

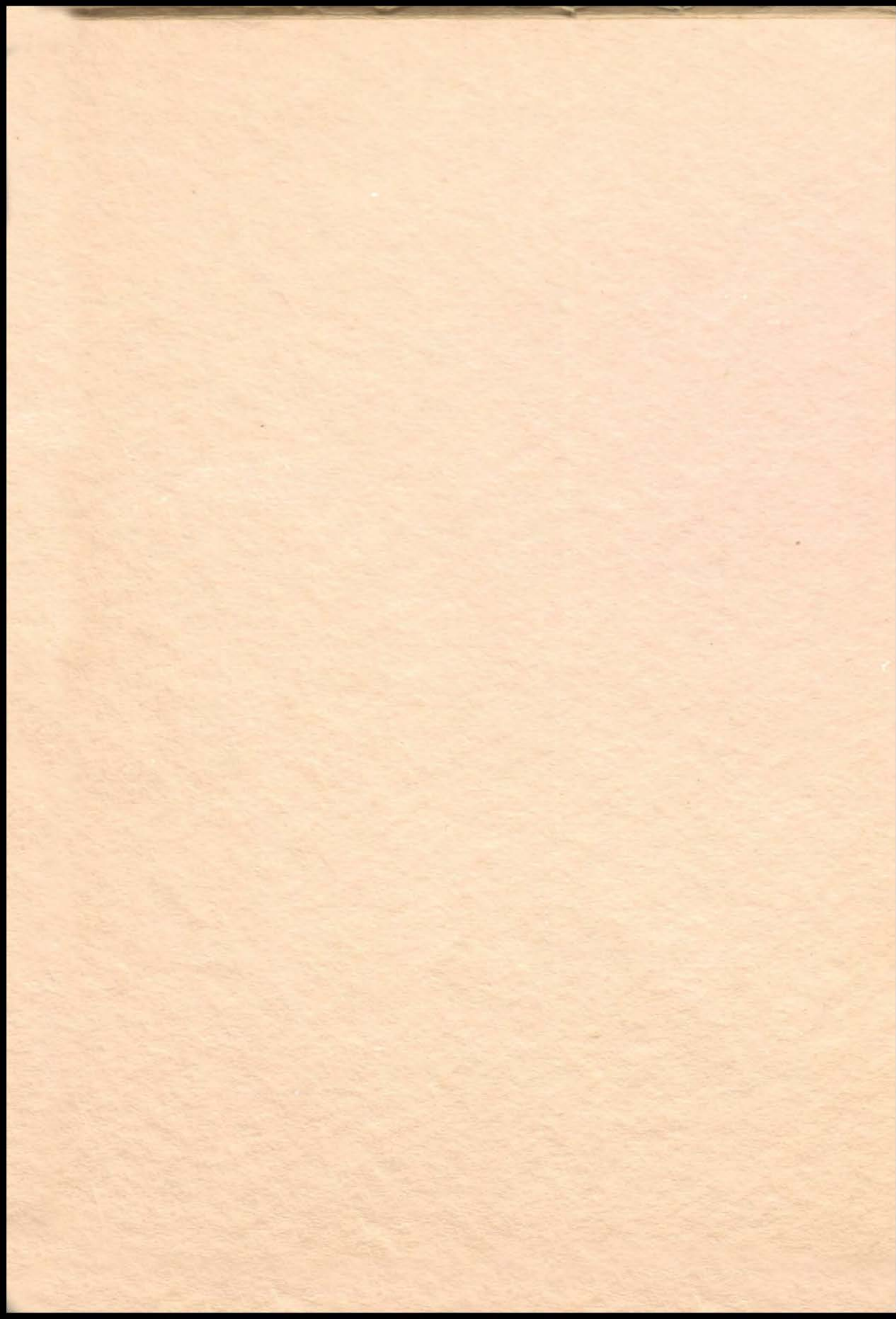


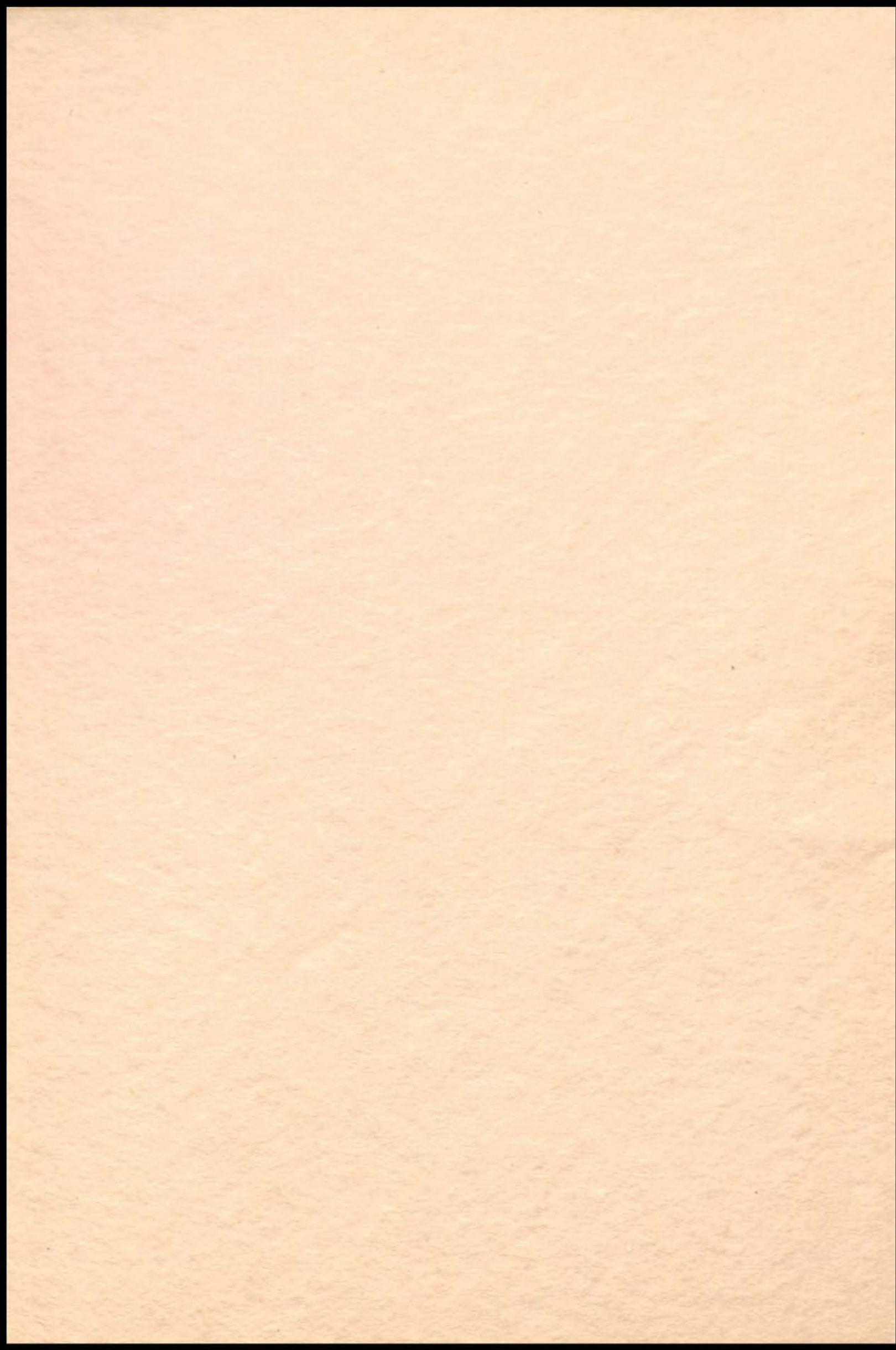
JUNE NUMBER  
HERALD  
WHS



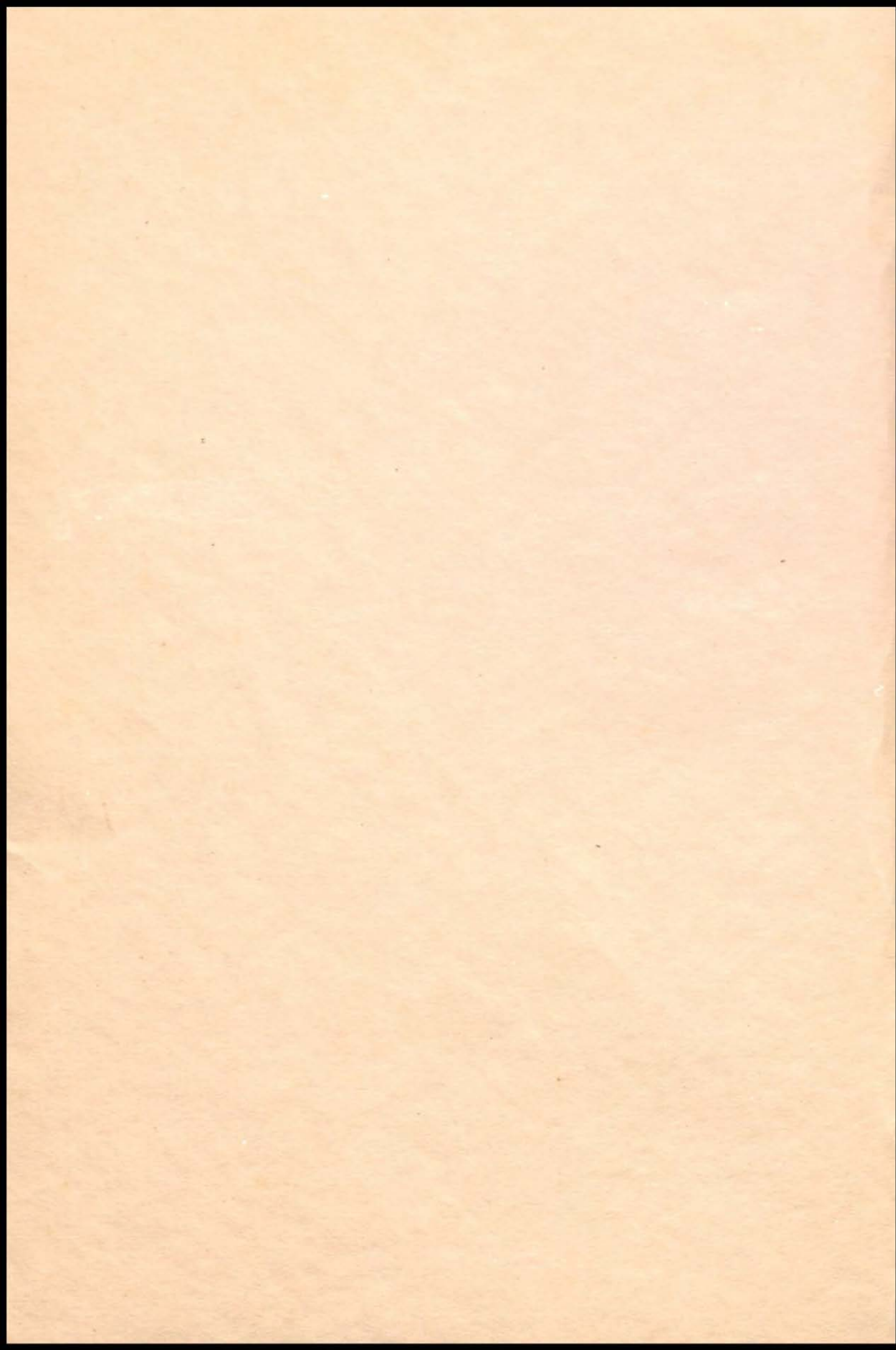
*Jos. Guthrie*



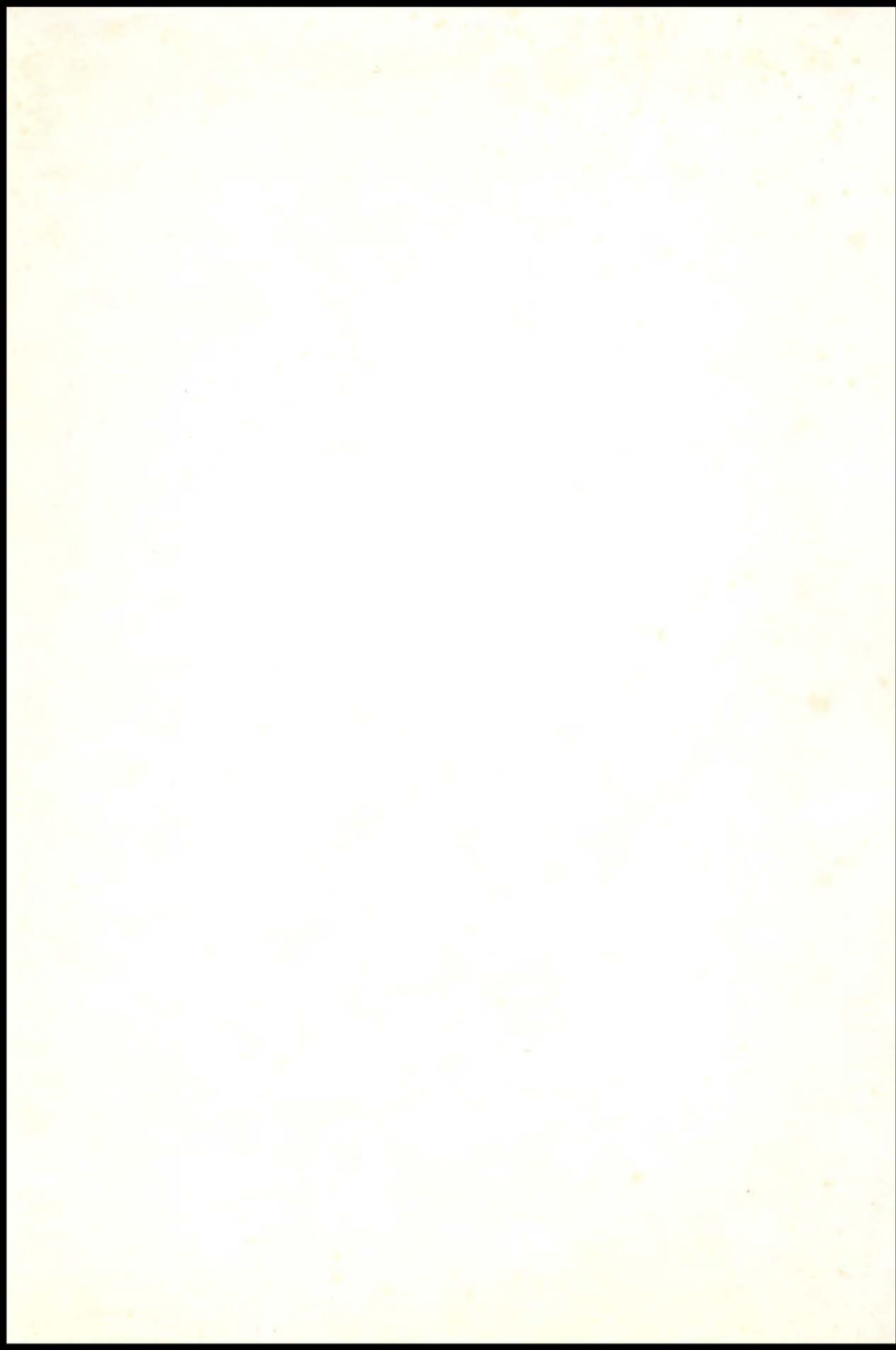


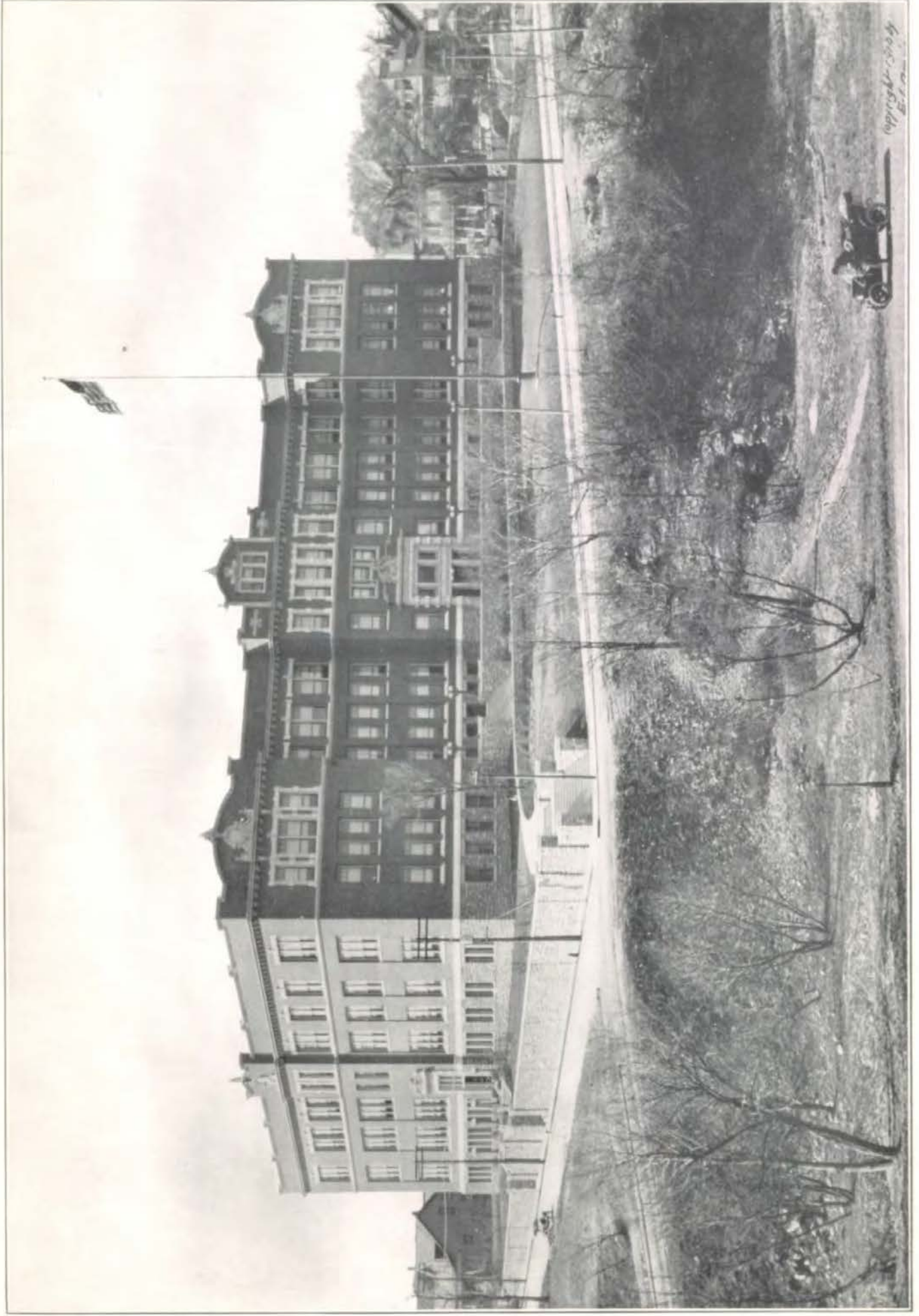












WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Copyright 1904  
E. A. ...



# Dedication



## To the Class of 1910

The second class to graduate  
from the new Westport,

The largest class in the history  
of the school,

This number of the Herald  
is Dedicated.

Board of Education.

♦ ♦



HON. J. CRAWFORD JAMES,  
*President.*



JUDGE HENRY L. McCUNE.



HON. FRANK A. FAXON,  
*Vice-President.*



HON. J. SCOTT HARRISON.



GENERAL MILTON MOORE.



HON. HALE H. COOK.





PRINCIPAL S. A. UNDERWOOD.



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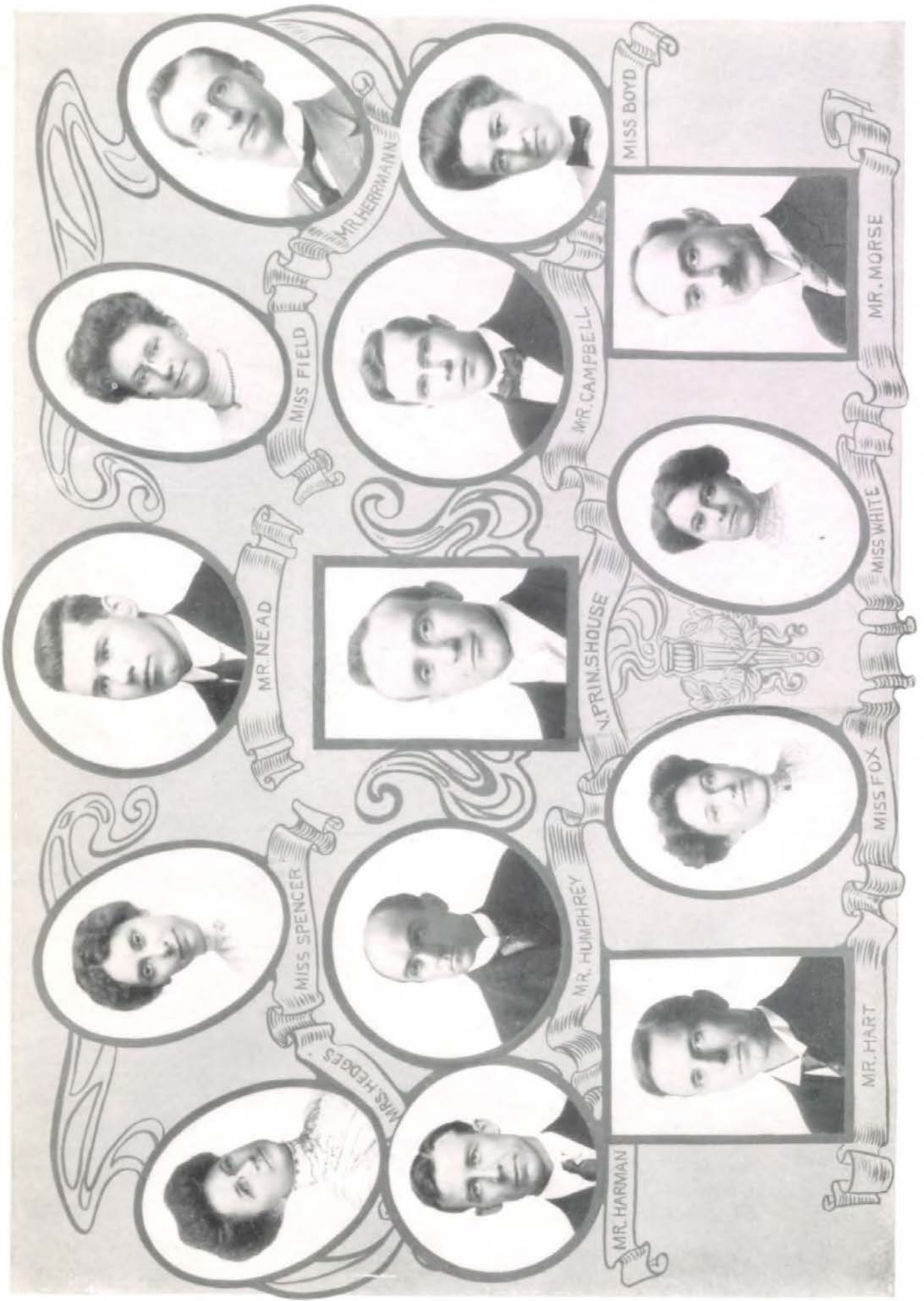
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Tracy Chase '10



## Westport High School Faculty.

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <p>MR. S. A. UNDERWOOD,<br/><i>Principal.</i></p> <p>MR. J. L. SHOUSE,<br/><i>Vice-Principal,</i><br/><i>History, English.</i></p> <p>MISS HELEN A. ALDER,<br/><i>Cooking.</i></p> <p>MR. J. H. BECKMANN,<br/><i>German.</i></p> <p>MR. A. O. BIGNEY,<br/><i>Mathematics.</i></p> <p>MISS GRACE BORLAND,<br/><i>Commercial Branches.</i></p> <p>MISS MARY L. BOYD,<br/><i>Design and Crafts.</i></p> <p>MISS HELEN F. BRIDGES,<br/><i>Mathematics.</i></p> <p>MR. H. B. CAMPBELL,<br/><i>Mechanical Drawing.</i></p> <p>MISS ELIZABETH H. CLAY,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>MISS MABEL C. COOK,<br/><i>Mathematics.</i></p> <p>MR. L. H. CUTTING,<br/><i>Mathematics.</i></p> <p>MISS CLARABEL DENTON,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>MISS MARGARET DEWITT,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>MISS BLANCHE E. ENYART,<br/><i>Physical Training.</i></p> <p>MISS NELL C. FIELD,<br/><i>Dressmaking and Millinery.</i></p> <p>MISS KATHERINE FISHER,<br/><i>Study Hall.</i></p> <p>MR. CHARLES S. FOSTER,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>MISS ANNA E. FOX,<br/><i>Mathematics.</i></p> <p>MR. C. L. GOODALE,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>MR. JOSEPH E. GUISSINGER,<br/><i>Joinery.</i></p> | <p>MR. MILO F. HALE,<br/><i>Wood Turning.</i></p> <p>MISS ELIZABETH HAMILTON,<br/><i>Substitute.</i></p> <p>MISS EDITH JOYCE HANNA,<br/><i>French.</i></p> <p>MR. R. V. HARMAN,<br/><i>History and Civics.</i></p> <p>MR. F. L. HARNDEN,<br/><i>Mechanical Drawing.</i></p> <p>MISS KATE HARRIMAN,<br/><i>Latin.</i></p> <p>MR. B. F. HART,<br/><i>Commercial Branches.</i></p> <p>MRS. EFFIE J. HEDGES,<br/><i>Vocal Music.</i></p> <p>MR. CHARLES HERRMANN,<br/><i>Chemistry.</i></p> <p>MISS STELLA F. HODSHIER,<br/><i>Study Hall.</i></p> <p>MR. L. L. HOOPES,<br/><i>Physical Training.</i></p> <p>MR. H. C. HUBBART,<br/><i>History.</i></p> <p>MR. DANIEL HULL,<br/><i>Physics.</i></p> <p>MISS EMMA W. HUMFELD,<br/><i>Sewing.</i></p> <p>MR. ALBERT S. HUMPHREY,<br/><i>Elocution and Public</i><br/><i>Speaking.</i></p> <p>MR. HENRY KING,<br/><i>Physiography and Algebra.</i></p> <p>MISS ANNA KURSCHAT,<br/><i>German.</i></p> <p>MISS ANNA H. LASH,<br/><i>Latin.</i></p> <p>MISS ADRIANA M. LEIPSNER,<br/><i>Mathematics.</i></p> <p>MRS. GERTRUDE F. LIGGETT,<br/><i>Latin.</i></p> <p>MRS. ADA G. MACLAUGHLIN,<br/><i>History.</i></p> <p>MR. A. E. MARTIN,<br/><i>History and Civics.</i></p> | <p>MR. E. R. MORSE,<br/><i>Mathematics.</i></p> <p>MISS F. LOUISE NARDIN,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>MR. J. H. NEAD,<br/><i>Laboratory Assistant.</i></p> <p>MR. F. L. PHILLIPS,<br/><i>Spanish.</i></p> <p>MISS ADA M. RAPP,<br/><i>Design and Crafts.</i></p> <p>MR. GEORGE SASS,<br/><i>Drawing.</i></p> <p>MR. J. W. SCOTT,<br/><i>Biology.</i></p> <p>MR. F. C. SHAW,<br/><i>Latin.</i></p> <p>MISS EMMA E. SHELTON,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>MISS ANN M. SHIRE,<br/><i>History.</i></p> <p>MISS MAMIE SPENCER,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>MISS CAROLYN STONER,<br/><i>French and Algebra.</i></p> <p>MR. BENJAMIN WARD,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>ANNA D. WHITE,<br/><i>English.</i></p> <p>MISS ANNE CROMBIE WILDER,<br/><i>Latin and Greek.</i></p> <p>MISS RUTH WILLISTON,<br/><i>Botany.</i></p> <p>MISS PEARL BURNS,<br/><i>Clerk.</i></p> <p>MISS RUTH A. MIDDLEBROOK,<br/><i>Assistant Clerk.</i></p> <p>MR. CHARLES B. SNEDEGER,<br/><i>Custodian.</i></p> <p>MRS. W. E. BENSON,<br/><i>Matron.</i></p> <p>MR. J. M. TIBBALS,<br/><i>Engineer.</i></p> <p>MRS. J. G. BISHOP,<br/><i>Manager Lunch Room.</i></p> |
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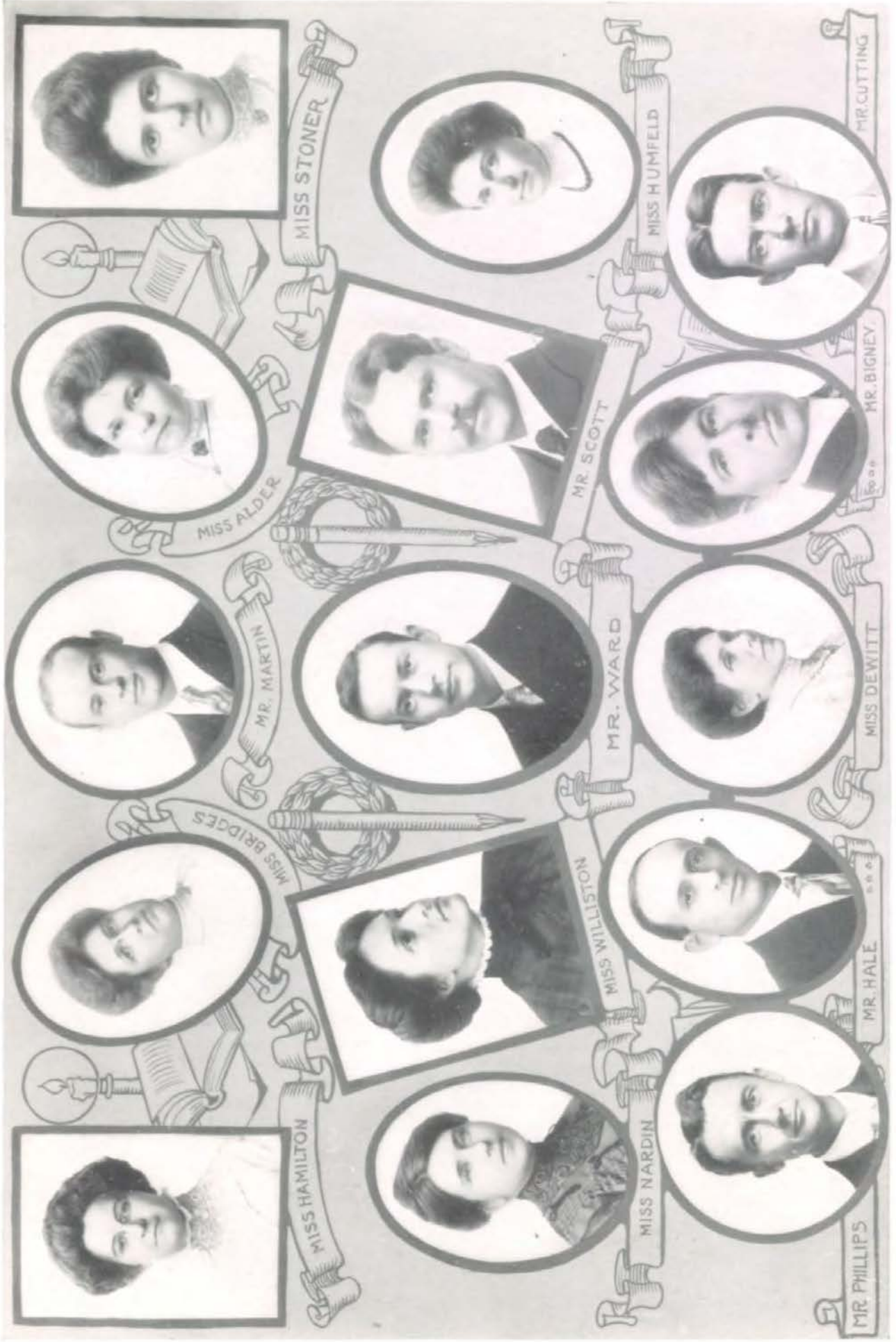


WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.





WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.



MISS STONER



MISS HUMPFELD



MR. CUTTING



MISS ALDER



MR. SCOTT



MR. BIGNEY



MR. MARTIN



MR. WARD



MISS DEWITT



MISS BRIDGES



MISS WILLISTON



MR. HALE



MISS HAMILTON



MISS NARDIN



MR. PHILLIPS





WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.



HAZEL SHARRARD

DONALD BLACK

MURIEL SCURLOCK

ANDREW ABBOTTS

JOSEPH GUILLET

GENEVIEVE HERRICK

CELESTE HORTON

ISOBEL HULL

REX MILLERS

JACK MALCOLMSON

EDWARD MCHORELAND

SYDNEY AITSCHULER

MARGARET CCBURN

KENNETH IRONS

MAY CHACE

LUCILE HEINRICH

LILLIAN BYERS

JOSEPH GUTHRIE

EDWARD MOSES

ADA MORRIS

STUART UPPELGRAFF

ELMO ROBINSON

THE EDITORIAL STAFF.



# THE EDITORIAL STAFF

THE WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL  
HERALD.

Vol VII. No. 2.

Kansas City, Mo., June, 1910.

## THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Kenneth Irons, '10 Donald Black, '11

### ADVISER.

Miss Stoner

GUILLET



# EDITORIALS

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# EDITORIALS

**B**EHOLD the 1910 Annual! Thanks to a large number of contributors, we had a greater choice of material than ever before, and many contributors of considerable merit had to be left out because of lack of space. We wish to thank all those who have contributed successfully or otherwise, and ask them to keep up the good work next year. Never give up when your school paper is concerned, for you never can tell just when your particular theme or story will fill a pressing need. Our thanks, also, to Miss Hodshier for her kind management of the photographs, which took no light weight off our shoulders, and to Mr. Shouse for his supervision of our business department.

The staff this year hoped to be able to get out the long desired greater number of issues, and it was no small disappointment not to be able to present to you a third and even a fourth number. Mr. Underwood now plans to have four numbers next year. We congratulate the school on this progress. More issues will mean greater interest, better material, a more entertaining paper, and increased opportunity for the students of Westport to toil for the Herald! There is every reason to believe that four numbers will be just twice the success that two have been, and all that is needed to make them so, is loyalty and interest on the part of every Westporter.

There has been growing up during the last year, most subtly and almost unmarked a strong loyalty and a close feeling of oneness in our new-old school. It is an intangible some-

thing, this identity of ours but none the less powerful and effective. It is making itself felt at the basket-ball games, in the debating contests, in the way in which the HERALD has been supported in both a literary and a financial way. In fact, we have found ourselves and from a great many different customs, and tastes, and ideas there has been formed a Westport standard, which is *success* unqualified.

If you think this HERALD is very good, we ask you to remember that we alone do not deserve all the praise for it. Much of the credit belongs outside of the staff, especially among the class reporters. The reporters this year have been very obliging in handing in material, and we feel very thankful to them for so helping us out.

This year Westport has cast the die in favor of the "Sons of the Revolution Essay Contest" and is entering into it with a will. The lack of interest shown in former years was largely due to a lack of encouragement. This year, the faculty and principal are doing all in their power to stimulate in the students an interest in the subject, "The Services of Samuel Adams in the War of the Revolution."

For years, Manual and Central have taken off most of the Sons of the Revolution prizes and have come to look upon that honor as a "sure thing." As long as this is a Missouri contest, it is up to Westport to show the other state high schools that we can write essays as well as win debates, Annapolis appointments



and basket-ball championships. So, don't be bashful, any of you, but hand in your best in the Samuel Adams line, and something is sure to happen.

London Institute of Elocution.

London, Kansas, May 3, 1910.

To Editor-in-Chief,

WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL HERALD:

Immediately upon the perusal of that ignominious epistle from the *Boston Society of Enunciation* published in your last issue, I have reached the procelensmatic conclusion that the corrigibility of the assertions is incomprehensibly difficult. In the first place such posterously obnoxious conglomerations have a tendency to become precariously assiduous. Besides, the inconvertibleness is excruciatingly evident. The incongruity and inconsistency leads to a hypercritical termination of thought. Mucilaginous craniums, pseudoblepsis, and risibleness are likely to follow with unprecedented and direful results. Avoid such contemplative experimentality.

With the most infinitesimal phantasmagorical exigencies.

Samuel Ayers, Jr.,  
President.

The following persons outside of the staff have done unusually good work for the HERALD this year. Of course it is very hard to give the credit just where it is due and probably we have overlooked many names that rightfully belong in this list. But we thank you one and all ever so much for the help you have given us:

Frances Algeo.  
Harold Cadwell.  
Shirley Cole.  
Edgar Wolfberg.  
Lawrence Walker.  
Hal Cedarland.  
Leland Hazard.  
Margaret Holmes.  
Lois Hodges.  
Duke Parry.  
Winston Rambo.  
Tom Root.  
Alfred Krause.  
Margaret Coad.  
Clifford Hollebaugh.  
Samuel Ayers.  
Jeannette Maxwell.  
Edwin Olmstead.

## The Faculty Reception.

Here's to our Parents and Teachers! They have met! And yet, so far as known, no serious consequences have yet appeared. The fateful opportunity was given on Friday evening, May 20, when the second reception of Westport High was held.

