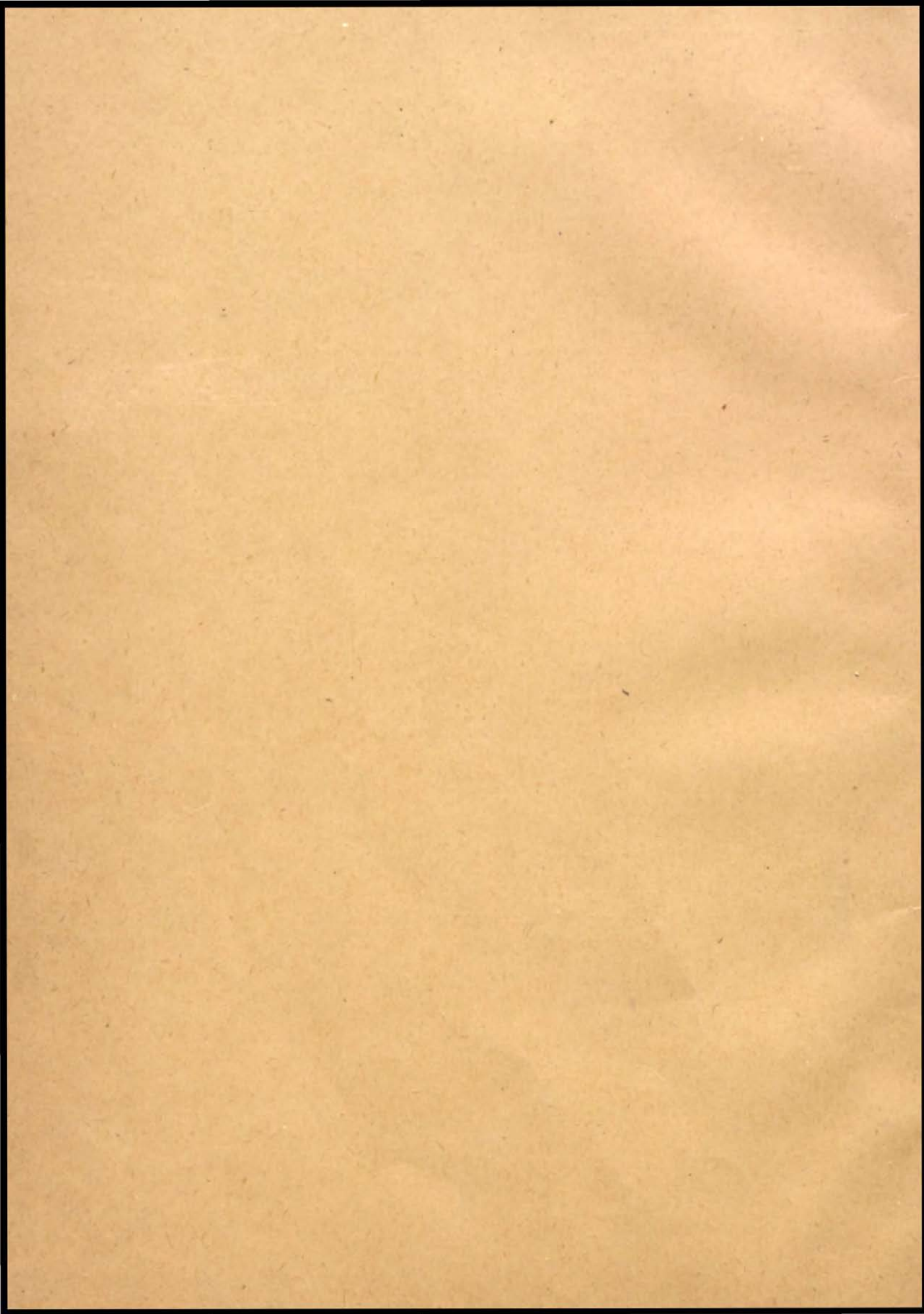


WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL HERALD

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

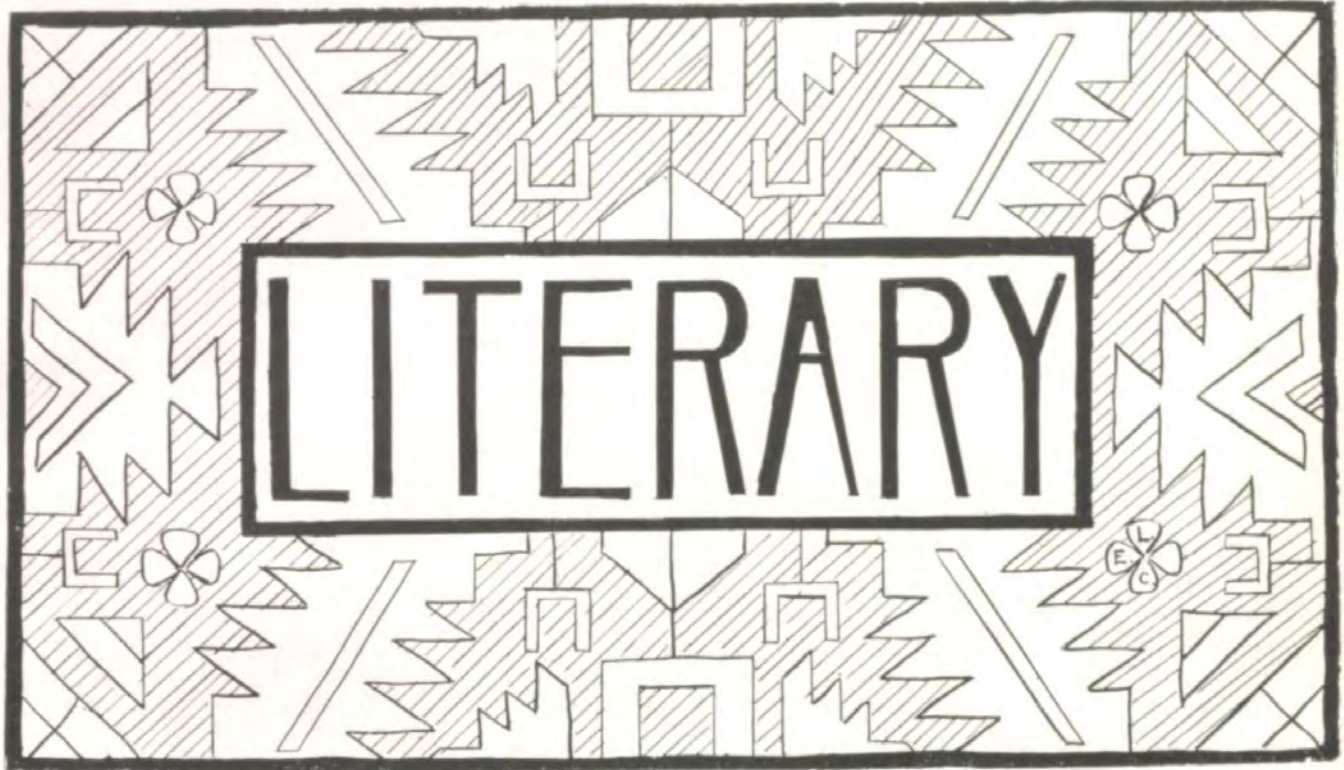


FEBRUARY, 1908





To the Boys and Girls
of the
Middle West,
The Pride of Her Present,
and
The Hope of Her Future.



WESTERN SPIRIT.

Since the opening of this vast territory known as the Middle West, and its settlement and development, there has been an atmosphere clinging to it which has been recognized throughout the United States and the influence of which has been felt throughout the world.

When, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the settlements of civilization o'erstepped their boundaries and the wild country west of the Alleghany Mountains was forced to yield, little by little, to the hand of man, there was born a dauntless spirit, a courage which knew no check, and a true heroism which marked forever in American history and American hearts the early pioneer.

Unbaffled by the almost insurmountable obstacles with which he met, the pioneer pushed onward and onward until, in the middle part of that same century, he had spread civilization from one ocean to the other. In his course he had left behind him such deeds of patriotism and heroism as were to grow and dominate the great area over which they were spread.

To-day, we of the Middle West are distinguished in all circles, native and foreign, by what is termed our Western spirit, and in this spirit is recognized the seeds of freedom, curbed by sound judgment, which have been instilled into us by our fathers, honored in history as the sturdy pioneers of the West.

Leda Craven, '08.

MY CONTRIBUTION.

It was during 'zaminations,
When they came to me one day
And wanted me to jingle
Them a little roundelay
About some early settlers,
Or the wild and woolly West,
But I couldn't get to jingling
Just the day before a test.

It had been my whole ambition
To be poet of my class,
But if they found I could not jingle,
That would be a pretty pass.
So I sat upon a hassock
All the pleasant live-long day,
And I jingled, jingled, jingled
All the thoughts I had away.

When I went to eat my dinner,
Everybody was irate,
For my fork went jingle, jingle,
'Gainst the bottom of my plate;
And I could not drink my coffee,
But just had to give it up,
For my teeth went jingle, jingle,
'Gainst my trembling coffee-cup.

I went to bed o'er-burdened
With the weight of my defeat,
And I dreamed a monster jingle
With a thousand complex feet
Came and jingled, jingled, jingled,
Through the darkest hours of night
In a rhythm most terrific,
With a rhyme of masculine might.

When I got up in the morning,
And I took my History test,
All my dates went jingle, jingle,
Till they were a sorry mess;
For my jingling box of knowledge
Played me many impish tricks
With the jingling, jingling, jingling,
Of this idiotic mix.

Then I saw 'twas no use trying,
For the time was drawing near
When our paper would be published,
And my poem should appear;
So I went to HERALD meeting—
What I did I'll tell to you:
I just handed in these jingles
As the best that I could do.

Alma Cutter, '08.

THE SHERIFF'S RUSE.

Metz, Ector County, Texas, was a bad town. Everyone from Odessa, the county seat, twelve miles away, to the county seat of the next county, more than fifty miles away, said so. Of course, everyone in the surrounding country asked, "Could anything good come out of Metz?" and were not greatly surprised when one of its inhabitants was wanted by the sheriff of Ector County on the double charge of gambling and horse-stealing.

But everyone was surprised when they heard that the sheriff had not been seen or heard of for four days. Where could he be, and what could he be doing? When last seen he was setting out on the trail of the "Metzian," but he had had ample time to go to the borders of the county and back. Everyone knew this much: that Sheriff Cook had caught "Slim" Roberts, the son of a saloon-keeper in Metz, gambling in Odessa, and that in escaping Roberts had stolen a fine horse, but overlooked the fact that it was the only horse in Odessa wearing shoes; so the sheriff had easily found his trail and departed on his own wiry cow-pony. This much they did not know: that Cook had trailed Roberts to the border of the county, and found there that he was heading for the railroad, instead of for the Mexican border, as Cook had at first supposed. He knew Roberts well enough to know that he was more daring than clever, and, taking these facts into account, reasoned out Roberts' plan of action like this: If he kept on as he was headed, he could follow an old cattle-trail through a country where he was unknown to Midland on the railroad. From there he could easily return to Metz, and find a hiding-place with one of his numerous lawless friends. Accordingly, the sheriff laid his own plan of action. It would be at least three days before Roberts could reach Metz. Cook would con-

sume the time in riding slowly to Metz, which was nearly seventy miles away, and arrive there the day Roberts did, capturing him at the train. The T. and P. Railroad honored Metz with two trains daily: "Number Nine," eastbound, any time between three and nine a. m., and "Number Ten," westbound, about two-thirty p. m. Cook expected Roberts on "Number Ten."

So Cook took his journey in easy stages, as he had planned. He spent the last night with one Jim Lantry, at his ranch about thirty miles from town. As Lantry and his visitor sat on a bench outside the house, after supper, a man with his hat pulled far forward over his face galloped around the corner of the house, from the direction of the corrals, and disappeared down the road toward town.

"Who 's that man, Lantry, and where 's he goin'?" Cook asked sharply.

"Oh!" Lantry answered easily, "he 's jest one o' the boys. He 's jest goin' down the road a piece after some hawses." But Cook noticed that the man hadn't returned, when he retired.

The next morning, soon after dawn, Cook jogged off on the last stage of his journey. He was a fine figure of a man, as he sat his horse with the easy grace of one bred in the saddle. He had been a cowboy the greater part of his thirty-five or forty years, until elected sheriff, two years before, by the law-and-order-loving population of the county. He wore the typical frontier costume. The corduroy trousers, rough shirt, knotted handkerchief, heavy boots with spurs at the heels, soft sombrero, pulled well forward over his face, and the yellow oil-skin, known to the cowboys as a "slicker," tied on behind his saddle, all were there. The pistol-belt bristling with cartridges, with holster and pistol suspended from it, after the

manner of the stage cowboy and the "tender-foot," were conspicuous by their absence. The bulging hip-pocket and its contents, while perhaps not so picturesque, were much more useful. The wind blew vigorously, as it is in the habit of doing in that country, and before they had been out two hours, both Cook and his horse were covered with dust. It was a hot day, and kept growing hotter, until the horse began to "sweat" on his neck and under his blanket, in spite of the easy pace.

About noon Cook and his tired pony reached the ridge of a scarcely perceptible rise, and saw Metz before them. The pony pricked up his ears, and Cook pulled out his watch. It was a little earlier than he had intended to reach Metz, but it would give him time for dinner, he thought, as he turned to a survey of the landscape. The ground at this point was almost level. Not a tree broke the monotony. The single track of the T. and P. straggled along until it seemed a mere line and then dropped over the horizon. The road on which Cook traveled went on and formed the main street—in fact, the only street of the town. On this street were three saloons and two mercantile houses, which supplied the surrounding ranches. One of the saloons bore the somewhat picturesque sign: "Elmer Roberts. Saloon and Hotel. Food and Drink for Man and Beast." At the end of the street and across the tracks lay the station, and on either side of it the section-houses, and the loading-pens and water-tank. There were no dwelling-houses in Metz. None were needed. The business men lived over their places of business, the section-hands in the section-houses when they were not in the saloons, and the station agent, who was looked on as an alien by the other inhabitants, in peace and quiet over the station. And this was Metz.

The town was deserted as Cook rode up the street. Not a ranch-wagon was tied before any of the places of business. Consequently there was no business and the store-keepers

were curled up in snug corners reading and making out accounts.

Cook dismounted at the sign before mentioned and went into the saloon. Roberts was naturally no friend of his, but his "hotel" was the only place in Metz at which to get a meal. Cook's hand hung a trifle closer to his hip-pocket than usual as he entered. The proprietor of the place was sitting with his feet on the counter, and Cook had the satisfaction of seeing him jerk them down and reach for his pistol; but he looked embarrassed as he saw the sheriff's pleasant smile.

"Howdy, Roberts?" Cook remarked affably.

"Mornin'," Roberts answered sullenly.

"Got any chuck raound? I'm powerful empty," Cook went on. He spoke with the inevitable Texas drawl.

"Yep. Wait a bit," Roberts answered shortly, and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

Cook seated himself at a long table, covered with oil-cloth and ornamented with red-pepper bottles, sticky flypaper and flies. He wondered if Roberts guessed his errand, and then looked idly around the bare room. Suddenly his eye was arrested by a piece of paper lying on the floor near Roberts' chair. The writing was exposed and he distinctly saw his own name. He arose quickly, picked it up and hurried toward the door as he read:

"DEAR ROBERTS,—Cook here for the night. I think he 's on the way to Metz. Warn Slim if you can. Cook don't know I was to Metz yesterday.

"Yours truly, *Jim Lantry.*"

"So that fellow did come to town last night," Cook muttered under his breath as he galloped away toward the station. "They've found out some way that Slim's comin', and if they've warned him, I've got to find out."

Watson, the station agent, was reading a "blood-and-thunder" novel when he saw Cook approaching. He dropped his book, however,

and hurried from the station to greet him as he swung off in the shade. "Hello, Cook!" he called. "So you've turned up again, have you? They've sure been keeping the wires hot about you for the last hour or so." Then confidentially, "You're here for young Roberts, I suppose?" Cook nodded.

"Well," Watson went on, "I have no right to tell you this as a Western Union operator, but I'm going to do it as a friend." Cook looked up expectantly. "Slim had the nerve to telegraph his dad yesterday that he'd be home to-day. He did it under an assumed name, but I saw through it," Watson continued, with the air of a Sherlock Holmes.

"Well?" from Cook impatiently.

"Oh, yes. Well, Roberts was nervy enough to send Slim a message to the train. It was like this as near as I can remember: 'Leave train at Odessa and hike for Mexico. Danger here.' I'd have held it up if I could, but I'd have been fired for it."

Cook pushed his hat back and rubbed his forehead thoughtfully. "Has 'Number Nine' gone through yet?"

"Yes, sir. She was only an hour late this mornin'!"

"Well, then," Cook said authoritatively, "go tell the section-boss to come up here with his extry car—"

"Section-crew's out on a three-day job with both cars," Watson interrupted.

Cook looked blank. "Well, I'm in it then. Just an hour before the train gets to Odessa, Roberts on it. Me here. Isn't there an extry or anythin' for me to get up there on?"

"Not a thing," Watson answered mournfully. "There's an extry directors' special comin' next. She stops here for water, but you couldn't get aboard her if she was goin' east. She's got the gilt-edged crew aboard, with all their notions."

"And that's all?" Cook asked, determinedly.

"Everything," Watson answered.

"Well, then, that extry's got to turn around and take me back to Odessa, or—" Cook grinned and set his teeth. Watson laughed loudly and Cook remarked, "Oh, shut up!" as he left the station and went out to his horse.

The wind whistled mournfully among the telegraph wires overhead. Cook had squatted down, cowboy fashion, with his back against the station, and lit his pipe. He thoughtfully watched his pony's tail as it blew in the wind, until a puff of smoke on the horizon caught his eye. He rose slowly, knocked the ashes from his pipe, gave his pony a friendly slap, and walked slowly back to the operator's window. "Say, Watson," he called, smiling, for he had a keen sense of humor, "that special's comin'. I wish you'd unsaddle my horse for me, pard, and feed him good. I'll be along for him about to-morrow."

"Why, man," said Watson, soberly, "it's plumb foolishness for you to try to interfere with that special. Someone will put you off before you get a chance to say a word about goin' back."

But Cook only smiled and walked off down the track.

As the train slowed up for the station, the three men playing poker in the private car with Slade, general manager of the road, glanced out of the window. They remarked on the desolateness of the place and went on with their game.

But two young men, dressed in immaculate white "ducks," who stood on the observation platform, took more interest in the place. They took in the whole town and its surroundings, and then satisfaction and amusement settled on their faces as they saw Cook coming towards them. "He'll do," remarked the taller of the pair; "come on." And they swung off before the train had fully stopped.

"My friend," said the tall one, as they stepped up to Cook, "some of our party are having a quiet little game of poker in the car there. Now we have heard of this anti-gambling law

down here, and we 'd take it as a great favor if you would play the sheriff and give them a good scare. Come now, how about it?"

Cook smiled pleasantly, and then a stern look came into his eyes. Here was a chance, if properly handled, to get to Odessa. He would pretend to take the innocent poker-players into custody, make them run back to Odessa with him, ostensibly to pay their fines, and when there, explain and take the consequences. Anything to get there! "I guess I ought to be able to do that little job," smiling again; "I *am* the sheriff."

The conspirators looked somewhat abashed. They had not bargained on a real sheriff, but they were not to be balked by a little thing like that, and both exclaimed in a breath, "All the better! Go ahead and give 'em a good scare before the train starts."

Cook waited for no second invitation, but walked briskly toward the car. He glanced alertly toward the engine as he walked, and saw the fireman just climbing out on the tender preparatory to taking on water. "Ten minutes ought to be time enough," he thought, as he stepped onto the platform the conspirators had vacated only a moment before.

The card-players were startled by the clink of spurs on the platform. They glanced up quickly and saw Cook in the door. He carelessly pushed his hat to the back of his head, stood there in the entrance, one hand on his hip, the other resting on the door-jamb, and took a careful survey of the car. The four railroad directors, who were rather used to having things their own way, felt strangely small and insignificant beside this cool Westerner, for the simple reason that he completely ignored them. He took in the whole of the gorgeous furnishings of the car, including the buffet and the white-jacketed negro beside it, before he deigned them a glance, which developed into a careful scrutiny. What he saw was four men, coatless and collarless, cards in hand, and amazement on every line of their features.

Suddenly the negro started forward as if to dismiss the stranger, but Cook held up his hand and the negro stopped where he was. Cook moved toward the card-table and said courteously, "Gentlemen, I 'm right sorry to interrupt your game, but gamblin' 's against the law down here, and I reckon I 'll have to take you along with me." And he showed his star.

The four men stared at each other aghast. A look of horror came to the negro's face; ejaculating, "Fo' de Lawd!" he started on a run for the back of the car.

"Here, you darky!" Cook called sharply, never taking his eyes from the poker-players; "you come back here, and if you move again from by that 'ere buffet, there 's goin' to be trouble."

The negro returned.

By this time Slade, usually so sure of himself, had recovered his powers of speech. "Well, Mr. Sheriff, suppose you 've got us, what do you intend to do with us?"

"Well, sir, there 's a fine to pay, and I reckon you 'll have to run back to Odessa—that 's the county seat—with me and pay up." Cook was perfectly courteous and equally firm.

"Now, look here," Slade suggested, "you don't see any money here anywhere, do you? I understand it 's gambling the law's against, not card-playing."

"Chips are evidence in Texas," Cook replied, pointing to the tell-tale bits of celluloid.

Slade was desperate and tried a threat. "Now," he began in a different tone, and was delighted to see that Cook backed slowly toward the door, "what if we don't want to go with you. We 're four to one. We don't want to, and we just won't, that 's all." He looked up triumphantly—along a pistol barrel and into a pair of steel-gray eyes behind it. Then he realized that the sheriff had backed to the door so as to be able to cover all four of the men at the table with his weapon. "Nigger," came authoritatively from Cook, "step lively now,

and tell the conductor that he's wanted in here. No more than that, mind!"

The negro fled and closed the platform door sharply.

"Now, sir, I've tried to do this job like a gentleman, but I reckon you're not used to that way, so I'll just—well, I'll just have to put handcuffs on you." And Cook drew a pair from his pocket. "Now, put up your hands, every one of you, and—"

Slade saw his game was up, and was about to surrender when the sheriff's mouth twitched slightly. Cook cleared his throat and tried to go on, but he stopped abruptly, dropped his pistol into his pocket, pointed to the window, and threw himself into a chair, laughing ruefully. The four men turned, and saw the cause of their release. There on the platform lay, or rather rolled, the conspirators, much to the detriment of their white "ducks," holding their sides and gasping for breath. "Oh, Slade!" one of them groaned at last, and Slade began to comprehend. "So you are not the sheriff?" he asked, turning to Cook, with a smile.

"I'm the sheriff all right," Cook said, smiling sadly, "but I reckon them things is accountable for the rest of my little game." And he pointed toward the platform. "You'd have been on the road to Odessa now if it hadn't been for them." Here Cook rose and started for the door.

"Don't go, sheriff," said Slade. "I want to settle this thing up properly. Now if there is anything I can do for you—"

The conductor entered at this point, followed by the porter. Here was a last, slim

chance, and Cook seized it. He told his story briefly, but before he had finished Slade saw what he wanted, and asked the conductor if the line was clear to Odessa.

"Yes, sir," the conductor answered, respectfully.

"Run the train back then, please, as fast as allowable, and hold her until 'Number Ten' gets in." Slade was once more master of himself and his car.

The conductor nodded, and went out.

"We'll just stay and see the capture properly made," Slade added, with a smile and hearty hand-shake. The train started and the conspirators tumbled aboard, still gasping. "And now, Mr. Sheriff," Slade continued, "will you join us in a game of poker? Of course, we'll respect the law—"

"Sure," Cook replied, laughing, "but I don't know whether I dare play, even with chips, after all I said to you gentlemen."

The special arrived at Odessa ten minutes before "Number Ten," and went out again about the same time ahead of it. Cook had made his capture, been duly congratulated thereon, and the directors had returned to their car. Slade remarked, as the train left the station, "Well, I've been fooled once or twice in my life, but I never expected to be so completely duped by a Texas cowboy." Then, ignoring the laughter of the conspirators, he continued, "If he hadn't been such a fine actor, and such a dandy poker-player, I couldn't have forgiven him."

Margaret Coburn, '10.



FACULTY OF THE WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL.

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<i>Clerk.</i></p> <hr style="width: 10%; margin: auto;"/> <p>MISS TRIPP GARNETT,
<i>Manager Lunch Room.</i></p> <p>MR. CHARLES B. SNEDEGER,
<i>Custodian.</i></p> <p>MR. BENJAMIN F. REID,
<i>Assistant Janitor</i></p> |
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Societies



ROUND TABLE CLUB.

OFFICERS.

President	Paul Stivers
Vice-President	Margaret Merrill
Secretary	Eloise Day
Treasurer	Frank Sherrill
Sergeant-at-Arms	Hoyt Simpson
Adviser	Mr. King

The Round Table Club has been very fortunate this year in its selection of officers. Mr. Paul Stivers, who was vice-president last year, but did not have a chance to prove his ability in that line, fills the chair with dignity, and Miss Day has proved herself a very competent secretary. Mr. Sherrill, who seems to have a rather magnetic personality, has no trouble in collecting dues. Miss Margaret Merrill has not yet had a chance to display her executive ability, but when called upon to do so, will undoubtedly prove equal to the occasion.

The Round Table Club was well represented in the Christmas Play. The following members were chosen for the cast: Miss May Mott, Miss Alene Foley, Miss Loren Wightman, Miss Hedwige Myers, Mr. Leslie Hohman, Mr. Pax-

son Winsborough, all of whom did credit to the club as well as themselves.

The Program Committee has proved to be quite remarkable, and has arranged some very enjoyable programs. It has been loyally supported by the members.

The Club has enjoyed some very fine music so far this year. Miss Humes' and Mr. Twitchell's playing has added greatly to the programs.

At the Christmas meeting the Club was visited by Santa Claus' representative, in the person of Andrew Addoms, who presented each member with a gift and a sack of candy. This was a signal for "good times" to begin, and everyone proceeded to visit with his neighbor. At this meeting "A Scene in the Editing Room of the *Round Table Centerpiece*" was given by the program committee, with the assistance of Mr. Hull, as society editor, and Lee Douthitt as office boy.

One of the things of which the club feels proud is its posters. Miss Warren has designed several signed clever and original posters, which have been well executed.

THE CLIONIAN SOCIETY.

OFFICERS.

President	Alma Cutter
Vice-President	Leon Harkins
Secretary	Maud Dennis
Treasurer	James Field
Critic	Alice Gushurst
Prosecuting Attorney	Paul Jones
Sergeant-at-Arms	Carl Hodges
Adviser	Mr. Fox

The Clionian Society organized this year with about thirty old members. A good selection of officers was made, and the business of the society has been carried on very successfully by the people elected.

The society has had a good friend and adviser in Mr. Fox, who has made many clever suggestions for the arrangement of the programs.

Miss Cutter has discharged the duties of her office with credit. Miss Dennis has made the minutes of the society unusually interesting by giving them a little original touch. Mr. Field has been successful in collecting dues and deserves especial mention for his untiring energy. Miss Alice Gushurst has impressed the society with her criticisms. Mr. Hodges has been a very energetic sergeant.

Mr. Harkins, the vice-president, did credit to the society in the Christmas Play.

The Christmas meeting of the society took the form of a luncheon prepared by the girls of the society. All of the teachers who had been advisers of the society in the past were invited and most of them were present. Mr. Underwood attended the luncheon and amused the Clionians greatly by telling the president's fortune with the coffee-grounds. Miss Stoner,

in the course of her remarks, informed the society that she was soon going forth into the "cold, cold world."

The luncheon was given with the idea of making the new members feel more at home in the society, and was certainly a success.

Miss Adah Patrick and Mr. Paul Jones, Clionians, are vice-president and treasurer, respectively, of the Class of '08.

Many new members have been admitted during the year and are taking up the work with the true Clionian spirit.

The talks given by Mr. Hull and Mr. Humphrey were enjoyed very much, and the society hopes to hear from them again before the year is over.

All the committees have been very faithful, especially the program committee.

The society has kept very close to its original purpose in its work this year. Not only has the work done by the members benefited the society, but it has also benefited each member.

In looking over a list of prominent members and good workers we find the names of Miss Mable Gushurst, Miss Garnsey, Mr. Frank, Mr. Root, Mr. Ward and Miss Lois Hodges near the top.

Credit is due Mr. Ward for the appropriate posters which have appeared on the Clionian bulletin-board.

Impromptu speaking has been made a feature of this year's work, and the members who have been called on for impromptu work have responded gracefully.

OSIRON SOCIETY.

OFFICERS.

President	Rachel Kincade
Vice-President	Eloise Day
Secretary	Elizabeth Jewett
Sergeant-at-Arms	Julia Lyman
Treasurer	Adeline Volker
Adviser	Miss Nardin

The programs of the Osiron Society for the year 1907-08 consist of papers on Kansas City. The society feels that this is a very profitable subject, and broad enough to keep the members busy the whole year preparing papers, which are beneficial.

On November 18th there was an outside meeting at the home of Miss Eloise Day. It was the first meeting at which part of our new members were present. The other members were elected a short time afterwards. The occasion proved to be the enjoyable kind that the society always has at the homes of its members.

The society has twenty-five members this semester, fifteen new members having been added. They are: Alma Hagenbuch, Margaret Holmes, Charlene Vance, Tessie O'Neill, Cyrilla Humes, Ruth Lawson, Irene Curtis, Margaret Coburn, Florence Fuqua, Margaret Jackson, Jenny Whitney, Mary Krugh, May Mott, Christine Spencer and Margaret Corbin.

On December 17th, the last Monday before the Christmas holidays, an amusing program was rendered for the enjoyment of the society. The first feature was a presentation of gifts by an Egyptian sorceress, who was well impersonated by Miss Charlene Vance. The gifts con-

sisted of dolls, very cleverly made of empty bottles dressed in tissue paper. Each one represented the girl for whom it was intended, and was accompanied by a short verse to help make clear the identity. After the dolls had been distributed, an amusing poem was read, called "The Tale of the Scarab Rings." This was followed by a sad and serious story to calm our frivolous spirits. Finally, very pretty Christmas cards were distributed among the girls, and after a pleasant half-hour of talk, the society adjourned. We wish to say that we were extremely glad to have with us at this meeting two of our alumni, and Miss Busch, our last year's adviser.

The Osiron Society has four members on the HERALD staff: Rachel Kincade, Margaret Jackson, Gertrude Schaufler, and Elizabeth Jewett. Miss Kincade is one of the literary editors, Miss Jackson one of the exchange editors, Miss Jewett one of the society editors, and Miss Schaufler is on for locals.

The society appreciates very much the efforts of its president, Miss Kincade. She has given some very helpful talks to the society, and also told some interesting bits of information learned from pioneers of Kansas City.

We wish to thank Miss Nardin, especially, for her kind help during the past term. To her we owe much for suggesting the subject for this year's course of study and assisting us with making out our programs. All together, she has done much toward making our past work enjoyable, and we are looking forward with pleasure to our next term's work under her kind guidance.

THE DEBATERS.

"Know your subject: words will follow."

OFFICERS.

President.....	Arthur Moses
Vice-President.....	Paul Jones
Secretary.....	Marvin Cary
Treasurer.....	Joseph Hawthorne
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Reuben Wester

MEMBERS.

Marvin Cary,	Fred Madison,
Alvin Gossard,	Arthur Moses,
Leon Harkins,	Kenneth Olson,
Joseph Hawthorne,	Paul Stivers,
Kenneth Irons,	Jerome Twichell,
Donald Johnson,	Richard Vance,
Paul Jones,	Charles Ward,
Robert Kishner,	Reuben Wester,
Paxson Winsborough.	

Mr. Humphrey, a new member of the Faculty, who has been instructor in public speaking in Knox College, is our adviser this year. In addition to his help in debating and public speaking, he has proven an excellent friend.

The Debaters are well represented in school affairs. Moses and Jones are president and treasurer respectively of the Class of '08; Winsborough and Harkins were in the cast of the Christmas Play; Stivers, Cary, Hawthorne and Ward are members of the HERALD staff.

Mr. Moses has been most successful as president. Mr. Jones has had the arduous duties of program making, and, considering the fact that he has done this work alone, he is to be congratulated. Mr. Cary has kept the neatest book in the history of the Debaters. Mr. Hawthorne has gotten the money, and Mr. Wester has been able to keep order.

The Program Committee, although it has had a troublous career so far this year, has done good work in selecting subjects.

Alas! the debates on Monday evenings have been warm, but the building has not.

The Annual Banquet of the Debaters was held at the Coates House the evening of June 17, 1907. In addition to the active members, a number of our alumni were present. Mr. Green, our retiring adviser, was the guest of honor. This banquet is an annual feature with us, and is held near the end of the school year.

The Debaters wish to thank Mr. Hull and Mr. Shouse for attending our meetings during Mr. Humphrey's absence from school.

The members of the Debaters look with interest to the coming of the inter-scholastic debates with the high schools of Des Moines and Omaha. The Debaters are working upon the subject with the idea of securing places upon the teams for members of the Debaters. These debates furnish an opportunity for us to show our powers of debate, and to show them to the best advantage.

This year a number of the alumni have attended our regular meetings, much to our pleasure, for we are always glad to see a former member and we wish him to feel that he is still one of us.

The Annual Round-Up was the occasion of a general good time. There was no formal program, but in its place there was an informal good time. Plenty of music and wit was in the air. There was also a spread, prepared by the boys, which would make a caterer work hard to beat. The Round-Up proved to us that the best way to have a good time is to lay all formality aside. Our friend and former adviser, Mr. H. L. Green, was present and took charge in Mr. Humphrey's absence.

