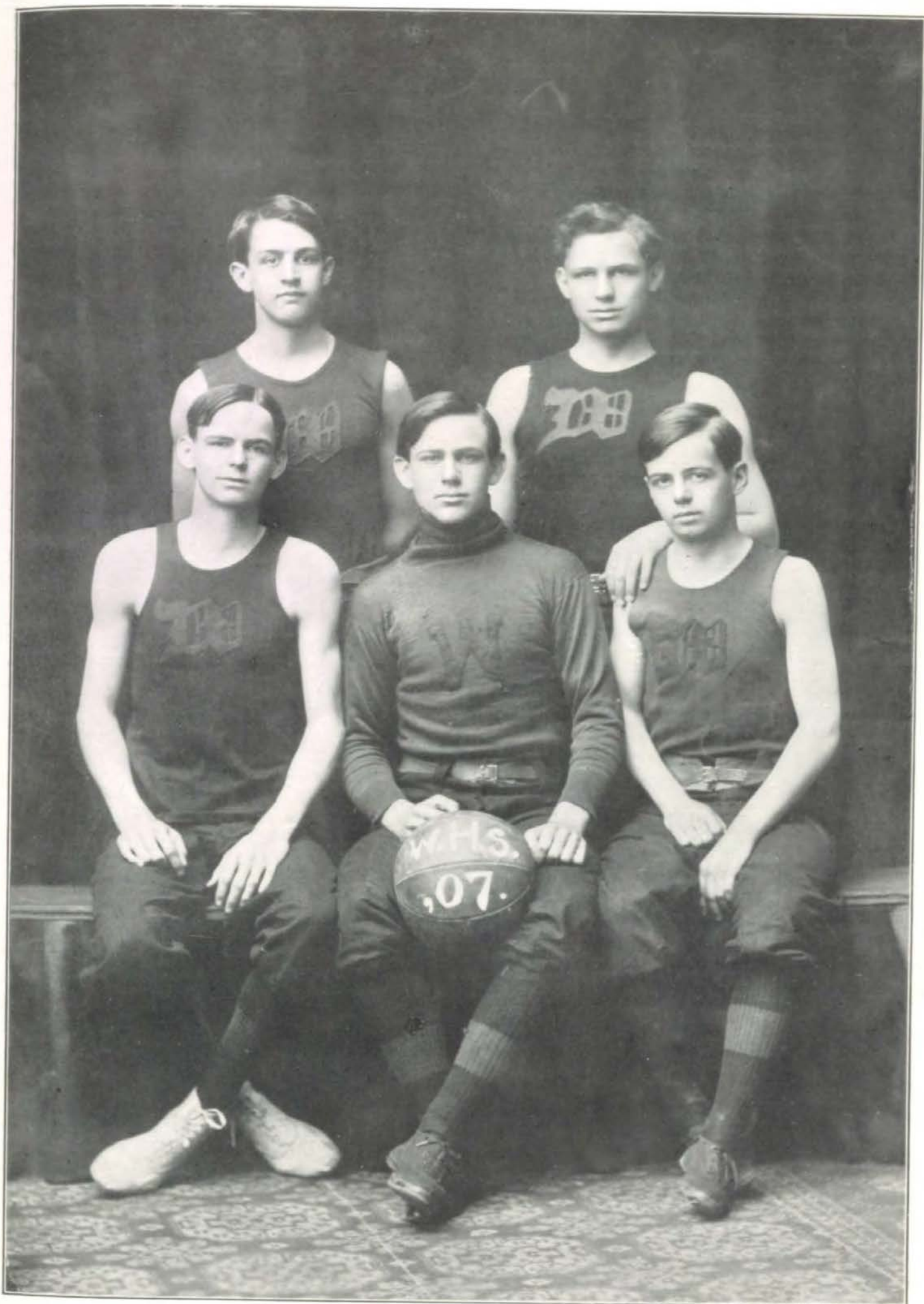
The following team brought it home:

Carl.	F. Woodford.
Heslip.	Alexander.
Miller.	Lipscomb.
Gossard.	E. Woodford.
Cary.	Spencer.
Abernathy.	Blocher.

The relay team was not very successful this year. However, both defeats were by a narrow

margin and were due to the poor condition of one of our boys. The trouble started at the M. S. U. and K. U. Track Meet in Convention Hall. The winners were the boys from the Lawrence High School. At the K. C. A. C. games in Convention Hall, a week later, we lost again, by but a few feet.

Now we come to Track Athletics proper. On April 11 the first annual Class Meet was pulled off at 39th and Gillham Road. There were no records broken—in fact, the boys did not show up very well. The Seniors won the meet with 32 points; the Sophomores captured 29; the Juniors bunched in third place with 20; and the Freshmen brought up the rear with 18 points.



THE BASKET-BALL TEAM.

The summary:	First.
100 Yards	Alexander.
220 Yards	Riddell.
Half Mile	Osborne.
440 Yards	Spencer.
Mile	A. Gossard.
50 Yards	Alexander.
High Jump	Blocher.
Pole Vault	Carl.
Broad Jump	Carl.
Shot Put	Heslip.
Hammer Throw	Heslip.

The team was not sent to Columbia this year, because the boys were inexperienced and they did not have time to practice sufficiently.

A Track Meet was arranged with the Kansas City, Kas., High School, but had to be abandoned because a park could not be obtained for a suitable

The summary:	First.
50 Yards	Hogg.
100 Yards	Hogg.
220 Yards	Hogg.
440 Yards	Haff.
880 Yards	Osborne.
Mile	Hull.
Shot Put	Heslip.
High Jump	Carl.
Pole Vault	Carl.
Broad Jump	Carl.

In the Ward School events, Rogers Brenneman, of the Allen School, won the shot put and the 50-yard dash. McConnell, of the Linwood Scholl, took the 440-yard run, and the Norman School ran away with the relay race, capturing the cup.

NOTES.

Westport is proud of one of her last year's athletes. Claude Jennings has been pitching superb ball for K. U. this spring, having two shut-out games to his credit.

There should have been a better crowd at the Track Meet held at Elm Ridge.

Heard at the first Class Meet: "Say, kid, ain't you goin' to enter the half?"

"Naw, they ain't goin' to be no half."

Craddock in track suit digging a soft place to light was a sight worth the price of admission.

Second.	Third.
Riddell.	Carl.
Craddock.	Alexander.
Hull.	Haff.
R. Fife.	Hull.
Osborne.	Wornall.
Craddock.	Riddell.
R. Fife.	Carl.
Thomas.	Sherrill.
Miller.	Blocher.
Sherrill.	Carl.
Thorpe.	E. Fife.

date. Instead, a Track and Field Meet was held at Elm Ridge on Saturday, May 25.

Carl and Hogg tied for the cup offered to the one making the largest number of points. The South Side Ward Schools entered in four invitation events. Some of these Ward School boys will add strength in future years to our Track Team.

Second.	Third.
Spencer.	E. Fife.
Alexander.	E. Fife.
R. Fife.	Alexander.
Spencer.	Glens.
Hull.	A. Gossard.
A. Gossard.	Osborne.
E. Fife.	Sherrill.
Blocher.	R. Fife.
Thomas.	Sherrill.
Blocher.	Wornall.

And didn't George Hull make a pretty finish? And wasn't his daddy proud of him, tho'? Just couldn't keep from yellin' for his "boy."

Carl took the pole vault at 9 feet and 1 inch, just walked around the judges' stand and picked another plum in the broad jump.

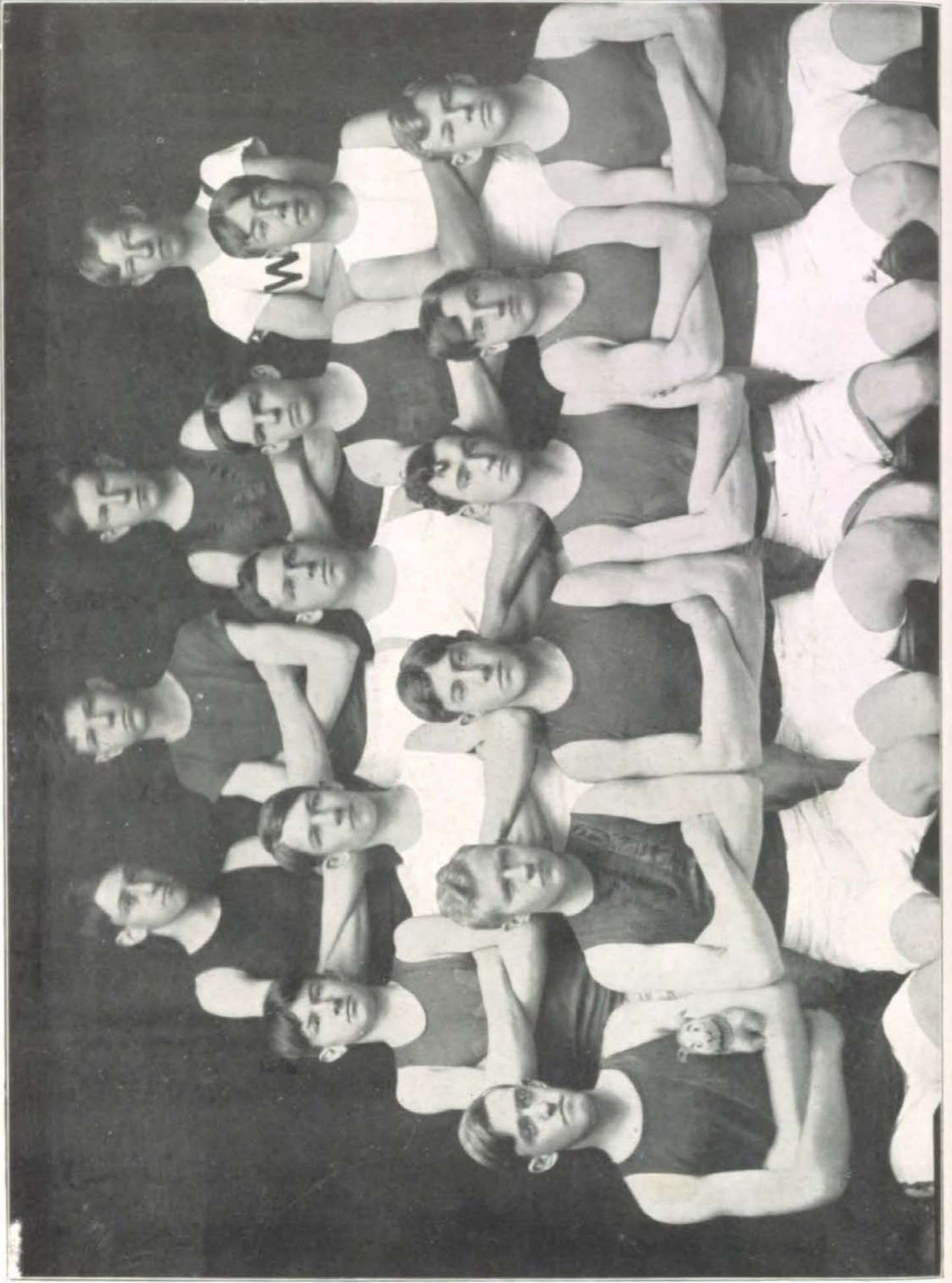
Did you see Osborne sprinting for a record? The swoon wasn't just for effect, either. But "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and so did Osborne.

