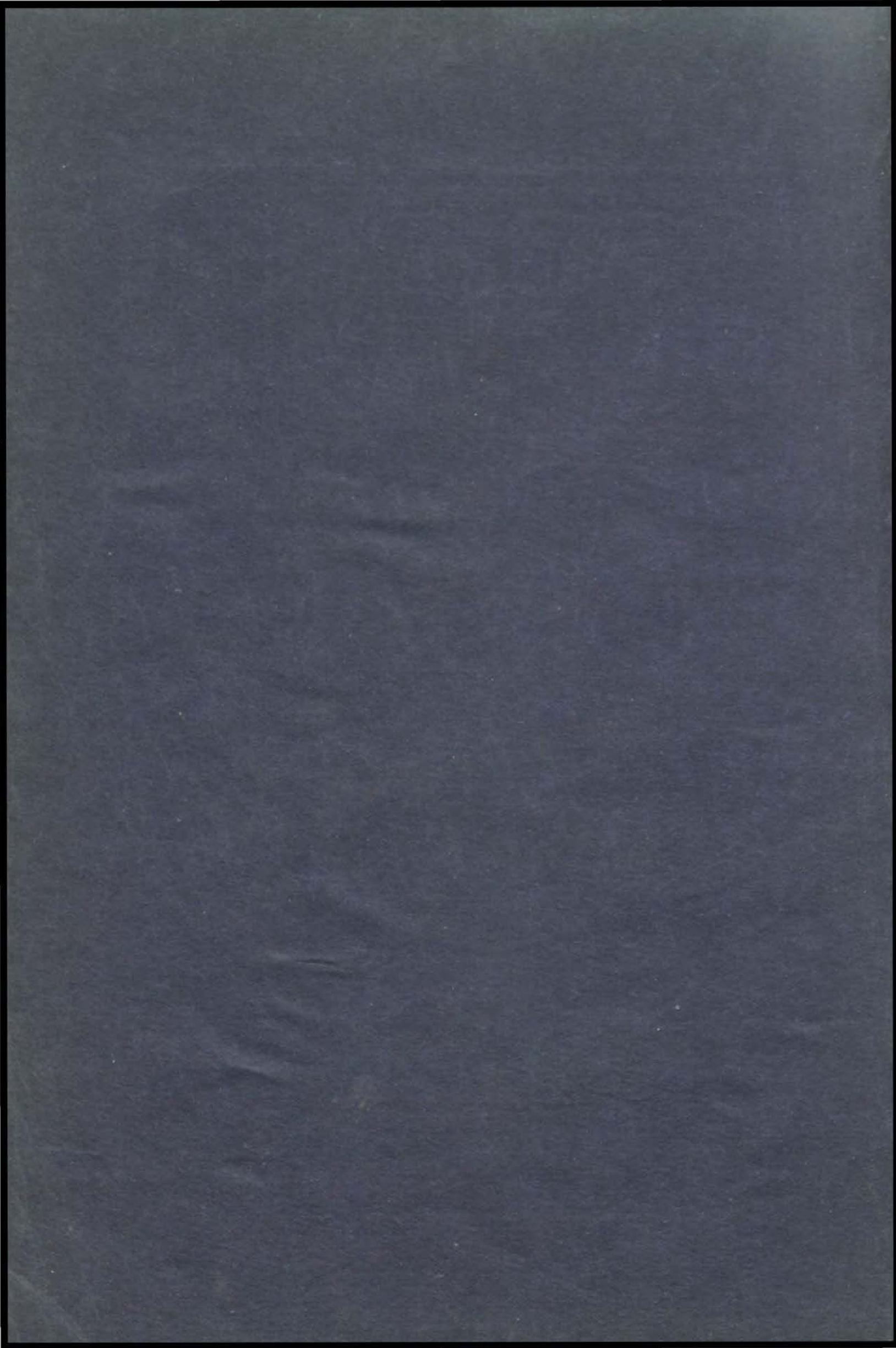




LIFE WEAVE





## *To Westport High:*

---

*On the trail where once high-hearted  
Strong men hastened toward the sunset,  
Lured by gold and youth and courage,  
Now stands Westport, silent, massive;  
Monument to those whose daring  
Led them smiling past grim danger.  
Yearly still at this grave threshold  
Pilgrims gird them for a journey;  
Yearly here they see the vision,  
And they follow, scorning danger;  
Over desert, over mountain,  
Speed stout-hearted toward the sunset.*

# Board of Education.

♦ ♦



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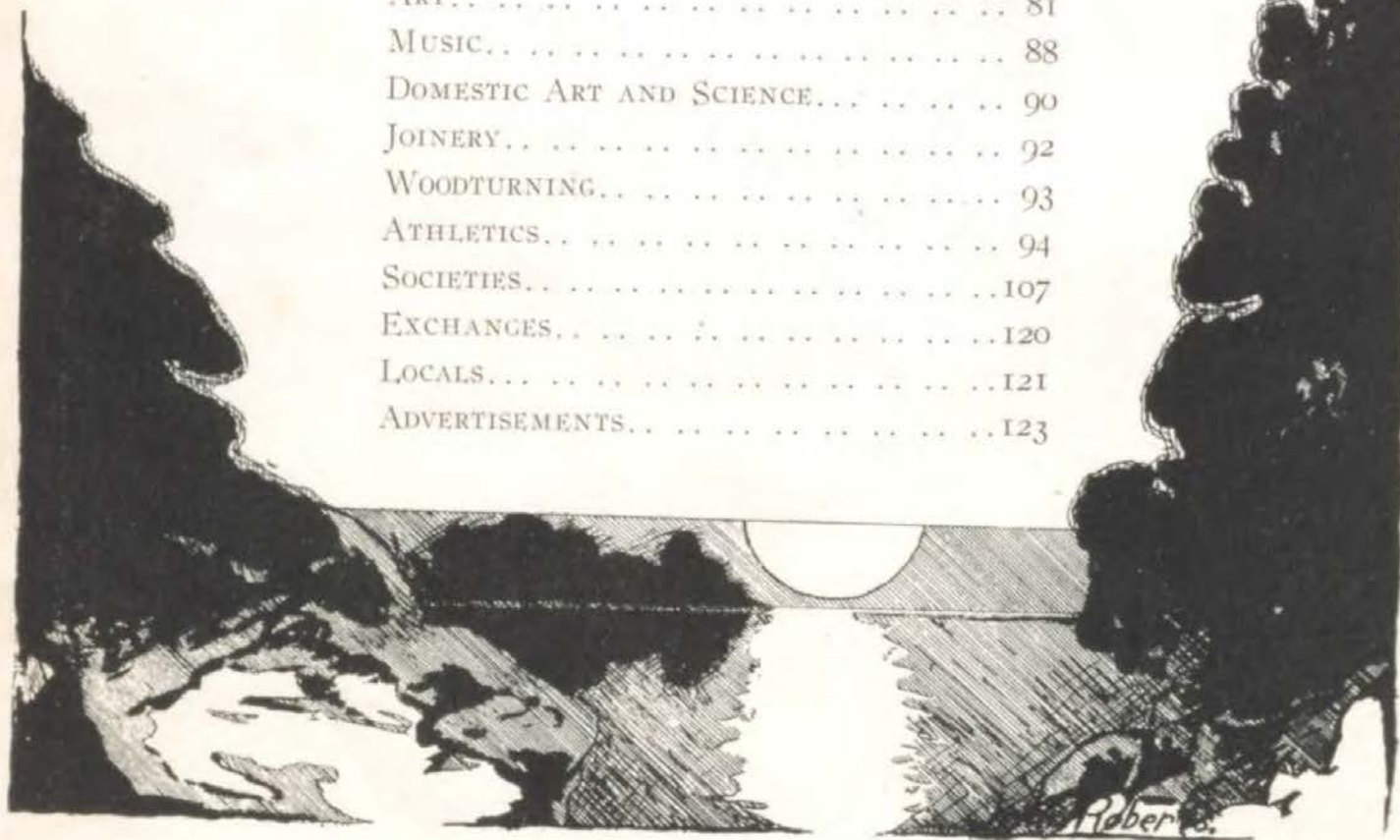




PRINCIPAL S. A. UNDERWOOD.

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## Westport High School Faculty.



- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
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|  | MR. A. E. MARTIN,<br><i>Algebra and Civics.</i>                 | MR. J. M. TIBBALS,<br><i>Engineer.</i>             |



MISS HAMILTON



MISS BRIDGES



MR. MARTIN



MISS ALDER



MISS STONER



MISS NARDIN



MISS WILLISTON



PRIN. UNDERWOOD



MR. SCOTT



MISS HUMFELD



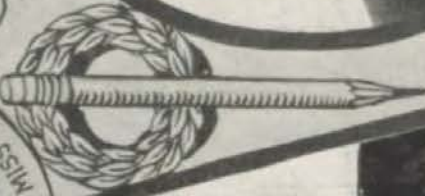
MR. HALE



MISS DEWITT



MR. BIGNEY





WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.



MR SHAW

MISS FISHER

MISS ENYART

MR FOSTER

MR CANTU

MISS WEEKS

MISS HOOSIER

MR QUINGER

MISS LASH

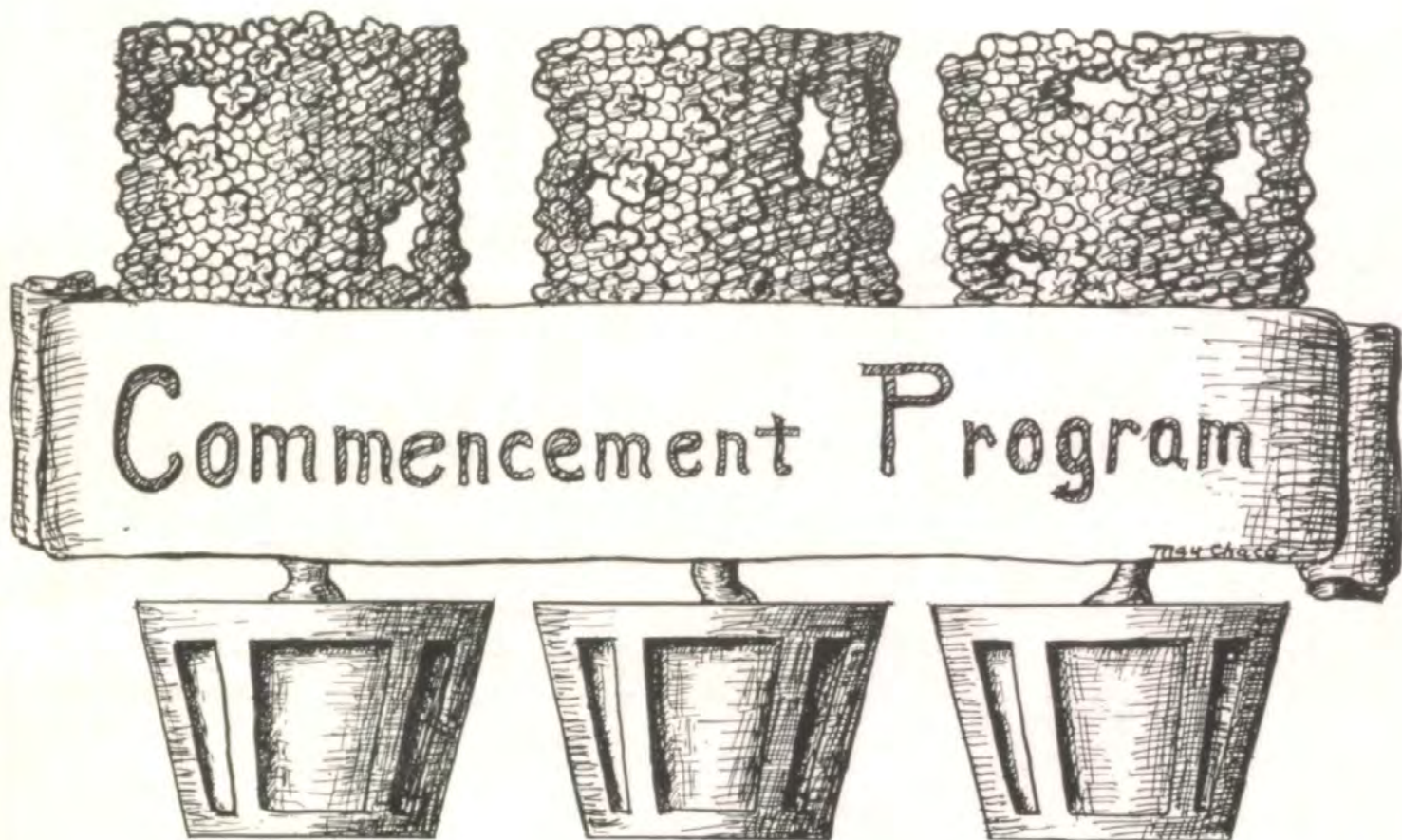
MR EGGERT

MISS COOK

MR KING



WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.



Overture to "Masaniello" . . . . . *Auber.*  
 Westport High School Orchestra.

Chorus: (a) "Gypsy Life" . . . . . *Schumann.*  
 (b) "The Lass with the Delicate Air" . . . . . *Fox-Arne.*

Bolero . . . . . *Moskowsky.*  
 Westport High School Orchestra.

Invocation . . . . . Rabbi H. H. Mayer.

Essay: "The New Patriotism" . . . . . Miss Riva May Carr.

Declamation: "Mademoiselle" . . . . . Miss Marguerite Marie Guy.

Oration: "Universal Peace" . . . . . Mr. Raymond Burton.

Vocal Solo: Chanson du Torreador from "Carmen" . . . . . *Bizet.*  
 Mr. Reid Hillyard.

Address: "Personality and Performance."  
 Dr. Louis C. Monin, Dean of Cultural Studies in Armour Institute of Technology,  
 Chicago.

Intermezzo . . . . . *Gregh.*  
 Westport High School Orchestra.

Presentation of Diplomas . . . . .  
 . . . . . Honorable J. Crawford James, President of the Board of Education.





## Class History.

••

Should you ask me whence these noises,  
 Whence these moanings and these groanings,  
 Whence the sighs of all the teachers,  
 The despairing looks of Stephen,  
 And the sorrow and the sadness  
 Of the Freshmen, Sophs, and Juniors,  
 I would answer, I would show you.

'Tis because the Senior pupils  
 Of the Class of Nineteen-nine,  
 They are leaving, they are passing  
 From without the halls of Westport,  
 And the light and life of Westport  
 Will go out when they are gone.

Out of childhood into manhood  
 Now have grown our Senior students,  
 Skilled in all the craft of scholars,  
 Learned in all the lore of ages,  
 In all chemistry and physics,  
 In mechanics and in letters.  
 Far and wide throughout the city

Spreads the fame of Nineteen-nine.  
 No class dared to strive with Nought-nine,  
 No class could compete with Nought-nine,  
 But the envious little Freshmen  
 And the Sophomores and the Juniors  
 Plotted and conspired against them.  
 All the air was full of freshness,  
 All the earth was bright and joyous  
 With the sunshine of the presence  
 Of this brilliant Senior Class.

Oh the long and dreary future,  
 Oh the cold and cruel future,  
 Ever closer, closer, closer,  
 Draws upon our Westport High School!  
 Coming nearer, nearer, nearer,  
 Is the day of their departure,  
 When throughout the lonely school-house  
 Will re-echo far and near,  
 "O farewell, our Senior Class,  
 Nineteen-nine, our well beloved!"

*Gertrude Mullett, '09.*

## Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.

### CLASS OF 1909.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>Clinton Garrett Armstrong...3337 Park Ave.<br/>           Robert Edward Ball, Jr...2829 E. 7th St.<br/>           Philip Sheldon Barnes...3547 Jefferson St.<br/>           Roy Brown Bentley...3251 Gillham Road.<br/>           Raymond Burton...4040 McGee St.<br/>           *John Ray Cable...3114 Woodland Ave.<br/>           Delevan Edward Carr...4017 McGee St.<br/>           Paul Dudley Childs...3422 Baltimore Ave.<br/>           Gill Monroe Coffman...4219 Campbell St.<br/>           George Alanson Crawford...3626 Flora Ave.<br/>           Carl Sedgley Davis...4427 Jefferson St.<br/>           Stanley Jackson Davis...3529 Jefferson St.<br/>           Vance Hinman Day...3423 Wyandotte St.<br/>           Sydney Boyce Dawson...3220 Oak St.<br/>           Clyde Arnold Dodge...2915 Charlotte St.<br/>           James Joseph Downey...431 W. 35th St.<br/>           Dean Reid Dove...3803 Washington St.<br/>           Arthur Jones Eadie...3009 Prospect Ave.<br/>           Samuel Edgar Etue...4221 Oak St.<br/>           James Harvey Field...3934 Walnut St.<br/>           Fred Edward Foertsch...1017 W. 39th St.<br/>           *Alfred Robert Fuchs...5 E. 41st St.<br/>           Alvin Henry Gossard, Jr.3703 Bellevue St.<br/>           William Edw. Hamner.3744 Washington St.<br/>           Cash Earl Harnden...3005 McGee St.<br/>           *Arthur Henry Hayum...3724 Baltimore Ave.<br/>           Alexander Reid Hillyard.812 Linwood Blvd.<br/>           Herman Henry Kuehlke...907 Westport Ave.<br/>           Robt. F. Lakenan, Jr..321 W. Armour Blvd.<br/>           Henry Crumbaugh Lipscomb...3769 Penn St.<br/>           George N. Lockridge...2550 Forest Ave.<br/>           Charles Holmes McCoun...3748 Broadway.<br/>           Wilbur Parkinson McKee...2905 Park Ave.<br/>           *James Donovan Malcolmson...3728 Main St.<br/>           Stanley N. Minor...Woodlea Hotel.<br/>           *Walter Nathaniel Moore...3200 Gillham Rd.<br/>           George Tallon Muehlbach...2439 Forest Ave.<br/>           *Weller Riley Overstreet...3634 Bell St.<br/>           Louis Hooper Owen, Jr..3136 Harrison St.<br/>           Wallace G. Smith...219 W. Armour Blvd.<br/>           Frank Albert Theis...3007 Prospect Ave.<br/>           Herman John Trum, Jr..3611 Wyandotte St.<br/>           George Arthur Westfall...2608 Agnes Ave.<br/>           Raymond Baird White...616 E. 36th St.</p> | <p>Kearney Wornall...111 E. 39th St.<br/>           *Herschel Duwayne York...3009 Locust St.<br/>           *Grace Margaret Barzen...2823 Forest Ave.<br/>           Nina Amy Bradshaw...3540 Troost Ave.<br/>           Anna Mary Campbell...3835 Walnut St.<br/>           *Rowena Campbell...3105 Tracy Ave.<br/>           Riva May Carr...5004 Grand Ave.<br/>           Helen Maude Clagett...219 E. 35th St.<br/>           Aurelia Ettie Cockrell...3519 Campbell St.<br/>           Dorothy Nuttall Coen...4023 Woodland Ave.<br/>           Mary Rachel Curry...3001 E. 7th St.<br/>           Irene Matilda Curtis...3538 Wyandotte St.<br/>           *Helen Degen...3214 Olive St.<br/>           Anna Virginia Douglass...2425 E. 9th St.<br/>           Margaret Mary Doyle...2831 Wyandotte St.<br/>           Hazel Anna Eldridge...52 E. 32d St.<br/>           Dove Estelle English...3803 Washington St.<br/>           Martha Evans...309 E. 34th St.<br/>           Ella Louise Fisher...3533 Broadway.<br/>           Ora Pearl Fowler...421 Cypress Ave.<br/>           *F. Florence Fuqua...91st St. and State Line.<br/>           Nancy Louise Griffith...1910 Linwood Blvd.<br/>           Estelle K. Guillet...211 W. Armour Blvd.<br/>           Marie Marguerite Guy...226 E. 35th St.<br/>           *Marie Bell Haddock...2680 Bellevue Ave.<br/>           *Alma Eulalia Hagenbuch...3843 Walnut St.<br/>           Leonora Hazel Hake...3016 Charlotte St.<br/>           Mabel M. Holloway...3016 Prospect Ave.<br/>           *Poiteaux Burbank Halstead...3309 Oak St.<br/>           Erzell Catherine Hamilton...4414 Wornall Rd.<br/>           Estill Cynthia Hamilton...4414 Wornall Rd.<br/>           *Margaret Hamilton...628 W. 39th St.<br/>           Hazle Dorothea Harrison...3340 Troost Ave.<br/>           Helen Hannah Hayden...3403 Charlotte St.<br/>           Hazel Hestwood...3223 Campbell St.<br/>           *Margaret N. Jackson...3712 Washington St.<br/>           *Elizabeth Cox Jewett...3921 Baltimore Ave.<br/>           Alice C. Jobes...3236 Paseo.<br/>           Hannah A. Jobes...3236 Paseo.<br/>           *Dorothy Mercedes Jones...4033 McGee St.<br/>           Helen Silverthorne Jones...3511 Cherry St.<br/>           *Lillian Genevieve Jones...4299 Central St.<br/>           Martha Wallace Jones...3233 Campbell St.<br/>           Hannah Floy Kasbeer...3621 Tracy Ave.</p> |
|--|--|

\*Distinction in Scholarship.

Eliza Burgert Kimball... .628 E. 36th St.	Alice Mary Piper... .4210 Main St.
Irene Lawyer... .413 E. 33d St.	Hazel Catherine Rodgers...4125 Troost Ave.
*Marguerite G. McClune...3833 Woodland.	Florence Rood... .3417 Virginia Ave.
Julia Eunice McCoy... .813 E. 31st St.	*Gertrude W. Schaufler...3835 Wyandotte St.
Marguerite E. McMillan...3800 Roanoke Blvd.	Helen Fanny Schley... .3228 Euclid Ave.
Jane Kathleen Marley... .4123 Oak St.	Emma May Shockley... .3319 Tracy Ave
Flora Margaret Melton...3619 Forest Ave.	*Marguerite Smith... .3628 Tracy Ave.
Hildegard A. Mens...211 Linwood Blvd.	Agnes Veronica Strube... 4023 Locust St.
Vera Van Montrose... .4011 McGee St.	*Ida Gladys Tayler... .3323 Charlotte St.
*Gertrude Mullett... .3717 Baltimore Ave.	Hannah Bowen Tracy...3111 Campbell St.
Hazel Pendleton Murphy...1501 E. 35th St.	Mary Catherine Ward... .3037 Main St.
Lucy Norton... .401 Wabash Ave.	*Sarah Elizabeth Ware...3604 Wyandotte St.
Claire Marie O'Reilly...3966 Warwick Blvd.	Clara Theresa Weber... .3940 Central St.
Lula Alice Packwood...3928 Highland Ave	Anna Lyle Welles... .3716 Central St.
Lucy Lubel Parrott... .4029 McGee St.	Mary Judith West... .3304 Wayne Ave.
Aroline Flora Pike...3018 Baltimore Ave.	*Jennie Merrill Whitney...800 Linwood Blvd.
	*Alice F. Wolfberg...3109 Highland Ave.

\*Distinction in Scholarship.

Afoot and light hearted,  
 I take to the open road,  
 Healthy, free, the world before me.  
 The long brown path before me, leading  
 wherever I choose.  
 Henceforth I ask not good fortune,  
 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone  
 no more, need nothing;  
 Strong and content I tread the open road.  
*Whitman.*

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*President.*



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*Vice-President.*



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*Treasurer.*



GERTRUDE MULLETT,  
*Secretary.*



WILLIAM EDWARD HAMNER,  
*Sergeant-at-Arms.*



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ROWENA CAMPBELL.



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JOHN RAY CABLE.



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NINA AMY BRADSHAW.



MARTHA EVANS.



HELEN DEGEN.



HELEN MAUDE CLAGETT.



HAZEL ANNA ELDRIDGE.



DOVE ESTELLE ENGLISH.



- MARGARET MARY DOYLE.



ELLA LOUISE FISHER.



ANNA VIRGINIA DOUGLASS.



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KATHLEEN E. GUILLET.



ALMA EULALIA HAGENBUCH.



STANLEY JACKSON DAVIS.



DEAN REID DOVE.



MABEL MILDRED HOLLOWAY.



HAZEL LENORA HAKE.



POITEAUX B. HALSTEAD.



SYDNEY BOYCE DAWSON.



MARTHA WALLACE JONES.



CARL SEDGLEY DAVIS.



MARIE BELL HADDOCK.



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DOROTHY MERCEDES JONES.



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CASH EARL HARNDEN.



IRENE LAWYER.



VERA VAN MONTROSE.



A. REID HILLYARD.



MARGUERITE G. McCLUNE.



LILLIAN GENEVIEVE JONES.



JULIA EUNICE MCCOY.



ESTILL CYNTHIA HAMILTON.



GEORGE N. LOCKRIDGE.



HILDEGARD ALTHEA MENSE.



WALTER NATHANIEL MOORE.



JANE KATHLEEN MARLEY.



STANLEY N. MINOR.



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CLAIRE MARIE O'RIELLY.



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ALVIN HENRY GOSSARD, JR.



HERMAN JOHN TRUM, JR.



LUCY LUBEL PARROTT.



WALLACE GORDON SMITH.



ALICE MARY PIFER.



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WILBUR PARKINSON MCKEE.



FLORENCE ROOD.



CHARLES HOLMES MCCOUN.



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EMMA MAY SHOCKLEY.



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CLARA THERESA WEBER.



RAYMOND BAIRD WHITE.



MARY JUDITH WEST.



HANNAH BOWEN TRACY.



MARGUERITE SMITH.

# Hamnerstein's Theater.

## REFINERY VAUDEVILLE.

### PROGRAMME:

Week Commencing June 18th.

---

THE WESTPORT ORCHESTRA OF SOLO ARTISTS,  
Under the direction of Professor George Muehlbach, will tear and render the following:  
Overshoer....."The Lunch-Room Scramble."  
Barn Dance ..... "On the Road to 33."

---

ROY BENTLEY,  
The Champion Hobo,  
Originator and Eminent Portrayer of Tramp Life.

---

KIMBALL AND HAMNER,  
In "The Surreptitious Ecstasy," a Screaming Farce in Many Acts.

KIST OF CHARACTERS.

Pauline, a French maid, reluctant, but anxious.....MISS ELIZA KIMBALL  
Anatole, a timid suit-her.....MR. WILLIAM HAMNER

---

TRUM, DOWNEY, AND ARMSTRONG,  
Comedy Bicycle Artists.

---

CURTIS AND SMITH,  
The Daring Equestrians.

---

WORNALL, HAYUM, AND MALCOLMSON,  
In Their Pathetic Idyl,  
"Ten Nights in a Pool Room."

---

WELLER OVERSTREET AND STANLEY DAVIS,  
In a New Aerial Creation,  
"The Clown and the Tired Man."

---

## PROGRAMME—Continued.

---

PIPER AND PARROT,  
The Missouri Nightingales.

---

ESTELLE GUILLET,  
The Winsome Little Soubrette.

---

FISHER, PIKE, AND HADDOCK,  
In Their Aquatic Frolic,  
"Waiting for the Hook."

---

First Appearance in Vaudeville of  
HILDEGARD MENSE,  
The Willowy Queen of the Rink.

---

Sensational Engagement.  
JAMES FIELD AND ROBERT LAKENAN,  
in a  
Death-Defying Act on the Flying Trapeze.

---

The Famous Black-Face Comedians,  
YORK, HARNDEN, AND CRAWFORD,  
The Trio that Convulsed King Edward with Their African Skit,  
"The Baby of the Nile."

---

JULIA McCOY,  
The Sweet Song-bird of the Santa Fé Trail,  
Introducing Her Latest Sentimental Rhapsody,  
"Call Me Baby Doll."

---

First Appearance Here of  
THE THREE JONES,  
A Tuneful and Picturesque Ensemble.

---

Special Engagement of  
FOWLER, WOLFBURG, AND WARE,  
The Gypsy Trio,  
From England's Temple of Mystery.

---

PROGRAMME—Continued.

---

Every Girl Should See  
LOUIS OWEN,  
The Matinee Idol,  
With His Fashion-Plate Chorus, including  
HAZEL MURPHY AND HANNAH TRACY.

---

DARE-DEVIL DAWSON,  
The Pop-Pop Fiend,  
Will Loop the Loopless Loop.

---

REID HILLYARD,  
In His Latest Song Hits,  
"Take Me Away from the Ball Game," and "Why Don't the Giants Win?"

---

PROFESSOR GEORGE LOCKRIDGE  
Will positively appear at every performance with his  
Amazing Demonstrations in Hot Air, Liquid Air, and Debon-air,  
Assisted by the Well-known Experts,  
HELEN SCHLEY AND VIRGINIA DOUGLASS.

---

The Fat Men's Quartette,  
BURTON, WESTFALL, McKEE, AND CHILDS.

---

CABLE-CARR AND DODGE,  
In the Melodramatic Sketch,  
"The Mysteries of West Twelfth Street."

---

The Wizards of Joy,  
ALFRED FUCHS, HERMANN KUEHLKE, AGNES STRUBE,  
FRED FOERTSCH, AND CLARA WEBER.  
Those Clever German Comedy Stars.

---

DOVE AND ENGLISH,  
In Their Latest Song Hit,  
"Just a Cousin of Mine."

---

---

PROGRAMME—Continued.

---

CARL DAVIS AND SAMUEL ETUE  
Will Present Their Unique Comedy Sketch,  
"The Cashier and the Kid."

---

ARTHUR EADIE.  
His Experiences.

---

Direct from the Palace, London,  
BARZEN, CLAGETT, AND GRIFFITH,  
Those Three Very Clever Jugglers—with Dates.

---

ALMA HAGENBUCH,  
The Mad Musician.  
She Plays Fifty Instruments,  
Including the Pianola.

---

THE HAMILTON SISTERS,  
Unrivalled Herculean Marvels.

---

First American Appearance.  
McMILLER AND CLARK,  
In Their Astounding Achievements on Roller Skates.

---

The Girls from Toyland,  
HAMILTON, HALSTEAD, AND HALLOWAY,  
Expert Hoop-Rollers, Diabolo-Players, and Boomerang-Throwers.

---

JENNY WHITNEY,  
Westport's Foremost Girl Juggler.

---

LIPSCOMB AND McCOUN,  
Starring in Their Skit,  
"Rocked in the Cradle of the Blue,"  
And Presenting Their Dreamy Waltz, "At Mallam's."

---

PROGRAMME—Continued.

---

GOSSARD AND COEN,  
Royal Chemists of Siberia,  
In Their Scientific Explanation of  
"Chemical Affinities."

---

FLORENCE FUQUA,  
Operatic Star and Prima Donna,  
In Her Famous Song, "A Rube's Visit to Westport Landing."

---

BARNES,  
In His World-Famed Monologues,  
"The Evils of Cigarettes"  
and  
"Do as I Say and Not as I Do."

---

MILLE. MULLETT  
and  
Her Trained Dog.

---

GENEVIEVE JONES AND IDA TAYLER,  
In Their Delightful School-Room Skit,  
"Correcting the Professor."

---

ROBERT BALL,  
Will Be Seen for the First Time in This Country  
In His Imported Sensation,  
"Room 33; or, Getting an Admit under Adverse Circumstances."

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LA BELLE KASBEER  
In Her  
Famous Parisian Dances.

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MOORE AND COFFMAN,  
Famous Operatic Stars,  
Introducing Their Skits,  
"Two Hundred Wives" and "Dream Wonders."

---

RACHEL CURRY  
And Her Family of Animated Dummies,  
GERTRUDE SCHAUFFLER, MARGARET JACKSON, ROWENA CAMPBELL,  
AND ELIZABETH JEWETT.

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## PROGRAMME—Continued.

RAYMOND WHITE,  
"The Man with the Hats."

SELECTIONS FROM THE GRAND OPERA CLASSICS  
By the Famous Shamrock Trio,  
DEGEN, O'REILLY, AND DOYLE.

LYLE WELLES  
In Her Latest Dramatic Success,  
"The Dangerous Ford."

AURELIA COCKRELL,  
World-Famous Woman Debater,  
Presenting Her Symphonic Symposium Entitled  
"The Suffrage Question; or, When Woman Rules the World."

ROOD AND SHOCKLEY,  
The Polite Comedians.

HELEN HAYDEN,  
The Dainty Singer of Dinky Ditties.

First Appearance in Vaudeville of  
THEIS,  
The Magician,  
In a Few Original Conceptions of Modern Magic.

AMY BRADSHAW,  
The Talented Monologist,  
In Her Latest Hit, "No Talking Aloud."

MISS HAZEL HARRISON,  
A Remarkable Young Violinist.

**ADVERTISEMENT.**  
MISS RIVA CARR.  
Essays Written While You Wait.

First Appearance in Westport of  
HAZEL ELDRIDGE  
And Her Feline Beauties.  
See the Kitten Who Loops the Loop.

MARTHA EVANS  
In Her Passionate Songlet, "Sweethearts in Olden Days."



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PROGRAMME—Continued.

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HAKE AND RODGERS,  
In Their Latest Hit,  
"Witch Hazels."

---

Extraordinary Treat,  
MARLEY, HESTWOOD, AND PACKWOOD,  
In the Mother Goose Comedy,  
"Three of Mary's Little Lambs."

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MONTROSE & METIVIER.  
The French Tea Room.  
Go There After the Performance.

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STANLEY MINOR,  
In His Original Presentation of  
"The Politician; or, Winning His Ward."

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WARDoff AND SMITHsky,  
The Famous Russian Court Singers and Dancers.

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Fastidious Dressers never neglect the Coiffure. The neatest thing  
in Hair Accessories at  
LUCY NORTON'S HAIR STORE.

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CHAMPION LADIES' BAND.  
Direct from a Year's Engagement at Electric Park.  
ANNA CAMPBELL, MELTON, McCLUNE,  
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THE JOBES GIRLS,  
Dashing Singers and Dancers.

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**ADVERTISEMENT.**

NOTICE.

PROFESSOR VANCE DAY will give his world-famous Lecture, "The Art of  
Being a President," Wednesday, in Madison Square Garden. Especially  
beneficial to those contemplating such a vocation.

---

MARGUERITE GUY,  
The Clever Monologist,  
In a Powerful Dramatic Episode, "Such Is Fame."

---

KINODROME.  
Latest Thing in Moving Pictures,  
"The Westport Commencement."

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# JUNIORS

*M. Archer*

## Class History.

♦ ♦

The many important events on record for the Class of 1910 would be enough to fill a three hundred-page volume, but, in order to give a condensed account, it will be necessary to leave out a number of things that we would otherwise like to mention.

As most of us probably remember, we passed a very thrilling time during our Freshman year, broken up, as it was, by so many in-

terruptions and calamities; but when we became Sophs we began to realize that these interruptions were only blessings in disguise, for they simply fitted us all the better to be a smart set of Sophs. Proof of this was furnished when we displayed such adequate ability in directing our Freshmen successors, who were not so fortunate as we, how and what to do; but as Juniors we have made a better showing than ever.

Did not a member of the Junior Class win the Annapolis appointment, an appointment that has pushed the Juniors far ahead of any other Class? Yet this Class, not satisfied with first place in the great literary meet, took third also, leaving second for a member of another High School in this city. Such victories alone show the unapproachable position of the Class of 1910. The Juniors are not only successful in a literary way, but also in an athletic way. Our athletes won both honor and glory, not only for the Juniors, but for the whole School.

It is natural then that, with all these accomplishments, it is with no little feeling of regret that we leave our position to the oncoming Sophs. But when the opportunity comes to us of representing the greatest Senior Class that ever was known in the history of Westport High School, we proudly resign our present name to the Class of next year, to take up the new and more honorable position of Seniors.

*Irons-Twichell, '10.*

## Rules for Writing an English Theme.

♦ ♦

There are many fixed rules for writing English themes. Each rhetorician will advance his theories and methods of procedure, and, of course, each is the best. But the rules used by the majority are as follows:

*First:* Note well the subject as given out by the teacher. One need not necessarily know what he means; in fact, one seldom does. All that is necessary is to have a faint

idea of what he is saying. When the subject is given out several days before, it might be a good plan to put in a few spare moments worrying about it.

Then, when one is asked to do some small service about the house, one should immediately protest, "Oh, I can't, now! I have to write a theme for English." But ten minutes later, when the boys whistle, or the girls call



#### OFFICERS OF JUNIOR CLASS.

VIRGINIA SIEGEL,  
*Vice-President.*

ERMA WALTNER,  
*Secretary.*

JAMES COBURN,  
*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

BOLAND CRAWFORD,  
*President.*

JEROME TWICHELL,  
*Treasurer.*

as the case may be, answer without hesitation, "All right! I'm coming," and proceed to forget that there ever was such a thing as English—until nine-thirty or ten of the evening before the paper must be turned in.

When the remembrance finally comes, get out paper, pencils, pen, and ink. Scratch the head and try to come to some sort of a conclusion as to what it is all about, anyway. It is always a good plan to scratch the head, especially in class. It gives the appearance of deep thought, and appearances count for a great deal with the teacher. Then, too, great thinkers have been known to scratch their heads. When it is found impossible to reach any conclusion (and it generally is impossible), think of something else—anything else.

When the clock strikes eleven, begin to "settle down to business." As a rule, the proper thoughts will not come. Do not force them. Let them come naturally. They will,

finally, at about a quarter of twelve. When they do come, they are generally found to be the same ideas that were implanted there when the teacher gave out the subject.

After the thoughts are secured, all is "smooth sailing." Just write it up. Try to use ordinarily good English, as it is supposed to be an English paper. Try not to misspell more than a dozen words, for that is generally considered "the limit." Do not have too many scratches and erasures, as it deteriorates from the neatness of the paper and, incidentally, from the grade. Be sure to sign the name to the paper. It is considered better form. Try to get through by two o'clock.