THE SENIORS ORGANIZED.

The Class of 1908 has this year established a new precedent. Instead of electing officers in the spring and securing a pin late in the year, the Seniors held their election in November and had obtained their pins before Christmas. On Friday, November 1, the class was called to order by Joseph Hawthorne, last year's president. Nominations were made, and the number of candidates for each office reduced to two by preliminary ballots. The candidates were: for president, Arthur Moses and Joseph Hawthorne; for vice-president, Marvin Cary and Adah Patrick; for secretary, Elsie Warren and Julia Lyman; for treasurer, Zemula Johnson and Paul Jones. On Wednesday, November 6, the election was held and the following officers chosen:

President.. . . .	Arthur Moses
Vice-President.. . . .	Adah Patrick
Secretary.. . . .	Elsie Warren
Treasurer.. . . .	Paul Jones

A committee, consisting of Sarah Magill and Paul Stivers, was appointed to co-operate with the president in selecting and submitting designs for the class pin. A few days later the choice was made on the first ballot and the pins were ordered.

Another innovation has been proposed this year. It is to have social meetings of the Senior Class, with an address by some well-known speaker, a program, or a luncheon. This plan has met with the approval of many and will doubtless be carried out during the next term. It will help the Seniors to become better acquainted with one another and will encourage class and school spirit. All together, the Seniors feel that they have done a good thing in starting early to secure all the benefits of class organization.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAY.

A very enjoyable presentation of "Mr. Bob," a well-known two-act farce, was given by an excellent cast in the Academy of Music, Friday evening, December 13, 1907. Although the evening was bad without, the enthusiastic audience at the rise of the curtain completely filled the hall and many were standing. The sale of tickets numbered one thousand, the largest in the history of the school.

The play of the evening was a very lively farce, in which the cast was allowed plenty of action. Too much cannot be said in praise of the cast, of which it is difficult to select those that require special mention. Mr. Hohman, in his immaculate "ducks," as *Philip*, showed a stage presence worthy of a professional. Mr. Winsborough was very convincing as *Brown*, the clerk, and his repeated assertion that he "just came down to—" never failed to bring applause from the audience. Mr. Harkins, in the part of the butler, was warmly accepted by the audience and fully deserved his share of the

honors. Miss Mott proved most sedate as *Aunt Rebecca*. Both Miss Foley, as *Katherine* and Miss Myers, as *Katherine's* friend, were worthy of praise in the rendition of their respective parts. Miss Wightman added much to the humor of the play in her unique character sketch of *Patty*. Mr. Humphrey did much towards the success in his excellent training of the cast.

In fact, the play followed the precedent of of previous Westport Christmas plays—it was one more success added to the many before it.

The music for the evening by the High School Orchestra and Chorus showed a most careful selection. Mr. William Kintz and Mr. Walter Metcalf gave a very fine violin duet during the interval between acts. At the conclusion of the program the most enthusiastic of the audience burst forth in a succession of school yells.

The furniture used on the stage was loaned by the Shirey-McConney Furniture Co.

The Westport High School Herald.

V L. VI. KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1908

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1907-08.

<i>Editors-in-Chief</i>	{ C. PAUL STIVERS, '08. ALMA CUTTER, '08.
<i>Literary</i>	{ LEDA R. CRAVEN, '08. RACHEL KINCADE, '08. MARVIN R. CARY, '08.
<i>Local</i>	{ GERTRUDE W. SCHAUFFLER, '09. JACK MALCOLMSON, '11. ELIZABETH EASTMAN, '08.
<i>Exchange</i>	{ MARGARET JACKSON, '09. THOMAS B. ROOT '11.
<i>Athletics</i>	GEORGE D. HULL, '10.
<i>Societies</i>	{ JOSEPH G. HAWTHORNE, '08. ELIZABETH JEWETT, '09.
<i>Artists</i>	{ LYDIA E. COOK, '08. CHARLES B. WARD, '09.
<i>Business Manager</i> ..	CLYDE B. CHACE, '09
<i>Advisers</i>	{ MISS STELLA F. HOD-HIER. MISS CAROLYN STONER.

Our Faculty has been greatly increased this year, ten new teachers having been added. Mr. Herrmann, who has taken a place as teacher of chemistry, is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and of Johns Hopkins University. He came here from the Streator (Illinois) High School.

Miss Cook is a graduate of Westport High School. She has completed a special course in mathematics at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Fox is a graduate of the University of Illinois and of Columbia University. He has been for three years instructor in English in the University of Illinois, and here teaches advanced English.

Miss Spencer, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, and head of the English department in the High School of Vancouver, Wash., teaches rhetoric and first year English.

Mr. Morse, who is teaching geometry and trigonometry, is a graduate of Harvard University. He was last year an instructor at Acadia College, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Liggett, a graduate of the University of Missouri, last year principal of California

(Mo.) High School, has first and second year classes in Latin.

Mr. Shaw, another Latin teacher, is a graduate of Trinity University, Canada. He was formerly adjutant at the Missouri Military Academy, Mexico, Missouri.

Miss Enyart, a graduate of the University of Michigan, has taken several of Mr. Scott's physiology classes.

Mr. Humphrey, of the Emerson College of Oratory, and a former teacher of public speaking at Knox College, has several elocution and rhetoric classes.

Miss Teasdale, who has studied in France, has taken the first year French classes.

Altogether, we feel that we have secured an excellent addition to our Faculty; one which will benefit us both in the present and in the future.

IN MEMORIAM:

Fred Ryan, Nov. 27, 1907

Anita Dexter, Nov. 26, 1907

The pupils of Westport High School give annually a sum to the poor of Kansas City. This year contributions of cash were received in each room during the roll hours. The total amount of the contribution was \$58.28. The following committee: Joseph Hawthorne, Eloise Day, Harry Fowler, Alma Hagenbuch, Kenneth Irons, Mildred Mabry, Norton Thayer, Jr., and Margaret Ingraham, into whose hands this contribution was placed for disposal, decided to turn the money over to the Institutional Church.

The HERALD wishes to ask the school for more contributions. Even with the reporter system, we do not feel that we secure all the

good locals. Let each one put something in the HERALD box for the next number. A story is always acceptable, poems are at a premium, and there can never be too many good locals. The school wishes a good paper to represent it; let it help to make the HERALD the best school paper by giving it effectual support.

The HERALD begins this year with another handicap added to those of past years. The increased number of pupils necessitates an increase in the number of hours. As the staff cannot meet before 4:20 p. m., only a few minutes are available for work. Once more we say, "Next year," but this time we are secure in our hopes. In the new school we are to have a HERALD office and the school day will be over much earlier. Then great things may be expected; among them, doubtless, a larger number of issues.

WASTE IN CITIES.

Waste, it is lately found, is so dominant that not one city is free from it. Some have awakened to this fact more suddenly than others, and have gone forth to spread their knowledge among those who are more slow of observation.

These men show that fire-proof construction would save a great part of the money which the city pays to maintain a huge fire department; the citizens would also save much in insurance. They point out the waste of combustible carbon, of which smoke is chiefly composed, through imperfect consumption of the fuel; smoke, too, defaces the beauty of the city. The tax-payer is taught that municipal ownership, properly administered, would greatly diminish the taxes. The consumers of water (may they grow in numbers) are shown that pure water in abundance preserves health. He whose garbage accumulates daily until its odors fairly stagger him is made to know that this poor service costs the

city \$30,000 each year, while the saving of this valuable substance would lead to a good income yielded by its sale. He who knows the distress caused by the imprisonment of the lawless citizen is told that public playgrounds and amusement-houses would effect the economy of sums of enormous magnitude, which are paid for the maintenance of the convict, and the economy also of tears of those deprived of all support, by the law.

We, as good citizens, should seek to overthrow Waste and raise Economy to the dominant position held by the usurper.

Thomas B. Root.

FROM ABROAD.

The Head Master of the Westport High School:

Dear Madam,—Next year I had for my correspondent a young miss very gentle. She is Miss —, your pupil. This year I have nobody. Dear Madam, I shall be very happy if you could give of the news of —, if she is in good health, and why I have not received a letter or a card of this part. Always I hope a letter. If — cannot to write me, if you please, Madam, procure me another correspondent. But I should prefer — because I know she a little.

In the hope to receive, Madam, an answer of your part, allow me to offer you my best homages.

Please, Madam, excuse me mistakes.

Now, I am in long holidays, I can write often in English language.

TAKEN FROM CICERO.

(Directions: Read slowly and with great feeling.)

O Tempora! O Mores!

The varlet lives, although the senate knows his plan.

And not only lives, but moves, even in this most sacred spot

Of all the beautiful earth.

Now let me add a bit about myself.

Chorus: O Tempora! O Mores! Hocus pocus, sic semper McGinnis!

(*W. O.*)



This year, Westport's fall athletics were confined to the track instead of the gridiron, and the gymnasium, as is usual at this time of the year. However, track work is safer than football, and therefore better. Basketball will have to wait till the completion of the fine "gym" in the new school, which will probably be ready next fall.

In the Playground Benefit Meet at Association Ball Park, Robert Osborne made a fine run in the one-mile event open to high schools, but lacked a sprint at the finish, when two Manual boys crossed the tape first. However, he beat Central and won a bronze medal.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

The second Annual Cross-Country Run was held on the fine Saturday morning of November 23, over a course from Forest Hill Cemetery to Thirty-ninth Street and Gillham Road. The run this year was a great success, the time of 22 minutes for four miles comparing favorably with the work of any of the high schools in the West. At the word "Go!" from the starter, seven boys leaped

forward and the race was on. Hull and Osborne took the lead early in the race and kept together more or less, until the latter made his magnificent 220-yard sprint at the finish, beating Hull by a yard or two. Edwin Woodford came in third, *after archile*, and, a *little later*, William Ramsey trotted in fourth. Karl Seested, Alvin Gossard and J. W. Longshore, all starters, did not finish, as they took the opportunity of using the "auto" which followed the boys to pick up the "all-ins."

Osborne broke Charles Gossard's 26 minute record of a year ago. Gossard ran through rain and sleet, however. Further cross-country runners will find this 22 minute record hard to beat. Gold, silver and bronze medals will be awarded the winners of first, second and third places, respectively. They will be presented to the boys at the Declamation Contest to be held in the Allen Library next spring.

PROSPECTS.

Track work has again begun in Westport. At an athletic meeting January 29, Robert

EVENTS.	RECORDS REQUIRED FOR ELIGIBILITY.	RECORDS MADE AT COLUMBIA, 1907.	BEST RECORDS EVER MADE AT COLUMBIA.
100 Yards	10 4-5 Sec.	10 2-5 Sec.	10 1-5 Sec.
220 Yards	24 Sec.	22 4-5 Sec.	23 4-5 Sec.
440 Yards	56 Sec.	55 2-5 Sec.	54 Sec.
880 Yards	2 Min., 15 Sec.	2 Min., 3 1-5 Sec.	2 Min., 3 1-5 Sec.
1 Mile	5 Min., 5 Sec.	4 Min., 51 1-5 Sec.	4 Min., 51 1-5 Sec.
120-Yard Hurdle	19 Sec.	17 Sec.	16 4-5 Sec.
220-Yard Hurdle	29 Sec.	26 4-5 Sec.	26 4-5 Sec.
Discus	96 Feet.	[102 Feet, 9 Ins.	113 Feet, 8 Ins.
Shot (12 lbs.)	40 Feet.	[44 Feet, 9 Ins.	46 Feet, 6 1-2 Ins.
Hammer (12 lbs.)	125 Feet.	135 Feet.	168 Feet, 5 Ins.
Broad Jump	20 Feet.	21 Feet, 4 Ins.	21 Feet, 4 Ins.
High Jump	5 Feet, 4 Ins.	5 Feet, 8 1-2 Ins.	5 Feet, 8 1-2 Ins.
Pole Vault	10 Feet.	10 Feet, 8 Ins.	10 Feet, 8 Ins.

Osborne was elected captain of this year's team. He has drummed the boys out, and every day they may be seen practicing at Thirty-ninth Street and Gillham Road, between 4:30 and 5:30 p. m. There will be two or three indoor meets at Convention Hall during February and March, and the high schools of the city are usually invited to compete in two or three events, a relay race, each man to run 440 yards, and a 50-yard dash.

Our Second Annual Field Day will probably come this year at the end of April, so that our representatives for Columbia may be chosen in time. A record in the first column of the preceding table must be reached by an athlete before he can go to Columbia to represent Westport on High School Day.

We want the Field Day to be a success this year. It may be held at K. C. A. C. Athletic Park, if they have a grandstand by that

time; if not, then Elm Ridge will probably be the place. Ribbons will be awarded the winners of the various events, and, it is hoped, a silver loving-cup will be given the athlete who wins the largest number of points. All boys having any athletic aspirations whatever should come out and train. We certainly have the material at Westport; all it needs is practice.

BASEBALL.

Mr. Shaw, an enthusiastic believer in outdoor sports, and an old long-distance runner and baseball-player, will manage Westport's baseball interests this spring. He will relieve Mr. Bigney, who has served long and faithfully in this capacity.

Keep an eye on the Athletic Bulletin Board.

CONSOLATION.

A gobbler sat high
On a cottonwood dry,
In the wavering light of the moon,
And muttered, "By Gum!
The butcher will come
Right away, pretty quick, pretty soon.

'He 'll cut off my head
With a hatchet that 's red
With the blood of my sisters and aunts;
And I see very plain
That all strutting is vain,
For I 'll fall by the death-dealing lance.

"But it 's better to die
In the bat of an eye
And be over and done with it all,
Than to have your head mashed
And your ribs and legs smashed,
Like the mortals when playing football."

Benj. McBride, '10.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE WEST.

One February day many years ago, in a little log house in Kentucky, there came into the world a little boy who was to attain, through hardship and suffering, the summit of true greatness. The anniversary of that birth is celebrated this month, because the fact that Abraham Lincoln lived is worthy of honor.

Abraham Lincoln signed, during his administration, a law which was most important to the growth of the Middle West. That law is the Homestead Law, which gives to every person who is the head of a family or over twenty-one years of age one hundred and sixty acres of land, "agricultural in nature," subject to certain restrictions and conditions imposed by the Government. This law brought multitudes to the new country and developed an unknown prairie into a vast field.

But Abraham Lincoln gave to the West an ideal more beneficial than any law, however wise. That ideal is the sturdy, manly determination to do right regardless of adverse criticism. He gave it particularly to the West because he was essentially a Western man, an embodiment of the spirit of the West. The rush of great rivers, the sweep of mighty winds over vast plains cannot help but enoble; in Abraham Lincoln's spirit they placed Nature's own desire for freedom.

Furthermore, Lincoln, the Western man, left his principle particularly to the West because the West particularly needed it. In the growth of new land tests are severe; temptations to do the convenient thing more often than the right thing are many. We of the West may make Lincoln's ideal our own, may well emulate his straightforward example in doing right at any cost.

Rachel Kincade, '08.

THE NEW WESTPORT HIGH.

Oh! the new Westport High rises up in the West,
Throughout the whole country this school is the best,
And the Blue and the Gold like a meteor rise
As the voice of the multitude soars to the skies.
So fine and so true, on which all can rely,
There never was school like the new Westport High.

So stately its form and so spacious its halls,
And the size of its Gym each one's eyesight appalls.
While Central must fret, and poor Manual fumes,
We can sit back and laugh in our light airy rooms.
Oh! the pupils down town, with many a sigh,
Wish they could come out to the new Westport High.

The Juniors are joyful: they know that their fate
Will bring t'hem back Seniors, to first graduate
From the new school. And Freshies and all Sophomores
Will next year come back by the dozens and scores;
While the nineteen-eight Seniors a remedy spy:
They can come back as P. G.'s to the new Westport High.

QUEER QUERIES.

The editor, who has so capably answered questions which have been submitted through this department, finds himself unable to grapple with a large number of those sent in this time. He has asked us to present some of them to the HERALD'S readers, in the hope that they may be able to help us satisfy the questioners. All answers sent in care of the HERALD will be delivered without delay.

Why is it that that which is, is not, when what it is, is not that which is why?

Leslie Hohman.

Will you please send us a list of perfectly nice young gentlemen who barn-dance?

S. C., H. B., C. F., M. M.

I wonder why nobody appreciates me. A fellow ought to know *hisself* [The italics are ours.] better than any one knows him, and I think I'm safe in saying (after consulting my mirror) that I'm the best-looking fellow I know for one who can do everything and do that everything well. I can't see why other people don't realize this; do you?

Leon Harkins.

P. S.—I even asked a friend of mine to see that my name got into the HERALD, but my request was refused; now why? *L. H.*

I don't know why they love me, but they do; do you?

Art Moses.

Why will girls rat and puff their hair in front, in back, and on both sides so that it

sticks out all around like a sombrero and completely hides the dear teacher's face from

"The Freshie who sits behind."

P. S.—Can it be that they think it improves their looks?

When I find that I have a fund of information which proves to my own satisfaction that I know better than Webster, what use is there of my looking up such words as "proscenium" etc.?

Geo. Halley.

I've worn my hair in ultra-fashionable pompadour; I've donned clothes of the latest cut and color; I've posed one hour daily in the study hall and lounged in artistic attitude about the corridors; I've strode through the halls as only a Cæsar and a mighty conqueror has ever dared to stride; in fact, I've done everything I can to attract attention, but no one seems to notice me. Why?

P—x W—b.

Why can't I have what I want in this case? I always have had.

C. F.

How does it happen that some men in the Faculty are married when those who are not are so much more attractive?

Devoted to my Teacher.

(IV. Hr. Cicero Class.)

Why don't the young ladies take advantage of their leap-year privileges?

S., B., H., F., S., H.

(Timid Bachelors.)

ECHOES.

I.

Extract from the *Daily Battle-Cry* of Zopolot, Mars, July 14, 2408:

"EARTH, July 13, 2408—A very interesting and valuable discovery has been made by the party investigating the ruins of the American city which formerly flourished at the intersection of the Kansas and Missouri rivers. A large stone was unearthed that bore the following peculiar inscription:

WESTPORT
HIGH SCHOOL
A. D. 1907.

"The stone was carefully packed and forwarded to the Archaeological Academy for translation. The debris which clung to it was carefully removed and an opening discovered in one side. Within the stone was a copper box, so decayed it fell to pieces when touched. The contents, however, were in a good state of preservation and form an important addition to our knowledge of the American pioneers.

"The inscription on the stone, as translated, signifies that the ruin was an institution of learning. Within were several books, pamphlets, and magazines, and a long roll of names. In the magazines, which seem to be a sort of periodical called *The Herald*, there are pictures which show that the ancients understood photography. From the frequent reference to "Stella" as a person of authority, it is deduced that the ancients were star-worshippers. It is also apparent that they had, or believed they had, a sense of humor. From these magazines it is found that some of the jokes in vogue to-day were not new

even at that early period. The experts are already hard at work translating this find. Some of the papers are to be forwarded to Mars for translation."

II.

Alexander Penrose, a young professor at the Martian Academy of Earth Languages, read this article in the morning paper with a great deal of interest. As he had charge of the English branch of the work, he knew that the work of translation would fall largely to him. It would be interesting work and would greatly enlarge the meager store of English known to the Martians.

A few days later the airship arrived with the precious documents. Penrose met it at the landing and at once took his package to his study. There he opened the box and carefully removed the contents, placing all but one magazine in his safe as a precaution against loss. As he opened the one he had retained he saw with pleasure the queer type and arrangement of the genuine English of five centuries before. He started to look through the pictures, noting with great interest the unusual costumes and unique architecture. Something about one of the pictures attracted his attention. The face of one of the girls seemed strangely familiar to him. The name, Marcia Appleton, suggested nothing. He searched his mind, running over the names of all the young ladies he knew, and mentally comparing them with the picture, but he could find no point of resemblance. He began to doubt himself, and to think it was only a fancy. He glanced at the picture again. He had certainly seen that exact expression and that tilt of the head before. He tried again to find a resemblance to someone he knew, but the more he thought, the further he seemed from discovering it.

Finally he gave it up and started to turn through the other pages. Another picture caught his eye. If he had been puzzled before, he was astounded now. There was no difficulty in finding a resemblance this time. It was as if the book were a mirror, reflecting in the face in the picture every feature of the face of the examiner. He could hardly believe his eyes. He stepped to his desk and rummaged in one of the drawers until he found a photograph of himself taken about ten years before. Then he went back to the picture and compared the two. One might easily have said that, with the exception of the costume, they were from the same negative.

Penrose was too astonished for words, almost too much so to think. To find a face there which struck him as familiar was only unusual, but to see the exact image of himself in a book printed in another planet more than five centuries before, and before interplanetary communication was established, was more than unusual; it was stupefying and simply impossible! His reason told him that it was only a remarkable coincidence, yet his head was full of strange ideas and theories.

He tried to forget the pictures and to begin his translation, but he could not keep his mind on his work. He kept coming back to the same conjecture and found himself turning again and again to the pictures, to be sure that his eyes were not playing him false.

At last, seeing that he was accomplishing nothing, he placed the book in the safe, shut and locked his desk, and left for his club, trying to forget the faces which haunted him, in spite of his efforts to solve the puzzle with common-sense arguments. All the evening they followed him, sometimes his own face, but more often the girl's. He tried to read, but his thoughts wandered; he went to the theater, but failed to find interest in the play, and finally he went home and to bed, wishing devoutly that the workmen had never discovered these disturbing relics of antiquity.

III.

The next impression Penrose had was of being in a hall, several books under his arm, and working his way through a crowd of boys and girls, who were pushing in every direction. Walking beside him was the girl whose face had been in his thoughts all day. It was queer, but he seemed to feel no surprise. He found himself talking to her in English, but with more fluency than he had ever before commanded. They went down a flight of stairs and into a room, filled with rows of chairs and with a peculiar black band around the walls. Then the scene changed. He was sitting on a bank, the girl at his side. In front of them were the foundations of a large building, at one end of which was a platform decorated with bunting. He was dimly conscious of the hum of a crowd, then of some one speaking, then music and more speaking. He paid little attention to this, for he was talking earnestly to the girl. He found himself using such words as "commencement," "diploma," "college," "going East," "next winter. Then the scene changed again. He was seated the girl again beside him, on the stage of an auditorium. Again he was conscious of the speaking going on, but the girl was whispering to him. She was telling how she was to go away to-morrow; that she was not to come back, but was to stay and go to college; that she would never forget him, and would write to him often. He felt a choking sensation as he told her that he, too, could never forget her. Then this scene was gone. A few quick blurred visions followed, in which the girl was absent, and he felt an indefinite lack of something, a sense of loneliness. He found himself repeating a name, then calling it aloud, over and over—"Marcia! Marcia!! Marcia!!!"

IV.

Penrose started up, bewildered, the sound of his last call still ringing in his ears. It was

several moments before he could collect himself, and then the two pictures, coupled with his strange dream, came back to him with redoubled force. Every detail was as clear and vivid as if the events had occurred the day before. He remembered even some of the expressions he had used; words which now conveyed no meaning to him. He had laughed at the reincarnation theory, but nothing else seemed to explain the phenomenon.

Penrose left early for the Academy, eager to see again the faces which his dream had partly explained, partly made more mysterious. They were there, the same faces of his dream. He even recognized other pictures as people he had seen in that return to the past. He turned to his translation, hoping to find some reference which would help to clear up his problem.

He had hardly started his work when a packet of letters dropped from the pneumatic tube on his desk. Most of these were merely on business matters, but he recognized one as coming from John Northrop, his closest friend, who had shared Penrose's apartments until he "had the misfortune to get married," as Penrose had said to him regretfully. He opened it, read it through, and then groaned. It read thus:

"DEAR ALEC,—I know it's a terrible thing to do, but I am going to ask you, for old-times' sake, to break away from your fossils and manuscripts for an hour or so. My wife is laid up with a cold and I simply can't leave the office to-morrow, so it's up to you. I want you to meet a cousin of my wife's, Martha Alison by name, who is coming on the eleven-thirty express. She is young, unmarried, and reported as being exceedingly pretty, so it may not be so dull as you might expect.

You need not wear a large yellow chrysanthemum in your left buttonhole as a mark of identification. When you see a pretty brunette step from the car and look about for someone, just go up and introduce yourself and take her out to the house, where my wife will take her off your hands. You can't refuse, because I know you never have anything important to do.

"Thanking you for coming favors, I remain

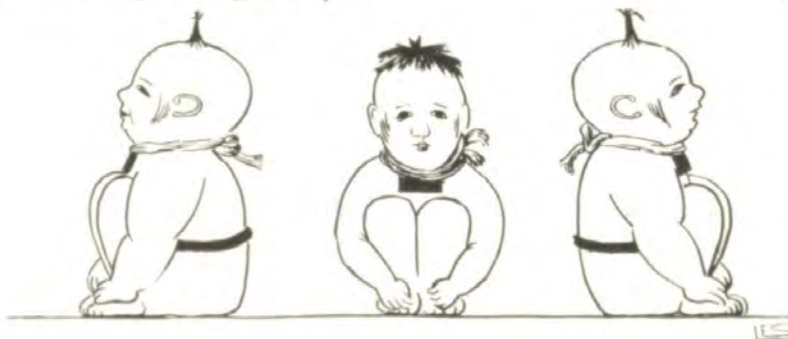
"Yours gratefully, *Jack.*"

Penrose groaned again. "People always say their relatives are young and beautiful," he thought. "I really don't see how I can get out of it, though. And just at the time when I was busiest!"

A few minutes later he started for the station in no pleasant frame of mind, and the announcement on the bulletin that the train was delayed did not better his mood. He divided his time between the pictures, his queer dream, and imagining what the girl he was to meet would be like. He felt sure she would be tall, thin, and over thirty. Finally, with a whir of brakes, the car slid into the station. He watched the people carefully. A short fat woman, with a bird-cage in one hand, looked around inquiringly, but he saw with relief that she was blonde.

Finally a dark-haired girl stepped from the car. As she turned toward him he could scarcely keep from crying out. It was the face of the picture,—the girl of his dream. The words of Northrop's letter came rushing back to him, "She is young, unmarried" That was as far as it was necessary for him to go. He knew then that his fate was decided, for that incarnation, at least.

Paul Stivers, '08.





Miss Kincaide (translating Virgil): "And she held the reins—"

Mr. Herrmann: "You must be talking about matrimony."

Mr. Shouse: "Miss Welles, when was monasticism first introduced into the Christian Church?"

Lyle: "In 251 A. D., by Mark Antony."

Miss Cox (speaking to Mr. Crow): "Mr. Hawk, here is your knife."

Those near: "Te! he!"

Miss Cox: "Well, I knew he was some kind of bird."

Miss Shire: "What do you call a man who is a great artist, a great athlete, and a great sculptor?"

Jerome Twichell: "Rare."

C. Hollebaugh (as Mr. Underwood carries off several books and a purse from hall table to office): "I know now who takes the money."

One Boy: "Where is Mr. Underwood?"

Another Boy: "I saw him going in the direction of the skating-rink. Let's go, too."

Miss Spencer (to Mr. Carr, who has come in tardy): "Have you your card?"

Mr. Carr: "No, ma'am; hunting for it was what made me late."

Miss S. (resuming lesson): "Is a lie ever justifiable?"

Miss De Witt (angrily): "Mr. Abernathy, I'd like to know what I taught you last year, anyway."

Taylor (mournfully): "So would I."

(Inserted for the benefit of the Freshmen.)

Mr. Bigney: "Snodgrass, improve your figure."

Miss Shire (discussing Deucalion, the Greek Noah): "Every stone which Deucalion threw became a man, and those thrown by his wife became women."

Pupil: "His wife must have thrown lots more than he."

Miss S.: "Yes; I think myself it was rather a case of 'Let the women do the work.'"

Mr. Bigney (referring to geometry proposition): "Now, Mr. Love, we are ready to hear from your first case. The only thing your case lacks is letters." (How heartless of "her"!)

Miss Busch (discussing German form): "A hundred years ago we used an *s* in that word."

Fresh Kid: "Did you say 'we'?"

Mr. Humphrey: "What is the matter with you, Mr. Hollebaugh? Can't you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth, and throw yourself into it."

Miss Wilder: "Take the first sentence in to-day's lesson, Mr. Wornall."

Kearney: "Sorry ma'am; further than I got."

Mr. Hull: "What is a vacuum?"

Elizabeth Ware: "I have it in my head, but I can't tell it."

Margaret Jackson (to Gertrude Schaufler, during physics experiment): "Where is that little rag you had a minute ago?"

Gertrude: "Why, that was my handkerchief."

Miss Hamilton (reading original poem): "A gentle breeze came wand'ring by, and blew away my thoughts."

Miss Spencer: "Very fitting; it must have been while you were writing that poem."

Teacher: "Mr. Moses, give the past of the verb 'to break.'"

Arthur: "I am broke." (Sad, but true.)

Mr. Shouse (in American history class): "Simpson, what is a felony?"

Hoyt (proudly): "A felony consists of the crime of stealing money above the sum of \$25.00."

Mr. Herrmann (when ninth hour chemistry class didn't have their lesson): "The saying is, 'The Lord helps those who help themselves,' and most of you people leave too much to the Lord."

Mr. Humphrey (in elocution): "Very good, Miss Jackson; you are beginning to paint your voice. I hope that will be the only thing you attempt."

Pupil (translating German): "With us go several Americans, and American women."

Mr. Hull: "Speaking of ellipses, I suppose you all know what an ellipse is?"

Virginia Siegel: "No; what is it?"

Mr. Hull: "O—o—h! a pretty-well-sat-on circle."

Miss Busch: "Mr. Gossard, who was Goethe?"

Gossard: "Oh! let's see—he was an old Dutch poet."

Mr. King (in civil government): "Who is the plaintiff?"

Miss Brown: "The injured man."

Mr. King: "Who is the injured man in a criminal case?"

Miss Brown: "The one who is dead."

Mr. Cary: "I don't see why that problem is wrong."

Mr. Morse (after some thought): "Well, because there's nothing right in it."

Miss Shire: "Mr. Longshore, what's that you are chewing,—paper?"

Mr. Longshore: "Nope; rubber!"

Miss Spencer: "He was hurt in a way,—at least, he was killed."

Miss Spence: "Yes, I am the largest senior." (Head or foot measure?)

Mr. Bigney (announcing result of election): "Mr. Miller and Miss Warren are tied."

Paul Jones (in chemistry): "I once heard of a man's being kept alive by oxygen for three days after he had died."

Miss Shire: "Mr. Blossom, where is the island of Crete?"

Sumner: "On that map, up there on the wall."

Mr. Hull (in solid geometry): "I very much (s)phere—"

Mr. Shouse: "Why didn't Rosalind tell Orlando she loved him?"

Miss Andrus: "It wasn't leap year."

Moses: "Why, that form's correct."

Teacher: "No, it isn't."

Moses: "Why not? I've always used it."

Miss Day (translating): "Her arms outstretched until she could have embraced herself."

Teacher: "Miss Day, have you an excuse?"

Moses: "I have one she can use."

Mr. Hull: "You haven't seen clouds of flies, but you have seen clouds fly, haven't you?"

Miss Stoner: "What makes it so dark in here?"

Alma C.: "Mr. Stivers is absent."

Charlene: "I didn't know that he was so light-headed as that."

Adah C.: "Ruby, have you grown an inch since you were a freshman?"

Ruby S.: "Yes! Why?"

Adah: "If you have, it must have been an inch down."

Mr. Gossard (explaining a simile): "Well, when a moon isn't full it is a bow, and it's the same with a man."

Herbert Corse: "The sciatic nerve was served."

Miss Spencer: "Miss Schaufler, how do you change the meter there?"

Gertrude: "You have to make 'long' short."

Hedwige: "Loren, where did you get your music?"

Loren (thoughtlessly): "From Jenkins'."

Harry: "What was the first thing you learned in Latin?"

Maud: "Amo te."

Mr. Wornall: "Is it hot down in that mine?"

Mr. Hull: "O-o-oh, yes; they have to send cooling draughts down there,—draughts of air, that is."

Mr. Herrmann (in chemistry): "Some of you people act as if this were your first science."

Miss Spence: "And this is my last, too."

Mr. Hull (describing physics experiment): "The alcohol takes up the copper instead of the 'copper's' taking up the alcohol."

May M. (in elocution): "I see the full round moon."

Mr. Humphrey: "You were looking at me."

Miss Campbell (after Mr. Hull has assigned a lesson over the holidays): "I don't intend to study, anyway."

Mr. Hull: "Well, Miss Campbell, that will be nothing unusual."

Mr. Austin (in class studying "Silas Marner"): "Did George Eliot live at the time that this story was written?"

Miss Branson (in physics experiment): "I need some more sand."

Mr. Hull: "Why, I thought you had plenty."

Mr. Shouse (discussing "As You Like It"): "If a woman really loves a man, will she deliberately make a fool of him?"

Miss Andrus: "I don't know; I've never had any experience. You tell us."

J. Guyer (in geometry class, day after Halloween): "Slight hant—I mean slant height."

Miss Peck (trying to say "Samson Agonistes"): "Simon's Agnastees."

Teacher: "What is the case?"

Marvin (absent-mindedly): "Bad case, but not my *first*."

Miss Wilder: "I always knew that Cataline was a villain, but I didn't think you would accuse him of being a chicken-thief. Yet I found on one paper, 'Cataline resorted to fowl means.'"

Heard in chemistry class: "Mr. Herrmann, where will I find the H_2O ? I've looked in every one of these bottles, and it isn't here."

Physics pupil, regarding 3.1416: "Well, that looks like pi to me."