At eight o'clock, the work of the different classes in Manual Training, Domestic Science, Art, Science, etc., was placed on exhibition, and the different class rooms, the library, and art rooms were opened to the inspection of the friends and patrons of the school. At nine an enjoyable program was given by the Girls' Physical Training Classes, in the Gymnasium. The program was as follows:

1. Marching. . . . . All Classes
2. Aesthetic Dancing. . . . . Second Year Classes
3. Swedish Day's Order. . . . . First Year Girls
4. Gymnastic Games. . . . . First Year Girls

At 9:30 the visitors enjoyed a very pleasant program in the auditorium. An address was given by Dr. J. D. Ritchie, preceded by a musical program. The vocal numbers were:

- "Estudiantina" . . . . . Lacombe  
By Westport High School Chorus.  
"The Magnolias of Old Tennessee" and  
"Annie Laurie" . . . . . By Quartet  
Leslie Peckenpaugh, James O. Whitney,  
James Field, Elliot G. Nathan.

A violin solo was given by Miss Florence Cook.

All agreed that the occasion was a decided success, and much appreciation was expressed at the great improvement in the equipment and work of the school since last year. About 2,000 patrons and friends of the school were present.





*J. Guthrie*

## The Value of a Man.

**H**ISTORY tells us that six thousand years ago certain parts of the East witnessed a civilization in many respects not unlike our own. We will never know the length of time that it took man to reach that state, but the scientist finds unmistakable evidence that it must have embraced countless ages and more countless generations. Whatever the length of time since man first made his appearance on the earth, the vastness of the number of individuals who have come and gone is absolutely appalling when one stops to contemplate. The inhabitants of the earth to-day are a legion, but

"All that tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom."

Before the eye of an all-merciful Providence each one of this multitude has passed. We are certain that each one has his name engraved in the eternal Book of the Ages, for Holy Writ has it that "the Master heedeth even the sparrow's fall." It is well that a record is kept by such an infallible hand, for mankind is not so zealous in preserving the memory of the rank and file of his fellow-men.

Millions pass and out of many millions the name and memory of one is preserved and revered. Why should a Moses or a Solomon, a Sophocles or a Demosthenes be remembered to the exclusion of his countrymen with whom he was familiar? Why is it

that an Alexander or a Napoleon is so often mentioned and the individuals who made his conquests and fame possible never heard of? Why is it that a Gladstone, a Bismarck, or a Metternich occupy so many pages of the history of his nation, while even the names of his contemporaries do not appear? Why is it that a Washington or a Lincoln becomes a family name at home and a symbol of American citizenship abroad, when we know there are others who had their country's welfare just as much at heart? And why is it that a Roosevelt, a private citizen, even if an ex-President, can incite more newspaper comment than any other individual has probably ever done?

To properly answer the question why one individual achieves fame and notoriety and another is never heard of, several things must be ascertained. In the first place it makes a vast difference as to the age in which a man has lived, for in different stages of society we find people applying different standards.

Among a primitive people the leader is chosen in much the same way that the leader of a herd is chosen. Might is the chief factor, and when one weakens another takes his place.

As man advances from savagery to barbarism and lives in more or less settled communities, we find other qualities demanded of the leader. Still he must retain enough of bodily strength and ability to protect



himself and his people from all interference, but to this must be added the tact that makes him a law-giver, and if necessity demands it, an executor of the law as well. Such was the patriarch of old. Such was Abraham.

The ruler of such a people, to be a successful ruler, could not be a weakling in body. The people of such a country were strong, healthy people, to whom the ruinous effect of an unnerving civilization were unknown. They were liable to be called upon at any time to defend themselves and theirs. The feeling of self-preservation was strong. The step from such a state to that of many nations of Bible times, and later, is not a long one.

We find the same state of affairs existing when we get the first glimpse of Grecian civilization. The very conditions of the country made manhood a positive necessity. Physically speaking, then, if ever, were perfect men. But the Greek took an immense step forward. He discovered that more was needed than mere brute strength. The time he could spare from defending his country and producing his food was spent in developing himself in two directions; first, to have a perfect body; and then to cultivate a mind that could control and make the most of such a body.

Witness the result. A perfect body made it possible for a Phidias to produce a perfect man in marble. The combination of mind and body working together, produced such men as Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. Literature and philosophy attained a height that made Greece the envy of the known world.

Later Greece fell a prey to outside influences and Rome became the center of the civilized world. For a time the double development of mind and body went hand in hand, but the spirit of conquest finally took the place of that other development, and Rome passed away. The history of Europe for centuries was the distributing of that power among the nations.

Leaders were produced and not civilizers. A Gregory appears here and a Charlemagne there, but they are few and far between. The great man seems to have been the one of martial genius. The passages of history are covered with the names of such men.

These leaders have come and gone, and some are recorded as among the greatest of the world's great, but they do not embrace by any means all that can claim a part of that distinction. Many of them were the founders and preservers of nations and so wrought great blessings for their fellow-men, but many a man of less humble pretensions has served mankind quite as well and more.

Closely akin to the political leader is the religious leader and many have wrought more lasting good than their martial brethren. The works of a Luther, Calvin, Zwingli and Wyclif will last for all time. The bondage from which they freed men was worse than that for which a nation crossed the Red Sea. In many cases the martyr had need of a greater courage than the soldier who faced armies.

The work of a Galileo, a Newton, a Lutenberg, or a Columbus, need only be mentioned for us to bend our heads in recognition of the services rendered. A world without books or without a western continent is to us equally unthinkable, yet the discovery of each has caused a name to be indelibly engraved in the Temple of Fame.

The last century has witnessed a multitude of inventions, that when their advantages have once been enjoyed, we wonder how previous generations ever managed to exist without them. The invention of each has added one more name to the list of the world's illustrious. Any child will tell you the glory that circles around the name of a Watt, a Whitney, a Morse or a Howe, and a thousand and one others who have made a twentieth century civilization what it is.

Every activity has its great man. One shows us how to conquer distance; another, how to conquer pain; one masters the sea;



another, the air; one works for the uplift of the individual; another, for the uplift of the race; one wears out his life for the oppressed of our great cities; another gives his life that the savage and barbarian may see the true light.

By no means the least of the world's great are those master minds who have recorded for us their best thoughts and the best thoughts of the age in which they lived. As long as the world lasts the names of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare and countless others will be revered. These serve as true and as great a purpose as do any other class of great men.

We have seen that no one station, no one walk in life can say that here alone are great men. The question at once comes, what is a great man? What makes a great man? The great man is the one that has a great mission and accomplishes it; that sees a place where mankind can be bettered and promptly embraces the opportunity; that has a great idea and shares it with the world. He may make a nation a fit home for a great people; he may lift the veil, either politically, socially, or religiously; he may produce an idea or an invention. He will make the world a better place in which to live. He will be the greatest man that does the greatest good to the greatest number.

To every person that reaches the age of accountability there will come the question, What am I to do? What part am I to play in the world's activities? It is the same question that has addressed itself to every serious minded person for ages past, but it is just as salient a question for the present as it has ever been for the past. In many respects it demands a more serious consideration than it has ever done before.

What am I to do? What am I fit to do?

What am I to fit myself to do? These are indeed serious questions that face everyone. Lucky indeed are those who have decided before this what their vocation shall be and have been turning their energies in that direction.

A high school education is the first step for the American youth of today who would become a success in life, but it is only the first step. Contrast the advantages you have over those who have never had such an education. Then in turn contrast the advantages the college man has over you. Add to this the fact that the number of college men has increased four-fold in the last fifteen years. These are the men you will have to rub shoulders with. This alone is enough to show the necessity for further training. True, many a one will become a success without further education, but he will be best fitted who adds the technical to the practical.

Never before has there been a time when competition was so critical. Never was there such a demand, such a chance for the man who is ready. The world wants men who can do and who know they can do. In every line men are superseded by those of more ample preparation. But you may ask, Is this a new development? No! the laurels have always gone to the man who was ready.

The change is in the strenuousness of the demand. The present occupants of positions lose them for two reasons: the better equipment of the younger man, and the failing strength of the older man. The man of the future will have to learn from the early Greeks the secret of a perfect body as an abiding place for a perfect mind. How often do we see a man drop out of a strenuous life because of failing strength. This can be remedied. This must be remedied by the man of the future if he would succeed.

Every child now is taught how to care for his body at the same time that his mind is being developed. In the near future compulsory physical training will be a part of every child's curriculum. Then the habits formed in youth will become second nature. Until that time, we will see men falling out of the race before their life work is done.

Granted that a man has a body fit to do anything that the mind may command.



That alone will not win him fame, unless it be that he is satisfied with the fame of a Gotch or a Jeffries. Something more is necessary to a lasting reputation. Back of it all must be a sterling character. He must be a man whose ideal is not only the advancement of self, but one that is willing to put self in the back-ground and labor for the good of his fellow-men and the race.

Our civilization will not be complete until such time as the golden rule shall have become the guiding principle of society. Until that time there will be as many standards of greatness as there are men. The remedy will come in the wholesale inculcation of the idea that that is the greatest man who does the greatest good to the greatest number.

*Margaret Corbin, '10.*

## The Need of the Hour.

CERTAIN periods of the world's history stand out in bold relief on account of the advancement made in those times. These periods are irregular in their appearance and vary in their character. One age will be noted for its conquests; another, for its discoveries; a third for its culture.

The greatest age is yet to come. This age is to be one of great inventions, industries and enormous enterprises of every description. This will prove to be the colossal age in the world's history.

In the last decade we have entered upon this age. We have seen in these ten years the erection of immense skyscrapers; we have seen such sea monsters as the *Lusitania* built and sent across the ocean in a trifle over four days; we have seen the difficult task of digging a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, undertaken and pushed forward by our government; and in the near future we shall see this stupendous work completed and vessels of every nation saving days and days of valuable time by taking this route to and from the East.

Not only have we witnessed these great feats of engineering undertaken and accomplished, but we have watched the rapid growth of many industries from small, local affairs into large world wide ones, such is the automobile industry. Not so many years ago we were inclined to laugh at the possessor of one of these vehicles, but today in the United States alone there are hundreds of thousands of these machines

put out annually. Does it mean merely the spreading of a fad? No. It means that from the time these machines were invented up until the present hour men of great mechanical genius and business ability have been applying themselves to the work of perfecting this instrument until now it has become a practical thing not only for pleasure but for business purpose. It means that the man that is going to be successful in any line of business today must understand conditions throughout the world so that he may manufacture and sell his product on a good market.

Practically the same conditions prevail in the advertising business. The growth of advertising has been phenomenal. Today advertising can make or break a business. It is an absolute business necessity under existing economical conditions. The man that can write good, attractive advertisements, those that will catch the public eye and make people buy, is among the best paid of the business profession. But what is necessary for one to become a successful advertiser? A man must know the fundamental principles of his work. He must know how to design well and at the same time economize space. He must know how to arrange his material so that it can be grasped quickly and in its entirety by the public. He must know the public to which he appeals. But this is only half of his work. He must know where to place his advertisements, what magazines, newspapers or periodicals



are the best for certain kinds of advertising. He must know the right time for putting it forth as well as the cheapest and best way to do it. Here again we find need for not only the skillful but the practical man.

I do not wish to tire you with examples, but look for a moment at farming. Farming is no longer a case of working from sunup to sundown and then trusting to luck and the good graces of the weather for a successful crop. It has become a case of understanding the business; of knowing how. Farming has become a science. It is a profession just as law and medicine have always been. The successful man on the farm today is the man that has studied his soil and climate and knows what will thrive best under the existing conditions. He knows in what rotation to plant his crops in order to build up his soil and leave it better than he found it, for as the country becomes more thickly populated this becomes a more positive necessity. But the farmer must be practical as well, for what good are theories if they cannot be reduced to actual practice. He must know how not only to raise a good crop but how to sell it on a strong rising market.

In these three widely differing lines of industry we see how necessary it is to have not only skill and the scientific knowledge of our work but practical business ability as well. This is just what the business world is demanding today. It not only demands a man who is sober, honest and industrious, but it demands one who has keen insight into existing economic conditions, one who understands both the technical and the practical side of his work.

But where are these wonderfully trained men to come from? That is the great question. They cannot be trained in the industrial world alone, for while they would doubtless obtain a good practical knowledge, they would lack the scientific knowledge so necessary today.

Where is this double training to come from? We seek a source of supply, but

never once think of the American college, or if we do we cast it aside in derision. No! The men that come from college are either bookworms or Rah! Rah! Boys who know as little about conducting a business as a child. This is the common plea entered against a college education by the business world. A certain amount of this prejudice may be well founded. But was there ever an institution for the uplift of mankind that has not had its drawbacks? No one would think of questioning the church as a great factor in this beneficent movement, but has it not sent forth its fanatics and extremists just as the college has sent forth its bookworms and its Rah! Rah! boys? We find extreme cases wherever we go and under all circumstances.

I will grant that we find the bookworm at one extremity of college life and the Rah! Rah! boy at the other, but we do not necessarily have to go to the college to find these. After all it is the large, strong, vigorous middle class in every branch of life that counts and so it is in college life. The average young man that is turned out of college, is a fine, honest, manly fellow, who, although he did not finish at the head of his class, has received a training just as valuable as he received from his books. He has found just what it is to be thrown on his own resources, for while he may have received a pittance from home, there are other problems besides financial ones in college life which are just as hard if not more so than the financial ones, but which leave the young man the stronger for having honestly faced and solved them for himself. He has learned the best and wisest way to overcome a difficulty. He has learned to use good sound judgment and to be practical in his daily life. Coupled to this he has received his academic training.

If it be an engineering course that he has taken, he has not only learned the necessary mathematics, but he has had actual construction work in the machine shops.

If it be agriculture he has chosen, he has first gone into the laboratory where he has



analyzed soils, studied plant life and learned the theory upon which it all is based. Then he has put his theories to the actual test at the experiment station. He has become practical as well as scientific.

This is the way an education is received in the present day American college. Here is that double training so necessary to cope with the problems of the day. Can it be argued that this is nothing but book learning; that the college man is not practical; that the cold business world will turn him wrongside out and make him begin all over again, thus having wasted five or six years which might have been spent in getting a start in business? Decidedly no!

So far I have spoken only from the economic side of the question, as if all the young man is to get out of his college education is the ability to carry on a successful and lucrative business. But this is not all. Success in the business world is the smallest part of it. Incidentally he will have learned how to fit himself into the world's activities. He will have learned how to get more out of life as he puts more into it. He will live more in a day than he used to in a week. He can keep up with the spirit of the times. He can go anywhere and into any society and feel at his ease. He will have become more than a mere human machine. He has learned how to adapt himself to his surroundings and circumstances.

Dr. Phelps of Yale University said to us in an address one morning last spring, "That greatest thoughts." Can any one doubt that the happiest man is the man that thinks the a man who can think and say a thing like that is a happy man?

This is the thing above all things that the college helps us to do. To think great thoughts! To be happy! What if you have not made a great success in your business? Will not your knowledge of literature, language and history serve you in good stead? If you have cultivated a taste for these things, will they not always be a source of great enjoyment to you. If you are a happy man you can better fulfil your duties to your

family, your city, your state and your country.

This is the great thing that a college education does for you. It broadens you, makes a man of you, and a big man at that. It is the big man that is wanted. It takes a big man to do the big things of this age.

We young men and women on this platform are just completing one of the first steps in the course of obtaining an education. We should be in a serious state of mind. We have forgotten the joy that accompanies our graduation. We are thinking about what we are leaving behind us in this large, fine school; of the friends we have made and of our teachers who have been more than friends to us in our four or five years stay here. When we think of these things, we wish that we might remain another four years and enjoy the companionship we have found in these halls.

But let us look ahead and see what lies beyond us. Let us not forget the great advantage our life here and at college will give us over the poor fellow out there who has never had the chance, and be thankful for it.

May we all strive to get this education, for it is open to everyone of us, who, unincumbered by family ties, has ambition, grit and confidence enough in himself to push forward and work for an education.

The world is looking for men who are ready, men who have learned how to unite the technical and the practical. Never before has there been such a chance for the young man who has prepared himself for some definite line of work. Never before has there been a time when the old men are being so rapidly superseded by the young.

If we wish to be anything more than mediocre in this age of great undertakings, we dare not stop short of the best preparation that is possible, lest we in turn be superseded by the men of tomorrow. The die has been cast; the future is before us. Let us take heed of the Need of the Hour and be among the first of those to fill this ever increasing demand.

*Elliott Gatewood Nathan, '10.*



## The Fall of the Hawaiian Islands.

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### I.

#### THE STORM BREWS.

THE inky blackness of the night settled like a sepulchral shroud over the coast. Dark, threatening clouds obscured the moon. The only discernible sound was the weird groaning of the ocean. Clearly, a storm was approaching. Suddenly a streak of lightning lit up the surrounding country. On the water nothing was to be seen but the usual long, oily swells, characteristic of the sea before a storm, but on shore—something unusual was there. A man, presumably not possessed either of brains, wealth or rank, whose outward appearance suggested a baboon, was slouching along the shore, as if hiding from the very darkness itself.

Instead of going toward the more thickly populated part of the island, he made his way slowly along the coast, glancing eagerly from rock to rock as if searching for some shelter from the approaching storm. But this could not explain his presence on this lonely coast at such an hour, for shelter and companions might be found in the little town of Hilo, a few miles away.

At last he stopped before a large boulder and fumbled about in the loose sand at its side until his hand touched a small iron lever, cleverly concealed. With its aid he gently rolled the rock aside, disclosing a solid iron door about two feet square. Upon this he knocked three times in rapid succession.

Almost immediately a knock responded from within. There was a pause, and a similar sound ensued. The man at once put his mouth to a small opening at one corner of the entrance and called in strange but clear accents the word "Oyama."

A quick snap of well-oiled bolts sounded, and the door slid back, allowing a flood of yellow light to fall upon the scud. The mysterious personage quickly dropped through

the door; it snapped shut behind him, and, once more, all was darkness without.

Inside, he, this laborer, who had so mysteriously made his way along the eastern coast of Hawaii, who seemed to be in league with the Devil himself, and to such an extent as to visit him in his own abode, descended a short, carefully constructed steel staircase. At the bottom was a low-vaulted, square room, about fifteen feet in length. The ceiling, which was cemented, as were the floor and walls, was well supported by heavy steel beams, which, upon close observation, proved to be constructed of small sections not more than four feet long. This was necessitated by the small opening at the top, being the only entrance through which material could be brought, also by the extreme need of absolute secrecy. Between each two beams were rows of small electric lights, which gave to the strange abode the brilliancy of a ball-room. The walls were richly hung with relics of war, while paintings of romance added an air of brightness and luxury to the place.

In the middle of the floor was a large, round table, littered with papers, maps, charts and writing materials. Around this were seated eight men, while two chairs still remained unoccupied.

The newcomer silently saluted those present and proceeded to remove his worn overcoat and slouch hat, which had hitherto concealed most of his face. The removal of his overcoat revealed only the ordinary dress of a Hawaiian laborer, but as he took off his hat, not the features of a Hawaiian native, nor those of an American were brought to light, but the sallow complexion and narrow eyes of an intelligent-looking Japanese. His well-formed features and clean shaven face ill became his rough laboring garb.

He started to speak.

"Your report presently, Major," interrupt-



ed the man at the head of the table. "Remember, there is still one to come," he continued, pointing to the empty chair next his own, which was more profusely decorated than the others with large silk flags of Japan. Thus silenced, the new arrival took possession of the other unoccupied chair.

Hardly was he seated, when a grating sound was heard from above. This was followed by three successive knocks on the door. The man nearest rose and knocked twice, pausing after the first, upon the iron at the head of the stairs. A muffled word was spoken overhead and the door slid back.

A man of larger build than the other occupants of the apartment descended the stairs. His riding boots and dark blue military cloak marked him as a soldier.

Immediately those in the room rose. The newcomer was apparently dazed by the sudden flood of light, and with an impatient gesture, he threw aside his hat and coat, disclosing the uniform of a colonel in the United States army. Then he seemed to take in his surroundings.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, gazing about him. "Is this the place you described to me as a hole in the ground?"

"They say the American loves comfort. You should appreciate this," replied the other, a proud smile lighting up his dark features.

"I admire it," said the American emphatically, "but what is that little steel door over there?"

The Oriental laughed.

"Come," he said, stepping to the door in question. "This," he continued, as he opened it, "is a passage, about a quarter of a mile in length, which leads around Pigeon Head Cliff and opens through an air-tight door from the cliff, fifteen feet below the surface of the water. You see, if by any chance we are discovered, we have only to go through that passage, and, leaving the doors open, swim to the shore, while the water destroys our plans, charts and the room here, itself."

"Well," said the American, admiringly,

"it has been said that there is science, even in the building of a mud fence."

His eyes still wandered about the room. Presently they rested on the lights overhead.

"Colonel," he said to the Oriental, "where does your electricity come from—surely not from the town?"

For answer the Japanese opened another door, disclosing a small dynamo. The smell of oil came from the little gasoline engine behind it.

The American nodded and seated himself in the flag draped chair. Then the business was started.

"I understand, Colonel Yakito, that most of the plans have already been laid. I should like you to give me an outline of what has been done," said the American.

"Certainly, Colonel Gordon, that is my intention. You see, we have, although few know it, about thirty thousand trained soldiers on these islands in the guise of laborers, while you—or rather the Americans—have, perhaps, ten thousand."

The American winced. "And I must betray this ten thousand," he mused. "But it is done! I have started and must see it through."

"And the signal?" he asked, breaking from his musings.

The Japanese glanced at his watch. "In ten minutes, Colonel Gordon, I shall answer that question."

"And why not now?"

"I hope you will pardon this seeming discourtesy, but in ten minutes you will understand."

The American gazed gloomily at the floor and at last his eyes rested upon his uniform—the blue of the United States army. Mechanically, almost, he rose, unbuckled his sword, and passing it across his right arm, laid it on the table. The ceremony was interrupted by the Japanese officer.

"Colonel Gordon, I think you understand your role in this drama. The plans of the American fortifications here and in San Francisco which you have delivered to us



have been looked over. You have nothing to do with those. Now, when the signal is given, you are to lead us, with a body of men that will be waiting, to the back of the fort. And, Colonel Gordon," he glanced at his watch, "this is the signal."

He leaned forward and applied a match to an opening in a long tube extending through the ceiling.

Immediately there was a shrill, whistling sound, followed by the dull report of a rocket high in the air. All those in the room rose and started toward the entrance. All remorse seemed to have left the American. His head was held erect and a sarcastic smile played about his lips.

At the door he stopped. All had gone with the exception of himself and Colonel Yakito.

"Listen," he said in a low voice, holding open the door. The roar of the wind was heard, while jagged flashes of lightning showed the close proximity of the storm. "Out there a terrific storm is about to burst. Here, within, all is tranquil." He cast a last look into the deserted room and stepped out into the dark.

## II. THE STORM BURSTS.

The first faint streaks of dawn were struggling through the dense clouds, and playing weakly about the top of Pigeon Head Cliff. The rain descended in torrents. Presently a very black cloud rolled up from the east, leaving the place once more in utter darkness, except for the occasional vivid flashes of lightning.

Suddenly the sound of a bugle was borne upon the air. Instantly a cannon sounded from the fort. This was echoed by the guns from all the forts throughout the islands. Red lights burned from the forts; search lights played upon the bay, and with a steadily increasing rattle, interrupted only by the deep boom of the fort guns or the screaming of shells, the firing began.

On a small knoll were two men, evidently watching the fight as best they could in the semi-darkness.

"How well they defend their hovels," remarked one admiringly.

"Yes," replied the other, sadly, "but what can ten thousand surprised men do against thirty thousand prepared soldiers? Nothing—absolutely nothing!"

"Yes, but still—"

A rocket suddenly shot upward, leaving a trembling streak of fire behind it, wavered a moment and broke, throwing in the indistinct but discernible form of a Japanese flag. The rocket had ascended apparently from one of the neighboring islands. It had hardly died away when a similar one came from another direction.

"Ah! Two are ours already!" cried the Japanese colonel, grasping the other's arm, but his companion was gazing out into the sea with a look of intense anxiety on his face. Another rocket soared from the island, followed by another and another from different forts near by. The Japanese extended his hand.

"Colonel Gordon, the flag of Japan—God grant it may some day be the flag of the world—now floats over the Hawaiian Islands!"

"For the hour," finished the other under his breath.

The Japanese heard, but laughed.

"Colonel Gordon," he said, "I may tell you now what I feared to tell you before. When I fired that signal a few hours ago, at a set time, the principal fleet of the Japanese navy, which has been cruising just off the western coast of the United States, on apparently friendly terms, commenced bombarding the Coast. Spies in the forts have disabled the guns as far as possible. Before the Atlantic fleet of the United States can reach there, we will have landed over a hundred thousand men on the coast. The only other ships near us are those of the English fleet, which are there on a more friendly basis than we; but England must remain neutral. Look!" he exclaimed, pointing to the bay.

The dull outline of several men of war could be detected a little to the lea of the



island. Even as he spoke a rocket shot from the foremost of them. As it burst, it threw out, in balls of fire, a picture of the earth, overspread by the flag of Japan.

For a moment the American looked and gasped, then resumed his peering into the gloom in another direction. Suddenly he grasped the other's arm.

"And look there, you little almond eyed villain!" He swung the Jap around as though he had been a child, and pointed toward the bay.

In the growing light could be seen, coming into the bay under full steam, a squadron of battleships—bearing the American flag.

A deep report echoed across the water, followed by the hideous scream of a shell, then with a dull thud it struck the foremost of the Japanese ships. Immediately both sides opened fire and the battle was on.

### III.

#### AFTER THE STORM—THE WRECK.

"All hands on deck!" The cry rang through the ship.

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Gordon opened his eyes slowly. A sensation of pain caused him to groan. His head was swathed in bandages and ached dully. His eyes wandered about the room.

He recognized it as a cabin on a man-of-war. The ceiling was draped with American flags. He listened. The slow monotonous tread of a sentry could be heard from the hall, and the incessant swish of water from somewhere.

An officer stopped before the door and, seeing him awake, entered. Gordon turned a pair of questioning eyes upon him.

"You were wounded by the last shot fired," remarked the officer coldly.

"But this room?" gasped the wounded man.

"This is the second cabin of the United States battleship Alaska. We are lying with the rest of the squadron just off the island of Hawaii after having demolished utterly three Japanese vessels and recaptured these islands."

"And I—Colonel Gordon—am considered as a prisoner of war?"

"And you—Fenimore C. Gordon—are considered here as a traitor to your country," replied the officer quietly.

He was interrupted by a commotion in the hall. Two seamen brought in a disarmed Japanese officer. It was Colonel Yakito!

The prisoner spoke:

"I should like to ask one question of you, Lieutenant Peters. I have just been informed that our fleet was defeated on the American coast—I know what has happened here. Now, from where did those and these ships come? Your Atlantic fleet could not have arrived so soon."

"Fool!" cried the other. "Did it never occur to any of you that the fleet nearly twice the size of yours, and which flew the English flag, might not belong to the English? At any rate, it did not, but was a fleet purchased recently from different parts of the world, and we thought it better to keep the secret until we learned your real reason for sending your fleet to our coast. We learned—and it came near being too late—the necessity for a Pacific fleet."

"A few days ago we received a wireless message—from whom, I know not—stating that an attack would be made on the Hawaiian islands. A few of the ships were at once sent here. The result you know."

Gordon was taken, at this point, with a desperate fit of coughing. Both men turned toward the bed; the American raised Gordon in his arms, for the dying man was struggling to speak.

"Just one thing more before I go." His breath was coming in gasps now. "I—I sent th—that message!" Then with one convulsive clutch at his throat, he ceased struggling.

Those in the room bowed their heads, while the officer, in whose arms he had died, spread the Stars and Stripes over the still form. In one hand was clutched a scrap of paper, addressed in a nervous hand:

"Col. Yakito, Japanese Army of Invasion."

Col. Yakito: "The Stars and Stripes—God grant it peace—floats over the Hawaiian islands forever." *Roscoe Allard, 13.*



## Jack.

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JACK was a large wooden rocking horse—a gallant dappled gray. He lived in a cosy, little cottage with honey-suckle vines climbing over the porch and a row of cedar trees bordering the gravel path to the road.

It was a few days before Christmas, when Jack first arrived at the cottage. He had taken a long tiresome journey from a distant city and now, to make matters worse, the first thing upon his arrival he was stored away behind an old trunk in the garret where he spent two long weary days. But in the gray dawn of Christmas morning a kind Santa Claus took him from the dusty corner and placed him with other toys arranged around a tiny Christmas tree. What to Jack's disgust, however, did he discover by his side but a diminutive bear, called Teddy. Jack completely ignored this inferior beast and did not even deign to cast the poor creature a glance of his cold glassy eyes.

The house was very still. Near morning Jack heard someone pattering down the stairs. He picked up his ears and listened. The sounds came nearer and soon the door opened. A little boy burst into the room and with a joyous whoop, he pounced upon the Christmas tree and his new toys. Every one was examined with due care, each new discovery bringing forth a cry of delight from the lad, till finally, with a hug for Jack and a squeeze for Teddy, he gathered his treasures all in his arms and hastened upstairs to begin operations with his new playthings.

The days that followed were happy ones. The little boy's mama read thrilling stories of bold Robin Hood and jolly Friar Tuck and Paul Revere's stirring ride; while the little boy sat on the floor and listened—with the Teddy bear in his lap and Jack standing by his side in the most dignified position which that animal could command. Whenever the Teddy bear was around Jack

was always dignified. In fact from the very first he had been disgusted with the impertinent bear; until now there existed between them an established rivalry as to which was the more favored in the eyes of their youthful master. In spite of these trifling inconveniences however, Jack had an exceedingly pleasant time.

One day in the darkened hallway the little boy was on Jack's back having a moonlight ride over the hills and valleys; swimming streams and jumping fences. They were very near the head of the stairs and if Jack could have talked he would have warned his young rider. The ride was now at its most exciting point; Jack was racing across a rocky plain and in an attempt to jump an imaginary ditch, he lost his footing, plunged forward, wavered a second and then with a shriek, horse and rider leaped head-long down the stairs and landed in a pitiful little heap at the bottom.

The cry aroused the women of the household, who rushed to the spot. Tears, wringing of hands, and general confusion followed, until someone ran frantically out of the house in quest of a doctor. After an untimely delay, when everyone had begun to despair, a fat, dignified gentleman was ushered in. He looked at the still unconscious lad and gravely shook his head, giving orders that the injured boy be carefully carried upstairs. Then the gentleman held a short talk with the little boy's mamma, while Jack was picked up and carried away. The gallant rocking horse had not escaped without injury, however, though perhaps not so serious as his rider's—he had only a broken knee.

Such sad, lonely days were those! Everyone conversed in whispers and walked on tip-toe and the fat, dignified gentleman came in very often. He put something into the little boy's mouth and felt his back, which made the patient scream with pain, till Jack felt like



getting up and kicking the man, only he could not because his legs were fast to a wooden board. But that was not the only trial. There was another almost as bad to Jack. That saucy bear was right inside the bed with the sick boy, while Jack was only allowed to stand by the side. However, his broken knee somewhat made up for these troubles.

He was very proud of it, for he had broken it in his master's service—that was one thing the Teddy bear could not boast of.

Thus days and even weeks lingered and still Jack stood by the bedside and still the little boy did not seem to improve.

One night the fat, dignified gentleman came in and stayed all night, and from outside occasional sounds came to Jack's ears; the household was more restless than usual. But in the sick room everything was quiet. The little boy's mother sat beside the window, her sad eyes wandering over the blooming spring world, while the doctor sat near the bed seemingly busy with his medicines.

As the shades of evening deepened and the objects in the room became a blur of darkness, the head at the window began to nod; the doctor was very quiet, and by his regular breathing it seemed the patient was asleep; Jack alone kept his vigil by the bedside. Through the long, dreary hours of night no sound was heard save an occasional toss of

the sick boy or one of the watchers stirring to see that all was well, and then dropping to sleep again; but as the shadows in the corners began to lighten and the different objects to take form from the darkness, the stillness was complete.

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The next morning Jack was taken from the room, never to see his young master again.

A few days later a group of sorrowful neighbors gathered at the house and a white box covered with flowers was carried out into the vine-covered porch, where the honeysuckle was just beginning to flower, down between the little row of cedars under the budding trees; out to the street, where a carriage was waiting to receive it. Then the sad procession drove slowly and silently away.

After that Jack and his rival, the bear, were stored away in a dusty corner of the garret, behind that self-same trunk where he had been on that happy Christmas morning. There the weeks lengthened into months, months into years, but Jack was never taken away. The spiders made their webs around him; the moths feasted on his glossy mane and tail, and if one but made the effort to look he might see Jack and the Teddy bear standing in the garret to this day.

*B. Isobel Hull, '12.*

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With apologies to Mrs. Hedges and to

"Dip, Boys, Dip the Oar."

It is lunch time in the lunchroom  
And the meat is in the pan,  
And the pie is on the shelf, boys,  
And the money's in your hand.

Dip, boys, dip the soup—  
(Don't let the crackers loop the loop);  
Baked beans you shall see  
Until seniors you will be.

There are five minutes more to eat, boys,  
And the ice cream is 'most gone—  
The boys all got a big dish!  
And the girls, they look forlorn.

Dip, boys, dip the soup—  
(Don't let the crackers loop the loop);  
Baked beans you shall see  
Until seniors you will be.



## The Ghost That Walked.

IT was in sunny France. We had been studiously admiring the chateau and its artistic and bewildering antiquities. It was a warm day; outside could be heard the humming of some insect lazily in quest of something, honey, probably. Inside there was another insect—our guide. He was muttering along in a garrulous undertone in his mixture of bad French and worse English, while we quietly carried on our own conversation in English. We drew our own conclusions, making conjectures in the same language, and left him to saw the air with his arms and blaspheme it with his language. He didn't seem to care about our ignoring him. He seemed to be wound up and, of course, as we saw that it was in his system, we let him suffer, and suffered ourselves accordingly.

There we were—we three and the guide, who didn't count; Don, an American, whom I had met in Italy; Frederick also was an American, but born and raised in Germany. Don and I met him in the Alps and had journeyed into France. Donald was an easy going fellow, slow of speech and movement, but quick-witted. Fred was—well, he was given to bragging. As Don says: "Freddie says he's done everything but shake hands with the Sphinx, and that was because it didn't have hands."

Our guide was madly telling us the story of the haunted three suits of armor standing statuelike in the hall. Fred pompously turned and, grasping the guide by the shoulder, roughly shook him into silence.

"Shut up about haunted statues. I ain't a child."

"Aw, Fred, let 'im tell it. 'Twill do him good," drawled Don.

Such encouragement was all that was necessary to set the guide going again. In his peculiar dialect he told the legend of the three suits of mail standing in the hall.

"Pah," ejaculated Fred, disgustedly.

"Now look here, callow youth, if you disdain ghosts so much, let's come over some evening and see if any of 'em walk."

Freddie turned pale around the mouth, but remarked that he was ready to make such an excursion any time it was planned.

Our hotel was situated near at hand, and we went there, as it was getting late. After dinner we were assembled in the sitting room of the little French inn, and Fred got up and moved over to a party of American friends whom we had met that day, and among whom were some nice looking girls (Trust Freddie.)

"Say, Don!" whispered I, "I've been thinking of a plan to cure Freddie of his non-fear of ghosts. I believe he is bluffing."

Don thought so, too, and in our fertile imaginations we laid a plot to give Fred a scare. Our plans were simple. It took only three minutes by the little French clock on the fire place to execute them.

Fred soon returned to our midst and Don immediately left. After he had been gone about fifteen minutes I said from behind the newspaper which I was reading: "Fred, let's you, Don and I go over to the chateau and see if any of those ghosts are parading in their nightshirts yet." Again the same pal-lor around the mouth. (I looked up in time to see it this time.)

"I'm game," he said in a voice far from sounding so.

"I wonder where Don is. I thought he was here," I lied.

"I don't know. Oh, here he comes. Say, Don, we've decided to go over to the chateau on that trip we planned this afternoon. Want to go?"

"Go? Sure," was the telegraphic reply.

We started. Don whispered in my ear: "Cost us two dollars even. Bargain, eh?"

I nodded.



When we got to the gates the keeper was not there, so his daughter admitted us. Freddie was immediately eager to enter into conversation, but the girl was shy, and we were unwilling, so with protest he resumed the expedition with us.

Up the stairs we climbed, stumbling in the dim light which the moon gave us as it shone in from some opening above. The light made a dim, dusky, shadowy atmosphere. At the extreme end of the second hall were the three "haunted" statuelike armor suits.

"Now," said I, "each will try one, and we shall see if he—it will budge. That's the best way, isn't it?"

"Yes, guess so," said Don.

"Well, you make the first trial, Don; I'll take the second, and Fred here will take the third."

"Oh, come, now. You're as capable as I to start."

"But more scared-like," making my teeth chatter.

"Pah!" This from Freddie—nice Freddie.

"Oh, very well," said Don, and he walked up briskly to the first solemn figure, reached out and shook hands gravely with it. He asked it if it wouldn't care to come and take a moonlight stroll. Well, it was comical. Droll Don, playing with the iron glove, and looking up sweetly, coaxing that giant to come and take a stroll. It said nothing, but beamed genially at Don in that hideous light.

"I guess he's dead, all right," said Don.

I made my attempt: "My honored lord, may it please thy highness to come with me?"

I have something of import to impart to thee."

No response but a gurgle from Don.

Emboldened by our success, Fred walked up quickly to his suit of armor, made a magnificently courtly bow and said: "Ah, might it please thy royal nabobship to walk down to the dining hall? Verily, I feel an emptiness."