After all this effort on the part of the pupil, a paper written by this method ought to produce the desired effect upon the teacher. And although these rules are not recommended by most rhetoricians, they are the ones most commonly used. *Velma Hale, '10.*

# SOPHOMORES



## Class History.



The first Sophomore Class in the fine new school has, as was confidently expected, done great honor to it and to themselves. It is unanimously conceded that they were last year the most remarkable Freshman Class that Westport ever had, and the great promise then shown as Freshmen has been amply fulfilled in this, their Sophomore year.

For were there not two Sophomores on one of Westport's two winning debating teams in the Second Annual Triangular League Debate? One of these Sophomore debaters won the fitting title of "The Infant Prodigy," and the class takes just pride in him too. Also certain of the Sophomores are very active in the high school societies, not to mention contests, plays, etc. Some of the members of this great and numerous class are gifted with artistic talent; and it is

evident also that it has some really deep and logical thinkers among its numbers. However, as always, there are some who will have to quicken their pace considerably if they wish to keep up with the others—some whose heels are quicker than their heads.

Not only in intellectual affairs, but also in athletics, does the superiority of the Sophomores assert itself. They are amply and creditably represented in all the athletic teams—track, basket-ball and base-ball, and did not—but the glories of the Class of 1911 need no rehearsing, as their fame beams too brightly, their deeds are too well known!

It is not long before we are Juniors, then Seniors, and then—who knows what this Class of 1911, so promising as Freshmen, so great as Sophomores, will accomplish?

*Edward W. Moses, '11.*



OFFICERS OF SOPHOMORE CLASS.

EDWARD W. MOSES,  
*Secretary.*

THOMAS B. ROOT,  
*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

MILDRED RUMMELL,  
*Vice-President.*

HAROLD DIGGLE,  
*President.*

DOROTHY DEATHERAGE,  
*Treasurer.*

Things to Forget.



If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,  
A leader of men, marching fearless and  
proud,  
And you know of a tale whose mere telling  
aloud  
Would cause his proud head to in anguish  
be bowed—

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away  
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the  
day,  
The showing of which or whose sudden  
display  
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong  
dismay—

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that would darken  
the joy

Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,  
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way  
annoy

A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy—  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.



(YE BOOK LOVERS)  
**FRESHMEN**

Class History.

Our class is the first Freshman Class to enter the new Westport High School. The first few days of school were not fraught with terror for us, as is the lot of most Freshmen, for we knew as much about the new building as did the students of the higher classes.

The Class of 1912 has a larger enrollment than any Freshman class which has preceded it. And not only have we quantity, but we have quality.

We have "done things" in our Freshman year, and have established a reputation as "boosters." Our efforts in the class-room and our interest and excellence in athletics have aided us in establishing this reputation.

We won the Inter-class Track Meet and the Inter-class 'Cross-country Run and are well represented on the Basket-ball and Track Teams. The Freshman girls won the school basket-ball championship.

These unsympathetic Sophomores have often insulted us by making divers remarks not entirely complimentary to us, but we must smile, for our term as Freshmen has almost expired.

Arthur Neal, a member of the Track Team, has been elected our President.

Our Class will bring honor to the school as long as we remain in it, and when we graduate, we trust that Westport will have reason to be proud of the Class of 1912.

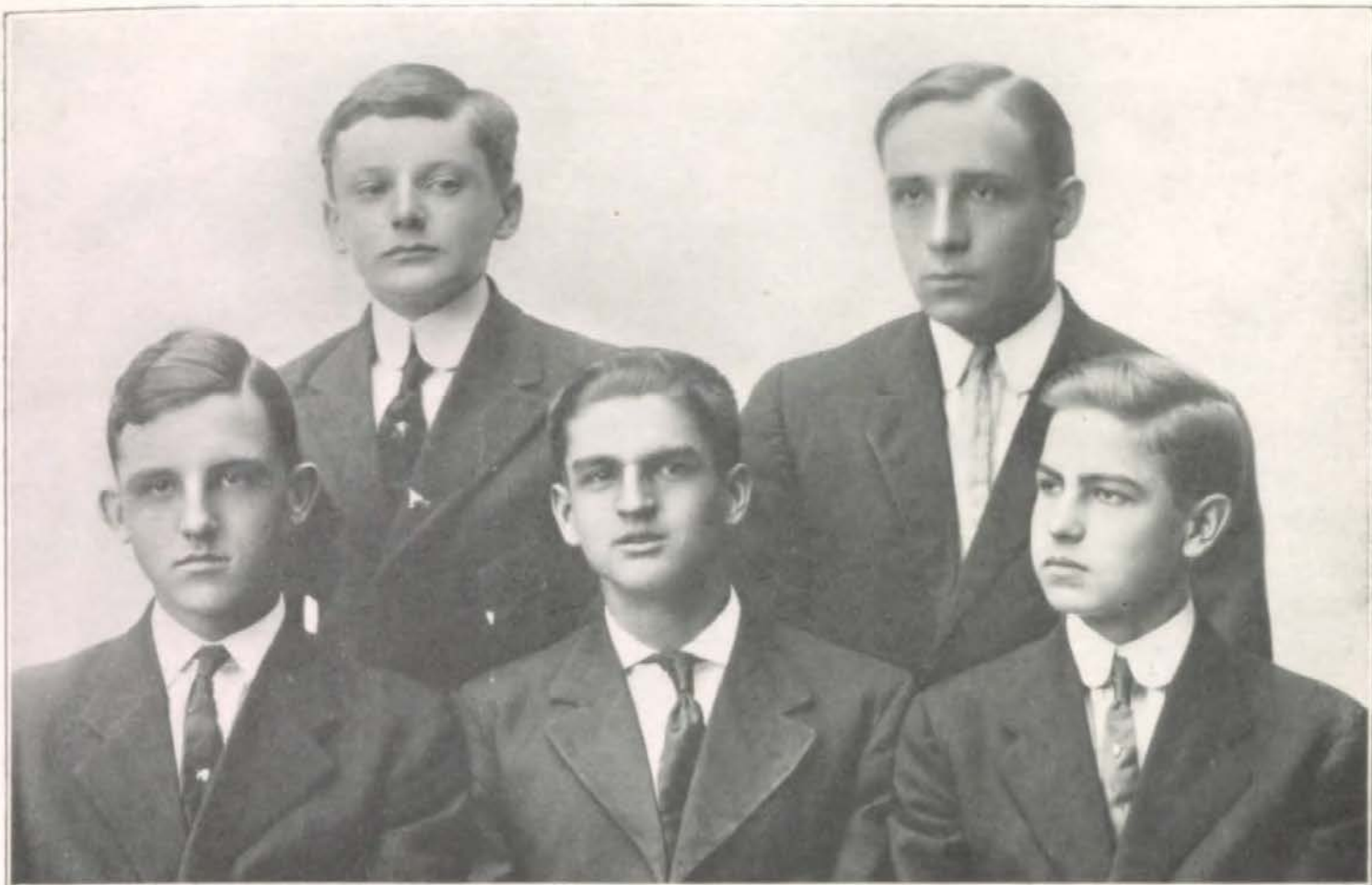
*Lewis Rex Miller, '12.*

A Sidelight on the Freshman Election.

*With Sincere Apologies to Longfellow.*

Now listen, my children, and you shall hear  
 Of a wonderful school in its first great year.  
 On the last day of April in nineteen and nine,

Few will forget that wonderful time  
 When they think of the ranks for the great  
 Westport line  
 And the trophies they captured so finely.



OFFICERS OF FRESHMAN CLASS.

L. REX MILLER,  
*Secretary.*

GEORGE W. RAGAN,  
*Treasurer.*

FRANK R. STREET,  
*Vice-President.*

ARTHUR P. NEILL,  
*President.*

GEORGE H. BOLLMAN,  
*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

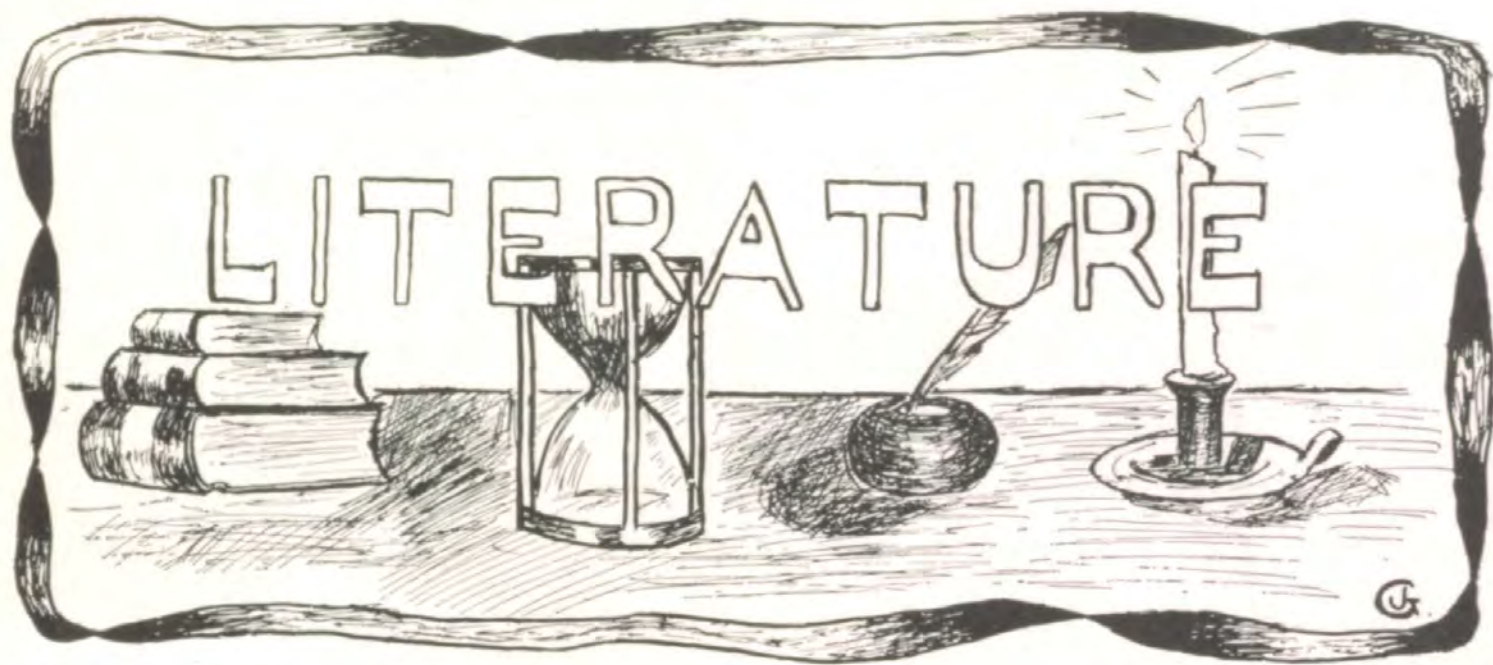
"Twas the Freshman election, and lo! it was told  
That votes might be purchased for silver and gold!  
That political bosses were running afar  
Ahead of the rest, in the hard strife and war;  
That your head was in danger unless you'd accede  
To the will of the bosses and their reckless speed;  
That each turn of the corner concealed some wild foe,  
Who might slug with a brick-bat and then let you go,  
Unless you agreed to his wishes.

And so when the day with its sun and its gladness  
Came out to enliven the poor Freshman's sadness

Few were there, indeed, to support their own favorites,  
But all were in line to the will of the magnats:  
And it looked like a crooked proceeding.

But when they assembled up near their best teachers  
Their fear seemed to leave them, and once more their features  
Resembled their former expressions.  
And the bosses began to be worried!  
And so when the meeting had moved to adjourn,  
The result it was one which some gloried to learn.

But the boss with his allies left the room in a hurry,  
And the timid ones stayed until after the scurry.  
And the people were ruling once more.



## Fra Domenico.



Of all the men who have achieved an immortal name, poets, warriors, prophets, statesmen, none stand higher in that roll of honor than the world's martyrs. There is an appeal in martyrdom, the sacrifice of a life for a great ideal, which never fails to grip the hearts of men.

There is a name, however, not known and loved by all the world, which deserves as prominent a place in history as any of the more famous. Seldom has the character of a martyr so combined high vision and strength and gentleness as did that of Fra Domenico Buonvicini. By very nature he was fitted for his life-work. Born at the foot of the Appenines, he possessed the characteristics of both the mountaineer and the lowlander. If the great rugged mountains, towering above his tiny cottage home, had done their part in molding his character, no less surely had the warm Italian sunshine carried its message to his heart. The result was a nature of strangely mingled traits. Strong and passionate, loyal and loving, he was at the same time a dreamer and a man of action. Even in his boyhood, vague longings and vaguer dreams had stirred his heart. In his early manhood, he found the answer to his longings in following the cause of religion and patriotism that was being led by Girolamo Savonarola, the prior of St. Mark's, who in a few years' time

had led Florence to freedom in Church and State. This great prophet had preached against the corruptions of the Church in spite of the thundering wrath of Pope Alexander, and had, by the hand of this same corrupt Pope, been lately excommunicated from the Church of Rome. This was the man whom Domenico had followed so faithfully, and when Savonarola had refused the challenge to the ordeal by fire, made by a contemptible Franciscan monk, the loyal prior had eagerly declared himself ready to attempt the trial in his master's behalf. Domenico never once swerved in his conviction that when the time came, he would be able to pass through the fire unscathed, thus proving the truth of his leader's doctrines. In spite of the protests of Savonarola, who, ruled by the calmer dictates of reason, often doubted the outcome of the ordeal, the day was finally set.

When the morning of the trial arrived, the plaza of Florence was filled with the surging masses of the excited Italian populace. The balconies and even the tops of the houses were bright with the gayly colored garments of the people, all eager to witness the terrible spectacle. The throngs surged toward the center of the plaza, where the dread trial by fire was to be made. Here a grim lane of faggots divided the hostile bands of friars. Suddenly the throng swayed with a low, ex-



cited murmur, for an official had stepped forward with a flaming torch in his hand, ready to start the avenue of fire, and the magistrate rose to summon the champions. From one of the black-robed groups stepped Domenico, tall, straight, and handsome, a splendid sacrifice for the altar of the cause he loved. But the challenger, Francesco de Puglia, daunted by the noble courage and faith of his opponent, did not appear. To conceal this cowardice, the Franciscans then began to make all manner of absurd objections: that Domenico's robe was bewitched, and that the cross he wore might contain some charm. Eager to enter the flames, he threw these impatiently aside. The people grew more and more restless. Still the Franciscans delayed, until Domenico, exasperated by the long delay, made an imperious gesture toward the torch-bearer. But just then the clouds overhead were rent asunder by a vivid flash of light, followed by the menacing roar of thunder. The heavens seemed to be protesting, and, in spite of Domenico's eager protests, the magistrate rose to disperse the crowd.

Savonarola then lifted his crucifix and started to lead his monks back to St. Mark's. The people, maddened by the long delay and final postponement of the cruel spectacle, now broke forth in fury against the man who had led them to religious and political freedom. It was with difficulty that the Dominicans reached St. Mark's, where they barred and barricaded the doors against the raging throng outside.

The next morning, when it was known throughout the city that the authorities had at last decided on Savonarola's arrest, the mob rushed to the attack of St. Mark's. A small store of fire-arms had been previously procured, and, in spite of their leader's protests, the Dominicans now armed themselves and fought desperately until the end. Domenico was with his master through the entire siege, and in that last confused scene in the chapel it was he whom Savonarola found at his side. When the door finally yielded and the mob rushed into the church, the flickering light of the candles revealed a strange picture. The little chapel was filled with smoke, many of the richly colored windows were shattered, and the unsteady light shone on the little band of faithful monks standing about the altar. It showed faintly their tired, haggard faces,

blackened by the smoke, their dark robes torn and bloodstained, and the unfamiliar weapons of warfare in their hands. As the smoke rolled back from the pulpit it revealed in the center of the group Savonarola kneeling in prayer at the altar, while before him, his dark eyes flashing, his handsome face alight with a great love, stood Domenico, with one of the huge altar candlesticks in his strong hands, defending his master from the fury of the mobs. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Savonarola determined to give himself up in order to save his disciples. When the soldiers at last forced their way through the mob, the great priest surrendered without the least resistance, and Domenico, ever ready to follow his master to death if need be, dropped his weapon and accompanied Savonarola to prison.

The following morning, the terrible trial of the prisoners began. Though Savonarola's faith never once swerved, his weak, oversensitive frame was utterly incapable of withstanding torture, and in his agony his mind often wandered. Fra Silvestro, who had been arrested also, gave way utterly and confessed to every false charge brought against his master and himself. In striking contrast to the weakness of Silvestro and even of the great prophet, is Domenico's strength under torture. No agony to which he was subjected could draw from him a single word which might injure Savonarola and his doctrines. Even when he was shown the false confession of the prophet, his loyalty and faith in his master remained unchanged. As the last boon, granted to a doomed man, Savonarola had requested that he might see his disciples once more. When Fra Domenico saw the beloved face again, and heard the deep voice, still wonderful in spite of the prophet's weakness, he rejoiced that he was permitted to die with this great disciple of God.

The morning of the execution found him unflinching, ready, glad to follow Savonarola wherever he might lead. He had never feared death, and now his great heart exulted in the thought that he was soon to die for Savonarola and his God. He met death as courageously as he had always faced life, and started out upon the long, long journey as fearlessly as he had set forth from his little mountain home to face the dangers of the world.

*Rowena Campbell, '09.*

## A Nature Fake.



Johnnie lived on a farm near the little backwoods village of Glenarm. The summer had been wetter than usual, and the crops on the McDonald farm had failed to bring enough money to complete the payment of a mortgage which matured the following spring. Johnnie had worked overtime to keep down the expense for hired help, and in addition had done chores for the neighbors.

How could he get the money before spring? That was the problem which confronted Johnnie's father, Mr. McDonald. He could not borrow from the neighbors, for they were as badly off as he. He would have to wait until another season's crops were gathered to get money, but he knew the holder of the mortgage would not wait. It meant, therefore, that he would have to sell his farm and home and move into the wilderness to start over again.

Johnnie was fourteen that fall, and he was anticipating the joy of a trapping trip with "Trapper Jim." That worthy had promised to take him along when he had reached that age, to "tend shanty." So in October, before the river highways had frozen over, "Trapper Jim" and his protégé embarked in their canoe. Then began the hard voyage of nearly two hundred miles by river and lake, through rapids and over portages, to the trapping-ground, where man rarely went.

Jim Richie had had unusual "luck" the year before, and had bought a lot of new steel traps. "A steel trap," he said, "is worth more than twenty dead-falls and snares."

Johnnie had a few traps with which he had practiced on his father's farm, but without much success. However, Jim said that in addition to these the boy might have a few of his larger traps. This fired Johnnie's ambition, for a mink's hide is worth five dollars, a fox's four, a 'coon's three, and a fisher's six. Could he not earn a lot of money in this way to help lift the mortgage? "Trapper Jim" had made three hundred and fifty dollars last year—nearly enough to pay the mortgage. Anyway, Johnnie determined to try.

At the end of the ninth day after starting, they came to a small lake, just a widened

part of the stream they were following. From here they entered a small tributary and paddled up it a few hundred yards to a rude landing, made of logs laid flat on the marsh and fastened with a few stakes. Here was their destination at last. With weary limbs they unloaded the canoe and carried the traps and provisions over a swampy trail through the woods, until they came to higher ground. There, nestling among a few tall cedars, was the windowless "shack," with its double walls, sod roof, and stone chimney. From here one could look over the lake, see the dark tamaracks beyond, and, away in the distance, the evergreen-covered slopes of the Laurentian Highlands. Yes, here was a hunter's and trapper's paradise.

The next week or two Jim spent stocking the larder with moose and deer meat, for when he was trapping he would not have much time to hunt.

At last it came, the iron frost, freezing everything freezable, not to be unfrozen again until spring. A week after came the snow. Ah, at last! "Trapper Jim" shouldered a bunch of fifty traps and with his rifle went out to make his first line of ten miles or so. Johnnie, who had to "tend shanty," help skin the fur-bearers, and cook the meals, could not make a very big line, but he did make a few sets near the shack.

Once a skunk and another time a muskrat rewarded his efforts. This did not look like much. So "Trapper Jim" took the risk one day of leaving the shack unguarded, took him the rounds, and showed him how to make the sets; the different ones for skunk, fox, mink, and fisher. That next week Johnnie had two minks and a weasel (called ermine in its winter coat) to his credit. This cheered him somewhat.

February was almost gone, and Johnnie had but thirty dollars' worth of skins, while Jim had two hundred.

"This doesn't look as if it would be much help to father," thought Johnnie.

One day he went out to look at the nearby traps. Only a couple of muskrats had been caught in his water sets. He went up into the hardwood ridge to see what his care-

fully set traps there had caught. They were set at one side of a little open snow-covered space. But only a paltry skunk rewarded him here, when he had fondly hoped for a fox. Still a skunk like this one was worth a dollar and a half, not to be "sneezed at." He clubbed it over the back with a long pole and then cracked it on the head, the only way to kill this curious animal without disastrous results.

He had picked it up and turned to go back when—what was that at the other end of the open? A fox surely; yet such a fox! Jet black with its fur tipped with silver. A silver fox like some Jim had told about, but had never caught. The rarest and most valuable animal in all of Canada. The skunk dropped from his fingers and the vision disappeared in the snow-hung branches of the hemlocks. (Foxes are known to follow men and watch them as though from curiosity.) That night he told "Trapper Jim" of it.

This news made Jim very excited. He prepared his traps, cleaned them, oiled them, and then smoked them to drown the iron and man odor. He then went out and, after some trouble, shot a rabbit in the moonlight. He rummaged in his kit and brought forth some especially prepared musk, a drop of which was irresistible to foxes. Johnnie watched this preparation. Then a thought came to him. What if he could catch the prize himself! Such a fox was worth from two hundred to a thousand dollars. If he only could! He fell asleep and dreamed of silver foxes.

That morning when Jim was gone he went and got his biggest traps, three fox and two others. He imitated Jim's preparations, only he had no musk. He had an idea, however, which was better. He took a fox's foot to make tracks with and a discarded rabbit's head. All these he handled with smoked gloves, to leave no smell. Then he went to the little clearing where he had seen the fox. He walked in his snow-shoes with the utmost care to make no unnecessary tracks. He scraped the snow out about three inches in depth in a four-foot circle. He then put a couple of sprung mink traps in the middle with the rabbit's head between them. Over these he lightly sprinkled snow so that parts of them still showed. Then he carefully set his five traps along the outside, putting cotton under each pan in the most approved fashion, to keep them from being sprung by

smaller animals. He covered them up, and carefully made fox tracks with the fox's foot, leading to a near-by thicket. Then he took a hemlock branch and brushed away all suspicious marks, and he had carried out his idea.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later than this the silver fox came home to his den with a stray rabbit he had managed to catch, for while other animals starved because of the scarcity of game, the cunning of this fox carried him through. He would not be caught in Jim's well-set traps, for he had long ago learned, through sad experience, to despise the musk of trappers, and spurned such settings.

He had noticed that his mate was having less and less to do with him of late. Soon there would be a litter of little blind foxes down there in the comfortable den, and he must keep his mate in provisions in the meanwhile. To-night, when he tried to enter the burrow, she growled, showed her teeth, and blocked the entrance. She would not let him enter. Then he knew, dropped the rabbit without parley, and went out to hunt something for himself.

Ah, a rabbit! He ran swiftly after it, for he had not tasted food for two days now, and hunger lent to his speed. He had gained on it—yes, only one more leap and he would have it—a streak of gray, a thud, a snarl, and the fox dug his feet into the crust to check his speed. A spitting lynx had his rabbit. But might is right in the wilderness, so the crestfallen, angry fox slunk off through the underbrush after a few futile snarls and growls. All the rest of the night and far into the morning he hunted in vain. A cruel, remorseless fate was driving him on. Once a great snowy owl came near swooping down at him, for it too was hungry, but thought better of it. A bitter hatred of this marauder from the north filled the breast of the fox, for these owls, driven from the far north by the cold are largely responsible for the lack of game in this part of the winter. At last he sought a sheltered nook and slept.

At dusk he awoke, a great hunger in his stomach. He hunted again well into the night. The stars cracked in the heavens, the cold was getting intense. But what was this? The fox sniffed the air. Yes, it was a rabbit's smell. He followed it up, and came to the little open space in the hardwood ridge.

He saw a fox's track, smelt a smoky odor mingling with that of the rabbit. He approached cautiously. The smoky smell warned him, but his sense told him that another fox had been there and exposed the traps, as foxes always do when they can. But why this other fox had not taken the rabbit did not seem to enter his mind. There were the sprung traps and the head, which would satisfy his hunger to an extent. The traps were harmless. Yes, everything was safe. He stepped forward in the tracks of that other fox, his quivering nose reached out eagerly to seize the prize. Snap! He was a prisoner. In vain he tugged to get rid of that remorseless piece of iron. He dragged it around, he gnawed it. He buried it under the snow and started triumphantly away. No! The trap was still there. The drag

would not let him go far, and finally, worn out, he lay down to—

\* \* \* \* \*

That morning the boy found a dead fox in his trap. How it died he could not tell, for it appeared to be uninjured. Trappers sometimes find their catches dead in this manner. Some say they freeze to death, but this fox was not frozen yet. Some say of starvation, but a mere fast of three days would not kill a fox. A few say that the high-strung wild creature cannot endure to be caught and deprived of freedom. This last must be accepted, therefore, as an answer to the question, unless a better be devised.

That spring the mortgage was paid, with something to spare, and Johnnie was the hero of the village, for he alone of all its people had caught a silver fox.

*George D. Hull, '10.*

## A Good Samaritan.



Dick was escorting Miss Dorothy King to a party on the South Side. In Dick's opinion, Dorothy with her brown hair, blue eyes, and rippling laugh was the sweetest and brightest girl in all the territory west of the Mississippi.

"Fares, please."

The conductor was collecting the fares in the front end of the crowded Country Club car, and Dick carelessly reached his hand into his vest pocket for his change. He found there the stub of a lead pencil, a penknife, two theater checks, and a laundry ticket, but no money.

Without hesitation, his hand passed quietly to another pocket, with no better result, and an anxious look appeared on his face. The conductor was gradually approaching. In his right hip pocket his search was rewarded by the discovery of a coin, and his brow cleared for an instant, but closer inspection found it to be a stray penny, and Dick, whose father was a wealthy banker, and who consequently had a larger allowance than a young man of his age ought to spend, realized for the first time in his life the real value of money. In short, Dick was "broke."

In desperation he tried to think of some way by which he could extricate himself from

his predicament, for he could not possibly explain his condition to the unconscious Dorothy.

"Fares please, fares please," sounded the harsh voice of the conductor as he drew nearer.

It was the winter of 1908, and it occurred to Dick that he might assume an air of hauteur and offer the conductor a check, with the cool announcement that he desired to assist the banks through the financial stringency by using checks instead of currency, but, unfortunately for this plan, Dick had no check-book with him.

Miss Dorothy was chatting about the last club dance and appeared to be unconscious of Dick's trouble.

"This is worse than a bad dream," thought Dick, and he felt the cold perspiration on his brow; but

"Oft what seems

A trifle, a mere nothing by itself,  
In some nice situation, turns the scale  
Of Fate, and rules the most important  
actions."

As Dick looked rapidly about him, he saw something shining on the floor. A second glance revealed a bright new dime, lying a

short distance from his foot. To the eyes of the almost crazed Dick the sight of that little piece of silver was more attractive than the most beautiful landscape.

Across the aisle was a tired-looking little woman. She was about seventy-five years old, neatly but plainly dressed, and bore evidences of straitened circumstances. From the position in which the coin lay, it seemed quite probable that it had been dropped by the old lady, but Dick was in no condition to consider questions of ownership. The possession of that dime was the solution of his difficulty.

He cautiously moved his foot over until it rested upon the dime. Carelessly dropping a glove beside his foot, he stooped to pick it up and rose triumphantly, just as the conductor reached him. The conductor dropped the dime into his coin-box, rang up two fares, and Dick was once more in a condition to listen to the music of Dorothy's voice.

But, alas for poor Dick! His troubles were not yet over. As he listened to Miss Dorothy his attention was called to a dispute between the old lady and the conductor.

"I tell you," said the old lady, "I had ten cents tied up in my handkerchief when I got on the car and I know it was here a few minutes ago. It has dropped down on the floor, or else someone has taken it." And the old lady looked accusingly at a colored woman, who sat just behind her.

"Don't you cast no insinuations on me," said the colored woman. "I hain't seen no money nowheres; 'fore de Lord, I hain't."

Everybody in that end of the car became interested, while the conductor and the old lady searched for the lost dime and the negro continued her protestations of innocence in a loud voice.

Dorothy, too, was looking in the direction of the disturbance, evidently interested in the old lady's troubles, much to Dick's discomfort. He wondered if she expected him to pay the poor woman's car-fare. It was the only decent thing to do. What an unfeeling brute she must think him to be!

He tried to create a diversion by pointing to the advertisements framed in the top of the car. One bore the legend:

"Are the athletes strong? Well I should stutter,

They daily feast on Westport butter. *Multum in Parvo.*"

He called Dorothy's attention to another, which read as follows:

"Young men and women, don't be rash,  
Cut down expense and save your cash;  
Though panics come and banks may smash,  
We still may live on Gristle's Hash.

Sold everywhere."

Though she smiled faintly, she evidently had no heart to appreciate the subtle humor of a street-car advertisement at this time. She again looked at the woman's distressed face and cast an appealing glance at Dick. But Dick pretended not to see, and a hard look of indignation appeared on her face. She almost turned her back on him, saying: "Poor woman! I wonder why someone doesn't help her."

Alas for Dick! His cup of despair was full to the brim. He squared his shoulders and was about to confess the truth. It were better that Dorothy should know that he was embarrassed by lack of money than that she should think him mean and selfish.

Just at this moment the car rattled across Thirty-first Street and a small, red-faced newsboy dug his elbow into Dick's ribs and whispered to Dick: "What's the matter, boss? Busted?"

Dick looked down and saw Tom Wilson, the boy who sold him newspapers on the street, looking up into his face. Dick nodded gravely, and, to his surprise, a grimy hand was thrust into his pocket and a second later Dick found a half-dollar resting securely at the bottom thereof.

One grateful wink at the small boy and "Richard was himself again." He stepped gallantly forward and paid the old lady's fare just as the conductor was about to stop the car for the purpose of ejecting her.

The thanks of the old lady, the respectful look on the old darky's face were hardly noticed to Dick, but the look of admiration and pride on Dorothy's countenance lifted him back to the skies, and he was once more in the realms of delight again.

A moment later he leaned down and whispered to Tom, "You're a brick, o'ld man. Come to my house to-morrow."

That party was an important event in the lives of both Dick and Dorothy, for from

that time on, it was plain that Dorothy had more than a sisterly feeling for Dick.

The next morning Tom went to Dick's house, and after the debt had been paid with 1,000 per cent interest, Dick said to Tom, "My boy, I shall never forget you; but tell me, how did you know that I was strapped?"

"Sure thing," said Tom, "I knew that you

was one of the guys that says, 'Keep the change,' when you buys a paper, and that you would never have gone back on the lady with your girl a-lookin' on so long as you had a penny in your pocket. I've been there myself. So I passes you the four bits, knowing that it would come back."

*Frances H. Meservey, '10.*

## A True Story of Old Westport.

Should you ask me whence these legends,  
Whence these tales of bitter sadness,  
With the early tales of forest,  
And the ax of hardy woodman,  
I should answer, I should call you  
To the valleys of the Westland,  
To the gardens of Missouri;  
Where the white man and the red man,  
Where the black man and his comrade,  
Hand in hand have toiled together,  
Hand in hand have toiled and labored,  
Till the time their labor endeth  
And their toiling is rewarded.

In the valleys of the Westland,  
In the rich and fertile valley,  
Where the river called Missouri,  
Muddy, tossing, troubled river,  
Goes on o'er its course untrammelled,  
Here a giant elm, and aged,  
Here a great and shady elm tree  
Threw its branches o'er the greensward,  
Threw its kind and welcome shadow;  
And the white man passing by it  
Formed a legend there about it,  
Formed a wonderful tradition,  
And their story goes as follows  
As men gossip 'neath its shadow:  
Two good Government officials,  
Two good true and faithful servants,  
Coming o'er the trail from eastward,  
Stopped for shelter in the village,  
Stopped for shelter and a rest-day;  
There they heard a plan of ambush,  
Of an ambush near them lurking,  
And they hid their money near them,  
Near the little trading village,  
In some little nook or corner,  
Some say in a lofty elm tree;  
That is yet to be discovered.  
Then departed from the village,  
Not returning foiled and heartsick,

Not for reinforcements leaving,  
But looking, watching, ever wary,  
For their strong and bitter foemen;  
And while passing through the forest,  
Passing by its lofty elm trees,  
Indian whoops were heard before them  
And they saw their bitter foe.  
Like the greatest deeds in history,  
Like the great and noble Bowie,  
So these men resolved to perish,  
Perish one and all, if need be.  
And, if odds were large against them,  
If all perished in the battle  
Then the great task would be over  
And their duty would be done.  
Stout and staunch were these brave servants,  
Long and awful was their battle,  
But against their foemen's numbers  
Battle could but end in death.  
Whether sweetheart in the Eastland,  
Whether widowed wife or mother,  
Mingle loud their cries together,  
Mingle loud their lamentations,  
This the poet cannot answer,  
This must still remain a question.  
So around old Westport Landing,  
'Round the once wild lonesome prairie,  
Still an air of "hants" surround you,  
Still a secret lurks among you.  
But around some mighty elm tree,  
'Round some little nook or corner,  
Still the gold may be uncovered,  
And the secret solved forever.  
If some person of importance,  
Some one seeking for distinction,  
Go and look for the old secret,  
Then their search may be rewarded,  
Then the puzzle they will solve.  
But until this ye discover,  
Till ye find the olden gold-bags,  
Still a secret lurks among you,  
Still an air of mystery lingers.

*Duke N. Parry, '12.*

## Hank, Mac, and I.

### The Cruise of the "Wonoshaw."



HANK was the originator of the idea. The "idea" was proposed canoe trip on that stream commonly known as the "Big Muddy." He first broached the subject to me one evening as we were gathered in a council of war in Mac's room, to plan our Easter vacation.

He pointed out on the map a little place by the name of Mayswood. His plan was to go up by rail, their launch our canoe, and drift down the winding Missouri past the city to the mouth of the Blue River and up it to Fifteenth Street. Hank was all enthusiasm for his aquatic expedition and painted its joys in glowing colors. He ended by saying: "You'd better come along. I've asked Mac, and he is going."

Mac is a dressy friend of ours, and would shine at Electric Park, or some place like that, but I never suspected him of being a prize-taker in a canoe. I knew Hank to be a veteran on the river and a bully good fellow, but I never had any visions of seeing Mac in a canoe wearing blisters on his lily white hands with a paddle. If he could stand the strain of a cruise on the Missouri, I could.

"By thunder! I'm on," I roared; whereat we all shook hands on it to seal our agreement.

Friday morning rolled around, and seven o'clock found us with all of our traps aboard the train. On our way up we heard of a certain resort called "Horseshoe Lake," famous partly on account of the number of game fish it contains, and partly on account of the meals that are served at the farmhouse situated there. A visit to this lake meant only a four-mile pull up stream, and we decided to take a shot at it at all hazards. We tumbled off at Mayswood, found our canoe, with sails, paddles, and cushions, all correct, and added our few belongings, sweaters, heavy flannel shirts, and "grub."

As just two can paddle a canoe conveniently at once, I suppose the question that arose in Mac's mind was, "Who are the two to be?" He looked at me with a questioning look, thrust his hands deep down in his pockets, and said: "Do you want to row?"

Well, I got peevish at once and said: "Oh! I'm not fussy about it; and besides, I want you to know you don't row a canoe, you paddle it."

"Can you paddle, Mac?" Hank asked.

"Sure," he replied, and stumbling into the canoe, he sat down in the bow anxious to show us his ability. Finally we got started and headed the prow of the boat up stream, bound for Horseshoe Lake against a good strong wind.

Mac handles a paddle like a hoe; he digs way down deep in the water and paddles with the edge of it. At every stroke of his oar we rocked like a sloop in a gale. After he had taken a few strokes on one side, he shifted his paddle, and Hank and I were as busy as jugglers trying to keep the canoe from swamping.

"How did you learn to paddle?" I asked Mac: "by correspondence?"

"No; by watching other people," he replied. "How do you like my stroke?"

"Oh, fine!" I answered; "but doesn't it make you tired?"

"Oh! it makes my wrists ache," he admitted.

"Well, it makes my heart ache," I replied; "so you swap places with me and rest your sweet and tender sides by watching me do the heavy."

We finally got around the bend. There the current was so strong we could make no headway, so we pulled for the shore and beached the canoe. This was something new to Mac, so he asked us what our intentions were.

"Why, we're going to play a little game called canal-boating," drawled Hank. "Don't you want to be the tower?"

Now Mack didn't know what that was,

but rather than say that he didn't, he answered, "Yes, if the stakes aren't too high." Hank assured him that the stakes were few and far between, so we put him to work on the bank, pulling us with a rope, while Hank and I kept the boat away from the bank. We continued this on upstream for about a mile, and we could see that Mac was getting peevish by the way he would say, "Oh, shucks!" and other things every time his foot slipped. He was puffing and grunting like an old engine, and I was afraid he was going to quit on us, so I said, braggingly: "Mac, I have seen a few fellows tow a canoe, but, by my buttons! I never saw a fellow that could pull like you. Why, you are a regular mule!" At this Mac puffed up as proud as a peacock, and said that he wasn't a bit tired, but was good for the whole way. Hank gave me the wink and we smiled up our sleeves. I'll wager if his mother could have seen him work then, she'd have pinned a rose on him.