Second pupil: "Huh! Nothing in physics looks like pie to me."

Roy B.: "Are you happy?"

Helene T.: "Why, yes, rather."

Roy B.: "What have you been doing?"

Helene T.: "Washing my hair."

Roy B.: "Oh, what a load off your mind that must be!"

Mr. Hull: "A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer."

Paxson W.: "I suppose that is the reason that so many of us flunk."

Mr. Shaw (after hearing Latin classes recite all day): "The thermometer was 80° above Cicero this morning."

Freshie: "Who is this Ibid who writes so many things in Rhetoric?"

Miss Stoner: "Give me a word meaning the same as *mourir*, 'to die.'"

Arthur M.: "*Descendre*." (To go down.)

Mr. Hull: "Miss Spencer, what is the chief use of the diamond?"

Alice: "Engagement rings!"

Heard in geometry class: "An oxygen is a plain figure with eight sides and eight angles."

In elocution: "You have shaved the king's lip." ("You have saved the king's ship.")

Leda: "I was so frightened—"

Miss Hodshier: "Why?"

Paul S.: "She thought she'd lost me."



EXCHANGES.

The following exchanges have been received and enjoyed very much: the *M. C. I. Exponent*, Marionville Collegiate Institute, Marionville, Mo.; the *Yeatman Life*, Yeatman High School, St. Louis, Mo.; *The Jayhawk*, Kansas City (Kas.) High School; the *High School News*, St. Louis (Mo.) High School; *The Magpie*, De Witt Clinton High School, New York, N. Y.; *The Independent*, Missouri University, Columbia, Mo.; *The Gleam*, Independence High School, Independence, Mo.; *The Dixonian*, Dixon Academy, Covington, La.; *The Millidek*, James Millikin University, Decatur, Ill.; *The Review*, Webb City (Mo.) High School; *The Luminary*, Central High School, Kansas City, Mo.; *The Nautilus*, Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo.

Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't killed a single bird all day): "Do you know Lord Peckham?"

Snobson: "Oh, dear, yes! I've often shot at his house."

Sportsman: "Ever hit it?"

Mr. Bellows: "Oh, wife! these look like the biscuits my mother baked twenty years ago."

Mrs. Bellows (greatly delighted): "I'm so glad!"

Mr. Bellows (biting one): "And, by George! I believe they are the same biscuits."

"Percy, papa says you musn't come to see me any more."

"My! Aggie, how could I? I'm already coming seven times a week."

Papa: "I never told lies when I was a boy, Willie."

Willie: "When did you begin, papa?"

Enthusiastic Amateur Sailor: "Let go that jib sheet."

Unenthusiastic "Landlubber" (who has been decoyed into acting crew): "I'm not touching the beastly thing."

One night as Mrs. Summers was passing the room of her three sons, she heard the youngest saying his prayers. She stopped in the dark and listened with reverence. When he had finished there was a short silence, then from another part of the room came in a quiet voice, "Ditto," followed by still another voice, as reverent as the first, "Same here."

"Your sentence is to be suspended," began the merciful court.

"Great Scott, judge!" exclaimed the prisoner, "ef I'd knowed chicken-stealin' was a hangin' offense, I wouldn't have stole."

Papa: "I'm surprised that you are at the foot of your class, Tommy. Why aren't you at the head sometimes, like Willie Bigbee?"

Tommy: "You see, papa, Willie's got an awful smart father, and I guess he takes after him."

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl.

"I don't has to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to need me."

Parson (on a bicycling trip): "Where is the other man who used to be here as keeper?"

Park Gate Keeper: "He's dead sir."

Parson (with feeling): "Dead! Poor fellow! Joined the great majority, eh?"

Park Gate Keeper: "Oh! I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man, so far as I know."

"Your account of the concert last night," said the musician, "omitted all mention of the very thing I wanted to see printed. The violin I played was, as I was careful to tell your reporter, a genuine Stradivarius, and one of the best ever made."

"That's all right," said the editor. "When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in this paper, it will cost him half a crown a line. Good morning, sir."

Village Schoolmaster (explaining "biped" and "quadruped"): "Now, Jones, what is the difference between me and a pig?"

Jones: "Couldn't tell you, sir."

An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball; and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear, and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself, he asked faintly: "What was it?"

"A foul—only a foul!"

"My!" he exclaimed, "I thought it was a mule."

The Denver National Bank not long ago received the following letter from a lady well known in social circles:

"GENTLEMEN,—Please stop payment on the check I wrote to-day, as I accidentally burned it up.

"Yours, *Mrs. Blank.*"

A very pompous woman attempted to leave a car while it was in motion, and the little conductor detained her with the usual: "Wait until the c-a-a-r shtops, ledly!"

"Don't address me as 'lady,' sir!" she said haughtily.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but we are all uable to make mistakes," was the immediate reply.

Visitor (to butler who is showing him through the picture gallery of an old mansion): "That's a fine portrait. Is it an old master?"

Butler: "No; that's the old missus."

Mrs. B: "I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her two years' stay at college?"

Mrs. Proud Mother: "La, yes! Mary Elizabeth is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently impoverishes music. But she ain't a bit stuck up—she's unanimous to everybody, an' she never keeps a caller waitin' for her to dress, she just runs in nom de plume, an' you know that makes one feel so comfortable."

A favorite toast: "Here's to our teachers and parents—may they never meet."

He: "Wise men hesitate—only fools are certain."

She: "Are you sure?"

He: "I'm quite certain of it!"

Then she laughed.

Little Elmer: "Uncle Bob, what makes you walk lame?"

Uncle Bob: "There was a collision to-day and I got caught in the jam."

Little Elmer: "I know how that is. Mamma caught me in the jam once, and I walked lame for a month."

Father: "History repeats itself."

Son: "Don't in our school. They make us kids do it."

Cæsar is dead and buried,

And so is Cicero;

And where those two old gents have gone,
I wish their works would go.

Sambo: "Which do you t'ink, Eliza, am de more useful, de sun or de moon?"

Eliza: "Wa-al, I t'ink de moon am de more useful."

Sambo: "How 's dat?"

Eliza: "'Cause de sun shines in de day-time, when you don't need it, an' de moon shines at night, when you do."

Johnny: "I learned something at school to-day, mamma."

Mamma: "What was it?"

Johnny: "Learned to say 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, ma'am.'"

Mamma: "Did you?"

Johnny: "Yep."

The little boy came out of the room in which his father was tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P-p-papa hit h-h-his finger with the h-h-hammer," answered Tommy.

"Well, you should not cry at a thing like that," said his mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I-I did," sobbed Tommy.

I stood upon the mountain,
I gazed upon the plain,
I saw a field of green stuff
That looked like waving grain.
I took another look at it,
And thought it must be grass;
But, goodness gracious! to my horror,
It was the Freshman Class!

Tommy: "I looked through the key-hole when Sis was in the parlor with her beau last night."

Father: "And what did you find out, my son?"

Tommy: "The lamp, sir."

Baroness: "Marquis, is it possible to confide a secret to you?"

Marquis: "Certainly! I will be as silent as the grave."

Baroness: "Well, then, I have absolute need of two thousand francs."

Marquis: "Do not fear, it is as if I had heard nothing."

A burglar, who had entered a student's room at midnight, was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the room.

Drawing his knife, he said: "If you stir, you are a dead man! I am hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," answered the student, "and I'll hunt with you."

Tom: "May I sit beside you?"

Peggy: "You'd crush my sleeve."

Tom: "Indeed I won't."

Peggy: "What's the use, then?"

Urchin: "I bet if I wasn't here the gentleman would kiss you."

Girl: "You insolent boy! Go away this very minute."

The teacher asked for some very long sentences. One boy wrote: "Imprisonment for life."

Young Wed: "I want accommodations for my wife."

Hotel Clerk: "Suite?"

Young Wed: "You bet she is."

"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a very stout lady.

"I guess so; a load of hay went through this morning."

Teacher (explaining the make-up of fogs): "It is not wholly water vapor, it is not wholly dust, it is not holy smoke."

Language is called the mother tongue.

And that is why, I trow;

Poor father doesn't get a chance

To use it much, you know.

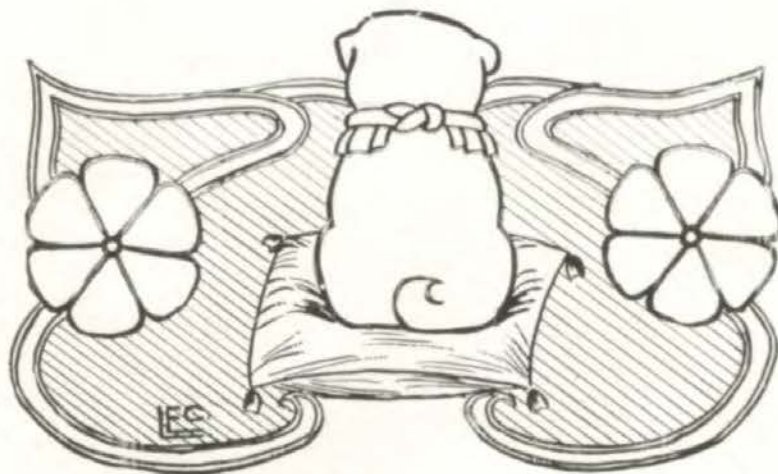
He: "Your hair is dyed."

She (indignantly): "It's false!"

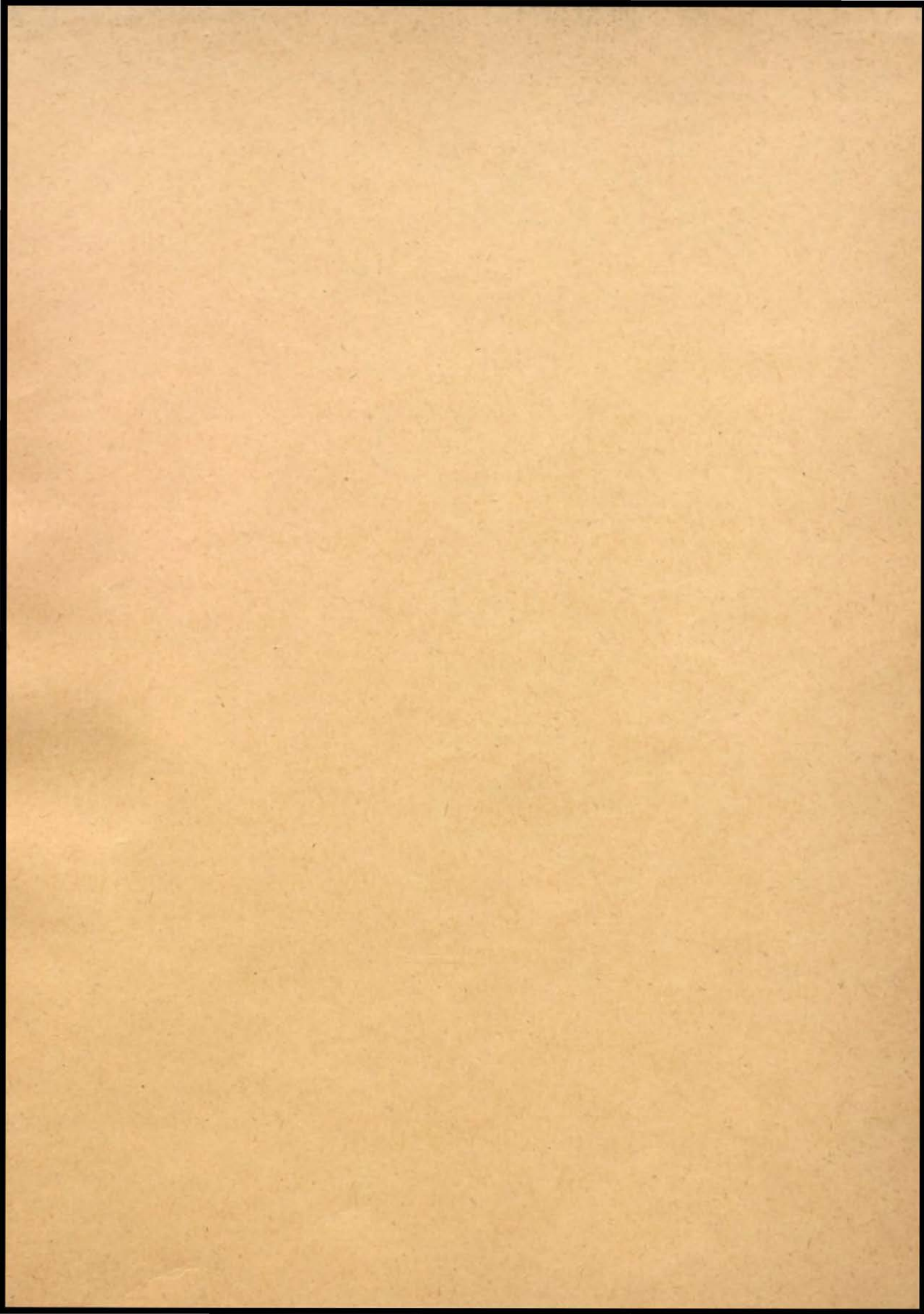
He: "Oh, yes, I presume so."

"Father, can you tell me who Shylock was?"

"What!" exclaimed the father, "you ask me who Shylock was? Shame on you, boy! Get your Bible and find out at once."







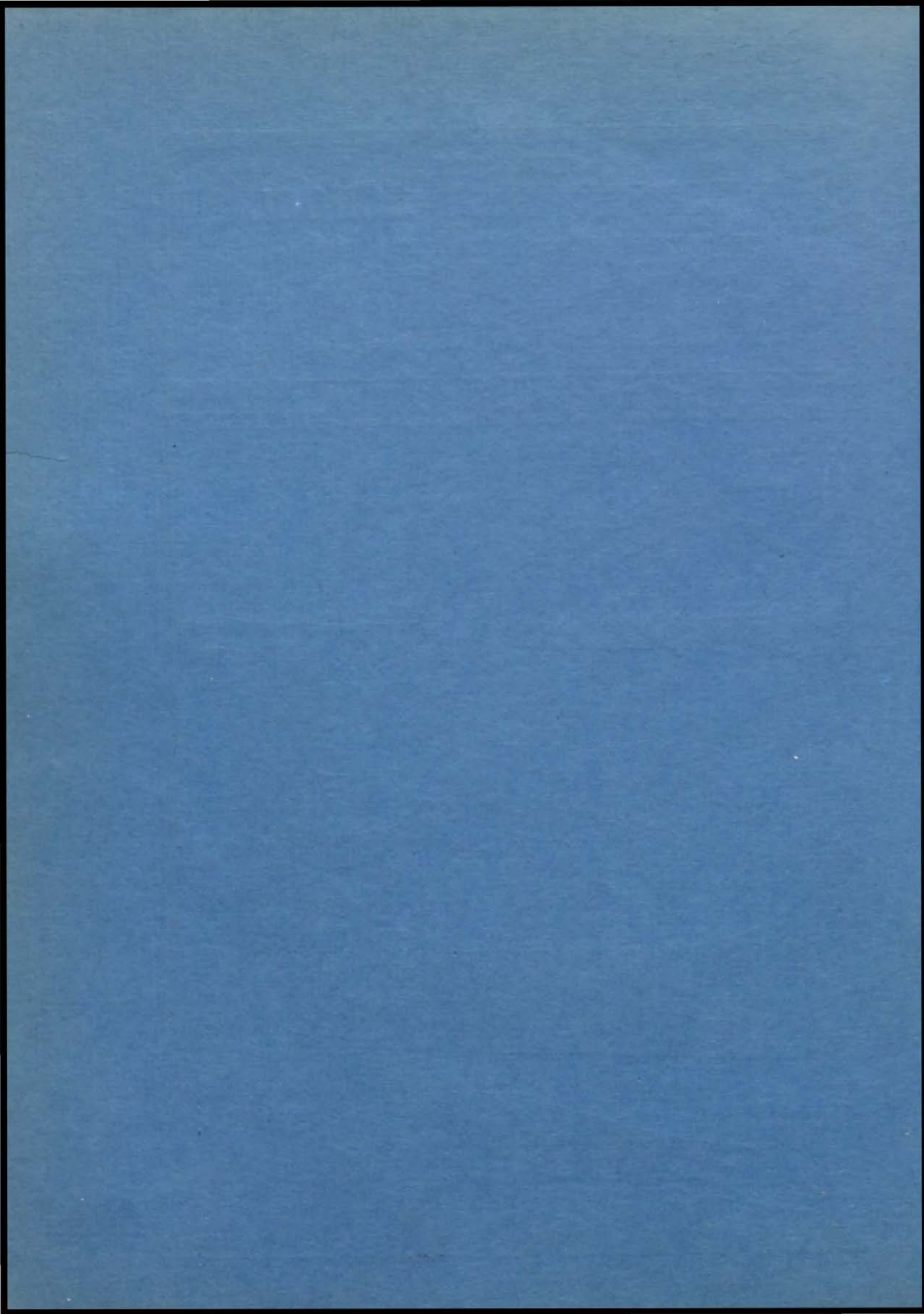
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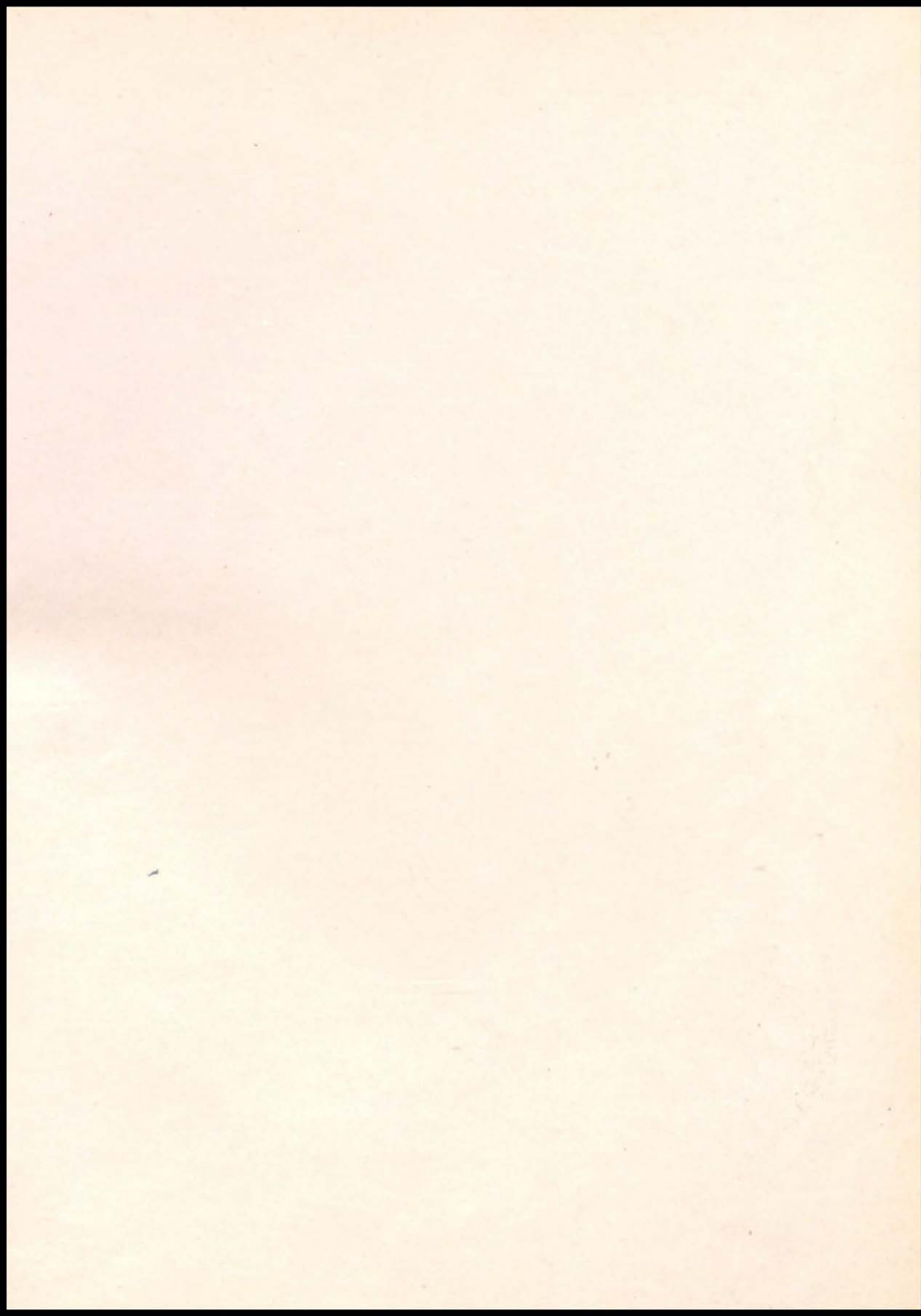
JUNE 1908
WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL

HERALD

KANSAS CITY







Board of Education.



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Vice-President.



HON. FRANK A. FAXON.

Dedication.



To those broad-minded, generous gentlemen through whom the New Westport High School has become a reality fraught with achievement yet to be—to the Honorable Board of Education of Kansas City, Missouri, this Number of The Herald is inscribed.

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G. B. LONGAN,
Assistant Superintendent.



DR. J. M. GREENWOOD,
Superintendent.



F. D. THARPE,
Assistant Superintendent.

Westport High School Faculty.



MR. S. A. UNDERWOOD,
Principal.

MR. A. O. BIGNEY,
Mathematics.

MISS ELLA A. BUSCH,
German.

MISS MABEL C. COOK,
Mathematics.

MISS MARGARET DEWITT,
English.

MISS BLANCHE E. ENYART,
Science.

MR. FRED GATES FOX,
English.

MR. F. L. HARNDEN,
Mechanical Drawing.

MRS. EFFIE J. HEDGES,
Vocal Music.

MR. CHARLES HERRMANN,
Chemistry.

MISS STELLA F. HODSHIER,
Bookkeeping.

MR. DANIEL HULL,
Physics.

MR. ALBERT S. HUMPHREY,
Elocution.

MR. HENRY KING,
Science and English.

MRS. GERTRUDE F. LIGGETT,
Latin.

MR. E. R. MORSE,
Mathematics.

MISS F. LOUISE NARDIN,
English.

MR. GEORGE SASS,
Freehand Drawing.

MR. JOHN W. SCOTT,
Biology.

MR. FREDERICK C. SHAW,
Latin.

MISS ANN M. SHIRE,
History.

MR. JOHN L. SHOUSE,
English and History.

MISS MAMIE SPENCER,
English.

MISS CAROLYN STONER,
French.

MISS AIMEE TEASDALE,
French.

MISS ANNE CROSBIE WILDER,
Latin and Greek.

MISS PEARL BURNS,
Clerk.

MISS TRIPP GARNETT,
Manager Lunch Room.

MR. CHARLES B. SNEDEGER,
Custodian.



WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.

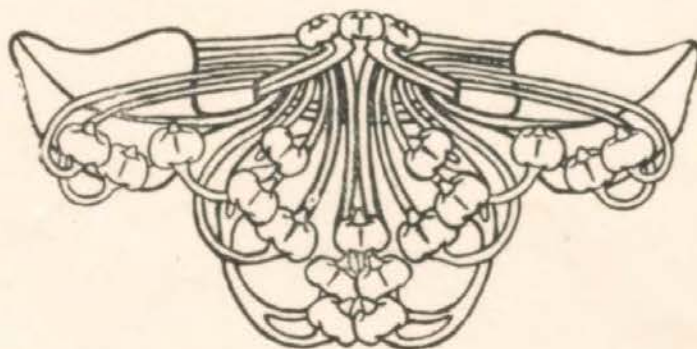


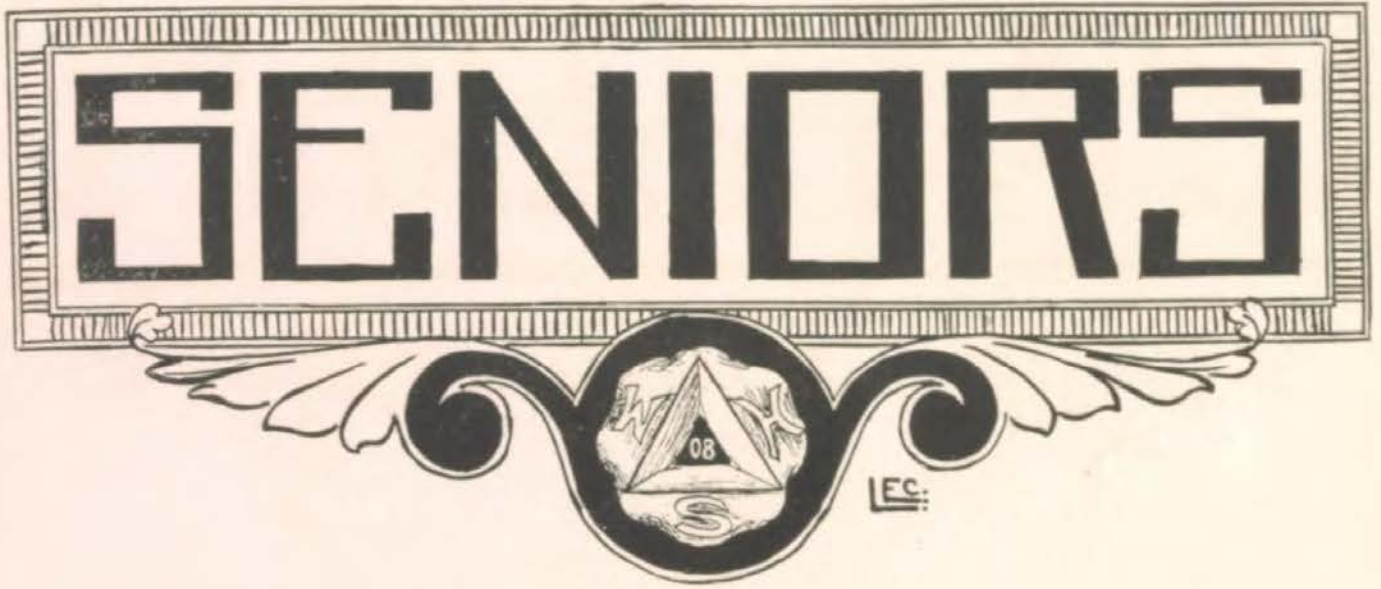
WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Invocation
Rev. Edwin B. Woodruff.</p> <p>2. Chorus—"Daybreak"<i>Fanning.</i></p> <p>3. Essay—"The Real American Humorist."
Miss Alma Cutter.</p> <p>4. Oration—"An Experiment in Municipal Government."
Mr. C. Paul Stivers.</p> <p>5. Violin Duo—Third Symphony . . .<i>Dancla.</i>
Mr. Wm. H. Kintz, Mr. Walter Metcalf.
Acc.: Mr. Harry Frank.</p> <p>6. Declamation—"The Spelling Match"
.<i>Martin.</i>
Miss May E. Mott.</p> | <p>7. Essay—"Individual Influence on History."
Miss Adah M. Patrick.</p> <p>8. Vocal Solo—"Heaven Hath Shed a Tear"<i>Kücken.</i>
Miss Nita Abraham.</p> <p>9. Oration—"The Struggle for Supremacy."
Mr. W. Paul Jones.</p> <p>10. "Pilgrims' Chorus"<i>Wagner.</i>
Westport High School Orchestra.</p> <p>11. Address
Pres. J. P. Greene, William Jewell College.</p> <p>12. Presentation of Diplomas
Hon. Hale H. Cook.</p> |
|---|---|





Class History.



To give a complete history of the Class of '08 would be a tremendous task. To attempt to recount all its acts of brilliancy would be useless. To prove its superiority in scholarship would be time wasted, for a self-evident fact needs no demonstration. In short, its history is the history of Westport High School during those four memorable years.

In the spring of 1904 an excellent class of Seniors was ruthlessly turned out into the world to make room for these '08s, whose reputation has already preceded them. In the fall they were received with joy. As Freshmen they made an unprecedented record. The star of destiny of the preceding class, which had, since the arrival of the '08s, been hovering on the horizon, had now set. Into oblivion sank the illustrious names and the glorious deeds of all preceding classes, and with them the remembrance of their existence. In their Sophomore year the '08s were recognized as the leading spirit of the School. During this year and the next, their Junior year, they were frequently mistaken for Seniors. While during their Senior year, so

grave was their demeanor, so becoming their manner, and so profound their knowledge, that many of them were often mistaken for their teachers, and not infrequently for college professors, statesmen, lawyers, etc.

But not only in literature have they been foremost; not only in literary circles have they been dictators. In scientific research, especially along the lines of chemistry, they have been unsurpassed. In their numbers are those whose glory has eclipsed that of all the famous men and women of to-day, including scholars, scientists, poets, dramatists, etc., etc. In every line their efforts have been rewarded with attendant success.

There have been so many calls from the world at large for members of this Class of '08 that, after much careful consideration, they, amidst the entreaties of the Faculty and the tears of the whole School, have decided that the time has now arrived for them to bid adieu to the scenes of such pleasant memories, and to separate, each to his respective place; but to meet again in majestic splendor in the spacious Hall of Fame.

Chas. G. Smith, '08.

Class of 1908, Westport High School.



Boys.

Cary, Marvin Remington.	Johnson, Donald Wainwright.
. 3635 Wyandotte St. 3522 Wyandotte St.
Donaldson, James Floyd.	*Madison, Fred Harold. . . 138 Linwood Blvd.
. 3725 Baltimore Ave.	Miller, Winlock W. 108 Westport Ave.
Fife, Robert Stephen. 3950 McGee St.	Moses, Arthur C. 38 East 32d St.
Glens, Delwin Verne. 6203 East 10th St.	*Olson, Kennett B. 3824 Genesee St.
Guy, Harry De Forest. 704 West 25th St.	Reid, Joseph Shortridge. . . 1103 West 40th St.
Halley, George. 3540 Campbell St.	Simpson, Charles Hoyt. . . . 602 West 43d St.
Hawthorne, Joseph Godwin.	*Smith, Charles Grandison.
. 3434 Campbell St. 4148 Wyoming St.
*Hohman, Leslie Benjamin.	Snodgrass, Herbert Jessup.
. 3735 Wyandotte St. 3935 Wyandotte St.
Jamison, Howard Lacon. 3144 Main St.	*Stivers, Charles Paul, Jr.
Jones, Wendell Paul. 2627 Victor St. 3636 Wyandotte St.
	*Wester, Reuben Axel. 115 East 33d St.

Girls.

Abraham, Nita Naomi. . . 3917 Belleview Ave.	Humes, Cyrilla Henrietta. . . 4006 McGee St.
Andrus, Frances Naoma. . 6710 Walrond Ave.	Johnson, Hemula. 3621 Belleview Ave.
Archer, Ethel Madeline. . . 3944 McGee St.	*Kincade, Rachel Marian. . . 3220 Highland Ave.
Atwell, Berenice Elizabeth. . 1112 W. 40th St.	Lawson, Ruth. 3937 Washington St.
Biddle, Maude Marien. . . . 3936 McGee St.	Lyman, Julia Elizabeth. . . . 3841 Walnut St.
Brainerd, Alice Kathryn. . . . 3232 McGee St.	Magill, Sarah Alberta. . . . 3109 Brooklyn Ave.
Carnie, Mabel Blanche. . . . 4311 Broadway.	Marsh, Edna. 427 Bell St.
Carnie, Mary Mulvin. 4311 Broadway.	Mense, Ida Octavia. 211 Linwood Blvd.
Carter, Ruth. 3931 Walnut St.	Merrill, Margaret. 2620 Jefferson St.
Coffin, Lucille. 127 East 34th St.	Mott, May Ermina. 4044 Harrison St.
Collier, Ada Fay. 2927 Olive St.	McCluer, Sallie Marguerite.
Cook, Lydia Emma. 3612 Baltimore Ave. 3224 Highland Ave.
*Craven, Leda Ray. 614 East 42nd St.	McCoy, Mabel Frances. 813 East 31st St.
*Cutter, Alma. 719 East 48th St.	Newell, Anna Katherine.
Day, Eloise. 3423 Wyandotte St. 55th and Campbell Sts.
Duncan, Gladys Rosella. . . . 4209 Terrace St.	*Patrick, Adah May. 3017 Main St.
Eastman, Bessie Christina. . . 17 East 32d St.	*Phillips, Alice Esther. 11 East 32d St.
Edge, Mari. 4006 Locust St.	Reid, Frances King. 1102 West 40th St.
Farley, Florence Marion. . . . 4007 McGee St.	Schaefer, Julia Louise. 633 Schaefer Ave.
Fowler, Lena Fern. 3715 Warwick Blvd.	Shepard, Dorothy Elizabeth.
Franklin, Helena Mary. 3305 Highland Ave. 4315 Charlotte St.
Gushurst, Mabel Adeline. . . . 4602 Penn St.	Smith, Genevieve Alicia. . . . 3717 Locust St.
*Guyer, Julia. 1325 Heist Ave.	Spencer, Alice Estelle. 3201 McGee St.
Hall, Mary Ellen. 3300 Campbell St.	Spencer, Ruby Corinne. 3914 Wyoming St.
Harbaugh, Helen Pearl. 511 West 40th St.	Volker, Adelina Dorothy. . . . 3717 Bell St.
Harrison, Hazel Kirk. 4131 McGee St.	Warren, Elsie. 3946 Wyandotte St.
Hodges, Louise Elizabeth. . . . 4113 W. Prospect.	Woillard, Hazel. 777 Baltimore Ave.
Huntoon, Marian Ethel.	Wornall, Edyth. 3810 Warwick Blvd.
. 46th and Elmwood Sts.	Yates, Alice Elizabeth. 3832 Walnut St.

*Honorable mention.