Fife's curves as he approached the bar for the high jump were the wonder of the grand stand. Such side steps betoken "High School" training.

We now have three cups—perhaps you did not know it. It is to be hoped that, in the near future, Westport will have a beautiful rosewood case in which to keep these treasures so nobly won.

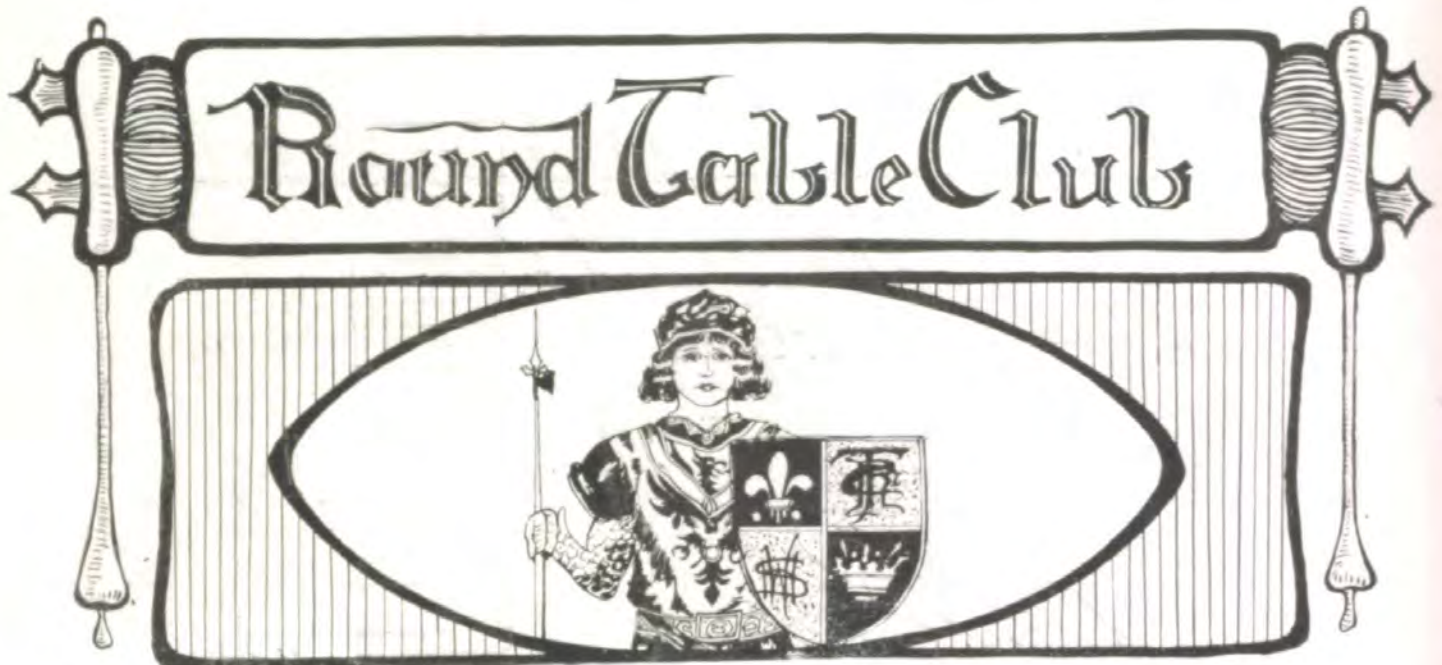


THE BASE-BALL TEAM.



THE FIGHTERS





Colors: Light Blue and Gold.

Flower: The Daisy.

OFFICERS 1906-1907.

<i>First Term.</i>	<i>Second Term.</i>
Herbert Snodgrass, President.	Herbert Snodgrass
C. Paul Stivers, V.-President.	Ethel Mott
Nanna Clagett, Secretary.	Rachel Kincade
Colin Alexander, Treasurer.	Colin Alexander
Marsh Kenney, Sergeant-at-Arms.	John Marley
Adviser.	Miss F. Louise Nardin

The Round Table Club again greets the HERALD, wishing it all the good luck and prosperity which is sure to come as long as the staff is as competent and industrious as it is this year.

The Society wishes to thank Miss Nardin for her kind help and advice, through which the Society has prospered and improved wonderfully during the past year.

Was there ever such a program committee? Ask some of our visitors this year or any of the members, especially someone who has tried to shirk. Indeed, our programs for the whole year have been exceptionally good and a great deal of credit is due to the earnest workers on the committee and to the interest taken by the members.

The program for our "Patriotic Day" was a most interesting one. It began with "America," sung by the Society. Then followed tableaux, in

which Adeline Volker, Lucile Coffin, Eloise Day, Emma Stickle, and Laura Snodgrass took part, representing the American girl at different periods of the country's history. Miss Elsie Warren and Miss Catherine Ware read interesting papers on "American Customs." At the close of the meeting a short scene from "The Crisis" was given, Miss Julia Lyman reading the prologue.

The characters were as follows:

Colonel Carvel	Kenneth Taylor.
Silas Whipple	Marvin Cary.
Virginia Carvel	Nanna Clagett.

On March 15 an Irish program was given in honor of St. Patrick's birthday. Mr. Hull gave us a short talk, which, needless to say, was very amusing. We are always delighted to hear from Mr. Hull. Miss Ethel Mott read a paper entitled "A Trip through Ireland," telling of some Irish customs. Readings were given by Edith Wornall and Tessie O'Neil. The paper read by May Chace, telling us of the fun at Missouri University on St. Patrick's Day, was unusually clever. Margaret Holmes read a very good paper on an Irish subject.

Colin Alexander, as treasurer, has proved to us the possibility of his becoming a great financier. Our treasury department has never been in better condition.



OFFICERS OF ROUND TABLE CLUB.

JOHN S. MARLEY,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

RACHEL M. KINCADE,
Secretary.

COLIN H. ALEXANDER,
Treasurer.

ETHEL B. MOTT,
Vice-President.

HERBERT SNODGRASS,
President.

The last program that was given in the old Westport High School was an open meeting, at which the boys of the Society presented the thrilling melodrama, "Walter, the Watchmaker." For several days preceding the production of this matchless piece of literature, its coming was heralded by posters announcing:

*The Production
of*

"WALTER, THE WATCHMAKER,"
Tabasco's Greatest Problem Play.

Straight from
London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, New York,
and Dodson.

As a consequence of the advertising beforehand, the Study Hall was crowded.

The play was written, staged, and acted by the boys of the Society.

Before the performance, Catherine Ware read a criticism of the piece from the *Dodson Dramatic Mirror*. At the conclusion of Miss Ware's reading, the Wunderspiel Band, consisting of four instruments, violin, mouth-harp, bones, and a street-car gong, played the overture, under the leadership of Herr Banglout (*alias* Clyde Chace). The crowd enthusiastically demanded an *encore*. Before the curtain finally rose on the thrilling first act, Kenneth Taylor, with the aid of a ladder, a megaphone and a transom, gave a synopsis of the first scene.

The curtain disclosed a gambling-den near Rosedale and introduced the black-hearted villain

and the scheming adventuress. The second scene was the palatial home of the heroine, Evangeline Gwendolyn McFadden.

The most charming setting was that depicting the rose-garden of the McFadden mansion. All the rare and beautiful blossoms both known and unknown to humanity were luxuriantly displayed on the stage. The audience expressed the greatest glee at the realistic birds fluttering among the rose-bushes. A slight stiffness of limb and glassiness of eye only enhanced the charm of the feathered folk. The sudden rise of the moon in the heavens was also a source of enjoyment to the spectators.

For true heart-interest, the scene in the tower of the captive Evangeline when her lover enters was indeed effective. The singing of their respective arias by the hero and heroine outrivaled Caruso and Melba. The hero's voice brought tears to every eye.