He went and took the armor gently by the arm and started to walk away. So did the armor. It stepped off the raised platform and took three strides. Fred took a flying leap, and that's the last we saw of him 'till we got back to the tavern.

"Messieurs, you will have me to help. I cannot this get off."

Nearly choking with laughter, we helped the keeper out of the suit, then we all dropped on the floor and laughed 'till we nearly choked. We placed the armor back; the keeper still chortling, and when we got back to the tavern we found Freddie telling a wondering assembly of rightly arrayed guests an exciting story of how the ghost almost kidnaped him; and more than one wanted to believe it, too. The landlord, in dressing gown, was gazing with open mouth as well as eyes at the story teller, his little briar pipe grasped unnoticed and dying of neglect in his hand.

As we entered Fred excitedly demanded a corroboration of all his statements. Don and I shook our heads.

"You blamed fool!" drawled Don, disgustedly. "Why, he didn't do a thing, folks, but pull the blooming thing over."

Clifford W. Hollebaugh, '11.

## The Comet.

In what Infinite Equation  
Does the Comet have its place?  
Is its coming an invasion  
Of our planetary space?  
Comes it from far regions burning,  
With a message unto Man?  
Ever going and returning  
Since the note of time began?

If we understood Creation  
And the Universal Plan—  
If we had some information  
As to how all things began—  
Knew the origin of matter  
And the laws by which evolved,  
How our theories would shatter  
And what mysteries be solved.

Muriel Scurlock, '12.



## A Murderer's Confession.



WE had been left alone, we two girls, alone in that big house.

But we were brave, outwardly at least. We had locked ourselves securely in our room and had gone

to bed. Nan was a heavy sleeper and I was not. That was the reason that I awoke with a start while the peaceful one continued her beautifying sleep. Some noise had awakened me, of that I was sure. I listened, hardly drawing a breath. A faint creak on the stairs. I sat up in bed with a jerk. It must have been imagination. Again I listened. For a long time I heard nothing. Then—a board creaked.

Now, as I look back, I must confess I have never been so frightened before or since. I glanced around the room for something to use as a weapon. My eye lighted on Nan. I had forgotten all about her. All at once I had an idea which almost stunned me.

"Nan, dear," I whispered gently, not wishing to give her too much of a shock by awakening her roughly, "Nan, dear" did not answer.

"Nan, dear," I repeated, putting more emphasis on the "Nan." Still no response.

"Nan," I called, and pushed her gently. The peaceful one turned over in a dignified sort of way and continued her childlike slumbers.

"Heavens, Nan," I groaned, "aren't you going to wake? There's a—there's a burglar on the steps."

Yes, I was sure there was, for I heard him coming up, slowly, slowly, with a long pause on each step.

"Nan, you wretch," I cried, and in my excitement I fear I gave her a slight—er—push with my foot. The burglar took another

step. I was just preparing to—and Nan opened her eyes.

"Nan, Nan, there's a burglar in the house and I think he's on the stair landing." This had the desired effect. Nan sat bolt upright.

"Oh, Lord," she said, and dropped back on the pillows. Then in a trembling voice:

"What on earth do you intend to do?"

"I'm not going to do everything," I said, crossly. "You are going to do your share. In the first place, you are going into the next room and get Bob's pistol." (Bob was my brother, who had gone to a dance.) Nan wriggled. "I'm not going to move out of this bed," she whispered.

"Yes, you are, and quickly, too," I commanded, pushing a little to help her on her way.

Nan was not used to obeying me and would never have dreamed of doing so, had not a creak reminded her that there was no time to argue. So out she tumbled and groped her way into the next room. I also tumbled out and felt my way into the closet, where I got an umbrella. All at once I heard a long drawn, "Oh—my toe."

"Be still, you idiot," I gasped, and immediately, to pay for my crossness, I bumped my elbow with a mighty whack. I emitted some sort of a noise, at which Nan gave an hysterical giggle.

It sounded as though the burglar was near the top of the steps. We both pretended not to be afraid, but I noticed that Nan was trembling like a leaf, while my heart was beating like a trip hammer.

"Now," said I, steadying my voice the best I could, "you take the umbrella and the mirror on the dresser and I'll take the pistol and the hair brush."

"I-I d-don't believe I'll g-go out there," chattered Nan, her courage fast departing.

"But you must," I said, "because—" I



did not need to finish, for another creak brought Nan to the door with a jump.

"C-come on," she said hoarsely. I needed little urging, and banged open the door. Not glancing to right or left, I ran to the head of the stairs. Right near the top, but not as near as I had thought, stood a man. Without much aim, I fired my pistol and the man dropped. I had killed a human being! My knees seemed to give way. But to make sure he was dead I threw my hair brush with all the force I could muster.

Then, before I could glance down at the man I had killed, I saw Nan hurl the mirror at him. (My handsome mirror broke in thousands of pieces on the floor below.)

Then Nan whirled past me down a few steps to where the burglar lay. And to my intense horror she started beating him with the umbrella.

"Nan," I shrieked, "Oh, Nan, stop, stop, he's dead." Nan glanced up at me in a blank stare of wonder, then continued her fiendish occupation.

She might be crazy; perhaps fear had caused her to lose her mind. It was possible. So down I rushed and grabbed her arms. Neighbors started to break in a window, for they had heard the shot. Nan was resisting violently, yelling like mad, and I

was putting forth every bit of my strength to hold her, when, all at once, a strange noise issued from the dead one at our feet.

I nearly choked, let go of Nan and gazed; she gazed also. Oh, the horror of it! The body at our feet was uncurling slowly with most peculiar gurgles issuing from it. Then a roar of laughter burst forth, followed by one peal and then another. Staring intently at the now visible face, I recognized the features of—Bob.

I sank upon the stairs without a sound. Nan collapsed in my lap, Bob rocked back and forth holding his sides and the neighbors gazed dumbfounded.

All at once the humor of the thing struck me—or was it hysteria?—and I joined Bob, with the tears streaming down my face. Then Nan got it and we three sat together and laughed and laughed. And the neighbors looked and gazed and finally left us for a set of idiots.

Finally, between gasps, Bob explained how he had happened to come home at that unexpected hour and how on arriving he had crept quietly up the stairs so as not to wake the family.

Then we roared some more—and so the family found us.

LUCILE MEINRATH, '12.



Will the earth be burned to cinder  
In the twinkling of an eye?  
Will there be no Power to hinder?  
Will the ocean's bed be dry?  
Will we die by suffocation,  
Gasping in our mortal throes;  
Laughing gas intoxication,  
Or in state of Comet-ose?

Will that fiery monster hand us  
All a solar plexus blow?  
And, perchance, where will it land us?  
Thoughts like these perplex us so.  
Should that Halley Comet meet us,  
Head-on in its furious way,  
How will good St. Peter greet us  
On our Halley-lujah day?

MURIEL SCURLOCK, '12.



## When Billy Popped the Question.

IN the village of Jonesville lived old Bill Jones. He had lived there so long that some of the later generation thought the village must have been named for him. He had existed as far back as most of the villagers could remember and looked the same to them now as the day they first saw him.

Billy, as every one called him, was a small man with pale blue eyes, which always had an expression of meekness. For the last ten years he had been courting the Widow Smith, but could never screw up enough courage to pop the question.

Now Widow Smith was much larger than old Billy and could "hold her own" pretty well. For a woman of her make-up she had been extremely patient in waiting for Billy to say the few words that would make them both so happy.

The whole village knew that Billy's time for calling on Widow Smith was Sunday night of each week. His farm was ten miles from the village, so he ventured in only once a week.

As old maid Perkins frequently remarked to her neighbors: "If Billy Jones ever expects to have a wife in this world, it's about time he's hitchin' up. As some folks do say, it looks mighty like Widder Smith was jest 'er goin' to take him in, in time to get that 'ere farm o' his'n. I, fer one, wouldn't of waited this long."

So rumor ran high, as it often does in small communities. Many were the guesses made as to the outcome of Billy's wooing. The curtains were always pulled down on winter evenings at the widow's cottage, so the church-going people had no chance of peeping in, and in summer two dark figures could be dimly seen sitting one at each end of the widow's porch, but never a sound was heard.

This state of affairs had existed for the last ten years; hence a few of the good men

of the village and their wives held a consultation. It was finally agreed that a committee of two should call on Billy and give him a few pointers on matrimony.

"Well," says old Bill when he had heard their business and pondered over their advice, "you see, it's jest this way. I can't never screw up enough nerve to pop that 'ere question. I jest sets and sets an' I looks at the carpet, and the widder looks at me, an' when I tries ter speak up pert like, fer the life of me, all I kin say is: 'It's nice weather we be havin',' and the widder, she says, 'Yes, 'bout the same's we been havin' fer the last ten year,' and that's 'bout all thet's said."

The committee looked wise as owls (perhaps they had had similar feelings), and after a few more pointers on how to broach the all important question and expressing their keen desire to see him and Widow Smith made happy before they left for the next world, the committee took their leave.

Well, Billy thought over their advice and decided to make a quick job of it, for fear that if he waited till Sunday night he might lose his courage. The next day he drove to town and purchased a brand new suit, a brilliant red tie and a high silk hat. (He also procured a marriage license.) The following morning he donned his new finery and started to town. On the way he took the engagement ring from his vest pocket to see that it was all right, for he had carried it every time he had visited the widow.

Still looking at the ring, he started across a bridge that extended over a small stream of water. For some reason or other the horse started up suddenly, and as poor old Bill leaned over to grab the lines he dropped the ring, which rolled through a crack in the bridge and fell noiselessly into the water below. Billy leaned over the bridge and could see the ring lying at the bottom of the stream, for the water was clear and not very



deep. Next minute Billy had left his fine, new suit on the bank and was wading in after that plagued ring.

Oh, horrors! On looking up he saw his horse calmly going up the road. Not knowing what to do he rushed wildly after it and jumped into the buggy. But on trying to turn the horse back to the bridge, the horse positively would not turn, but continued on his way to town. Was the steady old horse going to suddenly become as foolish and changeable as his old master appeared to be? No, not he. He had traveled this road too many times without turning back to have his habit changed now. So Billy resigned himself to his fate and wrapped up in the buggy robe. Thus he entered the village.

On the horse went, and to Billy's amazement and chagrin, went straight to the widow's house and stopped right in front of her gate. Billy coaxed and tried to whip, but could not stretch his arm out very far and still keep it covered. But the horse evidently intended to rest after his long trip and so old Billy's efforts were of no avail.

The widow, greatly amazed at seeing Billy drive up on a week day, took up her position behind the window curtain to watch proceedings. When Billy made no attempt to get out, she was at a loss to understand the situation. Believing him timid, she went out and invited him in with one of her most winning smiles.

"Good mornin', Mr. Jones; fine weather we're havin', ain't it?" began the widow.

"Er, yes, fine weather, fine weather, but rather chilly," absent-mindedly from Billy, who was shivering from his recent plunge.

The widow looked around her at the blooming flowers and the warm sunshine. She had begun to wonder if the man were not losing his mind, for in reality the morning was extremely warm, being the middle of June. All this time Billy was sitting bundled up in the buggy robe, his hair slicked down and the water falling in little drops from his chin and nose. Really, his appearance alone would have confirmed her belief regarding his sanity.

"Won't you come in, then?" chimed in the widow, following up all her advantage. "I just built a nice, warm fire in the kitchen stove."

Billy looked desperate.

"No, I guess I'll stay out here terday. The—er—air is so healthy, yer know."

After standing this sort of talk as long as she could, and being at a loss to account for his obstinacy in not coming in, the widow burst out: "Bill Jones, you kin jest pile out o' there and walk in this house right now or never put your foot inside my door agin. I hain't goin' ter stand out here and blab to you all mornin' and set all the gossipin' tongues ter waggin'. I know what yer been comin' ter see me fer the last ten year, and I hain't agoin' ter stand your foolin' no longer. What yer settin' bundled up in that 'ere buggy robe on a day like this actin' like a fool fer? I'll give ye one chance to speak up an' explain yerself an' tell me what yer been comin' here fer. If ye don't do it, don't yer ever let me see yer face agin."

Having had her say, Widow Smith folded her arms and waited for Billy "ter speak up an' explain hisself."

All at once, rousing himself to the highest pitch, he turned to her. "Mandy Smith, I cain't stand bein' called a fool. Hit jist natcherly rouses my ire. Yer know I hain't been comin' here all these years fer nothin'. I was comin' ter town this mornin' on a little business, an' while I's crossin' the bridge I accidently dropped somethin' an' it rolled into the water. While I was down in the water a-gittin' it this doggoned old horse started off an' I jist jumped in here an' come along because he wouldn't stop comin'. Up he come right here an' stopped. I couldn't git out 'cause my clothes is layin' on the bank o' that 'ere stream. Mandy,"—here a nervous cough—"will ye be mine?"

"Billy, I jist happened ter remember I have an errand to do at the store. Now, you jist go in the house and make yerself ter home," with a giggle. "I'll take the horse an' buggy an' fetch yer clothes."



With this she darted around the corner (by the way, the store was in the opposite direction), and Billy made his way as best he could into the house, securely wrapped in the buggy robe. It's a mighty lucky thing for Billy that the widow lived on the edge of town or the whole village would have been out to watch the performance.

In half an hour Widow Smith was back with Billy's suit carefully tucked under one arm and his silk hat under the other. As she entered the door, she heard a subdued voice calling: "Mandy, Mandy, is that you?"

"It shore' be Mandy, Billy. Anything ye want—er, honey?"

Billy gulped, then: "Say, Mandy, as yer at it would ye mind jest steppin' round the corner an' bringin' the preacher? I'll be dressed by thet time."

In less time than it takes to tell it Mandy was back with the preacher, and the knot was tied. The bridegroom was resplendent in his red tie, and insisted on wearing his high hat during the ceremony. Mandy had a calico dress on and a big kitchen apron, but Billy thought she looked "mighty sweet."

At last Billy had "screwed up his courage" (by the help of Mandy) and the committee felt they had not dropped the seed on barren soil.

Ada May Morris, '11.

## The Amalfi Drive.

THE four in our party left Pompeii about noon in a landau with three horses. All of the many small towns near Pompeii were dirty, but interesting. The bread, meat and other things were displayed outside the stores, and an old man generally stood brushing the flies away with an ox-tail. Little children, begging for coppers, ran along fairly under our horses.

At one place everyone was out to see a new street car, running for the first time between two towns. This was the only street car we saw and there are no cars nor trains to any point in the drive.

After riding for about an hour, we entered an old, old church of one large room, with altars around the sides, and, as usual, without seats. On the walls and posts were hung clothes. We were told that some garment of everyone who died in the parish was hung in the church. There was a collection of drawings, illustrating, for those who could not read, the creed, the Lord's prayer, what will happen on breaking the commandments, and how various saints had met their death.

We reached the sea at Laeava after about

two hours. For most of the way remaining before us the drive wound in and out among the hills overlooking the sea, which is the color of our skies after a rain. Along the horizon we saw white sails of boats. From the edge of the water to the very tops of the mountains were terraces, five or six feet wide, of olive and lemon trees. Each terrace was kept perfectly and had a neat retaining wall. The trees were trained and tied out flat on trellises like our grape arbors. The women were picking the fruit which hung through the arbors. We could scarcely imagine how these terraces had been made. New England's rocky farms are not to be compared with these.

Peasants and donkeys were at work along the way, all carrying enormous burdens. The peasants had their carts loaded so that the ends balanced, and they were, therefore, easier to pull. Most of the towns which we passed had fishing boats and nets on the beach, as fishing is second only to farming in importance.

With our field-glasses we saw plainly the ruins of monasteries and lookouts which were perched on the tops of some of the



mountains. They were reached, so we were told, by zig-zag paths, which took fifteen miles to reach a place only two or three miles distant. These places must have afforded remarkable views.

In the middle of the afternoon, as we approached Majora, we heard a dreadful noise, and an old man came running out to the carriage, talking at a tremendous rate. Not knowing what it was about, we were rather alarmed until our guide told us that the old man was merely asking us in to see the greatest church celebration of the year. Leaving our carriage, we made our way through the enormous crowd to the church, which was wonderfully decorated with gold and costly mosaics. While the band played very hard, the priests brought out upon the steps a figure of the Virgin. Everyone knelt to her, and they loaded the tray on which the image was placed with jewelry of all kinds. The poorer people gave candles and all had her bless candles for them. All this time the great firecrackers stuck in the beach had never ceased their noise. After we had finished looking at the church we started on.

We reached Amalfi about sunset and looked around awhile before climbing the zig-zag stairway of three hundred steps to the Capuchin monastery. It is built of white stone, right into the mountain. One of the finest monasteries of Italy, it was used by the noted order of monks for many years. When all the monasteries were closed, this one was turned into a hotel.

We had a very enjoyable dinner in the old refectory of the monks. Afterwards an old monk took us through the building by the light of a candle, the only means of lighting. In the chapel is a wonderful colored wax nativity, made by the monks. There were too many interesting things to name them all. Later we met some friends and had a jolly evening with them. We had monks' cells for bedrooms, with stone floors and unadorned walls. The rooms were just large enough for a cot, a chair, and a very modern

and out of place dressing table. The iron keys were five or six inches long. I had a rather queer feeling after the candle was blown out, everything was so still.

After eating breakfast in the long, vine-covered cloister, we were invited to pick a rose from the garden, for remembrance. About six o'clock we went down the long stairs to Amalfi.

After seeing the cathedral and the wonderful sarcophagi there, we started up the zig-zag road for Ravelli, a typical hill town. We could see the road we had just traversed below us. On reaching the top we visited the old church, the pulpit of which is said to be one of the finest in the world, but they say that of everything. There were also some Bible stories illustrated in curious mosaics. One was of Jonah being swallowed by a whale about the same size as Jonah himself.

Then we visited the palace and its quaint gardens, and soon afterwards we went down to Amalfi and departed for Sorrento. Along the way we saw macaroni, much like our noodles, only larger, drying in the sun on sticks. In Positano we lunched at the Hotel Marguerite. Our table was on a little, vine-covered porch, overlooking the garden and the ocean. We could see many bright-colored houses along the bay. Our lunch consisted entirely of Italian dishes and was very good.

From here to Sorrento the scenery was much the same as that of the preceding part of the drive. As we neared Sorrento, we saw many beautiful villas belonging to Englishmen and Americans, but all of the villas have a high wall around them, so that one gets only a glimpse of the gardens. Sorrento is a charming old place. The sea is beautiful, and, on the shore, are fine trees and gardens.

After looking around for a while, we went to the silk mills. As it was summer, the dull season, they were not running many looms, but we got a general idea of how silk



is manufactured. They make everything imaginable of silk.

To finish the day we went to one of the best silk shops and spent our time in buying Roman scarfs. While we were there Mrs.

F. Marion Crawford and her daughter came in. The shopman said that they were liked by everyone. We finished our shopping and went to our hotel.

*Elizabeth Conner.*

### Delirium.

Writhing, wreathing,  
Hissing, seething,  
It rises glistening in the sun,  
Then molten shapes and colors run,  
No color leaving,  
Nor form achieving,  
A restless chaos never ending,  
Approaching semblance the all rending,

Long threads curling,  
Counter whirling,  
Heaving red and purple boiling,  
Bloody bubbles, vomit, coiling,  
Wormlike stains  
Twist in chains.  
Awful waters cease, cease  
Your rushing, give me peace.

*Tom B. Root, '11.*

### A Cat Tale.

**S**ELDOM does it occur that two really famous persons share exactly the same name, but in a certain instance, that I know of, this actually happened.

Booker T. Washington lived in a select residence district of this city. He was the champion for blocks around, and the beau ideal of all the ladies of his class, for he certainly was a handsome cat. His coat was coal black, and as sleek and well kept as many hours of zealous licking and trimming could possibly make it. But Booker's eyes were his chief charm, for they were large yellow orbs; very beautiful to look at by daylight, but rather uncomfortable to meet in a dark room at night. Like most handsome people, Booker was aware of his beauty, and also of his importance in the feline world.

But this very important gentleman was "not ever thus," for when he first opened his eyes to this world, he was a nondescript little bunch of black fur, just nine days old. When he had his eyes thoroughly opened,

and had become accustomed to surroundings, he arose, stretched himself, and walking with agility, but not much grace, over several reclining brothers, he flopped out of the basket and started on a tour of investigation, which was to continue all through his nine lives, for no matter how many hard knocks Booker T. Washington received, he always recovered and started out again to investigate.

This very propensity for action and information won him the favor of the cook, and Booker was still alive and still thirsting for knowledge long after his brothers had been sent to eternity through the medium of a bucket of water.

The cook, from whom he received his name, was as black as himself, and they became great companions; but the family objected to the noisy receptions and parties which he held at night, and finally passed the decree that he must be disposed of. So, one evening, Booker found himself in a gunny sack, under the custody of the ash man,



who had orders to drop him at some convenient place.

When he was finally released, the fashionable Booker T. was in a totally unfamiliar locality. Warehouses loomed up behind him, and in front were the sandbars and ash piles of the river bank. He walked, pondering, down a near-by alley, not noticing particularly where he went, until he was aroused by a cry for help, near by; and saw that a bulldog had forced a frightened little gray cat into a corner. Now Booker had always been taught chivalry toward ladies, so he marched over, arched his back, made a few polite but forcible remarks to the dog, and, not liking the prospect of a fresh foe, that animal turned tail and departed. The beautiful lady was profuse but rather ungrammatical in her thanks. Her preserver was delighted, though puzzled by her choice of language, and he discovered to his surprise that people in the humbler walks of life were really more interesting and entertaining than his former select, pedigreed acquaintances. So when Maria pointed with one tattered ear and informed him that her brother, Uriah, was at hand, Booker was prepared to be quite gracious, as he turned to greet the long, lank, lean, battle-scarred yellow tiger cat, who was standing at his right.

But the newcomer seemed disinclined toward this sort of thing, and eyed Booker suspiciously, until Maria informed him, with tears in her voice, that she might have been a mangled corpse, but for the timely interference of the stranger, whereupon her brother's attitude completely changed, and he offered to accompany them in showing "Mr. Washington" the sights.

The first thing was choir practice. Cats of all sizes and varieties were perched on the fence or strolling in the alley below. Booker's host had a beautiful tenor voice, and sang a duet with Maria's high treble. When Booker was called on, he arose at once, but his song was cut short by a brick landing unceremoniously in the midst of

his audience, which dissolved like magic, when a voice said something about "shuttin' them cats' mouths."

Uriah then took him to his club, and Booker was introduced to all the politicians and bosses of the neighborhood. The discussion waxed long and loud over the advent of the bulldog which had attacked Maria.

Some were for going in a body and searching the enemy out; others disagreed, but all were united in the wish that "Jim" were there.

At Booker's question, as to the identity of "Jim," his friends supplied the information that he was the boss of the ward, champion pugilist, and very jealous in disposition, which accounted for his intense dislike of strangers; and Uriah added in an undertone that this "dark horse" of "Catocracy" had decided leanings toward the fair Maria, and for Booker to be guarded if he valued his life. But at this Maria purred remonstratingly that "Mr. Washington" was far handsomer, and yowlingly told her brother to stop teasing her before company.

Booker, who had plenty of conceit, mixed in with his good qualities, growled, arched his back and declared emphatically that he was a match for any cat that ever lived.

At this juncture the political meeting was broken up by the appearance of the dog himself, so Uriah left them to find the redoubtable Jim, and Maria and Booker started out to make some calls. They had scarcely gone a block, until they turned a corner, and there right before them, blocking the path, crouched a huge black and gray striped cat whom Maria identified with fear and trembling as Jim.

"Psh——, said Jim.

"Tsh—— — ——," retorted Booker, who had fairly doubled in size, so indignant was he at this interference with his august self; and he spit definitely toward the imperturbable enemy, who was calmly but craftily watching his every movement. When this had no effect, Booker launched in on a



shower of vehement, but refined, ejaculations and epithets; but he had scarcely got the words out of his mouth before the huge form hurled itself on his back. Booker made a grab for Jim's ear, but met only with a slap square on the nose. Over and over they rolled, clinging tightly to each other's throats, until Jim extricated himself and, standing above poor Booker, rained blows and scratches upon his defenceless head. When he finally ceased and walked disdain-

fully away, the sleek, handsome, fastidious Booker T. Washington was lying panting on the ground, with one ear chewed up, the skin scratched off his head, his left eye completely demolished, and patches of fur removed from his body at various intervals.

Maria, by his side, alternately purred sympathy to the defeated and hurled taunting threat to the victor; and Booker, like a true Lochinvar, felt that though vanquished, he had won favor in the fair lady's eyes.

*Virginia Lucas, '13.*

### The Storm.

The bent grass is sobbing and heaving in rippling lines  
O'er the feet of the sheltering elms and the deep-rooted pines,  
And the towering oaks with their clambering networks of vines  
And gray heaving mosses with tenacious fingers that cling  
To the strong, sturdy trunks of the monsters that them do upbear  
To the cloud-ridden sky and the laboring winds of the air.

The magnificent oak trees stand forth in the storm,  
And the winds by their branches to thin shreds are torn.  
The thick, tossing heavens are streaked with the lightning's chained flash—  
The arm of the thunder that strikes down the ash  
And shatters and scatters its body abroad to the winds,  
'Mid the shrieks of the clamoring brush-wood that no solace finds,

Save the deep-rolling echoes the laboring hills backward fling  
O'er the storm-driven forests whose outcries the rushing winds bring.

'Mid the wild tossing clouds and tempestuous sweeps of the rain,  
Borne down on the blasts from the low-hanging heavenly plain;  
With the thick-piling echoes and quivering lightning brands  
In its grasp as it wields them aloft o'er the cowering lands,—  
The terrible storm strides abroad o'er the earth in its wrath,  
Thru the primeval heart of the fastness it cuts it a path,  
'Mid the boom and the crash of the thunder, peal upon peal,  
O'er the deep-rooted hills and the shivering forests that reel  
Aghast from the shock and impending Destruction they feel.

*Edward Moses, '11.*



## The Seeker.

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ABOUT the only thing I can remember after that errific and terrifying ascent into space, was the command to return again to the earth—this time in the body of a cat.

I had not lived a good life in the body of a man, although I had collected a fortune as man computes wealth, and therefore I was doomed to wander over the earth in some lower body until I learned wisdom.

Well, as fate willed, when I first opened my eyes as a kitten it was in the large barn of my own home. Strange to say, I could recognize it and I could think just as well as a man, although I could not speak.

I even recognized my own children and my wife. A little humorous, eh? They mourning for me while I was whining right under their feet! But I was not long mourned for, as my little girls soon began to think more of me in my new than in my old form. Humorous again, eh?

After about six months I began to think I was acquiring wisdom, for I began to see

that money was nothing, and to notice the mean little traits of men as shown by sundry grooms and coachmen.

As I said before, I had acquired quite a fortune while in my human form, so I was not surprised to hear my wife say one day, when my children were playing with me, "Children, I have brought you home a new papa," and to have her usher in a coarse looking human who said "Howdy, girls," and gave me a black look as he passed on with my wife.

The next day while in the stables this man gave me a vicious kick, but as I was fast acquiring wisdom I noticed it not. However the first time I saw him strike one of my little girls my wisdom nearly left me.

The next month, I think it was, he knocked my wife down with a cruel blow in the face.

That night after he had retired and was sleeping soundly, I slowly crept upon his chest and drew and drew and drew his breath until there was no more to draw.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still am I wandering over this earth in different bodies, for I am seeking wisdom.

*John Gillies, '12.*





## Music.

THE recitals given in the various music classes continue to be an interesting feature of the work. These recitals are given every month, and afford each member an opportunity of appearing as a soloist before his class, at least once during the term. The critic's report is looked forward to with interest on these occasions.

The following is a program given in the Auditorium the afternoon of May 24th, by representatives of the classes:

"O, Dry Those Tears".....*Del Riego*  
Nellie E. Crockett.

"Hark! Hark! the Lark".....*Shubert*  
Grace Waggener.

Quartet—"All Through the Night"  
Mollie Baker, Frances Algeo,  
Willie Crockett, Stella Bliel.

"If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live"  
Margaret Haddock.

Hindoo Song.....*Bemberg*  
Elliot Nathan.

"When the Evening Breeze is Sighing Home  
Sweet Home".....*Iva Gress*

"The Rose of Allendale".....  
Leslie Peckenpaugh, Ethel McCurdy,  
Ruth O'Hare, William Fuge.

"The Japanese Maiden".....*Gaynor*  
Alma Lawrence.

"Bonnie, Sweet Bonnie".....  
Josephine Smith.

"The Lass With a Delicate Air".....*Arue*  
Helen Boyer, Lois Nordling, Stella  
Bliel, Leslie Peckenpaugh, Frank  
Henderson.

The program was a thoroughly enjoyable affair and proved how entertaining this branch of High School work may be made.

On April 30th the Chorus Class sang before the Teachers' Institute, which met that morning in the Westport Auditorium. The following numbers were given:

The Spinning Song.....*Wagner*

Mendelssohn's Spring Song.....*Arr. Root*

Gypsy Life.....*Schumann*

The Orchestra has done splendid work this year under the direction of Mr. Boucher. It furnished the music at both the Christmas and Senior plays as well as at the Declamation Contest.

The members are:

Paul Goodwin.

Rhea Simmons.

Jeanne Tyner.

Harry Nichols.

Florence Cook.

Hal C. Adarland.

Andrew Bennett.

James Henschal.

Genevieve Smith.

George Myer.

Berthol Duessing.

Camilla Jobes.

William Calhoun.

William Young.

Russell Bolefuhr.

Frank Henderson.

Virginia Williams.





THE ORCHESTRA



## An Insect Collection.

AT THE first of the year our instructor required of us an insect collection of thirty-five different kinds of insects. This collection was intended to help us get acquainted with the life about us, with things out of doors. Of course it is interesting to work in the laboratory but when you get out of doors with all kinds of new animals living, working and playing about you, that is so much more interesting that there is no comparison. And that is what our collections were for to help us get acquainted with this great complex life in which we live.

We were allowed to take thirty-five insects from all the orders of Insecta of which there are about nineteen. In addition to making your collection of thirty-five insects we were permitted to do any extra work we wished to on any other class of animals. Some of the boys have been doing splendid work on their bird reports and now have over fifty birds on their lists. One boy is, I believe, making a snake collection.

We could if we wished take thirty-five insects from just one order. This is what I chose to do and so you see represented in the photograph more than sixty different kinds of insects belonging to the order Lepidoptera.

For bottling we were furnished with cyanide bottled and a butterfly net and were

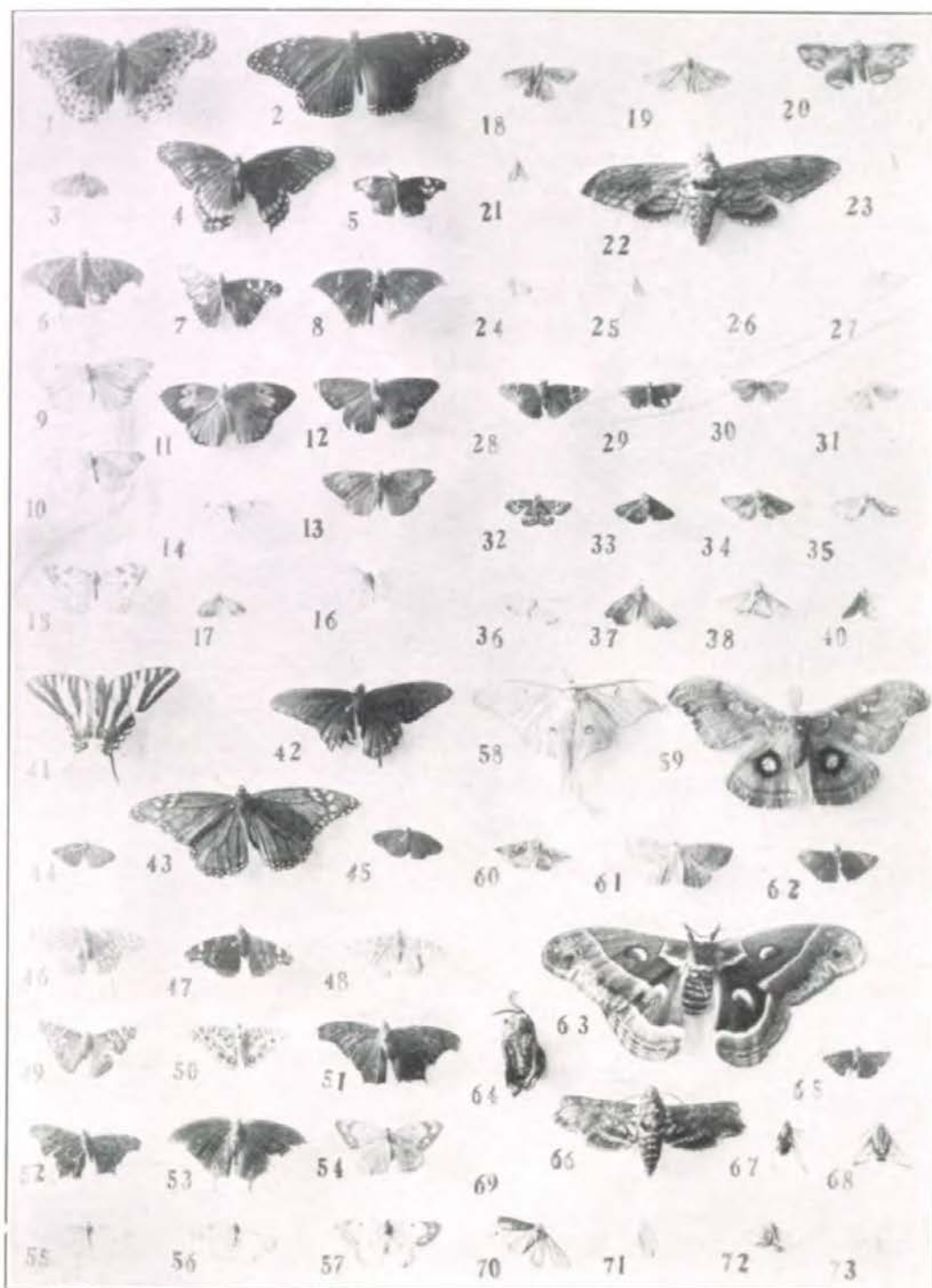
then turned loose to enjoy ourselves. And we did. I doubt if there is an animal anywhere that will furnish better sport in its capture than butterflies do. It seems to me that butterfly catching is attended with a good deal of just pure luck; for instance, I spent nearly three hours one afternoon looking for a Luna Moth among the paw-paw bushes where it is generally found. I did not find a Luna Moth. That night I found one (No. 58) under an electric light at least ten or twelve blocks from the nearest paw-paw bushes. And again, I spent an hour or two nearly every afternoon for over two weeks in a certain shady hollow where the Zebra Swallow-tails were common. I did not catch a Zebra Swallow-tail. The other day I was going home from school without a net, without a bottle, without anything and I saw a Zebra Swallow-tail on some white flowers. I caught that butterfly (No. 41) with my hand and took him home in my handkerchief.

The moths and butterflies are the most familiar forms of the order Lepidoptera. The word Lepidoptera comes from the Greek words *lepis*, meaning scale, and *pteron*, meaning wing. Thus we see that Lepidoptera means the scale winged insects. Now the scales that gave the butterflies and moths this name are simply modified hairs.



## Part of Insect Collection

Made by Nellie E. Rich, '11



The upper half of the plate shows the insects from the Fall Collection and the lower half the Spring Collection. No's. 1 to 17 represent the Fall Butterflies. No's. 18 to 40 represent the Fall Moths. No's. 41 to 57 represent the Spring Butterflies. No's 58 to 73 represent the Spring Moths.

These Butterflies and Moths are represented here at a little less than one third their natural size.

Near the thorax they are long and slender, as hairs generally are, but on the wings they are short and broad and thin. The colors on the butterflies' wings are produced entirely by the scales for when the scales are rubbed off the wings are shown to be simply a transparent membrane.

Mimicry for protection is often found in the Lepidoptera, as in other animals; for example, the Bumble Bee Hawk Moths (Nos. 67, 68) are at first glance often taken for bees and in that way they often escape their enemies. The Monarch butterflies (Nos. 2, 43) are not edible to many birds and for that reason they are mimicked by the Viceroy butterflies. The Monarch belongs to the sub-family Euploeinae, while the Viceroy belongs to the sub-family Nyphalinae. Closely related to the Viceroy, being members of the same sub-family, are the Violet Tip (No. 6), the Painted Beauty (No. 7), the Goat-weed Butterfly (No. 8), the Variegated Fritillary (No. 46), the Red Admiral (No. 47), the Hop Merchant (No. 52), and also Nos. 48, 49 (50 being the under view of 49), 51 and 53.

I'll try to be considerate of you, my readers, and not use such names, as: *Lerene Caesonia* (No. 11), *Polygonia Interrogations* (No. 6), *Vanessa Huntera* (No. 7), *Anaea Andria* (No. 8), *Euptoieta Claudia* (No. 46), *Polygonia Comma Harrisii* (No. 52), *Anosia Plexippus* (Nos. 2, 43), *Samia Cecropia* (No. 63), and *Telea Polyphemus* (No. 59).

Of the injurious butterflies and moths the cabbage butterflies belonging to the family Pieridal are probably the most familiar to

us. Nos. 9 to 16 and 54 to 57 belong to this family. Nos. 9 and 10 are male and female of one species and Nos. 12 and 13 are male and female of another species. No. 11 is called the Dog's Head because of the arrangement of the colors on the wings.