Senior Class Officers.



ARTHUR CHAUNCEY MOSES,
President.



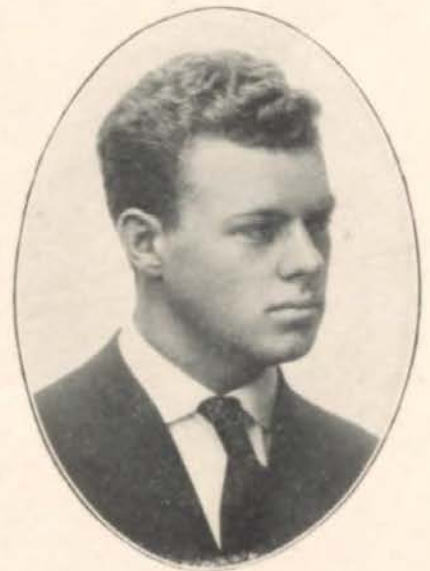
ADAH MAY PATRICK
Vice-President.



ELSIE WARREN,
Secretary.



WENDELL PAUL JONES,
Treasurer.



JOSEPH G. HAWTHORNE,
Sergeant-at-Arms.



MARGARET MERRILL.



MARY ELLEN HALL.



MARY MULVIN CARNIE.



KENNETT B. OLSON.



MARVIN REMINGTON CARY.



ADA FAY COLLIER.



MABEL BLANCHE CARNIE.



FRANCES KING REID.



ZEMULA JOHNSON.



ROBERT STEPHEN FIFE.



MARIE EDGE.



FLORENCE MARION FARLEY.



RUTH LAWSON.



REUBEN AXEL WESTER.



HAZEL KIRK HARRISON.



ADELINA DOROTHY VOLKER.



EDYTH WORNALL.



GENEVIEVE ALICIA SMITH.



ALICE ELIZABETH YATES.



CHARLES PAUL STIVERS.



JOSEPH SHORTRIDGE REID.



RUBY CORINNE SPENCE.



GLADYS ROSELLA DUNCAN.



JULIA GUYER.



CHARLES GRANDISON SMITH.



LYDIA EMMA COOK.



JAMES FLOYD DONALDSON.



BESSIE CHRISTINA EASTMAN.



LOUISE ELIZABETH HODGES.



CHARLES HOYT SIMPSON.



HAZEL WOILLARD.



HARRY DE FOREST GUY.



ALICE KATHRYN BRAINERD.



ALMA CUTTER.



SARAH ALBERTA MAGILL.



MAUDE MARIEN BIDDLE.



JULIA ELIZABETH LYMAN.



ANNA KATHERINE NEWELL.



MAY ERMINA MOTT.



JULIA LOUISE SCHAEFER.



MARIAN ETHEL HUNTOON.



GEORGE HALLEY.



LUCILLE COFFIN.



ALICE ESTELLE SPENCER.



DOROTHY E. SHEPARD.



HELENA MARY FRANKLIN.



LESLIE BENJAMIN HOHMAN.



ELOISE DAY.



LEDA RAY CRAVEN.



SALLIE M. McCLUER.



CYRLLA HENRIETTA HUMES.



DONALD W. JOHNSON.



DELWIN VERNE GLENS.



ALICE ESTHER PHILLIPS.



FRANCIS NAOMA ANDERS.



ETHEL MADELINE ARCHER.



HELEN PEARL HARBAUGH.



HERBERT JESSUP SNODGRASS.



RUTH CARTER.



IDA OCTAVIA MENSE.



MABEL ADELINE GUSHURST.



FRED HAROLD MADISON.



LENA FERN FOWLER.



RACHEL MARIAN KINCAIDE.



NITA NAOMI ABRAHAM.



BERENICE E. ATWELL.



HOWARD LACON JAMISON.



WINLOCK W. MILLER.



MABEL FRANCES MCCOY.

Advertisements.

Personal, all of them, and yet too late to classify.



WANTED.—A position as valet to an actress by one who has had an "electrical education." Call at any time at any theater for
GEORGE HALLEY.

An instructress in roller-skating wishes a small class of large boys. Brains not necessary.
RUBY SPENCE.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—One complete set of perfectly good high-school books (Senior year); never been opened,
FRED MADISON.

Naoma Andrus—the feminine Pi Howell! Information of any kind on tap at any time. ANDRUS BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Senior Essays illustrated while you wait. Madeline Archer, the quick illustrator. For samples of work, see HERALD.

WANTED.—Traveling companion for trip abroad, one who can turn music and be otherwise useful. Must be a music-lover and practice-proof.
GENEVIEVE SMITH.

Teacher of Domestic Arts would like a position in the new Westport High School as demonstrator of fireless cooking or fudge-maker. References, all my friends.
DOROTHY SHEPARD.

WANTED TO HIRE.—A substitute to sit on the platform Commencement night. Am leaving the city. HELENA FRANKLIN.

FOR SALE.—An Indian secret for keeping the hair black and glossy.
FERN FOWLER.

A beautiful young woman occupying the position of true friend to everybody desires to help others to this happiness.
ADELINE VOLKER.

WANTED.—A position as companion for an old lady; would prefer to be at a place well removed from the noise of the city.
HARIAN HUNTOON.

You get the girl and let me get the fee for tying the knot. Marriages quickly and quietly performed.
ROBERT S. FIFE.

WANTED.—By two gentle maids of about the same age, a position in which they can always be together.
THE CARNIE GIRLS.

FOR SALE.—Just published, a book of all sorts of rhyming words. Most complete of its kind.
BESSIE EASTMAN.

Ring up South 1273. Can do anything. Everything is my specialty.
LESLIE HOHMAN.

SITUATION WANTED.—By experienced skater, charming and capable. Full demonstrations of "Dutch Rolling," "Rocking the Cradle," etc.
MABEL MCCOY.

WANTED.—A trap drummer, a violinist and a piano-player to accompany illustrated songs. Engagement, South Sea Islands.
NITA ABRAHAM.

Professional Entertainer! A gift of words and a flow of soul unrivaled. Everybody enjoys
SALLIE McCLUER.

WANTED.—Position as hustler for the Ginger Club, by one who has done nothing (else) in his life.

HARRY GUY.

Actress with pretty face and charming personality desires position as leading lady with first-class company. Mr. Frohman, please take notice! References, "Prof." A. S. Humphrey.

MAY MOTT.

WANTED.—New excuses for tardiness. Will pay reasonable prices per dozen for models, signed but not dated.

ANNA NEWELL.

CAT HOSPITAL.—Best of care for cats in all stages of health. Reference, Hon. Jos. G. Hawthorne.

MARGARET MERRILL.

Hume's European Guide Book! New! Interesting! Complete! Descriptions of Europe set to music; for sale at all newstands, or address

CYRILLA HUMES.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.—Thirty-two (3") As for a B or a C. Variety is the spice of life, you know.

RACHEL KINCADE.

Instruction given on "What to Say and When to Say It." Also "What to Wear and How to Wear It."

ZEMULA JOHNSON,

Social Specialist.

Burning buildings extinguished, runaway horses stopped, distressed damsels rescued. Special rates for job lots. Address

MARVIN CARY.

COOK ACADEMY.—"Drawling, stretching and fainting in coils"—taught by the founder.

LYDIA COOK.

Points on how to cut and trim graduating gowns by one of wide experience and deep interest. Call on

LUCILLE COFFIN.

Arguments on any subject. Self-evident facts readily disputed.

BERENICE ATWELL.

I've a pretty good notion of what I want, but I'm not going to tell anyone. If you think you can deliver the goods without my having to ask, you can address,

ALICE YATES.

A new book! "How to Study and the Way to Get There Without Making a Fuss About It." For sale in Study Hall.

HAZEL HARRISON.

Girls, don't be lonesome! Meet me at the corner of 11th and Walnut any afternoon. Will wear a Richmond rose.

PAUL JONES.

WANTED.—A person of scientific qualifications to assist me in my deep research in the realm of Physics. Apply to

ALICE BRAINERD,
Care Mr. Hull.

Anybody giving information leading to the detection of Ruth Lawson in the act of looking cross will be rewarded by

THE COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF UNHAPPINESS.

I want somebody to tell me what that queer stuff in a large bottle, in the Chemistry room, marked NH_4OH , is. Have tasted it every day for two terms without success.

LOUISE HODGES.

A LADY ELOCUTIONIST.—"Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" and others always ready.

FLORENCE FARLEY.

Hats and umbrellas "recovered" by an expert track-walker.

HOYT SIMPSON.

Address, Centralia, Missouri.

WANTED.—To know why. It doesn't make very much difference what it is, but I want to know, anyway. Address all reasons to

JULIA GUYER.

WANTED.—Something to want. I have everything I need or can think of needing and solicit suggestions as to what else I could desire for graduation presents.

JULIA LYMAN.

WANTED.—Merry Widow sailor; must be at least three feet across and built on up-to-date lines.
IDA MENSE.

WANTED.—A change! I'm tired getting nothing but A's and of being at the head of things. Let me be a high private in the rear rank.
PAUL STIVERS.

Position as a home-maker wanted by one who has had varied experiences. Can do everything to make life pleasant.
EDNA MARSH.

Will trade anything I possess for a second-hand Pegasus. Must be strong, well under control, and broken to a side-saddle.
ALMA CUTTER.

WANTED.—Position as telephone lineman. Can walk cables.
HERBERT SNODGRASS.

Situation desired as French tutor for small boys; very successful with older children also.
ALICE SPENCER.

"How to Get an Office and How to Hold It," by Eloise Day.

Miss Day has had experience as officer in every organization to which she has belonged—now President of the Amalgamated Presidents' Union.

Glen's Practical Practice Pedometer.
A churn with a treadmill attached!
Work while you run!
For sale by GLENS-HULL COMPANY.

WANTED.—To know whether the reason for Sarah Magill's coming back for a course in Domestic Arts is the obvious one.

WANTED.—Information concerning the romantic novel from which I obtained my middle name.
GLADYS ROSELLA DUNCAN.

A straight, good-looking, diminutive creature with a sharp name would like a place as permanent parlor "border."
MARIE EDGE.

WANTED.—Someone to hold up! By one who knows all about the theory of robbing. Must be unarmed and perfectly defenseless.
DONALD JOHNSON.

WANTED.—A chaperon; one who does not object to being *de trop*.
HAZEL WOILLARD.

I want to know why the popularity of a girl who has plenty of interesting brothers and cousins is never attributed by the world to her own charms.
EDYTH WORNALL.

WANTED.—A bushel to hide my light under. Its literary effulgence is becoming too blinding.
CHARLES G. SMITH.

Authority on modern Art and up-to-date Artists. Especial interest in cartoons and cartoonists.
JULIA SCHAEFER.

I can manage cranks of all kinds. Motor-boats preferred.
WINLOCK MILLER.

WANTED.—Storage for my many prizes collected at Hearts, Casino, Authors and Old Maid.
ADA FAY COLLIER.

I've an idea! Patent applied for! Will make a fortune for somebody! It's yours for the slight consideration of two pickles and a doughnut.
HELEN HARBAUGH.

WANTED.—A position by a silver-tongued orator. Addressing ladies in assembly or singly is my specialty.
JOSEPH HAWTHORNE.

WANTED.—Situation as barker by a loud-voiced fellow with wonderful imagination and story-telling ability.
HOWARD JAMISON.

We offer to put up somebody against anybody in a game of tennis. For particulars, address
S____,
Manager for Reuben Wester.

A practical practiced politician wants position as Ward Heeler. Will move to suit location.
KENNETT B. OLSON.

Frances King Reid's latest perpetration, "Her Love Lost in the Sweet Sugar Cane." More thrilling, more touching, more sweeter than anything written by Mary J. Holmes, Laura Jean Libbey or Bertha M. Clay. On sale at Gilliss Book Store.

A new Card Game! Solitaire for two. Plays itself while you wait, leaving those interested free to do anything else they may wish. Very popular with engaged couples. Invented and for sale by ALICE PHILLIPS.

FOR SALE.—23,000 transfers! Apply Cottage No. 3, Fairmount Park.
RUTH CARTER.

WANTED.—A map of the shortest road between Kansas City and Liberty, Mo.
MAUDE BIDDLE.

I want an automobile—built for two—one that can be driven with one hand—referred.
ARTHUR MOSES.

Collecting is my special work. I collect dues and first prizes to order.
MABEL GUSHURST.

The fine Art of Debating taught by mail. Personal correspondence.

CRAVEN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,
Des Moines, Ia.

WANTED.—Some one to teach me to walk. Have ridden a motor-cycle one year. Now I have motor-cycolia.

FLOYD DONALDSON.

Expert Analyst and Chemist would like situation as soap maker. Position on the farm preferred.

JOSEPH SHORTRIDGE REID.

WANTED.—An amanuensis. Must be rapid. My work is too heavy for me; I must have help.

ELSIE WARREN,
Secretary Senior Class.

WANTED.—A soft place to light. I must ease my long-sustained flight!

MARY HALL.

WANTED.—A situation as Latin tutor to a child of three. My phenomenal methods produce phenomenal results.

ADAH PATRICK.

CLASS OF '08.

The close is come and through the halls are heard,
As back and forth we wander 'mid the throng,
The thrilling shouts, and many a farewell word
Is wafted to us as we pass along.
Upon the air rings out a merry song,
A spirit of excitement fills the hall
And breaks forth in a hundred voices strong,
A hundred happy hearts echo the call;
And waves of rapturous melody now rise,
now fall.

How glad and thoughtless are we as we leave
The friend and guide of youth's impetuous will!
We do not stop, nor even think to grieve;
We do not know our loss. We feel the thrill
Of youth's ambition surging through us, till
We forget the task of life; and care free,
Though hastening even now it to fulfill,
Bounding forth our allotted work we see
Half finished ere we wake to see its immensity.

Alma Cutler, '08.

The Senior Reception.



To the Class of 1908 belongs the honor of the first Senior reception given in the history of Westport High School, a delightful precedent for future classes to follow. In a class of more than eighty members, the opportunity to become well acquainted is slight. It was in order to develop a more general friendship among the Seniors that the reception on the 6th of March was given. The Seniors, the members of the Faculty, and "the wives of those who are fortunate enough to have them"—as Miss Patrick said in her speech of welcome—were the guests entertained at the School on that night. The President of the Class, Arthur Moses, was unable to be present on account of illness. However, his place was ably filled by Miss Adah Patrick, the Vice-President, who welcomed the

guests in the name of the Class. During the evening a very interesting programme was given, as follows:

Piano Solo... .. *Hazel Woillard.*
 Vocal Solo... .. *Nita Abraham.*
 Recitation... .. *Paul Jones.*
 Piano Solo... .. *Cyrilla Humes.*
 Recitation... .. *Sallie McCluer.*
 Piano Solo... .. *Leslie Hohman.*
 Vocal Solo... .. *Nita Abraham.*
 Piano Solo... .. *Marie Edge.*

After the programme, refreshments were served in the "lunch-room," which was completely transformed with bunting, flowers, and candles. Among the Senior functions of the year, this one evening will linger long with other pleasant memories of Old Westport.

Study Hall Programmes.



Owing to our double session this year, as well as lack of room, it has been practically impossible to have an Assembly for the entire School. On several occasions, however, we have had some excellent addresses and one musical programme before the morning and afternoon sessions separately.

February 11, Judge Brown, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Salt Lake City, Utah, spoke on "The Boy."

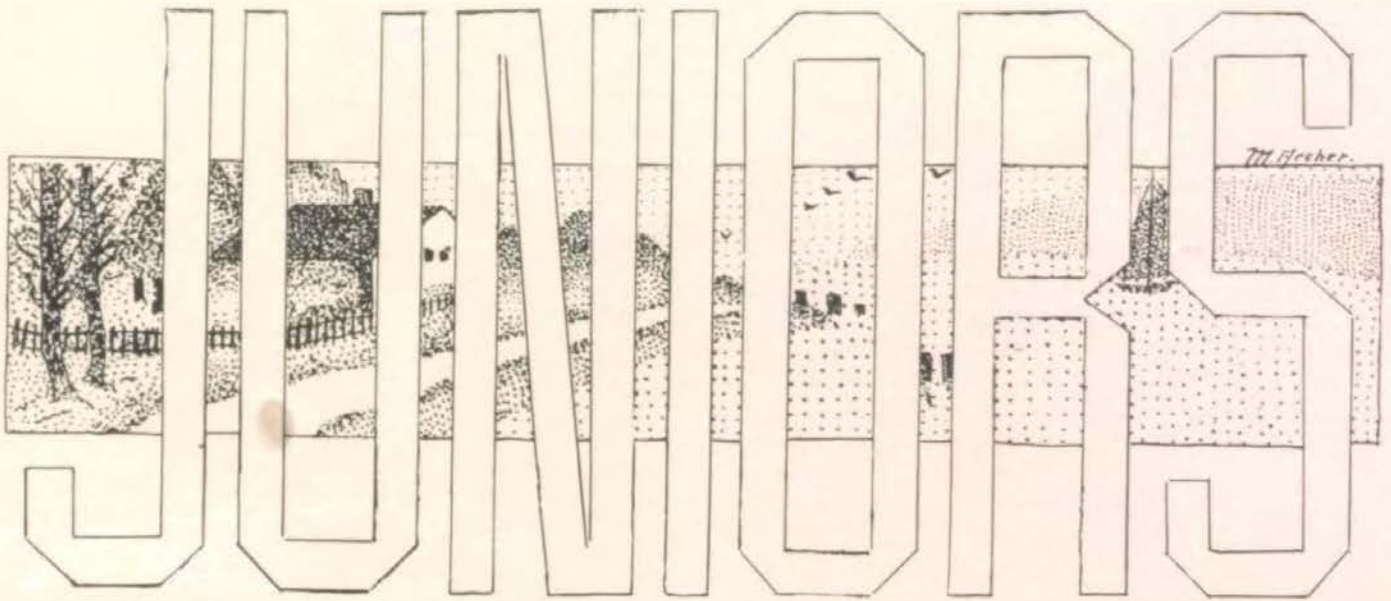
February 25, Dr. Josiah H. Penniman, Dean of the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, gave "Some Phases of University Life."

April 8, Charles Walton Seymour gave an address on "Marie Antoinette."

April 24, Dr. Louis C. Momir, Dean of the Cultural Studies and of Armour Scientific Academy, Armour Institute, Chicago, spoke on "Fundamental, Supplemental, and incidental Activities of Student Life."

May 26, Mrs. Hedges provided the following musical programme:

Piano, "Hark! Hark the Lark!"... ..
 *Schubert-Liszt.*
 Miss Frances Clements.
 Soprano Solo, "Litany"... .. *Schubert.*
 Miss Ella Schutte.
 Contralto Solo, (a) "The Haunt of the Witches."
 (b) "Madcap Marjorie."
 Miss Mattie Lou Catron.
 Piano Solo, Rondo Capriccioso... .. *Mendelssohn.*
 Miss Clements.
 Soprano Solo, (a) "Bendermere's Stream."
 (b) "Who Is Sylvia?"... ..
 *Schubert.*
 Miss Schutte.
 Contralto Solo, "The Erl King"... .. *Schubert.*
 Miss Catron.



Class History.



In the year of our Lord 1907 there entered the doors of Westport High School a band of pupils scared in appearance, but strong within in that determination which has since characterized their ranks.

This same band of pupils has now become a band of scholars. The men and women of the Junior Class were, in the year 1905, but Freshmen. But even in those early days they were never notorious for their green performances, for they were, even then, a particularly well-informed class—in short, an exceptional class.

Now this same band is still exceptional. The men have early acquired the noble habit of smoking, and of standing around conversing between puffs, of politics and stocks. The women are no less exceptional. They

have deemed it highly judicial to lengthen their skirts, tie up their hair, and don "Merry Widows."

But lately, very lately, a President was elected after much fierce voting. Strange to say, the feminine party, if our young ladies will allow the term, had candidates and even had officers elected. Now, we are not slurring the fact—far from it—for we think it the most highly rational thing our unparalleled Class has yet accomplished. We respect our lady officers; we consider them an item, and a very serious one at that.

We hope—nay, more, we know that our untiring ability and indomitable will will carry us safely through our Senior year, as it has through all previous ones.

Lucien Erskine, '09.

IN THE STYLE OF WORDSWORTH.

I see the little homely yellow flower.
It lives a moment and then dies an hour.
It oft is called the common dandelion
And is well worth your precious time to spy
on.

It brings to me some thoughtful meditations,
In spite of any unfair allegations.
This is a poem of the Nature-lover,
The author has been forced to seek for cover.



OFFICERS OF JUNIOR CLASS.

WILLIAM E. HAMNER.
Vice-President.

ARTHUR H. HAYUM.
President.

ROY B. BENTLEY.
Treasurer.

GERTRUDE R. SCHAUFFLER.
Secretary.

J. DONOVAN MALCOLMSON.
Sergeant-at-Arms.

THE TERRIBLE JUNIORS.

On a Friday evening in the early springtime
The Seniors gave a party to themselves,
And the Juniors gathered round to interrupt
it,

The naughty little mischief-making elves.

Within the halls are full of light and
laughter;

Without, the Juniors were with envy filled,
Laying dark plans to capture all the Seniors
And take them off, to be chopped up and
killed.

The time rolled on, the Seniors did not tire,
They showed no signs of leaving for their
homes.

The Juniors, restless, waited with their autos,
The swelling now subsiding in their puffed-
up domes.

Hours rolled on, and still no sign of leaving
When now, a mighty minion of the civil law
Moves on these shivering though relentless
Juniors,

And orders them to go back home to "paw."

They leave in silence and with threats and
grumbles,

And slowly scatter to their dwelling-places,
While, some time later, out the Seniors sallied,
Looks of contentment on their smiling
faces.

Thus ends the dreadful Junior insurrection,
Foiled by our noble city law's protection.



Class History.



How long ago it seems when as Freshmen we stood in awe of the important Juniors who seldom deigned to speak to us except to remind us that we were going up the wrong stairway, or that we were indulging some other habit which every Freshman seems to have. But soon we will arrive at that high and noble position of Juniors. With this dream has always been the dream of our fine new home, which is also about to be realized.

Oh! great things have come to this wonderful Class of 1910. Was it not one of our Sophomores who won second place in the mile run at the meet in Columbia, and who

has won points for us before, bringing honor and glory to the School and Class? We may well be proud of this large and unapproachable Class. We have done great things this year, but as Juniors we shall be greater than any others before us.

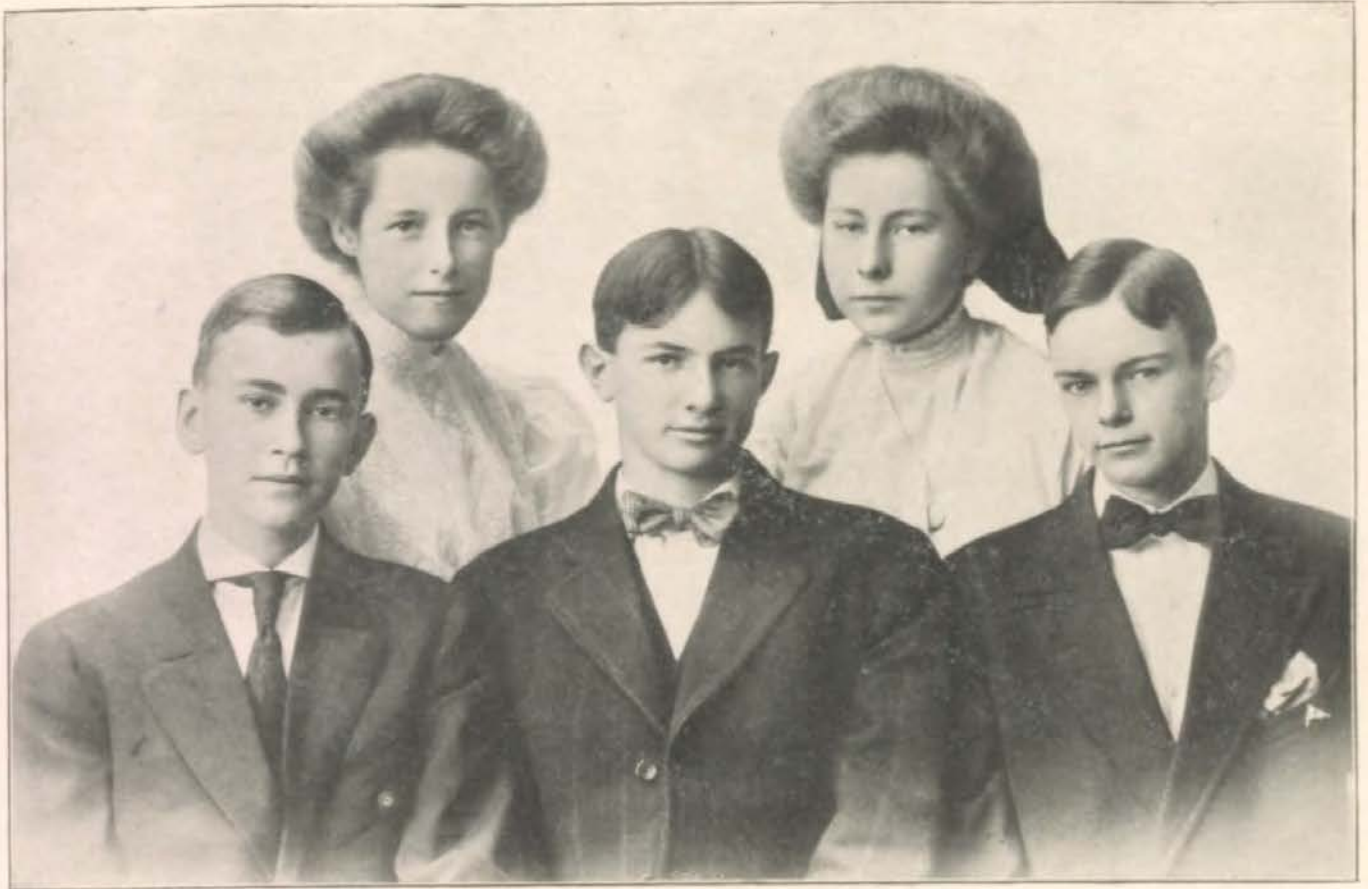
Great as is our joy at having finished our Sophomore year so nobly, we regret to relinquish it to these verdant Freshmen who run promiscuously through the halls. But when School opens next year, with our new building and everything ready for a new start, perhaps even they will make new records.

Helen Bangs, '10.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY OF MARCH 30-31.

There is grief and wailing, a sound of lamentations. The pupils gathered about the long tables have tears on their faces. Slowly and regretfully they watch their hard-earned savings disappearing in the interests of science. Their tears mingle with the precious solution. As they fall the NaCl in these salty

drops precipitates silver chloride. Lo and behold! the experiment is done in advance. Hail! all hail! to these hardy pioneers in science. Hail! all hail! to their little silver dimes. Hail! all hail! to the machine which cut them in two and saved each section five cents. Thus let us end the gloomy tale.



OFFICERS OF SOPHOMORE CLASS.

MARGARET COBURN.
President.

VIRGINIA SIEGEL.
Sergeant-at-Arms.

KENNETH G. IRONS.
Secretary.

GEORGE D. HULL.
Treasurer.

JEROME TWICHELL.
Vice-President.

THE NIGHT OF THE FOURTEENTH.

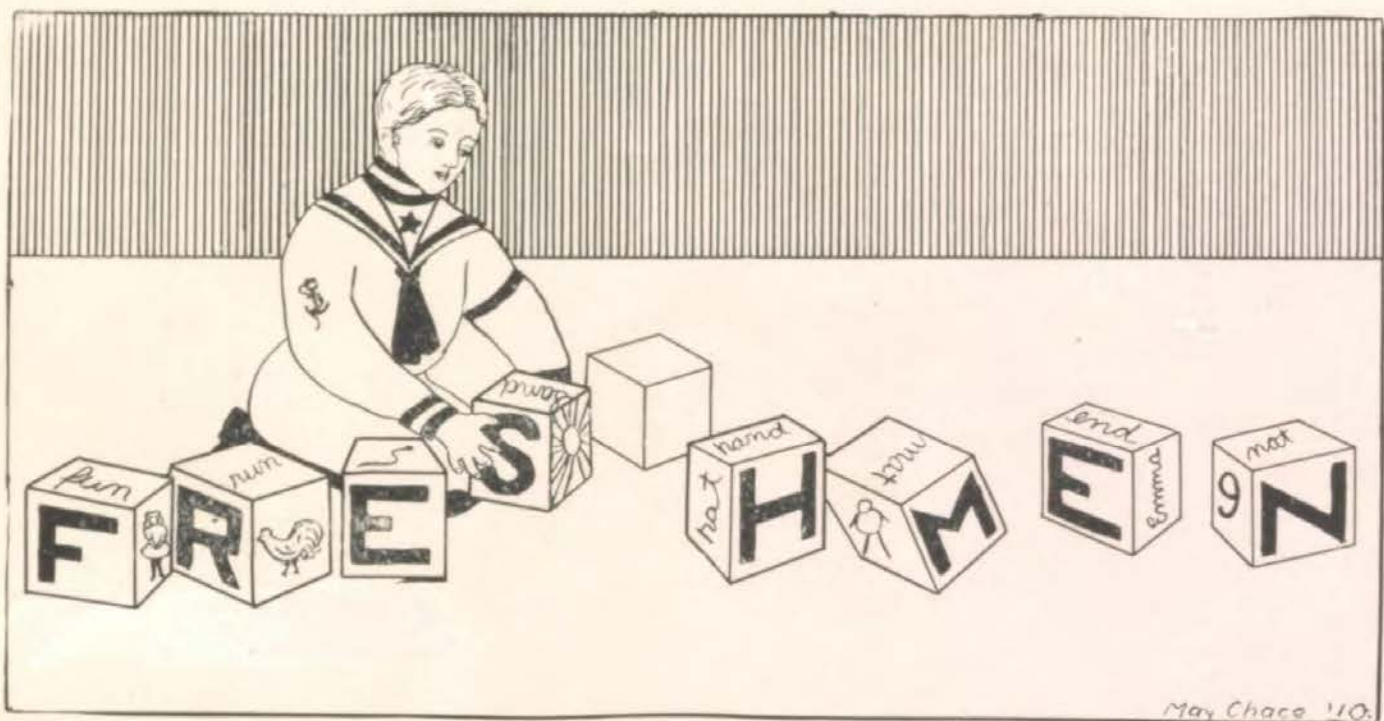
It is very cosy to sit by the fire in the evening in a warm room, with a good book to read and plenty of time to read it. So I sat one winter evening in February. It was indeed winter outside. The snow lay on the ground a foot deep, and numerous icicles hung down from the eaves. Inside, however, all was pleasant. The poem I was reading was "The Raven." I had nearly dropped off to sleep when "suddenly there came a tapping, as of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door."

These words from "The Raven" flitted through my mind when I heard that knocking at my door. I was somewhat startled at

the similarity of my position to that of the man in the poem, but I went at once to the door and opened it. I heard a scurrying of feet at a little distance, but saw nobody. However, as soon as the light fell on the doorstep, I discovered an envelope lying there. I picked it up, closed the door, and walked back to my seat by the fire.

Now, I wonder if you can guess what it was that that envelope contained. Well, it was a piece of paper daubed all over with green paint and cut somewhat jaggedly into the shape of a heart. Written upon it in a childish scrawl were the words: "to auntie."

Pauline Campbell, '10.



Class History.



Our first day at High School was rather tedious. After filling out several funny yellow cards, we managed to find our first room. Then imagine our astonishment when the teachers prefixed "Miss" or "Mister" to our dear Old School and hope to do so to our first names, the way our teachers at ward school did. "Miss" and "Mister" was bad enough from the teachers, but the Sophomores called us "Miss" and "Mister Greenie."

The first week or so we came trembling to School. Then, out of the corners of our eyes, we watched the superior Sophs and other classes, to see how far we should go in the building before removing our hats, how fast we should go through the halls, and how to act in general on all occasions.

We are sure that we will give honor to our dear Old School and hope to do so to our new building next year, as Sophomores. Especially are we anxious to do so because we are probably the last Freshman Class that Old Westport will claim, and the first Sophomore Class in our new building.

We have the largest enrollment of any Freshman Class that ever attended Westport, and of course the most intelligent. No one can imagine how grown-up we are. The last part of the year we even voted for a President of the Class, electing Mr. Thomas Root.

The Sophs look disdainfully at us while we take off our roller skates; but we don't care—we're going to be original.

John Roberts, '11.

Ah! Comme j'aime ma chère amie!
 Elle m'accompagna au théâtre hier,
 Et maintenant je crains beaucoup
 Qu'elle ne devienne mon amie chère.



OFFICERS OF FRESHMAN CLASS.

H. ELMO ROBINSON.
Sergeant-at-Arms.

HARRY W. FRANK.
Treasurer.

MABEL HALL.
Secretary.

THOMAS B. ROOT.
President.

• HEDWIGE MYERS.
Vice-President.

A DICTIONARY.

High School Girl: An animal which likes bon-bons, is not afraid of rats, and, when there is nothing else to do, goes to school.

High School Boy: A creature which, if taken in hand early, may be tamed, although it is very wild and ferocious in its natural state.

Teacher: A conspirator.

Love: A strange phenomenon which comes over the High School student. It has sometimes been known to last as long as two weeks.

Study Hall: A place of rest and repose between recitations. Presided over by a cruel monster, who delights to capture bits of paper containing messages fit for but one eye, which mysteriously fly about the room.

Freshman: A person who lives the life of a transgressor.

Sophomore: True to his name (A soft-head).

Junior: A person full of visions of the future.

Senior: I give it up. *R. Kimbrell.*

The Taming of Private Yancy.