When the curtain fell after the ignominious death of the five wicked ones and the triumph of true love and goodness, the audience declared their appreciation of the performance by long-continued applause. "The "all-sun" cast included:

<i>Walter, the Watchmaker</i>	Sumner Blossom.
<i>Evangeline Gwendolyn McFadden</i>	
.	Walter Warren.
<i>Percival McFadden</i>	Philip Barnos.
<i>Ramigal Gervio</i>	Paul Stivers.
<i>Theresa Alvadorez</i>	Donald Johnson.
<i>First Conspirator</i> }	Frank Sherrill.
<i>Maid</i> }	
<i>Second Conspirator</i>	Ayers Blocher.
<i>Third Conspirator</i> }	Judson Eubank.
<i>Gambler</i> }	

In the "Foreign Program" the Society appreciated the assistance of the German and French teachers. One of the most pleasing features of this program was the old Latin song, "Gaudeamus," which was sung by four girls, who responded to an *encore* by a Latin version of "Everybody Works but Father."

Mr. Hohmann's good ideas have been of great help to the program committee as well as to the Society in general.

Our members will all say that Herbert Snodgrass is the very best of presidents and that his name will go down in history (of the Round Table) as one of the most popular.

Mr. Paul Stivers, vice-president during the first term, was given no opportunity to display his ability in the chair. But we do not doubt that, had he been given a chance, he would have filled the chair with dignity. Miss Ethel Mott, vice-president during the second term, discharged the duties of her office with credit.

The secretaries of the past year, Nanna Clagett and Rachel Kincade, have proved themselves capable and energetic.

Among the numerous things in which the Round Table Club excels the other societies are the unusually attractive posters furnished by Charline Baily. Miss Baily's talent and originality deserve as much praise as her efforts for the Society merit our thanks.

The Round Table Club has been more than well-represented in school affairs during the year. We have eight members on the HERALD Staff. The secretary of the Senior Class, the treasurer of the Senior Class, the secretary and vice-president of the Junior Class are all members of the Round Table Club. Six members of the cast of the Christmas Play were representatives from our club. We also have two members, Laura Snodgrass and Ayers Blocher, on the Commencement program.

It is with great regret that the Society loses its twenty-two Seniors this year. The Round Table Club hopes that the departing members will hold it in the same affectionate remembrance that the Society will always feel for them.

CLIONIAN NOTES

Colors: Purple and White.

Flower: Violet.

OFFICERS.

First Term.

Second Term.

Anna Brainerd. President. . . . Ernest L. Cox
Norah M. Penn. Vice-President. . . Leon Harkins
Fannie Spence. Secretary. Norah M. Penn
C. Gray Hodges. Treasurer. C. Gray Hodges
Alma Cutter. Critic. Wanda Simonds
J. R. Amelung. Sergeant-at-Arms. . . . Ralph Kelly

This year has been a very fruitful one to the Clionian Society. Although we have not taken in as large a number of applicants, the work has been of a more serious and sensible nature. The original object of the Society has been followed more closely than in some previous years, and the results have been very pleasing to the Faculty, and especially so to the members. Literary attempts and debates have been subjects of much interest.

We have had an especially good choice of presidents. Miss Anna Brainerd, who filled the office of president the first term, is a very efficient worker. Mr. E. L. Cox, the second-term president, filled the office with honor to himself and to the Society. Both of these very desirable members are Seniors and their loss will be greatly felt by the Clionians.

It is through the assistance and sympathy of our adviser, Mr. Shouse, who has taken great interest in the real and serious work of the Society, that

the standard of the Clionians has been raised to greater heights, and we heartily thank him for his aid and sympathy in all we have undertaken.

Next year the Society will feel the loss of a number of very brilliant and hard-working Seniors, but without any doubt they will be with us in spirit, as are the Alumni of former years, although they do not assist regularly at the meetings. For "Once a Clionian, always a Clionian."

On account of the loss of "our dear old Westport," the Society has been obliged to give up the usual end-term entertainment and the entertainment of the Alumni. But, dear Alumni, our intentions were good, for we were to favor you with the following program:

Oration Mr. Gray Hodges
Piano Solo Miss Louise Hodges
Declamation Miss Sallie McCluer

INTERMISSION.

One hour's entertainment. . . The Clionian Minstrels

After this delightful program, refreshments were to be served, and toasts were to be given by members of the Clionian Society and of the Faculty. It will not be long until the new School will be completed, and we hope then to be able to give some very good entertainments.

Thanks are due Mr. Leon Harkins, the vice-president, who has worked very hard this year.



OFFICERS OF CLIONIANS.

LEON HARKINS,
Vice-President.

NORAH M. PENN,
Secretary.

RALPH KELLY,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

ERNEST L. COX,
President.

C. GRAY HODGES,
Treasurer.

WANDA SIMONDS,
Critic.

The Clionians regretfully say good-bye to their true friend and former adviser, Mr. H. L. Green, with the hope that he may be as successful in whatever he undertakes as he was in winning the hearts and best wishes of the members of this Society.

The debate between chosen members of the Clionian and Debaters was a great success. As was expected, The Debaters won their side of the question. The Clionians were highly complimented by the judges and visitors present, however, for the way in which they held their side against the excellent Debaters, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hawthorne.

The treasurer, Mr. Gray Hodges, has done double service this year, and, moreover, he has not tired of his work. At the second election he was chosen by unanimous vote of the members present.

To say that the readings, declamations, debates, essays, and musical selections given this year were of the usual high order is to praise them no little. Society work gives excellent opportunities for the cultivation of special talents that the classroom can not offer. It is surprising that some of our best students fail to recognize this.

The Clonian Society appreciates very greatly the kindness and encouragement of Mr. Underwood and hopes that he may remain with us many years to bless its meetings with his always welcome presence.

The Program committees deserve especial thanks, as they have taken great care and interest in their work.

Some of the farces given in the meetings have been very entertaining, and there was great fear at the beginning of the year that the Society would fall victim to their snare. At last, by the hard work of sensible members, more durable work was taken up.

At one meeting of the Society a production called "The Deestrick Skule" was given. The members of the Faculty on seeing some of the performers, and enticed by the very suggestive poster which announced the farce, could not resist the temptation and were compelled to leave their tasks and visit the session. After the meeting, many remarks were heard of how this little production recalled their school-days of "long ago." Another interesting feature of the year was an old-fashioned spelling match, in which Miss Nellie O'Brien was the winner of the first prize and Miss Norah Penn of the "booby." Miss Penn managed to spell neck-tie, n-e-c-h-t-i-e. At the same meeting a debate on the question of reformed spelling was given.

Several former members of the Society paid us visits during the year. Their presence at our meetings is always appreciated. We take this opportunity of urging all former Clonians to pay their visits to their *Alma Mater* at times that it will be convenient for them to attend the meetings of the Society.

The program of the first meeting of the second term was followed by a light luncheon that was enjoyed by all. The credit of its success belongs mainly to the girls. Miss Shire was present and gave us an inspiring talk. Ralph Kelly deserves special mention for the humorous songs he sang. The luncheon served its purpose admirably, which purpose was to afford us an opportunity to become better acquainted with one another.

The harmonious spirit that has pervaded the Society throughout the year is worthy of notice. Nothing is more destructive to the best interests of such an organization as ours than the existence of cliques and factions.

"Let Fate do her worst,
There are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the Past,
She ne'er can destroy.
So now we will leave
Each one to his fate,
And greet the Clonians
Of Nineteen-ought-eight."





Colors: Green and Gold.

Flower: Chrysanthemum.

OFFICERS.

First Term.

Laura Snodgrass . . . President . . .
 Ethel Addoms . . . Vice-President . . .
 Julia Lyman . . . Secretary . . .
 Helen Weber . . . Treasurer . . .
 Rachel Kincade. Sergeant-at-Arms . . .

Second Term.

Laura Snodgrass
 Rachel Kincade
 Abbie Johnson
 Helen Hetherington
 Ethel Mott

MEMBERS.

Seniors.

Abbie Johnson.	Louis Bannister.
Ethel Addoms.	Ethel Mott.
Catherine Ware.	Hazel Lorie.
Helen Hetherington.	Helen Weber.
Margaret Siegel.	Laura Snodgrass.

Juniors.

Julia Lyman.	Adeline Volker.
Rachel Kincade.	Zemula Johnson.

Floise Day.

Sophomores.

Gertrude Mullett.	Gertrude Schaufler.
Elizabeth Jewett.	

The Society of Westport High School that was formerly known as the Iota Kappa Beta Society changed the name to the Osiron Society, at the request of the Faculty. The new name is derived from the title of the Egyptian god of good fortune, Osiris.

The course of study that was completed this year consisted of a review of the most interesting

features of Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, and France. The papers have displayed thought and attention to the subjects considered and have been very instructive.

On January 28, there was an outside meeting at the home of the president. The program, which was devoted to a study of Greek mythology, was enlivened by the presence of the "Delphic Oracle," who gave advice and counsel. Like all our outside meetings, this one was very pleasant.

On March 4, the members of the Osiron Society were invited to the open meeting of The Debaters. The program given by The Debaters was a discussion of the question, "Resolved, That subsidies and bounties should be given to encourage commerce." The meeting was very interesting and was thoroughly enjoyed by every Osiron present.

We have two members who are honored by places on the Commencement program, Helen Weber and Laura Snodgrass. Helen Weber gives one of the two declamations and Laura Snodgrass reads an essay.

The Osiron Society is represented among the Junior officers by Zemula Johnson, who is secretary of the class.



OFFICERS OF OSIRON SOCIETY.

ETHEL B. MOTT,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

RACHEL M. KINCADE,
Vice-President.