When we arrived at the lake, after toiling for almost three hours against the Missouri River current, we were tired; but when we cast our "peepers" on that mudhole of a pond, the things we said would not be fit for our sisters to read. We were so disgusted that we felt like a trio of whipped puppies, and I was afraid to look at either Mac or Hank, for fear they would take my head off for enticing them to come here, so I didn't say a word. But Hank and I reversed the paddles and started back down stream. Well, the wind was blowing steadily down stream, so we raised our sail. Now, if you had had your pick between a duck and the "Wonoshaw" as to which was the faster, your money would have been safe with us, for we certainly had it on anything that ever followed the course of the "old Missou."

We were a happy three all right. We were so delighted with the speed of our craft we could do nothing but sing, and we sang everything from "Cuddle up a Little Closer" to "We Won't Be Home till Morning." We were so lost with pleasure that Hank let the "Wonoshaw" strike a sand-bar. We pushed and pulled and shoved, but she only stuck to the sand like grim death to a broom-handle.

As our ship was stopped, we drew straws to see who would walk. I drew the shortest, so had to depart via the hoof route to the bank. Now, I always did hate to wade, es-

pecially if the temperature was fairly low, so I decided to stand on the prow, jump as far as I could, and tramp the remaining distance. I got poised and was just ready to jump, when a gust of wind struck me; I lost my balance and slipped, landing head first in the water.

Hank sure has a sense of humor, especially if the joke's on someone else; and he laughed and guffawed and haw-hawed till I thought he was going to burst his diaphragm. Then, when I thought Hank was almost wind-ed, Mac commenced "He! he!" Now, I will admit that I was pretty scared when I fell in, but when I came to and saw those two "galoots" haw-hawing and tee-heeing, I was rather riled up and said: "Laugh, darn you, laugh!" At this they almost croaked, and I guess that if I had a reproduction of myself at that moment, it would be worth a premium. That water felt like the drippings off the North Pole, and with the temperature at 32 degrees I felt as if some demonstrator were pouring a can of liquid air down my back.

After a fresh start, we went on our way rejoicing, with Mac and Hank at the paddles. I thought that it was about time we were seeing some duck, so I got my gun ready. Mac opened the "grub." We had beans, cookies, and canned pineapple. When Hank saw our repast, he sneered, "Delicacies!" with contempt; but Mac and I noticed that he ate more canned pineapple than we did.

While we were stowing away some upholstery under our belts, a flock of ducks wheeled over the water. Hank remarked that he wished he had a duck-call. Mac said that he could call ducks as well as anyone, so we decided to give him a chance at the next flock. Pretty soon we gave him the word, and there rose a volume of shrill: "Duckie, duckie, nice duckie, come to Mickie." Now when I heard this I wanted to lasso him and revive him with a kick, but I remembered I once belonged to the Band of Mercy, so I let him suffer.

When we passed the bend in the river, we could not use our sail, so we drifted quietly with the current. I wrapped my heavy overcoat around me and watched for some form of animal life to blaze at. We came upon a lone duck floating calmly along. I quieted Mac and Hank with a "Hush, hush!" and was just drawing a good bead on "Mr. Teal" when Mac turned around and said: "Jigger!



Bill, I've got to sneeze." I jumped up at once and almost had my hands on his throat when he let loose a tremendous "Houish-shé!" Away flew the teal. If I had shot without paying any attention to the "simp," we would have been a duck to the good.

We arrived at the foot of Main Street about 6:30, and some old hero of the river told us we could reach the mouth of the Blue by sundown if we worked. Hank set to work like a trooper, but any old follower of Coxey's Army chopping wood for his morning meal had Mac looking like a "piker." I never said a word, but I noticed it was getting dark awful fast and getting cold along with it. When we passed the Milwaukee Bridge we could just distinguish objects a few feet ahead of us, so I told Hank to stick to the right bank, but he only looked wise and kept straight ahead.

It was soon as dark as pitch, and we were in the middle of the Missouri River. I didn't want to say, "I told you so," but I did tell Hank to keep to the Jackson County side, and he didn't do it. The more I thought, the more I was reminded of Elbert Hubbard's saying: "God bless a fellow who can see what to do without being told; God help a fellow who has to be told once; but—"

Anyone who has been on the Missouri River knows how cold it gets after the sun

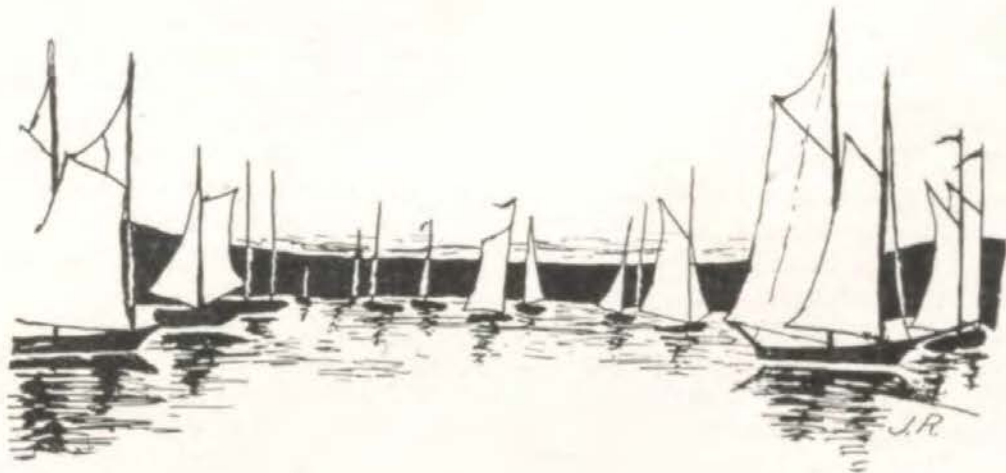
goes down, and there we were. My clothes were so wet they clung to my sides like skin to a potato, and my chattering teeth sounded like the "pop-pop" of a motor boat across the river. I was dead tired, but Mac said that he was as fresh as a daisy, so I kept my mouth shut, although I knew somebody had—falsified.

Well, we kept on going down stream for another hour or so, and still we saw no signs of the Blue, so we stopped and built a fire on an island. At about 10 o'clock we left there with our motto, "Blue or bust!" Pointing our prow toward the right bank, we started down stream. You can bet your last collar button we weren't singing then.

Hank and Mac had laughed when I brought my overcoat along, but now the laugh was on them, and way down deep in their hearts I knew they wished for more than an overcoat.

Just as we were wondering whether Lexington, Boonville, or St. Louis was to be our next stop, we glided into dead water. When we realized it was the Blue, we were relieved, and paddled like demons for the boat-house. We were also relieved when we caught a good warm car, but when we saw the hall light burning and soon afterwards hit a downy bed, we were more than relieved—we were happy.

*William Hamner, '09.*



## The Question.

"No sense in worrying about it, Harry. The deed is done. You were to blame in a way, of course, but we're not holding it against you. I don't suppose one fellow in fifty in the grand-stand, or on the diamond for that matter, would ever have thought of that rule if Merkle hadn't lost the pennant for the New York Giants that way last year. Every second baseman in the country is on the lookout for that very play, now. It isn't strange someone should get caught on it. Come on now, old boy, cheer up! We'll win next week and get the championship just the same."

Harry Long thrust his hands deep into his pockets and turned disconsolately to the window. "I wish you were as sure of winning next Saturday as you sound, but with Whitney too sick to pitch and Thomas laid up so that you'll have to play me at first, I can't see much chance for old Winton. Kirksville is the best team we've come against this season, too."

"Oh, come off, Harry! You can play first as good as anyone if you'll just keep your head about you. Saturday is your great chance to redeem yourself, and I'm depending on you. Come on out of the depths, and let's go to practice."

Harry sighed wearily and picked up his hat. "All right, Wilson. You're mighty nice about it, but I know what losing that game meant, and I can't forget that I'm to blame."

The captain of the Winton team slapped his friend heartily on the shoulder and together they left the room.

The preceding Saturday an important game had been played between Winton and Albany, another team in the high school league. The game had been close and exciting and in the last of the ninth inning the score was tied. Wilson, captain for Winton, was on third; Harry Long, the substitute first baseman, on first; two men were out; and Clark, the best pinch hitter on the team, was at bat. He met the first ball pitched for a smashing drive to short. The visitor shortstop fumbled the ball an instant before throwing for the plate, and Wilson, who had a good lead, slid home a second ahead of the ball,

while Clark arrived in plenty of time at first. But Long, seeing his captain score, turned just before touching second and ran toward the bench and the rejoicing team. The visiting second-baseman called the catcher's attention to Long's omission, the catcher threw the ball down, and the umpire called Long out. A dispute ensued. The umpire insisted that Long was forced out at second, and backed his decision with reference to a similar one rendered at New York the fall before.

There was nothing for it. The teams were called back on the field and play was resumed. The visitors scored twice in the first of the tenth, and Winton failed to do anything, thus losing an important game.

Long was popular both with the team and his school-fellows, and his bit of "boneheadedness" was forgiven by everyone but himself and his few enemies.

His friends tried to soothe him. His had been an excusable mistake, they insisted, but Harry took the affair to heart and remained glum and unhappy up to the day of the last and deciding game of the season. Nor was his the only gloomy face to be seen upon that brilliant Saturday morning. Captain Wilson wore a look of anxiety, almost despair. The coach tried to be cheerful and encouraging, but failed miserably in the attempt. Just before the game he broke out to Wilson with: "It's almost hopeless since Graham hurt his hand. That knocks out our two best pitchers, and a first-baseman. Goodwin sends word that he's too lame to play. That means our heaviest hitter. It's pretty black, Wilson, but you'll have to go in and do the best you can. It'll be hard with a discouraged team, too. Try to spruce Long up a little bit if you can; he's lost his nerve. And then tell the boys to do the best they can and trust to luck. If it hadn't been for one bonehead in that last game, we wouldn't be worrying to-day," he muttered.

Long happened to overhear this last remark as he passed toward his locker, and it did not tend to increase his cheerfulness. "If I was some fool fellow in a book, I'd do some wonderful thing and win the game," he

thought as he trotted on to the field for practice. "As it is, I suppose I'll be a nut; I usually am, for that matter."

This last game together with the glorious weather had brought out a big crowd. The grand-stands and bleachers were packed with the townspeople and the rooters for both teams, who made their presence known through megaphones, cowbells, and gaudy pennants.

Winton's brief practice was remarkably brisk and snappy. Long, the sub infielder, made some brilliant catches off first while the others acquitted themselves with credit. As they trotted in to make room for their rivals on the diamond, the Winton rooters were jubilant and voiced their confidence in a monotonous but enthusiastic series of "What's the matter?"

Wilson began to look more cheerful. Thomas, the substitute pitcher, was warming up confidently, and Franklin, the dependable little catcher, looked more and more pleased as each separate curve, shoot or slant plumped into his big mit.

"Thomas is right," Franklin muttered as Wilson passed him on his way to the bench.

Wilson smiled and nodded. "Good! He'll need steadying, though, if he gets in a tight place, and we're depending on you, Frank."

The little veteran nodded and returned another ball to his pitcher, while Wilson passed on to the bench, and dropped down beside Long, who sat there glum and dispirited.

"Clear off, Harry! We're going to win this, but we've got to fight for it. You're going to more than make up for that little mistake of yours by helping us to victory to-day, if you'll just put your heart in it."

"Yes," Harry muttered bitterly. "If I was a fellow in one of these ten-cent magazine stories, I'd stage a wonderful double play or knock a home-run with the bases full; but you know such things don't really happen. Or if someone should knock that home-run, it wouldn't be me."

The noise in the stands suddenly subsided and the umpire's brazen voice was heard announcing: "The batteries for to-day, for Winton, Thomas and Franklin; for Kirksville, Smith and Harrison. Batter up."

The first batter for Kirksville stepped confidently to the plate and the game was on.

The first five innings were unfruitful for both teams. Both pitchers were pitching masterly ball. No man had yet crossed the plate, and only one man on each team had reached second. The spectators were becoming restless and the players nervous and impatient.

In the first of the sixth, however, Harrison, of Kirksville, opened with a clean single to right, was sacrificed to second and stole third. As Wilson had feared, his inexperienced pitcher went into the air. Disaster resulted, and when the atmosphere cleared, four runs had crossed the plate and the Kirksville rooters were going wild.

With the score four to nothing, Wilson stepped to the plate. "Now's your time, Wils, old kid," shouted an enthusiast through a megaphone. "Show 'em why you're here."

Wilson promptly showed the left-fielder where he should have been, and reached second before the ball was rounded up. Long, determination in his heart, met one squarely for a screaming single to center, and Wilson came home. Long scored when the big third-baseman hit for two bases, but the next men went out in order and Whinton was still two to the bad.

The following innings were brilliantly played. Thomas came to earth again and had the opposing batsmen swinging at the air or putting the ball into the hands of the infielders. Winton scored once in the eighth and threatened on several other occasions, but was put out through Kirksville's marvelous fielding.

Kirksville was retired in one, two, three order in the first of the ninth and Winton came to bat with the score 4 to 3 against them. The man with the megaphone implored Thomas, the first man up, to do something. "Anything, old man, anything. Just get on and we stand a show. Only one to tie and two to win. Let him hit you or—" The rooter's voice, cracked and hoarse, was drowned in the roars of the Winton rooters. Thomas had sacrificed himself with skill upon the altar of victory and was limping with apparently great pain toward first. He recovered in time to go down to second on a sacrifice, but suffered there while the next man struck out.

Wilson settled his cap firmly on his head as he stepped to the plate. "Don't forget it, Wils, old kid," roared the enthusiast. "Only

one to tie and two to win. Let's have another out there in left. Come on!" The Winton sympathizers were going wild with excitement now, while the Kirksvillians were holding their breath. Long stood beside the bench, intent and anxious. Unless Wilson made a home-run, it was up to him to score those two men just like a magazine story base-ball hero. Could he do it, or would he stand there like the immortal Casey and strike out. He jumped as a sharp crack broke the silence attending the delivery of the ball. Wild cheers broke from the Wintonites. Their captain was safe at first on a scratch single, while Longly was brushing the dust off himself at third.

"Now, Long, you've got to score those two men," shouted the coach in his ear. "And don't fail to touch your bases. Everything in sight. Go now and redeem yourself."

The noise was deafening as Long walked to the plate. The Kirksville supporters had found their voices again and were telling

Long of his imperfections. He faced the pitcher and waited. The first ball looked uncertain, so he let it pass.

"Strike one," snapped the umpire. The two little words sounded unusually venomous. The visitors cheered lustily, while the man with the megaphone offered: "Only one, old kid; never mind. You'll get him yet. Wait for a good one and—"

"Foul—strike two," sang the umpire.

A sudden silence fell on the anxious spectators. "He's easy—easy!" from a small Kirksville urchin alone broke the tense silence.

The pitcher was gathering himself for a final effort. Long felt his heart sink. Could he hit it? He must! He pulled his cap firmly onto his head. He saw Thomas poised tensely off third ready to score and Wilson at first. The pitcher began his wind-up and Long gripped his bat. The ball sailed through the air. Long put all his strength into his swing—a hit or not a hit? That is the question.

M. L. C., '10.

## Professor Richard Bernard Davis.

"Well, have you heard the latest, Jim?" said Thomas Fitzwilliam Wentworth, slapping James Crow, a fraternity brother, on the back.

"Nope, what?"

"Dickie's been elected," said Wentworth.

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, it's this way. Richard Bernard Davis, son of the Honorable Professor Davis, twenty-two years of age, the ideal of every girl in school—"

"Well, for heaven's sake, what's the matter with him?" interrupted Crow.

"Perfect in books and dress, has been elected!" continued Wentworth.

"Elected to what?—to go with 'Teddy' to the jungles of Africa?" said Crow, who himself cherished a longing desire to go.

"Worse than that—to take a position as teacher of History and English in a high school, where there are oceans of pretty girls."

"Oh, Lord! that infant!" exclaimed Crow in surprise. "Where?"

"In Kansas City. I can see every girl in the school losing her head over him. He'll

have to assume more dignity than he ever did here."

"Hey! Can't you wait a minute?" some one called to them. Who was it but the very Dick they were discussing! "Are you going over to practice for commencement?" panted Dick.

"Indeed, Sir Honorable Professor Davis, Junior, we had intended to go there; but if you have something different, that you might care for us to do, we would be pleased to do your bidding," said Wentworth, with a low bow.

"Cut it out; you know you are jealous because you can't go to Kansas City yourself," said Davis.

"Heavens! You wouldn't get me into such a bunch of girls. You'll have all the boys in the school fighting you. If you need any help, just run to a long-distance 'phone and call me up. I'll jump on the first train and come to your aid. Why, boy, you ought to have a chaperon. You know that school is noted for romantic happenings. Last year

one of the 'profs' married a Senior girl. That 's just about what will happen to you," laughed Wentworth.

"We 'll happen in to see you, as soon as you are settled," teased Crow.

"Never mind, I am going to leave all foolishness here at school. As soon as I board the train, I am going to act as Professor Davis, instead of 'Dickie.' I do wish I were a woman, and could dress in black and do my hair high to make me look older; but I 'll get through all right, and without any elopement either," laughed Dick.

Dick had many trying days during enrollment week. The teachers, parents, and scholars, all took him for a pupil.

One teacher, who insisted upon clearing the halls, stepped up to Dick and asked him to "please step into the study hall." No mother, coming to help a freshman enroll, would ask Professor Davis for information, because they thought he was trying to decide for himself whether to take astronomy or psychology.

Yes, he had seen many pretty girls, but so far he could relieve Wentworth's mind as to the possibility of an elopement. He might have admired some of the girls if he had not been a teacher, but as it was, no coquetry could pull him off his seat of dignity.

One day, about a month after school had begun, he was summoned to the telephone. As he went down to answer the call, he passed a line of pupils waiting to speak to the principal. His face burned, for he knew all eyes were on him.

"Hello!" he said, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Is this Professor Davis?" A gruff voice said.

"Yes," said Davis.

"Sir, my daughter is in your class, and I should like to speak to you concerning her."

"What is the name, please?" asked Davis.

"Mr. Smith."

"Oh, yes, sir; your daughter is doing very well, I am glad to say," said Davis, trying to make this sound very decided.

"But it is not her school work of which I wish to speak," was the crisp reply.

Surprise made Davis silent. After a pause the pugnacious voice resumed. "By way of beginning, sir, I may say we are an English family, and consequently approve of parental supervision of affairs which Americans very unwisely, I think, leave entirely in the hands of young girls. You understand me, Professor Davis?"

"W-why, no, n-not ex-exactly," Dick stammered into the mouthpiece; softly, though, for not even in this moment did he forget to preserve his dignity before that line of waiting students.

"Frankly, Professor Davis, my wife and I agree that our little daughter is still too young to receive any attention from a gentleman. Her inexperience would regard as important that which to you is a mere trifle, such as the gift of flowers. Now we appreciate the flowers that were sent her last week, when she was absent from school a couple of days, but we cannot let so young a girl receive any such attentions. Although there was no name, she readily recognized the handwriting of the quotation."

"Flow—" began Dick, but stopped himself before he had uttered a word so unsuitable for the office telephone; "I am sure there is some misunderstanding; I could explain everything, if I could see you—"

"Just the thing! A frank talk on the subject is just what we desire. Could you call on me at the Baltimore this evening?"

"W-why, yes," agreed the troubled young man. "And for whom shall I call?"

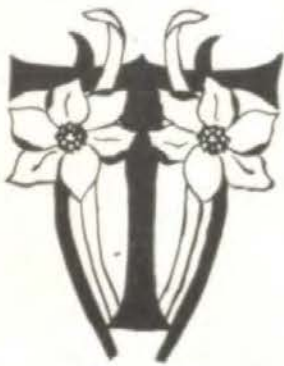
The reply to this timid and polite question was a ringing laugh, that sounded all too familiar to Davis.

"Dickie, just call for your old adviser; he who warned you of the perils threatening the young and beautiful. And, Dickie, this would be a wonderfully good joke to tell the fellows—far be it from me to suggest a bribe, but don't you think it would be wise for you to come prepared to pay this evening?"

And Dick went to the Baltimore.

*Margaret Eymann, '11.*

## The Scarabeus.



HE collection was certainly a fine one. There were old Indian arrow-heads of the crudest types; stone mallets and pottery dug from the mounds and graves of a vanished race; curiously carved and pictured fragments of volcanic rock; ivory pagodas and ebony vessels in min-

ature, from China and Japan, dating back to the Middle Ages, besides numberless other relics. Stowe listened attentively as Tom explained about those objects which happened to attract his notice especially. Finally his eye fell upon a curious greenish-blue object in a separate case. He looked closer, and saw that it was made of stone, carved to represent a beetle. "What is it?" he asked.

"It is a genuine Egyptian scarabeus," Tom replied. "As you see, it is minutely inlaid with gold, and is inscribed in Egyptian. My grandfather found it himself and gave it to me with the rest of this collection. Did I ever tell you the story of it?"

"No," Stowe replied; "but you might just as well now. I have nothing special to do."

"All right, then. My grandfather used to tell the story to me when I was a boy, and I begged for it so often that now I know it almost by heart as he used to tell it.

"It was about the middle of the last century. My grandfather, now dead, but then a young man, fascinated by the study of Egyptian ruins and remains, was journeying slowly up the Nile, deciphering the inscriptions in tombs and on walls, pillars, sarcophagi, and what-not that he found.

"At last, far up the Nile, he came upon a little village of nomadic Bedouins, and, as there was no other settlement near, and the region was full of old Egyptian relics, he decided to stop here among this crafty and rapacious people, the better to explore and investigate the surrounding country. Accordingly, knowing their language, he struck up an acquaintance with their chief or sheik, and

endeavored to establish himself in the good graces of the community."

Tom settled himself more comfortably in his chair and then resumed: "One day as my grandfather was tramping alone, but armed, through the desert, at a distance from the village, he came upon a small range of limestone hills or cliffs, and proceeded toward the foot of one of them. When near it, he noticed that the sand beneath his feet was intermixed with great quantities of bits of broken pottery, marble, and alabaster; flakes of green and blue glaze; bleached bones; shreds of yellow linen; and lumps of some odd-looking, dark brown substance, like dried-up sponge. He knew that all these things meant violated graves underfoot,—despoiled, probably, by the Arabs; that the strips of linen were shreds of cerement cloth, and that the curious brown lumps were lumps of dried-up human flesh. He immediately searched for some trace of a tomb nearby, and while thus looking about he perceived a crack in the base of the cliff. He hastened to it, and found a group of painted figures carved in bass-relief on the rock on either side of the crack. They were those usually placed above a doorway, and the dinginess of their coloring assured him that they had just recently been uncovered by the shifting sands.

"Scraping away the sand, he was soon able to look through the ever-widening crack, but all was dark within, and nothing could be seen. Then, inserting the long staff he carried, he moved it about, but it met no obstruction. He decided to return to the village and get men and shovels, torches, ropes, and various other things, for he knew not what he might find within the tomb, and such he felt certain it was.

"Once in the village, my grandfather applied to the sheik for supplies and a gang of men, promising to pay him well. The sheik replied that they would be ready in the morning.

"During the evening, as my grandfather was roaming about the village, he noticed that in the sheik's tent—a large affair—were a number of men, conversing earnestly. He

thought nothing of it, but when morning came, he set out with his band over the desert to the tomb in the limestone cliffs."

Tom once more stopped and settled himself in his chair. Then he continued: "When he arrived at the tomb, he set the Bedouins to work digging away the drifted sand from before the doorway. This was soon finished, and a passage was revealed by the faint light, leading back into the heart of the hill. Torches were lighted for the exploration, since the only light within came from the doorway just uncovered.

"When all had been made ready, my grandfather entered, holding high his torch to pierce the gloom, the men following close behind, all in a body. They proceeded thus through long winding passages, bare of everything but the sculptured hieroglyphics on the walls. Finally, when just below the summit of the hill—as my grandfather calculated—they turned a sharp corner and suddenly entered a most wonderful chamber, cut from the living rock.

"It evidently had never been found before. Strange inscriptions, painted in glowing colors, covered the walls. Numerous statues of noblemen—more Greek than Egyptian—in the same vivid colors, stood about the room. A small table, curiously ornamented with gold and silver, stood in one corner, and on it was a scarabeus, inlaid with gold and inscribed with the Sixth Chapter of the 'Book of the Dead.' My grandfather hastily picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"Then, leaving this chamber, intending to come back later and secure the treasures it contained, he led the way past a pair of sphinxes which guarded the door, and on through a short hall, inscribed in the same manner with hieroglyphics and ornamented with statues, till he came to a door formed of a single solid slab of dressed and inscribed granite which blocked the path.

"Finding, however, that this was poised delicately on hinges or pivots which allowed it to be swung to a side, with the help of a couple of the men he pushed it open, the rest of the Bedouins standing closely about, the torch-light playing strangely on their wild and covetous faces.

"For one moment, and for one moment only, did my grandfather gaze in wonder, experienced as he was, on the sight within. The tomb-chamber of an ancient Egyptian monarch it was. Only for a moment did my grandfather see by the torchlight the glitter of profuse gold; the glare and gleam of dazzling white marble; the rich glow of velvety tapestries hanging about the painted mummies in the enormous black sarcophagi; and the dazzling flash of brilliant precious gems—then, as by one signal, every torch was suddenly extinguished, his own by another's hand—and the brilliant scene was plunged in gloom. A serpentine movement on his right—the grip of fingers at his throat—a swish of something in the air—a crash—and all was blank.

"When he awoke, my grandfather was lying on the sand at the foot of the cliff, alone, deserted, dizzy, and sick. The passageway of the tomb yawned before him, but there was no sign of torch or rope. Arising, leaning on his staff, which had been left him, he slowly and painfully proceeded toward the village on the Nile. When he arrived at its site, he found no village there, but only the signs of a hastily abandoned encampment. Despairing, he felt in his pocket. Yes; the scarabeus was still there—overlooked, doubtless, though how he knew not.

"A few hours later he hailed a passing boat, and was taken to a town where he could obtain medical care.

"My grandfather never revisited the tomb—he knew it to be futile. And so that scarabeus you see is the sole souvenir and memento of the tomb in the limestone hills."

*Edward Moses, '11.*

## Little Miss Pry.



Like most small nine-year-olds, Polly was a veritable "Paul Pry." Her mother never knew when she would choose to tell all the family affairs, and her older sister, Alice, stood in mortal terror of her. Her hair was tangled, her nose was freckled, her eyes sparkled, and she lisped.

On this particular summer afternoon, Polly, swinging her sunbonnet by the strings, "hippity-hopped" down the dusty road until she came to the spring. Standing upon a big, flat rock, she looked all around to make sure she was not observed. Then she felt underneath a ledge of rock close to the ground. At first a disappointed expression came into her face; then she chuckled, and drew out a white envelope.

"Yeth, he 'th written another 'n," she whispered to herself, and then added, "Wouldn't Alith be mad if she thought I knew! Gee! I'm glad he never thealth hith letterth, or elth I'd have to tear 'em open," she thought as she threw herself down on the grass and spread out the paper before her.

"*Dearetht Alith:* I love you tho' much—'thith ith gettin' kinda common; I with he'd ever thay thumpin' elth. I like thumpin' ekthitin'—'won't you elope with me'—now thith ith rather interething—I know your cruel father doeth not like me'—no, that he don't, mithter—'you had better burn thith letter or Polly will be sure to get hold of it'—uh, ugh. I thee you know Polly—the little

imp ith tho inquititive'—oh, I'll get even with you for that, thir!"

When Polly had read the letter, she crammed it into her apron pocket, whispering meditatively, "I'll remember that about her gloriouth eyeth an' hair. It might be nithe for me to thay mythelf thome day. I wonder how much Alith 'll give me—maybe a whole quarter!"

She skipped up the road to the orchard, where her sister was doing fancy work in the shade.

"Oh, goody, goody!" she cried. "I know thomething I won't tell, three little niggerth in a peanut thyell." Whenever Polly said this there was always "something up."

Alice sprang up hurriedly and exclaimed, "Polly, what on earth have you been doing, now?"

"He thaid he loved you, didn't he. Alith, what doth 'enthanting' mean?"

"You little inquisitive wretch, give me that letter this instant."

Polly, getting ready to run, only answered, "Oh, no! Alith, how much will you give me not to tell pa?"

Anything you want, you wicked little sinner," said Alice, stuffing a quarter into the hand of the incorrigible one, and snatching away the letter. "And if you dare tell father," she added, "I'll—I'll—" But little Miss Pry had danced away in search of new mischief.

*Pauline Campbell, '10.*

## The Temptation of Johnnie.



"Oh, gee!" Johnnie pricks up his ears and listens.

"It's an egg-beater. Hurrah!" shouts Johnnie with an Indian war-whoop which he immediately quiets. Then, after cautiously banging the side-door as a ruse intended for mother, he tiptoes as quietly as possible to the dining-room table and squeezes his small body between the two middle legs. A savory

odor from the kitchen raised his expectations to the highest degree. He knew well what was going on. He could shut his eyes and see a big kitchen filled with steam and smells and a neat old colored woman with her head tied up in a red bandana, beating mounds of frosty whiteness. All at once the "chink, chink" ceased. Johnnie could see in his mind's eye that honored personage of the



red bandana lean over and open the oven, squinting furiously, and raising her thick upper lip until it almost touched her nose, as, he had noticed, is the usual custom of persons taking warm articles from the oven. A round ginger cake was drawn out and put on a greased paper, after being satisfactorily tested with a broom-straw. Thereupon it was conveyed to the pantry-window. But Johnnie's chance had not yet come, for he waited until the icing was on before he "swiped" any cake. Again he heard that utensil, designed to change the commonest sea of liquid to a mass of white-caps and foam, begin its rhythmical beat. To Johnnie it said "Cake, cake, cake, cake," until he got wiggly and twisty. He was about to emerge from the lower regions of the table and give up his project, when again the heating ceased.

After waiting a reasonable length of time for the cake to be iced (Johnnie knew all the intricacies of the cake business), the youthful plotter crept to the side-door, and this time did not bang it. He knew his ground well now, and was not afraid of discovery. Ambushed behind the lilac-bush, he bided his time. When the time and chance came, Johnnie hesitated. It was easier to think about acting than to act, in the face of the anger of the individual of the knotted bandana and of his mother. And besides—this sudden thought made Johnnie sit down hard on the

grass from which he had risen for action—he might be too bad a criminal to be president when he grew up. Maybe presidents didn't like cakes as well as Johnnie did.

Just then that cake was very much in danger of sitting on the pantry-window until dinner, when Johnnie's wandering gaze suddenly spied his affinity playing in the backyard of the adjoining house. No doubt remained in Johnnie's mind. He had rather have love in a cottage than no love in the White House.

Slowly the cake slipped from its place, tipped and almost fell, so far did Johnnie have to reach. His heart leaping with love, and his mouth watering with expectation, Johnnie carefully slipped the cake under the fence, then climbed over, and carried it to where his beloved one was climbing an apple-tree, to the detriment of her white dress.

"Want some cake?" inquired Johnnie in an unconcerned way, as though he had whole cakes to "piece on" every day.

"I should say so!" replied his loved one with no assumed airs, as she rapidly descended the apple-tree. Thereupon they fell to, seated with backs to the tree, carefully concealed from the houses. What a peaceful scene they made, sitting on the green grass under the flowering tree! The scene at Johnnie's home a few hours later was not so peaceful. Oh! if that personage of the red bandana had only muffled her egg-beater!

*Hazel Sharrard, '11.*





VANCE DAY

SUMNER BLOSSOM . . . . DOROTHY DEATHERAGE

ELIZABETH JEWETT

JOSEPH GUILLET

VIRGINIA SIEGEL

MAY CHACE . . . . THOMAS B. ROOT



KENNETH IRONS

ELOISE EYSSELL

MARGARET JACKSON

GERTRUDE SCHAUFFLER

ELMO H. ROBINSON

HUGH FELLOWS



SYDNEY ALTSCHULER . ROWENA CAMPBELL . .

MADLINE ARCHER

CLIFFORD HOLLE, BAUGH

MARGARET COBURN . . DELLA M. YORK . .

. . . . JACK MALCOLMSON

# The Westport High School Herald.

Vol. VII.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JUNE, 1909.

No. 2.

# EDITORIAL STAFF.

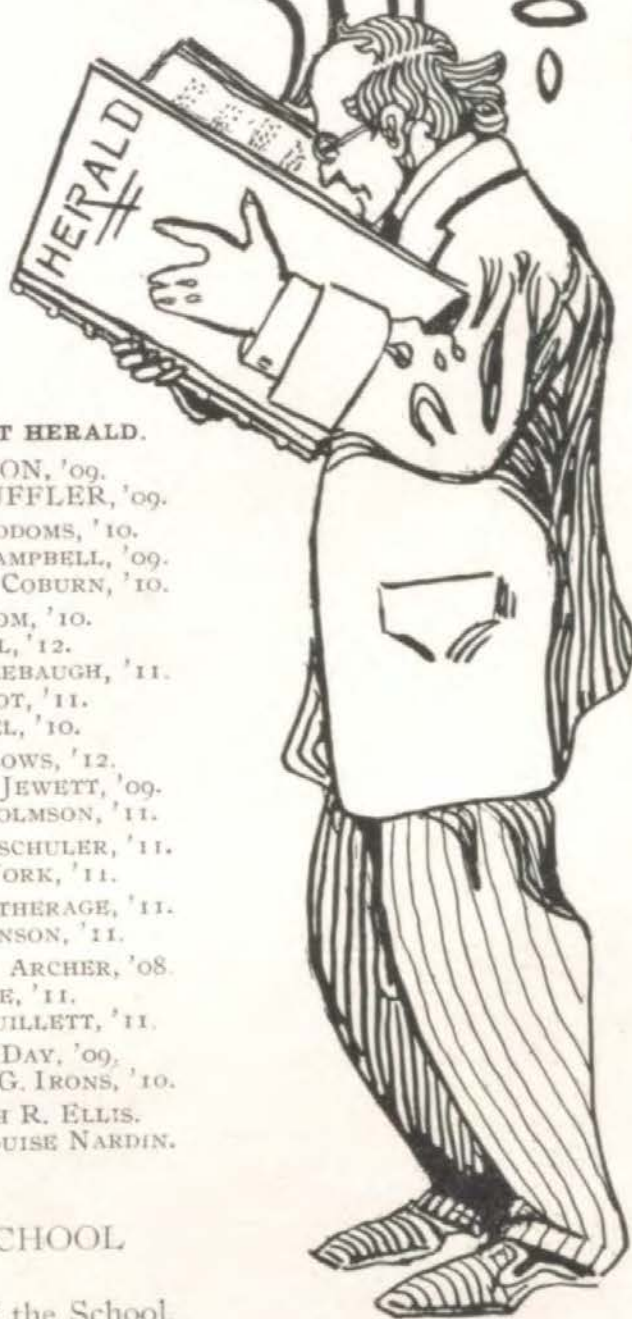
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## THE WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL HERALD.

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

Terms—Single copies (except Annual), 15 cents; Annual, 35 cents.



Address all communications to  
WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL HERALD,  
Cor. 39th St. and Warwick Blvd.,  
Kansas City, Mo.

# EDITORIAL



The members of THE HERALD Staff feel sure that the slight increase in the cost of this year's Annual will make no difference to THE HERALD's subscribers. The change in price from twenty-five to thirty-five cents was imperative, as the paper is much larger than ever before and proportionately more expensive. The present price is not necessarily a permanent one, as this matter will be left to the discretion of next year's Staff. A number of those who have had a hand in this year's HERALD will not be here for another term of service. Those to graduate are: Margaret N. Jackson and Gertrude Schaufler, editors-in-chief; Rowena Campbell, one of the literary editors; and Elizabeth Jewett, an exchange editor.

With the growth of the great new school, with its doubled enrollment, there has been developing a new Westport spirit.

The South Side pupils have always been loyal to their school, but this year even more so than usual. This may be due partly to the fact that the Westportites now have a school of which they can well boast and which they feel proud to support. But there are other reasons in addition to that. One large factor in the growth of our school spir-

it has been the Rooters' Club, formed for the first time this year by the boys of the school. Early in the second term the club had a number of meetings, to which all the boys who could make a noise (and the exceptions are few) were urged to come. Various Westport songs and yells were practiced, with the result that at the succeeding inter-scholastic events of the year the Blue and the Gold have been royally supported, both by the original Rooters' Club and by the other pupils, whom they inspired. The organizing of this band of Rooters has been a great thing for the school and is a splendid beginning in the line of increasing school patriotism. May the pupils of Westport ever "fight with all their might" for their Alma Mater and stand ready in victory or defeat, athletic or literary, to support Westport!

The saying, "If you don't succeed at first, try, try again," is a very old one and a very tiresome one to have drilled into you when you feel that your efforts along some line have been useless. Yet it is the best quotation that THE HERALD Staff knows to offer to the contributors whose articles do not appear on the pages of this HERALD. Never before has there been so much excellent ma-

terial handed in, and it has indeed been a hard task to decide what to print, what to put aside for use another year, and what to "return with thanks." So don't be discouraged if your particular effort seems to have been wasted. It may have been because of a surplus of that particular kind of material. More stories and sketches have been handed in than anything else. There is really a need of some poetic genius at Westport as well as of other pupils who can corral funny locals and exchanges. So don't be discouraged; just make one more effort, and you may come out the last time with flying colors, and find your name signed to something on the illustrious pages of your school paper.

## Enrollment at Westport High School.

Examination for entrance, Friday, August 27th.

Enrollment—8 a. m.

Seniors, Monday, August 30th.

Juniors, Tuesday, August 31st.

Sophomores, Wednesday, September 1st.

Freshmen, Thursday and Friday, September 2d and 3d.

Credentials from other high schools should be presented not later than August 26th.

## Self-Government.

One of the most difficult problems which school authorities have to cope with is the question of government in the high school. Many plans have been suggested and experimented with, but as yet none has proved more satisfactory generally than that of self-government.