When John Yancy joined the Eleventh Infantry as recruit number 1756, there was nothing about his appearance from which even the most pessimistic observer could have gained the slightest hint of the troubles which were to come with him to Company H, to which fate and the muster-list assigned him. He was a lazy, slow-moving six-footer, and so exceedingly languid of speech that it seemed an effort for him to talk at all. As a matter of fact, he did talk very little, and then never about himself. His enlistment papers told all that was known about him, only that he was John Yancy, of Fayette County, Tennessee, and this would not have been very enlightening to the officers of the little Cuban army post, even had they troubled themselves to inquire into the life of any man before he became "a savior of his country and protector of the flag," or to regard him in any other light than as one more "rookey" to be drilled into form for inspection.

In Tennessee, however, it would have been quite different; Yancy is a name known in every county of the State. General John Yancy was Confederate envoy to France, and Major Whitehorse Yancy fought with Beauregard in every battle into which that unfortunate commander led his troops.

Over young John, though, old settlers shake their heads, and even his immediate family explain diffidently that "there is no real harm in the boy," but admit that things are quieter when John is away.

As far as a desire to harm any living thing was concerned, his friends were right. Yancy was simply afflicted with a sense of humor so utterly out of proportion to the rest of his mind as to amount to an absolute deformity and he had no more appreciation of what makes a thing really funny than a blind man has of light and shade, or the deaf of the harmonies of music.

H Company realized this peculiarity when they awoke one morning to find that, al-

though every man had two regulation ordnance boots by his bed, both were for the same foot, and neither of them belonged to him. There was a mad attempt to straighten things out, but more than half of the company answered reveille that morning in two right or two left shoes, and two or three there were who answered in their socks.

In this manner did his comrades first learn that a humorist was among them, and not until the arrival of their deliverer were they allowed to forget it.

His jokes never harmed his victims, but were of that unpleasant variety which made every one uncomfortable but himself. There was no use trying to pay him back or to punish him in any way, for the reason that he never knew when he had enough. A joke on himself suited him nearly as well as one in which someone else was the sufferer, and his endurance and obstinacy made anything short of killing him ineffectual.

The experience of a German Jew called "Moses," whose cot was next to Yancy's, was that of all who attempted to pay him back in his own coin. Yancy had amused himself one terribly cold winter evening by sewing his neighbor's blankets together and then sewing them securely to the mattress. Great was the righteous wrath of Moses when he discovered what had been done, and the next day he got some coarse salt and bread crumbs from the cook and put a generous amount of the mixture in Yancy's bed. With great and un concealed pleasure the men watched Yancy as, after half an hour of twisting and turning, he was forced to climb out and shake his blankets, and Moses' heart was satisfied. The next evening, as the men were turning in, a yell from Moses brought the lights on with a flash, which showed the poor fellow shaking and chattering as he punctuated his gesticulations with guttural oaths in a strange tongue while a little black hill-rat crawled from between his blankets and ran frightened across the floor. Moses made no further attempts

to get even, and the rest of the company followed his example.

About this time, there came to the Eleventh a little Irishman named Johnny Ryan. Ryan had been raised on the streets of New York. His fists were as quick as his wits. His speech was an irresistible mixture of the brogue of his fathers and the slang of the Bowery. His smile had the trusting simplicity and confidence of a child, and he had a gift of mimicry and a knack of doing almost anything amusing that soon made him popular with the men of the regiment and the favorite of his company.

Yancy liked him from the first, and in his honor planned the masterpiece of his genius, the joke which was to be the crown of his career. He secured a stick of photographic nitrate of silver, which he substituted for the barber's caustic, just as that tonsorial artist was preparing to begin his regular Saturday night operations upon Ryan's face. Yancy stood by and, by a lurch against the barber's arm, managed to cause a slight scratch on his subject's face. The unsuspecting barber reached for his caustic, got the silver nitrate, and applied it liberally to the cut. He then added a witch hazel massage, which effectually spread the supposed caustic over the entire left side of Ryan's face, and dismissed Johnny to the darkness of the barracks and his dreams.

Sunday morning dawned with all the brilliancy of a tropical sun, and the men stood answering to reveille in a blaze of light. The officer of the day made inspection up and down his lines and stopped when his quick eye caught the grimy appearance of Ryan's face, and inquired gruffly when he had washed last. Ryan replied that his morning ablutions had been performed no more than half an hour before. So the officer made a check and passed on.

The few moments while he was up the line sufficed for Ryan's face to turn from a gray to a blackish purple, so when he returned he could only stare in horror, and demand: "In heaven's name, man, what's the matter with your face?" Poor Ryan tried to explain that there was nothing the matter with his face, that it was all right; but by this time the other men were falling away from him with white faces. The lieutenant

had called an ambulance, and with every one's mind fluctuating between leprosy, black death, and bubonic plague, a record-breaking run was made to the hospital.

Those who saw him in the corridor fell away on every side, and Ryan felt as though death must already have laid his scrawny hand upon him. A white-faced doctor met him at the office door, looked at him closely, rubbed his hand over the patient's face and then, bursting into a roar of laughter, explained to the now thoroughly bewildered Johnny that a mixture of sunlight and silver nitrate was what ailed him, assured him that in time it would wear off, and questioned him as to where he got it.

Where, indeed? Ryan did not know, but men who had been longer in the company could make a fair guess. And deep down under his good-nature Ryan swore to work a sell on the joker that would not only square his own account, but would teach Yancy such a lesson that his fellow-sufferers would "arise and call him blessed." So he bided his time till circumstances should betray Yancy's vulnerable spot.

One evening several of the men were sitting on their cots, learnedly discussing the "supernatural," when Yancy and Ryan joined the group. Some of the men ridiculed the idea of ghosts and spirits, two or three were not so sure, and one man frankly announced his belief not only in spirits, but that he believed the story that the barracks were haunted by a woman who had been there years before and whom the natives insisted still walked there at night. He had explained that she had been a pilgrim to a heathen shrine, and that he himself had heard the tapping of her staff along the corridor and seen her slim white figure vanish through the lower windows of the barracks.

Ryan paid little attention to the stories until a glance at Yancy's face told him that he was listening—not only listening, but believing every word that was told. In a moment Ryan had turned his imagination loose. He told of ghosts of every sort, kind, and description; ghosts that haunted New York police stations, ghosts that begged at crossways for charity, headless ghosts that wreck trains, and grim Celtic ghost-stories, until, as taps sounded, even the hardest of the group looked

nervously about, and Yancy and the more credulous ones were white with fear.

As Yancy was pulling off his boots that night he cast a nervous eye at the window near his bed, and with joy in his heart Ryan waited till a snore from Yancy's corner told him that he was safe from all detection. He got up quietly, and passed out and down the stairs so softly that not one of the sleepers was disturbed.

In a corner behind a door he was fortunate enough to find a stack of papers, and with these and a couple of broomsticks he managed to make a pilgrim which, as he stood looking it over with the eye of an artist, made a little shiver run up his own spine. When he had added a staff, and pushed the head forward to give it the desired leer, he felt satisfied with his handiwork.

A second or two later Yancy awoke, turned over, and gazed up into Ryan's face, which was distorted with horror as he pointed wildly to the window. Yancy was so paralyzed by what he saw that Ryan had to drag him to the top of the stairs and lis-

tened to him jabbering behind as they crept along the darkened corridor, guided by the square of light that showed the open door. In the doorway Ryan motioned for Yancy to stop, and went alone toward the ghostly apparition. Yancy saw him give one thrust with his spear, the ghost dissolved into a fluttering white heap, and with a shriek that startled Yancy's frightened nerves into action, he ran wildly across the parade. Yancy followed at a rate that soon left the leader in the rear. Behind him he saw always the ghostly figure with its tattered garments. How far he ran, no one ever knew. The sentries failed to stop him, and it was morning light when a very pale and worn soldier staggered into cantonments with a story of a mad run with a ghost that no one, not even Ryan, could believe.

And strange as it may seem, Yancy's taste for practical joking seemed to have been left somewhere on the road he traveled that eventful night. At any rate, the members of Company H suffered no more from his hands.

Alice Yates, '08.

Amatne?



Oft when I go to bed at night
 My mind still dwells on joys and woes;
 Numerous problems of life and birth,
 And death's dark mysteries dispose
 Themselves to suit my tireless brain;
 But one imp thought will not away.
 It nags and twitches my heartstrings.
'Tis amo, sed amatne?

And when at length I fall asleep,
 The little imp begins his tricks;
 By magic power his aspects change,
 And with my dreams the sprite doth mix.
 Transformed now he plays the part
 Of glorious fact that like a ray
 Of sunshine beams into my dreams;
Now amo, me amatque!

But early morn reveals the imp
 In all his real unpleasantness.
 In vain I try him to dismiss,
 To give me time for some redress.
 So by my side by day he'll be,
 And from my dreams he ne'er will stray,
 Lest it be said by one adored,
"Te amo, me amasne?"

A Hasheesh Dream.



I hung by a thread in a sky so red,
So red that it seemed like blood;
With a rush and a wail, a comet's tail
Passed and fell with a sickening thud.

The thread I gripped from its fastening slipped
And I dropped like a ton of hay;
And as I fell, like the demons of hell,
I howled and shrieked away.

On every side, like a mighty tide,
The clouds rolled over me;
I choked and gasped, still falling fast,
Fast down through a blood-red sea.

Each fiber quaked, my eyeballs ached
And all but burst from my head,
As rolling and turning and whirling and
churning
I dropped to the realms of the dead.

My heart grew cold like coffin mould,
My blood froze in my veins;
A fearful night obscured my sight;
My frame was a mass of pains.

An open grave! Oh, who could save
Me from its awful maw?
But, like a flash, through it I dashed,
Nor yet its bottom saw.

The scene was changed. Was I deranged?
What meant that lurid glare?
A blue-green light burst on my sight,
Burst from I knew not where.

A thousand things, with arms and wings
And monstrous ghastly eyes
And scales and claws and open jaws,
Glared at me in surprise.

They writhed and crawled and shrieked and
bawled,
They flew and squirmed and kicked;
They sucked their breath, a sound of death,
Their flaming jaws they licked.

Was there no end? Could no one send
A limit to my flight?
Could no one see the agony
Of my soul-rending plight?

My parting breath would welcome death
And gladly give it room,
For that sweet boon, let it come soon?
The silence of the tomb.

Then suddenly it seemed to me
All pain and horror vanished.
An abrupt stop! An instant shock!
My haunting fiends were vanquished.

My parting breath had welcomed death,
I heard a mournful knell.
Somebody said: "Get out of bed!"
And I heard the breakfast-bell.

Betty Eastman, '08.

EVENTIDE.

The oxen low
As homeward they go,
Dragging the plow
From the fresh turned row.

The summer wind sighs
As the daylight dies,
And the stars peep out
In the azure skies.

O'er forest and lawn
A curtain is drawn,
Of silence so sweet,
Till the coming of dawn.

May Chace, '10.



THE ORCHESTRA.



ORCHESTRA

MEMBERS.

Violins.

Mr. William H. Kintz,
Mr. Walter Metcalf,
Mr. Paul Goodwin,
Mr. William E. Young,
Miss Genevieve A. Smith.

Mandolins.

Mr. Herman Kuehlke,
Mr. James H. Field,

Mr. Howard L. Jamison,
Miss Corinne Foree.

Trombone.

Mr. Halley N. Cedarland.

Accompanist.

Miss Cyrilla H. Humes.

Director.

Mr. J. E. Chinnery.

HISTORY.

The Westport High School Orchestra has accomplished much this year under most adverse circumstances.

On account of the long hours, practice could not begin until 4:30 p. m., but with good attendance and under the enthusiastic guidance of Mr. J. E. Chinnery, rapid progress has been made.

At the Christmas Play, Declamation Contest and Commencement exercises some excellent numbers were rendered, especially noteworthy being the violin solos by Mr. William Kintz and Mr. Walter Metcalf.

It is a matter of regret that this year we are to lose by graduation our accomplished accompanist, Miss Cyrilla Humes, also Miss Genevieve Smith and Mr. Howard Jamison.



The Paradoxical Aunt Ann.



Mr. William Carr, Jr., stood in his room in the Metropole in London, one foot on the window-sill, a letter in his hand, a frown on his handsome face, gazing pensively into the street below. He would grudge us a look at him just now, for he is one of those well-meaning people who always wish to appear at their best, and Carr is not at his best at the present moment. Nevertheless we will take the look. He is of medium height, has a frank, jolly face and humorous blue eyes, his clothes are according to the latest cut, without being loud, and his face is bronzed, apparently by sun and wind. If the truth be known, he is just returning from a two-years trip around the world, a large part of his time having been spent in India and Africa, hunting. The letter in his hand is from his father, a wealthy New Yorker, who had brought up his motherless son according to his best lights, which included a course at Yale without a great deal of money to spend, and a two-years trip around the world with his college chum, John Stanley, at the close of his college course.

Carr was slapping his letter on his knee for the fifteenth time when the door opened and his traveling companion came in. Stanley's father had also brought up his son alone, and his methods had been radical. At the age of eighteen the boy was sent out with railroad fare from Denver, his home, to New York, and told to work his way through college. Young Stanley, put on his mettle, got work, and at the end of five years reported to his father with his diploma. The old gentleman was delighted and as a reward sent his son on this trip around the world from which we find him returning. The five years of hard work have left their mark on Stanley, however. While not so handsome as his friend, his face is stronger and more serious. He is fully six feet tall and carries himself with the assurance of a man who can take care of himself and knows it.

An amused twinkle came into his eyes as he saw his friend.

"Have you been jilted again?" he asked kindly.

"Read that!" Billy snapped as he threw his letter onto the table and went into the table and went into the next room. Stanley picked it up and read:

"SEATTLE, WASH., June 8, 1905.

"My dear Son,—You will find a check enclosed for two thousand dollars. That ought to keep you until I see you again, and I hope it has fortified you for a shock. I'm married."

Stanley's lips puckered into position for a whistle, but he restrained it as Billy re-entered, and read on soberly.

"Please note first, son, that it isn't any 'Merry Widow' stunt. The lady is old Judge Carrol's oldest daughter and she is nearly as old as your 'dad.' She and her sister have been entirely alone in the world since the Judge died. I used to know Edith long before I met your mother, but I hadn't seen her for years until I met her on the Allison's car last summer.

"We were married last week from her sister's home on the coast of Maine, very quietly of course, and we came right out here for our wedding-trip, and will stay until September.

"I'm sorry that I didn't receive your letter saying how soon you were coming before I dismissed the servants for the summer. As it is, you have no home to come to. You had better go to some summer place for a couple of months, and whatever you do, get out of New York. It's beastly hot there.

"And another thing! Don't under any circumstances let Stanley get away. He's just the man I want want for a certain place, and it is a good opening for him. I'll put him to work as soon as I get back.

"Your 'Aunt Ann Carrol' said she was going to ask you both to come and visit her for awhile, as she is sure you are tired to death of hotels. I believe I told you that she has a swell place up on the coast of Maine,

on Carrol Point, I think they call it. If she does ask you, you'd better go. She's a queer, quaint, little woman. But she has a good deal of her father's Irish humor, I guess. What makes me think she is queer is that she lives up there, almost the year around, with nobody but servants, a companion, and books for company, and seems perfectly happy and contented.

"Edith could not stand it, so I married her, and I hope you'll forgive me.

"Affectionately your father,
"WM. A. CARR."

Stanley leaned back in his chair and looked at Billy, who was glowering fiercely at him.

"Well," Stanley began, with caution.

"Well!" Billy exclaimed testily. "Is that all the sympathy you've got for a fellow?"

He turned to the table and picked up another letter which he hadn't opened.

"Who the deuce—?"

Stanley sprang up to take it away from him saying,

"Look out, Bill! You can't stand any more now, and I feel it in my bones she's jilted you."

"If you don't shut up!" Billy exclaimed savagely. "You know they've all done it long ago, and you needn't rub it in."

Billy was opening the letter, which was addressed in a delicate feminine hand. He read a moment in silence, and then called more cheerfully:

"Listen here, Jack; this is rich!" And he read:

"PINE REST, CARROL BEACH, ME.

"My dear Mr. Carr,—You have probably been informed of our relationship and will pardon me if I take the liberty of writing you. Mr. Carr told me before he left that you had no home to come to, and seemed to forget how welcome any of his family would be in mine, so I write to impress you with that fact and ask you to come and keep me from forgetting the world, during July and August. I will tell you frankly that I am very quiet up here and actually don't know a soul off of my own place except the store people. Pine Rest is out on the very end of Carrol Point, five miles from the railroad and nearly a mile from any other place, so you can see how easy it is to forget the world. I hear,

however, that there are some very nice people at the hotel on the bay, girls especially, and you can probably get acquainted there very easily if you want to. I have several horses that are 'ridable' and I'm sure you would find that a resource. The bathing is fine and the climate cool and restful. Then there are lots of books and—I can be entertaining when I try. Now if you don't want to come, say so and I'll understand. Otherwise, come when you please, bring Mr. Stanley with you, and make yourself at home.

"Sincerely your 'aunt,'
"ANN ELIZABETH CARROL."

Before Billy finished reading his face had resumed its usual cheerful expression.

"Say, Stan, that sounds like a bully place; let's go."

"I don't care," Stanley replied; "I guess Aunt Ann is enough of an old maid so that I can trust you with her—that is, unless you have inherited your father's liking for old maids."

Billy threw a magazine at his friend and sat down and wrote his acceptance as follows:

"My dear Aunt Ann,—Much obliged for the invitation and accept with pleasure. You needn't worry about our having a good time. We are both sick of hotels and people, and all we want is a corner where we can rest awhile. You need not worry about girls either. Stan's shy of them and I have had enough of them for one while.

"We sail Saturday and would like to get out to your place a week from Monday if that is satisfactory to you. We both think it's awfully nice of you to ask two kids like us out to disturb your solitude, but we promise not to do it any more than you want us to.

"Sincerely your nephew,
"WILLIAM A. CARR, JR."

Ten days later two young men stepped from the Boston train at Carrol Beach Station. They were met by a liveried groom, who relieved them of their suit-cases and trunk-checks and led the way to a waiting carriage. The men stepped in and were soon whirling away on a fine road, shaded by dense pine woods. After twenty minutes or so, they began to catch glimpses of the sea between the trees, and to feel little puffs of cool salt breeze. They passed a few houses at first,

but soon seemed to be going into the real wilds. Ten minutes more passed and they came abruptly upon two great stone gateposts with the name "Pine Rest" swinging over them in bronze. They rolled through them into the heaviest woods they had yet seen, turned sharply, and a magnificent view met their eyes.

Before them lay the open sea, a beautiful blue in the late afternoon light. The breakers piled over the rocks at the end of the point, like great snow-drifts and rolled up the beach at the side with a monotonous roar which in time becomes a part of life by the sea. In the foreground was a quaint, rambling stone-and-shingle house set in the midst of a smooth lawn, which sloped gently down to the stone breakwater on one side and back to the woods on the other.

The two young men were still feasting their eyes on the view as the carriage stopped at the door, and a tall footman appeared from the house and took their baggage. He showed them to adjoining rooms upstairs, and after announcing that Miss Carrol would soon be in the drawing-room, left them to themselves. They opened the door between the rooms and talked as they removed the dust of travel. The talk ran principally to the beauties of the place and speculations as to what Aunt Ann would be like, until a rustle of silk was heard in the hall and a halting step on the stairs.

"Auntie has rheumatism," Billy remarked sagely.

In taking a survey of his room, Stanley's eye had fallen on a picture of a girl on the mantel. As has been said, Stanley was not an ardent admirer of the fair sex, but he was fascinated by the picture and gazed at it long and earnestly. It was of a girl of twenty-three or four, with wavy dark hair, a sweet as well as beautiful face, and soft appealing eyes, which had a mischievous twinkle in them in spite of the fact that her expression was otherwise perfectly serious.

"Fine-looking girl," Stanley thought, but turned away disgustedly. "I'm most as bad as Bill to stand mooning over a girl's picture. I guess I'll put it out of sight before he sees it and gets 'struck.'" He moved back to the mantel and pushed the picture behind the clock after one more long look.

"I'd like to know what color her eyes are," he thought, as he responded to Billy's call that he was going down stairs.

They were met at the drawing-room door by the quaintest little old lady imaginable, who gave them a most cordial greeting.

"She must have been good-looking when she was young," Stanley said to himself.

She was dressed in a gray silk gown which did not fit, although no one noticed that. A soft handkerchief was folded around her throat after the fashion of the Quakers, and a soft lace cap covered her almost white hair, which still curled a little. She wore spectacles, which did not hide merry blue-gray eyes. Her face was almost youthful-looking in spite of a few wrinkles. She limped a little and moved stiffly as she led the way to the windows facing the sea, and, seating herself in an old-fashioned armchair, took up some knitting. Her rheumatism had been very bad lately, she told Carr plaintively, while Stanley sat back and wondered where he had seen someone who looked a little like her before. Then as she looked up at him with a smile, he remembered the picture upstairs. How like her eyes that girl's were! Why, the resemblance was startling! The picture must be some relative; but no, she had no relatives, as he remembered Billy's father had written, and it couldn't be a picture of Aunt Ann herself taken when she was young, because he had noticed the date, 1904, on it. Supper was announced at this point, and after introductions to Mrs. Gray, the companion, Stanley completely forgot himself in answering Aunt Ann's questions about their trip. Before they retired both young men had decided that Aunt Ann was as charming as could be, and that Pine Rest was an ideal place.

As soon as Stanley was alone in his room that night he looked for the picture that he might compare it with his hostess, but it had disappeared, and no amount of search revealed it.

Several weeks passed so delightfully that Stanley forgot to wonder over the peculiar resemblance and the disappearance of the picture. Both young men found Aunt Ann more than charming, and tried their best to monopolize her. Her rheumatism seemed to improve as the days went by, and she soon

found it possible to descend to the beach. She said that she always felt better at the seashore, especially after a long stay in town, like the one she had had in the spring. The bathing was glorious and much was added to it by the fact that Aunt Ann looked on from the terrace. The saddle-horses also proved to be good, and the young men took frequent rides in the early morning; rarely during the day, however, as that left Aunt Ann alone with Mrs. Gray, whom they considered a bore.

One morning Mrs. Gray came down to breakfast with the sad news that Aunt Ann was confined to her room with a very bad headache. Aunt Ann, always thoughtful of the comfort of her guests, sent word that there was a cave worth seeing at Rocky Point, ten miles down the coast, and suggested that they take the groom, who was a good guide, and ride down there. It would be possible for them to dine at the hotel, Mrs. Gray explained, and get back in time for supper. The gentlemen were enthusiastic about the plan, sent their regards to their hostess, ordered the horses, and were shortly on their way, attended by the pleasant little groom. They stopped at the post-office on their way through the little town near the station, where Stanley received a letter from his father, which he opened at once. His face fell as he read, and as he folded it and put it in his pocket he called to Billy, who was mounting his horse:

"This is from father, Bill. He wants those B. and A. papers right away and I'll have to go back and mail them."

"That's deuced luck!" remarked Billy.

"It is too bad. It will be too late to go, too, when I get it done. I'll tell you! You go along without me and see the cave anyhow. I don't care much about it and you may not get another chance."

After some argument, Billy yielded and reluctantly went ahead, while Stanley cantered back to Pine Rest. About half-way back, at one of the most deserted points in the road, an abrupt turn brought a horse, with a woman at its head, into view. She seemed to be having some trouble with the bridle, and as he trotted up and dismounted he recognized one of the horses from the Pine Rest stables. "Strange!" he thought,

and, lifting his hat, asked if he could be of any assistance. The young lady murmured very softly that she thought not, and bent closer over her broken bridle-rein.

"You need a knife for that," Stanley urged. "You had better let me help you."

"Well," she answered almost impatiently, and, stepping back, she looked up at him.

He started as he heard her voice, and still more when he saw her face. It was not only Aunt Ann, but also the girl in the picture. He said nothing, but took out his knife and went to work on the broken rein, looking up at her from time to time. Instead of an old-fashioned gray dress, she wore a black riding-habit, which fitted her perfectly. Instead of a lace cap, a broad-brimmed sailor hat rested on her head. Her hair was black instead of gray, and glorious hair it was except for the whitish tint given by powder, which clung to it. Her color had been heightened by vigorous exercise until she showed a typical Irish complexion.

Stanley finished splicing the broken rein before he spoke, and then he remarked coolly,

"May I help you, Miss Carrol?"

She laughed merrily.

"I guess you can. I wasn't quite sure that you knew me."

As he held his hand for her foot she went on soberly:

"I don't see why you had to come back and spoil things."

"I'm exceedingly sorry if I have," he said gently, "but business required my return."

"Never mind," she replied pleasantly. "I couldn't have kept it up forever. Will you go riding with me now?"

"With pleasure," he answered. "I'll be delighted if you don't mind going home first and getting some letters that I must mail." She assented and they started back together.

"What I want to know is, why you did this grandma stunt at all," Stanley said thoughtfully.

"I'll tell you if you'll tell me why you put my picture behind your clock?"

"So you discovered that, did you?" he asked, laughing. "Well, I'll tell you frankly why I did it. It was so stunning that it 'fussed' me."

"I don't believe that's frankly," she replied. "Now I'm going to tell you the truth. When Mr. Carr wrote to accept my invitation, he implied that I was an old maid. Besides, he out and out said that he didn't like girls, so I had to be an old maid in order that the poor boy wouldn't be disappointed. I meant to work it just for the first night, but everything went so nicely that Mrs. Gray and I decided to keep it up for awhile, at least. I got tired of staying in the house, so this morning I had a headache, and after you were gone, started out for a ride. You know the rest."

Stanley laughed.

"You and Mrs. Gray are good actresses. I would never have suspected anything but for the picture, and I don't believe Billy does now. What do you say to keeping him fooled a little longer? I'll keep still, and it will serve him right for being a blunderhead."

"All right," she said gaily: "let's do."

So when Billy came home about five o'clock, he found Aunt Ann in a big chair on the porch, with her knitting, her spectacles, her cap, and her kerchief, and the devoted Stanley on the steps at her feet, reading to her.

Carr talked to them awhile, telling them of his trip, and then went into the house in search of a book. He wandered idly about, looking through first one book and then another, until he came to a little bookcase in a dark corner. From it he drew a little volume of Ruskin, beautifully bound in gray leather, and opened it to the fly-leaf, on which was written:

"Ann Elizabeth Carrol, from her sister, on her eighteenth birthday, January 27, 1899."

He turned the leaves carelessly for a moment, and then turned back to the fly-leaf again.

"The deuce!" he muttered; "that makes her only twenty-four now. She would not look more than that if she took off those specs and didn't have gray hair. By Jove! I believe she's been fooling us."

After supper that night Carr took Aunt Ann out to a corner of the porch and told of his discoveries. She laughingly explained, and after she was through, Carr began with his usual impetuosity:

"Say, Aunt Ann, what do you say to keep-

ing up this little game and fooling Stan? I'll pretend I don't know anything, and it will be no end of fun to see the 'old man' go blundering around. He usually has the laugh on me about something or other, and this will be a swell chance for me to get back at him."

Aunt Ann smiled mischievously and consented. The strife between the gentlemen for the monopoly of their hostess was increased from this time on. Carr persuaded her that sitting on the sand in the sun with him to read to her was fine for rheumatism, while Stanley brought the team to the door every afternoon and took her to drive, as a matter of course. So two weeks more passed.

One morning, as Aunt Ann sat on the sand with Billy at her feet, she said seriously:

"Billy, I'm in a scrape. That is, I thought I was. It may prove to be a blessing in disguise. I'll tell you how it is. Yesterday I had a letter from Professor King, my old rhetoric teacher. He's in Boston just now and wants to come up and see me. Of course I had to ask him, and you can see the consequences. I couldn't keep up this little game a minute with him; he'd be awfully shocked. So I'll have to give it up. That's what I thought at first, but then I happened to think what a lovely dramatic way I can disclose my identity."

Billy sat up and looked interested.

"Professor King will get here to-morrow afternoon about five, and you can go and meet him. Then after you bring him out and you and Mr. Stanley are entertaining him, I will appear in my own person. Of course Mr. Stanley won't want to say anything before the Professor and then he won't get a chance until the Professor goes, when his wrath will have cooled somewhat. Won't that be fine?"

"It certainly will," Billy replied, "and I'll help, you bet!"

That afternoon Stanley heard the same tale with the necessary variations, and pledged his ardent support. Stanley began to realize that afternoon that he had heart trouble.

Promptly at five-thirty the following afternoon, the Professor arrived, escorted by Billy. He was most enthusiastic about the place and was telling what a rejuvenating effect such a place had on old people, when Aunt

Ann appeared as a living example of the fact. At least each young man thought his friend was thinking some such thing and, in truth, he might have been, very easily, for Aunt Ann was the picture of youth. Her glorious black hair was rolled softly back from her face and done in a coil at her neck. Her lovely white dress fitted her graceful figure to perfection and her radiant smile as she greeted the Professor was enough to dazzle him, Stanley thought. The Professor didn't seem in the least dazed, however, and Stanley felt like knocking him down for holding her hand so long. By this time Stanley managed to drag his eyes from Aunt Ann to Billy and found that usually emotional youth leaning composedly back in his chair and smiling ever so slightly. Billy, however, had turned to Stanley the minute Aunt Ann came into the room, and after a minute had remarked to himself: "Stanley is smitten."

Dinner passed off gaily. Carr, the Professor, and Aunt Ann did most of the talking, while Stanley watched every move Aunt Ann made, and took in every word she uttered. Once she caught Stanley's eye, Carr noticed, and colored ever so slightly, and "By Jove!" Billy said to himself, "she's smitten, too. Now why the dickens didn't I think of that before."

At bedtime that night a mighty conference was held in Billy's room. Stanley entered and began to laugh at his friend. Billy at the same time began to laugh at him and tell him how easily fooled he was, whereupon explanations followed, and Billy ended with: "I'll never forgive her, never!"

"Oh! I will," Stanley sighed, as he departed to his room, at which Billy laughed and slapped his knee delightedly.

The next morning, Aunt Ann, prettier than ever in a blue lined gown, took the Professor driving. Stanley watched them drive off a little jealously, and then wandered out to the sea-wall.

"I wonder if there's any chance for me," he thought. "Not likely to be, while Bill's around."

At this moment Billy's hand dropped on his shoulder.

"What's the matter, old man?" he asked sympathetically.

"Nothing," Stanley replied moodily.

"Come now, Jack," Billy went on, "I've been there myself too many times not to know the symptoms. You're in love, and I can guess who it is."

"Well, if you'll tell me how to get out again, young man of much experience!" Stanley answered whimsically.

"What the dickens do you want to get out for? You're so dead in love you can't see straight, and I'll bet you can have her if you say the word. Stan, you are the worst!"

"That's all very nice, Bill, but what about you?"

"Me?" answered Billy laughing; "I hope you don't think I'm in love with her. Why, man, she's my 'aunt.'" Then soberly. "Look here, Stan, you go in and win, and you'll get my blessing."

So it came about that after the Professor had departed, supper had been eaten, and Mrs. Gray had gone to her room, Billy pleaded the excuse of having letters to write, and departed.

"Don't tell me I'm not a match-maker," he thought, as he looked for a good pen. "If that crazy boy doesn't fix things up now, he deserves to remain single."

Soon he heard the door leading to the terrace open and close softly, and steps and voices on the walk.

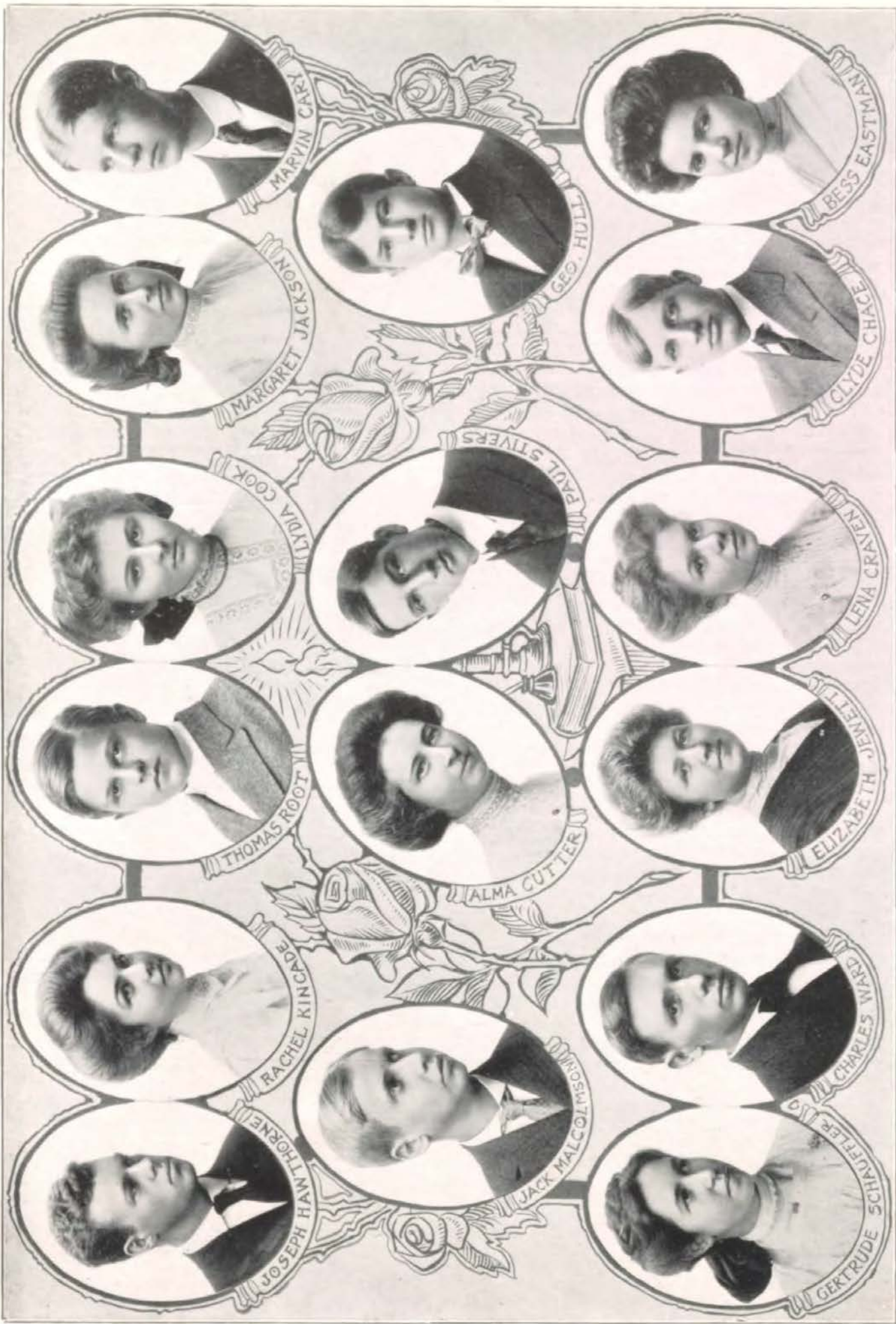
"Good!" he murmured.