Late in the winter months our instructor told us there were a good many cocoons down in the older part of the city. They were plentiful from 15th street to 8th street and from Brooklyn to Locust. The cocoons were hanging on trees, on bushes and even on the inside of the boxes around the trees. Some of the cocoons were brought to school and placed in a case here. About the last of April the *Cecropia* Moths (No. 63) began to hatch out. We were looking at the cocoons one day when we found a wet raised place on one of them. We touched it and something moved so we decided that that moth was about ready to come out and we would see how it did it. It took nearly an hour to get out of the cocoon. When it first made a worn place in the cocoon we could see the contraction of the wing muscles by which it pushed its way out. Later it got one antennae out, then its head and then the other antennae. In a few minutes it had its front feet out and then it was not long before the whole body was free. No. 64 is the way that moth looked about five minutes after it left the cocoon. When the *Cecropia* leaves the cocoon the wings are apparently full sized but very crumpled and shapeless, while in the *Polyphemus* Moth the wings are very small at first but they rapidly spread out to their full size.

NELLIE E. RICH.

### A Senior's Lament.

I mourn the weary day that we did meet,  
Toil-loving faculty of Westport High.  
Oh! rest is not for me when thou art nigh.  
The afternoon of every day is sweet,  
But I must "get to work" with tear and sigh;  
I mourn the weary day that we did meet,  
Toil-loving faculty of Westport High.

It matters not whether in chill or heat,  
I cannot miss that look, although I try,  
That hopeless look within the senior's eye.  
I mourn the weary day that we did meet,  
Toil-loving faculty of Westport High,  
Oh! rest is not for me when thou art nigh.  
Harriet Simpson, '10.





J. GUTHRIE,  
Winner of Annual Herald Cover.



GEO. BOLLMAN,  
Winner of Mid-Year Herald Cover.

## Prizes to Art Students.



### Herald Cover.

THERE were thirty-six designs for HERALD covers submitted by the drawing and design pupils to the judges, Prof. E. A. Huppert, supervisor of drawing, and Mr. R. B. Teachnor, of the Teachnor & Bartberger Engraving Co. The prize of ten dollars, which was offered for the best design, was awarded to Joseph Guthrie. The following are the remarks of the judges on the chosen cover, and the sixteen designs which received honorable mention:

Prize I, Joseph W. Guthrie: The cover is appropriate, lettering and decoration are well balanced, and classic in style. The design is emblematic, and successfully executed. It is a beautiful conception, beyond the average student work.

I. Honorable mention, Helen Lowery: Her design is a successful portrayal of an idea, regardless of execution. It suggests youthful hopefulness and springtime.

II. Frances Maxwell: Representation; an unusual specimen of figure drawing, having dash, firmness and style.

III. Geo. Bollman: A good specimen of outline drawing, showing a thorough knowledge of the value of line. As a cover the design is not well balanced.

IV. May Chace: A beautiful example of decorative design. The color schemes are refined, harmonious and pleasing.

V. Joe. Guillett: Represents an idea, on the Sea of Life.

VI. Edwin S. Olmstead: Shows feeling for arrangement.





VII. B. Isobel Hull: Ambitious attempt at composition.

VIII. Florence Fenner: Well balanced, commercial design of practical value; has consistent lettering.

IX., Helen Hestwood; X., Florence Cook; XI., Cornelia Hollester; XII., Jessie Douglas; are all examples of successfully executed conventionally arranged elements of designs, good for open use, without special application.

XIII., Bonnie Dawson; XIV., Christine Spencer; XV., Muriel Mattocks; XVI., Dora Ware, all show conscientious work.

### Charcoal Drawing.

The two best charcoal drawings were chosen by the same judges from all the work done this year. They will be framed and hung permanently in the art room. The highest honor was awarded to Jos. W. Guthrie for his excellently well understood charcoal drawing of a life size lion's head from a bas relief by Donatello. The original is in the Sacristi of San Lorenzo in Florence. May Chace received the second honor for her charcoal drawing of the life size head of Hermes. The original is a full length Grecian figure by Praxiteles. It is in the museum at Olympia. The following pupils deserve honorable mention for the drawings they have made: Genevieve Jones, Frances Maxwell, Christine Spencer, Marjorie Calender, Mary L. Fitch, Thomas B. Root, Dora E. Ware, and Muriel Mattocks.

### Freehand Drawing.

The regular work in freehand drawing has been unusually good this year. The water colors of flowers by Marjorie Calender and Frances Maxwell are excellent studies.

Very good examples of lettering and one and

two-point perspective pencil drawings of small objects have been made by Edwin S. Olmstead, Ralph R. Ranklin, Dix Teachnor, Frank Martin, Raymond Heuler and Julia Smith. In the fifty minute sketches from life, those of May Chace are unusually excellent for their remarkable likeness of the model in pose proportion, and character. The result is a good quick sketch, simply and broadly done, with no attempt at a detail finish. Frances Maxwell, Christine Spencer, Louise Spencer and B. Isobel Hull, have also done good work in this line.

### Our New Art.

To the beautiful collection of paintings, sculptures and friezes, which already adorned our corridors, there has recently been made a most valuable addition.

This addition to Westport's fine art is composed not only of pictures, but an attractive frieze has been placed above each of the bulletin boards in the front hall. This beautiful piece of art is a massive plaster of paris copy of the original "Lucia della Robia" frieze.

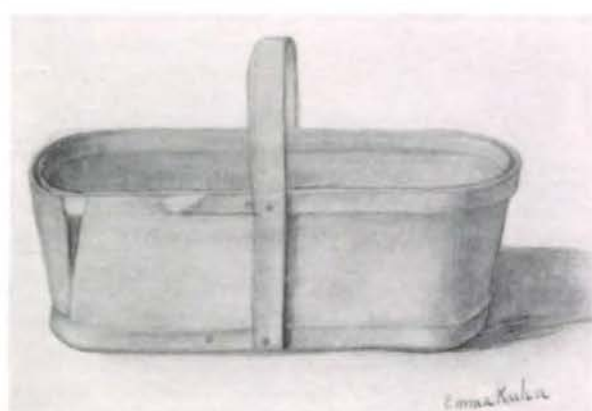
Among the new copies of paintings by famous artists, are:

"Vain Courtships" by Tadema, "Old Mill in the Eifel" by Von Wille, "Fisherman's Wife" by Bartels, "The Sanctuary" by Keller, "In Grunewald Forest" by Leistipow, and "Christiania" by Holbein.

There is also the very excellent carbon copy of "The Snyderics," by Rembrandt, and Orchardson's gravure, "Napoleon on Bellerophon."

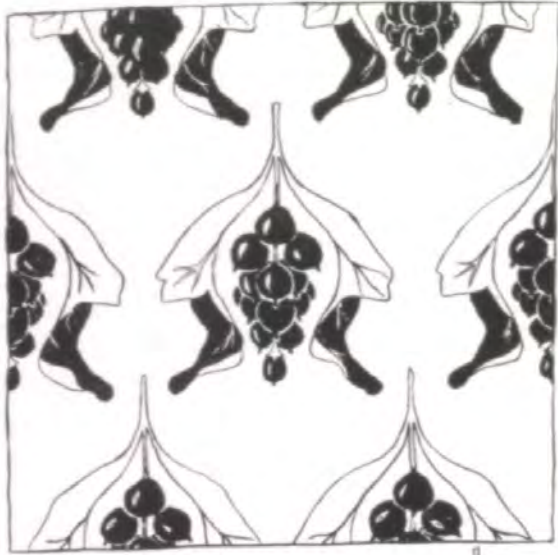
Much artistic taste and careful attention has been required in the selection of these beautiful pictures, and they should prove a valuable asset, from both ornamental and educational standpoint, to the present and future pupils of the Westport High School.

JOE P. GUILLET, '11.

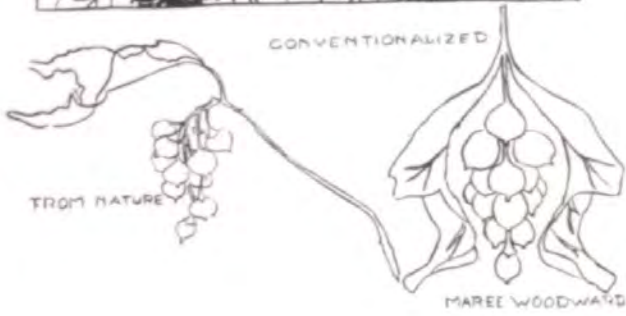




SURFACE DESIGN.

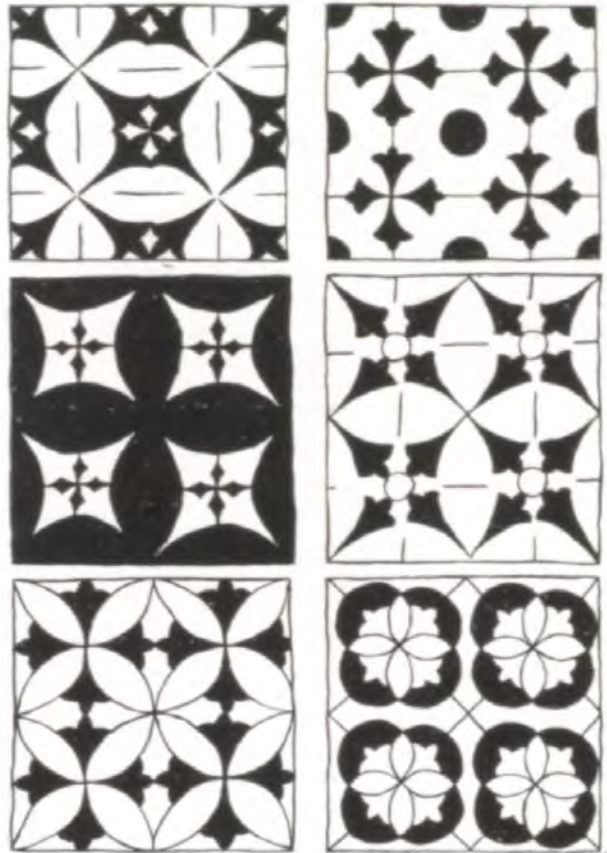


CONVENTIONALIZED

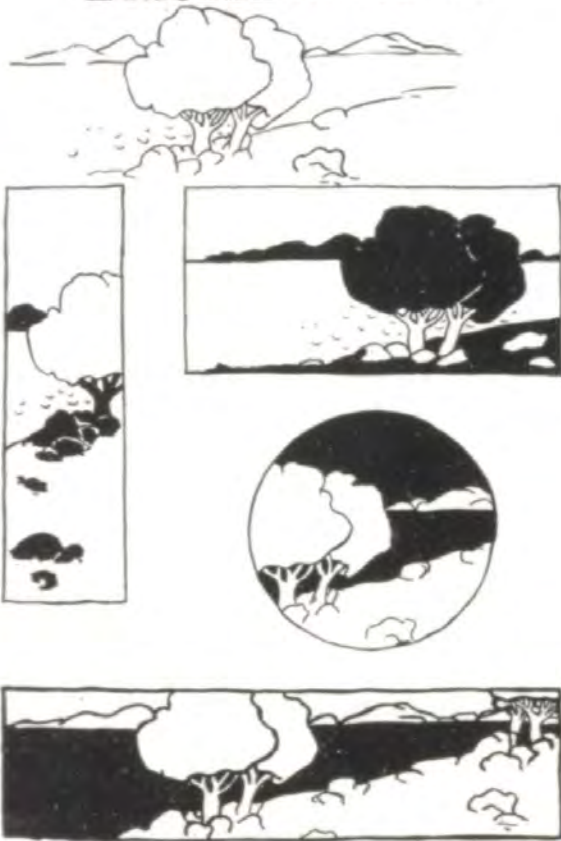


PRINT DESIGNS

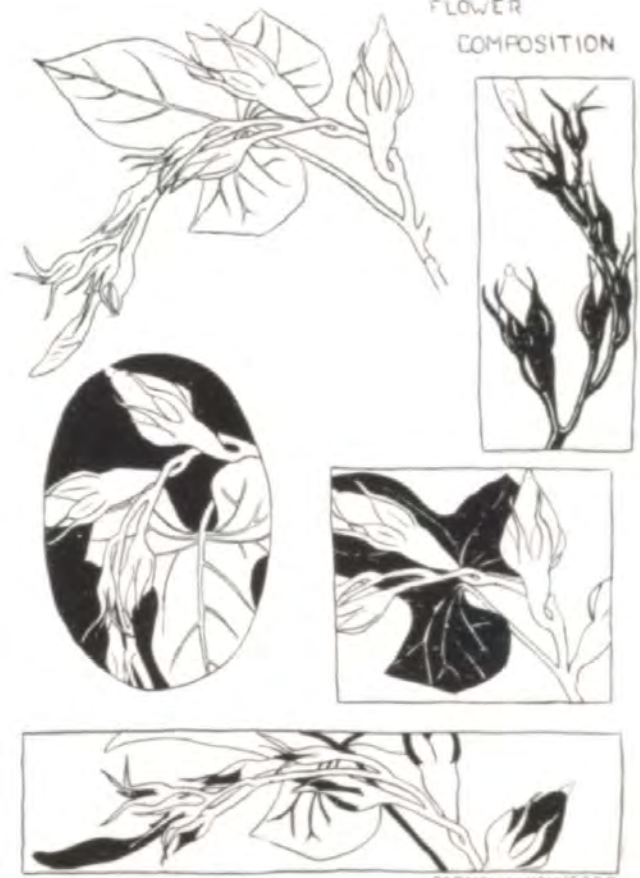
FLORENCE COOK



LANDSCAPE COMPOSITION.



FLOWER COMPOSITION







## The Domestic Art.

THE Domestic Art Department has added an advanced sewing class to the former course. The equipment is similar to the First Year Sewing. The Advanced Sewing and Millinery class was organized on account of a desire of the girls to become more proficient, not only in the art of sewing, but also in domestic economy. We feel that our attempt has not been in vain.

The following principles governing dress-making have been considered: Taking individual measures, drafting patterns to measures, bought patterns discussed and explained, consideration of materials as to width, price and wearing quality, adaptation of material to personal figure and style of pattern.

The girls planned a complete suit. They used their own patterns in making either a nine-gored or kilt plaited wash skirt, and tailored shirtwaist. The suit was completed with a belt of the original material, and a piece of neckwear of any desired style. The girls received their ideas from downtown samples. This was very beneficial because it gave them the opportunity of comparing the price of home made and bought articles of the same quality.

The second term opened with the making of a lingerie waist. This waist was made of any white material, and tucking and lace were required. These waists were productions of the girls' individual tastes.

After their completion those who so de-

sired were allowed to make either a lingerie or net hat, while the others made another skirt or waist. Much individuality was shown in the style of frame and also the trimming of the hats.

In odd moments the girls made samplers. These samplers were composed of fancy embroidery stitches, inserting medallions, different uses of cording, and the milliner's fold.

The note-books which the girls were required to keep contained a full account of the principles learned on the different garments.

In the study of the relation of expenditure to income the girls were required to support a woman on sixty dollars per month. It was very difficult for the girls to dress this woman after her living expenses were paid. Interest was lent to this study by the illustrations made in chart form. The woman's wardrobe was replenished for a term of three years, as that was the only fair way of judging the real cost of a woman's clothing.

As a result of the year's work, the girls have learned the ethics of systematic shopping, the relation of expenditure to income. Along with this, the textile fibres of silk and wool were studied. At the close of the course the girls were given the opportunity of hearing several short talks on the "sweat shop."

MURIEL SCURLOCK, '12.

LUCILE MEINRATH, '12.



## Domestic Science.

■ ■

THE American girl of today is beginning to feel the necessity of knowing how to apply her mind and hands to the practical things of life. The greater high schools are now being equipped with the appliances requisite for the studying of cooking. Herein is Westport High School favored in equipment.

A large well-lighted and well-ventilated room on the third floor is given over to this science.

Beside the individual desks and burners, the department is supplied with a large gas range and double sink, to which is attached a draining board. These are used when the students prepare food in large quantities. At one side of the room there is built a cabinet. This contains extra material and supplies. At one side is kept the large dinner set and glass-ware. The lower compartment contains the linen. Adjoining the large room, there are three smaller rooms. In one there are placed the lockers, which contain the aprons. A small room is used for the refrigerator and another the supply table, flour and sugar bins, and a shelf for the individual ovens.

Since last year the library has been greatly increased. Beside the valuable bulletins received from the government, it contains a volume of books treating the many different phases of cooking. Monthly the students have access to a new edition of "Boston Cooking School" and "Good Housekeeping" magazines.

The first year classes of this school year have had the advantage of immediate access to the equipment, thus linking the lectures and practical work. The lectures are composed of the study of classification of foods, their nutritive value and offices in the body. Fuels, their economic values and prices were considered. The study of meats, composition and especially the cuts of meat are emphasized. The despised task of dish-washing is made more attractive by rules. All notes on lectures and outlines are kept along with recipes in

a note-book. This note-book is graded and corrected. It not only proves valuable in the school year, but can be used for years to come. The practical side is taken up in the preparation of simple dishes, making them more attractive and wholesome.

This year, on the urgent request of the girls in the cooking classes of 1909, two advanced classes were formed. They continued the work begun in the first year, only more in detail. The study of digestion of foods, preservatives and canning were enlarged upon. Especial attention was turned to invalid cookery. This consisted of planning menus suitable to different stages of sickness. Attractive trays were arranged. The class was fortunate in receiving a fireless cooker. Experiments were performed with the cooker and were quite successful. The girls were aided in their planning and serving of menus by a new set of dishes and silver. Linen was also added to the equipment.

In the course of the year two trips were made—one to Peet Brothers' soap factory, the other to Loose-Wiles. A trip to a neighboring meat market is planned so that a demonstration of the different cuts and the actual cutting of meat can be shown. Like the first year, the notes are kept in a note-book, while the recipes are kept in a card-catalog. An attractive dinner was served to the members of the Board of Education and their wives. The menu and color scheme was planned by the students. The exhibit on display the night of the reception was produced by the first and second year classes. It consisted of cakes, trays, bread and other tempting dishes. To be able to prepare a meal with grace and ease and to know why certain principles are applied is not a little accomplishment. The enthusiastic girl of the home of today will do well to take advantage of the equipment furnished in Westport High School.

*Leila Antoni, '10.*





## Joinery.

• •

THE Joinery classes of this year have gained much over those of last year, due to the fact that last year the tools were not installed until about the middle of the year, while the classes of this year have had the use of the equipment during the whole school year. Consequently, the boys have done more work than their predecessors.

Before the Christmas holidays, the work consisted of making the more common joints in daily use, such as the lap joints, mortise and tenon joints, the dovetail joint and others.

The work on the joints was completed by most of the boys before the holidays. Since that time they have been working on what is known in the shop as *Individual Projects*. Each joinery student is allowed to choose some useful article of furniture to be made and taken home. If the article chosen is within the bounds of the student's ability, according to the instructor's judgment, the student makes a working drawing in the mechanical drawing room from which to work. He next makes out a bill for the lumber necessary to make the project and computes the cost of the same. He thus gains some practical knowledge of lumber computation and purchase. The lumber is now ordered from the yards, generally in large lots, in which there are several bills. When it reaches the school the required amount is sawed out on the power saw and the student begins his work, under the direction of Mr. Guisinger.

The most of the boys chose articles that

would be useful, as well as ornamental, to their homes. Almost every boy chose, as his first article, a tabouret of some description, and many beautiful ones have been made.

Among the other articles made are chairs, book racks, book cases, tables, medicine cabinets, magazine racks, drawing boards, T squares, a carpenter's bench, jardiniere stands, foot stools, hall seats, waste baskets, tuning drum for wireless telegraphy, writing desks, telephone stands, hall racks, a chicken brooder and an umbrella stand.

The school has the best equipment of tools and machines of any shop of its size in the country. The boys truly appreciate the expense the school board has had in giving them this advantage.

During the year, many visitors have been in the joinery room. The articles, both finished and under construction, were greatly admired. Several have expressed a desire to get some of these articles, either by buying them finished, or by leaving orders. Among the many visitors we have had, several school boards from other cities have inspected the equipment and taken notes in order that they might duplicate it.

On the whole, the boys have had a very pleasant and profitable year, the regular work being supplemented by talks on the kinds of lumber and the way it is obtained; the kinds and sizes of screws, nails, etc.; and much other valuable information connected with the work.

Lawrence D. Walker, '11.



## Wood-Turning.

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TO a boy who is at all interested in mechanics, the wood-turning department cannot help being a source of great pleasure and instruction. As soon as one enters the department, a lathe is assigned to him and after receiving instructions how to run it, he is supposed to take care of it himself.

The first few exercises are in soft wood and are principally to teach the boy how to handle his tools. Then there are about the same number in hard wood, in which are made picture frames, boxes, napkin rings and many other things of like nature. This work occupies the first term.

In the second term the subject of pattern making is taken up. Beginning with very simple patterns, the work becomes more difficult, until at the end of the year the boys are making patterns of such things as motors, engines, lathes, etc. If there is any time left it is taken up with more fancy hardwood articles and special attention is paid to design and finish. All work is done from drawings made by the boys themselves in the Mechanical Drawing Department.

The wood-turning is an inspiration to continue with the course and take the forge and machine shop work.

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## Menu.

(Copied from lunch room board by a Freshman crazy with eating mock-duck and beside himself by cider.)

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Dream of Tornado Soup	Scalped Oysters, 5 sense
Bum peas-and-chicle sandwiches, 5 scents	
Most-Grief with Drowned-Baby, 5 bones	
	Smackerover and Sneeze
Ward-Off Salad, Maynotache Dressing	
Cusshard Pie	Hair Raisin Pie All Over Mud
	Doonots and Kidder
Grope Nots or Staple Fluke, with Cream 5c	
Choco or Coffin	I Scream and Ache!
Two of any kind or any two of each 25c.	



**M**ECHANICAL drawing of all branches, including the practical and theoretical course given in Westport High School, has been coming into prominence more and more every year. This branch is now regarded as absolutely indispensable by the ordinary business man to those preparing for an engineering course of any kind.

Our course here is planned to cover the ground thoroughly enough to enable a student who intends to go to school no longer to enter drafting and architectural offices. It also meets the requirements of the technical colleges of the present day.

One purpose of mechanical drawing is to give an exact and complete knowledge concerning the size and shape of an object so that it can afterwards be made in the shop.

The work, as outlined in the school, though not intended to make of the student an architectural or mechanical draftsman, is disciplinary and progressive. It begins with the execution of simple working drawings of objects to be made in the shops, accompanied by instructions on the underlying principles of drafting. These principles are applied throughout the course, ending with elaborate details of machines and buildings.

The work is so planned that not only is the hand busy, but the mind, also, is occupied with problems or principles connected with the drawing. The arrangement is such that the article to be made in the shop is worked out in proportion, design and detail in the drawing room, thereby eliminating the haphazard

fitting and trying which entails a useless expenditure of time and material. The work as it progresses, develops neatness, accuracy, concentration, and attention to the small but important details. The instruction supplements the course by lectures and demonstrations.

In each year's work about one-third of the time is devoted to making working drawings of the shop work, yet this is only to keep in immediate touch with the shops, the work, as a whole, embodying much more.

A general survey of the mechanical drawing course by years follows:

#### FIRST YEAR.

**FIRST TERM.** Having completed the greater part of the shop drawings, freehand lettering is practiced for a sufficient length of time for the student to grasp the method. As *Orthographic Projection* is the basis of mechanical drawing in all its branches, this is taken up during the first year of the course. The terms *plan*, *elevation* and *profile* are explained and illustrated by use of models. The student is then required to make these three views of some simple object. The pupil's drawings then involve projection in a wider range; geometrical constructions, and a few of the more essential principles of descriptive geometry.

**SECOND TERM.** The principles of projection are further illustrated by the intersection and development of solids with planes. Some practical drawings on the different styles of instrumental lettering for use in photographic reproduction are given by the instructor.



## SECOND YEAR.

FIRST TERM. Shop drawings for turning are completed, after which considerable time is given to mechanical lettering, planning of titles, etc. The helix and its application, and the intersection and development of solids are covered to some extent.

SECOND TERM. *Isometric* projection, advanced intersection and development, machine drawing, tracing and blue printing are taken up at this point.

## THIRD YEAR.

FIRST TERM. After finishing drawings for exercises in forging, which include those of machine tools afterwards to be used in the machine shops, a text-book is introduced into the course. The work is made as practical as possible before perspective is taken up. Prob-

lems pertaining to the installation of machinery, designs of simple machines, machine mechanism and belting principles are thoroughly covered.

SECOND TERM. Designs of gears, pulleys, cams, architectural drawings and details, and the use of color washes to show sections are treated to a considerable extent.

## FOURTH YEAR.

During this last year of the course, more advanced mechanical drawing is done. Dynamos, steam engines, speed lathes and other machinery are designed and afterwards constructed in the shops. Tests are made on engines and dynamos in the school power plant at the same time in order to give the student some knowledge of the machines he is designing.

*Lawrence D. Walker, '11.*

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## A Characteristic Assembly.

The bell sounds for assembly,  
The pupils rush in haste,  
The hubbub is terrific,  
There is no time to waste.

The gavel hits the table,  
The principal, it would seem,  
Introduces "with great pleasure"  
The speaker and his theme.

The great man rises gravely,  
And as he forward strides,  
The applause is almost deafening,  
And reluctantly subsides.

"To the pupils and the teachers,  
I, greeting give today,  
And thank them for the honor  
Of addressing this array.

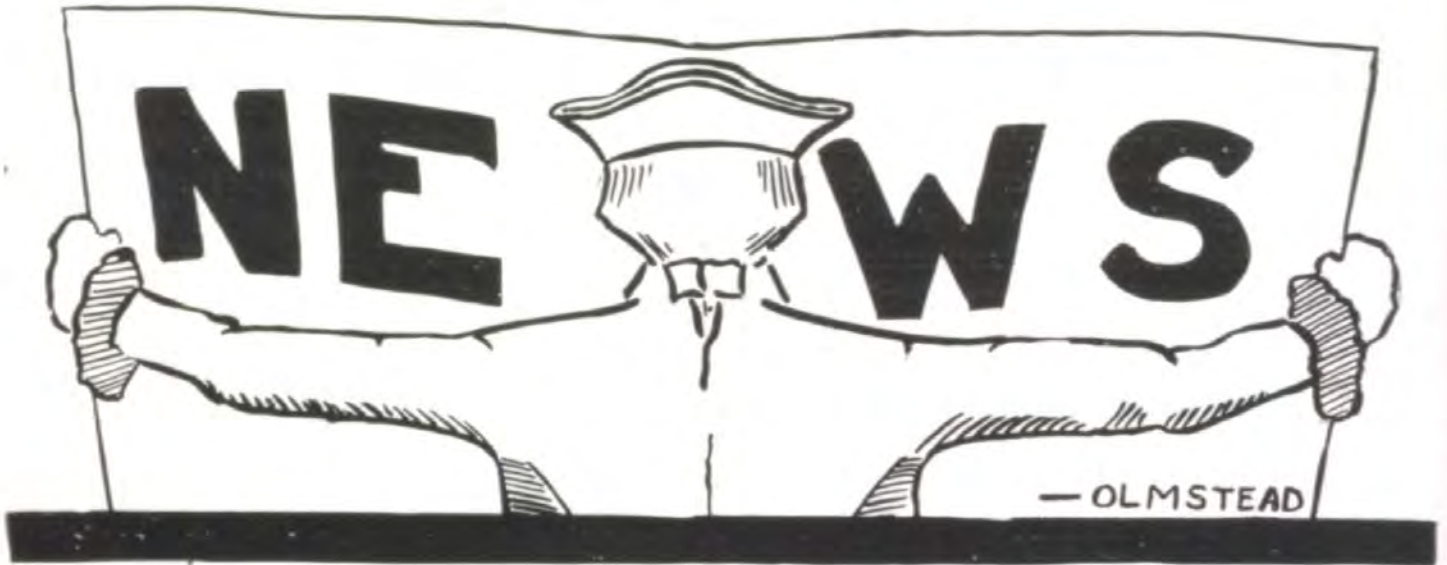
"These bright and smiling faces  
I'm surely glad to see,  
I know they are a credit  
To this school so large and free.

"This glorious Westport High School  
Is the greatest in the West;  
The school system of your city,  
Of K. C.'s the very best.

"And now I thank you kindly,  
For your attendance on my words,  
And wish that Westport High School  
May forever be preserved."

*Caroline V. Hamilton, '11*





The first assembly in the new term was called on the morning of January 10, 1910, when Thomas H. Kallujian, **ASSEMBLIES.** in the native dress of Persia, lectured on Oriental rugs. He brought several beautiful specimens with him and in his unique English told the process of their making. Each rug is made for some particular purpose and the many grotesque and fantastic figures which are insignificant to us, have a special meaning to the Persians. We all wish to thank Mr. Kallujian for so pleasant a morning.

January 31, our basket-ball team was called upon the platform that we might all see the five who make up our victorious team. Mr. Hoopes told us how our percentage of fouls, goals, free throws, etc., compared with other schools. We were then entertained by an altogether different department of the school—that of dramatic art. The second year pupils in that line finished the already delightful program with several scenes from Hamlet.

Rhetia Hesselberg, a famous violinist from Russia, who has studied extensively in Berlin and whose mother is niece of Charles Davidoff, the world renowned 'cellist, was kind enough to pay us a visit on the morning of February 8, and to play for us three beautiful selections on her violin. We were also visited by the president of the State Normal School, Dr. John R. Kirk, who told us of the fine educational facilities of Missouri. It will be remembered that Mr. Kirk was principal of Westport

when our roll numbered 55. An occasional visit to Westport seems to do him good, and he is even welcome.

February 11, the Drury College Glee Club from Springfield, Mo., made a passing visit to Westport and left with us the memory of a delightful half hour.

Mr. Phelps, the professor of Literature at Yale, on passing through Kansas City February 20, visited Westport. He talked to us in assembly of happiness; that the happiest person is he who thinks the most interesting thoughts; that our greatest happiness in life is not in the simplicity of childhood, but that it grows and increases as we become older. It was an inspiring address.

March 8, 1910, we were entertained by the Clionians in the screechingly funny one-act farce, "Ze Modern English." All the actors performed exceedingly well. Before the play we were entertained by the "musical members" of the society, and by a piano solo by Miss Grace Waggener. The following were the cast of characters:

- The Marquis de Trouville.....
- .....Mr. Elmer Hamilton
- Ralph Random.....Mr. Elliott Nathan
- Tom Fenchwieh.....Mr. William Young
- Evelyn Random.....Miss Wanda Kickbusch
- Mrs. Random.....Miss Georgia Southwell
- Marie de Trouville.....Miss Grace Koons

March 18, 1910, our Debating friends from Omaha visited us and together with our home team, the two were seated on the platform. One of our Iowa friends said he would con-



sider himself greatly honored to be defeated by such a school as Westport and it is indeed highly gratifying to us to have been able to give him that pleasure.

March 21 we were again entertained by Debaters. This time, besides our home team, we had speeches from the three lately returned from Des Moines. Now we all know why Mr. Humphrey's "head is coming through his hair." Also, Mr. Humphrey told us of the doings of our team while away from home and then little Miss Virginia Black, the mascot of the party, in the four words, "I think we won," expressed the true sentiments of everyone save two of the judges at Des Moines.

Prof. Sanders of Washburn University, addressed us upon the morning of March 29. He told us that into everything we do we should put something of ourselves—an individuality—which distinguishes us from all others. As illustration of this fact he related an interesting adventure experienced in Turkey.

On the morning of April 4, 1910, we had exhibition of our own school talent in the following program:

Vocal Solo.....Miss Beth Earnest  
Piano Solo.....Miss Virginia Williams  
Scene from "Macbeth". Miss Harriet Simpson  
Violin Solo.....Miss Camille Jones  
Vocal Solos.....Miss Edith Hawes

April 7, 1910, Dr. Albert Brown of Boston, gave us a talk on theaters and the drama. Drama, he said, must have conflict—a conflict of emotions and feelings—not merely physical opposition. Life, itself, is a magnificent drama. He described the theater as an institution which has power greater than any other to influence the people that attend. It is doing a certain amount of harm today, but this evil would soon be overcome by the perseverance of the public to patronize nothing but uplifting plays.

April 11, Mrs. E. R. Weeks, a representative of the Women's Federation of Mo., lectured to us on scholarships and fellowships. The winner of one of these must not necessarily be a book-worm. He must show qualities of leadership, of executive ability, and of strength

of character as well as a certain amount of good scholarship.

A number of Mrs. Carl Busch's pupils visited us April 22, and rendered the following delightful program:

Piano Solo.....Miss Clara Blakslee  
Piano Solo.....Miss Wanda McGuire  
Piano Solo.....Miss Bernice Walker  
Violin Solo.....Miss Marie Whitney  
Piano Solo.....Miss Marie Riggs  
Piano Solo.....Miss Helen Wadsworth  
Piano Solo.....Mr. Solon Robinson  
Piano Solo.....Miss Pearl Weideman

April 25, The Round Table Club gave a play in assembly entitled, "My Wife's Bonnet." The first act was quite a novel idea and in the second act we all enjoyed the difficulties in which poor, innocent Mr. Topknot succeeded in getting everyone mixed up. The play was a great success. The following is the cast of characters:

Mr. Topknot.....Mr. Elmo Robinson  
Mr. Cutwater.....Mr. Kenneth Irons  
Alfred Jones, Mrs. Topknot's cousin.....  
.....Mr. Frank Henderson  
Mrs. Topknot.....Miss Edith Hawes  
Mrs. Cutwater.....Miss Agnes Baird  
Mrs. Appleby.....Miss Frances Simcox  
Fanny.....Miss Rachel Dobyns

May 2, 1910, Mrs. Hedges supplied the following delightful program:

Vocal Solo.....Miss Margaret McGilvary  
Miss Loretta English, accompanist.  
Violin Solo.....Mrs. J. W. Onsley  
Mrs. Guy, accompanist.  
Vocal Solo.....Mrs. Darnel  
Miss Crangle.  
Violin Solo.....Mrs. J. W. Onsley  
Mr. Guy, accompanist.

Upon the morning of May 17, the Pundits, the girls Debating Society of Westport, presented an original one-act sketch entitled, "The Higher Education" or "What Women Learn at College." There were some very happy little touches in the play and the actresses presented the giddy college girl to perfection. The play was written by Miss Della York. During the course of the performance, several very



clever songs were sung also original. The cast of characters was as follows:

Sallie.....	Della York
Dot.....	Helen Spotts
Nell.....	Ada Merrifield
Frances.....	Frank Martin
Dorothy.....	Isabel Goodwin
Alliene.....	Ruth Burroughs
Marie.....	Edith Lichtig
Louise.....	Eleanor Halley
Ruth.....	Ruth Harnden
Gertrude.....	Ada May Morris
Eveline.....	Ruth Cornell
Clarabelle.....	Charlotte Bodman
Spectacles.....	} Martha Launder
Marjorie.....	

Serenaders:  
 Lesslie Peckenpaugh,  
 Frank B. Henderson,  
 William R. Fuge.

It is with deep regret that we view the departure of our well-known head janitor. Mr. Snediger has had a long course at Westport. He entered on August 31, 1899, and he will leave with the class of 1910. But, unlike other members of that class, he has never missed a day on account of sickness. And, students of Westport, remember this: he has had only two vacations—one of six days in 1908 and one of five in 1909! We do not know how Mr. Snediger stands in his class record, but in regard to attendance he must be awarded the palm. And he did not have five short recitation periods either, for in the old building he was often forced to rise at 2 a. m. in order to induce the furnaces to throw out as much warm air as the wind threw in cold. Time and again he was even obliged to remain in the building during the whole night.

Westport can ill afford to lose such an inmate. He has ever been an intelligent, dependable, loyal and thoughtful caretaker, and Westport has been much benefited by his "locker room rule."

In reviewing the assemblies of the year, we find that we have had a great many interesting and profitable programs. Such talks as those by Dr. Gunsaulus and Professor Phelps will not be soon forgotten, while the others and the delightful musical programs will remain in all our minds as a part of the pleasant memories of our high school days. Dr. Gunsaulus, head of the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago, visited us the first of the year. He spoke of the upbuilding of character and the training of the mind in truth and righteousness. Very seldom has it been the privilege of Westport students to listen to so inspiring an address. Mayor McFarland of Washington also gave us an excellent talk on municipal righteousness, telling us what Kansas City has done for her citizens and what we should do for Kansas City. Among the other wholesome addresses were that of Dr. John C. Freeman of the University of Wisconsin and Rev. Dr. Cook of Cleveland.

The Seniors feel thankful that they will never know Westport "Snedigerless," while the underclassmen will feel strangely out of place when they hurry through the front hall and fail to see him keeping guard.

We only hope that he will have the success guarding horses, cows and pigs that he has had guarding the recalcitrants of Westport.

Good-bye, Mr. Snediger, and good luck to you!

A great addition to the adornment of the north corridor is the new trophy case. This case has filled a growing need—a need for place to keep and exhibit our rapidly increasing number of trophies.

There are some beautiful cups here, won in debating, basket-ball, baseball, track work, etc., by our competent representatives in these lines of work. We feel sure that it will be but a short time until this case is filled to overflowing with the spoils of victories—victories that we hope to win during the coming year.