Four years ago this plan was put into operation in the Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles, Cal. A committee composed of one boy and one girl from each classroom was appointed, whose duty it was to try and judge all pupils sent to them by teachers or fellow committee members for misdemeanor.

In self-government, as in any new radical movement, the development had to be grad-

ual. As occasions arose, new rules had to be made, new committees formed, and additions made to the system, all of which took time and experience.

With careful supervision, this plan has prospered and grown until to-day it is no longer an experiment, but an established policy. The system, as used to-day, consists of two branches (boys and girls), which are chosen by election semi-annually. The representation allowed is as follows:

Each Freshman roll hour class, 1 representative.

Each Sophomore roll hour class 2 representatives.

Each Junior roll hour class 3 representatives.

Each Senior roll hour class 4 representatives.

P. G.s are allowed two representatives at large.

The two branches are entirely separate, but are conducted on the same general plan. At the first meeting of the elected representatives a chairman is chosen and various committees appointed. The more important of these are: the "desk committee," one member of which must sit at a desk provided every hour in the day, to file and register excuses for absence and tardiness; the "executive committee," whose duty it is to try and sentence all offenders; the "scholarship committee," consisting of members whose standing warrants them in the helping of failures; and the "information committee," whose duty it is to give out information to the students and arrange for the care of visitors. This committee also has charge of assemblies.

The Associated Student Body Organization is the supreme court of the school, so to speak. Its members are the chairmen of the various committees and two faculty members. Its duty is to try appealed cases, attend to the financial business of the school, pass on constitutional amendments, supervise athletics and award emblems.

Such training in self-government during the four years of high school life will go far toward producing self-governing citizens. And what is a school if not a place for such development. This plan has proved most satisfactory wherever given a fair trial. Are we to be outdone by the schools of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Los Angeles and El Paso.

*Summer N. Blossom, '10.*

# THE NEWS

John Roberts

## The Senior Play.

The Senior Class of 1909 has distinguished itself by inaugurating a new feature in the school. On the 16th of April the first Senior play was presented, a comedy in three acts, entitled "A Scrap of Paper." The cast was as follows:

<i>Prosper Couramont</i> . . . . .	Louis Owen.
<i>Baron de la Glacière</i> . . . . .	Reid Hillyard.
<i>Anatole</i> . . . . .	William Hamner.
<i>Brisemouche</i> . . . . .	Paul Childs.
<i>Baptiste</i> . . . . .	Clinton Armstrong.
<i>François</i> . . . . .	Wilbur McKee.
<i>Madame de la Glacière</i> . . . . .	Marguerite Guy.
<i>Suzanne de Ruseville</i> . . . . .	Dorothy Jones.
<i>Mathilde de Meravil</i> . . . . .	Margaret Jackson.
<i>Zenobe</i> . . . . .	Hazel Murphy.
<i>Madame Dupont</i> . . . . .	Riva Carr.
<i>Pauline</i> . . . . .	Eliza Kimball.

Louis Owen acted the *débonnaire* man of the world to perfection (maybe it's natural).

William Hamner, in the part of the bashful suitor, seemed quite in his element.

The eccentric characters were excellently portrayed by Reid Hillyard and Paul Childs, who showed their ability in the respective parts of a jealous husband and an effeminate Englishman.

Dorothy Jones, in the difficult part of *Suzanne*, surpassed the expectations of even her most intimate friends. She made an ideal leading lady, while Marguerite Guy, as the wife, rose above excellence.

The audience was greatly entertained by Hazel Murphy's acting in the character of the exacting old maid.

Margaret Jackson, as the demure little horsewoman, was admirably suited to her part.

The parts of the aristocratic servants were skillfully done by Eliza Kimball and Clinton Armstrong, while Wilbur McKee was a very proper valet.

Riva Carr made an excellent matron, showing her motherly dignity, and her despair over the attitude of the modern servant.

The play was a success from the financial as well as the dramatic standpoint, 996 tickets being sold.

## The Junior Prom.

On Friday night, June the 11th, the Juniors entertained the Seniors with a delightful reception and dance. The Juniors were fortunate in securing the permission of the Board to use the Gymnasium for the dancing. The guests were limited to the members of the Junior and Senior classes, and the affair was chaperoned by members of the Faculty.

A short and entertaining programme was given in the Auditorium, after which the guests adjourned to the Gymnasium and danced. For those who are not blessed with the art of tripping the light fantastic toe entertainment was provided upstairs. At one end of the first floor hall was placed a fine Victor Talking Machine, which furnished excellent music for many delightful promenades. Delicious refreshments were served in the lunch-room about 10 o'clock.

On the whole, this first Junior in the new school was a decided success.

## Westport Reception.

Although the public have been admitted several times to the new Westport High, they were not given a chance to inspect it thoroughly until the night of April 23d. All rooms were open and the teachers received in their respective rooms.

The laboratories had all apparatus on exhibition. In the Physics laboratory the visitors had a chance to see their bones through an X-ray. In the Zoölogy rooms the guests were not only entertained by looking at some different animals, but in the class-room they saw many interesting slides through the magic lantern. The Physiology laboratory displayed many interesting physical models. The Baragraph was also an object of great interest. The apparatus of the Chemistry room was especially interesting.

In the Gymnasium the apparatus was all on exhibition, and a good class of boys gave illustrations of its use.

Many tempting dishes prepared by the Cooking pupils were to be seen in the Cooking room. A model dinner-table was set, all ready for the guests to take their seats.

The Sewing room looked very much like a bargain-day sale, the work of the pupils being displayed on tables and walls.

After the visitors had inspected the building, the bells called them to the Auditorium, where they gained more information about the building from the interesting speakers on the following programme:

Orchestra—Largo... ..*Handel*.  
Chorus—"Nightingale and Rose"... ..*Lehnert*.

Julia McCoy, Georgie Southwell, Frank Henderson, Luther B. Brady, Louise Fitch, Helen S. Whitney, William R. Fuge, Foster Fezled.

Address... ..Honorable Frank A. Faxon.  
Orchestra—Coronation March... ..*Meyerbeer*.

Address... ..Dr. Herman E. Pearse.  
Solo—"The Two Grenadiers"... ..*Ried Hillyard*.  
Trio—"Sing, Smile, Slumber"... ..*Gounod*.

Agnes Strube, Julia McCoy, and Helen Hayden.

Orchestra—"Cinquantaine"... ..*Gabriel Marie*.  
Address... ..Judge J. H. Hawthorne.

Orchestra—"Estudiantina"... ..*Waldteufel*.

## Declamation Contest.

One of the most pleasing occasions of the year was the eighth annual Declamation Contest, held the evening of June 4th. The declamations were of unusual excellence. Miss Edith Hawes, the winner of the contest, rose to the dramatic possibilities which "Hagar" presents, and held her audience with her power. Miss Bunce gave a powerful portrayal of the famous scene from "The Spanish Gypsy." Her voice-control and gestures were admirable. Special credit is also due Miss Corbin and Miss Hodges for their interpretation of difficult selections.

### PROGRAMME.

F. C. B. March... ..*Raymond*.  
High School Orchestra.

Declamation:  
A selection from "The Spanish Gypsy"... ..*George Eliot*.  
Miss Genevieve Bunce.

Declamation:  
A selection from "Judith"... ..*Arnold*.  
Miss Margaret Corbin.

Intermezzo... ..*Gregg*.  
High School Orchestra.

Declamation:  
"The Fiddle Told"... ..*Franklin*.  
Miss Lois Hodges.

Declamation:  
"Hagar"... ..*Nichols*.  
Miss Edith Hawes.

"Upon the Sea," waltz... ..*Alvarado*.  
High School Orchestra.

Address: Dr. James Naismith, Director of Physical Culture, Kansas University.  
Presentation of Cups, Medals, etc., to winners of Athletic Events.

Presentation of W. C. T. U. prize... ..  
Mrs. L. O. Middleton.

Presentation of Medals, for best examination in American History... ..  
Mrs. Hunter Meriwether.

Presentation of Prize for best Declamation.

The W. C. T. U. presented William Young with the \$10-prize for the best essay on "What I Know of Injuries Resulting in the Use of Tobacco by High School Boys." The Elizabethan Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution presented their prize to

Helen Degen, who passed the highest examination in American history. Professor Underwood presented the prizes for the best HERALD covers to Joseph Guthrie for the Mid-year number, and to Lyle Wells for the Annual.

The address of Dr. James Naismith was of great interest. Dr. Naismith has been a leader in this country for clean athletics, and his sane ideas on physical culture have done much to keep the athletics of the West on a high plane. He would not eliminate competition, but would free contests of all bitterness and unsportsmanlike tactics.

### Manual Training as a School Study.

"Of what value to the high school student is manual training?" is a question often asked by the people at large.

Possibly the most serious criticism of the work of the high school is that it does not prepare the graduate to meet the demands made by the business world.

The pupil has a store of knowledge which he does not know how to apply; he has ideas, but they have no connection with actual practice.

It is the office of manual training to fill in this gap, and thus follow the thought by a complete piece of work.

During the construction of any piece of work, conditions and demands are constant<sup>1</sup> changing, and the student is called upon, of necessity, to create new means to meet them.

The logical process followed in creating skill along this line makes manual training rise to the level of scientific or mathematical studies as a means of intellectual development.

The new Westport High School is fitted for industrial training with the best of equipment. In the wood-turning room are twenty-eight five-foot motor head lathes of one-half horse-power, each with eight different speeds; one thirty-six-inch band saw, with a direct connected motor; and a grindstone and emery wheel, also electrically driven.

There are twenty-six pattern-maker's benches, with a full set of tools for each

bench and lathe; a steam-heated glue-pot, and a Fox wood-trimmer.

The wires for all the motors are brought to the machines through conduits under the cement floor.

The wood-turning course consists of work between centers, face-plate work, chucking, in which cylinders, cones, rosettes, picture frames, trays, goblets, boxes, napkin rings, etc., are made.

A course in pattern-making follows, in which common patterns, split-patterns, and core-box work is done.

The subject of draft, filleting, shrinkage of iron, and finishing of the casting are emphasized in this connection.

### The Planaria.

The planaria is one of the flatworms, and, as its name implies, is of a flat leaf-like form, usually less than one inch in length. They are found in the day time in fresh water, usually on the under side of stones and leaves. In the dull twilight they are the most active, coming out in search of food. Although they are harmless and easily found, few people realize what a wonderful power they have—*i. e.*, the power of regeneration.

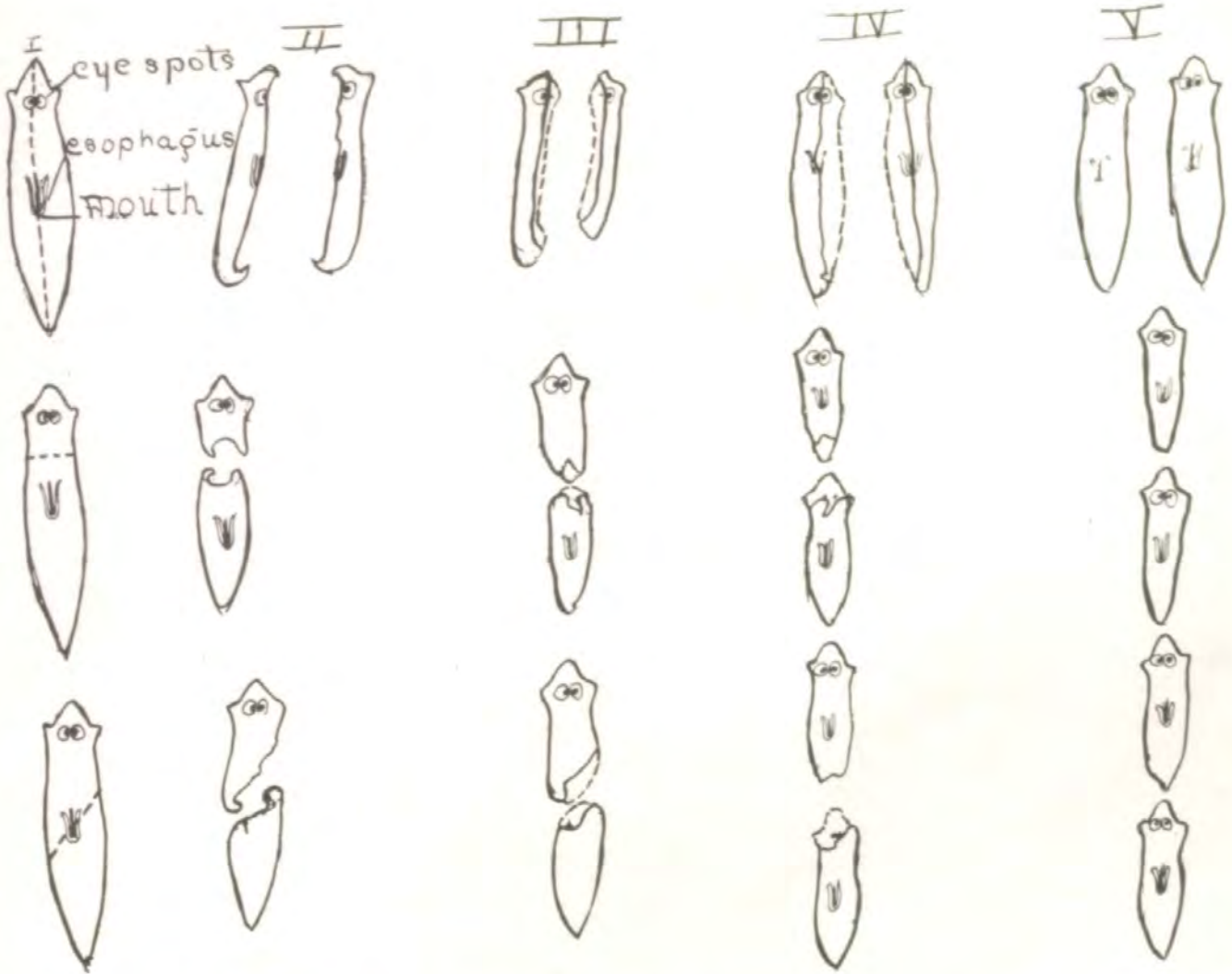
Regeneration is the power to replace parts of the body lost through injury. One instance is recorded where a planaria was cut into thirty pieces, and each piece lived to form a complete worm.

The above figures were taken from an experiment performed in the zoology class. The planaria were cut and placed in separate jars, where the development was carefully watched. The dotted lines in the first row of figures show the direction of the cut. The second row of figures show the worms two days later. The cut sides are drawing together. The third column shows the new material, represented by dotted lines, filling in the spaces and commencing to form the regular shape of the worm.

The last three columns show the later development. The original shape is now complete, and the œsophagus and eye spots have appeared. The last things to be completed are the nervous system and the food tube.

Scientists have formed many theories as to the explanations of regeneration. As yet





it remains a mystery, as no theory has proved satisfactory to all. The worm did not form new material, for it was not given food, and some parts did not even have a mouth. The old material remodeled itself into the missing part.

It would be a wonderful thing if a human

being could grow a new limb after losing one. It would be more wonderful if the lost limb should develop into a human being. Is it not then still more wonderful that an animal far below man can accomplish what a man can not?

*Virginia Siegel, '10.*



# The Winning Debating Teams.



ARTHUR HENRY HAYUM.



SIDNEY L. ALTSCHULER.



H. ELMO ROBINSON.

## The Team that defeated Omaha.



GEORGE W. MEYER.



BOLAND H. CRAWFORD.



LEON RUPERT HARKINS.

## The Team that defeated Des Moines.

# The Winners.



GEORGE D. HULL,  
*Winner in Competitive Examination for Appointment to United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.*



EDITH B. HAWES,  
*Winner of Declamation Contest.*



JOSEPH W. GUTHRIE,  
*Winner of Mid-Year Herald Cover Prize.*



HELEN DEGEN,  
*Winner of American History Prize, Elizabeth Benton Chapter D. A. R.*



MARGATET HAMILTON,  
*Winner of Essay Prize on "The Santa Fé Trail," Kansas City Chapter D. A. R.*



WILLIAM M. YOUNG,  
*Winner of W. C. T. U. Prize.*



ANNA LYLE WELLES,  
*Winner of Annual Herald Cover Prize.*

## The Triangular League Debate.

The excellent start which Westport got in debating by receiving defeat last year at the hands of both Omaha and Des Moines teams, resulted in a great victory this year. This year Westport won both debates.

The plan of debate is that the affirmative team of each city remains at home and the negative team goes away. On March 19th of this year an affirmative Westport team debated Des Moines at Westport, and on the same evening a negative team debated at Omaha.

The question was: "*Resolved: That laws should be enacted providing that, in cases of personal injury to a workman arising out of and in the course of employment, his employer shall be liable for adequate compensation, and shall not set up contributory negligence or negligence of a fellow-servant as a defense.*"

Saturday, February 6, the preliminary debate was held, and the following persons were chosen: affirmative, Boland Crawford, Leon Harkins and George Meyer; negative, Sidney Altschuler, Arthur Hayum and Elmo Robinson; alternates, Clifford Hollebaugh and Benjamin McBride.

On the morning of the day of the debate, Professor Underwood called the pupils to assembly, and the visiting and home teams were presented to the school.

### DES MOINES AT WESTPORT.

The small but appreciative audience which attended the debate here was entertained, before the argument began, by a piano solo from Jerome Twichell, and was assured by a few songs from the Rooters' Club that we would

"Fight, fight, fight with all our might  
For old Westport High!"

Boland Crawford, opening the debate, outlined the plan that his colleagues would follow in presenting their arguments: first, for the abolition of the two defenses; second, for placing on the individual employer the responsibility for compensation. He maintained that the present system is unsatisfactory, unjust to labor, and corrupting to society.

Arthur Kirk, in presenting his arguments, granted the abolition of the two defenses, and centered the negative debate on the question of making the individual employer responsible.

Although many points of Leon Harkins' speech had been granted by the negative, he presented his arguments, maintaining by analysis that our industrial development had rendered both these common law defenses unjust.

Following him came Miss Luella Clark. She emphasized the disadvantages which this law would cause to the small manufacturer.

George Meyer held that the employer could prevent bankruptcy by adding the cost of compensation to his selling price, compelling the community at large to indirectly pay the cost of compensating injured workmen. He further showed, with the aid of a large placard on which statistics were printed, that the large sums now expended by the manufacturer reach, not the injured workman, but the lawyers or employers' liability insurance companies, who defend the damage suits. The expense incurred by the employer does not compensate the employee.

Frank Thone, the last speaker of the negative, advanced, as a substitute for responsibility of the individual employer, compulsory insurance, as a plan that has been tried successfully in Germany.

Miss Luella Clark made the negative rebuttal speech.

Boland Crawford then closed the debate with a summary of what had been proved by the affirmative, and gave the rebuttal speech for that side.

The decision rendered by the judges was two to one in favor of Westport.

### WESTPORT AT OMAHA.

The first day following the arrival of the debaters in Omaha was spent in pleasure, and the time for the battle was soon at hand. Hayum, Altschuler, and Robinson, the chosen team from Westport, were about to match their strength against McConnell, Larmon, and Carlson, of the Omaha High School. The former team had the negative, and the latter the affirmative of the question of employers' liability.

It was Hayum's plan to show that the proposed law was in theory against the em-

ployer, and, admitting the faults of the presenting system, to advocate a system which should provide for a sum into which both employer and employee should pay.

Robinson was to sustain Hayum's argument and point out that the employer in attempting to protect himself would cast the new encumbrance from his shoulders by raising prices or lowering wages.

It was designed that Altschuler in his turn should present a new system that he had formulated, and, using it as a basis of comparison, should point out that in every case where the existing and the proposed systems were at fault, his scheme would correct those faults.

McConnell, Hayum, Robinson, Larmon, and Altschuler all spoke forcefully in their turn. Then came the speeches in rebuttal, the speech for Westport being made by Arthur Hayum. One of the judges then came forward, and the contestants tried to look at ease as he prepared to give the decision. The first judge had voted for the negative. Stillness reigned. The second had also voted for the negative and the third likewise. Our boys were indeed joyful. The long-planned campaign was successful.

Counting all the debates that have taken place so far, Westport has received the votes of more judges than has any other school of the triangle.

### English Readings.

One of the new features of interest added this year to the English work was the class contests. In each term of work except the Senior the teacher selected and read in class some of the best essays. Then the class voted on the essay that they considered best, and the one getting the highest number of votes was read in the contest.

May 3, the fourth English classes were represented by the following pupils: Margaret Coad, Leland Hazzard, Ada May Morris, Hazel Sharrard, Hildegard Walls, Montgomery Wright, Edward Moses.

The work of the second English classes was presented May 10 by Elizabeth Constack,

Bessie Conner, Florence Cook, Eleanor Halley, Sara Hocker, Mildred Jones, Harold Lehman, John Roberts, Dorothy Taylor, Virginia Berand.

The papers selected from second Rhetoric classes were read by the following Juniors: Margaret Coburn, Veima Hale, Virginia Simpson, Alice Taylor, and Erma Waltner.

The Junior chivalry which elected only girls almost lapsed in one class where the vote resulted in a tie between Jessie Abercrombie and Granville Serrette.

May 24th the programme was all given by boys. Andrew Bennett and Norton Thayer represented the third English and Jack Malcolmson and Stuart Updegraff the fifth English classes.

### Campus Clippings.

Mabel Eggleston, '05, was one of the first members of the Class of 1909 elected to the honorary fraternity,  $\Phi BK$ , at Kansas State University.

Lucas Campbell, '06, won the prize in oratory at Warrensburg Normal.

Anna K. Sash, '01, has returned to her old haunts, and is now teaching Latin here.

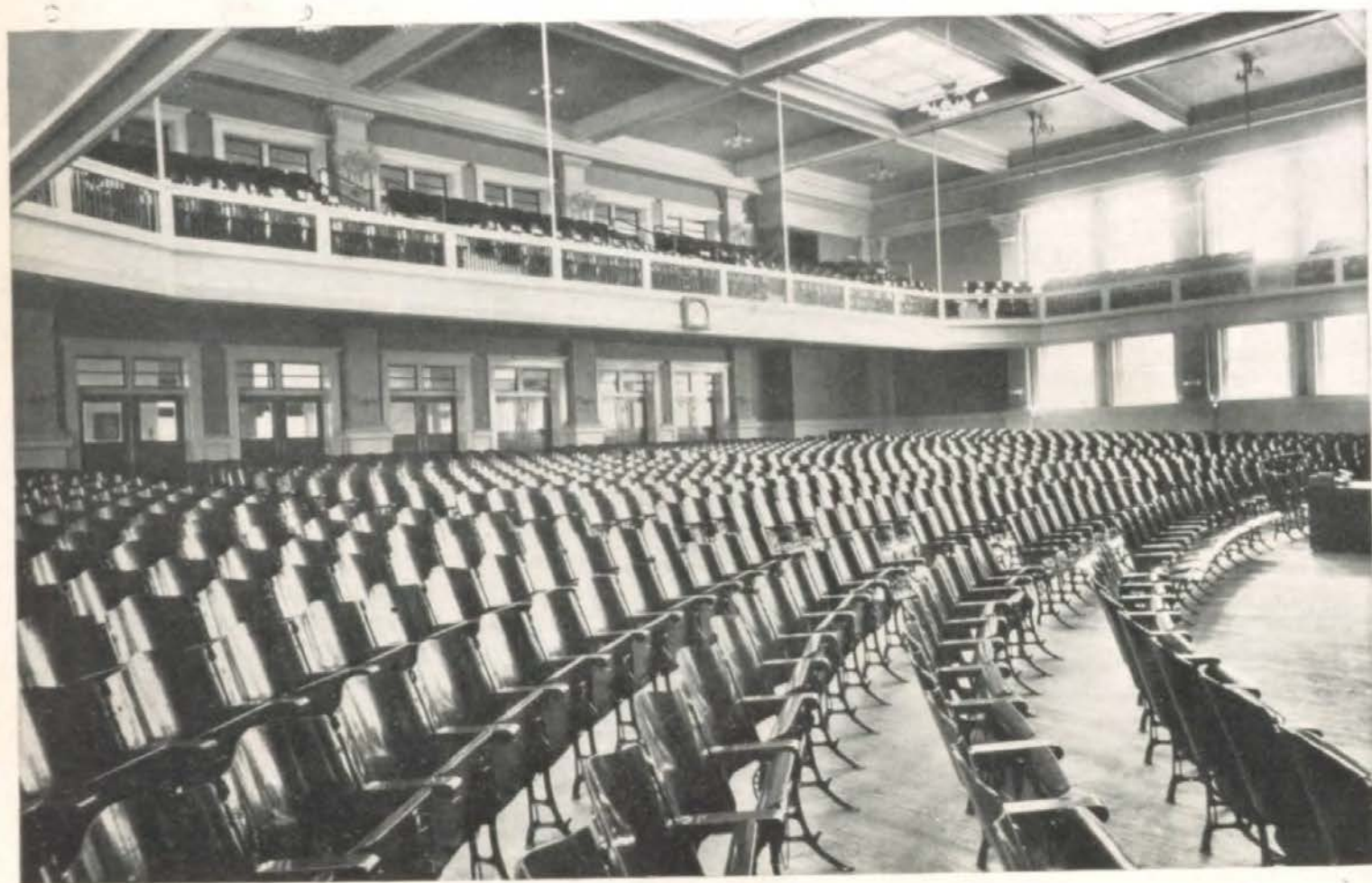
Herbert Underwood, '03, now at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., is making a fine record for himself at that institution.

A number of boys from Westport High School are in attendance at Harvard University, two of whom give an especially good account of themselves for the current year: David B. Childs, '05, and George A. Underwood, '01; each being awarded a \$300 cash scholarship for the coming year.

The talents which Leslie Hohman, '08, showed in the Round Table Club soon asserted themselves at Missouri State University. As the result of the successful out-door presentation of "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," which he managed, he has been asked to organize a dramatic club. He has also been appointed assistant laboratory instructor at the University Summer School; an unusual honor for a Freshman.



THE STAGE.



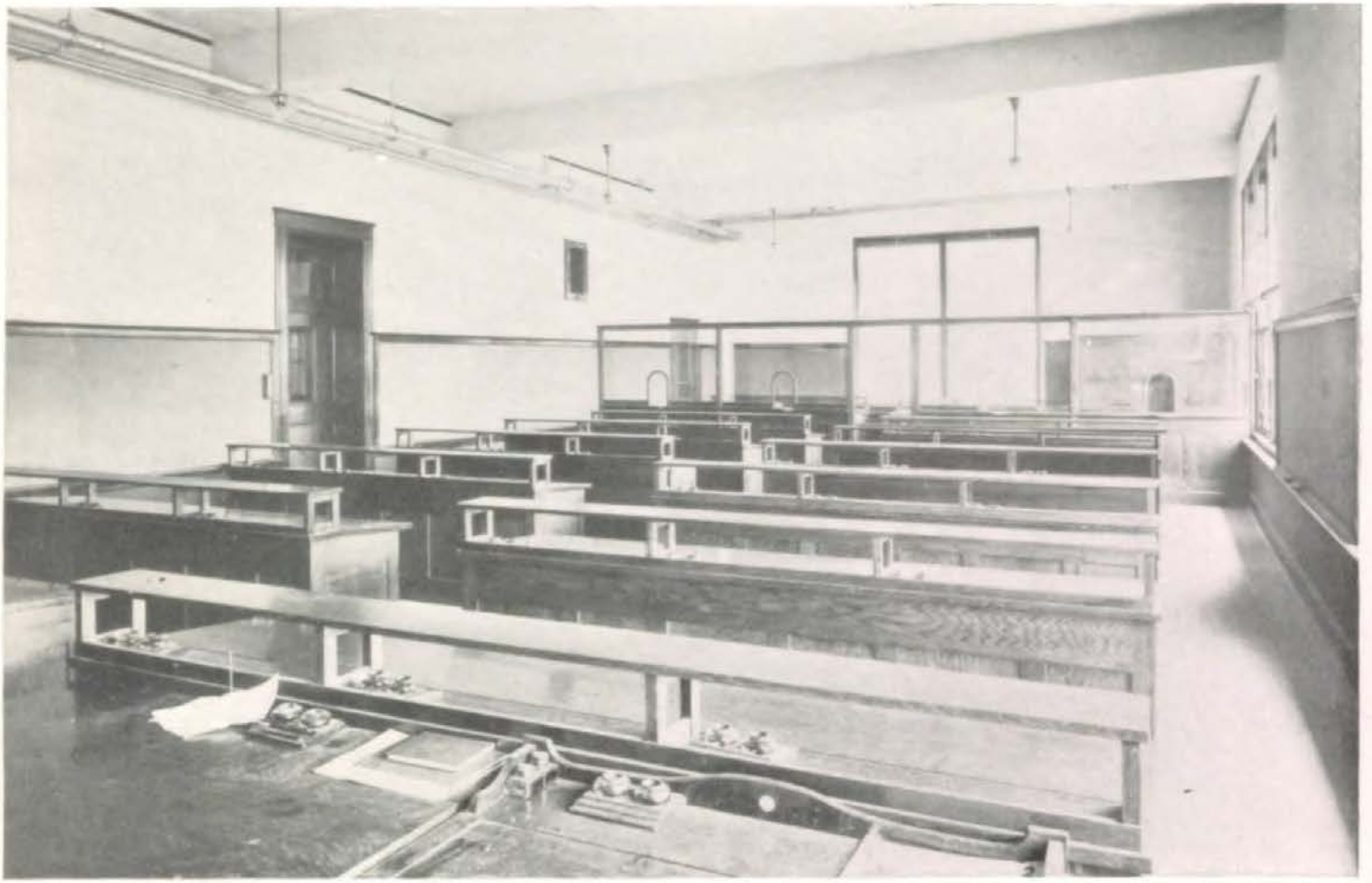
THE AUDITORIUM.



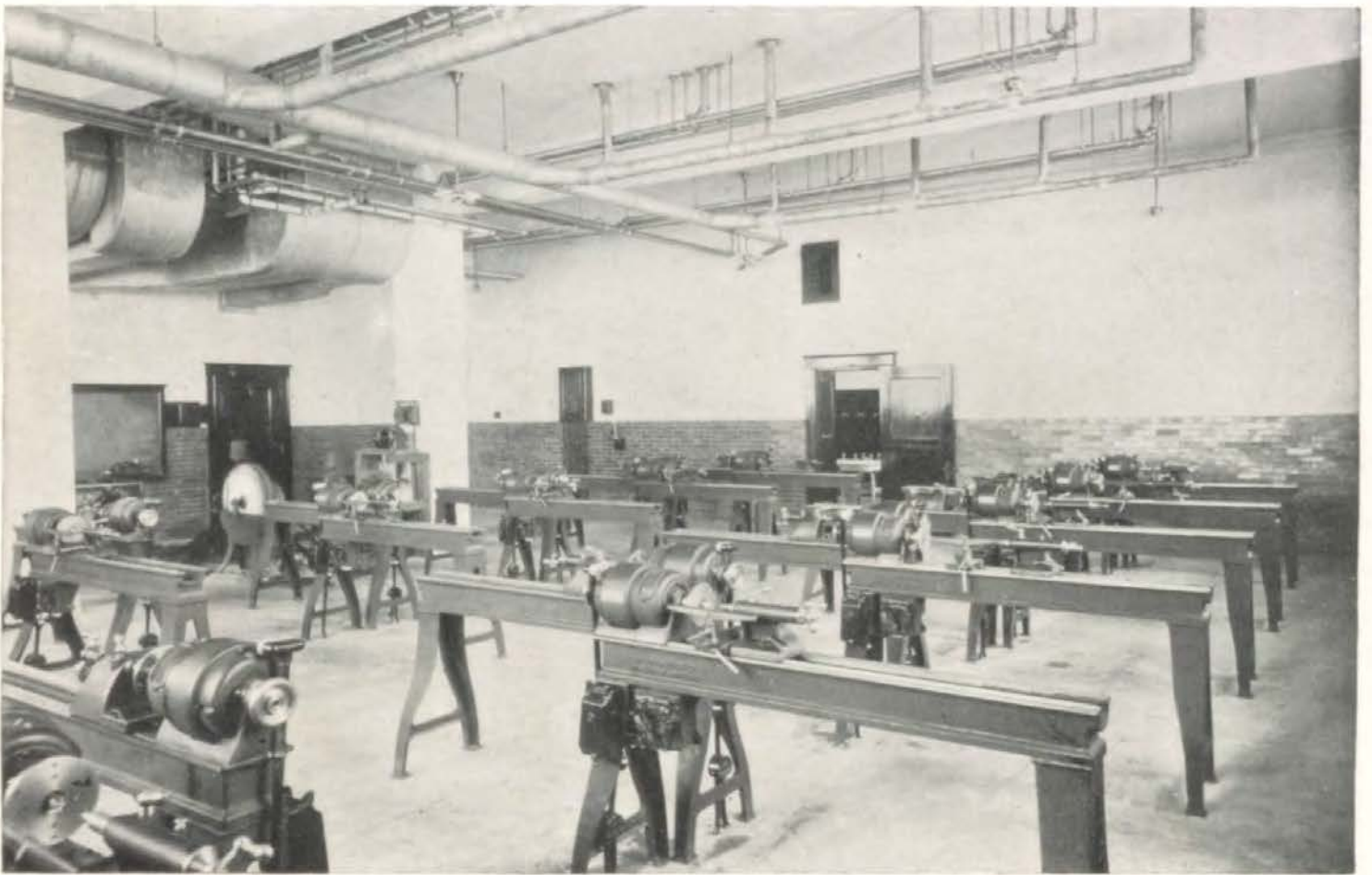
A CORNER IN THE LUNCH-ROOM.



THE PHYSICS LABORATORY.



BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

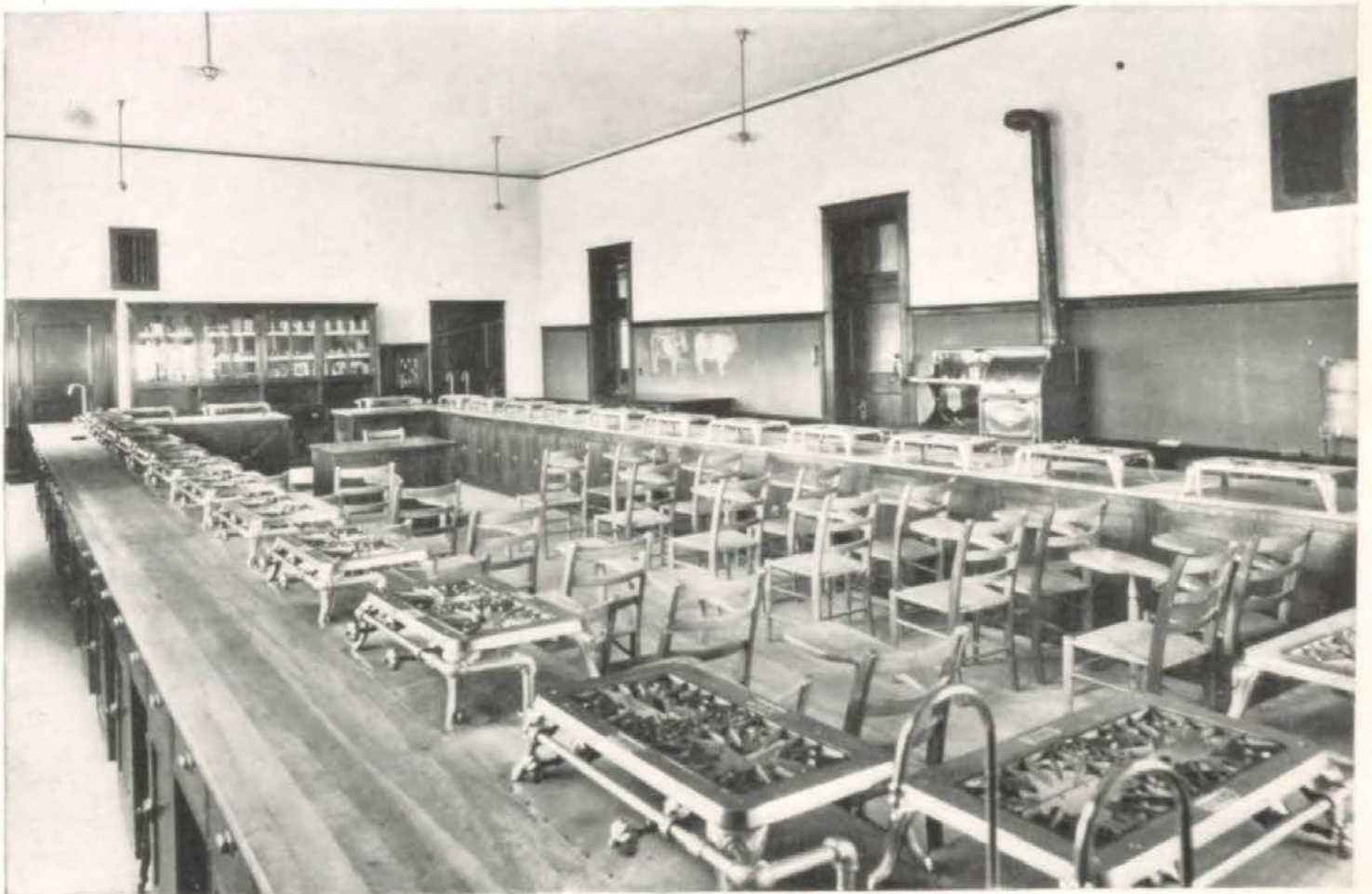


ELECTRIC LATHES IN WOODTURNING DEPARTMENT.