HELEN H. HETHERINGTON,
Treasurer.

ABBIE JOHNSON,
Secretary.

LAURA E. SNODGRASS,
President.

The Society will lose at graduation this year the following members: Laura Snodgrass, Abbie Johnson, Catherine Ware, Helen Hetherington, Helen Weber, Margaret Siegel, Ethel Addoms, Ethel Mott, Hazel Lorie, and Louise Bannister. These girls will be missed very much by those of us remaining in school and will always be held in loving remembrance.

Laura Snodgrass has been a most capable president during her two terms of office. The Society very much appreciates her activities during the year.

The Society wishes to thank Miss Busch, the adviser of the past year, for the time and attention she has devoted to its interests.

THE DEBATERS



"Know your subject: words will follow."

Colors: Black and Gold.

OFFICERS.

<i>First Term.</i>	<i>Second Term.</i>
Marshall Campbell..President..	Marshall Campbell
Marvin R. Cary..V.-President..	Arthur C. Moses
W. Paul Jones..Secretary..	W. Paul Jones
Arthur C. Moses..Treasurer..	J. G. Hawthorne
C. Paul Stivers..Sergeant-at-Arms..	John S. Marley
Mr. H. L. Green..Adviser..	Mr. H. L. Green

ROLL OF MEMBERSHIP 1906-1907.

Ayers H. Blocher.	Joseph G. Hawthorne.
Marshall Campbell.	Donald W. Johnson.
Marvin R. Cary.	W. Paul Jones.
W. Raymond Clarkson.	Fred Madison.
Alvin Gossard.	John S. Marley.
Arthur C. Moses.	Jerome Twichell.
Kenneth B. Olson.	Charles B. Ward.
Lawrence L. Spencer.	Frank Webb.
C. Paul Stivers.	Reuben Wester.
Paxson Winsborough.	

It can be safely said that The Debaters of Westport High School have just experienced their most successful year since their organization, five years ago. We began the year a little younger, a great deal less experienced; but, by the conscientious work of our members, we have made the past season a great one in the history of The Debaters. We have become more proficient in the art of debate.

and we feel that this year has meant something for everyone.

A streak of official ability seems to run among The Debater members: Marshall Campbell, our president, is president of the Senior Class; John Marley is vice-president of that worthy organization. Hawthorne is president of the Junior Class, Cary is vice-president, and Johnson is sergeant-at-arms.

The HERALD Staff, too, belongs to us.

Editor-in-Chief	C. Paul Stivers
Literary Editor	Donald W. Johnson
Local Editor	Marvin R. Cary
Society Editor	W. Paul Jones
Athletic Editor	Ayers H. Blocher
Business Manager	Arthur C. Moses

The boys are developing some talent on the side: Cary and Stivers, in the Christmas Play, proved themselves worthy students of Dan Cupid; Spencer is captain of the Track Team, a worthy leader; Ayers Blocher will give an oration on the Commencement program; and Paul Jones and Paxson Winsborough take part in the Declamation Contest.

This plague of graduation takes from us this year: Blocher, Campbell, Marley, and Spencer. But it may be our time next; we have been constantly recruiting from the good blood of the Freshmen Class during the last quarter.



OFFICERS OF THE DEBATERS.

W. PAUL JONES,
Secretary.

JOSEPH G. HAWTHORNE,
Treasurer.

MARSHALL CAMPBELL,
President.

JOHN S. MARLEY,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

ARTHUR C. MOSES,
Vice-President.

The officers of our Society have been especially proficient this year. This is proven by the reelection of a majority of them. Mr. Campbell, our president, and Mr. Jones, who does our scribe work, were continued throughout the year. Mr. Moses was changed from treasurer to a place that would not be so tempting—vice-president. We hope that all our "vice" will stay with him and not with the regular president. Mr. Hawthorne's "innocence" will probably keep him from embezzling our funds.

December 21, 1906—The annual round-up. The old members brought together with the active.

Events: Roll-call from Train, down. Speeches with each answer. Program by active members.

Drawings in color by Alumni. Prize awarded to Edward Schaufler, '06 (K. U. '10), for drawing a Freshman eating the "Terrible Garnett Soup." It certainly was true to life.

On Friday evening, May 24, The Debaters were entertained by our adviser, Mr. Green, at his home. Moses and Spencer "capped" the prizes in progressive "Block." Later in the evening an ingeniously contrived "chili" wagon was disclosed in Mr. Green's den, which was quickly surrounded by a crowd of hungry boys. The quickness with which the "warm" viands disappeared proved that Mrs. Green and "The 'Chili' Queen" knew how to please their guests.

February 15, 1907, The Debaters were entertained at the home of Paul Jones. Progressive crokinole was the game of the evening, and prizes were awarded to Raymond Clarkson and Joseph Hawthorne. After refreshments, members were called upon for impromptu debates, which were followed by toasts in memory of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Green acted as toast-master. The evening was concluded with songs.

March 18, open meeting.

Guests, Osiron Society, Faculty, Boys, Debaters "in Embargo."

Events: Regular program, speeches from visitors.

Remarks by Mr. Underwood: "I like this plan which you have of every active member taking part in the general discussion when his name is called."

Campbell and Hawthorne proved a winning team against the Clionians in joint debate; Blocher and Spencer's argument in preparation to meet the R. T. C.s waxed so warm in the drawer of Mr. Green's desk that Room 5 took fire, April 15. We hope to meet other schools early next year.

The Club enjoyed a camping trip at Swope Park in the Easter vacation. Hawthorne was the star performer in eating, with Spencer a close second. "Scrub" was played and Hawthorne again distinguished himself. After *forty-seven* errors, he managed to stop a ball by falling upon it.

Marley (enthusiastically): "Mr. President, we subsidize steamship and railway lines. I think it would pay better to subsidize the man who builds a house and puts a family into it!"

Religion, Geometry, Economics!

JONES (in debate): "'God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him; both male and female, created He them.' This plainly shows that woman is equal to man, because things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Therefore, woman should not be denied the right to vote."

Our "babies" have broken up partnerships and each is in business for himself. "Little Joe," the smaller one, is now the Club clown; he is also the originator of the "Pig Yell." Clarkson is ex-president of a glad-hand conspiracy to "smother teachers with soft bricks."

By far the most enjoyable feature of our year has been the association with Mr. Green. We knew him before the year began, now we know him better. We respected him, now we hold him in our esteem, which is akin to love. Had we the words, we should thank him for his help, and murmur our regrets at his departure; but we are at a standstill and have forgotten our lines, as it were. So we say unanimously, from the depths of our hearts: "Mr. Green, we wish you well!"



BACK TALKS



TO BOYS



LAWRENCE S.—They tell me that your orange and black hose made a great hit in Columbia. I am sending you under separate cover a pair of pale lemon yellow with pea green circles of about an inch in diameter. Wear these on your next trip to Harlem. You ask for something new. A unique combination, which will doubtless please you, follows: a triple sized Senior pin, in color, embroidered on a light pink sock, with lace shoes and a green suit, would be something quiet, yet stylish.

GEORGE B.—Your Uncle Billy is much pleased at evidences of your popularity, which have been so abundant of late. The following was copied from the blackboard at Central: "Isn't George Boyle a dream? He's from Westport." Your popularity with our "hostesses" is proved (unless, of course, it can be shown that you wrote it yourself). Various notes picked up from time to time tell their own story. One of them reads: "George, this is a note from Miss A. (Signed) Ruby C." The body of the note follows: "I would like to ask a favor of you. Please, would you at some future time introduce me to Mr. Boyle?" The plaintive note in this appeal can not fail to impress the public that you are much sought after.

I'm glad that your singing pleases the girls. It must feel fine to be a hero—the only boy in the singing class. Write me again and let me know how you are getting on.

CARL D.—Take the following "proscription" before and after each American Literature recitation, for timid and bashfulness:

Stamina	dr.	1
Courage	mm.	3 1/2
Confidence	pecks	4
Pluck	gal.	5
Pulverized backbone	oz.	2

For a speedy recovery, eat "Force" three times daily. This "proscription" will make an excellent American Literature student of anybody.

JOHN M.—It is indeed too bad that you have acquired that pernicious "hand-waving habit." The Osiron girl who thought that you were trying to flirt with her from the debating platform was indeed too conscious of her charms. Don't be discouraged, John; such vital energy, well utilized, will make your fortune yet. As you keep up the motions while you sleep, why not fasten a churn-dasher to each arm and hire out to dairyman as butter-maker?

SUMNER B. (*alias* Spring Flowers).—You ask for the best method of cultivating the voice at home. If you have the proper regard for your loved ones, you will not practice at home, but will seek the wild woods. Sit with a fishing-pole by some quiet brook and try for a few scales. Do not try too hard, or you may ruin your voice, which already has the faculty of moving one to tears.

FRANK S.—There are many methods for sticking on a wig. Some use paste or liquid glue. The following formula may be used:

Molasses pint 1
Chewing Gum (well-chewed) . . . packages 5
Paris Green pound 1

Spread this carefully on sticky fly-paper and apply. According to all theory, this should prove effective.

WALTER W.—No, it would be hardly proper for you to put your feet on the desk of the fair maiden opposite. It is quite sufficient for you to let one arm rest on the edge of the seat of the maiden ahead and the other on the desk of one behind you. You might let your glance rest on the fair one across, but your feet—never.

ARTHUR M.—The most appropriate tie for a young man of your snare speech is what is known as "the string."

ERNEST C.—A most becoming and suitable head-covering for one whose head feels a little queer is the "soft crush."