ELMO ROBINSON  
*Affirmative*



MISS DELLA YORK  
*Affirmative*



SIDNEY ALTSCHULER  
*Affirmative*



DONALD BLACK  
*Negative*



HARRY POINDEXTER  
*Negative*



LELAND HAZZARD  
*Negative*

In this, the third year of the Triangular League Debates, though not as successful as last year, Westport has **THE TRIANGULAR LEAGUE DEBATE.** For although the team that went to Des Moines received an unfortunate defeat at the hands of the debaters in that city, yet our home team won a glorious victory here at Westport.

According to the provisions of the League,

we sent this year, a negative team to Des Moines, whom we entertained here last year, and our affirmative team met the debaters from Omaha in our own Auditorium. Both debates took place on the same evening, March 18.

The question for the debate this year was one of great importance—one which is receiving a great deal of attention and thought and which is being discussed the continent over. It is: "*Resolved*, That the government should encourage competition to the extent of pro-



hibiting any form of artificial monopoly. *Interpretation*: It is to be granted that the necessary laws are constitutional and practical (*i. e.*—can be enforced) and the so-called natural monopolies are not to be considered."

On January 4, the preliminary contests were held, and the following teams were selected: affirmative, Sidney Altschuler, Dell York and Elmo Robinson; negative, Donald Black, Leland Hazard and George Meyer; alternates, Harry Poindexter, Clyde Chase and George Duren. Later, owing to an unfortunate circumstance, George Meyer was dropped, and Harry Poindexter took his place on the negative team.

On the morning of the day of the debate, Mr. Underwood before the Assembly, presented to the school our visitors from Omaha and our own home team. The following Monday both our affirmative and negative teams were presented to the Assembly and our debaters and their advisers favored us with some enjoyable remarks.

The audience the night of the debate was small—rather too small—but withal, appreciative. Miss Belle Witrock, principal of Leavenworth High School, Dr. William J. Hawkins, president of the Warrensburg Normal School, and Dr. Isadore Loeb, Dean of Teachers' College, M. U., had kindly consented to sit as judges.

The debate was opened by Sidney Altschuler for the affirmative. He proved that monopolies are bad in principle in their power to raise the price of an article and to lower the quality of the goods; in their tendency to discourage and degrade the laboring spirit and that of the laboring classes; and in that they are contrary to the fundamental principles of American freedom.

George Grimes opened the debate for Omaha by outlining the structure of their arguments, and took for his own especial consideration, the wastes of competition. These last are many and great, he urged, including among their number such obvious wastes as the un-

necessary duplication and reduplication of plants and facilities; the systems of advertising and of prize—and present—giving; bad credit accepted for the sake of a sale; hastily made and consequently shoddy goods; and the enormous waste of material in the haste of manufacture.

He was followed by Miss Della York, who successfully maintained that monopolies are bad in practice, in that they do lower the quality and raise the price of an article; that they are maleficent to the laboring classes, and that they produce an unwholesome effect on politics. She was followed by Fred Rypins of Omaha, who contended that monopolies are beneficial to every one, to laboring classes and manufacturers at once, supporting his arguments with statistics and copious extracts, principally from Jenks.

Elmo Robinson, the third speaker for Westport, drew the distinction between incidental and aggressive, or productive and destructive competition. This latter, which has in view monopoly, is not true competition, he contended; that the two depend upon each other, and if one were destroyed the other would vanish also. Thus would be left the true competition, with its valuable assets: lower prices, higher quality of goods, less frequent failures, more widely distributed wealth, and its incentive to invention.

Maurice Shillington presented for Omaha a plan for governmental regulation of monopolies, thus preserving the benefits of monopoly and eliminating a part of its objectionable features. He especially insisted on governmental control of prices to a certain extent, and upon publicity. Immediately following, Fred Rypins delivered the rebuttal for Omaha, quoting Jenks and maintaining that competition can't be divided.

Elmo Robinson arose for the rebuttal of the affirmative. Thanks to Altschuler's intimate knowledge of "Jenks," Robinson was enabled to refute the opposing arguments by appealing to that author. But it was the climax when he triumphantly crushed the beautiful plan of governmental regulation of monopolies, con-



tending that, owing to the very nature of monopoly, when one regulates a monopoly and destroys or vastly limits its power to control price, that one destroys at the same time, the monopoly itself. Westport supporters were triumphant when it was announced that the judges had unanimously upheld the affirmative.

On Thursday, March 17, Donald E. Black, Leland Hazard and Harry K. Poindexter, accompanied by Prof. Humphrey, started for the capitol city of Iowa. The debaters were in excellent spirits; confident that if work was anything, Westport would most certainly carry off the highest honors. Two years before, Westport had received a most ignominious defeat at the hand of Des Moines, and the debaters had prepared themselves for a great struggle.

The debaters arrived at Des Moines at about 9 o'clock in the evening. A great big "bunch" (for that expresses it) met the debaters at the station. The visitors will never forget the greeting given them and the polite spirit of rivalry shown them.

On the next day, in the morning, the group wandered over the city. Lunch was taken early; and the debaters were sent to their rooms to rest, so as to be at their best for the evening.

At last the evening came. The Westport debaters were soon to be pitted against Luella Clark, Harrison and Scott of Des Moines. Des Moines was defending the affirmative of the question, while Westport was upholding the negative.

It was up to Black to prove that artificial monopolies had many benefits, which competition could not possibly give. Advantage upon advantage was given, showing the judges that the artificial monopolies were a great help to the common people, in spite of the prejudice against them.

Hazard indirectly supported Black's argument, only in a different sense. He showed the disadvantages of open competition. Then he took a new tack, and proceeded to show

that competition was the real basis of artificial monopolies. This was successfully shown by various laws of competition.

The Des Moines team was now wondering what the negative was going to present next. They soon found out! Poindexter, the last speaker of the negative, showed that monopolies were beneficial under the present system, they would become more useful to the people if they were controlled by the people's servant, the government.

Black then returned for the rebuttal speech. Soon, many of the affirmatives' arguments were being uprooted and cast aside. The affirmatives began to look pale. Black still continued to hammer in arguments. A last appeal was given for monopoly, and Westport had closed its series of speeches.

The affirmative was given the last chance to speak. Casting aside refutation, Miss Clark made an appeal for the seemingly *abused* workingman.

The chairman, after a few minutes of delay, read the ballots, and our debaters realized defeat was theirs. The reading showed two judges for the affirmative, one for the negative. But the fellows knew that they had worked their hardest, but luck in the form of one judge was against them.

West Des Moines may glory in their victory, but revenge is Westport's, and before we discontinue our debates, Des Moines' scalp will dangle from Westport's belt of victims.

Westport has ever been peculiarly successful in respect to her plays, but the class of 1910 has established a record **THE SENIOR PLAY.** which will be the criterion of all our future efforts. The production of "Christopher, Jr." was eminently successful. Ask any of its hearers and that will be their verdict.

The plot of the farce deals as is usual in farces with a mix-up in identity. Young Christopher has got himself in a scrape in the Indies to get himself out of which he was forced to marry Miss Mathilda Dwyer, "sight unseen." He used the name of Bert Bellaby,



a friend, during the trouble. At the time the play opens he is living in London in feigned poverty in order to trap his father into giving him money which the latter consents to do on condition that Chris., Jr., will marry a certain lady. Chris meets her and the inevitable happens. Through a letter marked simply "Christopher Colt, Esquire," Christopher, Senior, becomes aware of his son's previous marriage. Christopher is shipped to India as a clerk in his father's concern. There he again meets Flora Hedway, the lady of his heart, as the niece of his father's partner. Chris discovers some frauds in the father's establishment and soon a repentant father comes to India bringing with him the family and Bert Bellaby, the daughter's fiancé. In an interview between Bert and Dora Hedway it transpires that she is Mathilda using her uncle's name. Here is a ripe situation and the cast made the most of it. After various puzzling and complicating incidents everything is finally straightened out, and judging from indications they all lived happily ever after.

Mr. Edward McMoreland took the "Gracefull" part of Christopher, Jr., and it can be said of him that he was neither bashful or unmusical. He was equally at his ease as a pauper, a rich society man, a clerk, and a "bachelor" husband. The part offered large opportunities for versatile acting and the handsome leading man part of Christopher, Jr., and it can be said of him that he was neither bashful or unmusical. He was equally at his ease as a pauper, a rich society man, a clerk, and a "bachelor" husband. The part offered large opportunities for versatile acting and the handsome leading man made the most of it. His wife, née Miss Dora Mathilda Dwyer Hedway was charmingly done by Miss Comstock. She rose splendidly to her big scenes and was at all times coquettish and graceful. She gave the audience ample cause to sympathize with her young husband—all will hereafter be careful to see their wife when marrying.

The two unwitting relatives and partners, Major Hedway and Christopher, Sr., were well acted by Messrs. Krause and William

Addoms. They were both gruff old men, Christopher, Sr., stormed unmercifully at his son while the Major told his army stories with great gusto. But it is sad fate for a man to have to win the way to his own wife's heart by playing chess with sleepy, old army officer.

The alleged husband of Dora, Bert Bellaby, and his future wife, Chris's sister, were taken by Armin Schuler and Lucile Smith. Miss Smith made an excellent, lovable, lovely, and loving sister and her fiance was a very "nice" young lawyer—with one case to his credit. He might be accused of infidelity—but no stories in school.

Miss Edwina Collum was the haughty Mrs. Colt and she and George Duren, as her model footman, made life quite exciting for her mercantile husband, though it may be said that the the biting sarcasm was mutually employed in the family tiffs.

S. A. U., Jr., was the villain of our exciting farce. Ah! we never thought that the son of our principal would descend to woman-threatening, theft and bribery; but so, alas! was the case, and he did it in an exceedingly convincing manner.

Miss Erma Waltner and Miss Alma Kraft wielded their fans with admirable skill, and we are sure would have done everything else so—if they had had the chance.

Almost last, but far from least, in our *dramatis personae* stand the names of Miss Margaret Coburn and Mr. Sumner Blossom, our justly famous Mr. and Mrs. Glib. Mrs. Glib, with her theatricals and her "Gawge," added much, in fact brought to a climax the enjoyment of the evening. We, with the Mrs., were also under the impression that "Gawge" was easily forgotten in one but not in all ways. On the stage he was quite an omnipresent though not a talkative little body. Perhaps the cleverest acting of the play was done by Mr. Glib.

Another of the editors-in-chief served in his usual capacity as a general servant. Mr. Jack Malcomson carried clothes and letters with a grace and ease acquired from carrying great stores of learning and an equally great number of HERALDS in his mighty hand and head.





### THE SENIOR PLAY CAST

Christopher Colt, Jr.....Mr. Edward McMoreland  
 Christopher Colt, Sr.....Mr. William Addoms  
 Bert Bellaby.....Mr. Armin Schueler  
 Major Hedway.....Mr. Alfred Krause  
 Simpson.....Mr. Stephen Underwood, Jr.  
 Mr. Glib.....Mr. Sumner Blossom  
 Job.....Mr. Jack Malcomson  
 Whimper.....Mr. George Duren  
 Dora Hedway.....Miss Grace Comstock  
 Nellie Colt.....Miss Lucile Smith  
 Mrs. Colt.....Miss Edwina Cullom  
 Mrs. Glib.....Miss Margaret Coburn

Anna.....Miss Erma Waltner  
 Bess.....Miss Alma Kraft

The cast wishes to tender its thanks through the pages of THE HERALD to Mr. Humphrey for his indispensable services as director, to Miss Hodshier for her kind assistance and suggestions, and to Mr. Harnden for his capable work as "property man." We trust that the experience the latter has gained in procuring furniture, etc., will prove of service to him in the near future.



The musical numbers for the evening were furnished by our orchestra, and it was as good as the histrionic work. Altogether the evening was one to be long remembered, and in closing we can only say that the class of '11 "will have to go some" to beat the class play of '10.

The members of the Irving Club are certainly not superstitious, for they chose Friday the thirteenth of May for the date of their open meeting in the Auditorium. The pupils and teachers of the school were invited to attend and all who were fortunate enough to be present feel that it would necessitate more than Friday the thirteenth, horseshoes, four-leaf clovers, comets and wrong-sided peeps at the new moon to deter the Irving Club from success in any literary effort it chooses to make.

Too much cannot be said in favor of the splendid literary work done by these young men, as evidenced in their program. The papers showed the most conscientious and intelligent work along lines which cannot fail to be beneficial to young men of a literary turn of mind.

The entire program follows:

1. "Maeterlinck's Plays".....Rex Miller
2. "Some Observations on Shaw".....Tom Root
3. "Roughing It".....Lamar Dayhoff
4. Piano Solo.....Tom Root
5. "Carlyle: His Life and the Man".....  
.....Whitney Ogden
6. "Relations of Carlyle and Emerson".....  
.....Donald Black
7. Piano Solo.....Tom Root
8. "Shelley, the Poet".....Edward Moses

### The Round Table Donation.

Every year since the organization of the Club, a little money has been set aside, until the amount has grown to the tidy little sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The idea of buying a present for the school with

this money was taken under advisement, the members wanting something appropriate, which would forever preserve the memory of the club. After Mr. Underwood had consulted with Miss White and our former advisers, he addressed the Society on the subject of pictures which form the frieze in the Boston Library. The series recounts the legend of the "Quest of the Holy Grail." The members, after examining small reproductions of the set, selected five of the most important pictures. We hope that these artistic works will receive the place due them, and will always keep before the students of the school the aims of the Knights of the Round Table, as well as of the members of the Round Table Club, in their quest for higher things.

### Addoms to Annapolis.

We feel sure that all the friends of Mr. Andrew Addoms will be glad to know that he has passed successfully his Annapolis exams. It is quite too bad that Mr. Addoms had to leave before Commencement. We shall miss our honorable midshipman's countenance on that great night. Mr. Addoms left for New York, the 26th of May, and will report at his new working place sometime during the month of June. The staff of the HERALD joins the students of Westport in wishing Mr. Addoms every possible success as another of Westport's middies.

### The Class Readings.

Following the custom of last two years, the Freshmen "Reading" was held in room 65 early in May. The themes were far above the ordinary, both in style and in subject. Although no winner was chosen, it must be known that considerable honor is attached to the privilege of reading on this occasion as only the best themes from each are heard. A week later, an interesting Sophomore event of like character was held, and still later, the Juniors charmed their audience with their best efforts.



# SOCIETIES





# Round Table Club

FLOWER: *The Daisy.*

COLORS: *Light Blue and Gold.*

## OFFICERS.

### FIRST TERM.

George Meyer.....*President*  
 Jerome Twichell.....*Vice-President*  
 Agnes Baird.....*Secretary*  
 Marshall Johnson.....*Treasurer*  
 Corless Harris.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*  
 Edith Hawes.....*Critic*

### SECOND TERM.

George Meyer.....*President*  
 Kenneth Irons.....*Vice-President*  
 Agnes Baird.....*Secretary*  
 Marshall Johnson.....*Treasurer*  
 Winston Rambo.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*  
 Carmen Darby.....*Critic*

*Adviser:* Miss White.

THE Round Table Club started out upon a very successful term by electing George Meyer President. He has proved a chairman of splendid executive ability, and has had the hearty support of every member of the Club in his endeavor to put parliamentary law into effect. The efficiency of the other officers is evident, since a majority of them were re-elected.

Our energetic Vice-President, Kenneth Irons, as chairman of the Program Committee, has furnished us with excellent programs throughout the year. Agnes Baird has done most creditable work as Secretary. Honest Marshall Johnson, Treasurer, has a remarkable knack for collecting dues. Winston Rambo has had his hands full quieting that obstructive, technical personage, Clyde Chace. The mild criticisms of Carmen Darby have assisted considerably in the improvement of the programs.

Those attractive posters announcing our meetings were all painted by May Chace. The

graduation of this masterful brush will prove a severe loss to us.

"My Wife's Bonnet" was the title of the play which the Round Table Club presented before the Assembly in April. Since all the students saw it, any opinions expressed by the Club would be decidedly out of order. However, from the favorable comments of others, we judge that the play was a success, and consider it a fitting climax for the work of the Society this year.

Perhaps it is true that "luck" is a fable, but, when we search for a better word to express the good fortune that came to us when Miss White was selected as our adviser, we find that word missing. It is with the greatest sincerity that we pronounce her kind advice and wisdom shown in the direction of the Society's work invaluable. Her heartfelt interest will always be recalled with admiration by the seventy-five of us who compose the present membership of the Round Table Club.





THE ROUND TABLE CLUB





*FLOWER:* The Violet.

*COLORS:* Purple and White.

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

Harold Diggle. . . . . *President*  
 Lois Hodges. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Wera Nathan. . . . . *Secretary*  
 Wm. Young. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 L. G. Waggener. . . . . *Critic*  
 Elliott G. Nathan. . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

SECOND TERM.

Elliott G. Nathan. . . . . *President*  
 Mary Robertson. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Lois Hodges. . . . . *Secretary*  
 William Young. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 Georgia Southwell. . . . . *Critic*  
 Ralph Rankin. . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

*Adviser:* Mrs. MacLaughlin.

ANOTHER happy year of school life has passed and witnessed the Clionians as successful and active in school interests as ever.

The Clionians are proud of the fact that they were the first of the school clubs to give an assembly program, and flatter themselves that they have set an example which will be found hard to beat. This program was composed of two songs by a small chorus, and a one-act farce entitled, "Ze Modern English." Now, none of us are professionals in that line, but our cast so ably handled the farce that the audience was highly amused.

The President could not have chosen a better program committee than Miss Mary Robertson, Miss Grace Waggener, and Mr. William Young. The regular Society programs have been most interesting and instructive, and not lacking in variety. The excellent work of Miss Grace Waggener, Mr. Elliott Nathan, Miss

Mary Robertson, Miss Georgia Southwell and Mr. William Young deserves mention.

At one meeting, the program was to be a surprise. When the business was finished, the President announced that the Irving Club would visit us. There are more girls than boys in our Society, so this club of boys aided greatly in evening up matters. After playing games and having fun generally, we enjoyed some of the finest home-made candy ever eaten.

For its posters, the Society is greatly indebted to Miss Lillian Thompson, Miss Ruth Tibballs, Mr. Ralph Rankin, and Mr. William Young.

Mrs. MacLaughlin has been all that anyone could desire as an adviser. We greatly appreciate and thank her for her interest in our welfare.





THE CLONIAN SOCIETY.





# OSIRON

Francis Maxwell

AS usual, the Osirons showed wisdom in their choice of a president. Miss Siegel, who was our President for the greater part of the year, proved her ability to preside at a business, as well as a social, meeting, and to carry out suggestions, as well as make them. So it was with the greatest regret that the Society found it necessary to accept Miss Siegel's resignation.

Owing to this vacancy, Miss Mary Krugh, vice-president, became president. Miss Krugh took up the work of the Society with the greatest zeal and interest, and we wish to thank her for the help she has given us during her brief term of office.

The girls who have been added to our roll this year are: Elizabeth Connor, Elizabeth Comstock, Genevieve Herrick, Helen Logan, Mildred Bergfeldt, Virginia Lucas, Katherine Stone, Vivian Diggle, Jeanette Maxwell, Lillian Bettis, Sarella Herrick, and Frances Meservey. Each and every one of these girls took up the work of the Society with a true Osiron spirit which even the oldest "Beetle Sisters" could not criticise.

This year, the Society loses the following members by graduation: Margaret Coburn, Helen Comstock, Margaret Corbin, Mary Krugh, Helen Rose, Lillian Bettis, and

Frances Meservey. As each of these girls has done more than her own share in making the Osiron Society what it really is, we are very sorry to see them go, but are hoping that some of them will be with us again next year.

Although the Society had few social meetings, we had the next best thing on March twenty-fifth. The meeting was held in the cooking room, and, after the business of the Society had been disposed of, the girls contested with each other in dressing potatoes in tissue paper. The dolls, which represented everything from Red Riding Hood to our own illustrious basket-ball boys, showed the cleverness and originality of the Osirons. When every girl had put the finishing touches on her doll, delightful refreshments were served, which showed that the Osirons had not taken cooking in vain.

The course of study pursued by the Society has been one of the most delightful, as well as instructive, that has been undertaken for many years. In our study of "Philanthropic Work," all the charitable institutions of the city have been thoroughly investigated by special committees. Our adviser, Miss Alder, always accompanied the girls on these trips, and through her the work was made even more pleasant and enjoyable than it would otherwise have been.





THE OSIRONS

*COLORS: Green and Gold.*

*FLOWER: Crysanthemum.*

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

Virginia Siegel. . . . . *President*  
 Mary Krugh. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Helen Comstock. . . . . *Secretary*  
 Christine Spencer. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 Isobel Hull. . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

SECOND TERM.

Virginia Siegel. . . . .	}	<i>President</i>
Mary Krugh. . . . .		
Mary Krugh. . . . .	}	<i>Vice-President</i>
Bernice Walker. . . . .		
May McNamara. . . . .		<i>Secretary</i>
Margaret Corbin. . . . .		<i>Treasurer</i>
Isobel Hull. . . . .		<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

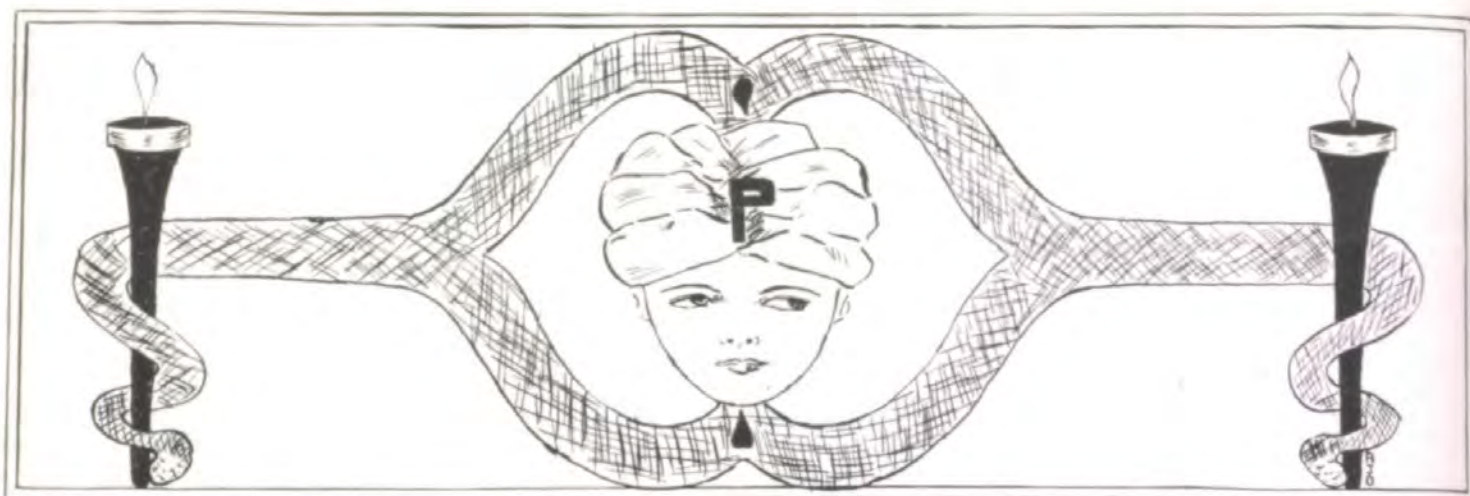
*Adviser: Miss Helen Alder.*

The program committee is to be especially congratulated this year for the instructive and enjoyable meetings which they have planned.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Alder for the time and attention she

has given us. We owe it to her that the past year has been not only the most profitable, but also the happiest in the history of the Society, for she always entered into our girlish plans enthusiastically and heartily.





# • • Pundit Club • •

*"Weigh, Consider, Express."*

## OFFICERS.

### FIRST TERM.

Alice Osmond. . . . . *President*  
 Edith Lichtig. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Mildred Mabry. . . . . *Secretary*  
 Ruth Cornell. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 Margaret Merwin. . . . . *Critic*

### SECOND TERM.

Della York. . . . . *President*  
 Ellen Kellogg. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Edith Lichtig. . . . . *Secretary*  
 Alice Osmond. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 Edith Hawes. . . . . *Critic*

*Adviser:* Miss Shire.

THE Second year of the Pundit Club has been an eventful one. We have taken in a number of new members who have shown themselves to be a most beneficial addition to the club in more ways than one. We have, also, been most fortunate in having for our adviser, Miss Shire, who has been one of the best and most earnest workers in the club. She has devoted a great deal of time and energy to our work, and we appreciate it heartily.

As some of the other societies have done, the Pundit wished to entertain the Assembly. Being a distinctive club, we wished to do something distinctive; so we wrote our own play and the words to our own songs. The entertainment was organized and managed by the club, and gave a chance for each member to have a part.

The Club has had some interesting informal debates this year on various subjects.

We feel that we have proved that girls can debate, as one of our girls was a member of the victorious debating team which kept the Westport colors flying at home against Omaha. But our talent extends also in other directions, as we can claim the illustrious all-star actress who has so captivated Westport by her many and delightful roles in school performances.

We are indebted to the Osirons, who invited us to hear with them a most delightful and instructive talk given by Dr. Simcox. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all the Pundits, and we hope some day to return the compliment.

We will lose some of our girls through graduation this year, but hope to have always their sympathy and interest. We hope that the Pundit Club will always be as successful as it has been this year.





MEMBERS OF THE PUNDIT CLUB.

MEMBERS.

Della York,  
Ada Merrifield,  
Ruth Burroughs,  
Ada May Morris,  
Helen Hestwood,

Helen Spotts,  
Frank Martin,  
Eleanor Halley,  
Charlotte Bodman,  
Margaret Merwin,

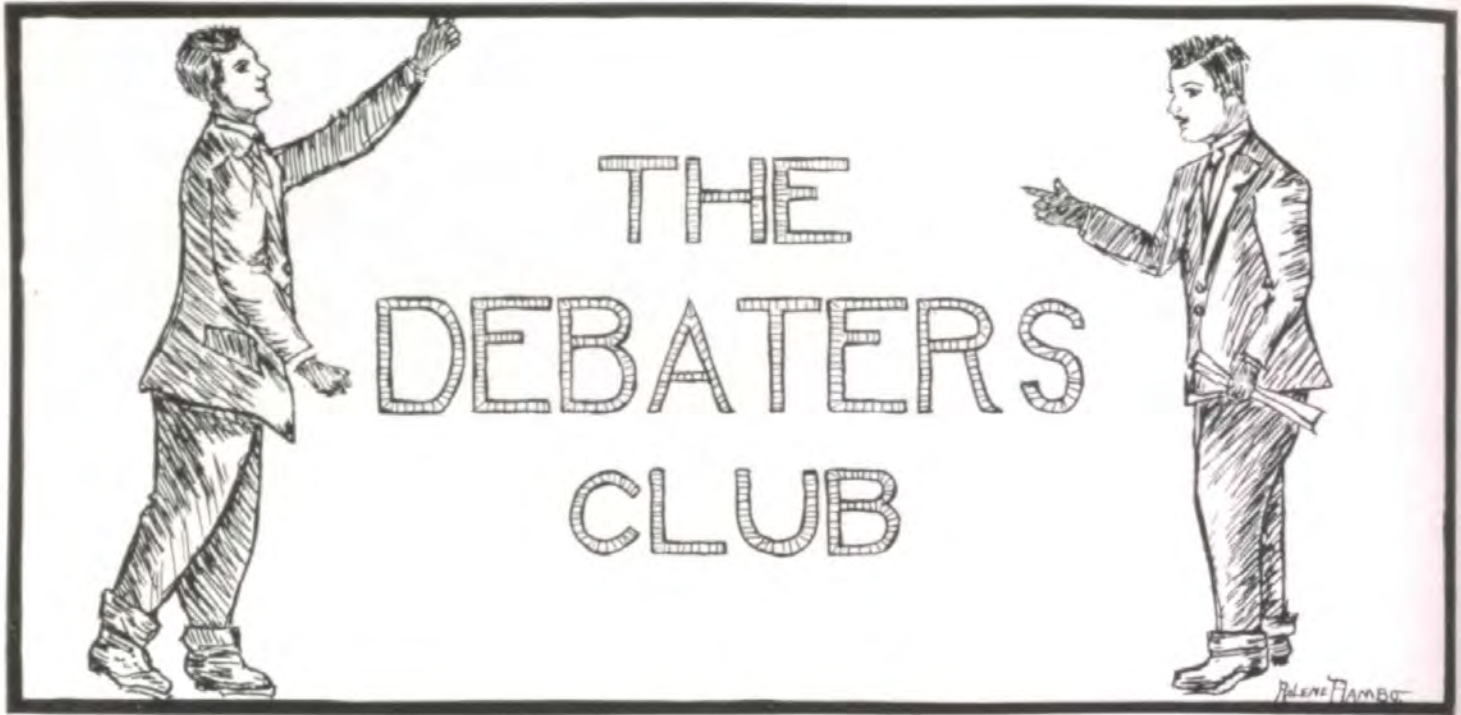
La Mar Sheridan.

Edith Lichtig,  
Isabel Goodwin,  
Ruth Harnden,  
Martha Launder,  
Mildred Mabry,

Edith Hawes,  
Alice Osmond,  
Ruth Cornell,  
Ellen Kellogg,  
Bernice Ford,







*"Know your subject; words will follow."*

*COLORS: Black and Gold.*

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

George Meyer. . . . . *President*  
 H. Elmo Robinson. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Winston Rambo. . . . . *Secretary*  
 Harold Diggle. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 Hugh Fellows. . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*  
*Adviser* Mr. Henry King.

SECOND TERM.

Harold Diggle. . . . . *President*  
 Winston Rambo. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Kenneth G. Irons. . . . . *Secretary*  
 George M. Duren. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 Harry Almon. . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

MEMBERS.

Harry Almon,  
 Clyde Chace,  
 Harold Diggle,  
 Hugh Fellows,  
 Kenneth Irons,

George Jones,  
 Raymond McKee,  
 Wallace McKee,  
 George Meyer,  
 Elmo Robinson,

Charles Shelton,  
 Paul Shepard,  
 George Duren,  
 Louis Downs,

Raymond Kimbrell,  
 Jerome Twichell, Jr.  
 Winston Rambo,  
 Benjamin Sweeney,

THE closing of the present school year marks the end of the most successful year enjoyed by the Debaters' Club since its inauguration eight years ago. The work of the Club has been carried on with unusual enthusiasm and vigor. Every member has done all in his power to make the debates and programs interesting. Believing as we do that debating is one of the best employments which boys may undertake, we feel that the past year has been spent most profitably.

In the Interstate Triangular Debate this year, the Debaters feel proud of their representative, Elmo Robinson, whose wonderful rebuttal speech for the affirmative saved the day for old Westport and won all three of the judges' decisions.

The Debaters are grateful to their adviser, Mr. King, for the time and attention he has given to the Club. His help during the past year has greatly aided us in every branch of our work.





THE DEBATERS' CLUB.

This year, six of our members graduate: Harvey Almon, Clyde Chace, George Duren, Kenneth Irons, Wallace McKee, and Jerome Twichell. Everyone of them expects to continue his education in higher schools.

During the past year, the Debaters have been well represented in all school and class affairs and, to enumerate the official positions held by Debater members in the various classes and organizations, would be an enormous task, so we only ask you to compare our roll of membership with the rolls of officers of the other organizations of the school.

Mainly through the work of our new members, we have succeeded in organizing a baseball team of championship calibre. Up to date we have played only two games and the final scores were in our favor: the first, with

the Clonians, 26 to 9, and the second, with the Clay Club, 20 to 8. With such an able leader as Charles Shelton, the Debater team cannot help but roll up the score.

Unlike those at the head of the national commission our officers have not given us the least cause for worry or uneasiness. Mr. Diggle, energetic and judicious, has made an excellent president. The vice-president, Mr. Rambo, has furnished many interesting subjects for debate, and our secretary, Mr. Irons, has been no less successful. Everyone knows that Duren is treasurer by the cash book he carries. To say that the ready response of the members to his demands for money was due to the co-operation of the broad-shouldered sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Almon, would be treason, so here the story stops.





THE Clay Club has had a most fortunate and glorious final term. The last five months have brought us nothing but honor and success. The last few months have brought us closer together, have unified our spirit, and incorporated us as a real club.

Ah, yes! And who can forget those eminent debaters in the Tri-City contest—those logical, those concise, those eloquent members of the Clay Club? Indeed, one entire team, that which went to Des Moines, was composed solely of boys from our ranks. Though they met with misfortune, still, we are justly proud of them for their splendid work. And the well-known leader of the home team—he, too, was from the Clay Club. Indeed, the Clay Club seems to have bested its rivals, the Debaters, this year, not, it is true, in Bryan's famous ratio, "Sixteen to one," but still in the proud ratio of four to one.

We welcome back to our number a member, always sincere, always efficient, whom we were sorry to lose last term—Mr. Nathan. Finding himself freed of the greater part of the work which caused him to resign, he asked to be taken back into the Club, and his request was joyfully granted.

The Club wishes to thank Mr. Shaw and Mr. Hubbard for the time they have given us in helping to make our programs pleasant and instructive. We have enjoyed their edifying and welcome talks from time to time.

We "point with pride" to our members on the Herald staff as another evidence of our ability. Their strong, solid work there is well known. We must especially mention, in this connection, Mr. Black, who has been called

into the staff in the capacity of assistant business manager.

The pungent minutes of Mr. McBride, our humoresque secretary, have often convulsed the meeting. Mr. Guthrie has favored us from time to time with his beautiful posters. But especially does the Clay Club wish to thank its president, Leland Hazard, for the hearty sincerity, the unfailing energy and unremitting labor with which he has performed his duties during his all-too-brief term of office. And back of it all looms the strong, the smiling, the well-beloved figure of Mr. Humphrey, our adviser, who has so well tided us over many a stormy day.

The difficulties of founding a new club are great—how great none can appreciate save those who attempt it themselves. But inaugurating the club is only the first, and comparatively easy, step. Then follow the long discouraging months when the meetings are small and the interest slight. But, by and by, there comes a change, a flush of new life, and the spirit grows stronger and the work more willing. Then the meetings become larger and more animated, the friendship warmer, and a club spirit in its true sense is born. Now the club is on the high road of progress, strong and hopeful, its future assured.

It is this stage of development that the Clay Club has reached. It is on the highroad of progress, its face toward the rising sun, the flush of youth and strength in its limbs, its head "among the stars." We of the Clay Club make no excuses, ask no extenuation, but stand proudly on our merits and our achievements.





MEMBERS OF THE CLAY CLUB.

*"Nihil huc nisi perfectum ingenio, elaboratum industria adferri oportet."*—Cicero.

*COLORS: Gold and Silver.*

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

Donald Black. . . . . *President*  
 Carl Hodges. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Edward Moses. . . . . *Secretary*  
 Frank Henderson. . . . . *Treasurer*

SECOND TERM.

Leland Hazard. . . . . *President*  
 Frank Henderson. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Benjamin McBride. . . . . *Secretary*  
 William Young. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 Sidney Altschuler. . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

*Adviser: Mr. Humphrey.*



# THE IRVING CLUB

*COLORS: Red and Gold.*



## OFFICERS.

### FIRST TERM.

Thomas Root. . . . . *President*  
 Robert Lester. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Frederick Schaffer. . . . . *Secretary*  
 Rex Miller. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 Donald Black. . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*  
 Edward Moses. . . . . *Critic*

### SECOND TERM.

Donald Black. . . . . *President*  
 Van Gregory. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 Whitney Ogden. . . . . *Secretary*  
 Samuel Ayers. . . . . *Treasurer*  
 Duane Tice. . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

*Adviser: Mr. Foster.*

## MEMBERS.

Samuel Ayres,	Sanford Reynolds,	Thomas Root,	Frederick Schaeffer,
Van Gregory,	Donald Black,	Duane Tice,	Whitney Ogden,
Edward Moses,	Holland Heitzman,	Lamar Dayhoff,	Lawrence Walker.
Harry Thomas,	Harry Poindexter,	Rex Miller,	

THE Irving Club can no more be classed with Westport clubs of the lower caste, for, though, in numbers, the club is small, its members have made some efforts "tall," and, by earnest application, learned of authors and their creations. They've also studied some dramatists, and few, indeed, are the good points they've missed.

For instance they've learned of Shelley and Keats, whose equals as poets one rarely meets. They've studied, too, quite well, I think, the plays of Ibsen and Maeterlinck. These are not all; there are more on the list, but from naming all these time bids us desist.

The members rank high in school interests without bragging, or 'flating their broad, manly chests. We're proud of each one; each has done good work; not one among them would anything shirk.

A better President could not have been found than Donald Black, with his learning profound. His knowledge of parliamentary law is surely the best that the Club ever saw.

The officers all are quite hard to beat; to work as they have is, indeed, quite a feat. The Club hopes that, in the years to come, all officers may do as they have done.





IRVING CLUB.

Robert Lester, the first term Vice-President, leaving Westport, to another school went. We're sorry to lose him; 'twas, indeed, quite a shock, for, in argument, Lester's as firm as a rock.

The Club loses, this year, by graduation, a Senior true, of exalted station. We hope that wherever you go, Dayhoff, the cup of happiness you may quaff.

The Club's found some new members, who'll work with a zest; their work and their zeal has stood every test. All are sure, in the

future, it surely looks bright—they'll help to "boost" the Irving Club clear out of sight.

A delightful evening the Club this term spent at the home of Van Gregory, our Vice-President. They thank Van again for his invitation; that dinner was surely a great inspiration.