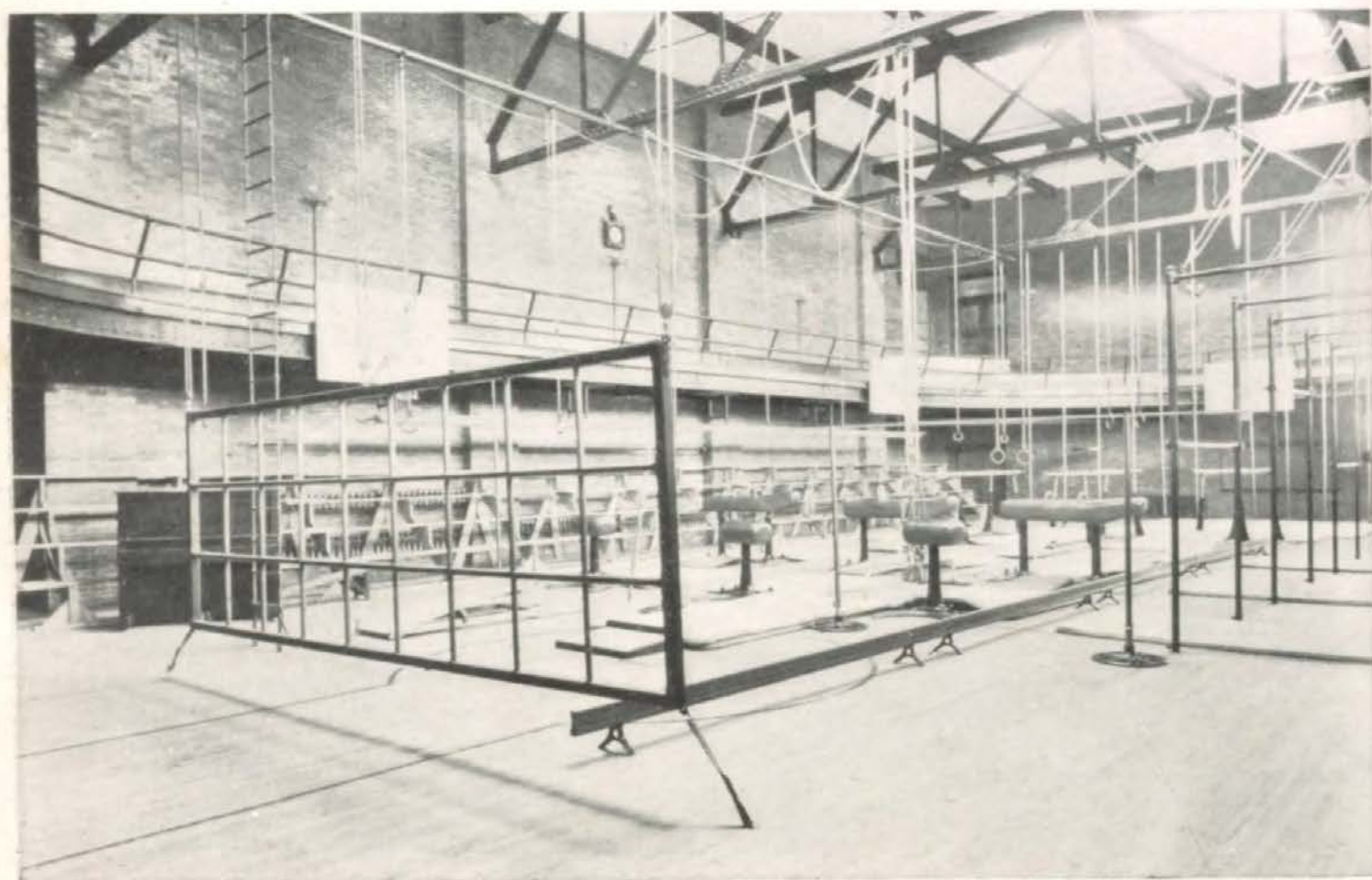
ART ROOMS.



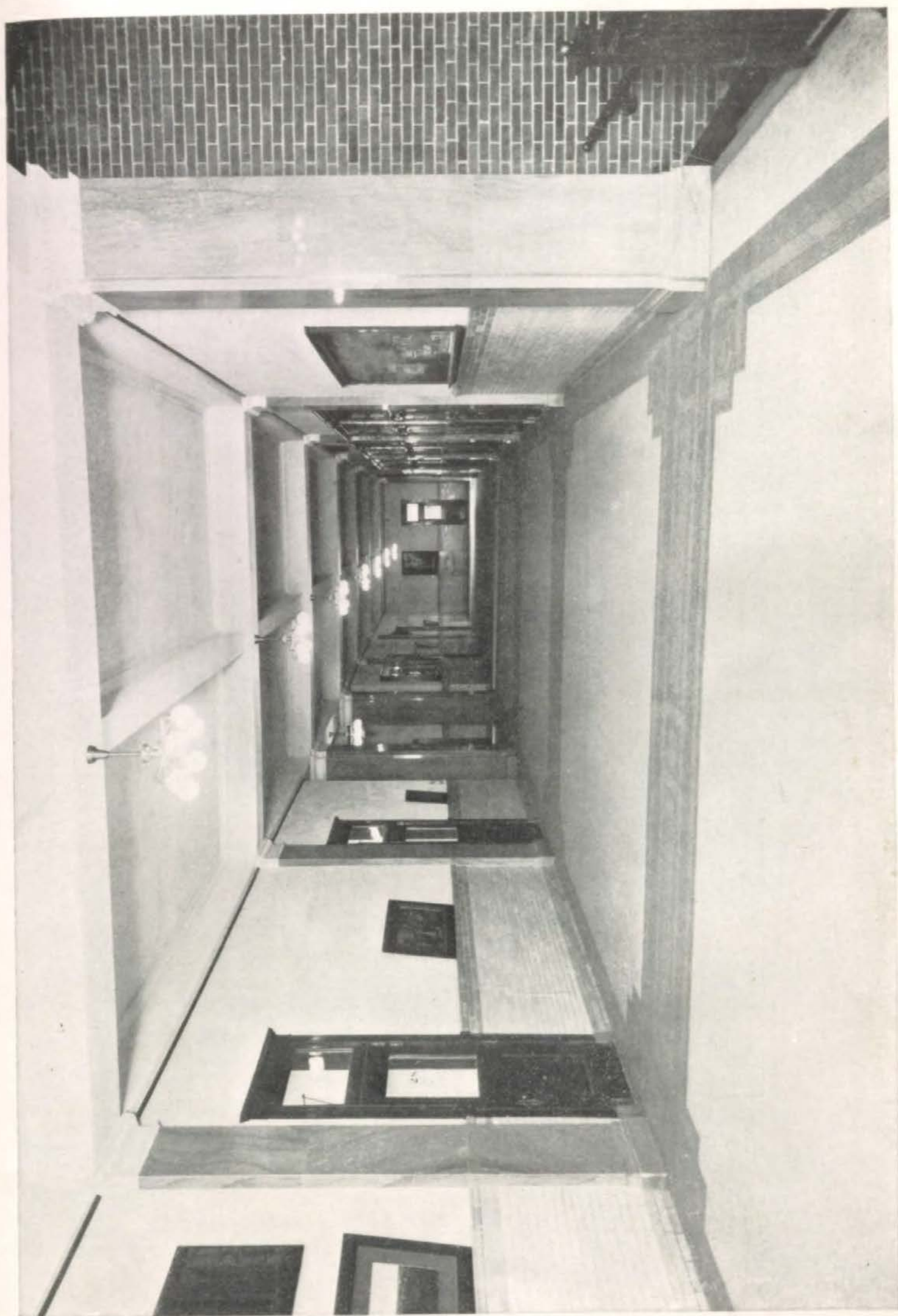
DOMESTIC SCIENCE.



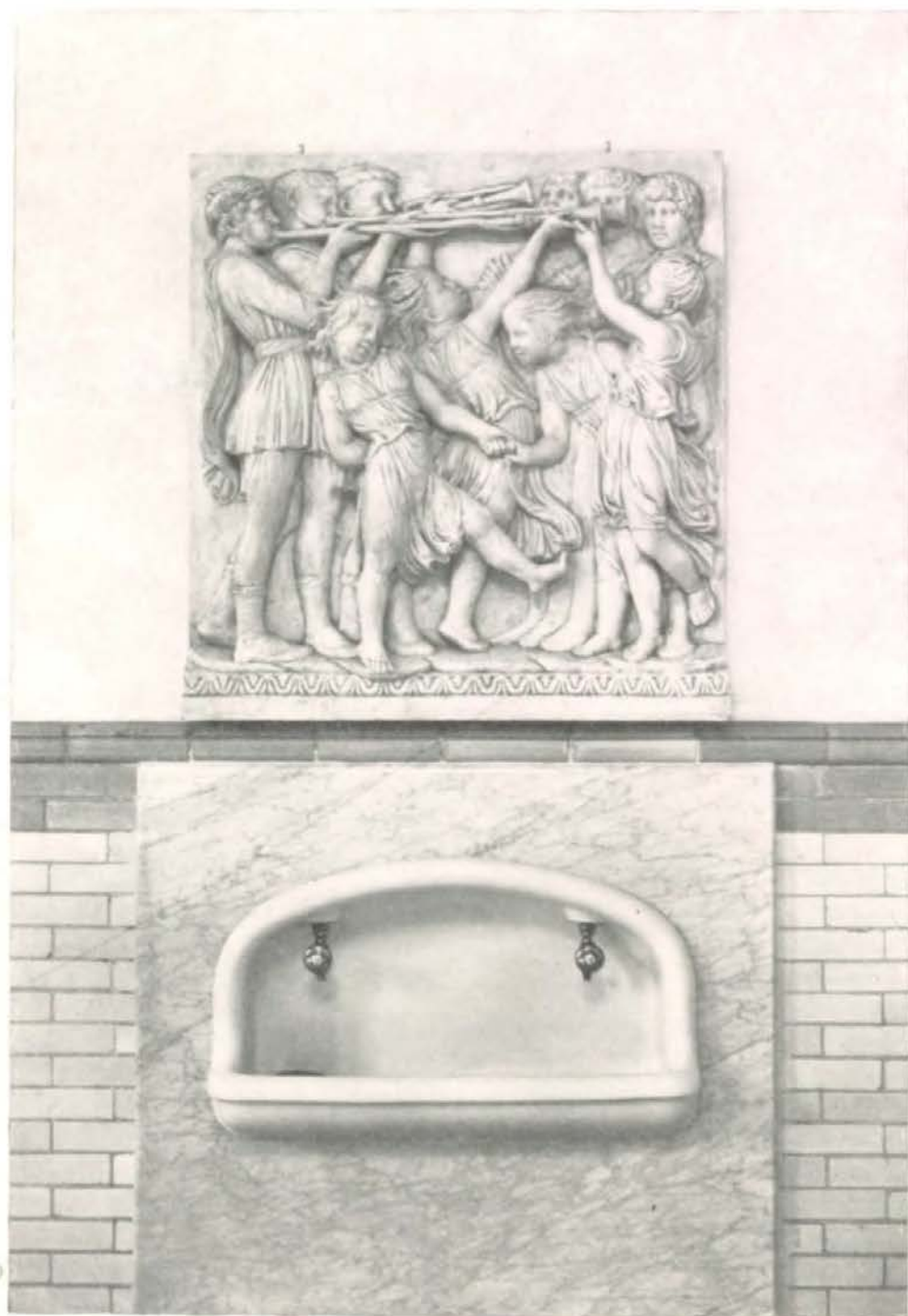
THE JOINERY ROOM.



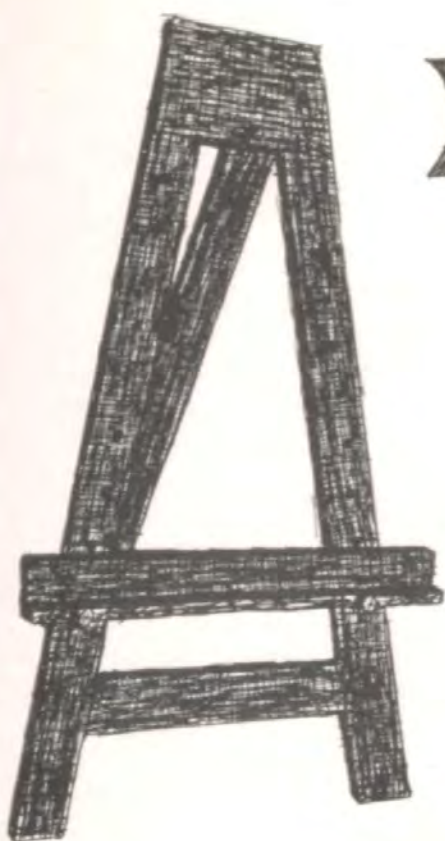
THE GYMNASIUM.



THE NORTH CORRIDOR.



THE FOUNTAIN.



## The Herald Cover Design.

Professor E. A. Huppert, supervisor of drawing, and Mr. Harry Wood, chief artist on the *Kansas City Star*, acted as judges in choosing the cover for the Commencement number of *THE HERALD*, for which an annual prize of \$10 in gold is given. Over thirty designs, in color, by pupils in the Drawing and Design Classes, were submitted. Among these were found an unusually large number of excellent designs. After careful consideration, the judges selected the very unique and original cover, by Miss Lyle Wells, which consists of the word "HERALD" and the monogram "W. H. S." woven together into a large, solid, and simple unit, that is striking and effective. The very interesting and well-executed designs by the following pupils received honorable mention:

Leila Anthony,  
Hazel Best,  
Celeste Horton,  
Della York,  
B. Shelton Wilhite,

Clara Brook,  
Flora Melton,  
Rodney Irwin,  
Gera'dine German,  
Helen Spotts.

## Freehand Drawing.

In Freehand Drawing is included charcoal, pen and ink, and wash drawing, and water-color painting. We have had excellent models for study this year, and as the pupils have been earnest and the teacher has been patient and very helpful, much good work has been done.

Two charcoal drawings are chosen each year, to be framed and hung in our permanent collection of the best work of the pupils in drawing. The highest honor for the year 1909 was awarded to Miss May Chace, for the well-proportioned and delicately modeled drawing, the size of the original cast, of the fine head of *Giuliano de Medici*, by Michael Angelo. The second honor was given to Miss Madeline Archer, for her strong and well-understood charcoal drawing of the head of a man, in profile, life size.

Honorable mention was awarded the excellent studies from models and life, in charcoal and pencil, and water color paintings from nature (flowers, fruit, etc.), by the following pupils:

Helen Sea,	Francis Maxwell,
Christine Spencer,	Isabel Hull,
Thomas B. Root,	Helen Comstock,
	William Young.



## Our New Pictures.

If there was anything lacking to make Westport High School seem complete, it has been accomplished by purchasing forty-nine beautiful pictures from Berlin that are now decorating the walls. Twenty-four of these are reproductions of celebrated masterpieces:

	School.	Gallery.
Portrait of a Man with a Carnation (Van Eyck).....	Flemish	Berlin
Lady and Gentleman Drinking Wine (Jan Van Der Meer Van Delft) ...	Dutch	Berlin
The Artist's Daughter (Der Vos).....	Flemish	Berlin
Portrait of a Child of the Artist (Rubens) .....	Flemish	Berlin
Lady with a Pearl Necklace (Jan Van Der Meer Van Delft).....	Dutch	Berlin
Portrait of a Young Roman Woman (Piombo).....	Venetian	Berlin
Nurse with Child (Franz Hals).....	Dutch	Berlin
Portrait of a Man (Giorgione).....	Venetian	Berlin
The Concert (Ter Borch).....	Dutch	Berlin
The Man with Golden Helmet (Rembrandt).....	Dutch	Berlin
The Artist's Daughter Lavinia (Titian).....	Venetian	Berlin

	School.	Art Gallery.
A Dutch Living - Room (Pieter de Hooch).....	Dutch	Berlin
Portrait of the Merchant Geo. Gisse Holbein).....	German	Berlin
Saskia Von Nylenburg (Rembrandt).....	Dutch	Cassel
Portrait of Himself (Rembrandt) ...	Dutch	London
Portrait of Hieronymus (Dürer)....	German	Berlin
Portrait of the Daughter of Robert Strozzi (Titian) .....	Venetian.	Berlin
Virgin and Child (Raphael) .....	Roman	Dresden
Singing Angels (Van Eyck).....	Flemish	Berlin
Playing Angels (Van Eyck).....	Flemish	Berlin
The Infant Christ with St. John and Angels (Rubens).....	Flemish	Berlin
Madonna and Child with Angels (Botticelli).....	Florentine	Berlin
Madonna Adoring the Child (Fra Lippi).....	Florentine	Berlin
Madonna and Child with Singing Angels (Botticelli).....	Florentine	Berlin

These masterpieces represent some of the finest and most celebrated paintings. The Dutch and Flemish artists are largely repre-

sented in our collection. The Dutch people from earliest times have combined, with a noble spirit of independence, a strong inclination to wise self-restraint and happiness in the calm life of domestic comfort and plenty.

This character trait of the race goes also as a keynote through the whole literature and poetry of the people and gives to the art of the Netherlands as well its fundamental character.



As in their literature "Reineke Fuchs," the great animal epos, is the outcome of their indelible bent for Nature's pleasures and still-life, so in their art it is the painting of *genre* which is the result of these traits.

The other pictures are:

	<i>School.</i>	<i>Art Gallery.</i>
Reading from Homer (Alma-Tadema) . . .	Modern	
Captive Andromache (Leighton) . . . . .	English	
Blue Boy (Gainsborough) . . . . .	English	London
The Wind Mill (Ruisdael) . . . . .	Dutch	
Sistine Madonna (Raphael) . . . . .	Roman	Dresden
Dante and Beatrice (Holliday) . . . . .	Modern	Walker, Liverpool
Magician's Doorway (Riviere) . . . . .	Modern	Berlin
Moses (Michael Angelo) . . . . .	Florentine.	Berlin
Caught Out; Gale Coming (Henry) . . . . .	Modern	
William of Orange (Van Dyck) . . . . .	Flemish	St. Petersburg
The Breakers (Brieghel) . . . . .		
Winter in Seefeld (Palmie) . . . . .		

	<i>School.</i>	<i>Art Gallery.</i>
Winter Night in Lithuania (Kowalski) . . .	Polish	Berlin
Elaine (Strudwick) . . . . .	Pre-Raphaelite	London.
Returning Fishermen (Maris) . . . . .		

The picture that seems a general favorite among the pupils is the "Reading from Homer," by Alma-Tadema, the famous Dutchman, who has called to life amid the London fog (for England is his home) the spirit-life of Pompeii and Herculaneum. As Bulwer Lytton, in the field of literature, created a picture of ancient civilization so successfully that it has not been surpassed by his followers, Alma-Tadema has solved the problem of antique manners in the most authentic fashion in the province of painting. He has peopled the past, rebuilt its towns, refurnished its houses, and rekindled the flame upon the sacrificial altar. Alma-Tadema takes us in his company and, like the best-informed guide, leads us through the streets of ancient Egypt, Athens, and Rome. This power Alma-Tadema owes, in the first place, to his great archæological learning.

Standing before this picture, we can imagine the days when Greece had reached the very pinnacle of greatness and culture; a



group of the *élite* of Athens meet in a recess of one of those magnificent temples overlooking the harbor Zea to listen to a reading from Homer by a lauded elocutionist.

The day is fair, the bay is as calm as a mirror's face, and the solid blocks of polished marble suggest coolness and repose. What could be more attractive to an appreciative,

educated, intelligent audience than just such a treat! Two of the hearers are lovers, all patrician, with but one solitary attendant; the reader, a model of inspiration, recites from their great epic poem.

Alma-Tadema is renowned for his marble, and in this painting especially his marble

Academy, is said to have reached the pinnacle of his fame in this picture, which was completed in 1888. It is the quintessence of what he aimed at in his art: dignity of style, noble composition, and purity of lines.

The background is the court of an ancient palace, where female slaves are gathered, fetch-



shines, his bronze gleams, and everything is harmonized with the green of cypresses and delicate rose color of the oleander blossoms.

The pictures pertaining to literature are "Beatrice and Dante" and "Elaine."

Of great interest especially to all the students of ancient history has been Leighton's "The Captive Andromache."

Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal

Academy, is said to have reached the pinnacle of his fame in this picture, which was completed in 1888. It is the quintessence of what he aimed at in his art: dignity of style, noble composition, and purity of lines. The background is the court of an ancient palace, where female slaves are gathered, fetching water. In the center of the stage, as the leading figure, stands Andromache, who has placed her pitcher on the ground before her, and waits with dignity until the slaves have finished their work. The business of water-drawing has given Leighton an opportunity for combining an assemblage of beautiful poses. The widow of Hector expresses a queenly sorrow with decorum.



Among the collection are three beautiful sea pictures, "Fishermen's Return," "Breakers," and "Caught Out—Gale Coming."

Perhaps no single picture of Gainsborough's has been the subject of so great a diversity of criticism as the so-called "Blue Boy," the portrait of Master Jonathan Buttall. The date of the picture has been much discussed, but it seems probable that it was painted in 1779, although some critics place it as early as 1770. From the first Gainsborough had shown a marked predilection for the use of blue in his portraits. Jonathan Buttall, the original of the celebrated "Blue Boy," is painted clad in a blue satin coat and knee breeches and standing bareheaded in the open air. He holds his plumed beaver hat in his right hand. The background is rich in color, representing a dark landscape with a stormy sky. It has



been said that this picture was painted in refutation of Sir Joshua Reynolds' statement: "The masses of light in the picture ought to be

always of a warm, mellow color, yellow, red, or a yellowish white; and the blue, the gray, or green colors should be kept almost entirely out



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of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colors, and for this purpose a small proportion of cold colors will be sufficient."

The critics agree that the "Blue Boy" is, of all Gainsborough's pictures, that in which genius, labor, and developed skill meet in most balanced harmony. The face is full of life and sweet attractiveness, and is, at the same time, thoroughly modeled. The color is rich and mellow.

There are three versions of this picture, but the one belonging to the Duke of Westminster is held by the most competent critics to be the original "Blue Boy."

Space must be left to mention the four *bas-reliefs*—perhaps the only copies in this city—of originals found in the Singing Gallery of Florence, Italy, the work of Luca della Robbia. The feature which has made these renowned is the life and motion portrayed in them.

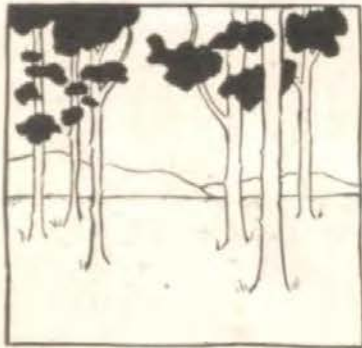


Cuts Reproduced from photogravures by the Berlin Photographic Company, New York.

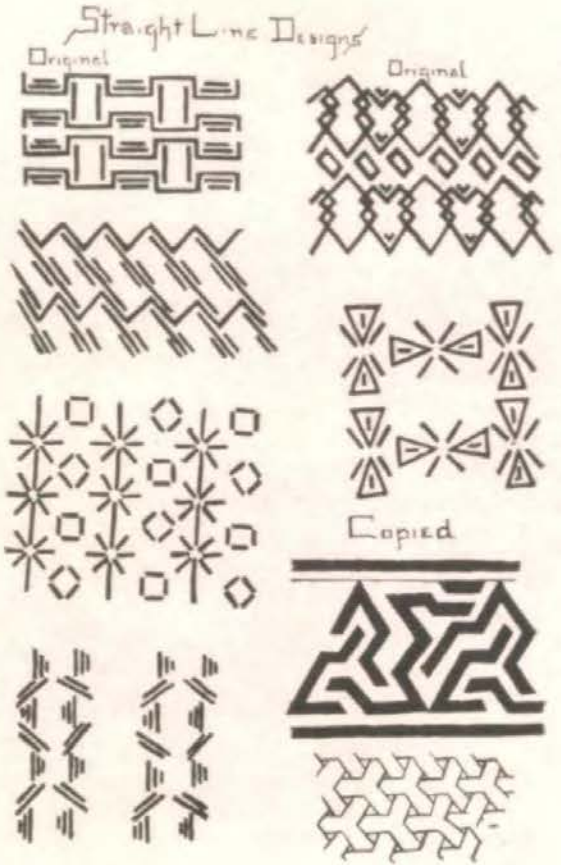


# WORK of the DESIGN CLASS

## LANDSCAPE COMPOSITION



GERALDINE GERMAN.



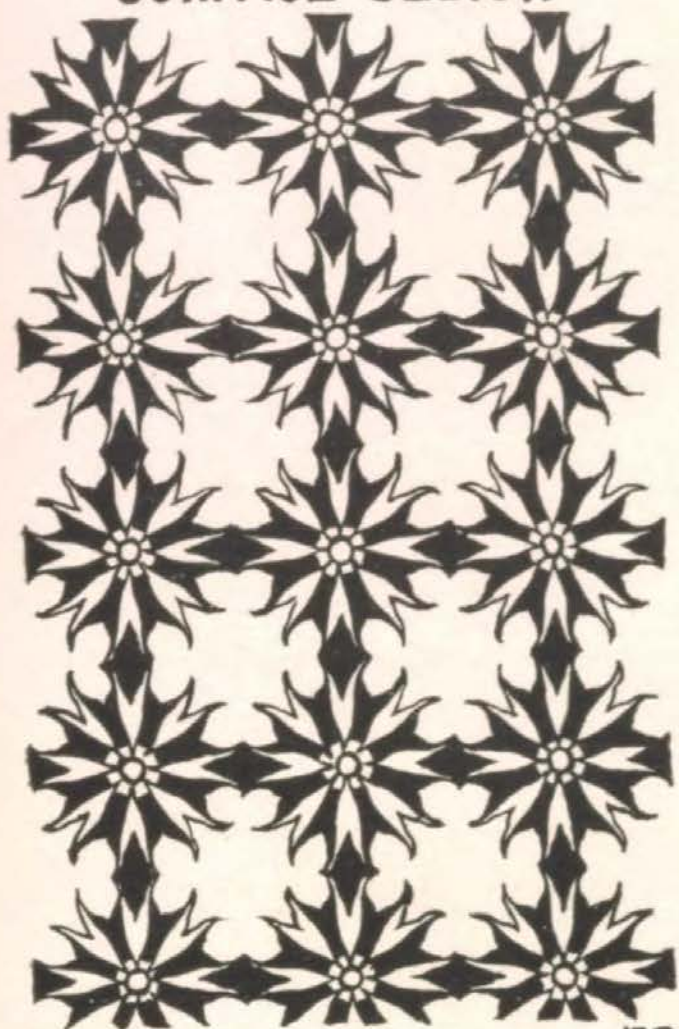
## FLOWER COMPOSITION



LM FREED



**SURFACE DESIGN**

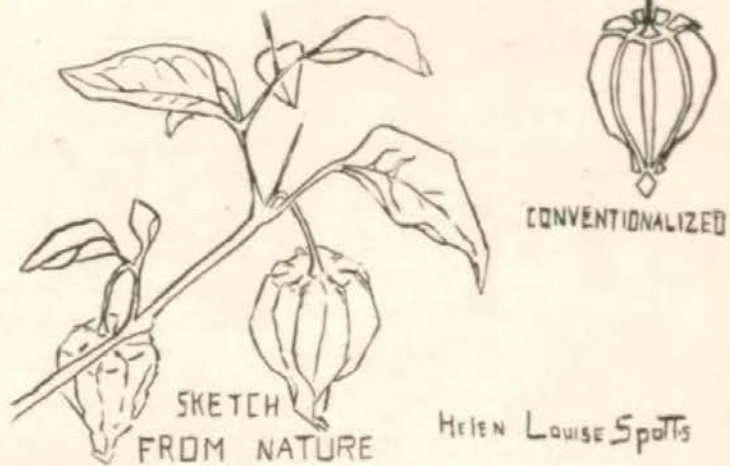
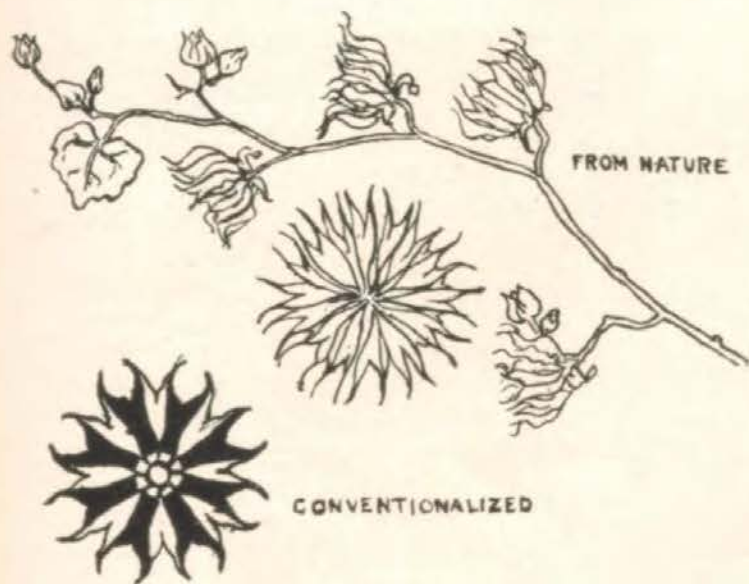


EC

**SURFACE DESIGN**



HELEN LOUISE SPOTTS



Helen Louise Spotts



Madeline Archer.

### Orchestra.

Director: François Boucher.  
 Accompanist: Miss Elsie Warren.  
 Violins: Mr. Hallie Cederland.  
 Miss Hazel Harrison. Miss Jeanne Tyner.  
 Mr. Genevian Smith. Mr. Paul Goodwin.  
 Mr. Louis Rosebaum. Mr. William Young.  
 Mr. Timothy Bradley. Miss Florence Cook.  
 Mr. Russell Batefuhr. Mr. Emil Chaquetta.  
 Clarinet: Mr. Luther Bradley.  
 Cornet: Mr. Frank Henderson.

Westport High School is indeed very proud of its orchestra. Never before has the orchestra made such a great success of its work as it has this winter. It is needless to say that a great deal of its success is due to the wonderful and inspiring training it has received from its leader, François Boucher. The orchestra played at the Christmas, Senior, Clionian and Round Table Plays, Faculty's Reception, Declamation Contest and Commencement. With much regret did the orchestra lose three of its very best performers, William Kintz, Walter Metcalf, and Harry Frank.

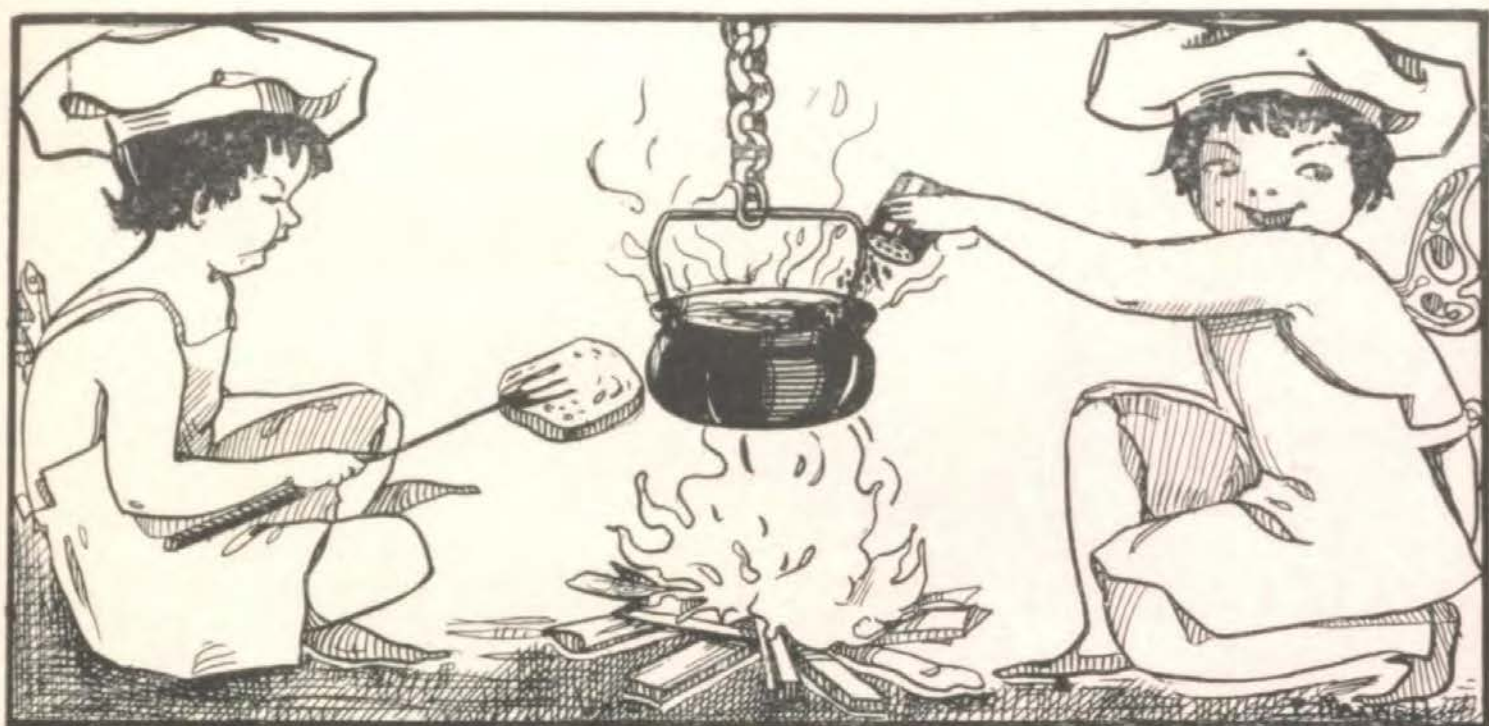
### Chorus.

The pupils of Westport, as well as their parents and many visitors, have enjoyed the

musical treats offered to them at various times during the winter by the Girls' Carol Club and the Boys' Glee Club, both organizations together forming a chorus of fifty voices. Westport has had for many years a chorus conducted by Mrs. Hedges, but never before has such splendid work been achieved. Much of the success is due to the fact that there are an unusually large number of fine tenor voices, also a number of good basses. This, together with the great advantage that they are all good readers of music, has made the work a great success and has enabled them to attempt many ambitious numbers. Besides having sung in the assembly several times, the chorus sang at the Christmas Play, the State Teachers' Association and the School's Reception. All the guests were charmed with the programme rendered on the evening of the reception, especially the solo, "The Two Grenadiers," by Reid Hillyard, and the trio, "Smile, Sing, Slumber," sung by three Seniors: Agnes Strube, Julia McCoy, Helen Hayden. Both of these members were enthusiastically applauded. The chorus also sang at the Teachers' Institute, and at the Methodist Episcopal Church (where Mrs. Hedges is the organist). Several very fine selections will be sung by the chorus at the Commencement exercises.



THE ORCHESTRA.



## Domestic Art and Science.

Eighty years or more ago our grandmothers considered that the highest compliment that could be paid them was to say that they were good housekeepers. Their greatest delight was in fine needle-work and in being able to set delicious meals before the many guests which the old-time hospitality brought. Since their time, however, the art and science of being good housekeepers has sadly declined until, some years ago, it was considered lowering to work in one's own kitchen, or, in fact, to work with one's own hands at all. That such a state of affairs, in a country so highly civilized as ours, was deplorable, was recognized not many years ago by a small number of broad-minded people. These few championed the cause of domestic art and science and brought before the eyes of the ignorant public the need of educating the girls of the country in the simple duties of the home. These pioneers in the elevation of the homely household tasks caused the introduction, first into the high schools, and later into the grammar schools, of the departments known as domestic art and science.

The novelty of the introduction of Cooking and Sewing into the regular school curriculum caused not a little excitement at first, but gradually parents are beginning to realize that if they wish their daughters to have good, rounded educations, they cannot afford to have them miss the advantages offered in the domestic courses. Some argue that such simple things as cooking and sewing can be learned well enough at home. They can be learned, but not in nearly so interesting and beneficial a way as under teachers who have

made special studies of their work, and with all the latest and best equipment and conveniences with which to work. The courses in three branches in Westport High School have been carefully studied so as to make of them the best offered in any school. It may be interesting to outsiders to know what is being done in the two rooms so beautifully equipped for this work in the new school.

Both the Cooking and the Sewing Department have their homes on the third floor, far above the noise and confusion of the other classes.

The Sewing-room is furnished with large mission cutting-tables and comfortable chairs. These tables are provided with drawers, one of which is assigned to each pupil for her own belongings, and which she is expected to keep in good order. Along the entire west side of the room, and directly in front of the six large windows, are ranged ten fine new sewing machines, which during class hours are kept busily humming. In front of the students' tables is a larger and higher one, behind which the energetic teachers preside, and on which is usually a display of the best work done in the various classes. Just to the side, and opening out of this room, are two smaller, one a store-room for the big hand loom and various other things, and the other the fitting-room, furnished not only with revolving fitting table, electric irons, pressing board, and display cases for the best work and for samples of the various materials under study at the time, but also with a pier-glass which is supposed to be used only upon "fitting" occasions.

This year the actual work has been the learning of the various sketches, their uses, and the making of a set of underwear. But besides this, a rather exhaustive study of cotton and flax has been taken up. The culture of the plants, their manufacture into cloths, the markets for these cloths, and the various kinds, their prices, durability, laundering properties, and the removal of stains from them, have been among the topics especially noted. Such study was very beneficial, and was aided materially by a visit which the classes took to the cotton mill in Kansas City, Kas. There the girls saw for themselves the cotton develop from the plant into the rough material. Next year it is the hope and intention of this department to enlarge its course, having another room and taking up Millinery and Dressmaking.