FRED M.—Yes, I do think it very rude of the boys to tease you about that girl. Your position in the matter is certainly a dignified one. There is danger, however, of suffering from stiff neck from the haughty, withering poise you assume.

RAYMOND C.—You are certainly cultivating a bad habit. Your slang is getting to be too "proficious." When you begin to go with girls (if that time should ever come), you'll have no use for slang. Cultivate poetry, Raymond, if you aspire to pleasing the young ladies..

JACK R.—I was very glad to learn that you are having such a good time in school. That, of course, is your father's primary object in sending you, and it is indeed gratifying that you appreciate his interest, and are unwilling to disappoint him.

ROBERT F.—No, I should not advise you to enter the declamation contest again. Give the others a show. We greatly doubt the practicability of your scheme for rivaling John D. by getting a collection of oratorical prizes. Besides, you might lose. "Ah, there 's the rub!"

FROM OUR GERMAN CORRESPONDENTS.

I hope you can me understand.

The backer and milkman, they open their magazines at 4 o'clock (night) and the butchers at seven (morning).

The name of our English school mistress is Fräulein M——. She is a big miss with light hairs.

In one of the next weeks I had my photograph taken and send you then a picture.

We often go together out.

I do without book and nobody helps me, therefore if I make some mistakes, you must not be wondered.

The monument of this card present Bismarck. I think you have hear from him.

I am you much obliged for your carts.

Often he helped poors or innocents, but he punished villains.

His love to her was very great.

I don't no well English language.

We have amused our selve splendid, separately, at the ball.

My heart's darling! Have you received the kard of me with the Ichbesiatal? Haven't you?

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.

Bastman, Anna J.
Booth, Beulah H. (Mrs. Jack Trestrail.)
Cook, Mabel.
Field, Clarence.
Lowerre, Georgia I. (Mrs. J. D. Forrester.)

Hornbuckle, Nannie.
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, Martin.
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.

Willson, 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.
 Zumalt, Addie 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.
 Faul Smith.
 Robert Graham Ormsby.
 Shirley Allendorph.
 Sidney George Hodge.
 Walter Louis Wolf.
 William Joseph Peet.

CLASS OF 1906.

Harry Winthrop Austin.
 Walter Robert Barnes.
 John Lucas Campbell.
 John Crayton Dillingham.
 John Tillett Flowers.
 Roy Martin Gregg.
 Edward Llewellyn James.
 Claude Stuart Jennings.
 Carlton Knold Malone.
 Walter James Packwood.
 Henry Earl Ragland.
 Edward Reynolds Schauffler.
 Adolph Taylor Starck.
 Weslev Winans Stout.
 John Henry Thompson.
 Wilfred Waltner.
 George Hale West.
 Douglas Buchanan Wornall.
 Earl Cranston Wright.
 Iva Verd Abraham.
 Amy Muriel Algeo.
 Grace Anna Barker.
 Fthel May Bowen.
 Goldie Brandom.
 Ethel Jeannette Bridges.
 Mildred Adelle Clark.

Eula Lee Durham.
Lotta Lavinia Edwards.
Neva Etwein.
Florence Edmond Evans.
Margaret McCreery Fort.
Julia Emorette Green.

Mary Higgins.
Maud Holcomb.
Mabel Lee Johnson.
Marian Ketcham.
Mae Clementine Lamborn.
Blanche Lederman.

Edna Christine Nelson.
Lillian Henry Riley.
Effe Estellyn Rogers.
Clara Emeline Rose.
Bertha Florence Smith.
Grace Maureen Walter.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Westport is the only Kansas City School whose Alumni give an annual entertainment to the Graduating Class. June 15, 1906, the Alumni were at home to the Senior Class at Elm Ridge Club, where a very enjoyable evening was spent in cards and dancing, followed by refreshments. Owing to the success of this event the Alumni will again be at home to the Class of '07, at Elm Ridge, June 13, 1907.

Let us record a few changes that have taken place since the affairs of the Alumni were last brought before us.

Loren W. Rowell, of '96, is at present manager for Swift & Company, Cambridge, Mass. Though deep in the affairs of business, Loren's happiness was not complete until he returned into his own country and took unto himself a fair maid of his own tribe.

Miss Margaret Drake, Class of '01, is now visiting in Los Angeles, Cal.

The HERALD is very glad to publish these very interesting items concerning the Alumni. We cordially invite every alumnus and every alumna to send us a note of personal interest or a communication upon a general topic at any time. Keep in touch with your High School.

John E. Evans, of '99, has decided to add one more to the long list of M.D.s, and is now studying at University Medical.

Perry C. Smith, Class of '03, has entered the "Pit" to battle with the Bulls and Bears.

Miss Mabel Cook, of '98, has for the past year been studying in Chicago University.

Glenn R. Donaldson, of '01, after completing a course of law at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., is now practicing in this city.

Franklin M. Underwood, of '98, is at present principal of Meramac School, St. Louis, Mo.

Daniel Martin, Class of '99, is in New York State, completing a course in theology.

Frank L. Towsley, of '02, holds a position as assistant cashier at the Wabash offices in this city.

Leo M. Tilson, of '00, is buyer for Morton & Sons, Kansas City.

L. Cameron Fisher, of '01, recently married Miss Jeanette Hodge, a former student at Westport High School.

Notice to Shippers: Lester F. Gregg, of '01, is now soliciting for the Freight Department of the Santa Fé.

Still the ranks of the M.D.s swell; Harold B. Clark, of '02, is following up his old tendencies and will be a finished product in '08.

Orrie B. Scott, of '01, our well-known athlete, is making a reputation in the pitcher's box with the Wheeling, West Virginia, team.

George A. Underwood, of '01, still holds the chair of French in the Missouri Valley College.

Charles Wolf, of '04, the faithful treasurer of the Alumni, is with the Campbell Paint and Glass Company, of this city.

H. Guy Porter, of '02, is attending a School of Technology in Decatur, Ill., where he has attained a reputation as a debater.

Miss Pearl Lowerre, of '02, and her sister, Miss Ruby, of '03, have just returned from a seven-months stay in Los Angeles.

Call on Carl D. Stowell, of '03, who joined the ranks of the Benedicts last November, for fire insurance, real estate, etc.

Miss Pearl Burns, of '02, has drifted back to the scenes of old, and is now clerk at the Westport High School.

John M. Kennedy, of '01, was graduated this year from Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

Miss Elizabeth Partington, of '04, who has resided in Fargo, N. D., for the past two years, has returned to this city.

James G. Rowell, of '01, is with Swift & Company, Kansas City.

Mrs. L. H. Fisher, née Maude Holcomb, of '01, now lives in Nashville, Tenn.

George C. Colburn, of '02, is now practicing law in Boise City, Idaho, where he is a partner in the firm of Davidson & Colburn.

Frank E. Folk, of '03, is with Montgomery, Ward & Company, this city.

Frank H. Eyman, of '02, Novelty Manufacturer, Kansas City, Mo.

Ruth Patton, of '02, has just returned from a six-weeks visit to the Pacific Coast.

Helen Lynn graduated from Dillenbeck's School of Oratory this spring and expects to commence a stage career.

Roscoe Ham, of '01, has been in attendance during the past year at the State School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.

Carl Malone, of '06, was at William Jewell until the first of March, when he was compelled to leave school on account of over-work. While there he made an excellent record, getting above 95 in every study.

Charles J. Mount, Jr., of '05, is at Missouri Valley College, where he is as prominent in school affairs as he was at Westport. He is manager of the base-ball team and holds many other offices.

William Peet, of '05, is a Sophomore in the college at K. U. He is a member of the University Mandolin Club, one of the highest class organizations of its kind in any college in the West. This Club takes an annual trip lasting two weeks, going as far east as Chicago.

Roy Gregg, of '06, who was a student at William Jewell the first semester, is in Seattle, Wash., in the real estate business.

Boone Gregg, of '05, is a Sophomore at Missouri Valley College. He is president of the Y. M. C. A. and takes a prominent part in the school activities.

Mae Lamborn, of '06, is teaching a country school near Lawrence, Kas.

Taylor Starck, of '06, is working at the Sunflower Oil Refinery at Niotaze, Kas. Next year he expects to commence the study of advanced chemistry at Baltimore School of Technology, Baltimore, Md.

Clara Rose, of '06, is attending St. Mary's Academy at Leavenworth.

Wesley Stout was at K. U. until April 1, when he went to Wichita, Kas., to accept a position as reporter on the *Wichita Beacon*.

Herbert W. Underwood, of '03, is now midshipman, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.



The shades of night were falling fast,
The hour in Physics was the last,
When from the table near the door
Came scurrying across the floor
Electrolysis!

The pupils screamed and stood on chairs,
Some brave ones tried to reach the stairs;
The panic fairly rocked the house,
The name of this disturbing mouse—
Electrolysis!

Miss Burns would like to add a new Beatitude
to the list: "Blessed are those who are never late."

Miss Kahn: "Where did Hawthorne live
after his father's death?"

Mr. Carl: "He lived around with his
ancestors."

Mrs. Hedges: "What is the most important
thing to you in Beethoven's life?"

Miss Garrett: "He was never married."

Dorothy Jones (translating in German):
"Everything was draped in mourning and in the
middle of the room was a big black bear." (Bier.)

Miss Stoner (first day at Central): "I will
spend part of the hour in answering any questions.
Are there any questions now?"

Hazel Eldridge: "How do you go up stairs?"

Exasperated Teacher: "Mr. Abernathy, is
there anything you do know? Give me the word
for lazy!"

Mr. Abernathy (dreamily): "Abernathius—
a—m."