Mr. Foster has now served two years as Adviser; each member is sure that for this he is wiser. His advice is most timely, his teaching most true; Mr. Foster, we extend our sincere thanks to you.



# Schiller Verein



Jack Malcolmson.....*President* Lillian Byers.....*Vice-President*  
Stuart Updegraff....*Secretary and Treasurer*

## MEMBERS.

Joe Berlau	May Chace	Cornelia Hollister	Margaret Myer
Ruth Blocker	Genevieve Duer	Isobel Hull	Marie Rollert
Amelia Bunn	Roy Hayden	Wanda Kichbush	Helen Scott
Ruth Burroughs	Hortense Hert	Isobel Menze	Muriel Sembock
Pauline Campbell	Edward Hoffman	Minne Mistele	Clara Struening
Donald Capps	Clifford Hollebaugh		

ABOUT a dozen students of third and fourth year German met with Mr. Beckmann after school on the eighteenth of last November. They organized a club to study German by entertaining each other with songs of the "Vaterland," and readings and recitations from German authors, especially Schiller. The following officers were elected for the remainder of the first term:

Clara Struening, President.  
Jack Malcolmson, Vice-President.  
Lillian Byers, Secretary and Treasurer.

A satisfactory constitution was drawn up and was accepted by the club at the next meeting. The new club stood on the ways ready to be launched, but what should it be christened? "Edelweisz" was suggested, but the name of that rare Alpine flower is daubed on the billboards about the city as the name of one brand of the Germans' favorite beverage. So the new venture was known for a time by a no more specific title than the "German Club."

All the members of the club, except the dozen new recruits picked from the ranks of

the second year German classes, had read or were reading "Wilhelm Tell," and new ones and all liked Schiller's poems, so the club was named for him. The programs have consisted of readings of short stories or fairy tales, short dialogues or scenes, and songs dear to all German hearts. Schiller has been well represented on the programs by his poems, by a sketch of his life, and, at the last meeting, by a presentation of the "Apfelschusz" scene from "Wilhelm Tell."

William Young was the brave Tell, who, at the command of the tyrant Geszler, shot the apple from the head of his fearless boy, Walter, known in everyday life about Westport as little Ed. Hoffman. He brought out triumphantly, from behind the piano, an apple with an arrow through it. Half a minute later when the scene was over four of the actors reappeared, each eating a half of the apple. Roy Hayden, the old "Schulmeister," divided his "wurst," a property in his dialogue, and the antiquated morsel quickly disappeared. It moved the consumers to a unanimous vote for a picnic as a fitting end for the year.





# LOS CALDERONES



WILMA CURPHEY  
HELEN McGRATH

## OFFICERS.

Joseph Rosier. . . . . *President*    Winthrop Peppers. . . . . *Vice-President*  
Isabel Goodwin. . . . . *Secretary*

*Adviser:* Mr. Phillips.

## MEMBERS.

Tillie Denebeim,	Wilma Curphey,	Zella Edwards,	Winthrop Peppers,
Winfrey Nathan,	Lusby Simpson,	Landon Laird,	Frank Henderson,
Clare Lauenders,	Emma Godkin,	Helen McGrath,	Hazel Linden,
Luella Herbig,	Harry Almon,	Fred Lyle,	Joseph Rosier,
Jeanette Peet,	Bertha Fahlsing,	Isabel Goodwin,	Mr. Phillips.

ON the fifteenth of March, a number of pupils from the Spanish classes met to consider ways and means of promoting the interests of Spanish in Westport High School. After some discussion, it was voted to organize a club.

A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution, and the meeting adjourned to meet two weeks later, when the Circulo Calderon was organized for practice in Spanish debate, declamation, and song, and to learn something of the literature, art and customs of the land of Velasquez and Cervantes.

Although the school at large has not the pleasure of seeing our picture in the Herald we had a photograph taken on May nineteenth, for our own enjoyment merely, and next year we hope to publish one before the school at large.

So far in our existence we have had a number of delightful meetings in "Spanish" company and already our members are distinguishing themselves in their classes because of the proficiency they have gained through practice of these meetings.





## Girls' Athletics.

IT is a deplorable fact that there is a lack of interest in the feminine athletics on the part of the faculty and students. Surely it isn't because the Westport authorities consider Westport girls too much of the clinging-vine sort to indulge in this branch of education. Why shouldn't the girls be encouraged in this, in their physical as well as mental exercises, by the promotion of interscholastic games and by the noble support of the entire school?

### Basket-Ball.

WELL, the Seniors did come out ahead! Oh, those Seniors, strong and mighty! And to think that their prophecy of victory came true. But brace up, you underclassmen, your time is coming, and in a year or two you, too, can look down upon your inferiors and say: "I told you so!" It is only fair, my friends, that the class which leaves the school should be champions—at least you will believe that if you are fair-minded enough. But there was some fine playing, you must admit. Not many like that Erma Waltner! You can well be proud of your captain. These are the girls on that famous basket-ball team:

*Forwards*—Erma Waltner (Captain), Hazel Best.

*Guards*—Hortense Hert, Pauline Campbell.

*Centers*—Harriett Simpson, Zee Martin.

	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
Seniors. . . . .	5	1	.833
Sophomores. . . . .	3	2	.666
Freshmen. . . . .	2	4	.333
Juniors. . . . .	1	4	.167

### Open Night of the Gymnasium.

ON May 20th the school was opened to the public. The gym received a good portion of the visitors, for it was a most inviting place in which to while away the time. Some of the girls from the different classes danced the new and graceful dances which their instructor had taught them, others played games, and it was altogether a delightful evening.

### Baseball.

THE interest in the girls' athletics has been somewhat increased by the introduction of baseball in the "gym" classes. Several energetic games have been played, but the victorious team has not as yet been decided upon. This new pastime affords the girls and the school much amusement. The games will be continued next year.

The girls expect to have a track meet.





THE GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM.



## Boys' Athletics.

• •

IT has been said that the athletics of a school is a good standard by which the standing of the school can be determined. Looking back over our year of athletics, we can safely feel that this branch of the school work has not disgraced our reputation. As the events between the several schools are restricted to basket-ball and track, we can justly say that we have had a successful year.

Owing to the financial losses incurred by keeping up a baseball team, the baseball has been restricted to the interclass games. The boys, eager to play, have shown much enthusiasm for this change in the sport. It is now so that nearly every one who wishes to play may be satisfied. Football and baseball seem to go hand in hand, the former always having a surplus, the latter always a deficit. And since we have done away with football there remains no source of revenue by which the losses of baseball may be made up.

There have been several plans started concerning tennis, but none have been put into effect. Our last fall tournament was a thorough success, and we are patiently looking forward to the time when the different schools will add this to their schedule of interscholastic sports.

The management of our athletics has been of a very high quality. Mr. Harman, chairman of the athletic committee, Mr. Martin, track manager, and Mr. Hoopes, coach, have diligently worked to give Westport a successful year in athletics. Much of their time has been spent in behalf of the welfare of Westport.

For a school to be fully successful and able to stand at the head as an educator it must have its athletics as well as its other interests at a very high standard. There is education of a very rare quality that may be derived from this practical application of knowledge and skill—education that cannot be obtained anywhere else. A good, active mind needs a good, active body to keep it from breaking

down. For your sake, and for that of your school, let us have every boy who is able to walk to school, out for some kind of athletics. A few minutes each day, given to clean, square athletics, is invaluable to any boy.

### Basket-Ball.

BASKET-BALL this year at Westport has been a success in every way. The showing of the team has created an interest in athletics never before shown in any branch of sport or other contests in which Westport has participated. Financially, basket-ball has put our athletic fund on a solid basis. At every one of the games standing room has been at a premium, and at the most important ones hundreds of people have been turned away. We can hardly hope for such a showing in our other forms of athletics, either on the part of the contestants or the spectators. Still, we ought to be somewhat contented, for next year every one of our boys will be back in the game, and of course, we can see only victory and success in the future.

The five boys composing the team, together with the two substitutes and Coach Hoopes, have been a combination which deserves much credit. In the All-Interscholastic fives (first and second teams) picked by John G. Grover and the coaches of the different teams, we were given four places, three on the first team and one on the second. If we had had our choice we would have picked all five of the first team from Westport, but "different points of view and different opinions led to the following choice:

#### ALL-INTERSCHOLASTIC FIVE—FIRST TEAM.

Forwards: Moffet, Manual (Captain);  
Downs, Westport.

Center: Shepard, Westport.

Guards: Sweeney, Westport; Stengle, Central.



SWEENEY, R. F.



RAGAN, R. G.



SHEPPARD, C.



DIGGLE, L. G.



DOWNS, L. F.

THE REGULAR BASKET BALL TEAM.



## SECOND TEAM.

Forwards: Brown, Central (Captain); Smith, Manual.

Center: Koenigsdorf, Manual.

Guards: Powell, Manual; Ragan, Westport.

Concerning the choice of the boys the following reasons were given:

"One forward place, without doubt, goes to Downs of Westport. Downs is the superior of any man in the league under the basket, superior even to Smith of Manual, who is a wonder at that game. Downs also is the best of any man in the league in disposing of the ball when attacked by an opponent, and is one of the very best men in taking care of his opponent. He covers lots of territory, plays a good, heady, clean game, is consistent, conscientious and a good team-work man. He further handles the ball better than any high school player in Kansas City.

For center Shepard is the unanimous choice. Second to no man in the league in knowledge of the game, tall, strong, quiet and consistent, a sure goal-shooter and hard to handle, he has been in every play and has made more goals and has outplayed his opponent in every game of the season. He is one of the classiest players in Kansas City today.

Our choice for a guard place on the Interscholastic is Sweeney, the forward of Westport. The fastest man in the league, covering more territory than any other man, moving so fast that many fouls are unnecessarily called upon him, absolutely sure of getting the ball, strong, consistent and possessing the ability to give up the chance at the goal himself in order to insure the team's victory, he is a fair free thrower, remarkable at throwing long shots. He would make one of the best guards ever seen on an interscholastic team in Kansas City.

On the honor roll of guards is Ragan of Westport, who is one of the most fearless of guards and at the same time among the most inexpensive, having committed only nineteen fouls during the year. He is given a place on the second team because of his speed,

strength and aggressive playing by which he has been the main reliance of Westport in the back-field."

Diggle, our other guard, we feel should have had a place on one of the teams. Those who have watched him through the year have noted his consistency, his ability to get the ball from his opponent, his quiet yet hard, steady game. We feel that he is the equal of any man picked, except in aggressiveness, and as the four boys picked are of the aggressive type of players, we hold this responsible for his failure to be picked for either team.

Our two substitutes, Allen and Almon, Almon taking Welsh's place about the middle of the season, had little chance to show their worth, but when given an opportunity, they upheld their part of the game. Hoopes has become a household word wherever coaching and basket-ball are mentioned. He drilled the boys in all the tricks and fine points of the game that his long experience has taught him. He has made team work one of the features of the team, and to this is due much of the credit for our many victories. Hoopes was quick to see the possibilities of the team, and seeing the weak spots in the players, he had all of these strengthened before the season opened. A thorough, experienced, clever, sensible and level-headed coach and trainer is our verdict after one year of association with him.

## THE LEAGUE GAMES.

The standing of the teams at the end of the interscholastic season was as follows:

	W.	L.	Per Ct.
Westport. . . . .	8	1	.889
Manual. . . . .	5	4	.556
Central. . . . .	5	4	.556
K. C., K. . . . .	0	9	.000

## MANUAL'S SECOND DEFEAT.

January 8, the second round of the Interscholastic series began for us with a game with Manual, in our gym. As the first time we outplayed them in nearly every department of the game, yet they were much stronger than when we first met them, and held us 20-19, the first half. But in the sec-



and the boys outplayed Manual two to one, making baskets and passing the ball at will, and incidentally scoring 16 points to Manual's 8. Sweeney and Shepard working together were a great pair of point-winners, and of course the rest of the team played a great game—they don't know any other. Moffett and Smith played the best game for Manual.

*The Score.*  
MANUAL, 27.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Moffett, l. f.....	2	8	1
Smith, r. f.....	3	0	0
Koenigsdorf, c.....	2	0	8
Powell, l. g.....	1	0	4
Jewell, r. g.....	1	0	2
	9	8	15

1 point awarded.

WESTPORT, 36.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Downs, l. f.....	3	0	4
Sweeney, r. f.....	6	8	4
Shepard, c.....	4	0	3
Diggle, l. g.....	1	0	5
Ragan, r. g.....	0	0	2
	14	8	18

CENTRAL AGAIN DEFEATED.

If there were any suspicions that Westport won the first game from Central by chance, these were all thoroughly allayed when we won the second game from Central on their own court, January 22. The game was by far the fastest and roughest so far played. Brown did most of the scoring for Central, but the ball was constantly "fed" to him throughout the game, and out of many long shots that should never have been attempted he scored several baskets. The work of our boys was more evenly divided, and while Downs and Shepard were tossing the ball through the basket for 18 points, Sweeney was camping on the little black line in front of the basket waiting for a Centralite to foul. Then Benny proceeded to show the assembled crowds that 13 free throws out of 18 trials required quite a

bit of concentrated attention and skillful passing.

The gym was too small to permit good team work, still the passing and handling of the ball was one of the features. The guards of both teams did some thrilling sentinel work and many a basket was saved by the ever-ready attack of these guards.

The first half ended 18-13 in our favor. The ten minutes intervening between the halves was occupied by the cheering and rooting of the crowd. From the crack of the gun announcing the end of the first half until the call of the whistle for the next, there was not the slightest fraction of a second that the rooters were not hurling their challenges by yell and song. The judges (newspaper reporters) called the contest a draw, but our rooters were not half exhausted, for after the game, all downtown was kept awake and fearful with the shouts and yells of the conquerors. The boys knew that this game almost assured us of the pennant, consequently the parade and jollification.

*The Score.*  
CENTRAL, 27.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Walker, l. f.....	0	0	2
Brown, r. f.....	7	11	1
Hamilton, c.....	0	0	4
Avery, l. g.....	1	0	4
Stengle, r. g.....	0	0	4
Reber, c.....	0	0	3
	8	11	18

WESTPORT, 31.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Downs, l. f.....	6	0	5
Sweeney, r. f.....	0	13	10
Shepard, c.....	3	0	5
Diggle, l. g.....	0	0	7
Ragan, r. g.....	0	0	4
	9	13	31

OUR TRIP TO KANSAS.

It is hard to tell which interested most that small bunch of courageous and loyal rooters who braved the wilds of Kansas, on that dark night of February 5th, the gym,



or the game. The gym was a revelation (after it was found); the game was a usual occurrence. On the court, on which the boys took turns, standing on each other's feet, there raged a fierce (?) struggle. Our boys could not use their team work on account of the size (or lack of size) of the court, also Downs was "out of condition." Here was K. C. K.'s chance, but alack! our trusty boys thought that it should be otherwise, consequently Shepard and Sweeney entered a deep-laid plot whereby K. C. K. was to get beaten. They played circles around the other boys and punched holes in the basket to such perfection that while McCallum and Trickett played a great game for the "Midgets," nevertheless K. C. K. lost. The game was a panorama of flying legs and arms, with occasionally the ball getting tangled up among these members. The score at the end of the game was: Westport, 30; K. C. K., 27. The last few minutes of play brought the crowd to their feet; just before the finish of the game K. C. K. led by one point; here Shepard in making a clever basket was fouled by a K. C. K. player. This, with the free throw Sweeney made, gave Westport a lead of 3 points, which we held until the end of the half.

*The Score.*  
K. C. K., 27.

	G.	F. T.	F.
McCallum, l. f. ....	5	0	2
Trickett, r. f. ....	0	11	7
Young, c. ....	1	0	2
McMillan, l. g. ....	1	0	6
Barker, r. g. ....	1	0	1
Kiner, r. g. ....	0	0	4
	8	11	22
WESTPORT, 30.			

	G.	F. T.	F.
Downs, l. f. ....	1	0	2
Sweeney, r. f. ....	3	10	6
Shepard, c. ....	5	0	8
Diggle, l. g. ....	0	0	3
Ragan, r. g. ....	1	0	1
	10	10	20

A WORTHY FOE.

The best game of the season was the game between Westport and Manual in our gym, February 12. The game, clear of voluntary fouls throughout, was one of the most scientific and carefully played games ever seen in a high school league. Each team needed the service of every man, every second of the time; a weak spot on either side would have meant the ruin of that team. But no weak spot was to be found. The team work was the best either team has shown this year, the goal shooting was masterful, while the guarding and passing of the ball was so perfect that even the spectators could not waste a second of the time.

The first half ended 18 to 16 in our favor, while the second was almost a reproduction of the first. The final score being Westport 38, Manual 35. It would be useless to try to describe, individually, the work of the players. Shepard played a great game for us, with Downs, Sweeney, Diggle and Ragan right at his heels. In this game Captain "Tommy" Moffett had to divide the honors with his four team-mates, as Smith has developed into a dangerous man under the basket, while Koenigsdorf, Powell and Jewel showed great form in their respective positions. The game was a thoroughly satisfactory exhibition of basketball, with the result in doubt, until the end of the second half.

*The Score.*  
MANUAL, 35.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Moffett, r. f. ....	1	15	2
Smith, r. f. ....	4	0	3
Koenigsdorf, c. ....	3	0	2
Powell, l. g. ....	2	0	3
Jewel, r. g. ....	0	0	8
	10	15	18

WESTPORT, 38.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Downs, l. f. ....	4	0	7
Sweeney, r. f. ....	4	8	9
Shepard, c. ....	6	0	4
Diggle, l. g. ....	1	0	4
Ragan, r. g. ....	0	0	3
	15	8	27



DIGGLE



DOWNS



SWEENEY



SHEPARD



RAGAN

GUILLET



CENTRAL WINS AT LAST.

Central was satisfied for once, for on February 25 they defeated us 29 to 22 on their own court. The defeat came as quite a surprise to us. Even the players could hardly realize that they were defeated. Perhaps Central's new line-up had something to do with it, as Stengle was shifted to forward, Reber to guard, and Hamilton to center; another thing, Brown was in great form. And besides, our boys went to sleep the first half. When the gun went off to announce the end of the half, it rudely roused all of them from their peaceful slumbers. Then they looked at the score. Did they wake up? Well the score was, Central, 18; Westport, 5. I should say they did "wake up" for when the next half started, so did Westport and outplayed Central in this half 17 to 11, but it was too late. The disastrous "snooze" of the first half proved our ruin. The defeat did not change our standing any, it only took away from us the honor of having a perfect score in the league series.

*The Score.*

CENTRAL, 29.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Brown, l. f.....	5	15	3
Stengle, r. f.....	1	0	5
Hamilton, c. ....	1	0	2
Reber, l. g.....	0	0	8
Avery, r. g.....	0	0	6
	<hr/>		
	7	15	24

WESTPORT, 22.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Downs, l. f.....	3	0	2
Sweeney, r. f.....	0	8	4
Shepard, c. ....	3	0	7
Diggle, l. g.....	1	0	2
Ragan, r. g.....	0	0	8
	<hr/>		
	7	8	23

K. C. K. DEFEATED FOR THE THIRD TIME.

In the last game of the league, we defeated K. C. K. 44 to 22. The game lacked life. The players of both teams seemed tired of

basket-ball, and the rooters were not as enthusiastic as in former games. We had won the pennant and were playing only for reputation's sake; K. C. K. was fighting for at least one victory. The first half was close, but uninteresting, the score being: Westport, 15; K. C. K., 13. In the second half Shepard and Downs did nearly all of the scoring, the former getting 19 of our 29 points. Near the close of the half, Almon and Allen were let into the game, and Shepard took care of the free throws for us. Trickett and McCallum did some clever and game fighting for K. C. K.

*The Score.*

K. C. K., 22.

	G.	F. T.	F.
McCallum, l. f.....	3	1	3
Trickett, r. f.....	2	7	9
Young, r. g.....	0	0	1
McMillan, l. f.....	1	0	3
Kiner, c. ....	1	0	6
Barker, r. f.....	0	0	2
	<hr/>		
	7	8	24

WESTPORT, 44.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Downs, l. f.....	5	0	3
Sweeney, r. f.....	1	5	4
Shepard, c. ....	7	9	3
Diggle, l. g.....	2	0	3
Ragan, r. g.....	0	0	2
Almen, l. f.....	0	0	1
Allen, r. f.....	0	0	0
	<hr/>		
	15	14	16

OUR FIRST GAME WITH TOPEKA.

Westport started the game with a rush of skill, accuracy, and basket-ball playing, that so bewildered and confused the boys from Topeka, that they forgot, that it was the 14th of January and that they were in the Westport "Gym.," scheduled to play a game of basket-ball. But it was fortunate that we did get a good start, for it took the Topeka team just the first half to get acquainted with its surroundings. The score at the beginning of the second half was 22 to 12, and it didn't take



"the boys from Kansas" very long to start cutting down the lead. In this half Westport thought that it was time to take it easy, while Topeka was infused with the thought of coming defeat. Consequently we were out-played 15 to 10 in this half, but our large lead was enough to give us the game, the final score being Westport, 32; Topeka, 27.

Our line-up was the same as in the other games with the exception of Welsh taking Downs' place. He played a fine game and was well received by the rooters. The rest of the team were there—there is no need in telling what they did, more than that they played as usual and everyone knows what that is. Smiley and Sears played a clever game for Topeka.

ST. JOSEPH HIGH VISITS WESTPORT.

Perhaps the memory of last year's overwhelming defeat had something to do with the showing St. Joe made against us here, January 29. Our boys expected an easy game, and did not show the ginger and playing exhibited in the last three games. Sweeney, and May of St. Joe, entertained the crowd for a few minutes by a real fistic encounter on the side. But, alas, Allen the referee, saw May strike our gentle Benny and was so shocked and chagrined at May's dangerous physical condition that he recommended a vacation for him. (Now, gentle reader do not become amazed, for while the vacation was for May, it was taken not in jest, but in January.) The game lacked life and interest, our boys playing in a listless manner, while the boys from St. Joe showed that they were not used to fast company. Their teamwork and free throwing was badly lacking. All of our boys played about evenly, Downs getting six baskets, while Sweeney and Shepard gathered four each. Irwin and Kowley put up the best individual game for the visitors. The final score, 35 to 18, was taken as a matter of course by the rooters, as we had now defeated every team in the league.

TOPEKA'S REVENGE.

We journeyed to Topeka, expecting to defeat the High School team again. But in this

we were disappointed, for the long trip, on the afternoon of February 18, together with a strange court and a good opposing team, all helped to give us our first defeat. The game was evenly fought throughout the first half, which ended 13 to 12 in our favor, but in the second the ball refused to miss the basket for the Topekans with the result that we were beaten 36 to 31. Downs got seven baskets, Sweeney and Shepard, two each, Diggle and Ragan held their men to three baskets each. The whole Topeka team threw goals well, everybody, but one, getting from two to four baskets.

More valuable to the boys than the winning the game, was the way they took the defeat. It would seem pretty hard to have won nine straight victories and then to lose, but this can be said for them—they were the best possible losers. Saturday the town was thrown open to us and in spite of the defeat, the boys had a great time. If you doubt it, ask any of them about, "The climb down the fire escape," about "Shepard and the gun," or upon the more general subject of "The girls of Topeka." There will be something interesting to tell about each. Some of the boys came back Saturday evening and the rest returned home the next day.

*The Score.*

TOPEKA, 36.

	G.	F. T.	P.
Smiley, l. f.....	3	0	2
Bonebreak, r. f.....	3	0	3
Sears, c. ....	4	0	4
Woodford, l. g.....	2	11	5
Searle, r. g.....	0	0	3
	12	11	17

One point awarded.

WESTPORT, 31.

	G.	F. T.	P.
Downs, l. f.....	7	0	4
Sweeney, r. f.....	2	8	4
Shepard, c. ....	2	0	6
Diggle, l. g.....	0	0	0
Ragan, r. g.....	0	0	3
	11	8	17

One point awarded.





WINNING CLASS BASKET-BALL TEAM.  
(SOPHOMORES.)

### Inter-Class Basket-Ball.

• •

The inter-class basket-ball has been very interesting and valuable to the boys. Some good games were played, and the standing was undecided until the last game. The Sophomores, coming from behind, won the last seven games and the championship. The standing follows:

	W.	L.	PER CENT.
Sophomores. . . . .	7	2	.778
Juniors. . . . .	6	3	.667
Seniors. . . . .	5	4	.556
Freshmen. . . . .	0	9	.000

## THE FACULTY-SENIOR GAME.

Five of our most dignified, yet youthful teachers, representing the History, Mechanical Drawing and Physical Training Departments, forgot the "exploits of the argonauts," laid "the ruler and pencil on the shelf," put aside the "cares of a physical training instructor" and engaged the Seniors in battle. What was the result? Well, for some reason or other we do not dare be exact, the Seniors won 47 to 18. The faculty played a great game, but they were defeated.

*The Score.*

## FACULTY, 18.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Harman, l. f. ....	1	5	1
Hoopes, r. f. ....	3	0	6
Martin, c. ....	2	0	0
Harnden, l. g. ....	0	0	3
Campbell, r. g. ....	0	0	4
	6	5	14

One point awarded.

## SENIORS, 47.

	G.	F. T.	F.
Fife, l. f. ....	1	0	0
Almon, r. f. ....	7	6	1
Butler, c. ....	6	1	2
McMoreland, l. g. ....	3	0	8
Chapman, r. g. ....	3	0	5
	20	7	16

## The Track Team.

TRACK-WORK at Westport has shown little increase over last year, and although Coach Hoopes has worked until late every night and in spite of the fact that a large "bunch" of material has been out and training hard, still we have not had the results desired. Nearly all of last year's team were out, and showed quite a bit of improvement. In the quadrangular meet, several of the boys were out of condition, because of breaking-training and attending a dance the night before. This and other such examples shows that the boys are not taking the interest that

they should in order to have a winning team.

Neill, the captain, Shepard and Edwards have done the best work for us this year and with these three back next year, and most of the other material, we can do nothing better than to hope for a better spirit next year. Once a winning team, and there will spring up a spirit, both among the athletes and among the rooters to keep the team up to that standard. Never disheartened—always looking to the future with hope and encouragement—is the feeling that we have and must have to be successful in track-work.

## THE QUADRANGULAR MEET.

The first annual meet between Central, Manual, K. C., K. and Westport was held at Smith's Park, 15th and Montgall, April 30, 1910. Central won the meet with 64 points, Manual was second with 54, Westport third, 21; K. C., K. fourth, 4. Our team consisted of A. Neill (captain), P. Shepard, R. Edwards, R. Small, L. Peckenpaugh, F. Mileham, A. Fulton, G. Bollman, G. Ragan, K. Seested, A. Chapman, W. Johnson, C. Downey, M. Johnson, R. Shockley, W. Longshore, P. Covington, E. Milton, A. Krause, J. Guillet, D. Farquhar, C. Rennacher. Out of these, the first eight scored 21 points. Shepard won 5, Neill 4, Small 3, the others from two to one. As far as Central and Manual were concerned, the meet was a close one, the two schools being tied many times before Central at last won out. In an exhibition relay our team consisting of Neill, Seested, G. Guillet, A. Chapman, easily out-distanced the K. C., K. team.

The winners of the different events follow:

I. 120-yard High Hurdle (1 hurdle short)—Hamilton (C.), won; Reber (C.), second; Edwards (W.), third; Shepard (W.), fourth. Time, 15 1-5 seconds.

II. 100-yard Dash—Koenigsdorf (M.), won; Todd (C.), second; Slaughter (C.), third; Bollman (W.), fourth. Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

III. 1-Mile Run—R. Morse (C.), won; Leavens (M.), second; Mileham (W.), third; Clayton (C.), fourth. Time, 5 minutes.





THE TRACK TEAM.

IV. 220-yard Low Hurdle—Reber (C.), won; Goldberg (M.), second; Perry (M.), third; Avery (C.), fourth. Time, 29 2-5 seconds.

V. Half Mile—R. Morse (C.), won; Heath (M.), second; Phillips (K. C., K.), third; Sampson (M.), fourth. Time, 2 minutes, 13 2-5 seconds.

VI. 440-yard Dash—Todd (C.), won; Neill (W.), second; Norton (C.), third; Baum (C.), fourth. Time, 57 seconds.

VII. Westport-K. C., K. Relay—Westport, won; K. C., K., second.

VIII. 220-yard Dash—Koenigsdorf (M.), won; Todd (C.), second; Smith (K. C., K.), third; Baum (C.), fourth. Time, 24 3-5 seconds.

IX. Pole Vault—Davis (C.), won; Hamilton (M.), and Powell (M.), tied for second and third; Neill (W.), fourth. Height, 10 feet 9 inches.

X. High Jump—Shepard (W.), and Slaughter (C.), tied for first and second; Fulton (W.), third; Eichenlaub (M.), and Koenigsdorf (M.), tied for fourth. Height, 5 feet 5 1-4 inches.

XI. Hammer Throw—Kanatzer (M.), won; Hamilton (M.), second; Peckenpaugh (W.), third; Small (W.), fourth. Distance, 161 feet, 1 inch.

XII. Shot-Put—Kanatzer (M.), won; Koenigsdorf (M.), second; Small (W.), third; Hamilton (M.), fourth. Distance, 47 feet, 7 inches.

XIII. Running Broad Jump—Reber (C.), won; Slaughter (C.), Goldberg (M.), Hill (C.), tied for second, third and fourth. Dis-

ance, 19 feet, 10 1-2 inches.

XIV. Discus Hurl—Kanatzer (M.), won; Clayton (C.), second; Koenigsdorf (M.), third; C. Reber (C.), fourth. Distance, 124 feet, 5 inches.

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

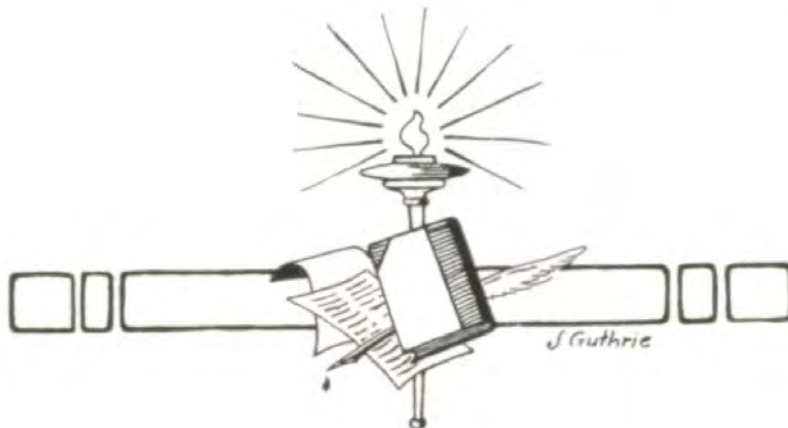
But three boys, Neill, Shepard and Edwards were selected to represent Westport in the Missouri Valley Interscholastic at Des Moines, May 15. Edwards was sick and did not take the trip, but Neill and Shepard gathered 5 1-2 points for us; Neill winning third in the 440-yard dash and tied for third in the pole vault. Shepard got third in the high jump. Last year in this meet we won 8 points and had four men place.

#### THE MO.-K. U. INDOOR MEET.

Our annual clash indoors with K. C., K. resulted exactly as last year's meet. In the relay, Neill, Rambo, Eisel, and Covington almost lapped the K. C., K., quarter-milers. Ragan easily won the 50-yard dash, with Bollman a close second.

## K. C. A. C. Invitation Meet

The week following the Mo.-K. U. meet the K. C. A. C. pulled off their Annual Indoor Meet. Our relay team was again pitted against the K. C., K. boys. Neill, Covington, Guillet and Bollman "walked" away with the race in an easy manner. In the handicap events, Shepard won third in the low hurdles. In the invitation 600 yard run, Mileham got second in a pretty race, from a large field of high school contestants. Several of the other boys were beaten out only by close finishes.







## The True History of the Class of 1910.

LET it be understood to begin with, that our class speaks for itself, even as it has for the past four years. But in case it does not speak loudly enough, for it is a class of refinement and soft, gentle voices, we will endeavor to condense the sound thereof into print.

It takes a worthy pen to give it even part of its just dues, and we must explain at once that our pen is bad, our ink is pale, but our love for our class will "never fail."

You may be sure that I shall say nothing derogatory about this class, for such a thing would be impossible. I shall confine myself, therefore, to telling you of the standing of this wondrous class throughout its four years of existence in the Westport High School, its present state of perfection, and in what this said state of bliss consists.

In its freshman year it caught the fever of the fire which took away the old school, and it has burned with enthusiasm ever since, warming up to all situations, however precarious. This is, of course, the reason we escaped that "green stage" with which other Freshmen, from time immemorial, have been and are afflicted.

The second year, the last in the old school, was a ripe age, and our career was so glorious that we astonished even the most critical

of judges. Now this is, indeed, a well known fact, and that little phrase, "at least we think we did," does not apply in the least.

As Juniors even the aerial bodies in the heavens shown with greater lustre, for fear they would be eclipsed by the glory of our class. Nevertheless they found it impossible to outshine us in brilliancy, and as a result they are sending down their peace emissary, the comet, to confer with the 1910ers, their mighty brethren.

And as Seniors!—ah! words are too poor and too few to describe us faithfully. Suffice it to say (and in spite of our modesty we are compelled to say it), that we are the finest, the grandest and the most wonderful beings that ever inhabited this small globe called earth. The earth is hardly large enough for us, but being of an unselfish, self-sacrificing nature, and knowing that the world needs us, we have consented to confine ourselves and our possibilities within its narrow limits, for a time, at least.

Courage, undergraduates. "Be good and you will be happy," even though you cannot attain to such greatness as ours. You should "aim high" and in the meantime bask in the sunlight of the smiles of your models, the Seniors of the class of nineteen ten.

RACHEL RYLE, '10.