The Domestic Science Department has its home second door from that of the Domestic Art, and is as well equipped for its work. Around the room, in the form of a quadrangle, with a passage-way in each end, are arranged the individual desks with their two-burner stoves and sets of necessary utensils. These utensils were bought with the idea that they were to be used for individual servings only, so that each desk, with its two large drawers, a cupboard, and a stool, can contain almost all the dishes and utensils needed in the preparation of ordinary dishes. In the center of the quadrangle are the recitation chairs and the teacher's desk. At one side of the room is a fine large gas range, while at one end is a large cabinet for materials and extra dishes. This cabinet also contains the beginning of a small library of books on Household Science. Similar to the Domestic Art room, this one has two side rooms, or

small individual ovens, the other for the fine pantries; one for storing sugar, flour, and the refrigerator. The equipment for their course was somewhat late in being installed, and so retarded the actual work to some degree, but the time was well spent in the study of the science of the different foods and the principles of their preparation. The fuels, their prices and qualities, as well as the classification, principles and chemistry of the various foods, was taken up during this delay, and proved a great benefit in the later work. During the second term this lecture and recitation course has gone hand in hand with the practical work, and included at the last the planning of healthful and appetizing menus and the study of proper diets. The practical work throughout the year has been the preparation of the simple, everyday dishes, together with a few fancier ones, and serving of these in dainty, attractive forms. The entire year has been one of pleasure and benefit to all the pupils. Most of the girls are very enthusiastic over the course planned for next year, which will include personal marketing, a study of the various cuts of meat, the serving of entire meals in easy and attractive ways, and trips to the neighboring mills, packing-houses and factories.

The plan in Westport High School has been to combine the manual training and the academic courses, and it has succeeded very well. Girls who come to this school and fail to enroll in the Sewing and Cooking classes miss a great deal of pleasure and benefit.

Domestic Science:

*Margaret N. Jackson, '09.*

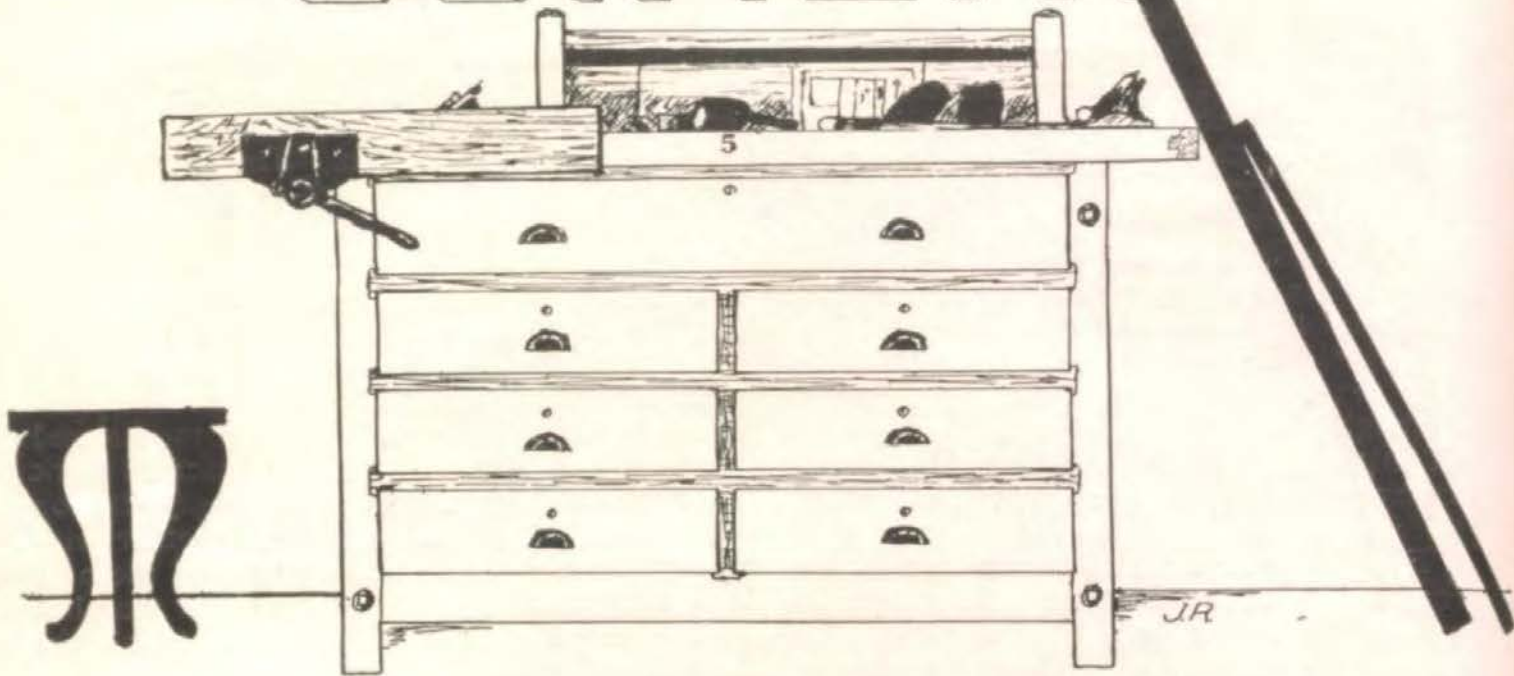
Domestic Art:

*Lucie Meinrath, '12.*

*Muriel Scurlock, '12.*



# JOINERY



The Joinery rooms are situated in the basement and consist of a large workshop, an office for the instructor, a tool-room, a stock-room, a lumber-room and a wash-room.

The shop is a large, well-lighted room, equipped with thirty work-benches, an electrically operated circular saw, grindstone, and scroll-saw, two zinc-covered benches for staining and glueing, a steam glue-heater and a bench equipped with an iron-worker's vise to be used for repairing tools. The work-benches and tools are of the latest and best patterns.

In each bench are one large drawer for bench tools and six smaller drawers for individual tools.

Three classes of tools are used: individual tools, or those used only by the pupil to whom they are assigned; bench tools, or those used by all the pupils who work at the bench where the tools are placed; and the general tools, which are kept in the tool-room or at the instructor's bench and issued to the boys by the check system.

The individual tools consist of chisels, plane bits, gimlet bits, a gouge and three brass checks to be exchanged for general tools when needed. Besides these, which are furnished by the school board, each pupil is

required to buy and keep in his individual drawer an apron, a carpenter's rule, a pocket-knife, a lead pencil, and a holder for mechanical drawings. The cost of these articles need not exceed eighty-five cents.

Saws, planes, squares, and many other smaller tools are included in a set of bench tools.

A large assortment of various fine wood-working tools is known as the general assortment.

The office is furnished with chairs, a case for the display of models, and a desk for the instructor.

In the tool-room, racks and shelves arranged a'long the walls hold the general assortment of tools.

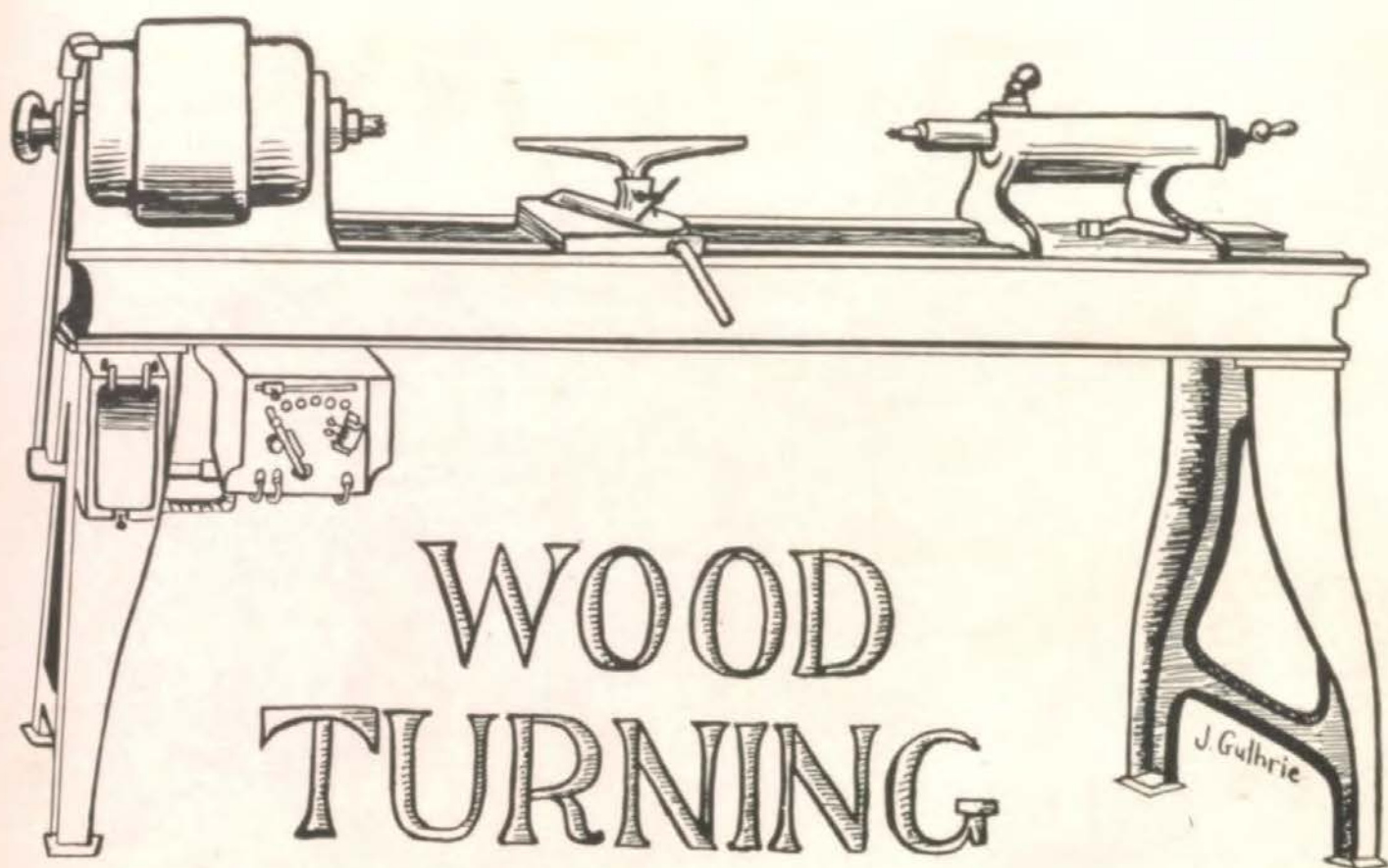
In the stock-room are shelves for unfinished articles and lumber which has been prepared for the pupil's use.

The lumber-room is large and is used for the storage of lumber as it comes from the lumber yards.

The wash-room is equipped with ten porcelain lavatories, a large mirror, and forty-four lockers.

At the beginning of the year, the boys are taught the care and use of the various tools, the names of the most common vari-





eties of wood, and the names of the most common joints.

The first part of the year is spent in making a series of the joints most commonly used. Later in the year each boy is allowed to choose some article which he desires to make, and, after making a working drawing

of the article in the mechanical drawing-room, he is given an opportunity to make it.

Among the articles made by the boys this year are taborets, tables, book and magazine racks, and many other useful pieces of furniture.

*Lewis Rex Miller.*

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE SENIOR PLAY

You shall hear how William Edward,  
 In his haste and great confusion,  
 Met with a mishap which greatly  
 Marred the pleasure of the evening;  
 How, when all was running smoothly,  
 For the heroine most lovely,  
 This young fellow, in his flurry,  
 In his wild and reckless hurry,  
 Just before the scene was over,  
 (*To be continued.*)

Just before it reached its climax,  
 Walked right briskly to the housemaid,  
 Walked up briskly, unimpeded,  
 And—but oh, that would be telling  
 That the poet can not mention!

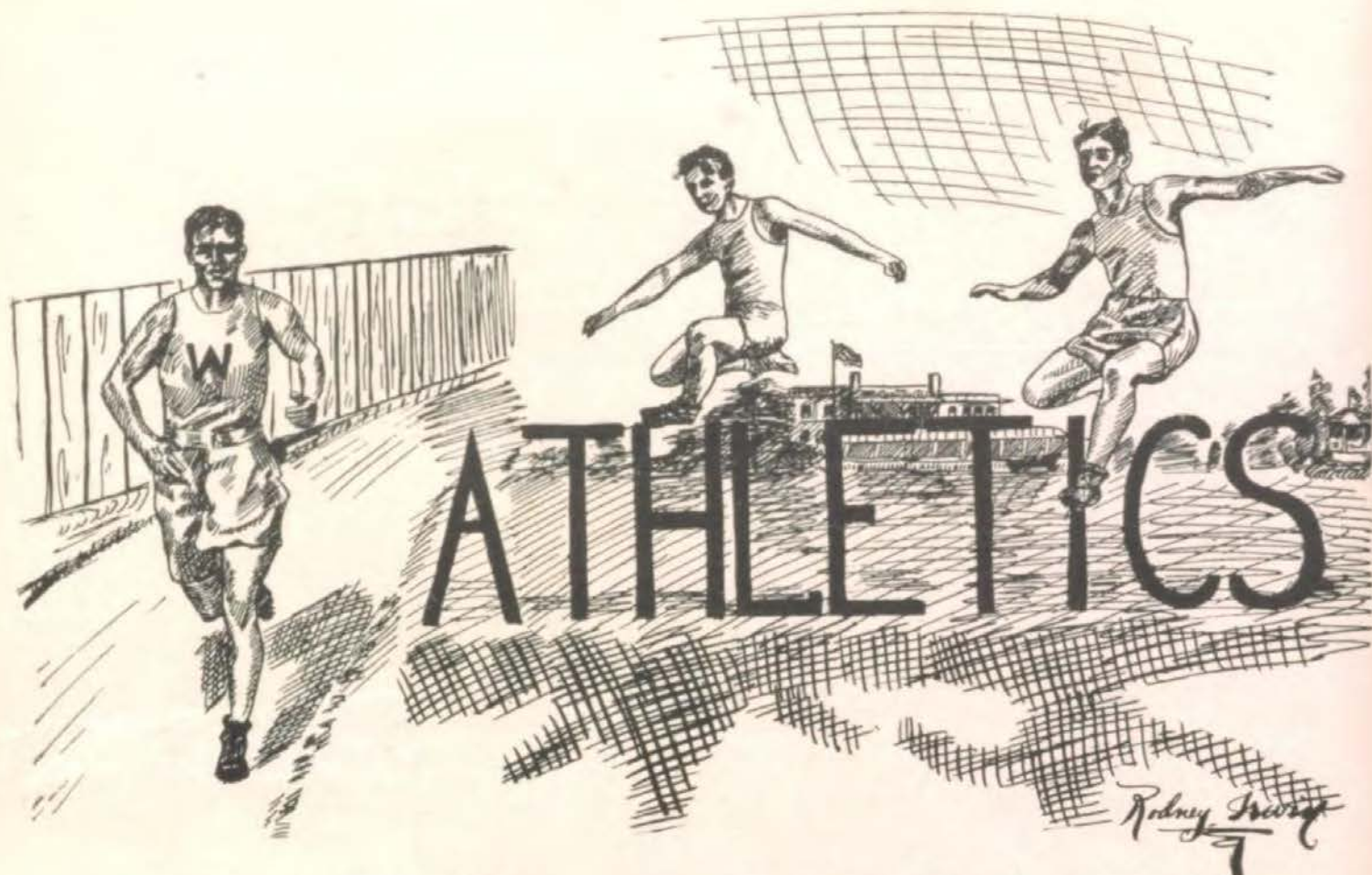
Lest this happ'ning be forgotten,  
 Lest we pass it unremembered,  
 Listen to this word of warning;  
 (*To be continued.*)

Pass it not for idle gossip.  
 To the blithe and gaysome lover,  
 (*To be continued.*)

To the mad and love-sick youngster,  
 Do beware of pretty housemaids;  
 Look not at their eyes and dimples  
 Until Time has taught a lesson  
 And the love-sick youth is older.

*Duke Parry, '12.*

[Taken from Act III. of "A Scrap of Paper."



## Athletics—Girls.

Basket-ball among the girls of Westport has been in full swing now for about two months, during which time there have been some very interesting inter-class games.

But the game that really awakened our utmost interest and caused the greatest excitement was that which decided the championship. This game took place in the "Gym" April 29th. The Sophomores played against the Seniors, making a score of 21-11.

Our interest centered more, however, on the Junior-Freshman game. These two teams were very evenly matched and played a very fast game. In the second half it was only a matter of time which should win. First, Juniors were one point in advance, then Freshmen. But time seemed to be in favor of the Freshmen, who won by a score of 16-15.

Marjorie Dickson, '12, did some very brilliant playing, and was well supported by Louise Connell and Mae Thompson. Hortense Hert and Erma Waltner (captain) contributed largely to the success of the Juniors, and, had the game been longer, might have overcome the stubborn young Freshmen.

The outcome was a surprise to all, but a very pleasurable one for the Freshmen, for this gave them the championship as well as a handsome silver cup, presented by Mr.

Schnelzer, of the Schmelzer Arms Company. This cup will remain in the custody of the school, as the champions of each year will present it to those of the succeeding one.

The teams and their captains are:

### FRESHMEN.

#### Forwards:

Waltner, Vera (Captain).  
Thompson, Mae.  
Silver, Madeline.

#### Centers:

Dickson, Marjorie.  
Taylor, Louise.  
Staples, Helen.

#### Guards:

Connell, Louise.  
Halley, Eleanor.  
Jones, Mildred.

### JUNIORS.

#### Forwards:

Waltner, Erma (Captain).  
Coburn, Margaret.  
Baird, Agnes.

#### Centers:

Silver, Ruth.  
Dillingham, Thrusie.  
King, Onabelle.

#### Guards:

Holmes, Margaret.  
Hert, Hortense.  
Wood, Emma.



THE GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM.

On Thursday, May the 20th, invitations were issued by Miss Enyart and the girls of her physical training classes for "Open Day Exercises." The running track, which was used for seating purposes, was filled, and all standing room was in use. The different exercises consisted of artistic drills and pretty fancy steps.

The programme was opened with a grand march, in which all of the girls of the different classes participated.

The next was the fancy steps given by the Juniors and Seniors. Those dances given were the darkey schottische, a graceful step, and the unique, a stately dance in some parts, and light and airy in others. The girls then marched out in open order and gave the mazurka, a pretty, dainty step.

The free-hand drill, given by the Freshmen and Sophomores, was the next feature of the programme. The girls certainly showed their training and ability in this, for the lines were kept so straight and arms and feet moved in such perfect unison that one could hardly believe that there were more than one hundred and forty girls on the floor.

This was succeeded by the beautiful wand-drill, presented by the Juniors and Seniors. The intricate exercises of this drill were gone through with, to the music of "Just My Style," from the "Fantana" selection, the girls singing the chorus. This is a beautiful drill, and the girls executed it well.

The last thing was some games played by the Freshmen. They marched out in open order, and formed into four long lines. Pass-ball was played first, and then came the relay races. The participants were hardly more excited than the spectators as to the outcome.

The sixth hour class had the pleasure of winning twice, while the fourth hour class came out ahead once.

Those persons who witnessed the exercises claimed they had spent a very pleasant and interesting afternoon, and expressed themselves as desirous of attending another such entertainment next year.

### Basket-Ball Team.

A start has been made in basket-ball, and the quality of the playing for the season was such that, if it had been the culmination of our basket-ball successes instead of the beginning, we could hardly hold it with less favor and pride.

Credit is due the boys who worked and made the team, and Coach Root, who developed this material. All of the boys, with the exception of Grover Carl, will be with us next year, and most of them have other years yet to play. Carl will be missed in the other branches of athletics as greatly as in basket-ball.

The work of the team this year merely foreshadows what is to follow in the succeeding years of our glory as a school. Out of a schedule of fourteen games, only seven were played, six of which we won. The team as a whole played a good, steady game all year, and individually the work was excellent. Captain Downs played a high-class, fast game all season; was in every game for all he was worth from start to finish. He was very accurate in making baskets, as he finished with an average of five field-goals to the game. Sweeney, the





THE BOYS' BASKET-BALL TEAM.

other forward, kept his part of the game up, and was the "inspiring element" in several games by making long baskets at critical periods. Carl, at center, had little trouble in out-jumping his opponents, thus aiding greatly in putting the ball in play advantageous to his team. He improved, as the season progressed, in shooting goals, making twelve in the last two games. Ragan, at guard, played a good defensive game. Although he made but five fouls in the five games he played, he held his men to an average of two goals per game. Diggle, at guard, was awake and after his man all the time, holding them to an average of 2½ goals. He held two of his men to no goals, but let a K. U. Freshman spoil his average by getting eight. McConnell, the erratic player of the team, played a fast snappy game at guard, when he played. He made a good record in throwing goals, getting seven in three games. On the defensive he held his men to an average of 2½ goals.

The line-up for the season follows:

L. Downs (Captain).....Right Field  
 B. Sweeney.....Left Field  
 G. Carl.....Center  
 G. Ragan.....Guard  
 H. Diggle.....Guard  
 C. McConnell.....Guard

Substitutes: E. Fife and E. Robinson.

The first two games, with K. C., K., and Liberty, were easy victories for us, as the scores 39 to 13 and 37 to 23 would indicate.

At Lawrence, at the hands of the K. U. Freshmen, we suffered our only defeat. The team work and accuracy of the team was lacking and, although the boys played hard, they were defeated. Carl played a good game for us, while Watson and Larson did good work for the Freshmen. A well-trained team on their own court beat us, and our revenge later was a better-trained team on a better court.

VICTORY OVER THE NORTHERN "CHAMPS."

February 12th, the St. Joseph High School, claiming the championship of that part of the State, was defeated by Westport, before a crowd of twelve hundred persons, the score being 33 to 28. The game was fast from start to finish, both teams showing good team work. For Westport, Downs and Sweeney played a fine game at forward, Carl was there with the jump all the time, while Ragan and Diggle held their men to four goals. For St. Joe, McGinnis and Dolan did the best work. The

advantage in the score changed with almost every play. The game kept up this way until near the end of the second half the score stood tied, when Sweeney dramatically threw a goal from the center of the court. After this there was no stopping the boys of the Gold and Blue.

The Score.

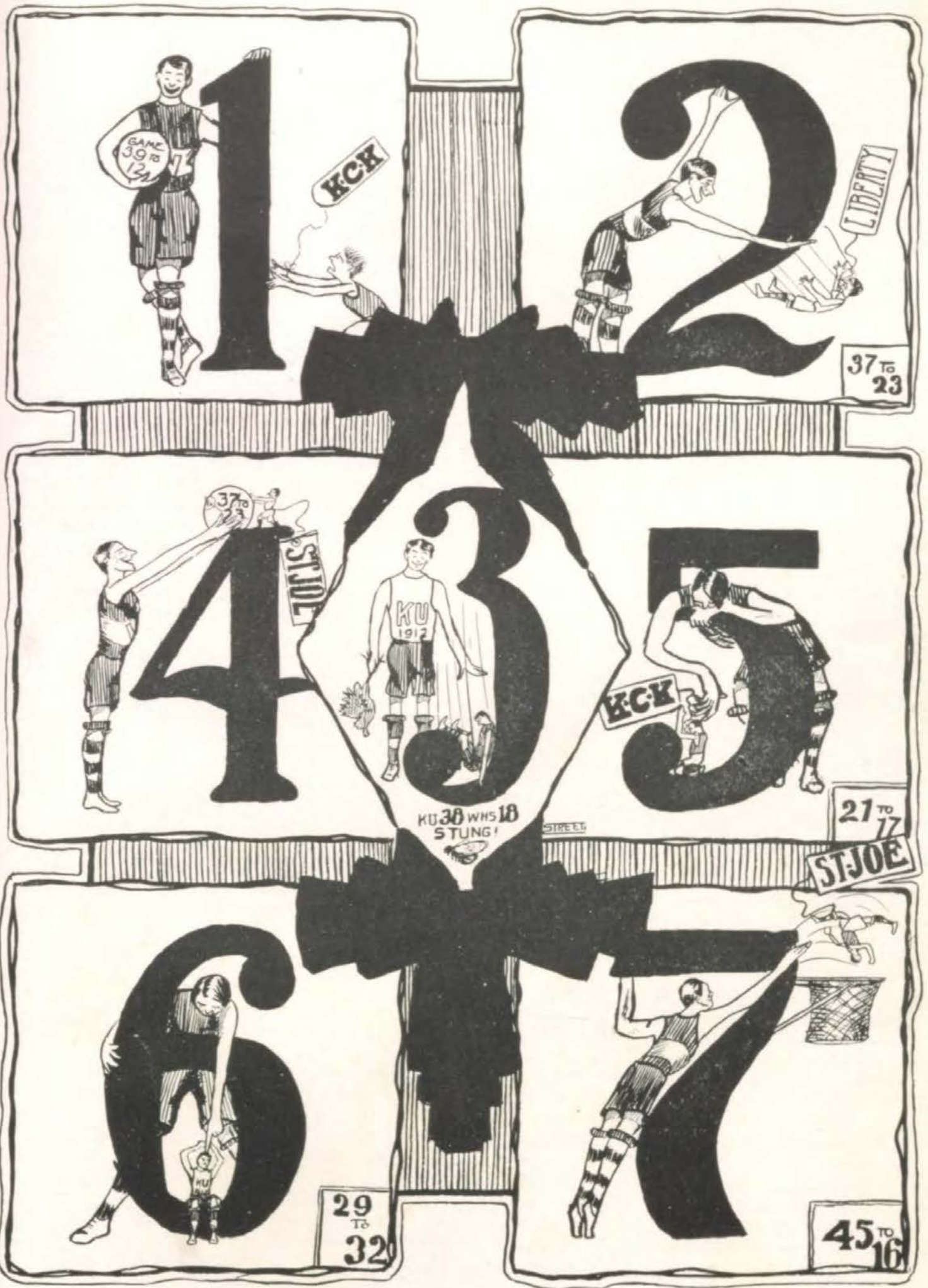
WESTPORT, 33.			
	G.	F. T.	F.
L. Downs.....	4	0	4
B. Sweeney.....	4	11	2
G. Carl.....	3	0	6
G. Ragan.....	0	0	2
H. Diggle.....	0	0	4
	11	11	18
ST. JOSEPH, 28.			
	G.	F. T.	F.
Hoover.....	3	0	2
Williams.....	1	0	3
Mueller.....	1	0	3
McGinnis.....	0	10	6
Gregg.....	0	0	3
Dolan.....	4	0	0
	9	10	17

SECOND DEFEAT FOR K. C., K.

On the Rainbow Rink, K. C., K., we gained a second victory from the West Side Highs by a score of 21 to 17. The game was well played and hard-fought by both teams. All our boys played their regular strong game, while Ragan at guard showed up well by throwing three field-goals. Trickett played the best game for K. C., K.

The Score.

WESTPORT, 21.			
	G.	F. T.	F.
L. Downs.....	2	0	9
B. Sweeney.....	2	7	3
G. Carl.....	0	0	3
G. Ragan.....	3	0	1
H. Diggle.....	0	0	5
	7	7	21
K. C., K., 17.			
	G.	F. T.	F.
Trickett.....	2	11	0
McMillan.....	1	0	0
Barclay.....	0	0	7
Reed.....	0	0	10
Landers.....	0	0	1
	3	11	18



#### THE FRESHMEN'S ONLY DEFEAT.

Before a loyal crowd of Westport rooters, in our Gym, Friday, February 26th, we defeated the K. U. Freshmen 32 to 29. It was one of the hardest-fought games seen in this city for many a day. The Freshmen came here with an undefeated team, and our only defeat had been at their hands. Greek met Greek. All the Westport boys were out for revenge. Carl got his with six fine baskets, and Downs and Sweeney gathered three baskets each. Ragan and McConnell came in for their share by holding their men to a few baskets. Watson and Van der Vries fought the hardest for K. U. The team work of the two teams was almost perfect. The score was so close and the teams so evenly matched that at no time was interest lost for a moment.

### The Track Team.

While we did not capture great honors in track work this year, still we are grateful for our coach, our gym, and an abundance of good material, which will take only time and good coaching to develop.

Captain Carl will be sorely missed next year. He has been our mainstay this season in track work, scoring in all 38 points.

Neal, with 15½, and Robinson, with 15, were the next best performers for us, and it will be a pretty race next year to see which one will fill Carl's place. The rest of the boys on the track team did good work for us and will all be back next year, with the exception of Hull and Ham.

Here 's hoping for and prophesying a great year in track athletics for us next year.

#### THE K. C. A. C. INDOOR MEET.

A track team was entered in the Annual K. C. A. C. Handicap Indoor Meet, Friday, April 2d, consisting of Ragan, Owens, Stockton, Robinson in the 50-yard dash, handicap and interscholastic; Carl, Guillet in the 50-yard low hurdles; Neal, Sunderland in the pole-vault; Carl, Sunderland, Robinson in the high jump; Owens, Neal in the 440-yard dash; Hull, Hodges in the ½-mile; Ham, Beebee, Wyngert in the 2-mile.

Out of the thirteen who entered, six succeeded in winning places—certainly a good record for a high school participating against universities and athletic clubs. Those who won places follow: Ragan won second in the inter-

scholastic invitation 50-yard, all runners starting from scratch; Neal (handicap, 13 inches) won second in the pole vault with 11 feet 3 inches; Sunderland (15 inches) got third with 11 feet 1 inch; Carl (4 inches) captured second in the high jump with 5 feet 11 inches, and Robinson (5 inches) got third with 5 feet 10 inches; Hull (40 yards) won second in the ½-mile. Besides bringing 14 points to Westport and silver and bronze medals to the boys who placed, it gave an idea of what the boys are capable of doing and whom to pick for the track meets outdoors this spring.

#### THE FIRST INDOOR MEET.

In the annual dual track meet between Missouri and Kansas, on the 26th of March, we were invited to participate against the K. C., K., High School in a 50-yard dash and a mile relay, both of which were won easily by Westport.

We took both places in the 50-yard dash, Ragan winning first in the remarkable time of 5 3-5 seconds. Owens, after being put back a yard for "jumping the gun," ran a good race and finished a close second.

In the relay the boys won by half a lap and were never pushed. Owens started for us and beat his man by almost a quarter of a lap; Hodges, running next, made up in quality what he lacked in quantity, and finished leading his man by a larger distance than when he started; Fine took up the running and, while taking it easy, increased the lead; Neil, without exerting himself, trotted across the line a winner, by half a lap.

The time for the mile, 3:52 4-5, was considerably slower than the other mile relays, but our boys were not forced to their limit, having a comfortable lead all the way. Smith, Reed, Root, and Phillips ran for K. C., K.

#### THE SECOND ANNUAL DUAL MEET.

Westport was much in evidence in the meet, while K. C., K., could only be seen in spots, the final score being Westport, 86; K. C., K., 13. We won all the places except one first, one second, and four thirds. Rain prevented the running off of three events—the low hurdles, discus and relay—and was the only thing that could stop our boys from piling up the score.

Grover Carl, this year's captain, was the star performer of the meet, winning 19 points first in the high hurdles, pole vault and broad



jump, and tied for first in the high jump. He broke one State record, the broad jump, with a jump of 21 feet 7 inches, and the dual and school records in the pole vault and the broad jump, and tied the high jump record, 5 feet 6 inches. Owens finished second in points, winning 13; first in the 100-yard and 220-yard and second in the 440-yard. His time for these distances is creditable, considering the bad wind that had to be run against. Robinson got third in points with 11, a tie for first in the high jump, second in the high hurdles and broad jump, and third in the shot-put. He broke the dual and school record in the broad jump with 19 feet 10 inches and tied the school record of 5 feet 6 inches in the high jump. Neill, with 8 points first in the 440-yard and second in the pole vault, came next, and broke the dual and school records in these two events. Fife, with a first in the shot-put, 39 feet 4 inches, the dual and school record, and third in the hammer, tied with Ragan for points, the latter winning second in the 100-yard and 220-yard. Hull won the  $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile; Ham the mile; Spencer third in the broad jump, breaking the school record, also, and the 440-yard. Small got second in the shot, Peckenpaugh second in the hammer, Bollman third in the 100-yard, Westfall third in the high jump, and Wengert third in the mile.

The above compose the track team of the school and are expected to show their mettle in the three following track meets. So far the record of the team is fine, considering this the first year in real athletics. The meet was run off as smoothly and easily by Coach Root, the clerk of the course, as the events were run off with by his well-trained under-studies, the athletes under his care.

#### *The Summary.*

100-Yard Dash—Owen, Westport, won; Ragan, Westport, second; Bollman, Westport, third. Time, :11.

120-Yard High Hurdles—Carl, Westport, won; Robinson, Westport, second; Root, K. C., K., third. Time, :17 2-5.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -Mile—Hull, Westport, won; Phillips, K. C., K., second; Callender, K. C., K., third. Time, 2:08 2-5.

220-Yard Dash—Owen, Westport, won; Ragan, Westport, second; Barclay, K. C., K., third. Time, :24 3-5.

440-Yard Dash—Neill, Westport, won; Owen, Westport, second; Spencer, Westport, third. Time, :55 1-5; previous record, 55 3-5.

1-Mile Run—Ham, Westport, won; Wengert, Westport, second; Swain, K. C., K., third. Time, 5:02.

Pole Vault—Carl, Westport, won, 10 feet 6 inches; Neill, Westport, second, 10 feet; Young, K. C., K., third, 9 feet 3 inches. Previous record, 9 feet 6 inches.

High Jump—Carl, Westport, and Robinson, Westport, tied for first, 5 feet 6 inches; Westfall, Westport, third, 5 feet. Previous record, 5 feet 4 inches.

Broad Jump—Carl, Westport, first, 21 feet 7 inches; Robinson, Westport, second, 19 feet 10 inches; Spencer, Westport, third, 19 feet 2 inches. Previous record, 19 feet 4 inches.

Shot-Put—Fife, Westport, won, 39 feet 4 inches; Small, Westport, second, 38 feet 8 inches; Robinson, Westport, third, 37 feet 10 inches. Previous record, 39 feet 2 inches.

Hammer Throw—Smith, K. C., K., won, 92 feet 3 inches; Peckenpaugh, Westport, second, 87 feet 8 inches; Fife, Westport, third, 80 feet.

The low hurdles, discus, and relay were called off on account of the rain.

50-Yard Dash, Ward Schools—Thornton, Allen, won; Erky, Norman, second; Slaughter, Hyde Park, third. Time, :06.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -Mile Relay, Ward Schools—Garfield won; Hyde Park second; Benton third.

Tug-of-War, Benton *vs.* Hyde Park—Benton won.

#### THE COLUMBIA TRACK MEET.

For the first time, Westport entered a full team in the State Interscholastic Meet, May 1st (in the past we have only sent relay teams and three or four entries); and, while we did not capture as many points as we desired and thought we were able to take, still we are satisfied, the 15 points this year being a great improvement over the 4 of last year.

The team consisted of Bollman, Carl, Fife, Ham, Hull, Neill, Ragan, Robinson, Small, Spencer, and Sunderland. Of the 15 points, Carl scored 6: a second in the high hurdles, a tie for second in the high jump, and a third in the broad jump. He was not up to his regular standard, as his form was not equal to what he has done in former meets this year. Ham, after a pretty race, won second in the mile; Neill tied Hamilton, of Manual, for second in the pole vault; Robinson tied Carl for second in the high jump, this being the second time this year that these two have tied in the high

jump. Fife got third in the low hurdles, and our relay team, Sunderland, Ragan, Bollman, and Owen, beat Manual out for third place, Central finishing first and Wentworth second. Manual won the meet with 46 points; Central second, 41 points; Wentworth third, 18; Westport fourth, 15; St. Joe, fifth.

#### THE M. V. I. A. A. MEET.

The regular track team participated in the Missouri Valley Interscholastic Athletic Association Track Meet at Elm Ridge, May 8th, and out of this very classy meet we were able only to win 8 points. Carl again leads, with 4 points; a second in the high hurdles and a tie for third in the pole vault. In the pole vault he sustained a bad sprain of the left arm, which put him out of the running for the rest of the day. Here we lost a few points, for Carl had a good chance to place in several following events. Fife won third in the low hurdles, 2 points, and Neill and Robinson each got one point, the former tying for third in the pole vault and the latter for third in the high jump.

#### THE K. U. FRESHMAN INVITATION MEET.

In the last meet of the season, held at Lawrence, May 22d, we were only able to score 8½ points. Six of these were earned by Carl: a second in the high jump, 5 feet 6½ inches; a third in the broad jump; and a fourth in the high hurdles. Neill tied for third in the pole vault, getting 1½ points, and Bollman captured fourth in the 220-yard dash, 1 point.

The high jump brought about a peculiar compilation of affairs. In this meet last year Carl got second; French, of Pittsburg, outjumping him by one inch. The distance 5 feet 6 inches was a new school record, breaking the previous record, held jointly by Carl and Robinson. This year was an exact reproduction. French won by one inch; Carl broke the school record, previously held by Carl and Robinson, at 5 feet 6 inches.

#### DEFEATED BY K. C., K.

In the first league game of the season, April 3, we were defeated by K. C., K., in a lively game, 5 to 2. Doubles by Foertsch, Lyle, and Sweeney scored Foertsch and Lyle, in the fifth inning, for our only scores. Two bases on balls, followed by hits, gave K. C., K., three in the fourth, and three hits and an error gave them two more in the eighth. Marsh held Westport to five hits, while K. C., K., "touched" Schultz for ten.

#### The Score.

	R.	H.	E.
Westport.....	0	0	0
K. C., K.,.....	0	0	0

Batteries: Schultz and Donaldson; Marsh and Barshfield.

#### VICTORY OVER MANUAL.

At K. C. A. C. Park, April 14th, the boys, showing up in better form than they did at any other time this season, defeated Manual in a good fast game, 4 to 3. In the fifth, Sweeney's hit and an error by Manual gave us one run. Burton's hit in the sixth, following three Crimson errors, added three more runs and gave us the game. Manual scored two in the third, by a base on balls and hits by Miller and Goldberg, and one in the ninth, by a base on balls, an error, and a hit.