Miss Nardin: "Give all the words you can
think of which suggest their meaning from their
sound."

Miss Holmes: "Sizz, buzz, fizz, and fuzz."

Mr. Shcuse (in the American History Class):
"How many troops did England send to the Col-
onies during the Revolutionary War?"

Colin Alexander: "A big sight more than
ever went back."

Miss McCoy (translating French): "She
heard the soft, low voice of a woman."

Miss Stoner: "No; use the possessive sign:
'She heard the soft woman's low voice.'"

Miss Stoner: "Mr. Snedeger, Mr. Underwood said for you to lock all these windows down."

Mr. Snedeger: "He told me to lock them up, I thought."

Miss Wilder: "Phillips is the only Latin name we have in this class."

Mr. Moses: "Why, there is Wester."
(*Wester, yours.*)

Latin Teacher: "Mr. Abernathy, why don't you use your notes and vocabulary?"

Logan A.: "I've worn 'em out."

Hazel Fezler (at the theater): "Oh, see! five years clapse between the first and second acts."

Ada Collier: "My! we won't have time to stay and see it."

Mr. Green (in Civil Government): "Where would you go if you wanted to get a marriage license?"

Mr. Ware: "To the coroner's."

Miss De Witt (to Mr. Ham, chewing gum vigorously): "Dispose of that gum."

Ham (gulping): "I have."

MEMORIES OF THE FIRE.

Oh, how we long for the Annex dear
And the crowded Study Hall,
For the stiff-backed chairs of Westport
Where we sat around the wall!

As we gazed upon the blackened walls
We caught one ray of light,
For it was Prose day, don't you know,
And the lesson was a fright.

But alas! our hopes were blasted,
For Central took us in,
And Miss Wilder heard that Prose
As if the fire had never been.

Miss Kahn: "Mr. Alexander, Miss Busch wants you at once."

Mr. Alexander: "Now? What room?"

Miss Kahn: "23."

Teacher: "What is the meaning of Tuesday in English?"

M. McCoy: "Wash-day."

Miss De Witt: "That author died a year or two ago."

Pupil: "When was she born?"

Miss De Witt: "That's rather a difficult thing to say about a woman."

Pupil (translating Latin): "'The Fates pursued her husband.'"

Miss Wilder (absent-mindedly following her text): "Why, I haven't any 'husband'—"

Miss Stoner: "What kind of a sentence is this, Miss Montrose?"

Vera M.: "I think it is a funny one."

Mr. Shouse: "What was the Monroe Doctrine, Miss Warren?"

Miss Warren: "Well, it was the document that John J. Adams wrote."

Miss McMillan: "I get good track practice every morning chasing after the car."

Mr. Hull: "Is it Mr. Delevan Carr?"

Miss Shire: "Mr. Bentley, in what part of Rome is the Pantheon located?"

Roy B.: "In the West Bottoms, I think."

Mr. Bigney: "Mr. Hodges, how far have you gotten?"

Grey H.: "I've finished three-fourths of pi."
(Pie.)

Mr. Bigney: "I'm surprised you left any."

Mr. King: "Mr. Alexander, what is the 'tare'?"

Alexander: "The amount of goods torn."

Mr. Bigney (dictating): "Did you get that problem down, Mr. Johnson?"

D. Johnson: "Yes, I got it, but I didn't get it."

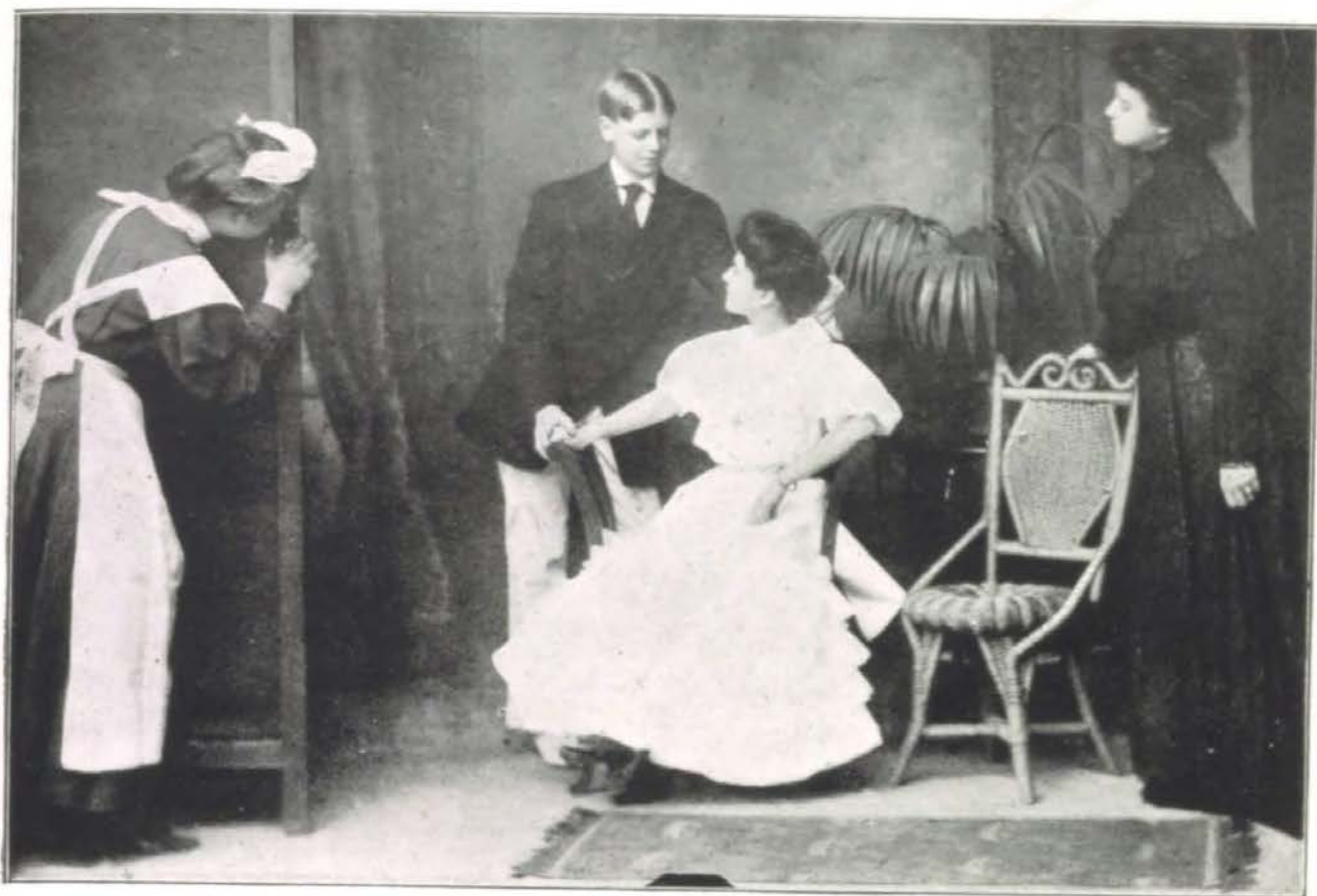
Mr. Bigney: "Mr. Hohman, what is that figure 12 after your name, is it your age?"

Ella: "There is one part of my life that I remember as a perfect dream—when I loved everybody and everybody loved me."

Margaret: "That must have been a dream."

Leslie H. (at the party): "Am I a question?"

Ethel A.: "That question doesn't need answering."



CHARLES: MISS FLO, SHOULD YOU EVER—"



"S---s---s---T!"
From Christmas Play, December 20, 1906.

YOUNG MAN:

No matter how well you have been pleased with made-to-order clothes, no matter how much you were disappointed with other Young Men's Ready-to-Wear Suits—No matter what your experience may have been in finding a suit to fit your fancy, your figure, and your price, a garment bearing the



‘SAMPECK’



label will triumphantly stand more criticism, examination and wear than you ever conceived possible in merchandise of the sort.

Sizes 30 to 36 Chest

\$12 to \$15.

GORDON & KOPPEL
 CLOTHING COMPANY.
 Outfitters to Young Men and Boys
 1005-7 Walnut St.



This year we again beg mercy from our exchanges. Owing largely to our cramped quarters, which necessitate many periods, we are greatly handicapped and issue only two copies a year. In 1908, when we move to the new building, the HERALD will probably increase the number of copies from two to four or six copies a year. Until then we hope our exchanges will continue to arrive, uneven though the trade often is. At present all we can do is to give thanks for what we receive and to offer humbly that which we can give.

Owing to the fire, which destroyed the greater part of the exchanges received, we cannot tell exactly from whom we have received exchanges. We will send copies to all on our last list and to all those received since the fire, hoping that none will be overlooked.

"Oi want a pair av shoes fer me bye."
 "French kid?"
 "No, sor; Oirish."

Parent (of Freshman): "And what does this 'D' on your report mean?"

Freshman: "That they are De-ighted with my work."

Father: "Every time you are bad I get another gray hair."

Son: "Gee! You must have been a corker. Look at Grandpa."

"Name the seasons of the year."

"Foot-ball, basket-ball, and base-ball."

Teacher: "What tense do I use when I say, 'I am beautiful'?"

Pupil: "Remote past."

Teacher (to Language Class): "What does transparent mean?"

Bright Little Boy: "Children whose parents have died and they've got some more."