For an hour all was silent except the roar of the breakers and the scratching of his pen. Billy finished his last letter with a yawn and, turning out his light, moved to the window. Again he heard steps on the walk, very slow this time, and voices. As they came nearer he heard Aunt Ann saying:

"Well, if we're as near as New York, we can come up here real often, can't we?"

Whereupon Billy slapped his knee gleefully and called:

"Is that my Uncle Jack comin'?"



THE HERALD STAFF.

The Westport High School Herald

VOL. VI.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JUNE, 1908.

No. 1.



EDITORIAL STAFF, 1907-08.

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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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WAN



The issue of the HERALD will see the last of many things. It is the last number that will be issued in the last year of the Old School. With it go the last of those who remember the K. B. S., that famous society of the boys of the Second Division gymnasium class. With it go the last of those who even remember ever having had a "gym." With it will go the Class of 1908, the largest, as has been each successive class, which has ever been graduated from Westport. And with it will—*must* go some of the old spirit of the School. In the New School there will undoubtedly be spirit, closely related to the old spirit, and plenty of it, but it cannot be quite the same. With new surroundings, more pupils, new subjects, and new interests, there must enter some new elements into the School spirit. It may be stronger and better, but it will never be the same. The minds of the old graduates will return to the Old School, those of the future will remember the New School. The present issue marks a turning-point, an epoch in the history of Westport High School.

The next year will bring many changes to the HERALD. In the new building it will

probably expand to a greater number of issues. The customary two-years term of advisers is up and a change of advisers, and consequently of policy, is probable. Many of the members of the staff, among whom are Alma Cutter and Paul Stivers, the Editors-in-chief, who have each served several years on the staff, graduate this year. Leda Craven, Rachel Kincade and Marvin Cary, the literary editors, all of whom have had previous terms, will also be gone. Joseph Hawthorne, Society Editor; Lydia Cook, Art Editor; and Betty Eastman, Local Editor—are others who leave this year. It is seldom that so many changes occur in any one year, but we have no doubt that the HERALD will continue to improve as it has improved in the past, and that it will be a publication suitable to the greatness of the School which it represents.

Once again the old athletic trouble comes up; this time in a phase distinctly favorable to Westport. The athletic authorities at the University of Missouri decided that this year no team could represent Kansas City in the base-ball game for the high school State

championship which had not proved its superiority by defeating teams from *all* the other high schools of the city. Rather than recede from their former position, the other high schools of the city prepared to give up the chance for the Columbia game rather than play Westport. It is time that such quarrels and prejudices stopped. Let by-gones be by-gones. Why should this old dispute stand in the way of future interscholastic contests?

Nearly every year the HERALD is compelled to announce the loss of some members of the Faculty. This year it is Mr. Fox and Miss Busch. Miss Busch has received a scholarship in Germanic Languages at Columbia University in New York City. She will be away from Westport during next year at least. Mr. Fox will teach next year at the State Normal School at Maysville, North Dakota. We are very sorry to have them go and wish them both the best success and the greatest happiness.

Many of the teachers who will return next year have already laid their plans for the summer months. Mr. Scott has been appointed on the teaching staff of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts. He will spend a portion of his time in teaching and the rest in making collections for the high school laboratory. Miss Stoner is to enjoy a trip to France, Belgium and Switzerland this summer. She will study in Paris during July and will travel the rest of the summer. Mr. Herrmann will manage the Chautauqua at Streator, Illinois, and will go, later in the summer, to California with his family. Mr. Shaw and Mr. King are to study at the University of Chicago, while Miss Nardin will attend the University of Missouri. Mr. Underwood and Mr. Bigney will attend the National Educational Assembly at Cleveland. Mr. Sass will study in a school of design in Milwaukee.

Two of our teachers, Miss Wilder and Miss Shire, have been very seriously ill this spring. Much anxiety has been felt among all their friends, but they are now both well on the road to recovery. Miss Anna D. White and Miss Anna K. Lash took their classes for the remainder of the term.

EDITORIAL LITERATURE.

Having written nothing but some sporadic spasms this season, I feel it necessary to get down to solid footing and to produce some real literature.

Literature the First.—Subject: Things in General.

Things in general are usually very interesting, if not more so. They have an expanding, broadening effect upon the mind. Anyone who expects to do anything should be perfectly informed on the question of things in general. They often make up a combination of circumstances which are often more interesting than not. As a whole, things in general are a most impressive diversion when applied to every-day life.

Literature the Second.—Subject: School.

A school is often a building, though sometimes only a shed or shack. It is most offensive in spring weather and examination time, and least so during the warm summer months. It is by most persons considered a necessary evil. People are always talking about new ones and kicking about old ones. All together, they are better than not, and anyway we have to have them, because the School Board says so.

Literature the Third.—Subject: Teachers.

As we have an adviser or so, we must be cautious in our discussion of this subject. We cannot express our candid and sincere opinions on this capricious question. They are sometimes kind, sometimes cruel, and sometimes purely "cussed." We often consider them rather in the way and superfluous. Generally speaking (and they are), we do not dare tell them what we think.

Literature the Fourth.—Subject: Pupils.

Pupils are poor, down-trodden, helpless little victims of a heartless conspiracy to oppress and torment. They are always good, always hard-working, always intelligent and well informed. They are never at fault, never lazy or shiftless, and never stupid. We consider that it is one of the greatest shams in the world that pupils are treated in the present dastardly manner.

In concluding our series of literary essays, we wish to positively assert that we are in no way prejudiced or biased and that our point of view is both logical and impartial.

THE EDITOR.

A Self-Made Bridesmaid.



When Tom and Alicia were married, mother faithfully promised me I might be bridesmaid when Helen had a wedding. It was an awful disappointment when Alicia decided not to let me be in her bridal party, but she wanted every single thing pink, and of course I can't wear that—there are so few things red-haired people can wear.

Helen, you know, is almost a red-head too, so I would be pretty sure to chime in with her color scheme.

The only thing that kept me from being a bridesmaid now was Helen herself—she was not even engaged—and it was her fourth season too!

Horace Ellis told me one day that if a girl was out three years and not engaged then, there was absolutely no hope. My! didn't I pull his hair for that? Then he said he had changed his mind about marrying me when we grew up—he knew he would never be able to stand my temper. After that, of course, I just had to show him that Helen could get married—and besides, I absolutely longed to be a bridesmaid.

But Helen didn't know what man she wanted. She didn't even blush at the name of a single one. Horace Ellis said—that was before his remark about our future marriage. I did not speak to him after that—Horace Ellis said that when a girl blushed about a man, it was a sure sign she loved him; his big brother told him so.

Since Helen couldn't pick out her man, of course that made more work for me. I never, in all my life, worked as hard as I did in getting up that wedding. I finally decided on Philip Gordon. He is tall and ugly and nice and has perfectly lovely taste in candy. He was awfully crazy about Helen, too—sent her perfectly gorgeous flowers. I told Horace Ellis once—before that rude remark, of course—that I would not promise to marry him if any other fellow sent me flowers nicer than his. He said he would have so much money then that no one could thwart him.

Where was I? Oh yes, about Philip. Well, after I had picked him out, I didn't know how to get him engaged to Helen. Then, to complicate matters, Helen began to act perfectly glacial to Philip. I never saw anything like it. She sent his flowers to the hospital, gave his candy to me, and absolutely refused to see him. To have her act like that when I was doing my best to find true happiness for her was simply disgusting.

One day when things were at the very worst and bridesmaidship seemed impossible of attainment, I went to drown my troubles at the soda-fountain. There I met that Horace Ellis. The impudent thing came over to talk to me, just as if the future of our young lives had not been blasted!

"Oh, Angela!" he said, "it must be an oversight on my part, but I have not heard the announcement of Miss Helen's engagement yet."

Then I did a dreadful thing: I told a lie, a downright lie, without a bit of truth in it.

"Oh! we haven't announced it yet," I said in an easy tone! "but she *is* engaged, and so am I."

I never had been so untruthful before. But you should have seen Horace Ellis. I was shocked.

"You cheater, you double-faced cheater!" he cried (and if that isn't almost as bad as swearing, I'd like to know): "you faithfully promised that I could be in the very first engagement you had! You cheater!" And he walked right out of the store before I could say a word.

There I was in a pickle for certain. I had to get myself engaged now. I couldn't let Horace Ellis find out that I was untruthful.

I was going wearily on my way home when I met Philip. Suddenly I had an idea. "Oh, Philip!" I said, "if a very good friend of yours wanted you to get engaged immediately, would you oblige her?"

"Kid," said Philip, disrespectfully to say the least, "do you mean to say that any *her*

on earth wants me to be engaged? If so, to herself or for purposes of revenge?"

"I am the 'her,'" I said, "and I want you to be engaged to Helen and me." And then I explained all about it—bridesmaid, Horace Ellis, and everything.

When I had finished, we decided to go up and speak to Helen about it. Philip behaved queerly. He didn't say much and actually looked worried. Helen was on the side veranda, but started to go in when she saw us.

"Don't leave, please, Helen," said Philip; "Angela here has asked me to be engaged"—he looked really amused—"to her and to you."

Helen gasped. I explained about the bridesmaid and about Horace. She gasped again.

Then Philip seemed to forget all about me. "Helen," he said, "won't you tell me what is wrong. You might at least explain."

"Philip," said Helen in a Stentorian tone—I think "Stentorian" is the word I want—"who was the blonde woman I saw you lunching with?"

"My sister, Mrs. Wilson, of Detroit; you have heard of her as Sally Gordon, I suppose. But what has that to do with it?"

"Nothing, nothing at all," said Helen; "I thought her extremely pretty and was merely curious."

Nobody said anything for a minute. Then, "Philip," she said, "I think Angela—and I—might consent to be engaged."

And then, for an engaged person, I certainly did seem to be neglected. I didn't care, though; I was sure of being a bridesmaid at last.

* * * * *

I was out in front with my head in the sun trying to bleach out the color a little when I saw Ellis' man coming across the lawn. He had a note for me. "I was told to wait for an answer, miss," he said. I opened the note and read:

"Dearest Angela,—Please forgive me for being rude at the soda fountain. I am sorry I couldn't be in your first engagement, but I won't mind so much if you'll save the second for me.

"Respectfully yours, Horace Ellis.

"P. S.—Please forgive me. H. E."

"You don't need to wait," I told the man; "I will go over and forgive him in person."

For, after all, I could afford to be magnanimous. Rachel Kincaid, '08.

ON ROLLER SKATES.

I.

There was once in days of yore,
On that famous Trojan shore,
Hard without the city gates,
Placed there by the adverse Fates,
A wooden horse of ponderous size.
It was placed there in disguise,
Feigning safety to the walls
And peace within the palace halls,
Should the Trojans but believe
The words of Sinon, and receive
The horse into their city, Troy.
They set about their task with joy.
And now they placed ('tis their defeat)
Revolving wheels beneath its feet,
Enabling them to move the horse
Without exerting too much force.

II.

Not long ago there was a boy
Who mocked those men of ancient Troy.
He placed beneath the toes and heels
Of either foot four little wheels.
With swifter foot no beast e'er fled;
Jove's thunderbolt no faster sped
Than did this child, of Folly born.
O let Cassandra prophesy;
Let Neptune's priest both rage and cry;
And let Old Triton blow his horn,
And with his blowing calm the sea
Of this enshrouding mystery.
For as this child, like lightning, fleet,
With careless stroke sped 'long the street,
He struck— Ye Powers, where is the boy?
He's disappeared like vanquished Troy.
Chas. Smith, '08.



An unusually large number of good designs were submitted this year to the following judges:

E. A. Huppert, Supervisor of Drawing in the city school; Franklin Hudson, of the Franklin Hudson Publishing Company; and Harry Wood, head of the Art Department of the *Star*.

After due deliberation, Joseph P. Guillett, whose design appears as the cover of this number of the *HERALD*, was declared winner of the ten dollars in gold offered as first prize.

On account of so many excellent designs being offered, it was decided to award honorable mention to the following:

Lucille Coffin,
Lydia E. Cook,
Lyle Welles,
Charles B. Ward,
Jessie Douglas,
John Emerson Roberts.

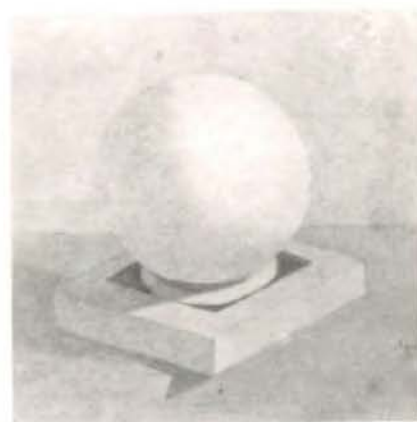
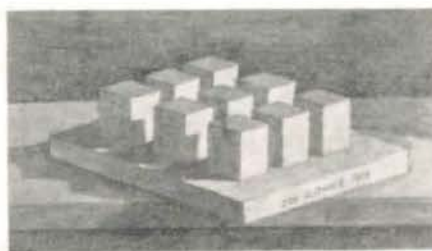
The first prize for the best charcoal drawing from the cast was awarded to Mary M.

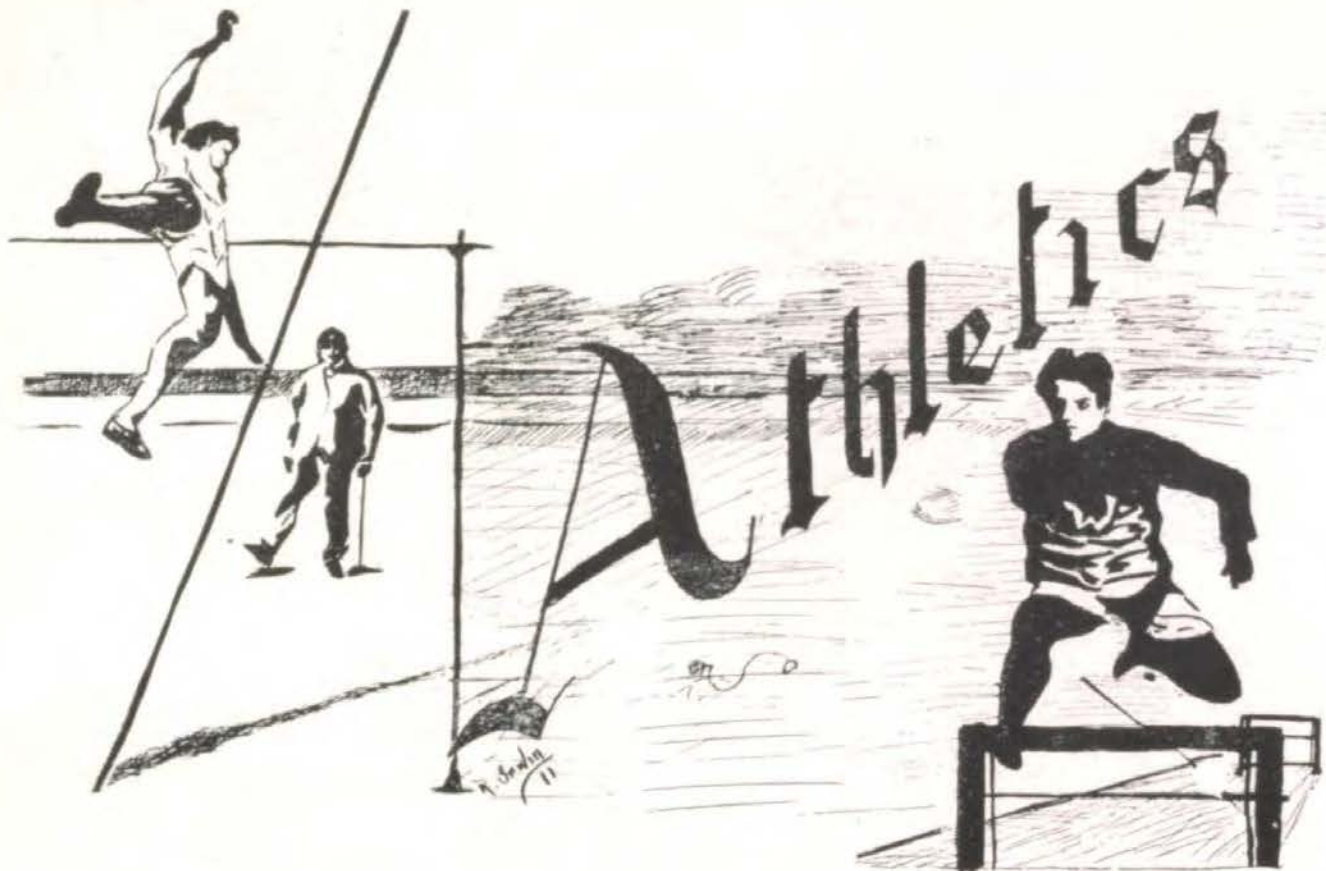
Carnie for her strong drawing of the famous head, "heroic size," of "Perseo," by Benvenuto Cellini.

This drawing will be framed and hang permanently on the wall of the new High School building as an example to future generations of work done in Westport High School in the year 1908.

Honorable mention was given to the following pupils, whose work shows that they have the capacity for receiving discipline, the capacity for sustained effort and patient practice, without which nothing great can be accomplished:

Joseph W. Guthrie,
Nicholas McManamy,
William M. Young,
Thomas B. Root,
Della York,
Nellie E. Rich,
Elizabeth Ware,
Dora Ware,
Georgia Lefholz.





The 1908 track athletics have shown a decided improvement over last year's humble beginning. From a simple class meet we have developed teams for Columbia, Lawrence, and a dual meet with Kansas City, Kansas.

"Bob" Osborne, who was elected captain of the track team early last spring, unfortunately fell sick, and was forced to drop out of school, leaving the track boys captainless. It was then decided that the winner of the greatest number of points in a series of 440- and 50-yard dashes should be captain of the indoor relay team. L. Owen won the honor with 21 points. He, K. Seested, V. Glens, and E. Robinson were picked for the relay team. This team of quarter-milers secured second place in the interscholastic relay race at the K. C. A. C. indoor games, March 20, Kansas City, Kansas, being the winners, Wentworth M. A. a close third, while Argentine and Armourdale also ran. The boys from K. C., K., went the rounds in 3 minutes, 58 seconds.

THE MEET AT COLUMBIA.

This spring Westport for the first time sent a track team to Columbia. By making the eligibility records published in the mid-

year HERALD, Louis Owen, Verne Glens, Karl Seested, Elmo Robinson, George Hull, and Uriel Ham were chosen to represent Westport. Karl Seested captured third place in the quarter-mile won by Van Ripper of Smith Academy in 55 seconds, George Hull took second in the mile, following closely after Cristine of McKinley High, who broke the Columbia record in 4 minutes, 50½ seconds. Uriel Ham made a fine spurt in this race, winning fifth place in the field of eighteen starters, while Hull scored a fourth in the half-mile. In the relay our sprinters, Owen, Glens, Seested and Robinson, won third. There were eight Missouri High Schools entered in this event. In the trial 220 yards, held in the morning, Glens and Owen won seconds in the fastest heats, but were not allowed in the finals, since firsts only qualified. This rule seemed a little hard on our boys, as the other heats were considerably slower.

THE MEET AT LAWRENCE.

On Saturday, May 16, Westport sent a team of ten men to participate in the first annual K. U. Freshmen meet. Carl in the high jump was the only one from Westport who



THE TRACK TEAM.

captured a prize, beating the Manual and Central jumpers quite easily, although French of Pittsburg proved himself to be a genuine Kansas grasshopper, clearing the bar with ease an inch better than Carl, who jumped 5 feet, 6 inches. In the mile, Hull, who had some chance of winning a place, tripped on the curb in the fourth lap, putting his ankle out of business for the rest of the day.

THE FIRST ANNUAL K. C., K.,- WESTPORT DUAL MEET.

The Kansas City, Kansas, won the first annual meet from Westport by the score of 68½ to 53½. The meet was a success, a large crowd of high school and ward school rooters

attending, the day ideal, and the K. C. A. C. grounds, where the meet was held, in perfect condition. The records set up this year will stimulate without discouraging future effort. No contestant could compete in more than five events. With this restriction, Barnes, of K. C., K., won 25 points (5 firsts). This was the highest individual score, for which he received a silver loving-cup. Carl was second, with 14 points; a first in the high jump and seconds in the pole-vault and in both hurdles. Hull scored 10 points: capturing both the mile and half-mile in the creditable time of 4:48 and 2:07, respectively. On the fifth lap of the mile it looked like "all Westport" in the order Hull, Ham, Gossard, but on the last lap Phillips of K. C., K. made a good spurt, nosing Ham out of second place. L. Owen made

8 points: seconds in 220-yard dash and broad jump and thirds in the 100 yards and quarter. K. Seested upset the "dope" by winning the quarter-mile in a splendid race from Frush of K. C., K., Peckenpaugh and E. Fife, our weight-men, made 7 points, the one winning a second in the discus, the other making a second in the hammer and a third in the shot. R. Fife and Robinson of Westport tied with Bobrink of K. C., K., for second place in the high jump, while Robinson scored a third in the high hurdles.

Seeing that we had lost the meet, our relay team went after the relay with a vengeance. Glens took the pole away from Frush at the start and held it until the last five yards when Frush passed him by a foot. Robinson then started out after Barnes, the big K. C., K., weight-man, and beat him at the finish. Seested then took up the running and, tearing around the track, gained a substantial lead over the third K. C., K., runner. On the last lap Owen set out with Cunningham 10 yards behind, but gaining on him. When Owen saw his opponent almost alongside him, he started in to run as never before and it was nip and tuck till the finish, when Owen made a desperate sprint, landing the Schmelzer relay cup.

The ward school events were popular and hotly contested. Every school represented had its "rooters" on hand, and they did not loaf on the job, either, but yelled continuously. Martin Delaney, ably assisted by J. C.

Cannon as starter, pulled off the events in rapid succession as only Delaney can do it. The meet was held at the K. C. A. C. athletic field. The summaries:

120-Yard Hurdles—Barnes, K. C., K., first; Carl, Westport, second; Robinson, Westport, third. Time, :17 1-5.

100-Yard Dash—Cunningham, K. C., K., first; Frush, K. C., K., second; Owens, Westport, third. Time, :10 3-5.

Pole Vault—Barnes, K. C., K., 9 feet 6 inches, first; Carl, Westport, second; Landers, K. C., K., third.

880-Yard Run—Hull, Westport, first; Phillips, K. C., K., second; Breneman, K. C., K., third. Time, 2:07.

Ward Schools, 50-Yard Dash—Reagan, Hyde Park, first; McConnell, Linwood, second; Thornton, Allen, third. Time, :05 4-5.

220-Yard Hurdles—Davis, K. C., K., first; Carl, Westport, second; Root, K. C., K., third. Time, 27 4-5.

Ward Schools, 880-Yard Run—McConnell, Linwood, first; Montrose, Rollins, second; Rambo, Hyde Park, third. Time, 2:12.

High Jump—Carl, Westport, first; Robinson and Fife, of Westport, and Bobrink, of K. C., K., tied for second. The last three were allowed a point and one-third.

440-Yard Dash—Seested, Westport, first; Frush, K. C., K., second; Owens, Westport, third. Time, :55 3-5.

Shot Put—Barnes, K. C., K., 39 feet 3



inches, first; Smith, K. C., K., second; Fife, Westport, third.

1-Mile Run—Hull, Westport, first; Phillips, K. C., K., second; Ham, Westport, third. Time, 4:48.

Ward Schools, 880-Yard Relay—Hyde Park, first; Norman, second; Benton, third. Time, 6:10.

Broad Jump—Frush, K. C., K., 17 feet 4 inches, first; Owen, Westport, second; Phillips, K. C., K., third.

Ward School Tug-of-War—Norman defeated Benton.

Discus Throw—Barnes, K. C., K., 102 feet 4 inches, first; Peckenpaugh, Westport, second; Frush, K. C., K., third.

Ward School Shot Put—Small, Hyde Park, 38 feet 6 inches, first; McConnell, Linwood, second; Thornton, Allen, third.

12-Pound Hammer Throw—Barnes, K. C., K., 92 feet 10 inches, first; Fife, Westport, second; Smith, K. C., K., third.

Relay Race (5 points for winner)—Seested, Robinson, Glens, Owen, Hull, Westport, first; Cunningham, Frush, Barnes, Phillips and Young ran for K. C., K.

220-Yard Dash—Cunningham, K. C., K., first; Owen, Westport, second; Frush, K. C., K., third. Time, :23 1-5.

WITH THE BASE-BALL TEAM.

After a month's steady practice and some tryout games, the following players were chosen by Mr. Shaw for the Westport '08 base-ball team, while Harry Guy was elected captain by a unanimous vote.

Kintz	Pitcher
R. Donaldson	Catcher
Carl	First Base
North	Short Stop
Guy (Captain)	Third Base
Gottlieb	Second Base
Boody	Left Field
Craddock	Center Field
F. Donaldson, Walton	Right Field

DEFEAT AT LEXINGTON.

On April 11, the base-ball nine went to Lexington, Mo., to play the first game of the season with the Wentworth M. A. Owing to some ragged fielding, Westport lost.

The Score by Innings.

		R.	H.	E.
W.M.A.	0 2 0 1 0 1 0 0 2			
W.H.S.	0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0			

K. U. "FRESHIES" 5, WESTPORT 4.

This time it was the K. U. Freshmen, puff ed up with the distinction of having three times defeated the 'varsity nine, who handed us the bitter pill. However it was a great game, men against boys, and we are proud of the team. In the first two innings the Freshmen landed four runs, but after this Kintz settled down and allowed only one more run during the remainder of the game. We did not begin to score until the eighth when a base on balls, well placed hits by Gottlieb, North and Carl brought in three runs. In the ninth we added one more, but were unable to tie the score.

Box Score.

FRESHMEN.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Rogers, I. F.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Walker, 1st B.	4	1	0	7	0	0
Brain, S. S.	4	1	2	2	3	1
Holmes, C.	3	1	2	10	2	0
Blacker, 3d B.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Lovitt, C. F.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Payne, 2d B.	4	1	2	2	0	0
Riling, R. F.	2	0	1	1	1	0
Burdick, P.	2	0	0	4	5	0
Totals	30	5	10	27	11	1
WESTPORT.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Walton, R. F.	3	1	0	1	0	0
R. Donaldson, C.	4	1	3	6	4	0
North, S. S.	4	1	1	3	3	2
Carl, 1st B.	3	0	2	9	0	0
Boody, L. F.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Gottlieb, 2d B.	4	0	2	3	3	1
Guy, 3d B.	4	1	1	3	1	0
Kintz, P.	4	0	1	0	2	0
F. Donaldson, C.F.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	34	4	9	24	13	3

Three-base hits—Brain. Two-base hits—Carl 2. Struck out—By Burdick 10, by Kintz 2. Bases on balls—By Burdick 1, by Kintz 4. Stolen bases—Donaldson, Guy. Sacrifice hits—Kintz, Boody, Blacker.

WESTPORT WINS.

! May 2d, Westport defeated the Kansas City, Kansas, base-ball team by the score 7-2. Although the K. C., K., team has defeated the



THE BASE-BALL TEAM.

Central and Manual teams many times this spring, they were "easy" for us. The feature of the game was the pitching of Kintz, who struck out 15 men, while Craddock, Carl and R. Donaldson carried off the batting honors.

The Score by Innings.

	R.	H.	E.
K.C.,K.	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0	2	4 3
W.H.S.	0 0 0 0 0 7 0 0 0	7	12 1

REVENGE ON THE SOLDIERS.

May 8th witnessed a glorious day for the Westport nine, when the Wentworth M. A. went down to defeat by the score of 6-2. With memories of one former game, we went after their pitcher in the first, getting one run. Upton, of Wentworth, then held us down to no runs until the fourth, when we scored again. The next inning we netted two runs, as we did again in the seventh. These runs were largely due to the pinch three-baggers by Carl and Guy, while R. Donaldson stung the ball twice for two bases. Our pitcher, "Billy" Kintz, let the cadets have only two runs, one in the fourth and one in the ninth, while R. Donaldson held him well at the same time, catching several difficult foul tips. One of the features of the game was the two double plays between North at short stop and Carl at first. Gottlieb played a steady game at second and Craddock and F. Donaldson made some lovely running catches in the outfield, none came Boody's way.

Box Score.

WENTWORTH.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wilmot, L. F.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Boardman, C. F.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Kelly, S. S.	4	1	0	0	2	0
Crawford, 3d B.	4	0	0	2	1	1
Upton, P.	4	1	2	0	3	0
Hillix, 1st B.	4	0	2	11	1	0
Drinkwater, R. F.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Richardson, 2d B.	3	0	0	4	0	0
Aherns, C.	3	0	2	7	0	0
Totals	33	2	6	27	8	3
WESTPORT.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
R. Donaldson, C.	4	1	3	6	9	0
North, S. S.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Carl, 1st B.	4	0	2	10	1	0
Gottlieb, 2d B.	4	1	1	0	4	0
Boody, L. F.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Craddock, C. F.	2	1	0	1	0	0

WESTPORT.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Guy, 3d B.	3	0	2	2	2	2
Kintz, P.	2	1	0	7	1	0
Donaldson, R. F.	3	2	2	0	0	1
Totals	30	6	10	27	20	4

K. U. FRESHMEN 8, WESTPORT 2.

The last base-ball game of the season was another defeat at the hands of the "Freshies." However, we lost to collegians, not to school-boys, which is one consolation.

THE TRIP TO COLUMBIA.

High School Day at Columbia has come to be such a red-letter event in the Westport calendar that an unusually large number of pupils took advantage of the opportunity to see the University on May second of this year. The trip down was an education to some of us—the erratic ways of some trains had never been impressed upon us before. Never before had we had a chance to get off and hunt four-leaf clovers along the track during a trip. When we reached Columbia, we found that a great part of the University had come to the station to look us over.

That night a play was given for the visitors by the University students at Academic Hall. Saturday morning the University buildings were thrown open to the strangers. Most of us made a tour of the buildings and admired the unusually beautiful campus with its famed columns.

Saturday afternoon was the date of the track-meet. An enthusiastic crowd watched the contest, which was very interesting. The first and second places in the meet went to Central High School, of St. Louis, and Wentworth Military Academy, of Lexington, respectively. Saturday night, at Academic Hall, the University people gave a dance to the High School students. As the Kansas City train left at eleven, we did not have much opportunity to enjoy this.

The trip home was enlivened by ham sandwiches and the shrieks of the wakeful, who insisted that the sleepy ones should have wakefulness thrust upon them. We rode and rode and rode through miles of darkness, broken occasionally by the twinkling light of some station, until finally dawn, a drizzly,

gloomy dawn—not at all poetic—brought us within sight of Kansas City. Tired, dirty, but happy in the memory of our pleasant experiences, we came home.

This spring the first school tennis tournament has been held. The tournament was begun the week of May 11th, but, owing to the continued rains, it could not be run off as rapidly as might have been desired. There were twelve teams entered in the doubles and sixteen boys in the singles. In the doubles, Arthur Moses and Reuben Wester were to have played Floyd Donaldson and Grover Carl for the championship, but Moses met with an accident to his right arm, and Howard Robertson took his place. The match was won by Wester and Robertson, by the score of 6-4, 6-2, 6-1.

The singles have not yet been decided. Reuben Wester has reached one place in the finals and his opponent will be the winner of the match between Robertson and Craddock.

STOP! LOOK!! LISTEN!!! SPECIAL!!

.. MARCH 7th, ..
GRAND NOVELTY RACE!
Newest Event in Athletic Sports!
Great
50-YARD BARN DANCE RACE
Between
L. H. OWEN AND R. B. WHITE,
Challengers,
—AND—
G. CARL AND F. SHERRILL,
Challenged.

The first team has just completed a tour of the world, and only once, at the hands of the champion cake-walking team of Africa, have they been defeated.

The second team has just administered a severe defeat to the champion team of Mars, and from this it would seem that the race will be very exciting, as it will decide the championship of the universe.

Others may enter, but they have no show.



POSSIBLY THIS IS WHY THEY FLUNKED.





Colors: Purple and White.

Flower: Violet.

OFFICERS.