#### The Score.

	R.	H.	E.
Westport.....	0	0	0
Manual.....	0	0	2

Batteries: Schultz and Donaldson; Miller and Carroll.

#### ANOTHER VICTORY FOR WESTPORT.

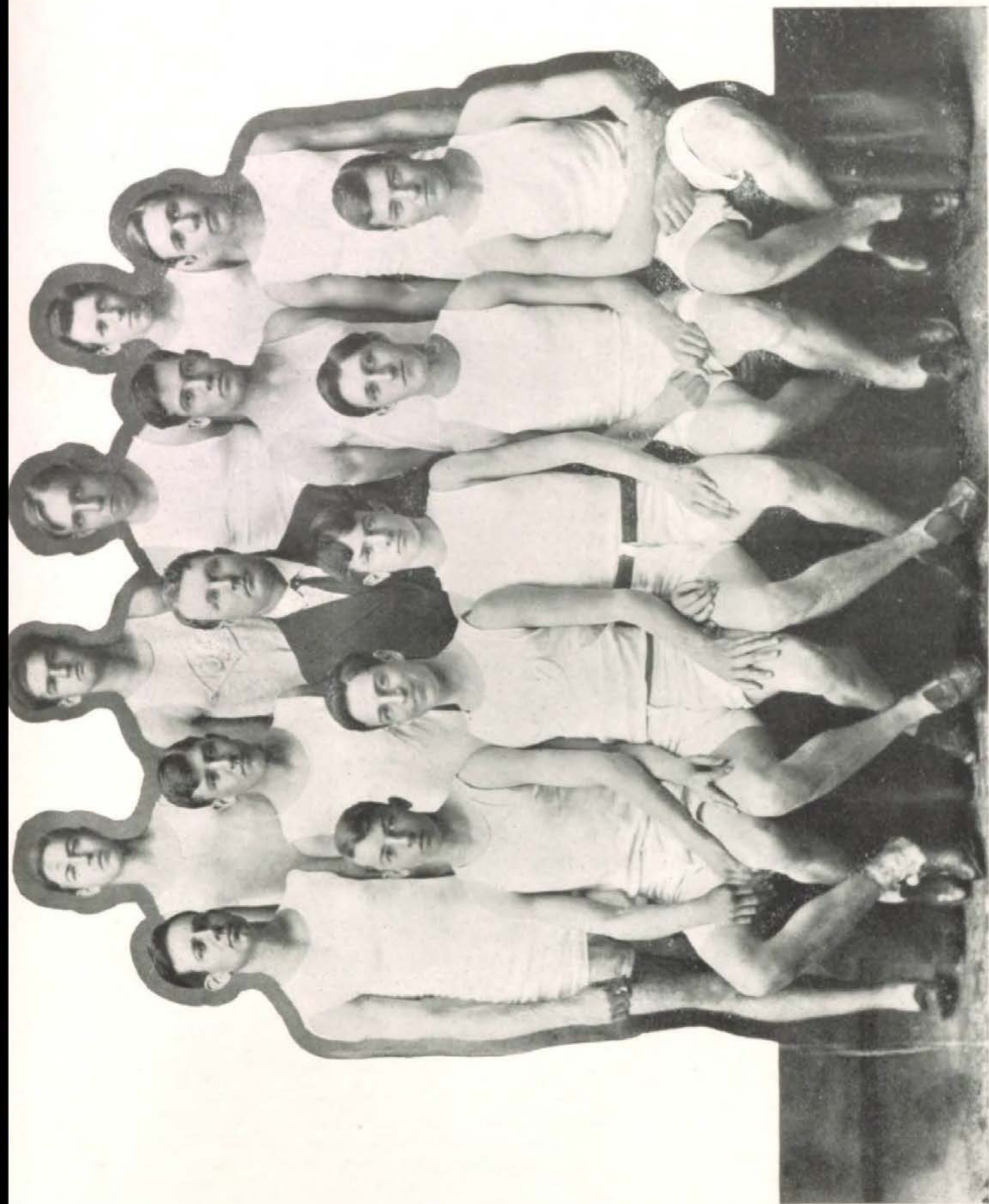
Leavenworth was our next victim, April 17th, and went down to defeat, 4 to 3. Hits by Sherry and Gottlieb and Leavenworth's error gave us one in the fourth. Again, in the fifth, errors and Schultz's hit scored Carl and Schultz. A base on balls, an error, and Lyle's hit scored our final run in the sixth. Leavenworth scored one in the first by an error and Kirmeyer's double, and two in the eighth by an error and doubles by Radford and Kirmeyer. Leavenworth got one more hit than we did, but lost out on errors.

#### The Score.

	R.	H.	E.
Westport.....	0	0	0
Leavenw'th..	1	0	0

#### A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

April 20th, the memorable day when Westport and Central fought to determine which would go to Columbia to play for the championship of the State. We had a good chance to go, starting out in the first inning by making three runs, a base on balls, singles by Gottlib and Donaldson, and Foertsch's beautiful double doing the work. But the boys acted as if they didn't want to go, and threw the ball everywhere but to the man they shou'd. In



THE TRACK TEAM.

the third a string of these errors and hits by Carson and Welsh won the game for Central.

The boys kept right on making errors, but by some pretty pitching Schultz pulled himself and his team-mates out of some bad holes and kept Central from scoring again. Eleven errors! Just think of it! What's the matter, boys? Were you afraid of the ball, or did you do it so Central could go to Columbia?

	<i>The Score.</i>										R.	H.	E.
Westport.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	11	11
Central.....	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	0

Batteries: Schultz and Donaldson; Stengel and Welsh.

SECOND DEFEAT BY K. C., K.

We had this game practically won until the ninth inning, when K. C., K., made four runs, making the score 6 to 4. Carl scored in the first, by a base on balls, followed by two errors. Foertsch got on first, by way of an error, in the fourth, and scored on Sweeney's hit. In the eighth, Donaldson singled and scored on Schultz's double. Lyle then brought Schultz home with a single.

K. C., K., scored one in the sixth by a base on balls and McMillan's hit, and one in the seventh by a hit and an error. Still the game seemed ours; but in the ninth a single, a double, an error, and McMillan's second hit, a pretty one for three bases, won the game for K. C., K. We outplayed them and outbatted them, but—they won.

	<i>The Score.</i>										R.	H.	E.
Westport.....	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	4	11	6
K. C., K.,.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	4	6	7	4

Batteries: Schultz and Donaldson; Gilmer and Marsh.

MANUAL'S REVENGE.

Manual defeated us 6 to 1, in a game full of errors, principally on our part. Our only run was earned. Until the seventh Miller had held us without a hit, but Foertsch—demon hitter—knocked a double, then Lyle hit the ball to a safe spot and Foertsch scored.

Four hits and three errors in the first gave Manual four runs, and some more hits and errors in the sixth gave them two more. Our boys tried hard to break their record of eleven errors, but could only equal it.

	<i>The Score.</i>										R.	H.	E.
Westport.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	5	11
Manual.....	4	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	X	6	7	5

Batteries: Schultz, Lucksinger, and Donaldson; Miller and Carroll.

DEFEATED BY THE "CHAMPS."

Central and Westport again crossed bats and a fine fast game resulted. The outcome

was uncertain until the last man was out in the ninth. The score, 3 to 2, was certainly a close one. A base on balls, an error, and Gottlieb's double gave us one in the first, and a base on balls and Schultz's hit scored our last run, in the seventh.

All of Central's runs came in the fourth, a base on balls, Welsh's double, and two errors scoring the runs. Each got three hits, but Central's were bunched, and although they made more errors, these were, fortunately for Central, scattered.

	<i>The Score.</i>										R.	H.	E.
Westport.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	3	2
Central.....	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	X	0	3	3	4

Base-Ball.

Judging from games won, our base-ball season was hardly a success, but we developed a wealth of new material that, under the able coaching of Mr. Shaw, should prove a winner next season.

We believe in strict eligibility rules covering attendance and scholarship, but this year we had to pay the price. In game after game good material, sorely needed, was barred from competition. Out of the eight league games, we lost five, won two in play and one by default.

Throughout the season, Russell Donaldson, Carl, Gottlieb, and Fred Foertsch did the best work in the field and at bat. William Schultz and Lucksinger pitched well, considering their experience, and should develop into splendid players.

- Catcher*—R. Donaldson (Captain).
- Pitchers*—P. W. Schultz, C. Lucksinger.
- First Base*—R. Burton, G. Ragan.
- Second Base*—D. Gottlieb.
- Third Base*—Sweeney, Downey.
- Short Stop*—G. Carl.
- Left Field*—F. Foertsch.
- Center Field*—Sherry.
- Right Field*—Lyle, H. Almond.

LIBERTY OUR FIRST VICTIMS.

In the first game of the season we defeated Liberty High School 15 to 3. There were no individual players that stood out above the rest; still the whole team seemed to hit well, and the victory was an easy one.

Westport.. . . .	0	5	5	1	2	2	0	0	0	—15
Liberty.. . . .	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	—3

Batteries: Schultz, Lucksinger, Donaldson. Defeated by Wentworth.

At Lexington the cadets, true to their training, "hit" our pitchers whenever they



THE BASE-BALL TEAM.

wanted to, "knocking" three out of the box. In the first inning our boys, in trying to make an orderly retreat, were put to rout, and completely beaten. The "young soldiers" gathered 28 targets, while we only got 8. We ought to have known better than to run up against such a team, when "hits" and "shoots" count for so much in computing the score.

Westport. . . . . 2 0 0 1 0 2 1 2 0—8  
 Wentworth. . . . . 8 4 2 4 0 1 1 3 5—28

### Westport High School Athletic Awards for 1908-1909.

#### *Cross-Country Run.*

1, Uriel Ham; 2, Arthur Neill; 3, Stanley Wengert.

#### *K. C. A. C. Indoor Meet.*

High Jump—2, Grover Carl; 3, Elmo Robinson.

Pole Vault—2, Arthur Neill.

Half-Mile—2, George Hull.

#### *Missouri-Kansas Indoor Meet.*

Relay won from Kansas City, Kansas; team, Louis Owen, Carl Hodges, Earl Fife, Arthur Neill. 50 yards, George Ragan.

#### *Dual Meet with Kansas City, Kansas.*

100-Yard Dash—Louis Owen, first; George Ragan, second; George Bollman, third.

120-Yard High Hurdle—Grover Carl, first; Elmo Robinson, second.

Half-Mile Run—George Hull, first.

220-Yard Dash—Louis Owen, first; George Ragan, second.

440-Yard Dash—Arthur Neill, first; Louis Owen, second; Truman Spencer, third.

One-Mile Run—Uriel Ham, first; Stanley Wengert, second.

Pole Vault—Grover Carl, first; Arthur Neill, second.

High Jump—Grover Carl and Elmo Robinson, tie; Arthur Westfall, third.

Broad Jump—Grover Carl, first, Elmo Robinson, second.

Shot-Put—Earl Fife, first; Richard Smith, second; Elmo Robinson, third.

Hammer Throw—Earl Fife, second; Leslie Peckenpaugh, third.

#### *Columbia Meet.*

High Jump—2, Grover Carl; 3, Elmo Robinson.

Broad Jump—3, Grover Carl.

High Hurdles—2, Grover Carl.

Low Hurdles—3, Earl Fife.

Mile—2, Uriel Ham.

Pole Vault—2, Arthur Neill.

Relay Cup—Garfield School.

#### *Ward Schools.*

50 Yards and 100 Yards—Silver medals for each event. Harry Thornton, Allen School.

#### *Missouri Valley Meet.*

Low Hurdles—3, Earl Fife.

High Hurdles—2, Grover Carl.

Pole Vault—3, Arthur Neill.

#### *Invitation Meet at Lawrence, Kansas.*

High Jump—2, Grover Carl.

#### *K. C. A. C. Field Meet.*

Broad Jump—1, Ned Sunderland.

Pole Vault—2, Ned Sunderland.

220 Yards—2, George Bollman.

Half-Mile—3, George Hull.

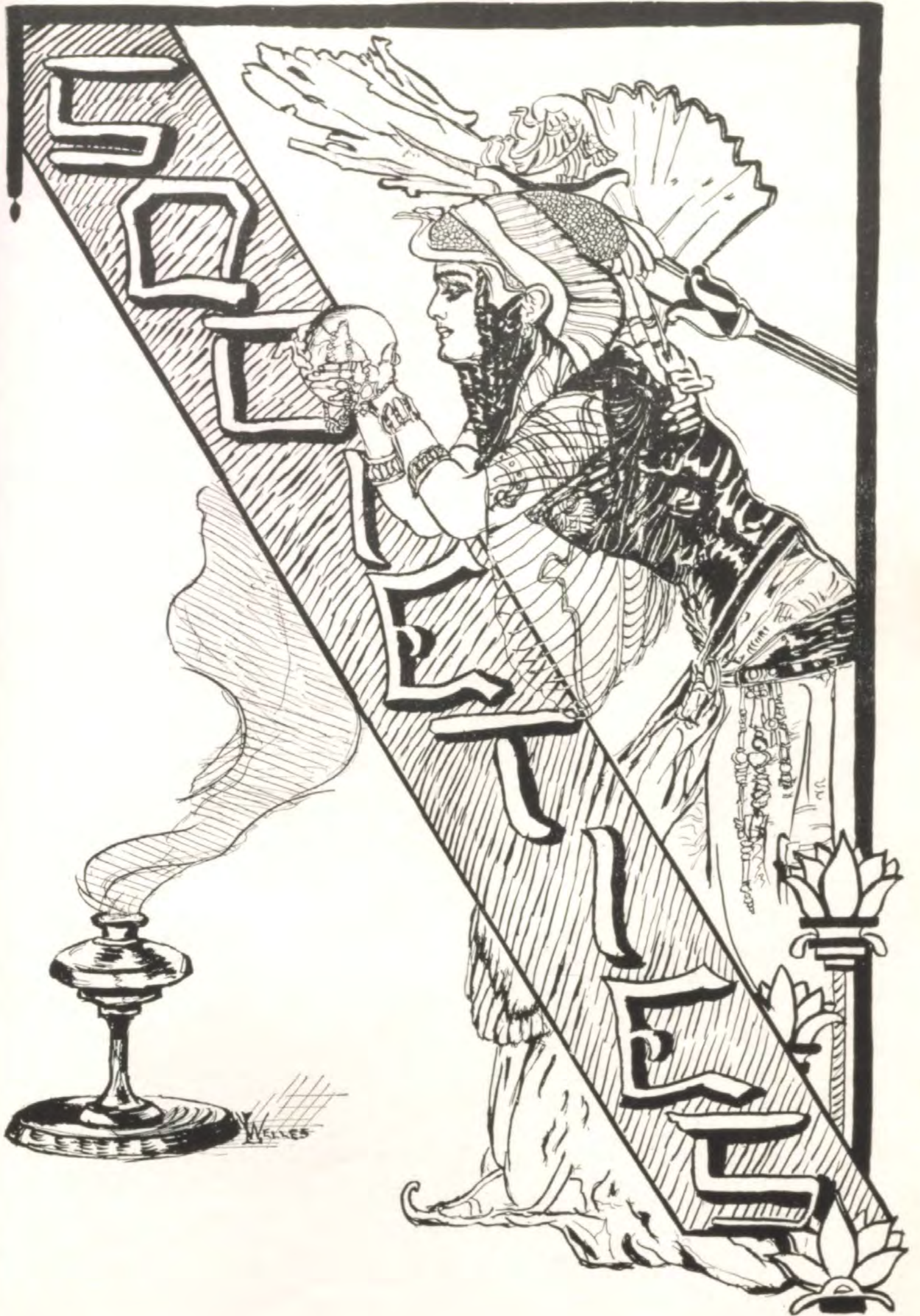
Mile—3, George Hull.

#### *Girls' Basket-Ball League.*

Schmeizer Trophy won by Freshman Girls' Team.

### WESTPORT RECORDS FOR 1909.

EVENTS.	PRES. HOLDER.	RECORD.	PREV. HOLDER.	RECORD.
50-yard.	Geo. Ragan.	:05 3-5.	R. Cary.	:05 4-5.
100-yard.	L. Owen.	:10 4-5.	Same as 1909.	
220-yard.	L. Owen.	:23 3-5.	Same as 1909.	
440-yard.	A. Neill.	:55 1-5.	K. Seested.	:55 3-5.
880-yard.	G. Hull.	2:07.	Same as 1909.	
Mile.	G. Hull.	4:48.	Same as 1909.	
120-yd. H.	G. Carl.	:17 2-5.	Same as 1909.	
220-yd. H.	G. Carl.	:28.	Same as 1909.	
High Jump.	G. Carl.	5 ft. 6½ in.	{ Carl and Robinson. }	5 ft. 6 in.
Broad Jump.	G. Carl.	21 ft. 1 in.	Same as 1909.	
Pole Vault.	G. Carl.	10 ft. 6 in.	Same as 1909.	
Shot.	E. Fife.	39 ft. 4 in.	W. Heslip.	39 ft. 1 in.
Discus.	Peckenpaugh.	92 ft.	Same as 1909.	
3-mile.	Ham.	16:37.	Same as 1909.	
3½-mile.	Ham.	20:17 2-5.	Same as 1909.	
4-mile.	Osborne.	22.	Same as 1909.	





# DEBATERS SOCIETY

"Know your subject; words will follow."

*COLORS: Black and Gold.*

*May Chace*

## OFFICERS.

### FIRST TERM.

Philip Barnes... ..*President.*  
 Jerome Twichell, Jr... ..*Vice-President.*  
 Leon Harkins... ..*Secretary.*  
 Kenneth Irons... ..*Treasurer.*  
 Arthur Hayum... ..*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

### SECOND TERM.

Leon Harkins... ..*President.*  
 Kenneth Irons... ..*Vice-President.*  
 Arthur Hayum... ..*Secretary.*  
 George Meyer... ..*Treasurer.*  
 Raymond Burton... ..*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

*Adviser: Mr. A. S. Humphrey.*

## MEMBERS.

Philip Barnes,  
 Raymond Burton,  
 Paul Childs,  
 Clyde Chace,  
 Jay Coburn,

Vernon Campbell,  
 Harry Clark,  
 Boland Crawford,  
 Harold Diggle,  
 George Duren,  
 Hugh Fellows,

Kenneth Irons,  
 Leon Harkins,  
 Arthur Hayum,  
 George Hull,  
 Raymond Kimbrell,  
 Donovan Malcomson,

George Meyer,  
 Elmo Robinson,  
 Winston Rambo,  
 Thomas Root,  
 Jerome Twichell, Jr.

During the past semester The Debaters rightly feel that their officers have done work consistent with the standing of the club. Mr. Harkins, as President, has graced the chair with admirable dignity, in which position he was, when occasion demanded, ably replaced by the Vice-President, Mr. Irons. Mr. Hayum, as Secretary, has done faultless work in this department, while Mr. Meyer has kept the treasury in a truly wonderful condition. Mr. Burton, as Sergeant-at-Arms, has, we are happy to say, been able to preserve order by his commanding presence alone.

Perhaps the most unfortunate incident of the semester was the defeat of our peerless

representatives by the Pundit Club. But defeat is often good for those who have known nothing but victory, and we heartily congratulate our opponents. Perhaps the question debated, "Woman Suffrage," explains our humiliation.

In the course of programmes presented, we have enjoyed, in addition to our regular discussions, exceptionally good piano solos by Mr. Coburn and Mr. Twichell.

The Debaters have been well represented in all school and class affairs, and a statement of the long list of honors held by members would be practically impossible.

At the close of each year this club loses





#### THE DEBATERS.

KENNETH G. IRONS,  
*Vice-President.*  
GEORGE MEYER,  
*Treasurer.*

LEON R. HARKINS,  
*President.*

ARTHUR H. HAYUM,  
*Secretary.*  
RAYMOND BURTON,  
*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

some excellent members by graduation. While this is especially our misfortune this year, we feel that the younger members will successfully keep up the club standard next term.

In the Interstate Triangular Debate five out of the six who made the teams were Debaters, who, true to their name, not only made the teams, but won the debates. On the affirmative were Boland Crawford, Leon Harkins and George Meyer, while Arthur Hayum and Elmo Robinson were on the negative. This victory was a great honor for the school, and we cannot help feeling proud that five out of the six were Debaters.

The programmes of The Debaters' regular meetings have been exceedingly good, and all debates have been first class.

The Debaters entertained the Osiron Society Friday evening, May 20th. This event was looked forward to by every Debater, and everyone felt amply repaid by the large attendance and appreciation shown by our guests.

The programme of the evening was made up wholly from the Debater members; the

jokes, songs by the quartet, solos, and all features being received with an applause that made the auditorium echo and re-echo.

After the programme, the guests were escorted to the lunch-room, where refreshments were served. Mr. Leon Harkins, President of the Debaters, acting as toast-master, greeted and welcomed the Osirons. We were then very delightfully honored by toasts from the Osiron officers. Mr. Harkins then called for a round of toasts from the Debaters, after which we drank a toast to the happiness and success of the Osirons. The "Farewell" to our guests was a song, "Good-night, Ladies," sung by the Debaters' chorus.

Owing to the amount of business carried on by the club this year, our Adviser, Mr. Humphrey, has advised us to do away with our annual banquet. This has met with the approval of the club, but they hope to have one next year.

Again the club wishes to extend to our excellent Adviser, Mr. Humphrey, the most heartfelt thanks for his generous guidance and advice since he has been with us.



# The Clay Club.

*COLORS: Gold and Silver.*

## OFFICERS.

### FIRST TERM.

Vernon Campbell... ..*President.*  
 James Morley... ..*Vice-President.*  
 Sidney Altschuler... ..*Secretary.*  
 Carl Hodges... ..*Treasurer.*  
 Chester Rodgers... ..*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

### SECOND TERM.

Fred Schaffer... ..*President.*  
 Sidney Altschuler... ..*Secretary.*  
 Carl Hodges... ..*Treasurer.*  
 Chester Rodgers... ..*Sergeant-at-Arms.*  
*Adviser: Mr. Daniel Hull.*

## MEMBERS.

Sidney Altschuler,  
 Donald Black,  
 Sumner Blossom,  
 Joe Guthrie,  
 Leland Hazard,  
 Carl Hodges,  
 Corless Harris,

Frank Henderson,  
 Marshall Johnston,  
 Benjamin McBride,  
 James Morley,  
 Edward Moses,  
 Elliott Nathan,  
 Harry Poindexter,

Leslie Peckerpaugh,  
 Chester Rodgers,  
 Joseph Rosier,  
 Fred Schaffer,  
 Lusby Simpson,  
 William Waite,  
 William Young.

A good part of the time this year has been spent in debates over the Constitution and By-laws, and this in itself was a valuable lesson, as it taught the members debating and parliamentary law. But we have also debated with success the questions of Negro suffrage, Government ownership of railroads, municipal ownership in Kansas City, the Union Depot, universal prohibition, and other problems of the day.

The club is indebted for all the success it has attained this year to Mr. Hull, who has given us much valuable instruction.

A motto for the club has not yet been procured from the speeches of Henry Clay, and, as this is our desire, the Clay Club has as yet no motto.

The club has been wise in the selection of its officers, who have devoted much time to its work. As we admitted before, we cannot pass on the qualities of Mr. Rodgers, unless it be by saying that "his majestic presence awed the members into silence."

Great success has attended the selection of our members, some of the best undergraduates in the school being now enrolled among our ranks. The majority of the club's members have been drawn from the lower classes

of the school, so the work of next year will be carried on by the same people as that of this year.

The club is well represented on THE HERALD Staff, and with officers on the various other clubs, but it is proud that as a debating society it was represented both in the Tri-State debate and in the Declamation contest.

As this is its first year in the school, the Clay Club deemed it necessary to gain internal strength before striving to wrest the debating championship of the school from The Debaters, who are still in possession of this title, owing to the fact that the Pundit Club is not a chartered society. For this reason The Debaters have received no challenge from us for a debating combat, though they have for a game of base-ball. But we hope to enter the arena early next season and to wrest the debating honors from their present claimants.

## "What Happened to Jones."

### *Cast of Characters.*

JONES... ..*Philip Barnes.*  
 PROFESSOR GOODLY... ..*Sidney Altschuler.*  
 RICHARD HEATHERLY... ..*Arthur Hayum.*



OFFICERS OF CLAY CLUB.

CARL K. HODGES,  
*Treasurer.*

CHESTER RODGERS,  
*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

FREDERICK B. SCHAEFFER,  
*President.*

SIDNEY L. ALTSCHULER,  
*Secretary.*

WILLIAM BIGBEE... ..*Delevan Carr.*  
SANITARIUM KEEPER... ..*Uriel Ham.*  
MINERVA... ..*Margaret Holmes.*  
MISS ALVINA STARLIGHT... ..*Florence Fuqua.*  
MRS. GOODLY... ..*Erzell Hamilton.*

CISSY... ..*Edith Hawes.*  
MARJORIE... ..*Lois Hodges.*  
POLICEMAN... ..*Clyde Chace.*  
THE BISHOP... ..*James Field.*  
HELM... ..*Georgie Southwell.*

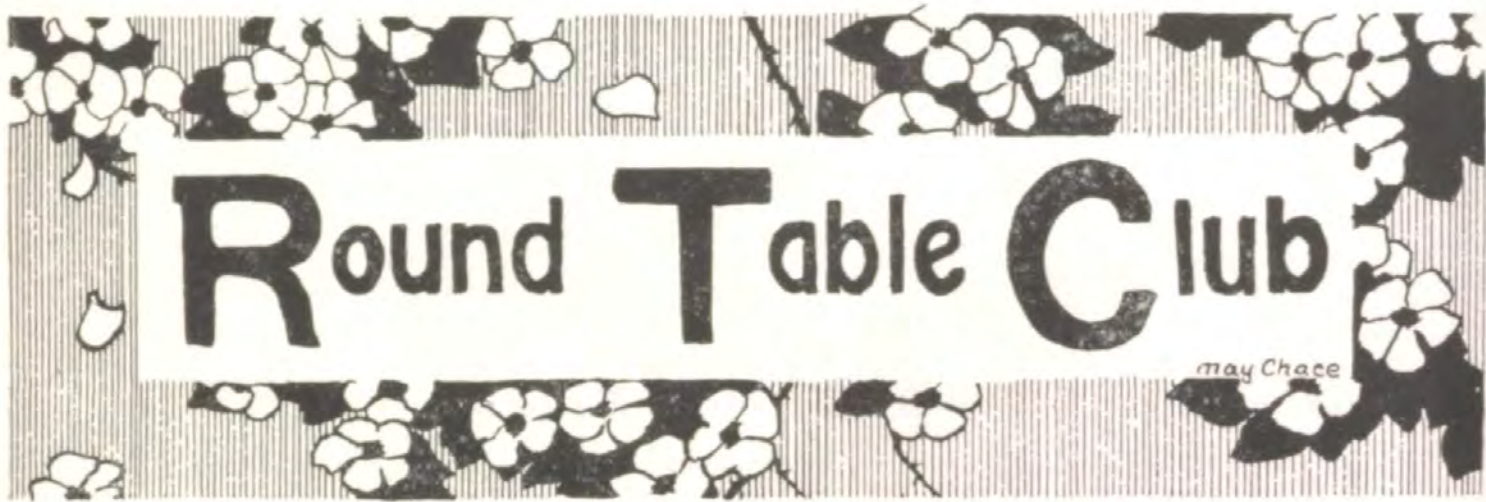
The night of May 7th the Round Table and Chionian Societies joined in giving a very delightful and amusing farce, "What Happened to Jones." The play was exceptionally well worked out for an amateur production, and all the characters made the most of their rôles.

*Jones*, Philip Barnes, was excellent, and the way in which he combined his bishop's clothes and *Jones'* character was exceedingly funny. Edith Hawes played *Cissy* with all the *naïveté* and abandon which is the American college girl's privilege. Sidney Altschuler played the part of the "abused" *Professor* very well indeed. Miss Fuqua, with her false curls, was enough to frighten poor *Jones*, and James Field was a most pious *Bishop* and a most comical *Indian*.

Space does not permit mention of all the other members of the cast, but it is sufficient to say that every one did extremely well.

The evening was one laugh, except when Delevan Carr's realistic war-whoops made everybody jump and made a few of the nervous auditors scream.

The audience was large and very appreciative, as it showed by the heartiest laughter and applause. Everyone pronounced the farce a great success, and the clubs have every reason to feel proud of their talented members.



FLOWER: *The Daisy.*

COLORS: *Light Blue and Gold.*

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

Margaret Holmes... ..*President.*  
 Philip Barnes... ..*Vice-President.*  
 Florence Fuqua... ..*Secretary.*  
 Jerome Twichell, Jr... ..*Treasurer.*  
 Helen Hayden... ..*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

SECOND TERM.

Philip Barnes... ..*President.*  
 Clyde Chace... ..*Vice-President.*  
 Florence Fuqua... ..*Secretary.*  
 Jerome Twichell, Jr... ..*Treasurer.*  
 George Muehlbach... ..*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

*Critic:* Marguerite Guy.

*Adviser:* Miss Spencer.

This year has been one full of excitement. The club has given two plays, been entertained once, and has given a picnic—all in the short space of three months. The way in which the members have worked and the ability they have displayed in the various programmes show that the club has chosen its members wisely.

At the first meeting after the election of officers we were entertained by Mr. Humphrey. To those who have heard him, no comment is necessary. We one and all wish to thank Mr. Humphrey most heartily for his inimitable rendering of Mr. Pickwick and dramatic reading of "Hamlet."

It has been a time-honored custom in the club to entertain the Clionians; this year we gave the following programme:

Piano Solo... ..Jerome Twichell, Jr.  
 Reading... ..Hazel Wheeland.  
 Vocal Solo... ..Edith Hawes.  
 Comedy, "A Box of Monkeys."

That "Box of Monkeys"! No one but Miss Spencer and the cast knows what they underwent before the play could be given before the Clionians. They rehearsed in Room 77, in Room 83, in the corridors, and finally

in the Auditorium. But the Clionians said the play was a success, and the cast felt repaid for all the work they had put into it. The cast included Helen Hayden, Marguerite Guy, Florence Fuqua, Clifford Hollebaugh, and Kenneth Irons. All the members of the cast did excellently.

The Clionians in turn entertained us most enjoyably by an exhibition of their best talent, and all the visitors expressed their hearty appreciation of the whole programme.

The programme committee meant to make debates a feature of this term's work, but the term was so short that we had time for only one. The question was: "*Resolved*, That final examinations should be abolished from Westport High School." George Meyer and Arthur Hayum took the affirmative, and Donald Black and Paul Childs the negative. The speakers for the affirmative made a great plea for the health of both teacher and pupil and completely won the audience. The whole club acted as judges, and the affirmative won almost unanimously.

There has always been some rivalry between the Round Table and Clionian societies. Before this year neither club appreciated the other; but this year a better feeling



OFFICERS OF ROUND TABLE CLUB.

JEROME TWICHELL,  
*Treasurer.*

MARGUERITE M. GUY,  
*Critic.*

FLORENCE F. FUQUA,  
*Secretary.*

GEORGE T. MUEHLBACH,  
*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

PHILIP S. BARNES,  
*President.*

CLYDE B. CHACE,  
*Vice-President.*

has sprung up; the members of the two societies have become better acquainted, and now we feel that we are of equal importance in the school. To show that they are friends, and, incidentally, to make one play take the place of two, the societies gave together the comedy "What Happened to Jones" in the school auditorium the night of May 7. The house was almost full, and the audience was an appreciative one. The clubs are much in-

debted to May Chace and John Roberts for the interesting and artistic posters which helped greatly to insure a good audience by arousing the school's curiosity.

The final programme of the year was rather unusual. It was an evening picnic and hayride at the farm of Florence Fuqua, one of our members. This departure from the custom was a success, however, and every one seemed to enjoy the outing extremely.



May Chace

# THE CLIONIAN SOCIETY



*COLORS: Purple and White.  
FLOWER: Violet.*

## OFFICERS.

### FIRST TERM.

Sidney Altschuler... ..*President.*  
 Georgie Southwell... ..*Vice-President.*  
 Marguerite McClune... ..*Secretary.*  
 Harold Diggle... ..*Treasurer.*  
 Carl Hodges... ..*Sergeant-at-Arms.*  
 James Field... ..*Critic.*  
 Leon Harkins... ..*Prosecuting Attorney.*

### SECOND TERM.

Sidney Altschuler... ..*President.*  
 Harold Diggle... ..*Vice-President.*  
 Georgie Southwell... ..*Secretary.*  
 Delevan Carr... ..*Treasurer.*  
 Van Gregory... ..*Sergeant-at-Arms.*  
 James Field... ..*Critic.*

*Adviser: Mrs. Gertude Liggett.*

The Clionians were very fortunate, as usual, this year, in securing an excellent President. When Sidney Altschuler was elected President for the first term, we little dreamed that, contrary to custom, we would re-elect him; but he filled the office so well and so beneficially to the society that we could not think of allowing another to take his place for the second term.

We Clionians are proud of our large representation in the graduating class of this year. We will miss them next year, although we shall feel that their good wishes are with us. Among those who will be most missed is Mr. James Field, who has organized and directed an excellent orchestra for us this year.

The Clionians wish to thank the Round Table Club for the delightful afternoon they afforded us. We appreciated their neighborly kindness in wishing us to enjoy a programme composed of their excellent talent.

The programme committee has done splendid work this term; and we are especially proud of the following programme given for our sister society, the Round Table Club, Friday, April 16th:

Music... ..Clionian Orchestra.  
 Reading... ..Mary Robertson.  
 Vocal Solo... ..Georgie Southwell.  
 Essay... ..Francisco Lisbona.  
 Piano Solo... ..Juva Morche.  
 Scenes from "The School for Scandal"....  
 ...Lois Hodges, Mason Lyons.  
 Quartette, "I've Said My Last Farewell"  
 and "Mandy Lane"... James Field, Elliot  
 Nathan, Earl Fyfe, Leslie Peckenpaugh.

Instead of entertaining our alumni as usual this year, the Clionians joined the Round Table Club and took part in the play, "What Happened to Jones." We feel that the audience of pupils and friends of Westport High School appreciated our dramatic effort, as



THE CLIONIAN SOCIETY.

VAN CLIEF GREGORY,  
*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

HAROLD DIGGLE,  
*Vice-President.*

JAMES H. FIELD,  
*Critic.*

SIDNEY L. ALTSCHULER,  
*President.*

GEORGIA SOUTHWELL,  
*Secretary.*

DELEVAN E. CARR,  
*Treasurer.*

they were most generous and flattering with their applause. *Helma* wishes to thank Miss Spencer for the charming hat she so kindly procured for her to wear in the play.

We most sincerely thank Mrs. Liggett for the splendid help she has been to us. We feel most grateful to her for her kind and wise advice and assistance. She never shirked

her part, but was always eager for fun or work.

No doubt the new Clionian pins have been noticed. They are different from the original pins in color, which is darker than formerly, and the beveled edge is of gold instead of silver. We are all pleased to let our friends know we are Clionians.



# SIRON

*COLORS: Green and Gold.*

*FLOWER: Chrysanthemum.*

## OFFICERS.

### FIRST TERM.

Margaret Coburn... *President.*  
 Gertrude Mullett... *Vice-President.*  
 Gertrude Schaufler... *Secretary.*  
 Margaret Jackson... *Treasurer.*  
 Margaret Holmes... *Sergeant-at-Arms.*  
 Margaret Corbin... *Critic.*

### SECOND TERM.

Margaret Coburn... *President.*  
 Helen Bangs... *Vice-President.*  
 Gertrude Schaufler... *Secretary.*  
 Christine Spencer... *Treasurer.*  
 Helen Comstock... *Sergeant-at-Arms.*  
 Margaret Corbin... *Critic.*

*Adviser: Miss Margaret De Witt.*

## MEMBERS.

Helen Bangs,  
 Erma Bowman,  
 Margaret Coburn,  
 Helen Comstock,  
 Margaret Corbin,  
 Gladys Crawford,  
 Irene Curtis,

Dorothy Deatherage,  
 Florence Fuqua,  
 Alma Hagenbuch,  
 Isabel Hull,  
 Margaret Jackson,  
 Elizabeth Jewett,  
 Dorothy Jones,

Mary Krugh,  
 Alice Krugh,  
 Dorothy Lee,  
 Frances Maxwell,  
 May McNamara,  
 Gertrude Mullett,  
 Lucy Norton,

Tessie O'Neil,  
 Helen Rose,  
 Gertrude Schaufler,  
 Virginia Siegel,  
 Julia Smith,  
 Christine Spencer,  
 Berenice Walker,

Jennie Whitney.

The Osiron Society wishes to report a successful year under the guidance of Miss De Witt. Our membership has increased this year from twenty-seven to thirty-one, and we have cause to be deeply thankful for so many valuable new members, who have taken up the work with so much interest and enthusiasm. The society has been studying Egypt this year, and the regular meetings in Room 80 have been both pleasant and instructive. Beginning with the earliest legends concerning Egypt, the programmes have carried us on up through the history of the country and touched upon Egyptian literature. All the

papers of the year have been good, and the society feels that it has learned much of the country of Osiris, its patron god.

Question: What would the school do without Osirons for class officers? This is the way they stand:

### Senior Class.

Vice-President... Elizabeth Jewett.  
 Secretary... Gertrude Mullett.  
 Treasurer... Gertrude Schaufler.

### Junior Class.

Vice-President... Virginia Siegel.





THE OSIRONS.

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
|  | HELEN BANGS,<br><i>Vice-President.</i> | CHRISTINE SPENCER,<br><i>Treasurer.</i>        |
| GERTRUDE W. SCHAUFFLER,<br><i>Secretary.</i> | MARGARET COBURN,<br><i>President.</i>  | HELEN E. COMSTOCK,<br><i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i> |

*Sophomore Class.*

Treasurer . . . . . Dorothy Deatherage.