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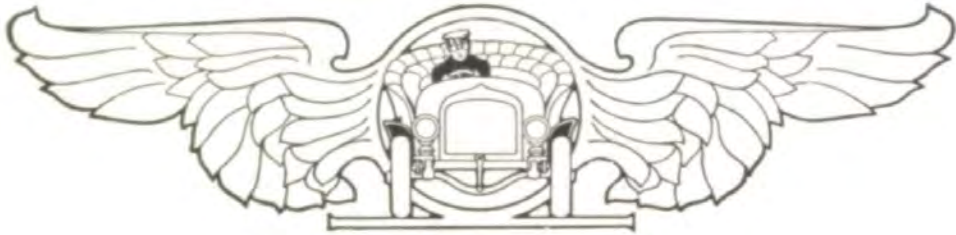
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CARL J. SIMONS, Mgr.

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,
Despite his love and kisses;
For, although he always hits the mark,
He's always making Mrs.

"The sun never sets on England's possessions,"
said the Englishman proudly.

"No," replied the Irishman; "the Lord is
afraid to trust her in the dark."

Teacher: "Name a group of islands off the
coast of Scotland."

Pupil: "Well, there's the Bridegrooms."

Teacher: "The Bridegrooms!"

Pupil: "Well, yes—the He-brides; ain't
that the same thing?"

"Yes, sir," said the proprietor of a New
Jersey hotel, his chest swelling out with pride,
"our little town is rich in history. George Wash-
ington stayed over night and had breakfast at this
very hotel once."

"Maybe he did," remarked a guest, "but you
don't dare say he stopped here twice."

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Lowney's Chocolates

you may know that he is
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The Superb Dress Effects of This Famous Shoe Fills Every
Requirement For This Important Event.

PRICE ALL STYLES \$4.00

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Miss DeWitt (commenting on end of a poem):
"Of course that is a rather sudden turn."

Miss Simonds: "I think that was almost a
corner."

USE THE BEST

FAULTLESS STARCH

FOR LAUNDRY WORK

FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

Trouble, trouble, let me be;
 Trouble, trouble, twenty-three;
 Trouble, trouble, prunes for you;
 Trouble, trouble, oh, skidoo!

Father: "Well, what 's the matter now?"

Tommy: "Ma says I mustn't never say a word while she is in the room."

Mama: "Why, no, I didn't, dear. I said you mustn't interrupt me while I'm talking."

Tommy: "Well, what 's the diff'rence?"

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, ma'am, it 's economy," the boy answered; "the same piece of bread does for both."

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I 'm mayor of these diggin's, an' I 'm fer law-enforcement. We've got an ordnance what says no saloon shall be nearer than three hundred feet from a church. I gave 'em three days to move the church."

A lot of poor children were at a farm. The farmer gave them some milk to drink, the product of a prize cow.

"How do you like it?" he asked, when they had finished.

"Gee, it 's fine!" said one little fellow, who added, after a thoughtful pause, "I wish our milkman kept a cow!"

Minister: "Brother Thomas, will you lead in prayer?"

No response.

Minister: "Brother Thomas, will you lead—"

Thomas (waking with a start): "It isn't my lead—I just dealt."

She (listening to the choir in the distance): "Isn't that beautiful music?"

He (listening to the Katy-dids overheard): "Yes, and the strangest part about it is that they make it by rubbing their hind legs together."

"You can't do that again," said a pig to a boy who had cut off its tail.

Both 'Phones 880 South.

Lady Assistant

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FUNERAL DIRECTOR,

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Leave your orders with me for cleaning and repairing Oriental Rugs.

3918 Main Street.

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We have the most complete stock of desirable summer shoes ever shown at one time in Kansas City. Our makes are well known and cash prices give the best values possible in this country. : : : : :

THE POPULAR DOROTHY DODD : : : : \$2.50 AND \$3.50
 THE POPULAR BOSTONIANS : : : : : \$3.50 AND \$4.00

OVIATT SHOE CO.

1105 Main St.,

Kansas City, Mo.



An indignant letter, dictated by a clever old gentleman, ran thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot express it; but you, being neither, can readily divine it."

"I do so like to talk to you," she says softly, in a pause of the conversation.

"Why?" asks the unsuspecting youth.

"Because," she answers gently, "Because you are all ears!"

A teacher showed his small pupils a zebra, saying, "Now, what is this?"

"A horse in a bathing suit," was the prompt reply.

Small Brother: "Are you going to marry sister Ruth?"

Caller: "Why-er, I really don't know, you know."

Small Brother: "That's what I thought. Well, you are!"

The Only Exclusive Men's Furnishers in the City

Neckwear, Shirts,
 Hosiery, Underwear, Etc.

NELSON & WRIGHT,

1010 Main St.

Shirts Made to Measure.

Home 'Phone 2766 Main.

We Move to Our New Store

922 Grand Ave. (Next to R. A. Long Bldg.)

About July First.

Bryant & Douglas, Book & Stationery Co.,

The place for School Books, School Supplies and Fine Stationery.

Old Gentleman: "Are you certain these life-belts are cork, and not half saw-dust?"

"Salesman: "They are the best quality. We have sold hundreds, and never had a complaint."

It was the mother's voice calling: "Jane, it is twelve o'clock. Tell that young man to please shut the front door from the outside."

"If there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Katie?" "No, Augustus, I won't; I am no gas-meter."

The Man (in the street-car): "Take my seat, madam."

The Woman: "Thank you, but I also get out at the next corner."

The New White Fabrics from Europe

Particularly Appropriate for Graduating Dresses.

WE NOW have ready for your approval a great collection of beautiful white fabrics, suitable for Graduating Dresses. You will find the prices very moderate, as we bought them months ago and thus saved the recent great advance in the cost of all cotton materials.

The prices at which we are offering these beautiful goods are in many instances as low or lower than those for which they could be replaced.

Come and see them when next you are in the store.

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 DRY GOODS CO.

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 J. M. KLAPMEYER, VICE-PRESIDENT. J. B. WORNALL, ASST. CASHIER.

Westport Avenue Bank

CAPITAL \$100,000
 KANSAS CITY, MO.

Condensed Statement of Condition March 22, 1907.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts, - - - - -	\$187,927.66
Overdrafts, - - - - -	92.71
Furniture and Fixtures - - - - -	3,030.04
Cash and Sight Exchange - - - - -	61,113.94
	\$252,164.35

LIABILITIES:

Capital Paid In, - - - - -	\$ 55,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net, - - - - -	1,919.64
Deposits, - - - - -	195,244.71
	\$252,164.35

The Above Statement is Correct,
 W. F. LACAFF, Cashier.

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 For Graduation.**

For the Graduates of
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 of Jaccard has made
 ample provision in gifts
 of great beauty and
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Gift seekers are cordially
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 Silver. : : : :

**The Diamond Shop
 JACCARD JEWELRY CO.
 1017-1019 Walnut.**

Patrick and Michael were crossing the ocean on their way to America. All went well the first half of the voyage. One day, however, Pat became ill and died. The usual preparations for burial at sea were made, and in place of leaden weights, which had been lost, chunks of coal were substituted. The remains were finally ready for the last sad rites, and long and earnestly did Mike look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, Oi always knew ye were goin' there, but Oi'm dommed if Oi thought they'd make ye bring yer own coal."

Cholley: "The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling."

Ethel: "Did he recommend any special course of study?"

Johnnie: "Papa, papa, come quick! Mama has fainted."

Papa: "Here, put this ten-dollar bill in her hand."

Johnnie (a moment later): "She says she wants ten more."

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When the Boys who attend the Westport High School grow to be men, don't forget THE OLD RELIABLE. ❁ ❁

BADGER LUMBER COMPANY

A little four-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping-car. In the middle of the night his mother asked him if he knew where he was? "Tours? I do," he replied, "I'm in the top drawer."

"Can't you find any work at all?"

"Plenty, sir, but everybody wants references from my last employer."

"Can't you get them?"

"No, sir. He 's been dead twenty-eight years."

A trolley collided with a milk-wagon and sent the milk splashing on the pavement. Soon a crowd gathered.

"Goodness!" exclaimed a man, "What an awful waste!"

A very stout lady turned and glared at him.

"Just mind your own business," she snapped.

Willie: "The horse was goin'—"

Teacher: "Don't forget your 'g,' Willie."

Willie: "Gee, the horse was goin'!"

SPALDINGS

ATHLETIC SHOP

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Is the natural headquarters for everything new and standard in athletic goods. You have the excellent opportunity of buying your supplies here at home, at the same prices asked in our New York and London stores.

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The only optician in the city, who
gives you the services and con-
sultation of an oculist without extra
charge.

The Freshman knows that he knows,
The Sophomore thinks that he knows,
The Junior thinks that he doesn't know,
The Senior knows that doesn't know.

An American and a Scotchman were on a high
hill in Scotland, and the Scotchman was bragging
of the extent of view.

"I suppose you can see America from here on
a fine day," said the American, chaffingly.

"O aye, further than that," was the reply.

"Further than that?"

"Aye; on a fine night we can see the mune."

"Why have you been absent from school?"
demanded the teacher.

"Why," replied the boy, "Mom broke 'er arm
Monday."

"But this is Wednesday. Why did you stay
away two days?"

"Why-er, it was broke in two places."

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New Furniture, New Carpets, New Rugs and New Curtains.
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3939 MAIN STREET.

USE FOR CHILDREN.—“Your wife used to sing and play a great deal. I have not heard her lately.”

“Since we have had children she has had no time.”

“Ah, children are such a blessing!”

Hubbubs: “Are you ever bothered with tramps out here?”

Subbubs: “No; I have a sign on the gate reading, ‘We are vegetarians, but our dog isn’t.’”

A mule’s hind leg has only one season—it is always a beautiful spring, even if it is backward. Spring in this case is always followed by an early fall.