<i>First Term.</i>	<i>Second Term.</i>
Alma Cutter... President...	Paul Jones
Leon Harkins... Vice-Pres...	Mabel Gushurst
Maude Dennis... Secretary...	Adah Patrick
James Field... Treasurer...	James Field
Carl Hodges... Serg't-at-Arms...	Carl Hodges
Alice Gushurst... Critic...	Lois Hodges
Paul Jones... Prosecuting Att'y.	Delavan Carr
Mr. F. G. Fox... Adviser	

The past year has been a most successful one for the Clionians. The members have taken an interest in their work on the programmes; original work has been done, and the society has made a good impression upon the School at large. As long as the society does the work it has been doing this year it will be carrying out its purpose to the letter.

* * *

A remarkable corps of officers was elected, making it possible for good energetic work to be done. The committees appointed have been very efficient, with the result that some very good programmes have been arranged.

* * *

Miss Strube, Miss Bleil and Mr. Glens have done some creditable musical work for the society.

* * *

On the evening of March 27th the Clionians tendered a reception-circus to their alumni and the HERALD staff. Before the circus Mabel Gushurst, impersonating a gypsy, told fortunes, and, judging from the smiling faces of those who came out from the booth,

she must have predicted some pleasing future events. The guests then found seats about the hall and upon the steps. Alma Cutter, as ringmaster, introduced each animal as it made its appearance. The boys of the society took the parts of the animals. Each animal, representing one of the teachers, very ably took off some mannerism of the teacher it represented. Of course Mr. Underwood was the big elephant, and Mr. Hull the monkey. After the circus, regulation circus refreshments were served.

* * *

We are indebted to Charles Ward and Sidney Altschuler for the posters which appeared on our bulletin-board.

* * *

Mr. Field has faithfully and effectively performed his duties as treasurer.

* * *

The Annual Declamation contest was practically a Clionian event, as Mabel Gushurst, Lois Hodges, James Field, Leon Harkins, and Paul Jones made it seem that all the contestants were Clionians. Of these Mabel Gushurst and Paul Jones were the successful contestants, to each of whom was awarded a prize of ten dollars in gold.

* * *

The society wishes to thank the Round Table Club for the privilege of being present at the enjoyable presentation of "Walter the Watchmaker."

* * *

Impromptu debates by the boys have been a feature in this year's work.



OFFICERS OF CLONIAN SOCIETY.

JAMES H. FIELD.
Treasurer.

LOIS G. HODGES.
Critic.

CARL HODGES.
Sergeant-at-Arms.

MABEL A. GUSHURST.
Vice-President.

W. PAUL JONES.
President.

ADAH M. PATRICK.
Secretary.

At the open meeting of the society the farce, "A Shakespearean Wooing" was given by the members of the society. The farce was presented with the following cast:

- Romeo... .. Paul Jones
- Lancelot... .. Sidney Altschuler
- Ophelia... .. Sallie McCluer
- Lady Macbeth... .. Alma Cutter
- Witches... .. { ..Lois Hodges
 ..Amelia Burke
 ..Carl Hodges

The stage was constructed and arranged by Mr. Delavan Carr. Van Gregory's printed programmes were, in spite of their size, simply "grand." All the characters took their parts well, and succeeded in making the entertainment one of the best of its kind.

* * *

Julia Guyer won the medal in the American History contest, a proof of patriotism of which we are very proud.

The officers of the Clonian Society were delightfully entertained by the Osiron Society, May 8th, at the Osiron open meeting.

* * *

The Clonians announce the fact that Alma Cutter, Adah Patrick and Paul Jones won places on the Commencement Programme.

* * *

The society wishes to thank Mr. Fox for the assistance rendered throughout the year, and to express the sorrow felt in learning that he will not be at the school next year.

* * *

Thirteen members of the society will graduate this term. As the number signifies, the society is unlucky to lose so many good workers.

* * *

The present members of the society wish increasing success to the society in the new building next year.



ROUND TABLE CLUB

Colors: Light Blue and Gold.

Flower: The Daisy.

OFFICERS.

<i>First Term.</i>	<i>Second Term.</i>
Paul Stivers... President...	Eloise Day
Margaret Merrill, V.-Pres.	Andrew Addoms
Eloise Day... Secretary.	Margaret Holmes
Frank Sherrill... Treasurer.	Frank Sherrill
Hoyt Simpson, Serg't-at-Arms.	Lee Dorthitt
Adviser... ..	Mr. King

To the souvenir number of the HERALD, from the Round Table Club, greeting! We are more than proud of this number of our school paper. May it continue to have the good luck and prosperity which it has always had.

On February 28 the Club had an old-fashioned spelling match in honor of St. Valentine's Day. The society was divided into two sides by the president and the secretary. Mr. Hohman gave out the words, and at the conclusion Miss Margaret Jackson, the winner, was awarded a valentine.

The treasurer, Mr. Frank Sherrill, has done double duty this year, and moreover he has not tired of his work.

The society was very pleasantly entertained by the Clonians on February 28. The entertainment, which consisted of a play entitled "Shakespeare's Wooing," was enjoyed very much.

A revival of "Walter the Watchmaker" was given in the Study Hall, May 15. The cast of characters was somewhat changed, owing to the fact that a number of our members graduated in the Class of '07. Sumner Blossom, however, retained his place as hero of the play. An entirely new feature was introduced in the presentation of a Beauty Chorus, elaborately costumed and excellently trained. Much thanks is due to Mr. Leslie Hohman, a former member of the Club, for his assistance in rehearsals and staging.

The Round Table Club has kept very near to its original aim this year. There has been a general spirit of harmony throughout the society, and each member has done his best to make this year's work a success.

Mr. Paul Stivers, former president of the Round Table Club, was one of the successful candidates in the Senior essay contest, and will appear on the Commencement programme. Miss May Mott was the winner of the Senior declamation contest for the girls, and Mr. Hohman for the boys.

A great deal of praise is due the membership committee of last term for its good work. It has raised our number from the seventy members which we had at the beginning of the year to one hundred and twenty-eight good, working members.



OFFICERS OF ROUND TABLE CLUB.

	MARGARET HOLMES. Secretary.	G. LEE DOUTHITT. Sergeant-at-Arms.
FRANK B. SHERRILL. Treasurer.	ELOISE DAY. President.	ANDREW ADDOMS. Vice-President.

The Round Table Club has been well represented in school affairs during the year. We have six members on the HERALD staff. Six members of the cast of the Christmas play were representations from our Club. The secretary of the Senior Class and the vice-president and secretary of the Southmoines are also members of the Club. We had two representatives on the debate at Des Moines, and two on the debate with Omaha.

The Club has enjoyed some very good vocal music this year. Miss Edith Hawes, Miss Nita Abraham and Mr. Francis Downey have been the principal contributors.

On Friday evening, the 22d, the Club gave a very enjoyable entertainment in honor of the Seniors. The other guests were the HERALD staff, the officers of the other societies, and the class officers. The programme

consisted of tableaux representing the prominent schools and organizations of our own School. They were accompanied with appropriate music by Miss Cyrilla Humes. After the programme, refreshments were served in the beautifully decorated lunch-room.

The Society wishes to thank Mr. King for his kind help and advice through which the society has prospered, and improved wonderfully during the past year. Mrs. King has been present at several meetings, and has taken great interest in the society.

The readings, declamations, essays and musical selections given this year were of the usual high order. Society work gives excellent opportunities for the cultivation of special talents, which would otherwise have no chance to be brought out. More students realize this fact now than formerly.

At a recent meeting Mr. Humphrey gave us a selection from Henry Van Dyke's Blue Flower, entitled "The First Christmas Tree," which was very much enjoyed by every one.

We wish to thank the Clonians for allowing us the use of the Study Hall for our open meeting. Although it was their turn to have it, they very willingly conceded it to us.

Thanks are due Miss Eloise Day, the president, who has worked very hard during her term of office, and who also filled the office of secretary so well last term.

The society regrets very much the loss of a number of very brilliant and hard-working Seniors, but, without doubt, they will be with us in spirit, as are the alumni of former years.

Declamation Contest.



The seventh annual Declamation Contest was held in the Study Hall Friday evening, May 29, at eight o'clock. As usual, the crowd was large and thoroughly alive, literally packing the Study Hall, when the High School Orchestra opened the programme of the evening with "Simple Aveu," a selection from Thomé. Later in the evening the orchestra again pleased its audience with selections from "The Merry Widow."

The arrangement of the programme this year varied somewhat from the previous ones. Four dramatic selections by girls headed the programme, followed by the same number of orations by boys. This arrangement was designed to aid the judges in making out their decisions. The girls entering the contest were: Miss Katherine Campbell, Miss Lois Hodges, Miss Florence Farley, Miss Mabel Gushurst. In the orations the following boys entered: Mr. Clifford W. Hollebaugh, Mr. W. Paul Jones, Mr. James H. Field, Mr.

Leon A. Harkins. The judges awarded the prizes to Miss Mabel Gushurst and Mr. Paul Jones. The hearty applause of the audience was evidence of their approval, although the other speakers were popular also.

The athletic awards to the track team and ward schools in honor of events won in the Westport-Kansas City, Kas., track meet Friday, May 22, proved the endurance of the Westport "rooters." The W. C. T. U. gave the prize for the best essay to Miss Hazel Harrison, a member of the '08 Class. The HERALD cover design drawn by Mr. Joseph Gillett was awarded the ten-dollar prize. The American History medal offered by the Elizabeth Benton Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was won by Miss Julia Guyer. At the conclusion of the programme the enthusiasm, which had several times before burst forth into school yells and other evidences of class spirit, now blended in one mighty peal for the old blue and gold of Westport.





MABEL GUSHURST.
Winner of Declamation
Contest.



HAZEL HARRISON,
Winner of W. C. T. U. Prize.



W. PAUL JONES,
Winner of Declamation
Contest.



JOSEPH P. GUILLETT,
Winner of Annual HERALD
Cover Prize.



Colors: Green and Gold.
Flower: Chrysanthemum.

OFFICERS.

First Term.

Rachel Kincade . . . President . . .
 Eloise Day . . . V.-President . . .
 Elizabeth Jewett . . . Secretary . . .
 Adeline Volker . . . Treas . . .
 Julia Lyman . . . Srg't-at-Arms . . .
 Adviser Miss Nardin

Second Term.

which has arranged some very instructive and pleasing programmes.

The society will lose at graduation this year the following members: Eloise Day, Adaline Volker, Cyrilla Hunes, May Mott, Alice Yates, Ruth Lawson, Edith Wornall and Maude Biddle.

The bi-weekly meetings of the Osiron Society have brought both profit and enjoyment to its members this year. The course of study of Kansas City, which the society has pursued has brought many new and interesting facts to the attention of the members. Owing to the size of Kansas City and the shortness of time we could not make an exhaustive study of it, which fact we regret very much. However, we feel well repaid for the time devoted to becoming better acquainted with our glorious city. We have had a good selection of subjects, the papers have been excellent, and so we can look back upon a well-spent and prosperous year.

The four girls who represented the society at Columbia were all delighted with the University and the quaint college town, and brought back glowing accounts to the other girls.

The society has had the privilege of enjoying some very good music this year. Miss Eloise Day and Miss Charlene Vance have given some very delightful vocal solos, and Miss Cyrilla Humes and Miss Irene Curtis deserve special mention for their instrumental music.

All the committees have been very faithful, especially the programme committee,

We have been very fortunate in the selection of our new members this year, inasmuch as they have taken up the work with true Osiron spirit.



THE OSIRON SOCIETY.

We have two members who are honored by being class officers, Gertrude Schaufler and Margaret Coburn. Gertrude Schaufler is secretary of the Junior class, and Margaret Coburn is president of the Sophomores. Miss May Mott was the successful girl candidate in the Senior declamation contest, and will appear on the commencement programme.

On February 29 the society gave a dance at the home of Miss Coburn. Taking advantage of the leap-year custom, the girls took the place of the boys during the evening, and showed that they knew how to ask favors gracefully as well as to grant them. The talent of the Osiron girls was shown in all the decorations and appointments. The house was beautiful with flowers, Osiron monograms, and pennants of every description. The programmes, which were painted by Osiron artists, were decorated with the monogram, and there was also a large monogram on the front door. The guests were limited to the chaperons and the escorts of the girls.

This year a number of our alumnae have attended our regular meetings much to our pleasure, for we are always glad to see a former member, and we wish her to feel that she is still one of us.

A pleasing entertainment this year was the one given for the Debaters, the alumnae of the society, the Faculty, the HERALD staff and the officers of the Round Table and the Clonian societies.

The entertainment began with a few words of welcome by our president, Miss Adeline Volker. The following programme was then given:

- Piano Solo Cyrilla Humes
- Song Charlene Vance

- Violin Obligato William Kintz
- Recitation Margaret Jackson
- Songs Osiron Glee Club
- Piano Solo Irene Curtis

The principal number was a clever farce entitled, "Six Cups of Chocolate," which was presented by the following girls: Helen Bangs, Adeline Volker, May Mott, Margaret Corbin, Ruth Lawson and Eloise Day.

Miss Day as Adeline von Lindon deserves special mention from the fact that she had the most difficult part, and that it was cleverly given.

The languid and drawling Southern girl was well impersonated by Miss Corbin.

Miss Volker as Jeannette Durand, the French girl, was admirably suited to the part.

The character of Beatrix Van Kortlandt, the aristocratic New York girl, was well presented by May Mott.

Miss Bangs as Hester Beacon, the irreproachable Boston girl who never had any trouble with orthography, proved herself equal to the occasion.

The character of Dorothy Green was perhaps the most mirth-provoking of all. Miss Lawson portrayed the part with skill, and was greeted with hearty applause at each clever speech.

The Osiron Glee Club, composed of Charlene Vance, Gertrude Mullett, Margaret Holmes, Gertrude Schaufler, Frances Maxwell, Margaret Jackson, Mary Krugh, Florence Fuqua, Christine Spencer and Margaret Coburn, was the most unique number of the evening. The songs were verses on the present and former advisers of the society, the president of all the societies and Mr. Underwood, which were all written by Osiron girls. There were also a number of college songs sung. Miss Coburn acted as leader, and made many clever and laughable gestures. The songs were accompanied on the piano by Miss Humes.

At the conclusion of the programme refreshments were served in the large hall, was decorated with flowers.



DEBATERS



"Know your subject: words will follow."

Colors: Black and Gold.

OFFICERS.

First Term.

Arthur C. Moses... Pres.
W. Paul Jones... Vice-Pres.
Marvin R. Cary... Secretary
Jos. G. Hawthorne... Treas.
Reuben Wester. Srg't-at-Arms.
Mr. A. S. Humphrey... Adviser

Second Term.

Jos. G. Hawthorne
C. Paul Stivers
Marvin R. Cary
Reuben Wester
Alvin Gossard

ROLL OF MEMBERSHIP FOR 1907-08.

Philip Barnes.
Marvin R. Cary.
Paul Childs.
Harold Diggle.
Leon Harkins.
Joseph G. Hawthorne.
Arthur Hayum.
Kenneth Irons.
W. Paul Jones.
Donald W. Johnson.
Fred Madison.
James D. Malcolmson.
Arthur C. Moses.
Elmo Robinson.
Thomas B. Root.
C. Paul Stivers.
Jerome Twitchell.
Charles Ward.
Reuben Wester.
Paxson Winsborough.

The closing of the present school year marks the end of the most successful year enjoyed by the Debaters' Club since its inauguration. The work of the club has been carried on with enthusiasm and vigor. Every

member has done all in his power to make the debates and programmes as good as possible. Believing as we do that debating is one of the best employments which boys may undertake, we feel that the past year has been spent most profitably.

The Debaters wish to thank Mr. Humphrey for the time and attention he has devoted to the club.

That alumni who have been Debaters still feel an interest in the Debaters is shown by the fact that at almost every meeting this year there has been one or more of our former members present.

This year eight of our members graduate. The Seniors are Marvin Cary, Arthur Moses, Paul Jones, Joseph Hawthorne, Fred Madison, Paul Stivers, Reuben Wester, and Donald Johnson. Nearly all our graduates expect to continue their education in higher schools.

The second annual banquet of the Debaters will be held at the Coates House the evening of June 10, 1907. This banquet is an annual feature for the Debaters, and affords an opportunity for the meeting of our present, past and retiring members.

The Debaters wish to take this opportunity to state their thanks to the HERALD for publishing the cut of the entire club.



THE DEBATERS.

Mr. Underwood thanked the Debaters at our last meeting for the interest taken in the Inter-High-School Debates. He also spoke of the benefit derived from our meetings and debates.

Both of the orations on the commencement programme will be given by Debater members. The members are Paul Jones and Paul Stivers.

A new feature of especial interest to the Debaters was inaugurated in Westport this year. The feature was the forming of a debating league with the high schools of Des Moines and Omaha. Each high school in the league had two teams, one to debate at home, the other to debate abroad. Four of the six members of the Westport teams were Debater members.

The Annual Declamation Contest was won by Paul Jones, a Debater.

The Debaters were entertained by the Osiron Society in an open meeting Friday

evening, May 8. The Debaters enjoyed the evening, especially the fun at the expense of the Debaters. We wish to thank the Osirons for their invitation, which was very highly appreciated.

To enumerate the official positions held by Debater members in the various classes and organizations would be too great a task, so we only ask you to compare our roll of membership with the rolls of officers of the classes and organizations of the School.

Much credit is due Mr. Jones and Mr. Stivers, our vice-presidents this year, for the work they have done in getting good subjects for the debates.

After this successful year the Debaters hope to have a still greater year in the New Westport High School, with Inter-High-School debates and with the inauguration of at least one more debating society. Hoping to be with you next year in the greater Westport High School, we bid you adieu.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE DEBATE.

For the first time in the history of Westport High School, inter-scholastic debating has become an established fact. Westport was this year invited to become a third party to a triangular inter-city debate, of which the other two members were the Omaha High School and the West Des Moines High School.

Although Mr. Underwood hesitated to accept the invitation this year, on account of the limited resources of our School and its crowded condition, forcing us to use the Study Hall for all assemblies instead of Allen Library as formerly, he was finally persuaded by Mr. Ricker, Principal of the West Des Moines High School, to make this year a starting-point for such debates in the future.

The plan was that a debate should be held on the same evening in each of the three cities to discuss the same question, and that in each

case the home team should support the affirmative side of the question agreed upon. This year the question debated was:

Resolved, That the commission system of municipal government, combined with the recall, initiative and referendum, offers the best plan yet proposed for the government of American cities."

On Friday afternoon, April 10, a preliminary contest was held and the following debaters chosen. Affirmative, Mr. Leslie Hohman, Mr. Paul Stivers, Miss Gertrude Schaufler; negative, Mr. Arthur Hayum, Miss Leda Craven, Mr. Paul Jones; alternates, Mr. Reuben Wester, Mr. Donovan Malcolmson. Unfortunately, Miss Schaufler, who had done excellent work in the preliminary contest, was forced to drop out, and Mr. Wester was chosen to take her place, Mr. Paul Childs being appointed in turn to fill Mr. Wester's

place. Hard work followed during the next few weeks in preparation for the coming fray and April 30 found the members of both teams with speeches duly prepared, and more than anxious for the final conflict.

OMAHA AT WESTPORT.

What fear there may have been concerning the support of the debate here, in the matter of attendance was quickly dispelled on the evening of the debate, May 1, when the Study Hall was crowded to its fullest capacity, and this in spite of the unfortunate fact that High School day at Columbia, being the following day, attracted a great number of the Seniors and athletes. Great enthusiasm was shown when both teams entered the Study Hall and took their places at the tables arranged for them.

Our boys labored under great disadvantages due to the fact that through a misunderstanding in the correspondence, the number of debaters had to be changed from three to two, which left out Mr. Wester, who, we are sure, would have been of great assistance, and forced the other two boys to rearrange their entire arguments to include those of the third speaker.

Mr. Leslie Hohman opened the debate for the affirmative and cleverly laid out the plan for the arguments of his side. He was followed by the opening speaker for Omaha, Mr. Roe, whose arguments were well arranged and excellently presented. Mr. Paul Stivers further supported the affirmative side of the question in a manner very conclusive to the audience, if not to the judges. Mr. Vance then closed the argument of the negative, and, after a slight intermission, gave the refutation, which was very oratorical and undoubtedly won the decision of the judges for Omaha. Mr. Hohman then gave the refutation for the affirmative and made us all proud of him.

The decision was two to one in favor of the Omaha team, and while we were sorry to have lost this year, still, it is only our first attempt, and we will hope for better results next year.

WESTPORT AT DES MOINES.

The three negative speakers who were to represent Westport at Des Moines, chaperoned by Miss Hodshier, left Kansas City at noon Thursday, April 30, and after a most

enjoyable trip reached Des Moines late in the evening of the same day. They were met at the Savery Hotel, to which they had been directed by telegram, by Mr. Ricker and Mr. Jordan, who had charge of the team there, and were informed of the programme of entertainment which had been provided.

The following morning a very enjoyable musical programme was given at an assembly, during which our team as well as that of our opponents was asked to occupy places on the stage, so that they might be displayed to the admiring eyes of the audience. Miss Craven, as representative of the Westport team, responded to the speech of welcome with a carefully prepared impromptu address.

The afternoon was spent in rest and preparation for the evening conflict, which was held in the Assembly Hall of the High School. Mr. Wayne Pugh was the leader for the affirmative and laid out the arguments along the line that the proposed system was the American way to govern cities. Mr. Arthur Hayum opened the debate for the negative and did credit to Westport as well as to himself. He was followed by Mr. Earl Eslick, affirmative; Miss Leda Craven, negative; Mr. John Corley, affirmative; and Mr. Paul Jones, negative—all of whom did work very deserving of praise. Mr. Paul Jones then gave the refutation for the negative, followed by Mr. Wayne Pugh, in the same capacity for the affirmative. All the members of the Des Moines team had given a debate before their School on the same subject and were well prepared, both collectively and individually, to support their side of the question. To this we attribute the fact that the judges gave the decision to the Des Moines team, two to one.

But the bitterness of losing was taken away to some extent by the cordiality shown to the visiting team. After a trip to the Capitol Building and the Historical Society, the following morning a luncheon was given at the Savery for the members of both teams and the chaperon of one and the instructors of the other. A track meet, in which West Des Moines took part, was attended and greatly enjoyed in the afternoon.

Late in the evening the Westport team, tired and beaten, but not down-hearted, left Des Moines, with great hopes for success next year.



"OLD WESTPORT HIGH."

The Building of the Westport High School.



THE MEN WHO PLANNED.



CHARLES A. SMITH,
The Architect.



S. A. UNDERWOOD
The Schoolmaster.



JOSEPH H. BRADY,
The Chief Engineer.

THE MEN WHO BUILT.



GODFREY SWENSON,
Contractor.



W. E. BENSON,
Paymaster.



ALEXANDER WOODWARD,
Superintendent of Construction.

The New Westport High School.



Less than half a century ago Westport, now the most important residential district of Kansas City, was a mere cluster of trading houses, and a tiny school supplied its educational demands. Westport has, however, lately proved so populous that the Board of Education has chosen it for a fitting place in which to build the first of the schools in its extensive new system.

The exterior of this new building is vitrified brick, which surpasses all other bricks in strength, and has the valuable quality of looking subdued when new. The architecture is that of the transitional period in England—far-famed for its beauty and adaptability to the accidents of landscape.

The interior is constructed of reinforced concrete and steel, and is so arranged that fifteen hundred students can be accommodated if whole-day sessions are possible. If, however, half-day sessions are necessary, twice as many pupils can be taught in its spacious, well-lighted rooms.

Among many benefits to be enjoyed by those who will attend is that of manual training, which is considered most valuable by modern educators. Its importance lies in binding the ideal to the accomplishment. Thus an artist is helpless without technique; but if he can realize his ideals through technique, with each new work he is raised to a higher level. We will find nowhere a more striking example of this idea than in the construction of this School, the architect representing the ideal and the laborers the tech-

nique, which, when combined, create so beautiful and practical a building.

To provide for the teaching of this important branch, a machine-shop extensively equipped, a wood-turning room, a joinery, and all rooms needed in training young ladies in housewifely duties are included in the plan.

A commodious, well-lighted auditorium is under construction, where all future school events, such as lectures, debates, plays, and the like, will be held. Here too, let us hope, will the South Side enjoy the evenings with those who would reform social conditions and promote the general welfare.

To gain mental activity, physical health must be stimulated. For this purpose there is a complete gymnasium measuring one hundred feet long by fifty-one feet wide. One story above the floor of the gymnasium, a race-track extends completely around the room. This gymnasium, in connection with the playground laid out near the School, will certainly insure a hardy race to Kansas City.

The completed School will have cost the city \$340,000.

The spirit of the new High School will be that of democracy, and the students will feel as though they were members of a great club seeking education. Let all, therefore, who can appreciate beauty and efficiency show loyalty to the School, the embodiment of both, and work untiringly for the pure ideals it represents.

Tom B. Root.

OLD WESTPORT, GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye to thee, Old School,
We welcome the New,
Yet many fond memories
Cling around you:
We'll have for you always
A love fond and true,
But our ardent School spirit
We'll take to the New.

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.)
Schultz, Alba E.
Waller, Francis D.
Wornall, Elizabeth.
Wittlin, Elizabeth.

CLASS OF 1900.

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

CLASS OF 1901.

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

CLASS OF 1902.

Barton, Goldia B. (Mrs. E. Donaldson.)
Bastman, Rosa G.
Burns, Pearl.
Clark, Harold B.
Colburn, George C.
Courtney, Vera.
Cross, Stella.
Eggleston, C. Victorine.
Endres, Minnie.
Eyman, Frank H.
Hatch, William P.
Hiatt, Elsie A.
Hile, Lillie E.
Hill, Fenta E.
Knepp, William H.
Lindsay, Frances B.

Lowerre, Pearl O.
 Moore, Nellie M.
 Ogden, Olive.
 Patton, Q. Howard.
 Patton, Ruth E.
 Porter, H. Guy.
 Price, Amy.
 Price, Julia N.
 Prince, Nellie F.
 Rumsfeld, Alvina D.
 Russell, Adelaide E.
 Samuel, Thos. D.
 Snodgrass, Vail H.
 Sharp, Lora.
 Shotwell, Bertha W.
 Spence, Bessie.
 Towsley, Frank L.
 Wiedenmann, Anna B.

CLASS OF 1903.

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

CLASS OF 1904.

Beard, Eunice Viola.

Beers, Frances Florence.
 Burgess, Annie Elizabeth.
 Cheatham, Jessie Pearce.
 Cocke, Audrey.
 Creswell, Alberta.
 Douglas, Annette Lacene.
 Ducret, Myrtle.
 Dudley, Pearl.
 Durham, Obie Emmett.
 Fife, Bessie Samuel. (Mrs.
 Arthur Brooks.)
 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.
 Paul Smith.
 Robert Graham Ormsby.
 Shirley Allendorph. (Mrs.
 McCarthy.)
 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 Schaufler.
 Adolph Taylor Starck.
 Wesley 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.
 Ethel 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.
 Effie Estelley Rogers.
 Clara Emeline Rose.
 Bertha Florence Smith.
 Grace Maureen Walter.

CLASS OF 1907.

Alexander, Colin Hay.
 Amelung, Julian Randall.
 Blocher, Ayers Haden.
 Brooks, Martin Kahao.
 Campbell, Marshall.
 Campbell, Samuel Wallic.
 Coleman, Arthur Saint Alban.
 Cox, Ernest Lincoln.

Douthitt, Ford.
 Gossard, Charles Oakley.
 Heslip, Wilbur Christy.
 Hodges, Clarence Gray.
 Klappmeyer, Harry B.
 Koogler, John Graham
 Charles.
 Luther, Oscar Paul.
 Marley, John Sheeks.
 McMillan, Rae Whipple.
 Mott, Albert James.
 Nethaway, Carl Clayton.
 Newell, Clarence Lee.
 Spencer, Lawrence Larkin.
 Toll, Alfred, Jr.
 Warren, Walter Brizsee.
 Addoms, Ethel Knickerbocker.
 Alexander, Sheila MacCallum.
 Anderson, Margaret F.
 Bannister, Louise H.
 Bastman, Clara Gabriella.
 Bosch, Sara Agnes.
 Brainerd, Anna Eliza.
 Buckley, Ella Marie.
 Campbell, Anna Laura.
 Carnahan, Loie Catherine.
 Clagett, Nanna Bealle.
 Ellis, Susan May.

Eyman, Jessie.
 Garrett, Mabel Alice.
 Gushurst, Alice Lucy.
 Hetherington, Helen Hibbard.
 Himes, Hazel.
 Hombs, Ruby Helen.
 Johnson, Abbie.
 Kirkpatrick, Ina Belle.
 Lamborn, Elsie Stoner.
 Lorie, Hazel Ruth.
 Moore, Nellie Grace.
 Mellen, Ruth Abercrombie.
 Mott, Ethel Belle.
 Olsen, Anna Lou.
 Parker, Genevieve.
 Partington, Hazel Buckley.
 Penn, Norah Margaret.
 Richards, Elizabeth Lyle.
 Rose, Ethel Esther.
 Siegel, Margaret.
 Simonds, Wanda.
 Snodgrass, Laura Elizabeth.
 Spence, Fannie.
 Stickle, Emma Jeanette.
 Stringer, Alma Gertrude.
 Tucker, Audrey Ann.
 Ware, Catherine Adams.
 Weber, Helen Marie.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Marshall Campbell, president of Class of '07, won the first prize of \$10 in the Inter-Society Oratorical Contest, May 15, at Missouri Wesleyan College.

Alberta Cook, '05, and Eleanor Carr, '03, of Chicago University, visited W. H. S., Wednesday, March 25.

Arthur A. Jones, '05, a Junior agriculture student of M. S. U., has been awarded a \$125 scholarship for next year.

Carl Malone, '06, is deputy county assessor of Teton County, Montana.

Helen Hetherington, '07, is studying music in Berlin.

Bessie Richards, '07, is attending Milwaukee Downer College, Milwaukee.

Clifford Smith, '04, finishes the Agricultural Course in M. S. U. this year.



James D. Malcolmson (translating German the day before Easter): "'You bet,' replied the children."

Miss Busch: "Your language is very highly colored."

Roy Bentley: "He's been using Easter egg dyes."

Hazel W. (walking with Miss Stoner and Arthur M.): "Miss Stoner, what is the meaning of *de trop*?"

Miss S.: "It means me—one too many."

Miss Launder (in Civil Government, talking about the census): "Are tramps counted?"

Mr. Hull: "No, they're no 'count."

Miss Nardin (reading "Snowbound"): "Duty calls me."

Automobile coming down the street: "Honk! honk!"

Mr. Hull: "You must be happy in here, Miss Campbell; that is, if ignorance is bliss."

Five minutes before the fifth hour lunch period closes, the music class begins playing. "There's No Place Like Home."

Mr. Hull: "If you were up 1,000 miles in the air, what would you see?"

Mr. Harnden: "My future abode." (?)

Bright Pupil: "I don't think that phrase is correct, 'He wore gray hair.' People don't wear hair."

Miss DeWitt: "Oh, yes they do—sometimes."

Miss Stoner: "Why do we call the equations we had to-day 'simple equations'?"

Bright Freshie: "Because they are easy to do."

Mr. Hohman (in College Algebra): "No one in this class knows anything about Algebra."

Mr. Bigney: "Don't judge others by yourself, Mr. Hohman."

Mr. Olson: "Why is it that you can hear yourself talk when you hold the receiver of a telephone to your chest?"

Mr. Hull: "That must have been a heart-to-heart talk."

Miss Shire: "They used to eat from couches. To me it wouldn't be very comfortable to lie on one elbow and eat with the other."

Mr. Craddock (in Elocution): "Do you think we can find any good fools nowadays?"

Mr. Humphrey: "Oh, yes indeed! Lots of them right here among us."

Mr. Humphrey (in Elocution): "'Housewife' is pronounced like 'huswif.'"

Miss Wheelan: "When you say 'wife' by itself, you don't say 'wif.'"

Mr. H.: "Well, I wasn't talking about myself."

Mr. Scott: "Miss Maxwell, how old were you when the last of your permanent set of teeth came in?"

Frances (thinking of what the text-book said): "I was about twelve, wasn't I?"

Mr. Scott: "I'm sure I don't know."

Miss Volker (reading the numbers on the Osiron program): "The One-legged Goose, Margaret Jackson."

Mr. Fox: "Well, Mr. Mitchell, if you see a heart with an arrow through it, what does it mean to you?"

Mr. Mitchell: "Stung."

Marvin Cary: "Don't throw that ink on me; it'll show."

Mr. Hull (speaking of balloon ascensions): "Mr. Gossard, you've never seen the sun, have you? Sun rise, I mean."

Mrs. Hedges: "Class commence, in the wilderness, please."

Hugo Knight (translating Latin): "Cæsar led the army out by the horns."

Mr. Hull (in Civil Government): "What is a local issue?"

Eddie Hoffman: "Newspapers, sir."

Mr. Scott, in Botany, speaks of reserved *air*. Does he mean that May Ayer is reserved?

Miss Meyer (in Elocution): "A fool, a fool." And (as Mr. Snedegar comes to the door), "Good-morrow, fool."

Mr. Humphrey (in Elocution): "You can have Touchstone enter in this scene either jiggig, or turning somersaults or flap-jacks, or—"

Mr. Fox (in English Literature): "What is the river Styx?"

Bright Senior: "It's the river you are supposed to cross to get to Hades."

Mr. Fox: "Please don't be so personal."

Label on a Senior's book: "For external use only!"

Miss Stoner: "Is the word 'lettuce' singular or plural?"

Bright Senior: "'Let us' is always plural."