# Class of 1910

\*Andrew Hughes Addoms.....3736 Baltimore Avenue  
 William Addoms, Jr.....3736 Baltimore Avenue  
 Harry Foster Aimon.....1115 East Fortieth Street  
 Karl Baker.....3410 Prospect Avenue  
 Sumner Newton Blossom.....4107 McGee Street  
 Thomas Corrigan Bourke.....1709 Summit Street  
 John Ford Brent.....3238 Flora Avenue  
 Robert Francis Burns.....715 Forest Avenue  
 John Shadel Butler.....816 East Forty-first Street  
 Harold Vernon Cadwell.....4319 Holmes Street  
 Harry Coughery Calvin.....523 Gladstone Boulevard  
 \*Clyde Burgess Chace.....2937 Main Street  
 Harry Parker Clarke.....3211 Wayne Avenue  
 Russell Hiram Clark.....3234 St. John Avenue  
 \*Insley Lamar Dayhoff.....204 Lincoln Avenue  
 \*George Mannen Duren.....4035 Oak Street  
 Donald Alexander Farquhar.....4121 Oak Street  
 Uriel Stephens Ham.....3706 Roanoke Boulevard  
 John Woods Harris, Jr.....3620 Locust Street  
 \*Roy Adam Hayden.....  
 John Henry Hedlund.....3837 Euclid Avenue  
 A. W. Hosler.....3838 Harrison Street  
 \*Kenneth George Irons.....3556 Penn Street  
 Arthur Carver Jones.....3233 Campbell Street  
 Arthur Remington Kellogg.....2119 E. Thirty-Seventh Street  
 Rufus Crosby Kemper.....2620 Troost Avenue  
 John Dudley Kincaid.....3220 Highland Avenue  
 Orland Alfred Krause.....3838 Gillham Road  
 Benjamin Blane McBride.....4340 Fairmount Avenue  
 Thomas Paul McCague.....3921 State Line  
 Joseph Wallace McKee.....2935 Campbell Street  
 \*Edward Elliott McMorland.....1533 Charlotte Street  
 Roland Stuart MacIntosh.....3721 Main Street  
 \*William Jack Malcolmson.....3728 Main Street  
 Ward Hale Maris.....1106 East Armour Boulevard  
 \*Horace Bruce Marr.....4020 McGee Street  
 Harry Edward Mercer.....804 East Forty-Second Street  
 William Thomas Merriman.....2511 Forest Avenue  
 Frederic Burton Milham.....3552 Broadway Avenue  
 James Emmett Morley.....3923 Warwick Boulevard  
 \*Elliott Gatewood Nathan.....3419 Holmes Street  
 John Neal.....3331 Campbell Street  
 Charles Albert Patrick.....917 Forest Avenue  
 Armin L. O. Schueler.....625 Garfield Avenue  
 Granville Moody Smith, Jr.....3701 Baltimore Avenue  
 Lawrence Edward Spencer.....3916 Warwick Boulevard  
 Vahan Tablian.....Fifty-third and Woodland Avenue  
 \*Stephen Twichell, Jr.....3712 Washington Street  
 \*Jerome Alexander Underwood, Jr.....3632 Gillham Road  
 William Jasper Waite.....5561 Swope Parkway  
 William McKinley Young.....4440 West Prospect Place  
 Edmund Whiteley.....4221 Baltimore Avenue  
 Howard Hewes Talbot.....4012 Charlotte Street  
 \*Jessie Abercrombie.....3640 Genesee Street  
 Lela May Allison.....3016 Cherry Street  
 Leila Frances Antoni.....3226 Central Street  
 May Carr Ayer.....3721 Baltimore Avenue  
 Wilma Edna Babcock.....3816 Garfield Avenue  
 Agnes Lenora Baird.....4321 Campbell Street  
 Harriet Bales.....2900 Forest Avenue  
 Elizabeth Davison Ballingal.....3356 Baltimore Avenue  
 Maudine Beery.....800 East Fortieth Street  
 Hazel Bell Best.....818 East Thirty-third Street  
 \*Lillian Frances Bettes.....1317 Benton Boulevard  
 \*Ruth Etta Blocher.....4414 Madison Avenue  
 Helen Vivian Boyer.....3285 Oak Street  
 Dorothy H. Browne.....815 East Forty-seventh Street  
 \*Pauline Campbell.....327 East Thirty-first Street  
 Helen Grace Carpenter.....3400 Woodland Avenue  
 \*Lydia May Chace.....2937 Main Street  
 Nancy Jane Chamberlain.....1508 East Thirty-first Street  
 Marguerite Chesney.....3037 Paseo  
 \*Margaret Lewis Coburn.....13 Westport Avenue  
 Shirley Cole.....3734 Wyandotte Street  
 Edwina Rita Collum.....1016 Washington Street  
 Grace Thornton Comstock.....806 East Forty-first Street  
 \*Helen Emily Comstock.....3716 Washington Avenue  
 Rachel Elizabeth Cook.....2818 Harrison Street  
 Linnie Minnie Cooper.....2320 Walrond Avenue  
 \*Maude Frances Cooper.....4023 Locust Street  
 \*Margaret Corbin.....4015 McGee Street  
 \*Carmen Farby.....3923 Central Street  
 Lillian Floyd Deatherage.....4201 Walnut Street  
 Tillie Denebelm.....4005 Woodland Avenue  
 Rachael Lee Dobyns.....3290 Broadway Avenue  
 Jessie Frances Douglas.....3927 Wyandotte Street

Genevieve Claire Duer.....306 Schaeter Avenue  
 Norma Irene Dunn.....4021 Oak Street  
 Grace Gertrude Dye.....706 West Thirty-sixth Street  
 Frances Laura Eberle.....1224 East Ninth Street  
 Fawn Kyger Evans.....207 East Thirty-fifth Street  
 \*Bertha Henrietta Fahling.....1208 West Fortieth Street  
 Jeannette Hoopes Farley.....4097 McGee Street  
 Mary Louise Fitch.....3620 Jefferson Street  
 Florence Friedman.....3525 Virginia Avenue  
 Helen Elizabeth Guffin.....4216 Mercer Street  
 Eugenia Grace Gustin.....3121 Grand Avenue  
 Margaret G. Haddock.....3880 Belleview Avenue  
 Emma Blanche Hagen.....217 East Thirty-fifth Street  
 Velmah Wesley Hale.....4208 Wyoming Street  
 Helen Louise Haller.....4404 Central Street  
 \*Ruth Atwell Harris.....3225 Paseo  
 Edith Barberie Hawes.....223 East Thirty-fifth Street  
 Louella Herbig.....1901 East Thirty-fifth Street  
 Hortense Letha Herl.....2109 East Thirty-eighth Street  
 Virginia Rose Higgins.....3121 Holmes Street  
 Delta Ione Hinds.....3423 Holmes Street  
 Lucy Ketcham Hocker.....2425 Troost Avenue  
 Margaret Holmes.....3601 Campbell Street  
 Celeste Ure Horton.....3722 Central Avenue  
 Letitia Helen Hovey.....3106 Washington Avenue  
 Mildred Eleanor Janssen.....200 Garfield Avenue  
 \*Louie Rosalind Jones.....4109 Locust Street  
 \*Helen Edna Kittle.....3350 Highland Avenue  
 Grace Vere Koons.....3822 Walnut Street  
 \*Alma Margaret Kraft.....3623 Troost Avenue  
 \*Mary Louise Krugh.....3613 Central Street  
 Mary Laughlan.....240 East Thirtieth Street  
 Belle Gertrude Leventhal.....2022 West Thirty-ninth Street  
 Mary Lillian Longshore.....520 West Fortieth Street  
 Lucile Jocelyn Lorie.....3030 Warwick Boulevard  
 \*Mary Bainbridge Love.....4312 Troost Avenue  
 Merie Marguerite McCahon.....3632 Troost Avenue  
 Annie Florence McGee.....3917 Manheim Road  
 Mildred Mabry.....910 West Thirty-fourth Street  
 \*Christine MacMahon.....4242 Locust Street  
 \*Elsie Duncan Marr.....4020 McGee Street  
 Frances Allen Martin.....4332 Rockhill Road  
 Leah Zee Martin.....3914 Warwick Boulevard  
 Margaret Webb Mellen.....4138 Campbell Street  
 Margaret Merwin.....3625 Bell Street  
 \*Frances Harris Meservey.....220 Garfield Avenue  
 Mary Magdalena Milich.....4093 West Prospect Place  
 Whilhelmina Mistle.....3104 Jefferson Street  
 Abbie Yankey Montgomery.....4725 Charlotte Street  
 Juanita Marguerite Mott.....2931 Charlotte Street  
 \*Helen Lucile Myers.....3028 Walnut Street  
 Nellie O'Brien.....3704 Main Street  
 Edna Earl Peck.....3702 Penn Street  
 Jeannette Peet.....3606 Janssen Place  
 Martha Dorothy Pieper.....3723 Bell Street  
 Beatrice Poindexter.....3818 Mercer Street  
 Vera Rhodes.....123 East Thirty-fourth Street  
 Josephine Rood.....3417 Virginia Avenue  
 \*Helen Marian Rose.....3411 Holmes Street  
 Mary Emily Ryan.....3022 Wayne Avenue  
 \*Rachel Ward Ryle.....3029 Baltimore Avenue  
 Natalie Peck Samis.....3033 Charlotte Street  
 \*Virginia Siegel.....Fortieth and McGee Streets  
 Edith Harriette Simpson.....4045 McGee Street  
 \*Virginia Marmaduke Simpson.....817 E. Twenty-ninth Street  
 Lucile Smith.....Fairland Heights  
 Georgie Lee Southwell.....517 West Fortieth Street  
 Alice Gray Sparks.....915 East Twenty-ninth Street  
 Helen Louise Spotts.....18 West Thirty-fourth Street  
 Clara Amelia Struening.....709 West Thirty-fifth Street  
 Alice Taylor.....3323 Charlotte Street  
 \*Lora Taylor.....4134 Warwick Boulevard  
 Madeline Tibbe.....3635 Campbell Street  
 Marie Tracy.....3335 Troost Avenue  
 Beulah Jean Truskey.....3940 Warwick Boulevard  
 Helene Rose Tschudin.....234 Linwood Avenue  
 Katherine Snell Walls.....3720 Main Street  
 \*Jean Raeside Welsh.....840 Schaffer Avenue  
 \*Helen Simpson Whitney.....541 Westport Avenue  
 Helen Whilton.....3405 Virginia Avenue  
 Mary Frances Widder.....996 East Thirty-third Street  
 Ruth Margaret Williams.....3038 Grand Avenue  
 Jeanette Wise.....247 Bayard Avenue  
 Christie Wood.....3512 Highland Avenue  
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DONALD ALEXANDER  
FARQUHAR



HELENE ROSE TSCHUDIN



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HELEN EDNA KITTLE



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MARY BAINBRIDGE LOVE



HELEN LOUISE SPOTTS



EMMA BLANCHE HAGEN



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RACHAEL LEE DOBYNS



MARGARET G. HADDOCK



WILLIAM MCKINLEY YOUNG



HARRIET BALES



NATALIE PECK SAMIS



ROBERT FRANCIS BURNS  
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LOUELLA HERBIG



ELSIE DUNCAN MARR



MARGARET WEBB MELLEN





HORACE BRUCE MARR



HELEN LOUISE HALLER



NELLE O'BRIEN



KATHERINE SNELL WALLS



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ARMIN L. O. SCHUELER



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FRANCES ALLEN MARTIN



VERA RHODES



HARRY COUGHERY CALVIN



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LINNIE MINNIE COOPER



JUANITA MARGUERITE  
MOTT



GRACE THORNTON  
COMSTOCK



BERTHA HENRIETTA  
FAHLSING



GRACE VERE KOONS  
104



MARY LILLIAN LONGSHORE



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INSLEY LAMAR DAYHOFF





MERLE MARGUERITE  
McCAHAN



NELLE GERTRUDE  
LEVENTHAL



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DEATHERAGE



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LETITIA HELEN HOVEY



RUSSELL HIRAM CLARK



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LEILA FRANCES ANTONI



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The  
**Lookout**  
*Published Weekly*

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*Your friends do  
not need it and your  
enemies will not be-  
lieve you anyway.”*

*Fra Elbertus.*

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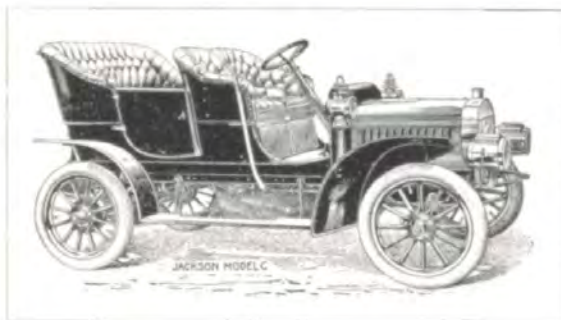
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# The Lookout

Published Weekly

## A Woman's Sphere.

BY HARRIET BALES.

In these days of co-college education and suffragettism, woman is fast moving from her sphere. Not only is she losing those domestic qualities and the gentle modesty so essential to the woman of fifty years ago, but with these a large portion of her influence for higher things, such as afternoon teas, theatre parties and Easter bonnets.

Take, for example, the noted suffragette leaders, Ruth Harris, Jeanette Peet, Virginia Siegel, Nancy Chamberlain and others of that ilk, who stand exclusively for woman's rights. Are they not losing their power, their once great influence over the masculine portion of humanity; and in forgetting their afternoon tea, their dance, their home fireside, missing their true vocation in life?

Again, when I am given the privilege of pointing to some of the quiet, domestic, truly girlish members of the Class of 1910, I find that my theory is splendidly upheld. Jeanette Wise, Ruth Zimmerschied, Helen Whitney, Jean Welsh and Clara Struening are not girls who would rush in where angels fear to tread. They are of the sort to help men to higher things, not to descend to his level by attending his college or usurping his lawful privilege at the polls.

So don't waste your time, girls, in study of science, business branches and political economy, but settle down by your own fireside and learn to cook.

## No Criticism.

President Maris' administration must not be criticised until it is over. Nevertheless, there is a general feeling that he has been ruled by bossism, "Burnism," and false advisers. Where, ask the indignant Seniors, are the mass meetings of the people? Where is the big stick he was going to wield? Where—but that would be criticism.

## The Obliging Missouri Farmer.

BY THOMAS BOURKE.

Once or twice a week in the course of your readings you come across the statement that the farmers of the present day lack a spirit of hospitality and kindness toward the wayside wanderer. Recently, however, I have had a rather unusual opportunity to observe and test both their kindness and their hospitality, and after such observation I beg leave to state that there is "nothin' doin'" in the cold shoulder line.

I had trouble with my machine, or rather the mud—anyway, I needed teams or a team, in most cases teams, to start me again on the way to Pleasant Hill. The farmers were at all times most kind in lending aid, horses, consolation and "eats."

Let me again reiterate—farmers are obliging, even to the most hot-tempered autoists—always provided that you have *plenty of cash* in your pocket.

## A New Westport Club.

The organization of the No-Ginger Club has recently been perfected by members of the Senior class. After considerable discussion, the lack-a-daisy was chosen as the club flower, the lemon as the club fruit, and green with a yellow streak in it as colors. This club might well have been organized four years ago, but there has been such lack of effort among "those interested" that they have just got at it.

The members are Linnie Cooper, Maude F. Cooper, Tillie Denebien, Jessie Douglas, Helen Guffin, Helen C. Haller, Virginia Higgins, Beulah Truskey, Madeline Tibbe, Merle McCahon, and Lillian Deatherage.

The object of this organization is to secure perpetual peace to its members, to keep them as much as possible out of the limelight, and to keep a well-developed bored air about everything. The *Lookout* wishes the new club success!



## Senior Banquet.

BY MARY LOUISE FITCH.

The Senior banquet was held on St. PATRICK'S day, at MARTIN'S, on McGEE street, only a BLOCH-ER two from TRACY.

The committee on refreshments were COOK, BUTLER and BAKER. All they had to start the fire with was a little PEET, a bucket of COLE and a stick of WOOD. However, they soon sent the SPARKS flying up the chimney and had a roaring fire. The committee had a terrible time; the IRONS fell off the shelf on to the KITTLE and several girls got BURNS. JONES overturned a PECK of potatoes, which rolled into the SOUTH-WELL and occasioned MABELLE going after MOORE. Finally, after considerable difficulty, the following menu was prepared:

CAMPBELL'S soup—ZIMMERSCHIED.  
Fried HADDOCK.  
Boiled HAM with HIND'S ketchup.  
WELSH rarebit.  
YOUNG KOONS.  
FRIED-MAN-goes.  
Water MELLEN—RYAN pickles.  
BROWN potatoes.  
CHESNEY salad.  
BAKER'S cocoa.  
Red HAWES (Skinny variety).  
Salted ALMONS.

The WALLS were beautifully decorated with ROSE-BLOSSOMS and sweet WILLIAMS. The guests were slow in arriving, as they had been delayed by HALE and bad RHODES. It was difficult for even a CORBIN cab to get through the mud and MYRES. I thought STEPHEN UNDER WOOD DYE before they all came. As the AYER was still damp, many of the girls wore MACINTOSHES (purchased from MONTGOMERY WARD'S), in order to protect their TAYLER made suits from SPOTTS.

The guests were more ROOD than I ever saw them before, and I thought they would surely MARR the occasion. John D.'s son HERT WISE CHRISTOPHER COLT Jr.'s feelings by calling him a CARPENTER and saying that McMAHON'S father owned MORE-LAND than Christopher's father did. A general uproar followed; Christopher CHACED Mr. John D., Jr., over the KRAFTS-man furniture until it was terribly scratched. Not a BOY-ER girl would help either, so it finally ended by making John D. NEAL before the girl he LOVED BEST as the penalty for the disturbance he had created.

## The Latest Poetry.

There is a young lady named Horton,  
Who can draw a most awful contortion.  
Just go to Celeste  
And see if we jest—  
See the work of the fair Celeste Horton.

Miss Merwin was a great tennis shark;  
She took it up just for a lark.  
She worked like sin  
Her sets to win,  
But still was considered a most easy mark.

Of the House of Eberle is Frances.  
As down the sidewalk she prances,  
She outrides all the rest,  
Yes, even the best,  
For distance her beauty enhances.

(NOTE—This little poem was found by a friend of Benjamin McBride, the famous tramp poet, and contributed by him to our pages. It seems as if the proper place for this choice specimen would have been among Mr. McBride's famous collection, "Rollicking Rambles of a Reckless Rascal." We leave you to judge.)

As I wandered 'long with winding wiggle  
I met a cat with an awful giggle.  
"Dear cat," I cried, in ghastly glee,  
"If you are wise you'll come with me,  
A man on pleasure bent."

The cat replied with sneering smirk,  
"My duties, sir, I never shirk.  
Begone, and to your business 'tend,  
Else I your worthless life will end."  
I smiled and went.

Mary had another name,  
My story's sad but true;  
Whenever Mary uttered it,  
Why—sweet Miss Mary Krugh.

(We consider this Mr. McBride's best work.  
—Ed.)

Mary had a queer last name;  
The teachers couldn't pronounce it.  
When'd "Milich" teachers came,  
You'd hear them all denounce it.



## Letters to the Lookout.

*Dear Lookout:*—I recently had the privilege of singing in Somaliland to the cannibals. A most interesting fact was observable. I had often heard how hungry and voracious the cannibals were and I naturally had some misgivings when I went there. But the old saying that music soothes the savage breast proved true. When the savages first came upon me they formed a ring and danced around me, smacking their large, loose lips expectantly. I started to sing—it was all that I could think of doing.

Suddenly the whole tribe stopped and, looking at me for a moment with strange, scared eyes, they turned and fled, howling and sobbing with emotion and hunger, so touched were they by the power of my song.

RACHEL RYLE.

## If I Were to go to High School Again.

*Letters From Three Seniors Telling in What Way They Would Change.*

*The Lookout!*

*Dear Sirs and Madames:*—Very few people if they had a second opportunity to travel through this system of created things would fail to make changes in the mode of passing. So I feel with regard to my High School course. In the first place, I feel that I have expended a great deal of valuable time in study. Study does not pay! Have a good time while you're young. Be bright and jovial, and don't waste your time keeping Freshman brothers straight. With these rules kept in mind, the High School course should be a joy.

Amen!

ALMA KRAFT.

*The Lookout!*

*Dear Sirs and Sires:*—You ask how I should alter my mode of living if I had a second High School course to live through. I should pursue it very much as I have this one, with one exception: I would do one bad, bold, daring thing—paint the front steps, start a yell in assembly, lock arms with someone in the hall, sass Miss Hodshier or something of that ilk. Why? you say. Why, because I would like to make it easier for you to write me up.

Lovingly,

ABBIE MONTGOMERY.

*The Lookout:*—If I could do my High School course over I'd do and not do the following: I would not study more than a little bit. If I got in a scrape I'd use my same old methods of getting out. I should make friends

with some real nice girls like Fawn Evans, Merle McCahon and Lillian Deatherage. I should wear my hair parted in the middle and do without such loud socks.

I think that's all.

GEO. M. DUREN.

*Dear Lookout:*—I have been hearing a great deal lately about disagreements between certain young men and certain young women in Westport High. For my part, I can't in the least sympathize with this state of affairs, and shall try my best to help all such misled couples and to bring more youths and maidens to realize the soulful pleasure of each others' companionship. I wish to state that it is perfectly safe to confide all secrets and former experiences in me. I am especially able to examine any troublesome cases and to give expert advice to the young man.

Yours sympathetically,

HARRIETTE SIMPSON.

*Dear Lookout:*—I hear that you claim that you have seen me during this last year going with the same girl twice. It's a fabrication! I make it a rule always to take out a different girl. There's a reason.

LAMAR DAYHOFF.

## Theatrical Notes.

Russell Clark, the sleight-of-hand artist, has signed with Ladisman & Co. for 200 performances in his new act, "Only Twenty Girls at a Time."

Addoms and Addoms opened this week at the *Rosy Theatre* in a new vaudeville skit, "Two Twins." Mr. Andrew Addoms has with him his famous Battleship chorus of world-renowned beauties, while William is making the hit of his life as "One of Many Coons."

Kellogg and Whitely have put on a new farce at the *Laggard Theatre*. The play is one of considerable merit and in all probability will have a long run (or walk). "The Weary Way," it has been whispered, is founded on the actions of certain well-known persons at Westport. Miss Piper, in the leading part, is making a great hit.

Mill Lillian Bettis is starring for the fourth season in "The 'E'-siest Way." Hers is a performance of great excellence.

Miss Beatrix Poindexter is making a great success in the title role of "The Chorus Lady."



## The Latest Books.

"A Day's Pleasure," a small gift book, by Virginia Simpson, is a most attractive addition to our summer books. It describes vividly the pleasures attendant upon a trip to that famous week-end resort, Lawrence, Kans.

An interesting and thoughtful little book on "The Fruits of the Intellect," by Sumner N. Blossom, fills a vacancy on the book shelves of the reading public. It is the big work of a big man.

Busted & Co., Publishers. 30c.

A religious booklet which is attracting considerable attention is one by the popular evangelist, John D. Neal. "The Infernal Life" should be in every home.

Devul & Sons, Publishers. Price, "The Wages of Sin."

"A Lovely, Quiet Maiden," is Miss Genevieve Duer's latest contribution to the world of literature. It is the story of a girl who "let her light so shine that there arose a question as to whether it shone or was in truth obscured under a bushel."

The Slanderous Press, Publishers.

"The Evils of the Negro Vote," by Mary Love, author of "The Unreconstructed South," is creating quite a stir in the history classes. It is a trifle rabid and one-sided, but otherwise a credit to the author.

J. Wallace McKee's new book, "The Relation of Tennis to Debating," has just been put under the shelves. Mr. McKee goes at the subject from a mathematical viewpoint. The book is very dry and uninteresting except to those who know nothing about tennis, mathematics or debating.

A little essay in pamphlet form which is bound to attract considerable attention is "The Rights of Non-Smokers," by Stephen Underwood, Jr., author of "The Jew's Harp," "Dot the Tenor," etc.

Published by the W. C. T. U. Press. Price, free.

A thrilling novel, "The Dark Horse, or Mile a Minute Fred," has been written by a friend of Mr. Fred Mileham, the well known runner. Hoopes & Co., Publishers.

Miss Lucile Smith has evidently put serious work into her latest masterpiece, "The Sisterly Embrace." No one can deny the charm and sincerity of this little book. Mr. McMoreland, the accomplished critic, says: "A thoroughly enjoyable and interesting piece of work filled with delightful situations."

Published by the Senior Play Press.

A recent autobiography by Miss Velma Hale tells of the heart-rending struggle of a young woman striving to succeed as a journalist in a large city. It is a great comfort to the reader to feel that this popular book has brought the author the success she strove for.

Harold Cadwell, the lyric poet, has brought out a little volume of poems entitled "Saved by Grace." Most of the poems are in a sad, lonely strain, but others contain notes of deep thanksgiving. The feature poem is a sonnet to "The Rivals."

Jealous Bros., Publishers. Price, 23c.

Among the week's entertaining books is found one by the promising young writer, Shirley Cole. "When He's at College" is an emotional story of a lost love, filled with pathos and morbid humor.

Published by Illinois University Press.

## What Other People Have Found Out.

Don't throw away your old note-books and themes. I have found that they command good prices from Sophomores and Freshmen.—RUTH WILLIAMS.

Why does William Waite?  
In order that he May Chace.

Why is William Young?  
Because he likes Hazel Best.

I have made a valuable discovery and wish to communicate it through your pages. When the hands and face become sooty use soap and water. The dirt will come off at once.—NATALIE SAMIS.

I have found that regular study five days in the week helps a great deal in the maintenance of a good record at school.—HELEN COMSTOCK.

Discovery extraordinary! Red hair is not productive of hot tempers.—LETITIA HOVEY, EDWINA COLLUM.



There is danger in fixing your ideals too high. I have discovered that it does not pay to grow toward them.—MARY WIDBER.

Discovered! The best way to write a Senior essay. For further information apply to Helen Spotts, care Miss Nardin.

Whatever your grade is there is a way to work your teachers for the next higher. I have done it successfully for four years.—MILDRED MABRY.

Do you know what made Mae Beery?  
She saw the arm that Agnes Baird.

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Inexpensive but not mean.  
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Includes thorough exploration of  
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And a side trip to Dodson.  
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The cuisine will be managed by Margaret Mellen of baby food fame.

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SITUATION WANTED BY AN ACCOMPLISHED young woman; social conversation and flirtation quickly and skillfully taught. Address "Lookout" 75. Rachel Dobyns.

COMPANIONS AND DOMESTIC HELPER wanted.—A life situation as a domestic helper to a young man of good character and habits; no triflers need apply. Bertha Falsing, Lookout 29.

SITUATION WANTED—AS PRIMA DONNA with any first class grand opera company, Hammerstein's of the Metropolitan preferred; will pay manager liberally to engage me. Address, Edith Hawes.

A YOUNG LADY OF EXPERIENCE DESIRES a position as traveling companion and chaperon to a young lady of pleasant disposition. Address, Alice Sparks.

WANTED—SITUATION AS ORGANIST IN any large city church or nickel show, by a young lady of perfectly good character; no references given or required. Jeanette Farley.

SITUATION WANTED—AS A LIBRARIAN in a large library; have had experience in largest and most complete library in the city. For reference see Miss Hodshier. Address, Lela Allison.

WANTED—A SITUATION AS TEACHER where the pupils are perfectly ignorant. Address, Helen Myers.

WANTED — TO KNOW HOW MANY Norma's Dunn. Innocent.

POSITION WANTED AS TUTOR FOR SUMMER. Can guarantee preparation for Allen School and others of good standing. Mary L. Longshore.

DOES ANYONE WANT A PRETTY YOUNG man to act as butler, footman, or otherwise make himself useful? I will do almost anything for a small compensation. Address, Harry Calvin.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN OF brisk disposition and habits to help a slow fellow to keep up with the rest of the world. Apply to William Merriman, Esq.

WANTED—Information as to whether Juanita M. is the twentieth or twenty-first Mott to graduate from Westport. We've lost track. The Office.

WANTED—A CHAPERON WHO CAN KEEP up with a rapid but beautiful and accomplished young woman; near-sighted one preferred. Address, Annie McGee.

WANTED—A SITUATION TO PLAY ACCOMPANIMENTS. I have had experience. Yes, I have played while Mrs. Hedges led the assembly singing. Nothing is too difficult for me. Address, Helen Tschudin.

WANTED—SOMEONE TO WRITE ME UP IN the *Herald*. Address, Grace Koons, W. H. S. Corridor, First Floor.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE VERY ANXIOUS to go abroad would be glad to accept position as tutor; has had ample experience, having tooted her own horn for four years. Address, Wilma Babcock.

YOUNG WOMAN OF REFINEMENT WILL accept engagement as life companion to a gentleman going south, to mountains or seaside; no compensation required. Address, Mary Laughlan.



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By Thomas McCague

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By Thomas McCague

Champion Catcher of the Grubs

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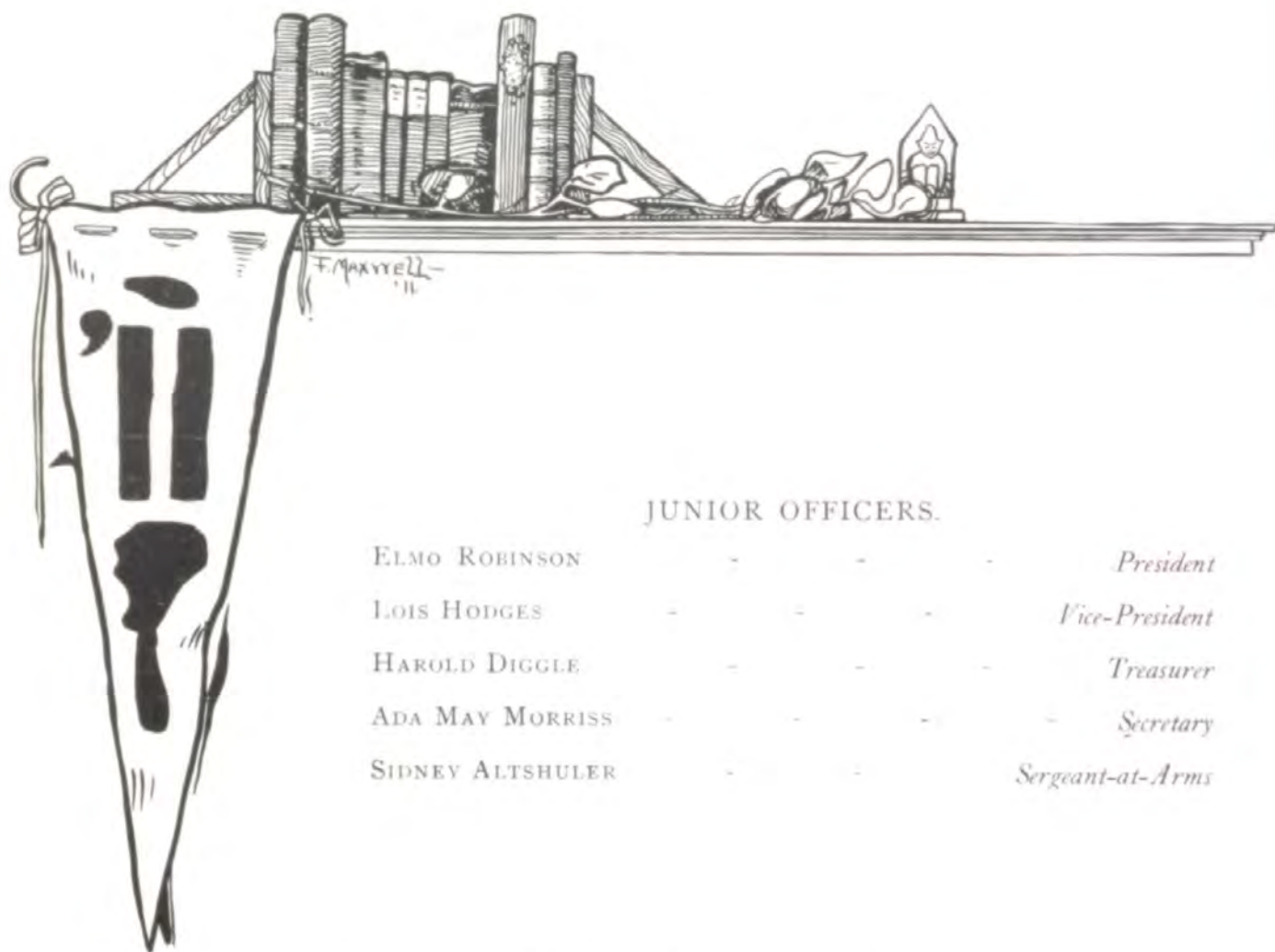
Margaret Chesney, Sole Agent

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HAROLD DIGGLE	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>
ADA MAY MORRIS	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
SIDNEY ALTSHULER	-	-	-	-	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

## History of the Junior Class.

THE first class historian, who ever that nameless dignitary was, had a comparatively easy task. The riches of the English vocabulary were at his hand, untarnished. "Brilliant," "original," "versatile," "unparalleled"—these and divers other complimentary adjectives waited in full vigor to describe his class. But present day chroniclers of their class-mates' wisdom and virtue must struggle with an impoverished vocabulary.

We do not wish to be cynical, and we are aware that "comparisons are odorous," but we are haunted by a fear that some previous historian may have ignored their consciences and exaggerated when they called their classes invincible, brilliant, etc.

At last the class of 1911, a class unrivaled, has appeared, but where the words to describe it! For the historian of this remarkable class unfortunately finds all the words of praise

worn threadbare. To the short-comings of language, therefore, and not to any lack of admiration and reverence for the subject, must be attributed the pale inadequacy of this account.

In athletics the Juniors are ever in the lead; they are well represented in track work, and possess a splendid baseball team. But Westport's crowning glory in athletics is the "ever victorious basket ball team," and with one exception this team is composed of Juniors. Now is not that an honor to be proud of? But our services in athletics do not end here. Our enthusiastic cheer-leader also belongs to our famous ranks.

But Junior heels are not more active than Junior brains; for the class of 1911 are prominent in all contests. And would you believe it? More than half the staff of the HERALD, the





SIDNEY ALTSCHULER

*Sergeant-at-Arms*

ELMO ROBINSON

*President*

HAROLD DIGGLE

*Treasurer*

LOIS HEDGES

*Vice-President*

ADA MAY MORRISS

*Secretary*

HERALD of which we are all so proud, is made up of the ever important Juniors.

In the Christmas play, four out of the seven main characters were taken by members of the class of 1911, and in this the Juniors again displayed their surprising versatility in the variety of the parts taken; masterful shrewdness, pompous conceit, youthful ardor, and coquetry.

The Juniors have a goodly share of the offices in the societies, which also shows clearly the extent of their management of school affairs. Oh, there is no doubt about it, the class of 1911 is and always has been the star class of Westport High.

Of the powers of persuasion in the Junior class we have had ample proof, for example, all six of the members of this year's tri-city debating team were Juniors. If it had not been for the Juniors, pray, where would Westport's debating have been?

Such a record, proving as it does how much of the machinery of Westport High depends upon the Junior class for motive power, may well make all friends of the school dread the future, when the class of 1911 shall have departed. After us,—what!

ADA MAY MORRISS, '11.





# SOPHOMORES

## Sophomore Class History.

• •

**H**AIL to the class of 1912! May our memory be long cherished at Westport! For we have done wonderful things.

Not only as Freshmen have we distinguished ourselves above all others, but in this, our Sophomore year, our deeds are fast approaching on the road to greatness. We have history and chronicles enough to fill a volume the size of Webster's Unabridged, but now, both our time and space being limited, only a few of our most prominent deeds will be here stated.

As our roll numbered the most when Freshmen, so it does when Sophomores. In fact, after having completed our four years' course with still the largest roll-call, we will be the first class who has really graduated from New Westport, for we are the first to be both born and bred in its spacious halls.

In athletics we are very prominent. It is with pride we speak of our faithful little guard of the victorious basket ball team, and several of our nicest laddies have distinguished themselves by their fleetness of foot and strength of arm. These Sophomores have won many a point for Westport, and two of the three

boys sent to Des Moines were from the ranks of 1912. Not only our boys but our girls, also, are active in athletics.

And now, gentle reader, I would not have you think that all our glories lie in our physical powers. In mental activity we are not lacking. We have the promise of a wonderful poetess amongst us, and we already have a great artist in our midst—he who won the mid-year HERALD cover prize—and who knows but that a second George Eliot or perhaps another Dickens may yet come to light in the fields of literature.

And now, last but not least of this brief review of our accomplishments, when this class of 1912 is ready to step forth into the world with its badges of honor and its laurels of renown, we will not deface our magnificent building with flaring green letters in order to acquaint the general public with the fact that there is a brilliant Senior class within. Nay, our reputation will be of a better quality than that, for it has been planted and it has flourished in the fertile soil of our Freshman and Sophomore days.

*B. Isabel Hull, '12.*





ARTHUR NEILL  
*Vice-President*

ISOBEL HULL  
*Secretary*

VAN GREGORY  
*President*

ELEANOR HALLEY  
*Treasurer*

WINFREY NATHAN  
*Sergeant-at-Arms*

## The Declamation Contest.

THIS year's declamatory contest, held May 27, both on literary merit of the selections rendered and in interpretative power of the speakers was more than equal to all former contests. It is very unusual to see programs with such names as Hugo, Van Dyke, Lytton, Thurston, Grady, and Roosevelt as authors of the numbers, and the general excellence of the contestants work reflects great credit upon both their talent and their power of conception.

Miss Robertson with Van Dyke's "Last Word," was very effective with the unique religious story. Indeed, the experiential side was remarkably strong. The selection reaches from abysmal doubt to triumphant certainty of the Creator's rule in His kingdom—Miss Robertson was equal to the task imposed upon her.

A judicious cutting from Lytton's "Lady of Lyons" gave Miss Comstock full opportunity to display her well known dramatic talent. The vehement denunciation by the wronged Pauline and its contrast in Melnott's abject surrender of revengeful purposes were met with adequate spirit and intelligent understanding. A fine finish marked Miss Comstock's work.

Miss Hull with free voice and manner rendered Jean Val Jean and the Bishop, from Les Miserables, with satisfying appreciation. Miss Hull has been doing fine work in elo-

cution throughout the year and her masterly interpretation of Hugo's work was a fitting climax.

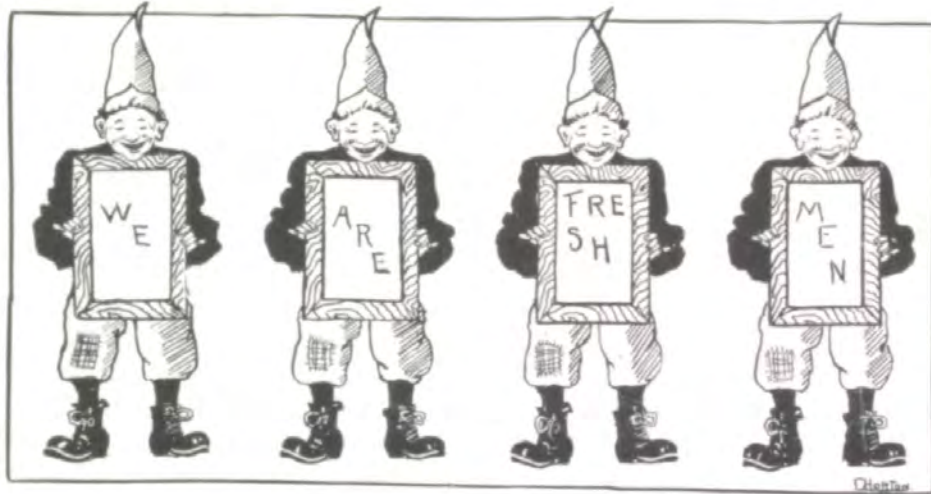
The oratorical division of the program taken by the young men was no less interesting and effective in all the qualities that go to make up true expression.

Mr. Altschuler with the well known plea of Thurston's for Cuban independence had a keenly intellectual conception of the oration—his style was clear, incisive, and moving. The paragraph in defense of *force* was uttered with all the fire which that exacting proposition demands.

Mr. Robinson found all the elements of pathos and sympathy in Grady's "New South." The speaker was direct and powerful in his influence on the audience. Mr. Robinson's style was oratorical in the true meaning of that word—his gesture language, spontaneous, true, and effective.

The Rooseveltian style of Public Speaking is not Mr. Black's; but with the hunter-orator's oration on Abraham Lincoln Mr. Black presented a most earnest, sincere, zealous eulogy of America's Great Martyr. Direct and appealing in style the speaker held the closest attention from start to finish.

The first place for the girls was won by Miss Isobel Hull and the first place for the boys by Mr. Sidney Altschuler.



## Freshmen Class History.

THE life of the Freshman class of 1910 has been so short that it is almost impossible to determine very well what it is capable of doing, so we must wait a while longer to be able to show our real value.

The number of Freshmen this year was cut down by an order which prohibited Freshmen outside of certain boundaries from attending Westport. However, this restriction has not injured the class, for it has quality enough to make up for the slight decrease in quantity.