Editor’s Son: “I asked papa when the millennium was comin’, an’ if Mars was inhabited, an’ if it was going to rain next Fourth of July, an’ he said he didn’t know. I don’t see how he ever got to be an editor.”

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Vacation is here.

Me to The Fashion
for a Nifty Straw Hat.

Boys,
Catch on,
and follow me.



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Westport and Main,
and 1024 Main St.

Headquarters for

ICE CREAM, ICES

and

FINE CONFECTIONS.

Morton's Ball Room for Dancing.
Both 'Phones.

Mr. Green (explaining a distiller): "You see, this is the worm."

Laura: "Is that what makes the snakes afterward?"

Mr. Moses, who is just back from Christmas holidays, has his foot in the aisle.

Miss Kahn: "Mr. Moses, you must have got a new pair of shoes for Christmas."

Mr. Moses: "No, I just got one shoe; I expect the other next year."

A youth with an athletic form
Came to school one day quite forlorn,
A long scratch on his hand,
Told the story so bland,
That she, think we,
Should more careful be,
How the pins in her belt are worn.

Mr. Hull: "Where do you get the Chili saltpetre?"

Miss McClure: "Down in Peru."

Entrances 915 Main, 912 Walnut.

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The Best 25c Hair Cut in the City

and get

George Herold's Ridge Building Barber Shop

Stop it! Go to

Have you been hunting a First Class Barber?

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Marshall Campbell, who sits near Mr. Scott's desk, says the reason he can not recite better is that his environment is bad.

A. C.: "Oh! I hit my crazy-bone."

P. Stivers: "Don't you do that every time you touch anything?"

In school there is a boy named Cox,
With ruffled hair and glasses;
He sings a bit, and talks a bit,
And ogles at the lassies.

Miss Wilder (after the fire): "These Latin books may be wet outside, but they 're dry enough inside."

Miss Kincade (hearing Mr. Cox's name):
"Why! is that the boy with the hair that sings?"

Pupil: "What did Hamlet 'stand' for?"

Miss DeWitt: "I suppose because he didn't have any place to sit down."

R. S. Motor Cycles.

Two and One-Fourth and Three Horse-Power.

Sellers' Special and Dayton Bicycles. - -

Light Machine and General Repair Work. -

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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CADY & OLMSTEAD, Jewelry Company,

Jewelers and Fine Stationers,

1009-1011 Walnut Street.

Miss Shire: "What American would have been more beloved had he died earlier?"

Miss Curtis: "Bryan."

Mr. Hull: "Can anyone give me a formula for heat?"

Snaggles: "Oh! you're trying to make fools of us, Mr. Hull."

Mr. Hull: "I'm afraid it is too late."

Miss Wilder: "I must insist that you sign your names at the board. Here is a conjugation without—"

Miss Tieb: "I put 'P. T.' at the top."

Miss Wilder: "Oh! I beg your pardon. I thought that stood for present tense."

Mr. Marley: "Green is very hard to get, is it not?"

Mr. Hull: "Not in a mental operation."

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WATT WEBB, President.

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Arthur Moses (translating French): "Then she embraced him on the forehead. Is that far enough?"

Miss Stoner: "Yes, quite far enough."

Sherrill: "Miss Wilder got her Latin books out in pretty good condition. Even fire is afraid of Latin."

Mr. Fife: "What is your favorite pie?"

Mr. Jones: "Mense."

Mr. Hull: "Iodine is good to take out swelling, but it stains. I'll put some on Mr. Hodges' face to show you."

Miss McClure: "You had better put it on his head."

Mr. Hull: "It takes out only muscular swelling."

Miss Wilder (in electing reporter): "Did you say Mr. or Miss Johnson?"

Mr. Moses: "Either."

F. Weber's Sons,

WHOLESALE, RETAIL AND IMPORTERS OF

Harness, Saddles, Whips, Turf Goods, and Horse Remedies.

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HYDE PARK PLUMBER,

TRY US,

WE CAN PLEASE YOU.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

Mr. Hull: "How is H_2SO_4 manufactured?"

Miss Carnahan: "I don't know."

Mr. Hull: "Well, how was it made one hundred and fifty years ago?"

Miss Carnahan: "I don't think I remember."

Miss De Witt: "No one in this class perpetrates any brilliancies in the matrimonial line."

Miss Simonds: "Can't someone be accommodating?"

Mr. Snedegar (speaking of easels in Central): "I used to dust those, ten years ago."

Miss Biddle: "How old are they, anyway?"

Mr. Snedegar: "I don't know; I am only thirty-five."

Mr. Green: "Since Miss Woods completed the number '13' in the Physics Class, she may have been the unlucky one."

Miss Hodges: "Oh! I don't think she was unlucky."

If our work suits you, TELL YOUR FRIENDS. If not, tell

C. H. WEIDENMANN,

PRACTICAL PLUMBER.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting.

Job Work Promptly Done.

Sewer Work.

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Large Demand. Good Salaries.

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HANDKERCHIEFS
LEATHER GOODS

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6 E. 11TH STREET

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Mr. Heslip: "An old mountaineer told me about a hoop-snake that he saw in Kentucky."

Mr. Scott: "I guess that was in the moon-shine region, wasn't it?"

The Colonial Catering Co.

3135 Main St.

Bell Telephone South 1646.

Bakery Goods of every description.

Special attention given to orders for Parties, Balls and Receptions.

Teach Yourself the Wise Habit

Of holding a little money in reserve; each time as you receive your income, pin money, or salary, set aside a certain amount, however small, as due and owing **Your Bank Account!**
One Dollar Lays the Foundation for a Healthy Balance — Begin Right Away.

3 Per Cent
on Savings
Accounts

2 Per Cent
on Checking
Accounts.

Fidelity Trust Co.,

Walnut and 9th Streets.

Mr. King (in Physiography): "Have you heard of the Saratoga Springs?"

Mr. Overstreet (sleepily): "No, only bed springs."

Mr. King says if you "scare" (square) fifty, it will become twenty-five hundred.

Let's tell him to jump at a few fifty-dollar bills.

Mr. Hull (calling roll): "Miss Stickle, are you mine?"

Kirshner (in Physics): "The cream takes cold from the ice."

Mr. Green: "Wouldn't that give you the grippe?"

Mrs. Hedges: "Mr. Jones, if you are cold, you may move nearer the stove. Miss Mense, aren't you cold, too?"

Miss Garnett (after the fire): "I guess the soup is well watered."

BOYS AND GIRLS, CLASS 1907,—You are through school now. When you get married buy a home from, and have it insured, by

GILMER & GILMER,

Insurance, Real Estate, Rentals, Loans.

Tel. 148 South.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.



PREMIER "24"

The Quality Car

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No car rides so easily, thus affording not only the highest degree of comfort to the passengers, but the special full elliptic springs relieve the car and tires of the severe impact occasioned by ruts, etc.

Economical in fuel and upkeep, graceful and ornate.

It represents the fullest value known in motor car construction.

Touring Car \$2,250.00
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THE HARDY TROUBLELESS MITCHELL'S

4 Cylinder } Touring Car \$2,000.00
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GENERAL SELLING AGENTS,

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Bo'h Phones 1755 South
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Invites the Accounts of Boys and Girls

There are many opportunities for young men and young women if they have been sensible enough to save a little money and have it on hand at the right time. The Savings Bank Department of the Pioneer Trust Company makes itself useful by taking care of your small deposits.

Begin saving small amounts and keep it up

Mr. Hull: "Will you bring up the paper you have left?"

Sallie Mc: "It is stationery. I do not know whether I can or not."

Miss Montrose (translating French): "'Faites manger le guide,' 'Make him eat the guide.'"

Mr. Green (giving dictation in Physics while ragman is calling in street): "Be careful to take your dictation from the right dictator."

Miss Wilder: "Miss Jobes, give the imperfect indicative of *moneo*."

Miss Jobes: "*Mon, mon*; I can't pronounce it."

Miss Wilder: "Spell it."

Miss Jobes: "M-o-n. I believe I'd rather pronounce it."

"I wonder what that Chinaman is doing up so late."

"Shirts, I suppose."

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Miss Kahn (in English): "Mr. Guthrie, will you give me an example of truth?"
Mr. Guthrie: "I can't."

C. Ward: "Why don't you take things seriously?"

Elsie Storr: "Oh! go on; I'm not on the HERALD Staff."

Miss Wilder (in lunch-room): "Do you call this soup fit for a Christian to eat?"

Miss Garnett: "I'm not anxious about the religion of my customers."

Donald Johnson says that he is covered with ashes to prevent him from slipping out at night.

P. Jones: "What makes that dog of Clarkson's howl so dismally all the time?"

J. Hawthorne: "I believe his master is writing poetry for the HERALD."

Mr. Underwood (to visitor, opening door to an Annex room): "Here is a relic of old Westport; all it needs is a little paint." Great was his confusion when the opening door disclosed Miss Wilder.

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Mr. Hull: "What is the other name for sodium nitrate?"

Miss Anderson: "Chili sauce." (Chili salt-peter.)

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Miss Tuller: "Mr. Green, what is that buz-
zing noise?"

Mr. Green: "Oh! that is just the Thaw trial
going on."

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Miss Anderson: "Yes, human nature."

Mr. Shouse: "Mr. Warren, what is an ode?"

Mr. Warren: "I don't know, but it sounds
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wishes to know anything definite, she calls on him.Mr. Toll (in French): "Well, it won't be the
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Abby J.: "It seems to me that any silly person could write that poem."

Miss De Witt: "Well, you try it."

Mr. Davis (in Zoölogy): "I once heard of a young woman who had trichinosis and it made her so sick that all she could do was to teach school."



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