First Freshman, - "Why wouldn't it pay to keep poultry at W.H.S.?"
Second Freshman, - "Dunno."
First Freshman, - "Why, because there's a Fox there."

Mr. Fox: "What is a swain?"

Miss H.: "That's another name for pigs."

Translation in French Class: "My feet were arrested."

Miss Strube (translating German): "Dull sounds came from within; that is, the man was groaning."

Miss Shire: "What did the Gauls throw at Hannibal's army when they were crossing the Alps?"

Miss Piper: "Landslides."

Miss Smith (translating German): "He decided to walk home afoot."

Mr. Humphrey (after Mr. Vance had done the part of Touchstone): "You must remember, Mr. Vance, that you are a fool."

Mr. Jones (reciting the lines, "Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass, in them base-ball clothes o' his," rendered it thus): "Mr. Sass, full of bluejay," etc.

Miss Shire (answering a question): "Well, I don't know either, so it doesn't matter."

Margaret Coburn (the day of the Osiron dance): "Won't you come over and help us make punch, Edward?"

E. R. S.: "Nope; I never squeeze lemons."

TARIFF (IC.)

Mr. Shouse: "What was the reason for the changing of the tariff?"

Miss W.: "Well, all the people in the United States were expanding and it had to be changed."

Mr. Henderson: "Does Congress regulate the weights?"

Mr. Hull: "Yes; all except the Union Depot waits."

The following is an admit presented by Cash Harnden: "Let Cash in on credit today.—D. H."

Miss Wilder (assigning third hour Caesar lesson): "We'll take Chapter 27 for to-morrow. Does anyone know where Mr. Shaw's third hour Caesar class is?"

Mr. Corbin: "Yes, I do—they're right across the hall."

Mr. Humphrey (explaining how to greet a person): "Just go up and clap your shoulder on his hand."

Teacher (examining excuse): "This looks like your signature, Mr. Hohman."

Leslie: "Yes, it was, but I erased it and changed it."

Mr. Fox: "Your school days are the happiest of your life."

Virginia Siegel: "Is that the reason why they give us so many of them?"

Mr. Hull: "How can you eliminate the e's in that equation? Can that be done with ease?"

Mr. Andrews: "Regiments in the United States Army are never full."

Mr. Robinson: "Yes, they are. When they are off duty, they are always full."

Miss Busch: "You need never write your name in German. Just put it down as you are accustomed to do. Always have your name look the same."

Roy Bentley: "What if you get married?"

Mr. Hull: "How was meat preserved in Egypt?"

Miss Hamilton: "In mummies."

Mr. Hull: "If you are in a vacuum, you can't get struck by lightning."

Miss Jackson: "I'm going to live in a vacuum."

Mr. H.: "That's unnecessary; you have one always with you."



May Chace

Mrs. Hedges: "Class, Miss Hawes beats time."

Sherrill: "I kill it."

Mr. Hohman: "Mr Fox, what is a glow-worm?"

Mr. Fox: "Why—that's its name."

Roy B. (translating into German): "'The bright boys,' Der, der—der— Oh! what's the word for 'bright'?"

Miss Busch: "'Hell,'"

Roy B.: "Oh! 'hell'; yes, I remember."

Mr. Bigney: "Where is your card, Miss Campbell?"

Miss C.: "My parents are out of town."

Mr. B.: "Well, didn't they appoint a guardian for you?"

Freshman: "He broke the tendrils in his arm."

Mr. Hull (in class studying electricity): "Miss Ewing, can you mention a conductor?"

Lottie: "No, sir; I don't know any."

Charlene V. (translating): "He began talking with a great vocabulary."

Miss Enyart: "Describe the consistency of the mucus."

Freshy: "It's about as thick as a thin knife-blade."

Miss Nardin (speaking of Salem witchcraft): "What was the reason for believing certain persons were witches?"

Miss Ford: "Well, they just acted funny."

Miss N.: "Then we have some witches in High School, but we don't punish them with death."

Miss H.: "Why, Julian Amelung! You here? I dropped you to-day."

Joseph H.: "That's why Amelung is always broke."

Mr. Hull: "What is amber used for?"

Miss Jackson: "Beads."

Mr. Harnden: "Pipe-stems."

Mr. Hull: "See in what different channels their minds run."

Miss Enyart (in Physiology): "Why are the sweat glands twisted round and round at the ends?"

Bright Junior: "To keep them from falling out."





Mother (to small daughter who was talking saucily to her father): "Why, Mary! I'm astonished. You never heard me speak to your father that way."

"Mary: "No 'm, 'cause you choosed him, an' I didn't."

Mr. Stubbs: "Do you expect any visitors to-night, my dear?"

Mrs. Stubbs: "Well, considering that Bridget's going to leave, Willie's got the measles, the cellar is flooded, and the grocer hasn't called for two days—yes, I do."

Mrs. Wickshire: "If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear?"

Mr. Wickshire: "I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you."

"Tommy," said Mrs. Bull. "I want you to be good while I 'm out."

"I'll be good for a nickel," replied Tommy.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

RAH ! RAH !! RAH !!!

VACATION DAYS ARE HERE.

ME TO LEWIS' FASHION FOR THAT NIFTY NEW STRAW HAT.

CATCH ON, BOYS, AND FOLLOW ME.

Young Man's Special, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.

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The Hat Store on the Corner

1101-1103 Walnut.

The new "SAMPECK"
2-piecers or "Lounge Suits"
—(as they're called in the
East)—embody every attri-
bute for the cool comfort
and clean-cut elegance of the
carefully-clothed young chap
who knows what he wants
and wants what he wants
when he wants it!

They fetch your fashion, fit and fabric fancy.

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Gordon & Koppel Clothing Company

Outfitters to young men and boys.

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A Great Showing of
Young Men's Suits at

\$25.00

Over twenty new and distinctively different patterns from which to make your selection of a new suit at this popular price.

An inspection of these Suits will reveal many novelties at this price.

Walnut
11th Sts.
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KANSAS CITY, MO.

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11th Sts.
Grand Ave.



NEVER OUT OF STYLE

The man who buys Walk-Over Shoes each season is never out of style, because Walk-Over Shoes keep abreast of shoe fashions. Every desirable feature that fashion dictates or fancy desires can be found in Walk-Over Shoes.

\$3.50

\$4.00

\$5.00

THE "Walk-Over" BOOT SHOP

HUBBARD BROS.,

**1005 MAIN STREET,
KANSAS CITY, U.S.A.**

Mrs. Dashaway: "Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics."

Mrs. Newrich: "Ugh! Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would git on you?"

A deaf and dumb mute recently went into a bicycle shop and picked up a hub and spoke.

"Who were the foolish virgins?" brought the answer from a little girl, "Them as didn't get married."

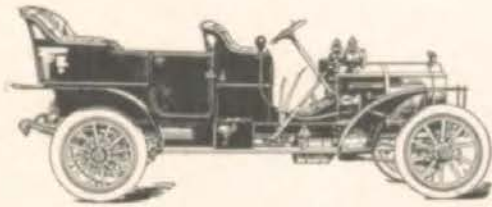
The word *altar* occurred in the Scripture selection. "What is an altar?" said the teacher. "A place to burn insects," replied an honest boy.

Home 1037 South—TELEPHONES—Bell 394 South

THE **ROSEY**

E. D. ELSWORTH, FLORIST

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Packard, Stevens-Duryea,
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HEADQUARTERS FOR SUPPLIES AND TIRES

E. P. MORIARTY & CO.

Phones 1790

1612-14 Grand Ave.

Smith: "Most things that are bought go to the buyer."

Jones: "Yes, all except coal; that goes to the cellar."

Brown: "What kind of a cigar is that?"

Jones: "It's called the 'Soldier Boy.'"

Brown: "H'm. I noticed it belonged to the ranks."

"I wish the hot weather would come along," sighed the thermometer. "People are beginning to look upon me as a thing of low degree."

A minister said to his congregation: "Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split."

B. F. HARGIS,
President.

W. F. LACAFF, Cashier.
JOHN B. WORNALL, Assistant Cashier.

J. M. KLAPMEYER,
Vice-President.

Westport Avenue Bank

CAPITAL, \$100,000.00.

Condensed Statement, May 14, 1908.

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$303,730.33
Overdrafts	61.90
Furniture and Fixtures	3,421.79
Cash and Sight Exchange	78,020.13
Total	\$385,234.15
LIABILITIES:	
Capital paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits (net)	12,840.98
Deposits	272,393.27
	\$385,234.15

Above statement is correct.

W. F. LACAFF, Cashier.

E. F. SWINNEY,
B. F. HARGIS,
F. G. ROBINSON,
G. M. SMITH,

J. W. HUNT,

DIRECTORS:
JOHN B. WORNALL,
L. A. GOODMAN,
H. E. CLARK,
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J. T. BURNEY,
J. M. KLAPMEYER,
E. E. VOIGTS,
W. D. JOHNSON,
W. F. LACAFF.

OPENED FOR BUSINESS

NOV. 1, 1906.

Deposits Dec. 1, 1906 . . .	\$104,556.43
Deposits Feb. 1, 1907 . . .	176,431.77
Deposits Feb. 14, 1908 . . .	222,481.51
Deposits May 14, 1908 . . .	272,393.27

We invite your attention to our list of Directors. If you are not now a depositor, let us ask you to become one.

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the latest and best things in

**NEW FURNITURE,
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Grand Avenue and Eleventh Street.

Morton's

Westport and Main
and 1024 Main St.

**ICE CREAM,
ICES and
Fine
Confections**

Morton's Ball Room for Dancing

BOTH PHONES.

ECONOMY

is a good thing generally. But there is always a limit in prices below which it is unsafe to go.

We know this much: Nobody can buy for less money than we can. Nobody is able to sell at smaller profits. This is a strong statement and a plain one, and we mean it. If you care to investigate, you will find that we know what we are talking about.

Weidenmann Bros.

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C. L. RICHMOND

Pharmacist

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED.

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43rd ANNUAL

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Are the same as at other Terms in the year, and the Classes are conducted by our regular Faculty of Nineteen experienced Teachers.

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Our Rooms were planned and arranged especially for School purposes, being well lighted and ventilated by large windows on FOUR SIDES of our new Building.

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TENTH AND OAK STREETS.

Tels. 1196 M. Home, 1174 M. Bell.

J. F. SPALDING, A.M., President.

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TO THE YOUNG MAN who pays more than a passing thought to the "what's what" in dress, this store offers many opportunities to dress up to the moment.

We want you to feel that this is a young man's store in every sense of the word—the wants and desires of the young men are given many moments of careful thought—the naggiest things fresh from the style centers are here in quality that is dependable and at a price that is right.

* * * * *

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes here exclusively in Kansas City.

\$16.50 to \$50.00

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On Main at Tenth.

Miss Shire: "Mr. Blossom, I'd rather you'd use the back-board than the *side-board*."

Mr. Fox: "At one time, when I first left college, I was a teamster, and I just drifted from bad to worse, until I came to *teaching school*."

One Freshman: "I belong to two small clubs, and I don't get enough allowance to pay the dues."

Raymond Kimbrell: "Why, I've joined three clubs in the last six months, and haven't paid a cent for dues."

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ESTABLISHED 1870.

INCORPORATED 1931

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1009-1011 Walnut Street.

* Mr. Bigney (in Geometry): "Come to the board, Miss Hall, and join M E." (A moment later): "Now see if you can do it and eliminate M E."

Miss Hall (sweetly): "I can't."

Mr. Shaw: "Compare 'bonus,' Mr. Meyer."

Mr. Meyer: "Bonus, b-b-bonior, b-b-bo-nimus."

Mr. Shaw: "Why didn't you say, 'Bony, bonier, boniest,' and be done with it?"

The class in geography in one of the Brooklyn schools was asked by the teacher, "What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?"

The pupils tried to think, and after a while a boy raised his hand.

"I know," said he.

"Well, what are they?" asked the teacher.

"Why," said the boy, with a triumphant look, "on the south side you see the sea and on the north side you hear the Sound."

BOYS AND GIRLS, CLASS 1908,—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.

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202 Westport Ave.

KANSAS CITY, MO.



820 Walnut St.

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W. S. WEBB, Cashier.

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WILLARD MORRIS, *Commercial Law.*

FRANK MORRIS, *Lecturer on Principles of Shorthand and Typewriting.*

GEORGE D. HEATON, *Principles and Theory of Shorthand, and Superintendent of Departments.*

G. A. HENRY, *Bookkeeping, Business and Ornamental Penmanship, and Commercial Law.*

H. E. SPEARS, *Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Business Correspondence and English Branches.*

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MISS L. S. VAN EMAN, *Typewriting, Typewriting Dictation, Business Correspondence, Letter Press Copying and Mimeographing.*

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Dean of Kansas City School of Law.

Subject: "Contracts."

JOHN W. SNYDER,

Member of Faculty Kansas City School of Law.

Subject: "Sales of Personal Property."

EDWARD D. ELLISON,

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Subject: "Partnerships and Corporations."

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Subject: "Corporations."

J. M. GREENWOOD,

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Subject to be Selected.

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Purity, Accuracy and Prompt Service

HUGO EYSSELL

Estab. 1880. PRESCRIPTION SPECIALIST. Cor. 34th and Main

Mr. Fox (in third hour Rhetoric, to L. Owen): "Are all those lines iambic tetrameter?"

Mr. Owen: "Yes."

Mr. Fox: "What?"

Mr. Owen: "No."

Mr. Fox: "I'll give you one more chance."

Mr. Owen: "I don't know."

Between a "couple of kids" in first hour.

1st: "I was out skating last night and skinned one of my knees."

2d: "Which? the right?"

1st: "No, one of the others."

2d: "How many did you have with you?"

1st: "Four."

Mr. Fox: "What is the motive force?"

Sallie M.: "A man."

Mr. Fox: "Then it is a human force?"

Sallie M.: "I am not sure."

"Anything new in your neighborhood?" we asked the farmer.

"Yes, the whole neighborhood is stirred up," he replied.

"What is the cause?" we asked eagerly.

"Ploughing."

Mr. Kimbrell: "What does the city physician do?"

Mr. Hull: "He holds the office for his health."

Mr. Fox (discussing Poe): "Where did you recently read some humor like this?"

Miss Siegel: "In the HERALD."

Miss Hodshier (distractedly): "Where is Miss Enyart?"

Freshman (resignedly): "Room No. 8."

Mr. Morse has been trying to teach the Trigonometry class how to make pi(e) (π).

GIFTS For Graduation.

For the Graduates of Kansas City, the house of Jaccard has made ample provision in gifts of great beauty and utility.

Gift-seekers are cordially invited to inspect our stock of Jewelry and Silver.

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NO Lumpy, Scraggly- Edged Collars. . .

Is every Collar and Shirt in your home-coming laundry perfection in shape and finish? If not, better change laundries. You'll like ours.

White Star Laundry Co.

Cell S. 1109—PHONES—Home S. 705
4115 PENN STREET

"My son," said the good old man, "If only you work hard enough when you undertake a thing, you're bound to be at the top when you've finished."

"But suppose I undertake to dig a well?"

AN EASY CASE.—"Yes, doctor, one of Harry's eyes seems ever so much stronger than the other. How do you account for that?"

"Knot hole in the base-ball fence last summer, most likely, madam."

"Jimmie," said the merchant, solemnly at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."

And the office boy in his excitement, responded with "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots."

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live!"

"Refused again?"

"No; accepted."

The Hillcrest Farm Company

Regs to announce that the Baby and Special Milk from its noted Sanitary Dairy Farm is sold only in bottles sealed in its Model Dairy at the Farm, and distributed from its city depot at 3114 Main Street by the Company's own wagons. No other person handles our milk nor is authorized to use our name. Beginning May 8th, we have arranged to distribute the output of an inspected dairy farm. This milk will be a properly labeled, high-class table milk for family use, at a price only slightly in advance of ordinary commercial milk. A trial order is solicited. Either telephone South 1151.

HILLCREST MILK.

Baby Milk, 1 quart	15c	Soecial Milk, 1 quart, 4 per cent	15c
Baby Cream, 1 half-pint, 20 per cent	15c	Special Cream; 1 half-pint, 20 per cent	15c

TABLE MILK IN ORIGINAL BOTTLES FROM AN OFFICIALLY INSPECTED FARM.

41 per cent Milk, 1 quart	10c	20 per cent Cream, 1 half-pint	12 1/2c
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The same titles in ooze leather, boxed, each, \$1.00.

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THE HERALD has received many interesting papers from other schools and has enjoyed them and profited much from them. It is not the wish of the editors of the WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL HERALD to criticize or make any comments on their worth, but they do wish to extend their best wishes and thanks to all their exchanges.

While giving a geographical lesson, a teacher called upon a precocious youngster named Johnny to tell what he could about "zones." Johnny responded as follows: "There are two kinds of zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine zones are temperate and intemperate, while the feminine zones are both horrid and irigid."

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We teach the only system of Shorthand that will prepare for position in three months. They can be finished during vacation.

"I wish to complain," said the Easter bride, haughtily, "about that flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" stammered the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made a pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

"Let me see," said the minister who was filling out the marriage certificate and had forgotten the date. "This is the fifth, is it not?"

"No sir!" said the bride, with some indignation. "This is only my third!"

As he walked with the baby
He had to confess
That marriage with him
Was a howling success.

Student: "Professor, which is the logical way of reaching a conclusion?"

Professor: "Take a train of thought, my boy."

Gentlemen:—I like the Vose Piano we purchased of you last March VERY much indeed, and would not part with it at all, as you are aware, I presume. It appears to have a tone that, for sweetness and being full and rich, stands in a class by itself as compared with the average Piano for the same price—or higher price, too—that is sold in our town.

Your plan of a cash price on payments with low interest surely is as nearly justice for wealthy or those in moderate means as can be devised. Wishing you all the success you so richly deserve.

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The above is one of the many voluntary declarations to the satisfying qualities of the Vose Piano. We sell a new Vose for \$360.

New Pianos for Rent, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 per Month.

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"Have you noticed the suits of armor which we have in the hall?" asked Mrs. Gottit lately.

"Yes," replied her neighbor. "Where did you get them?"

"They were all handed down to us. Every one of them was worn by my ancestors or my husband's in the Revolutionary War."

The exchange editor may write,
Till the tips of her fingers are sore,
But some one is sure to exclaim:
Oh, pshaw! I've heard that before.

He who courts and goes away,
May court again another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still,
May go to court against his will.

"The Place to Buy Oriental Rugs"

—it's the place where you need not pay an exorbitant price for a Rug, yet know you are getting a beautiful and durable floor covering. My establishment is not expensive to maintain, and therefore I can and do sell at the lowest possible prices.

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HIGHEST IN QUALITY

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY
Principal Coffee Roasters
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CLAUDE BARNES Agent.

"I understand that Judge Brown is breaking up housekeeping."

"That can't be. He's very busy these days deciding divorce cases."

"Well, isn't that what I said?"

"My wife," he proudly said, "has made me what I am."

"That's the way with a man," replied Mrs. Strongmind. "Always blaming it on the woman."

Little Tommy Whacken was taken by his mother to choose a pair of Knickerbockers, and his choice fell on a pair to which a card was attached, stating, "They can't be beaten."

FILLING A LONG FELT WANT.

"Give us a national ode!"

The American people cried.
But Teddy's our National Him
And there's Uncle Psalm beside.

—Lippincott's.

YOUR YELL—

I SUPPORT, YOU SUPPORT,
ALL SUPPORT W-E-S-T-P-O-R-T!

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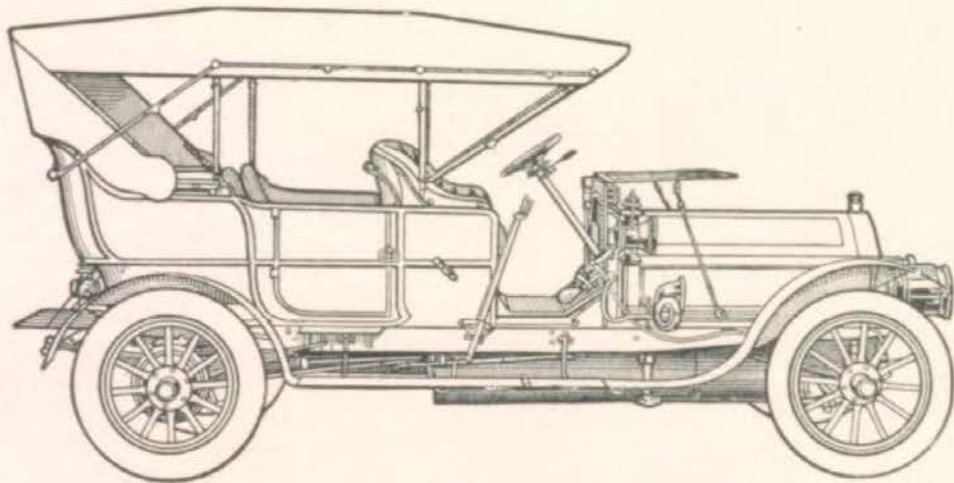


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1527 GRAND AVENUE.

1408-10 Walnut Street.

"Doin' any good?" asked the curious individual on the bridge.

"Any good?" answered the fisherman in the creek below. "Why, I caught forty bass out o' here yesterday."

"Say, do you know who I am?" asked the man on the bridge.

The fisherman replied that he did not.

"Well, I am the county fish and game warden."

The angler, after a moment's thought, exclaimed: "Say, do you know who I am?"

"No," the officer replied.

"Well, I am the biggest liar in eastern Indiana," said the crafty angler, with a grin.

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He: "I'll go to-morrow and buy a diamond engagement ring."

She: "Now, George, for the first time your talk has the true ring in it."

"I never could see why they called a boat 'she.'"

"Evidently you have never tried to steer one."

"Hey, boy, where 's your brother?"

"In the barn, shoein' horses."

"Where 's your mother?"

"In the back yard, shooiin' chickens."

"Where 's your father?"

"In the hammock, shooiin' flies."

"That," said the loat, pointing to the oven, "is where I was bred."

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In pounds, twos, threes and fives, at all first-class dealers.

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KANSAS CITY.



"I wandered in the forest glade,
It looked so cool and pleasant,
As though all Nature peaceful slumbered;
A gentle breeze came wand'ring by,
And blew away my thoughts."

M. H.

"O thou herald of the night,
Who in all thy splendor bright,
Com'st to guide us to the day,
How we love that quiet rest
Which at twilight seems the best!"

M. J.

Valot French Dry Cleaners

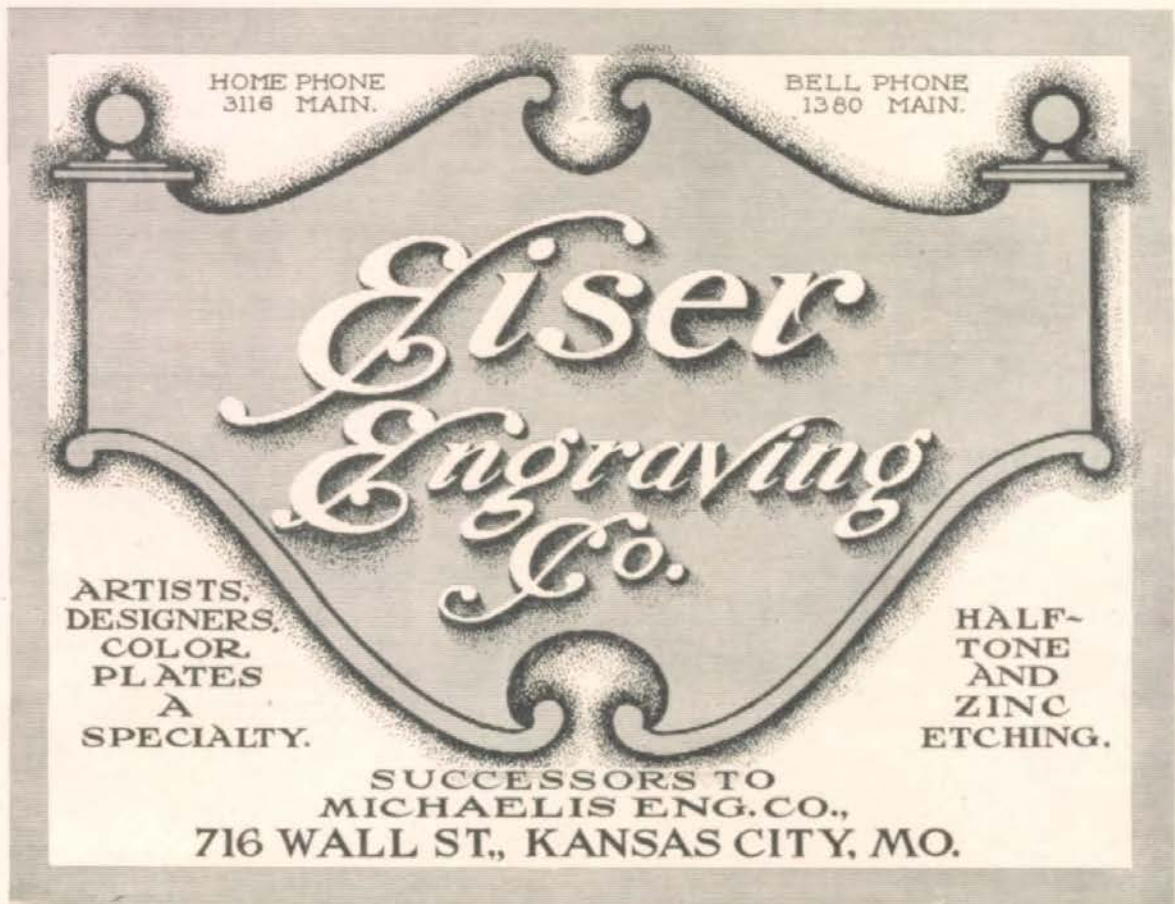
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Watch for the brown-colored Motor Cycle; it is a

Reading Standard.

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1207 McGee St.

"O weather-cock, thou poor, forsaken fowl,
 Thou art destined ever to remain aloft;
 Aloof from thy well-cared-for kindred thou
 Must ever stay, and change with changing
 winds,
 Pointing thy beak now westward, now to
 south." G. S.

"I, sir," began Bragg, "am a self-made man."

"Yes," replied Wise, "but why apologize now? That won't help matters."

"A coal stove is a cast-iron paradox. It won't burn unless you put it up; then it won't burn unless you shake it down."

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General Line of

Builders' Hardware, Tools,
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HOME PHONE SOUTH 1514

BELL SOUTH 1184

“A street-car in charge of a newly appointed Irish conductor had just left the car-barn for a down-town run and had not proceeded many blocks before it was boarded by an inspector. This official, after a glance at the register and the occupants of the car, asked: “Why, O’Flaherty, how’s this? You have seven pas-

sengers and the register shows but six fares rung up!”

“Begorra! is that so?” puzzled the green conductor. Then instantly a happy solution of the difficulty struck him. “Git out o’ here, wan o’ yez!” he shouted. “There ’s wan too many o’ yez on this car!”

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GEMS FROM YOUTHFUL POETS.

"The faded leaves come gently drifting down,
Like the sifting snow-flakes from the sky
above,
And a myriad voices of the silent woods
Announce the approach of a long and cheer-
less winter." W. M.

Book Agent: "Good-m, are you the
house?"

Bridget: "I'm wan o' thim."

"The ship rose slowly out of the sea,
The water surged angrily under her lee;
All of the crew had now given up hope,
For all had gone under, excepting a rope." A. G.

"The House of a Thousand Shoe Styles"

and every one a "dinger"!

Robinson Shoe Co.,

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In hair-cutting, we take special pains to please everyone.
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Everything neat and clean, and a comfortable place on a hot day.
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BRIGHT FRESHMAN ANSWERS.

1. Where is the scapula? "The scapula is right on the scalp."

2. What is reflex action? "Reflex action is an action, that I would think we would have all the time, for I think reflex action is an action, that would come back again."

3. What is hygiene? "Hygiene is the thing, that helps compose the body it is like air."—"Hygiene is a substance formed from the lymph."—"Hygiene is the part left from oxygen after flowing in the blood through the rest of the body."

4. What is the retina? "The retina is part of the stomach which acts as milk as the food by separating the proteid from other food stuffs."

5. What is the windpipe? "The windpipe is a small tube that runs from the throat into the stomach."

6. Describe the digestion of a ham sand-

wich. "If a boy eats a ham sandwich it first is in the mouth where it is ground up good. After this it is in the pharynx, from there it goes to the gullet and from there to the stomach where it is churned or mixed all together."—"If a boy eats a ham sandwich he is liable not to chew it up good and swallows it a large piece at a time. Well when this reaches the stomach it is turned around and around and gets mashed up and then it is all right but you should always be sure to chew it good before swallowing."

7. Name parts of brain. "The brain is divided into two parts the cerebellum and the cerebrum."

8. Where is the pelvis? "The pelvis is on the left side of the head."

9. What are the functions of the brain? "The brain has two functions the cerebrum and the cerebellum."

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SCHOOLS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS

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(This firm is installing new heating, ventilating and power plant new Westport High School.)

THE REASON FOR THAT GHASTLY "D"

The hours of school were flying fast,
When through old Westport High there past
A youth who bore from class to class
A ticket with that strange device,
"Coliseum!"

His brow was glad, his eye beneath
Flashed like a ralhion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that well-known tongue,
"Coliseum!"

If many minds he read aright,
Their homes they would not reach 'fore night;
Above the spectral lessons shone

The glamor of that noisy zone,
Coliseum!

"Keep to your tasks!" the teacher said;
Dark lowered his brow, his temper fled,
"For As," said he, "cannot be bought."
Alas! the class had but one thought,
"Coliseum!"

Beware the skate rink's giddy whirl!
Beware the maid with witching curl!
The reason for that ghastly "D,"
At end of term on card you'll see,
"Coliseum!"

Sumner Blossom, '09.

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CLAUDE BEEDLE,
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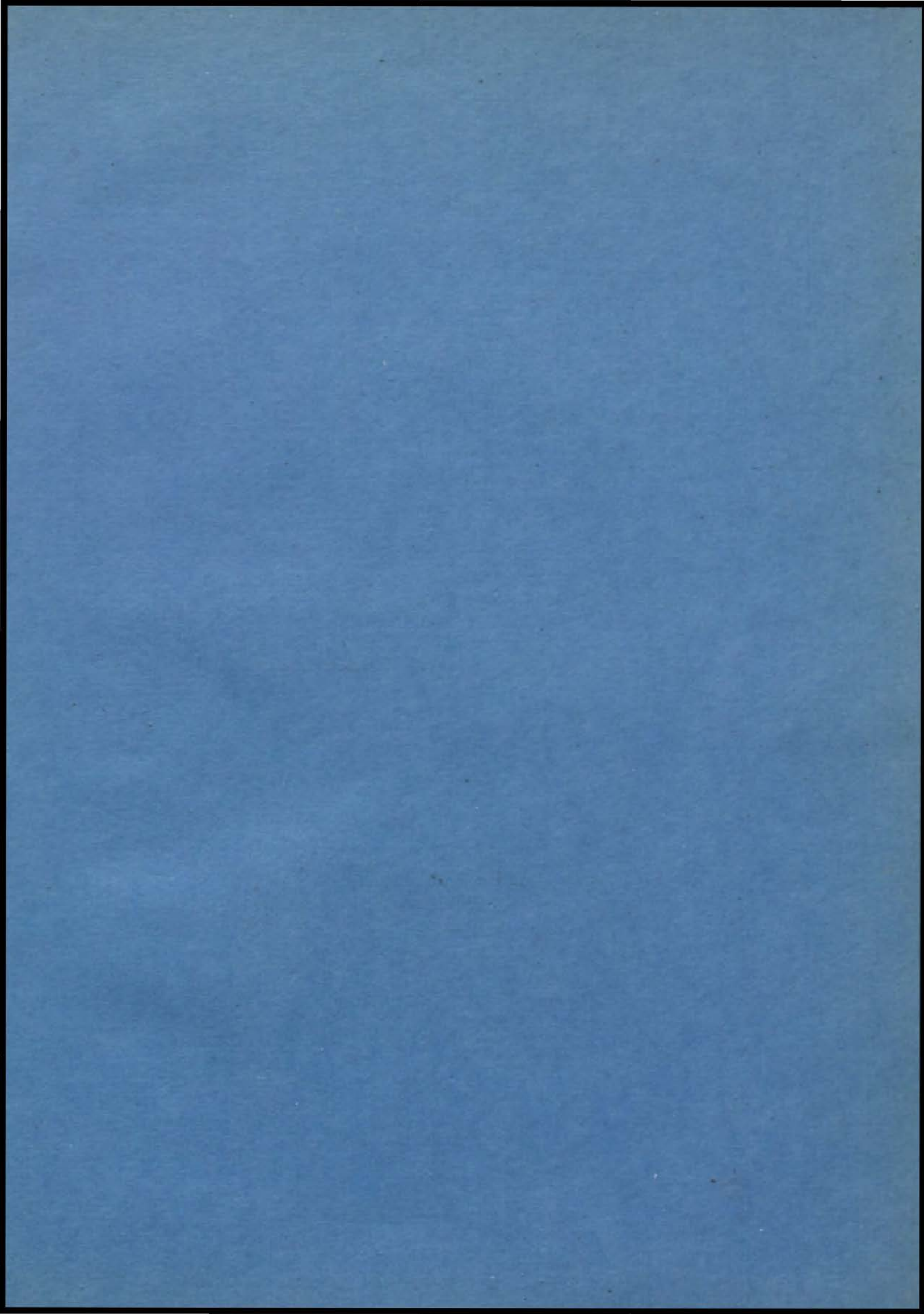
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