The Society also had the honor of seeing two of its members upon the stage in the Senior Play: Dorothy Jones, who took the part of leading lady, and Margaret Jackson in a minor part.

The Osiron Society desires to recognize the existence in the school of a new girls' society. This is the Pandit Club, a group of girls organized for the purpose of debating.

The Osirons wish to thank The Debaters for their delightful entertainment given on the evening of Friday, May 21st.

A great hole will be found in the Osirons' ranks when the roll is called next fall, and Gertrude Schaufller, Irene Curtis, Florence Fuqua, Elizabeth Jewett, Dorothy Jones, Jennie Whitney, Lucy Norton, and Tessie O'Neil fail to respond. Gertrude Mullett, Margaret Jackson, and Alma Hagenbuch, who graduate this year, are planning to return as post-graduates, we are delighted to say. The loss of

the other Seniors will be deeply felt by the Society, as well as that of Helen Bangs, who plans to attend the National Park Seminary next year.

The annual dance of the Osiron Society was given at the Lyndhurst on the evening of Friday, February 16th. The guests were confined to the Osirons' escorts and chaperons. The dance was a success and the evening a very pleasant one.

Several outside meetings have added greatly to the pleasure of the year's work. The first was at the home of Irene Curtis on November 20th. On January 22d the second delightful social meeting was held at the home of Gertrude Schaufller. The programme committee had prepared an unusually entertaining programme for the occasion, and everyone enjoyed the social hour which followed. On April 23d the last outside meeting of the year was held at the home of Alma Hagenbuch. The programme committee distinguished themselves in their selection for the day; an Egyptian story by Isabel Hull being particularly enjoyable.



---

# Pundit

"Weigh, Consider, Express."

## OFFICERS.

Della York... ..*President.* Ruth Cornell... ..*Secretary.*  
Margaret Merwin... ..*Vice-President.* Martha Launder... ..*Treasurer.*  
Miss Ruth Weeks... ..*Adviser.*

## MEMBERS.

Ruth Burrough,  
Aurelia Cockrell,  
Ruth Cornell,

Marguerite Guy,  
Edith Hawes,  
Ellen Kellogg,

Martha Launder,  
Edith Lichtig,  
Mildred Mabry,  
Della York.

Margaret Merwin,  
Alice Osmond,  
Helen Spotts,

The Pundit Club, a debating society for girls, was organized last December. The school had never thought it necessary to have such a club before, but a few girls became interested, and when a person of influence, a member of the Faculty, also took an interest, the club was started.

It was with some misgiving that permission was given for the trial of such a society, but it soon became evident that it was to be a success. The object of the club is, "To promote in the girls, as well as boys, an intelligent and thoroughly interested understanding of all matters of current interest." Some very good and interesting debates have been given. Some of the subjects were:

"The Japanese School Question."  
"The Problem of Unemployment."  
"Public Play-Grounds."  
"Practicability of Pay-as-you-enter Cars."

The only debate held with another club was one held April 23d with The Debaters. The subject was "Woman Suffrage." Pundits, affirmative; Debaters, negative. The judges decided unanimously in favor of the Pundits.

The number has been kept limited, as is almost necessary in a new club of this kind; but next year we hope to enlarge our membership, and trust that our work has justified the granting of a charter the first of next year.



OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

SECOND TERM.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Donald Black... .. <i>President.</i>      | Carl Hodges... .. <i>President.</i>         |
| Carl Hodges... .. <i>Vice-President.</i>  | Tom Root... .. <i>Vice-President.</i>       |
| Tom Root... .. <i>Secretary.</i>          | Frederick Schaffer... .. <i>Secretary.</i>  |
| Sidney Altschuler... .. <i>Treasurer.</i> | Rex Miller... .. <i>Treasurer.</i>          |
|   | Edward Moses... .. <i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i> |
|   | Donald Black... .. <i>Critic.</i>           |

*Adviser: Mr. Foster.*

MEMBERS.

- |   |   |  |                                  |
|---|---|--|----------------------------------|
| Donald Black,<br>Lamar Dayhoff,<br>Van Gregory, | Carl Hodges,<br>Robert Lester,<br>Rex Miller, | Edward Moses,<br>Whitney Ogden,<br>Sanford Reynolds, | Tom Root,<br>Frederick Schaffer. |
|---|---|--|----------------------------------|

The club feels unusually proud of the wisdom shown this last semester in its choice of officers, all of whom have proved very efficient.

The programme committee deserves much praise for having provided so many fine programmes. Two of our most interesting meetings were as follows:

On April 2d, after the programme had been rendered, refreshments, consisting of lemonade, lemon stick candy, and lemon cakes, were served in honor of our new members.

On May 20, 1909, the club held its first open meeting. A very interesting and instructive programme was rendered. Much interest was aroused by the elegant poster drawn by George Boliman for that occasion.

At one of our meetings, the theme for that day being George Eliot, Mr. Foster gave us an instructive talk on George Eliot's "Romola."

For the posters that from time to time have announced our programmes, the club is much indebted to Messrs. Bollman and Root.

Throughout the term the members were instructed in parliamentary law by our adviser, Mr. Foster, who presented it in a most pleasing manner. All that the club has attained this last term is due largely to the tireless energy of Mr. Foster, who has been, during the club's existence, a most faithful guide and helper.

Some of the members hold positions in the other affairs of school; Carl Hodges is a track man, and Treasurer of the Clay Club; Edward Moses is Secretary for the Sophomore Class of 1911; Tom Root is a member of THE HERALD Staff; Frederick Schaffer is the President of the Clay Club.

Our aim for next year is that the Irving Club shall be added to the ranks of Westport's school clubs.



Extract from the *Journal*.

The newsiest little high school paper to appear this year is the Westport High School *HERALD*, which is just out. The Staff has discarded most of the usual story and essay contributions and has filled the pages of the paper with items of interest to the school. It tells what the students have done and ought to do. It urges them to enter contests and form new societies. It gives an introduction to the new corps of teachers, and the work they have done prior to their teaching at Westport. In addition to the news items there are several columns devoted to jokes upon students and teachers.

We were very much pleased by the splendid magazine, *The Mount Marty Annual*, which our neighbors, the Rosedale (Kas.) High School, sent us last month. We hope that they will be able to make their next numbers as good as this last one.

*The High School News*, of St. Louis, is a snappy little edition. The stories, editorials, and exchanges are good, but the department headings could be improved upon.

We are glad to hear from *The Nautilus*, of Jacksonville, Illinois. Your stories are excellent, but where are your jokes? A paper like yours is improved by some jokes.

Greetings to *The Northwestern Magazine*. You have an unusually good paper with one exception. Your "Nonsense" column is far too small.

"Gentlemen," shouted the drummer in the hotel lobby, "there are more people pushing the products of my factory than of any other house in the world."

"And what are you selling?" ventured the timid listener.

"Automobiles, sir, automobiles."

# LOCALS.



He (pointing to the diamond): "See that fellow on second? He'll soon be our best man."

She: "Oh, Howard, this is so sudden!"

"Why don't you order oysters?"

"Well, you see, I don't enjoy oysters much unless I shoot them myself."

"I guess I'm striking a fast gait, all right," chuckled the "drunk" as he pounded on the door of his cell.

Landlady: "What's the matter with that pie?"

Boarder: "It isn't fit for a pig, and I'm not going to eat it."



*The maiden fair, looks with despair  
Upon her locker narrow;  
For her new Hat is wider'n that,  
'Tis wide as a wheelbarrow.*

John Roberts.



If you were a second Sherlock Holmes,  
And applied yourself with vigor,  
Would you need a pipe and a guide to name  
This chap with the rain-bow figure?



---

---

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**HUBBARD BROS.,**  
1005 MAIN STREET,  
KANSAS CITY, U.S.A.

MR. HULL: "Mr. Shaeffer, why is line AB equal to line CD?"

MR. S.: "It looks so."

MR. HULL: "Oh, but things aren't always what they look to be. Sometimes you look intelligent."

"When is a polygon inscribed in a circle?"  
"When it is all in."

Mr. Fife has just laughed out loud in class.  
MR. HULL: "The discord comes from the Fife."

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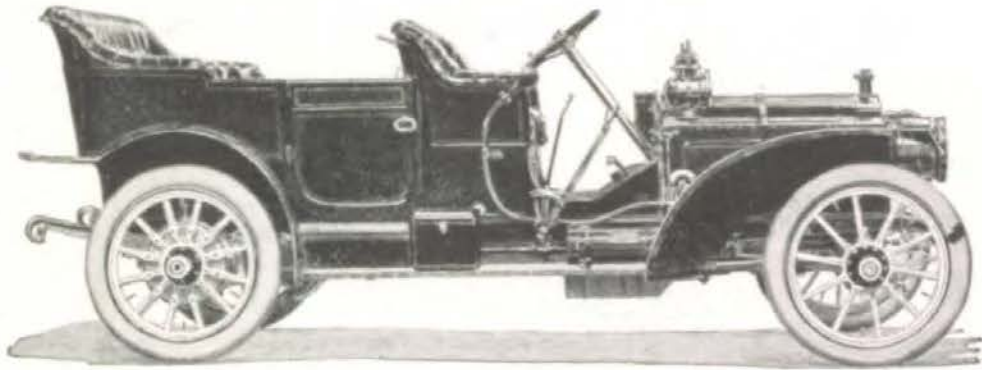
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MR. SCOTT: "Mr. Joffe, where does yeast grow best?"

LITTLE JEROME: "In a dry, moist climate."

MR. CRAWFORD (in Public Speaking, discussing the "Use the River" project): Kansas City would be directly connected with the ocean parts of the world. The ocean would come rolling in, so the farmers could irrigate their farms with ocean water and raise salted peanuts."

MR. HULL: "Mr. Shaeffer, is 'P' equal to 'Q'?"

MR. S.: "No, sir."

MR. HULL: "Well, I guess not. If it was, it would be very pee-cu-liar."

MR. HUBBARD: "The iron age was the age when iron was used; the stone age when stone was used. Now, Mr. Kimbrell, what was the glacial age?"

KIMBRELL (sleepily): "The age when glass was used."

## HENRY LUSTIG,

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MISS LIEPSNER (working in class a problem dealing with eggs): "You are getting this mixed up."

MR. BRENT (volunteering): "It's scrambled."

MISS FUQUA: "Poetry must deal with a beautiful subject."

MR. SHOUSE: "Isn't 'man' a beautiful subject?"

MISS FUQUA (blushing): "No."

MR. HERMAN: "Why is saltpeter found in Chile?"

CRAWFORD: "'Most a n y t h i n g can be found in chile."

MISS SPENCER (after Mr. Hollebaugh had read about the owls in Thoreau's "Essay on Sounds"): "What do you think of Mr. Hollebaugh's interpretation of the owls?"

MISS BOWMAN: "It sounds like a frog to me."

B. F. HARGIS, Pres.   W. F. LACAFF, Cashier.   JOHN B. WORNALL, Ass't Cashier.   J. M. KLAPMEYER, V-Pres.

## Westport Avenue Bank

CAPITAL, \$100,000.00.

Condensed Statement, May 11, 1909.

**RESOURCES:**

Loans and Discounts.....	\$400,204.61
Overdrafts.....	116.27
Furniture and Fixtures.....	3,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	114,023.81
Total.....	\$517,344.69

**LIABILITIES:**

Capital Stock.....	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits, net.....	18,519.93
Deposits.....	398,824.76
Total.....	\$517,344.69

The above statement is correct.

W. F. LACAFF, Cashier.

Opened for Business November 1, 1906.

Deposits December 1, 1906.....	\$104,556.43
Deposits February 1, 1907.....	176,431.77
Deposits February 14, 1908.....	222,481.51
Deposits May 14, 1908.....	272,393.27
Deposits May 11, 1909.....	398,824.76

**DIRECTORS:**

E. F. Swinney, B. F. Hargis, F. G. Robinson, G. M. Smith, John B. Wornall, L. A. Goodman, H. E. Clark, H. G. Waltner, J. W. Hunt, H. F. Fowler, W. C. Howe, Jr., J. M. Klapmeyer, Chas. Kennison, T. W. Donaldson, W. F. Lacaff.

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MR. SHAW: "What English word is derived from *cupidus*?"

(SENTIMENTAL) PECKENPAUGH: "Does 'cupid' come from that?"

MR. SHAW (in the lunch-room): "Miss Hodshier, why are you putting that butter into your cocoa?"

MISS HODSHIER: "Oh, I believe in making the strong help out the weak."

MR. HULL (to Mr. Crawford, who has been tilting his stool to one side): "Watch out, Mr. Bolando, or you will rollando on the flooro."

CRAWFORD: "I don't so."

MISS COOK (after reading off a proposition): "Is that yours, Mr. Diggle?"

HAROLD (looking at a picture drawn by a boy across the aisle): "No, it belongs to him."



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*Treasurer of Kansas City School of Law.  
Subject: "Commercial Paper."*

HON. E. L. SCARRITT,  
*Member of Faculty, Kansas City School of  
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Subject: "Partnerships and Corporations."*

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*President Kansas City School of Law.  
Subject: "Corporations."*

PROF. J. M. GREENWOOD,  
*Superintendent of Schools, Kansas City.  
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*Ex-Mayor of Kansas City.  
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MR. HUBBART: "What were the principal contributions of the Greeks to civilization?"

MISS ROSE: "Psyche knots."

SENIOR (enthusiastically): "The Class of '09 is the coming class."

SOPH: "Bah! It's the *going* class."

MISS SHIRE: "What circumstances attended the marriage of Henry of Navarre and Margaret of France?"

MR. ERKE: "Why, all the Protestants in France."

MR. HULL (in Geometry): "And the two lines meet at 'C'—like 'ships that pass in the night.'"

MR. HUMPHREY: "No. No pupil ever got up that argument. There was too much slick work there. It takes an old head to be slick." And he thoughtfully rubbed his own.

MR. HULL (suspiciously): "Have you had your book open?"

MR. IRWIN (indignantly): "No, sir!"

MR. HULL: "Well, I thought not!"

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*Life Bldg.* **E. D. ELLISON, Dean,** *Kansas City,*  
*Missouri.*

MISS EWING: "The antecedents of Charles carried on the quarrel."

BRIGHT SOPH (reciting from "The Vision of Sir Launfal"): "The cows flopped over by twos and threes."

MR. HULL (speaking of college preparation): "Mr. Hosier there is preparing to be an assistant plumber. Don't you know why? Because he carries the pipe."

MR. MEYER: "A short line is the straightest distance between two points."

MR. HULL (drawing an arrow to represent a man): "He must have had a narrow mind."

MR. BIGNEY: "Mr. —, are you making an angle of 120° now?"

MR. —: "Yes, sir."

MR. B.: "Do you know how?"

MR. —: "No, sir."

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---

MISS LIEPSNER: "Where is the center of a circle?"

WILLIAMS: "In the middle."

L. DOWNS: "The umpire—I mean empire in the East—"

MISS SHIRE: "I see where your thoughts are running these spring days."

JEROME TWICHELL: "I read about sound instead of light."

MR. HULL: "Have you heard the old maxim, 'Empty vessels have the most sound.'"

MR. HULL: "Mr. Spencer, there is as much ether in a lump of lead as there is in your head. It is the same, no matter how dense the subject is."

VIRGINIA SIEGEL: "Is the speed of light faster than thought?"

MR. HULL (with a Roosevelt smile): "Oh, yes—faster than class-room thought."

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MISS SPENCER (after hearing George Miller recite "Anabel Lee"): "You sing exceedingly well, Mr. Miller."

MR. SCOTT: "What are the principal uses of eyelashes?"

BRIGHT PUPIL: "To play 'winkum.'"

MISS SHIRE (to napping pupil): "What was the 'Renaissance'?"

PUPIL (quickly): "It was waking up."

MR. HULL: "What is an atom?" Then, as no one answers: "Well, it is larger than your knowledge of Physies."

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"I wonder why Fate led Hamlet such a dog's life."

"Why, that's all right. Wasn't Hamlet a great Dane?"

Teacher: "What did Nero sing at the burning of Rome?"

Pupil: "There 'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

"Heard your uncle died—had money to burn, eh?"

"Well—er—er—not exactly. He couldn't take his money along with him, you know."

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, Judge, and he can drink like a fish."

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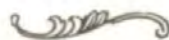


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Jack: "That young Simperly seems such a fragile fellow, I should hesitate to touch him, for fear he would break."

Sam: "He wouldn't hesitate about touching you if he was broke."

Sunday-school Teacher: "What was Adam's punishment for eating the forbidden fruit, Johnnie?"

Johnnie (confidently): "He had to marry Eve."

"What 's that dog doing, ma?"

"He is eating his dinner, Jimmie."

"What makes him growl that way?"

"He is enjoying his dinner."

"Huh! he 's different from pa, isn't he?"

She: "I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you."

He: "Ah! that has been my custom."

Stella: "Have you saved your gas receipts?"

Bella: "Yes, I have an engagement ring."

He: "I was on pleasure bent."

She: "And then—"

He: "And then, before I knew it, I was broke."

The country parson was condoling with the bereft widow.

"Alas!" he continued, earnestly, "I can not tell you how pained I was to learn that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but we shall never meet again."

Bones (telling a story): "Well, the evening wore on—"

Jones: "It did, eh? What did it wear?"

Bones: "Well, if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day."

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Lady (on the Metropolitan Railway, London): "Please, sir, will you help me to get out at the next station?"

Gentleman: "Why, certainly, ma'am."

Lady: "You see, sir, it's this way. Being rather stout, I have to turn around and get out backward, and the porters all think I am getting in, so they push me back and say: 'Hurry up, ma'am.' I've passed four stations that way already."

She (at the piano): "I presume you are a true lover of music, are you not?"

He: "Yes, I am; but pray don't stop playing on my account."

"Tell me where there is fancy bred," said her poetic lover.

"Let's try for it at some good restaurant," replied the girl of the period, hungrily.

Mrs. Swallow: "Just look at the meadow. It's full of fire-flies."

Mr. Swallow: "What do you say to going over there and having a light lunch?"

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"So pa'll whip me."

"So your pa will whip you!"

"Yep. He always gives me a half a dollar after he licks me."

"What is the race problem, Professor?"

"Picking winners," answered the absent-minded Professor.

Writer: "Where shall I put this article about electrocution?"

Editor: "Oh, under current events."

"Just the same," said the vegetarian, "a meat diet is injurious to the health."

"Nonsense!" protested Muggius; "my ancestors, for hundreds of years back, ate meat—"

"Yes," broke in the vegetarian, "and look at them now; they're all dead."

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Miss Bunsley: "I don't think it's necessary, pa; that's what he comes after."

"Yes, Miss Roxley and I are strangers now," said Tom; "I've been asked not to call there again."

"You don't say so! I suppose old Roxley had a hand in that."

"Well—er—not a hand exactly."

The Passer-by: "Well, Mr. Jones, how are you getting on with that new incubator of yours?"

The Farmer: "Don't talk to me about incubators. Why, the durned thing 'asn't laid a single egg since I've 'ad 'er."

Excited Lady at 'phone: "I want my husband at once."

Central: "Number, please."

Lady: "Oh, the fourth, you impudent thing!"

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Claudie: "Oh, Minnie! I have an idea."

Minnie: "Poor thing! Treat it kindly,  
Claudie; it's in a strange place."

Outlate: "If I take shoes off, it will 'rouse  
her suspicions; and if I leave 'em on, it will  
'rouse her suspicions 'cause I didn't take  
'em off."

Manager: "Who's that untidy-looking  
man?"

Assistant Manager: "Oh! that's one of  
the stage hands."

Manager: "Well, have him manicured. I  
don't want any hands that look like that."

"Why did you break the engagement?"  
asked her dearest friend.

"Oh!" she answered carelessly, "I either  
had to do that or marry him."

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"Do you adore me?"

"I s'pose."

"Will you always love me?"

"Ye—here, woman, what have you been and gone and ordered to be sent home now?"

"Foiled again," said the chocolate-drop as he was enveloped in his silver wrapping.

"Judge, did you ever try an absinthe frappe?"

"No; but I've tried a lot of fellows who have."

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"In the irrigating ditch!" shouted a little fellow.

Freshy (enters book store): "Say, I want to get Shakespeare's 'Progress of Venice' and the 'Merchant's Pilgrim' of Bunyan."

Old Gentleman: "Little boy, don't you know it's wrong to fish on Sunday?"

Small Boy: "Oh, gwan! I ain't fishin'; I'm just teachin' this worm to swim."

Bridget: "Do yez set the table?"

Norah: "No, oi've got thim that tame they ate from me hand."

He: "What did your father say, darling, when you told him my love was like a broad and rushing river?"

She: "He said, 'Dam it!'"

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"Binks has a fine new apartment."

"Everything stationary in it, I suppose."

"Absolutely everything except his wife and the cook."

Teacher: "What three words are used most in school?"

Freshie: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Correct."

Professor (translating Latin): "Boy, tell me, where is thy horse?"

Nodding Student (waking up): "It's in my desk, Professor; I wasn't using it."

He: "My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel to take you from your father's roof."

She: "I thank you, we don't live on the roof."

MR. HULL (as he connects a knob to the static machine): "Now, we will try something nobby."

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Jailer: "No, he has just left after finishing his term. But ask me again in about a week."

Judge: "Why did you strike this man?"

Prisoner: "What would you do, judge, if you kept a grocery store and a man came in and asked if he could take a moving picture of your cheese?"

Minister: "Is your father at home, little man?"

Boy: "No, he ain't; he's employed on a country contract."

Minister: "That's good! I'm glad to hear he has work. What is he doing?"

Boy: "Six months, with costs."

Husband: "You never kiss me except when you want some money."

Wife: "Well, isn't that often enough?"

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Editor: "With pleasure. Call to-night with the ambulance and I will have some poets ready."

"You musn't play with Mr. Borem's hat, Bobby," said a young lady, who was entertaining a caller, to her small brother.

"Why musn't I?" asked the youngster.

"Because you might damage it," replied his sister; "and, besides, he will want it shortly."

The song died on her lips. It had been cruelly murdered.

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W. D. JOHNSON (translating Cæsar): "And all the women who were too old to fight—"

MISS YORK (in Elocution): "A gallant curtle axe upon my thigh, a boar's sword in my heart."

MR. HUMPHREY: "Read next, please, Miss Waltner."

ERMA (reading from Julius Cæsar): "I will, my lord."

MR. BIGNEY: "How do you spell 'equivalent,' Mr. Allen?"

ALLEN: "E-q-u-i-v-i-l-e—"

MR. BIGNEY (interrupting): "That's a v-i-l-e way to spell it. Don't do it any more."

COKE (reading): "Um—um—um—"

MISS SHIRE: "Didn't get that last word, Mr. Coke."

COKE: "Neither did I."

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MISS LATHAN: "Eating."

MR. HULL (as Larry Spencer came in late for the third successive day): "Girls, what do you think of him? I believe he will keep the whole crowd waiting at the altar some day."

MR. WHITELY (discussing "Thanatopsis"): "This isn't poetry; it's *blank* verse."

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MR. HULL: "How many of you have heard of a 'mirage'—seeing things in the sky? I have seen things in the sky when I lived in Milwaukee."

Mary had a little rat,  
Just the color of her hair,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The rat was always there.

Miss English would like to know in what year was the "civilization of the clergy."

MRS. McLAUGHLIN: "What is the collection of Roman laws, as they are handed down to us, called?"

MR. SUNDERLAND: "The Ten Commandments."

The second-hour English Class was discussing the faces and expressions in flowers, reminding one of certain persons.

MR. LESTER: "Isn't there sometimes a fine, nearly imperceptible powder on lilies?"

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Plumbing, Gas Fitting,  
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Every Customer Satisfied.

Every Job Perfect.

Chas. A. McNeese, Prop.,  
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Ladies' Work a Specialty.

Student in Astronomy: "I have discovered a new star, Professor."

Professor: "What's she playing in, my boy?"

Kind Old Lady: "What kind of a dog is that, my boy?"

Intellectual Tommy: "That's an expectorating dog."

Kind Old Lady: "A *what* dog?"

Intellectual Tommy: "Well, vulgar people call it a Spitz dog."

Sunday-School Teacher: "How many commandments are there, Willie?"

Willie: "Ten."

Sunday - School Teacher: "And suppose you were to break one."

Willie: "There'd only be nine."

Lives of flunkets all remind us

We may flunk while we are here,

And, departing, leave behind us

Goose-eggs on the register.



**THE SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK.**

2 Per Cent on Deposits Secured by Government Bonds.

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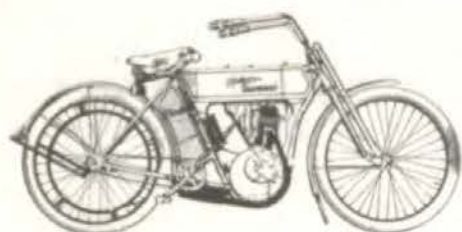
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Our display of smart Faddish Clothing for the young man is simply fascinating to a good dresser.

The garments are splendidly designed, perfectly tailored by hand and have that snappy appearance that gives tone to the wearer. The materials are high grade and thoroughly dependable. The price \$15.00 to \$35.00.

**12th and Walnut**

**BOLEY'S**

Mother: "And when he proposed, did you tell him to see me?"

Daughter: "Yes, mama; and he said he'd seen you several times, but he wanted to marry me just the same."

He: "I suppose if I had kissed you, you would never speak to me again."

She: "Why do you always look on the dark side of things?"

De Flatt: "Is it true that you once bribed an officer of the law?"

Suburb: "You can call it a bribe if you want to. I gave a policeman \$2 to induce our cook to stay."

Grace: "Who is that man they're all quarreling with?"

Jack: "Why, ne's keeping the score."

Grace: "Oh!—and won't he give it up?"

"I suppose," said the casual acquaintance, the day after the wedding, "it was hard to lose your daughter."

"No," replied the bride's father. "It did seem as if it was going to be hard at one time, but she landed this fellow just as we were beginning to lose all hope."

He: "If I'd known how sarcastic you were, I never should have married you."

She: "You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say, 'This is so sudden,' when you proposed to me after four years' courtship?"

Captain (spinning a yarn): "I was for eight days a prisoner among the cannibals."

Lady: "And how was it they didn't eat you?"

Captain (calmly): "Well, the truth was, the chief's wife had mislaid her cook-book."

# On the rim of the Grand Canyon



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El Tovar provides city club comforts. A \$250,000 hotel set in a wonderful wilderness; management of Fred Harvey.

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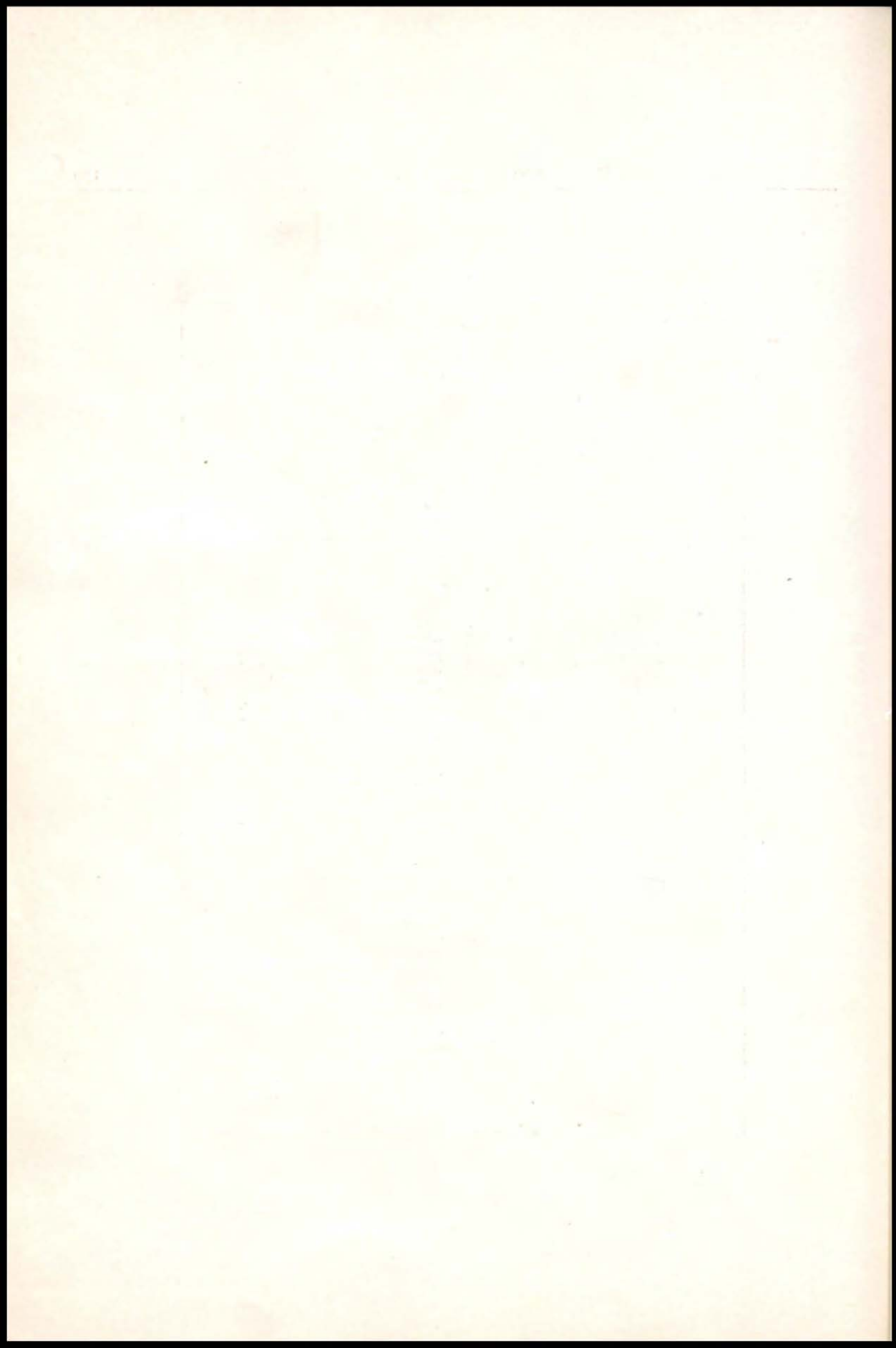
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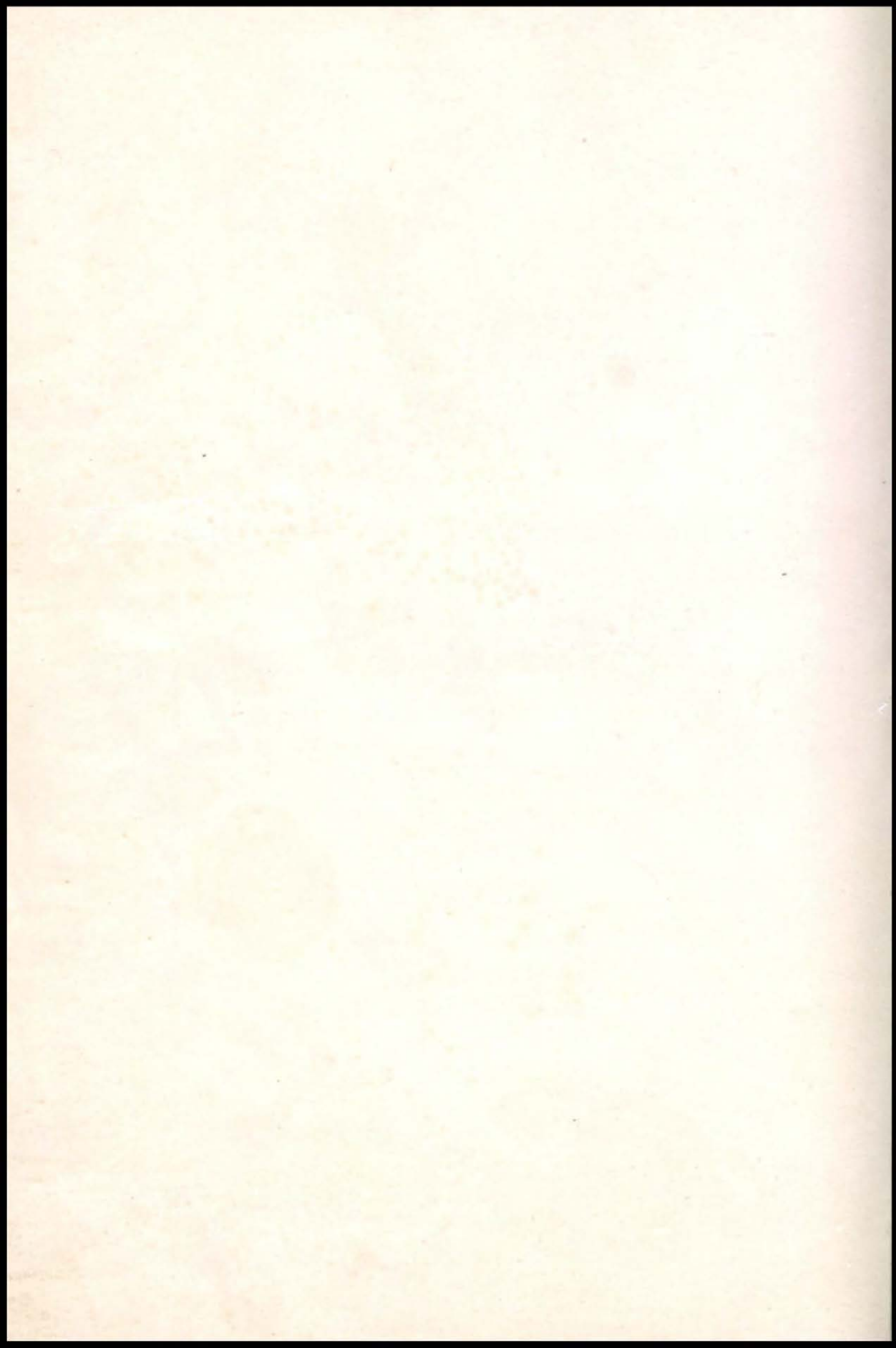
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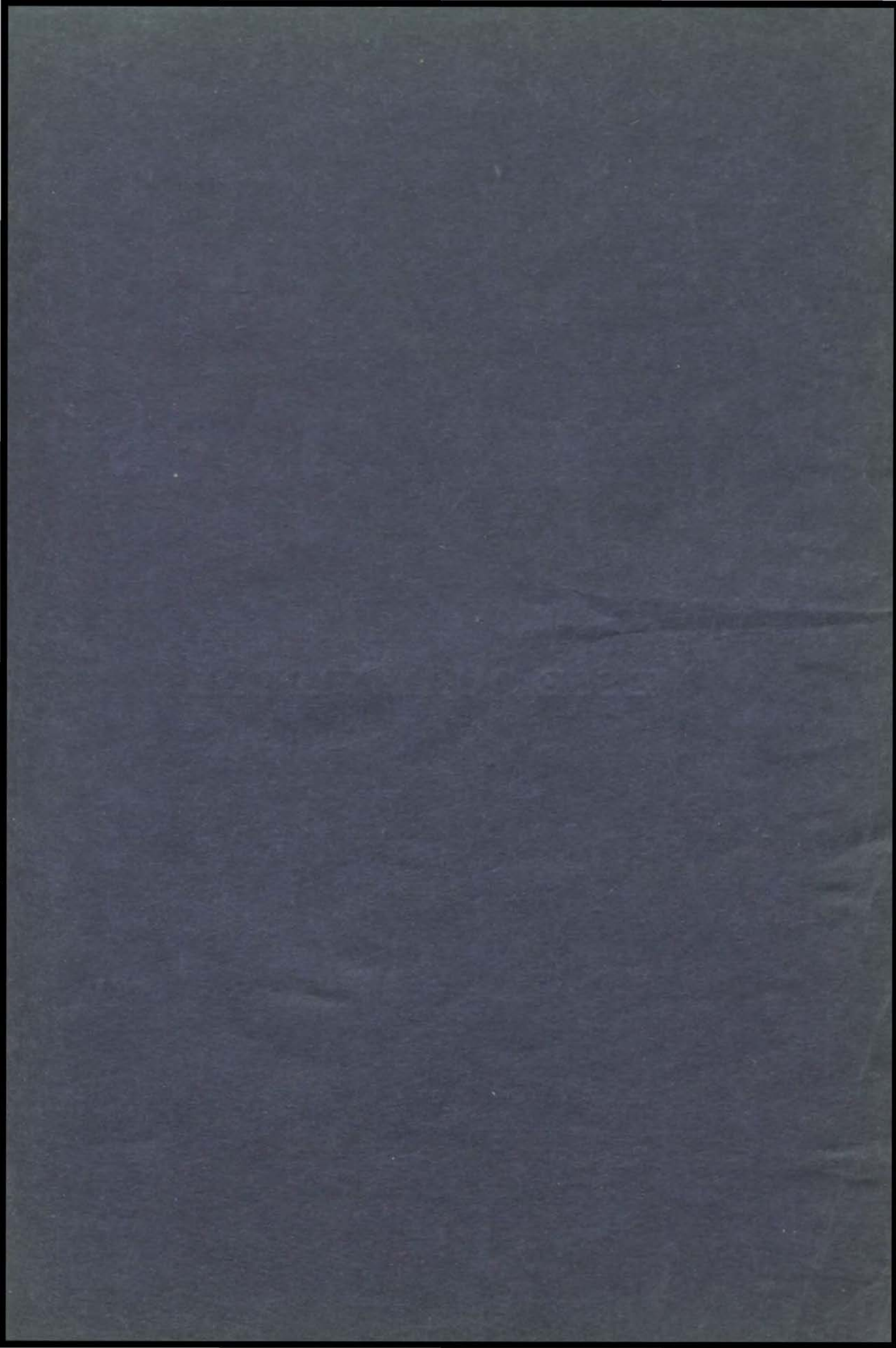
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