What would last year's Freshmen have thought of such a thing as having the class officers all girls? Last year, before the suf-

fragette movement had made such progress, the class selected five boys as its officers, but this year we have allowed the suffragette plan to come into effect, and since we believe in doing a thing well if we do it at all, five girls were selected for our officers.

Now that our term as Freshmen has so nearly expired, we may look forward and plan for the rest of our school course. While we have done but little outside of the regular school work, we have done this well, and with such a beginning we may hope to make a brilliant success of our life in the school.

*Jeanette Maxwell, Secretary.*



VIVIAN DIGGLE  
*President*

LOUISE HEDRICK  
*Vice-President*

JEANNETTE MAXWELL  
*Secretary*

ANTONY CRAWFORD  
*Sergeant-at-Arms*

DOROTHY THOMPSON  
*Treasurer*



# THE COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

—GUILLET—

## Commencement Program

Tuesday Evening, June 7, 1910

MARCHE AUX FLAMBEAUX ..... *Scotson-Clark*  
WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

INVOCATION ..... DR. ALEXANDER LEWIS

“MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG” ..... *Arranged by Root*  
CHORUS OF GIRLS

THE LILY-ENTRE ACTE ..... *Bendix*  
WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

ESSAY ..... “THE VALUE OF A MAN”  
MISS MARGARET CORBIN

ORATION ..... “THE NEED OF THE HOUR”  
MR. ELLIOTT G. NATHAN

DOUBLE QUARTETTE ..... “I KNOW A BANK” ..... *Horn*

DECLAMATION ..... “JUDITH” ..... *Aldrich*  
MISS GRACE T. COMSTOCK

VOCAL SOLO ..... “MURMURING ZEPHYRS” ..... *Jensen*  
MISS EDITH B. HAWES

ADDRESS ..... DR. WILLIAM H. BLACK, President  
Missouri Valley College

INTERMEZZO—DREAMS OF FAIRYLAND ..... *Voelker*  
WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS BY—  
JUDGE HENRY L. McCUNE  
Representing the Board of Education



# ALUMNI

ELMSTEAD

Edward Schauffler, '06, who was Editor-in-Chief of the HERALD during his Senior year, graduates from K. U. this year. Mr. Schauffler has been putting the experience he gained on this staff in those bygone days to good use on the staff of the Kansas Annual.

Mabel Egelston, '05, is the head of the Latin department in Abilene High School.

George Hull, son of our beloved Professor, who would have graduated this year but for his appointment to Annapolis, is doing great things at the naval academy. He stands well in his studies and has made the track team, an unusual honor for a Freshman. By winning the mile run in a recent meet with Princeton, "Westport" won the meet for Annapolis. This was the first time the academy had won in many years. We judge from this that our George is a hero.

Among the Westport Alumni at Eastern colleges and schools this year are Gertrude Schauffler, '09, at Wellesley; Eliza Kimball, '09, at Vassar; Julia Lyman, '08, at Bradford Academy, Massachusetts; Paul Childs, '09, at a Prep. School in Brookline, Massachusetts; Helen Bontecou, Milton Academy, Boston; Madeline Archer, National Park Seminary; Irene Curtis, Hallins College, Hallins, Virginia; Estelle Guillet, Sweet Briar, Virginia; Arthur Hayum, Harvard.

Some of our alumni who are studying at Missouri University are: Paul Jones, Elsie Warren, Joseph Hawthorne, Leslie Hohman,

Rowena Campbell, Donald Johnson, Wilbur McKee, Howard Jamison, Paul Dudley, Harvey Guy, Wallace Smith, Henry Lipscomb, Samuel Etue, Genevieve Jones, Alfred Fuchs, Martha Jones, Sidney Dawson, Holmes McCown, George Lockridge, R. E. Ball, Gill Coffman.

Among the alumni at K. U. are: Frank Theis, Logan Abernathy, Alvin Gossard, Charles Gossard, William Hamner, Hildegard Mense, Marguerite McMillan, Helen Schley, Helen Degen, Vance Day, Clyde Dodge, Donovan Malcolmson, Robert Kirshner, Walter Moore, Lydia Cook.

A very delightful performance of Twelfth Night was given in the High School Auditorium by the M. U. Dramatic Club, April the thirtieth. It was of especial interest to Westport pupils as four of Westport's alumni distinguished themselves and us by appearing therein.

Mr. Leslie Hohman seems to have lost none of his powers of running everyone and everything since leaving his alma mater, and his performance as Malvolio left no doubt in the minds of his old friends as to the benefit his dramatic work here was to him.

Mr. Paul Jones has developed wonderfully since he last appeared before us, and his rendering of Fabrian's part was highly artistic.

Miss Rowena Campbell as Olivia looked the part to perfection and her acting was creditable.

Miss Elsie Warren shone out in a new light by appearing as Maria. Why didn't someone





### LINCOLN TABLET

discover that young lady's talent while she yet adorned our halls?

The rest of the cast we should like to claim but we must give Manual and Central their just dues. These other members of the company were graduates of our rival High Schools and raised our opinion of the same not a little. We have discovered that some pretty good things can come out of Central and Manual.

The play was given in true Shakesperean style, without curtain or scenery. A quartette from the University created an Elizabethan

atmosphere by singing old songs before the play and between the acts, and chimes announced each scene. Two young men in costume arranged the setting for each act and made a hit, especially the one who insisted upon chewing gum at each appearance. He should have been ashamed to set the innocent high school pupils such an example.

The whole performance may be taken as an example by Westport pupils of what a thoroughly amusing, profitable, and delightful performance may be made of some of the older and better dramas.



Two specimens of sophomore poetry:  
 "The birds upon the wind do fly,  
 The fish within the water swim,  
 The children on the green grass lie,  
 The bugs upon the earth are slim."

"I saw a bird upon a tree,  
 I looked at him, he looked at me."

MRS. HEDGES: "No basses in this class, so I'll sing this with you, Mr. Peckenpaugh."  
 But Peckenpaugh caught a fly and put Miss Hedges out on first base.

MR. MARTIN: "Miss Nevins, who was Socrates' wife?"

CARMILETA (confidently): "Plato was Socrates' wife."

MR. FOSTER: "Give me one of Tennyson's other poems besides the 'Idylls of the King.'"

BRIGHT PUPIL: "In Memorandum."

PUPIL (explaining proposition): "Therefore—"

MR. BIGNEY: "What is that therefore there for?"

BRADY (just finishing a clarinet solo): "What do you think of my execution?"

OLMSTEAD (quickly): "I am in favor of it."

MR. GOODALE: "Now, boys, if you don't sit together quietly, I'll have to make you sit together separately."

MISS SPENCER: "Mr. Goodman, give the difference between oral and written composition."

MR. GOODMAN: "In oral composition you use more idiotic phrases than in written."

MR. MARTIN (talking upon Athenian expedition to Sicily): "When Gylippus captured the Athenians, he put them in a quarry and didn't feed them, and, as a result they starved.."

Sayings of our beloved Chemistry teacher, Mr. Hermann:

"If thou comest to class and knoweth not a certain thing, wave thy paddie in the air until I answer thee. But hold it not up too often lest I think thou bluffest."

"Go thou not ignorant from my classes."

"Throw not the acids upon the sponges in the sink, for acids are oftimes hungry and will devour them in a way as to make them unfit for use."

"If thou knowest not thy chemistry at the first reading, read it again and yet again and keep right on reading it until thou dost know it."

"He that possesseth any jewelry, be it brass or otherwise, should take heed that he leaveth it at home, for he that cometh to my classes wearing such will be roundly stung."

"He that cometh to class and sitteth and absorbeth all he getteth, is a sponge that will not bear squeezing."

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, if thou rememberest my teachings, thou shalt never flunk."



MR. SHAW: "Give the past participle of *accuro*."

ROY BYARS (vehemently): "Curses!"

MR. HERMAN: "Whenever anybody don't know where the lesson is, come and see Charles Augustus."

MR. HULL (finding a piece of shoe sole): "Mr. Ehrke, did you lose your soul?"

MR. EHRKE: "No, sir; mine's holier than that."

ISOBEL HULL (trying to be explicit): "Equals, equal to equals, are equal to each other."

MISS DE WITT (to Lyons, who was giving his desk its daily scrubbing): "Lyons, you should have been born a scrub woman, don't you think so?"

MISS DE WITT (to pupil staring out of the window): "What are you thinking about?"

PUPIL: "Nothing."

MISS DE WITT: "Oh, I wouldn't do that. It's egotistical, you know."

MR. MARTIN: "What is made from ivory?"

REUBEN FREDLAND (looking at his hands): "Ivory soap."

MR. WARD (speaking of Francis Bacon in English Literature): "You must cultivate a taste for Bacon."

MISS CLAY: "What is a metaphor?"

MR. MENKE: "I don't know; I never had one."

MRS. MACLAUGHLIN: "If plants and animals were not civilized, everybody would have to live in the tropics."

MR. BALES: "They'd have to live in barrels."

FRESHIE: "There's enough brass in you to line an iron kettle."

SENIOR BOY: "Yes, there's enough sap in your head to fill it."

A letter found in girl's dressing room: "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Summertime," "Dearie." "Love Me and the World Is Mine." "Could You Forget Me?" "Sweetheart," for I am your "Honey Boy." You are like the "Flowers That Bloom in Springtime."

JULIA SMITH (translating in Cæsar): "Even the wounded and killed, by leaning on their shields, got up and renewed the battle."

JOE BERLAN (translating German): "The oxen growled."

Mr. Fitts must think that he is a high-flyer, for he is always talking about settling down.

MISS COOKSON (in chemistry): "I have a little bottle of H<sub>2</sub>O from the Dead Sea."

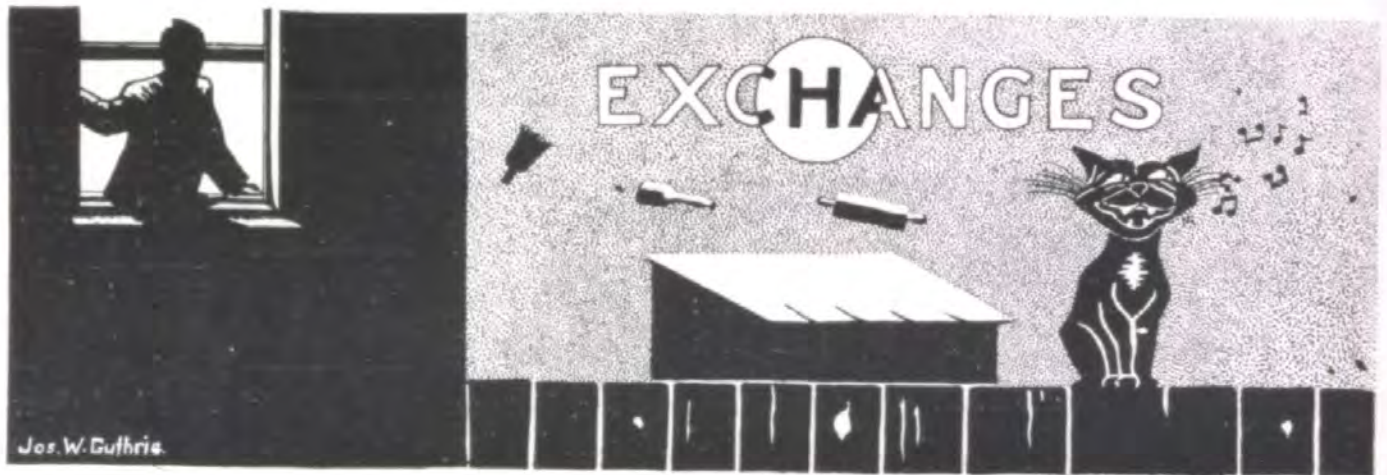
MR. HULL: "Are you sure it's not from Milwaukee?"

MR. BIGNEY (to Mr. Snedeger, who is examining the thermometer): "It is more breezy than usual in here today."

MR. SNEDEGER: "Yes, Mr. Hull's lecturing in the next room."

The latest corridor regulations:

1. You should never take steps over two meters in length in the hall.
2. The expression of the face should always be one of deep seriousness.
3. In passing a "personage," go on your knees and press your forehead lightly to the floor.
4. In passing or meeting a member of the faculty, drop upon one knee and lift the forefinger of left hand to right ear by way of salute.
5. Before entering class rooms, dust your shoes with a clean pocket handkerchief.
6. Do not walk closer than three inches to any individual.
7. Girls must not look at boys while passing from one class to another.



WE WISH to thank each and every one of our sixty-five exchanges for their kindness in exchanging with us for the last year. Because of the large number of papers coming to us, we are able to comment on only a few. Some of the issues of our sister schools reflect admirably the campus and lecture room life of which they are the representative. Too frequently, we note that a paper shows such strict censorship that the free expression of articles of interest to the students is suppressed. The best magazines on our lists are the ones which are issued from four to eight times a year. The news is fresh and breezy, the jokes up-to-date, and the literary proclivities have been stimulated because of the more frequent issues, which always cause an increased tendency to write for all departments. However, many of this year's pile of exchanges have within their covers cleverly worked out stories and artistic pieces of poetry. The comments which we make should be considered as suggestions of a nature that might be of help to the editors of other papers. If this year's contributors to our reading table will help us by returning next fall, we hope to run our exchange list up to a hundred.

The *Echo*, Savannah High School, for January would have been greatly improved by the introduction of some jokes.

The *Sea Urchin* comes to us for the first time, this year. We extend our heartiest welcome to a paper which shows such thorough preparation. Come again!

The *Aeroplane*, a new exchange from Green Bay, Wisconsin is well edited for a new paper. The name is unique, but, do you think it appropriate for a school paper?

We note in our conning-over of the pile of exchanges at hand that *Said and Done* has begun a story on the cover. This is a departure in school papers' arrangement as is also the idea of placing the "Contents" in the back of the magazine. Cuts and jokes may be suggested to improve the paper.

The *Annual* of the Lamar Union High School is very comprehensive and contains many interesting articles in the literary department. The name, *Harbinger* is very appropriate for an annual and the general tasteful arrangement of the paper quite neutralizes the small fault of poor printing.



---

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If you should want to stop paying, they guarantee to you a definite amount of CASH, in positively fixed figures—not in uncertain words. Or, they will make you a loan, or give you a paid-up policy for a proportionate sum, or they will extend the whole policy for a specified time.

You can't lose with this company, for you have guaranteed to you, at all times, a dollar's worth of insurance for every dollar that is paid.

Any further information will be gladly given—but don't defer the matter—you must be alive and have good health in order to secure a policy, and neither of these are guaranteed to you by anybody for any time.

**C. C. Courtney, Gen. Agt.**

Massachusetts Building

KANSAS CITY, MO.

The *Crimson* from Fort Scott, Kansas, could be improved by the introduction of some jokes. The prominence of athletics, as indicated by the generous write-up given to healthy sport, shows the keen interest of the student body in this important phase of school life.

High School *Messenger*—Your pink sporting section is an unusual and unique inno-

vation for a high school paper. Your "Christmas Ode" is a good piece of poetry.

*Tucsonian*, your Arizona number is a gem. The cuts above your articles indicate a capable staff of artists. The little poems, "Young Tim's Ride" and "Al Sinsonte" are clever pieces. You are one of our best exchanges.

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Extract from *The Echo*.

The HERALD from Westport High School is a paper to be proud of. It is well written in every line.

Extract from *Vedette*.

The Westport High School: Your cover is the best we have come across in our rambles.

Our heartiest welcome is extended to *The Acorn*, from Weeping Water, Nebraska. The paper is full of interesting items to the student body, and we might venture to criticize so far as to say that some cuts would not be out of place. Come again.

## HENRY LUSTIG,

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Extract from *Tusconian*.

THE HERALD, Kansas City, Mo.—You can never be complimented too highly on your last issue, for without exception, it is the *best* exchange the *Tusconian* has ever received. One cannot pass over your paper without reading every one of the 65 pages. The material is splendid and the general appearance of the paper, size, quality of paper, arrangement, department headings, cover de-

sign, and excellent cuts are far above that of other papers. We would have liked to use your News cut in our Arizona number.

Extract from *The Aeroplane*.

The HERALD from Westport High School, K. C., Mo., is above our criticism. Your paper speaks well for your school, especially the fine material in the Literary department.

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MR. HULL: "Yes, here we get copper sulphide—CuS."

MR. FIFE: "This is no place for a minister's son."

BURKE: "Why doesn't P go with H in H<sub>2</sub>PO<sub>4</sub>?"

HULL: "Well, why doesn't Elmo go with Mary? It's just the nature of the substance."

MR. FOSTER: "Did Monte Cristo have any relatives?"

MR. BALL: "Yes, one father."

MR. CUTTING: "Miss Butter, when do you eat?"

MARGARET: "Morning, noon and night."

EDITOR: "Let's see; 'graceful' means full of grace. Elmo, do you know what it is to be graceful?"

ELMO: "You ought to see how graceful my arms are sometimes."

HULL: "How many in here study Latin? Wha—at! Nobody?"

MR. ROBERTSON (softly): "I *take* Latin."

HULL: "What is the smybol for ammonia water?"

BURKE: "Well, on my bottle it says—"

HULL: "On whose bottle?"

Robinson, Hollebaugh & Co., of Bang, Me., have just published an interesting little volume on "How to Make Bum Jokes," with examples given here:

"Did you see that collar butt-in?"

"I had an egg for breakfast. It was a bird."

"Ever hear the story of the eggs? Rotten story."

"Can a bulrush or a rail fence or a cracker box? No, but a tomato can."

"Is Harlem, Mo., a habit or just a disease?"

"Did you ever hear the story of Cliff(s) Drive? It's a bluff."

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## Make Your Teachers Look To Their Laurels.

This Announcement is of special interest to all girls of **Westport High School**, particularly to those students who have been in the Sewing Classes there.

Come to the AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING for a course in SEWING, short or long term, and **perhaps** when you return to **Westport** next fall you can teach your teacher something.

## A Manual Training School

The AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING is a thoroughly equipped training school in every way, and has ideal offices and class room; large, roomy and well appointed, cool and airy, ventilation and sanitary conditions are ideal, high above the dust and dirt of the city—on the 15th floor of the Commerce Building, away from the noise and clatter of the street—with the most delightful surroundings and among women who are one with you in the desire to create pretty costumes and dresses. Sewing is creative art. There is nothing prosaic or uninteresting about it when you study here. We teach you to Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape, and Trim ladies' garments and children's clothes. Every pretty garment finished by your fellow-students is an inspiration and help to you. We will teach you to make your vacation clothing or graduating dress. All phases of dressmaking are skillfully taught under competent teachers. Personal, individual attention is given to every student. There are instructive sewing and drafting classes, carefully graded exercises leading you step by step to a complete understanding of every detail of the work.

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Students are encouraged to bring their own materials and have them designed, cut and fitted in the latest style. A dressmaker charges at least \$10 to \$15 to make a dress, so why not take a course of instruction for the same money and thus receive both the dress and training too? Bring your materials here and make them up yourself under the watchful eyes of painstaking instructors.

## Earn While You Learn.

Our students are permitted to accept work from friends and acquaintances, and in this way many earn enough to cover the cost of their tuition. You can attend classes whenever you have two or three hours to spare, and your study need in no way interfere with your regular household, social or other duties.

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A new law of Physics: the mark of pupil on a test often varies inversely as the square of the distance from his nearest neighbor.

Willie: "Grandpa, why don't chickens have teeth?"

Grandpa: "They don't need them, dear, they have bills instead."

Willie: "Well, papa got a bill for mother's teeth last week, is that why he calls her an old hen?"

While witnessing a game of base-ball at Kansas City last summer, a boy was struck on the back of the head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

Freshie: "I wonder what we will wear in heaven?"

Junior: "I know what I'll wear if I see you there."

Freshie: "What?"

Junior: "A surprised look."

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Freshmen Year—"A Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year—"As You Like It."

Senior Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

"Why does the moon never get rich?"

"Because it spends all its quarters getting full."

Dogs are said to "speak" with their tails. Would it be proper therefore, to call a short tailed dog a "stump orator."

Waiter: "Will you have some pie, sah?"

Guest: "Is it compulsory?"

Waiter: "No, sah; it am raspberry."

The automobile is rapidly dividing the public into two classes—the quick and the dead.

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*JEWELER*

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Fred (in civics): "I should think they would charge double fare for little children. They're so much trouble!"

Ice cream he bought his darling  
And she ate and ate and ate,  
Till at last her heart she gave him,  
To make room for one more plate.

---

Hotel Clerk: "I found that 'not to be used except in case of fire' placard those college fellows stole out of the corridor."

---

Teacher: "What three words are used most in school?"

Manager: "Where?"

Freshman: "I don't know."

Clerk: "They nailed it over the coal-bin."

Teacher: "Correct."

---

## THE FROEBEL KINDERGARTEN TRAINING SCHOOL

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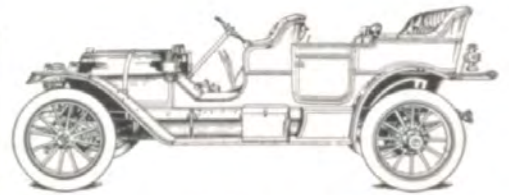
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"Judy and I got into an awful tangle shopping today."

"How so?"

"I owed her ten cents, borrowed five cents, and then fifty cents."

"Well?"

"Then I paid thirty cents for something she bought."

"Yes?"

"Then she paid forty cents for something I bought, and then we treated each other to ice-cream sodas."

"Well?"

"And she says I still owe her five cents."

"Ma, who was Caesar?"

"Why I'm ashamed of you. He was the man who said, 'Eat, thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't eat his corn."

Sunday School Teacher: "What was Sampson's last act?"

Clarence: "I don't know, but it brought down the house."

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A teacher of Natural History asked a class of little tots what a ground hog was. A little German boy waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Carl, tell us what a ground hog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, give one of the principal events in Roman History and the date."

Johnny: "Mark Antony went to Egypt 'cos he had a date with Cleopatra."

"Who was Columbus?"

"The Gem of the Ocean."

In his canoe, the Zulu

Is thinking of his sins.

(He ate a missionary

Before this tale begins)

His manner so dejected,

And on his face that frown,

Would seem to show quite clearly,

You can't keep a good man down.

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Pa heard him give a college yell,  
For joy he could not speak.  
He murmured, "Mother, listen  
To our Willie talking Greek."

"Your eyes, I fear, are weak."  
"Oh, no!" the little boy replied,  
"The onions make me leak."

The minister was inspecting a Scotch farmer's donkey. "Fine donkey that, Maxwell," said the parson, "what dae ye' ca' him?"

"Maxwelton," was the reply.

"Wherefore thot, mon?" cried the visitor.

"Because his brays are bonnie," came the answer.

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along, I'll Fiji."

He: "I saw the funniest thing yesterday. A negro funeral and all the pall-bearers were carrying tin-pans."

She: "How was that?"

He: "Why, they were going blackberrying."

A Baconian wife quarreling with her Shakespearean husband said, "When I get to heaven, I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote those plays."

"Maybe Shakespeare isn't in heaven," shouted the man.

"Then you ask."

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He: "I could waltz to heaven with you."

She: "Can you reverse?"

"You would be a good dancer, but for two things."

"What are they?"

Ethel: "What do you think L'Allegro and Il Penseroso represent?"

"Your feet."

Mabel: "Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus."

History Teacher: "What did you do about all the week's reading you failed to do?"

Lives of Seniors all remind us

We should strive to do our best,

And, departing leave behind us

Note books that will help the rest.

Freshie: "I made it up."

Teacher: "So I should judge from your paper."

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“How did you get your hands so sun-burned?”

“Oh, driving tand-em.”

Johnny: “Paw what's the rest of the quotation beginning: ‘Truth is mighty?’”

Father (gruffly): “Scarce, I reckon.”

Teacher (gravely): “We are all made of dust.”

Kid: “And is the nigger made of coal dust?”

“I hear your brother has the hay-fever pretty badly,” said one man to another.

“He has, he even sneezes every time he passes a grass widow.”

Teacher: “Spell needle.”

Johnny: “N-e-i-d-l-e.”

Teacher: “There's no ‘i’ in it.”

Johnny: “Then it's no good.”

“I fear,” said the postage stamp on the student's letter to his father, “I fear that I am not sticking to facts.”

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WHEN YOU SHIP

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BOTH PHONES MAIN 5888

There was a young lady named Fitch,  
Who heard a loud snoring, at which  
She took off her hat  
And found that her rat  
Had fallen asleep at the switch.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh my  
girl

As the swift season's whirl.

Leave thy low-crowned past!

Let each new turban nobler than the last

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
vast,

Till thou at length shall be,

Left with thine out-grown frames by

Life's unresting sea.

“Why is Maud so angry with the photo-  
grapher?”

“She found a label on the back of her pic-  
ture saying, ‘The original of this photo-  
graph is carefully preserved.’”

**BOYS AND GIRLS, Class of 1910**—You are through School  
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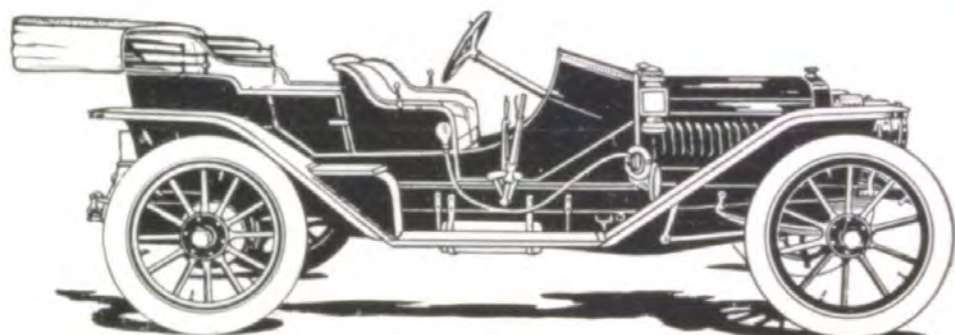
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FIRST PERSON (after big boast): "Oh, dear, where is some wood to knock on! I'll have to go into the office."

SECOND (reproachfully): "Why, that would be knocking Underwood."

MISS WILLISTON (working on Mr. Twitchell's tedious drawing): "Oh, dear!"

JEROME (sweetly): "What is it?"

MR. OTT (studying "Snowbound"): "Harriet Livermore was a religious fantastic."

MR. R.: "Mornin', Gracie, I haven't seen you for a Koon's age." (Somebody lied.)

MR. HERMANN (disgustedly): "Ach Nein! How quickly some of our upper stories do not work."

MISS NARDIN: "How would you feel if you were in a boat that was about to capsize?"

SIMPLE SOPH: "As if I were going to have a sinking spell."

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KANSAS CITY, MO





### PRESS NOTES.

Besides having starred for years in such sterling plays as "Cyrano de Bergerac," "The Bells," "The Lyons Mail," "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Richelieu," "Nero," "The Operator," (of which he is the author), "The Clemenceau Case," and many others, Mr. Newell has enjoyed the distinction of holding the leading position with Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Thomas Keene, and many others of more or less prominence.

"Mr. Newell's rendition is not one for the galleries; he plays Cyrano in that splendid intellectual way which characterizes Booth's Hamlet."—Indianapolis News.

"Mr. Willard Newell possesses one of the four great voices of the American Stage." New York Evening Post.

"In the great part of Mathias in 'The Bells' Willard Newell showed that he has no superior as a character actor on the American Stage."—Indianapolis News.

"Mr. Newell altho yet a young man, reads with light and shades, and with those touches which stamp a genius. His performance last night of Cyrano de Bergerac verified the opinion that Mansfield is not the only actor before the public portraying great character parts."—Indianapolis News.

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Mr. Newell in opening his College of Dramatic Art and Oratory, is offering the people of Kansas City an opportunity of gaining a thorough and not superficial knowledge of Acting, Oratory and Elocution direct from one who has practiced and studied his profession for more than 20 years, not only in this country but abroad.

Over three years in vaudeville as a headline attraction. Pupils and actors prepared for vaudeville, drama and light comedy.

### PRESS NOTES

Actor-Sculptor in many parts. Willard Newell's love for two arts. As a sculptor he has attained distinction equaling his rank on the stage.

"Man in his time plays many parts" and this is especially so of Willard Newell,—certainly an actor is supposed to play many parts, but Mr. Newell has played other parts than those before the footlights. Originally intended for the legal profession, Mr. Newell was graduated as attorney and counsellor at law in both New York and Pennsylvania, but dry Coke and Blackstone did not satisfy his temperament and Shakespeare did. He entered upon the stage when Booth, Barrett, Irving and Keene were the idols of the public, when the theatre patrons attended the playhouse to enrich their minds and not to be amused."

"The last few years have witnessed a radical change in public taste and for a man thoroughly imbued with Shakespearean and similar roles, it was difficult for him to change so hastily—During this transition Mr. Newell became intensely interested in Sculpture, and going to Europe, making Paris his headquarters, there he took an atelier. L'Accident was his first creation, and much to his surprise it was admitted to the Paris Salon. The Dead Stream and other beautiful compositions followed—Mr. Newell has been through the South with many of our first stars, Barrett, Keene and others and was a star himself"—Ft. Worth Record.

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MISS NARDIN: "What are you laughing at, Mr. Tucker?"

TUCKER: "Nothing."

MISS NARDIN: "Well, Mr. Tucker, there are large institutions for people in that condition."

MR. HULL: "Would you know a piece of limestone if you met it on the street?"

STUDENT: "No, I would not recognize it."

MR. HULL: "Then you would be a stone-cutter."

A toast to:

The teacher with the grayish hair,  
The teacher with the glasses,  
The teacher who has good order  
In all her many classes.

To:

The teacher whom some people fear,  
Whom many more admire;  
I'm sure you have already guessed—  
Here's a toast to Miss Hodshier.



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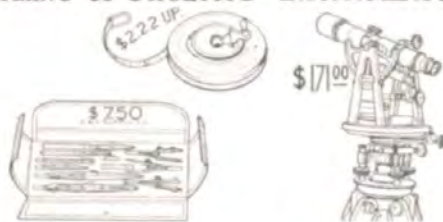
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MISS DE WITT: "Now, Gillis, this poetry has four feet to the line."

GILLIS: "Oh, that's a quadruped."

MR. BONTECOU (explaining passage from "The Raven"): "Whose footsteps tinkled on the tufted floor' means that he had bells on his toes."

MISS KURSHAT: "Decline in the singular 'the sweet pear.'"

GOODMAN: "What kind of pair?"

MR. BARTER: "Do women put paint and powder on with a brush?"

MISS SPENCER: "I don't know."

MR. HOLLEBAUGH: "Catherine the Great of Russia was good looking. She looked just like Miss Hodshier used to."

MISS SHIRE (after asking for kings of England): "Why do you look as solemn as if I had asked you to lead us in prayer?"

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Miss Staples: "How even Miss H's curls look."

Miss Silver (with mind on proposition being explained): "Yes, they're homologous."

Portly Visitor: "There was a gentleman sitting in the same seat with me in assembly—"

Bright Pupil: "He could not have been much of a gentleman. I wonder how he got there."

Teacher: "Mr. Ridge, what is the German for 'six'?"

Mr. Ridge (with loud voice): "Sox."

Teacher: "What do you know about the Mongolian race?"

Blossom: "I didn't see it. I went to the ball game."

Mr. Humphrey: "All who want light on this subject, see Black."

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Say, are blood tubes pipe organs?

She: “I never encourage crime.”

He: “Will you give me one, then?”

She: “I always encourage charity.”

Teacher: “Johnny, I don't believe you have studied your geography.”

Johnny: “No, mum, I heard you say that the map of the world was changing every day, so I thought I'd wait a few years until it got settled.”

Belinda is the village belle,

Her beauty has no ||

Her charming manner is perfection,  
There's no one like her in this §.

I wonder would she think me rash,

If after her I made a —,

And with a manner suave and bland,

I frankly asked her for her ~~aff~~.

Then if I murmured, “tell me, dearie,”

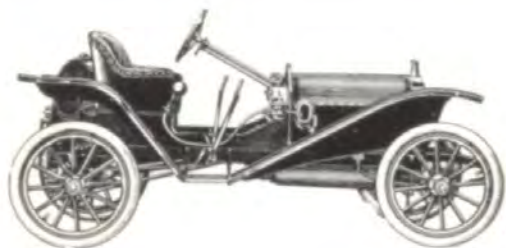
Would she say, “Yes,” to my ?

And yet Belinda's tongue is so brisk,

I fear I'd be an \*

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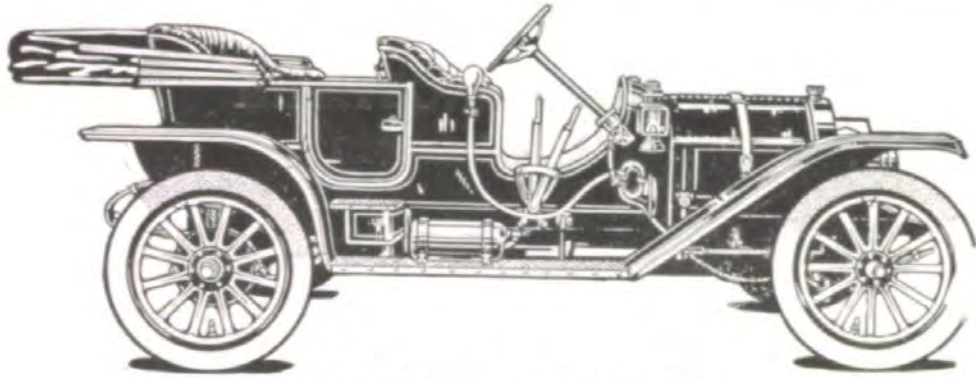


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MR. CUTTING: "Now, Ewing, we will have your exercise."

EWING: "Oh! I got my sides mixed up."

MR. FITT: (speaking of stepping barefoot on a snake): "I knew that I was on something that I ought not to be on—"

MR. DANIEL HULL (in chemistry): "Attention, please; we are speaking of dynamite now—"

"Be careful or Danny might explode."

L. STETTHEIMER (speaking on "Joe Cannon" in public speaking): "The House would not look natural if 'Uncle Joe' was not there, with his gavel and his cigar in his mouth."

MR. FOSTER: "Miss Fox, what book are you going to read?"

MISS FOX: "Hypatia."

MR. FOSTER: "What?"

MISS FOX: "Hypatia."

MR. FOSTER: "Oh, I thought you said 'have patience.'"

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"The Mysterious Maid."—Nancy Chamber-  
lain.

"Cheyenne" (Shy Ann).—Ann Edmundson.

"Beautiful Eyes."—Katherine Boyle.

"I Wish I Had a Girl."—Joe Guillet.

"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."—  
Russel Clark.

"The Candy Kid."—Sylvester Gilbert.

"Her Eyes Are Blue for Good Old Yale."—

Mary Forsythe.

"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave."—  
Lyle Hayes.

"Rings on My Fingers."—Martha Rea.

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"The College Widow" (or widowed by col-  
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"Mlle. Mischief."—Louise Spencer.

"The Parisian Model."—Freda Markgraff.

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MR. HAMILTON (in music): "I would rather have wide skips in the bass than to have more regular intervals."

MRS. HEDGES: "Well, you have a wide skip there from 'full' to 'heaven.'"

Miss Simpson had recited well in elocution, and Mr. Humphrey, in admiration, said:

"That is by far the largest thing yet in the class."

DR. SCOTT: "The earthworm has no heart."

CLARA STRUENING (in a stage whisper): "Why, the poor thing! It can't love anybody."

A three-year-old who saw W. H. S. for the first time this spring remarked to his accompanying grown-up:

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"Oh, lady fare,"  
His voice rang out.  
"Oh, lady, fare,  
Or else get out."

You kiss the trembling maid, you dwell  
In paradise for one sweet moment—well—  
Her lips so sweet may, but an hour ago,  
Have closed around a pickle—who can tell?

Krause (in a mediative mood): "Wimmins  
is awful expensive things. They was—even

from the first. Why, Eve cost Adam one  
'bone.'"

Mr. Ward in IV English: "Elizabeth, in  
Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice,' is not silly  
and ignorant like all other girls are."

Mr. Hull (talking about musical instru-  
ments): "Mr. Diggle, are you in the orches-  
tra?"

Mr. D: "Yes."

Mr. Hull: "What instrument do you play?"

Ruth Cornell: "Oh, he toots his own horn."

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"The Goddess of Liberty."—Ruth Cutler.

"The Girl at the Helm."—Jeanette Peet.

"The Three Twins."—Marie Stone, Marjorie Kroh (a third cannot be found).

"Honeymoon Trail."—Daisy and Larry.

"Going Some."—W. H. S. basket ball team.

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ELMO: "I'm sorry I cut, professor, but really I couldn't get back in time. I was detained on important business."

PROFESSOR: "So you wanted a few more minutes of grace, did you?"

ELMO (off his guard): "No, sir, of Ellen."

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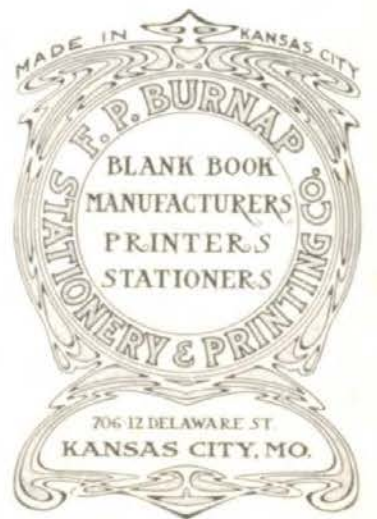


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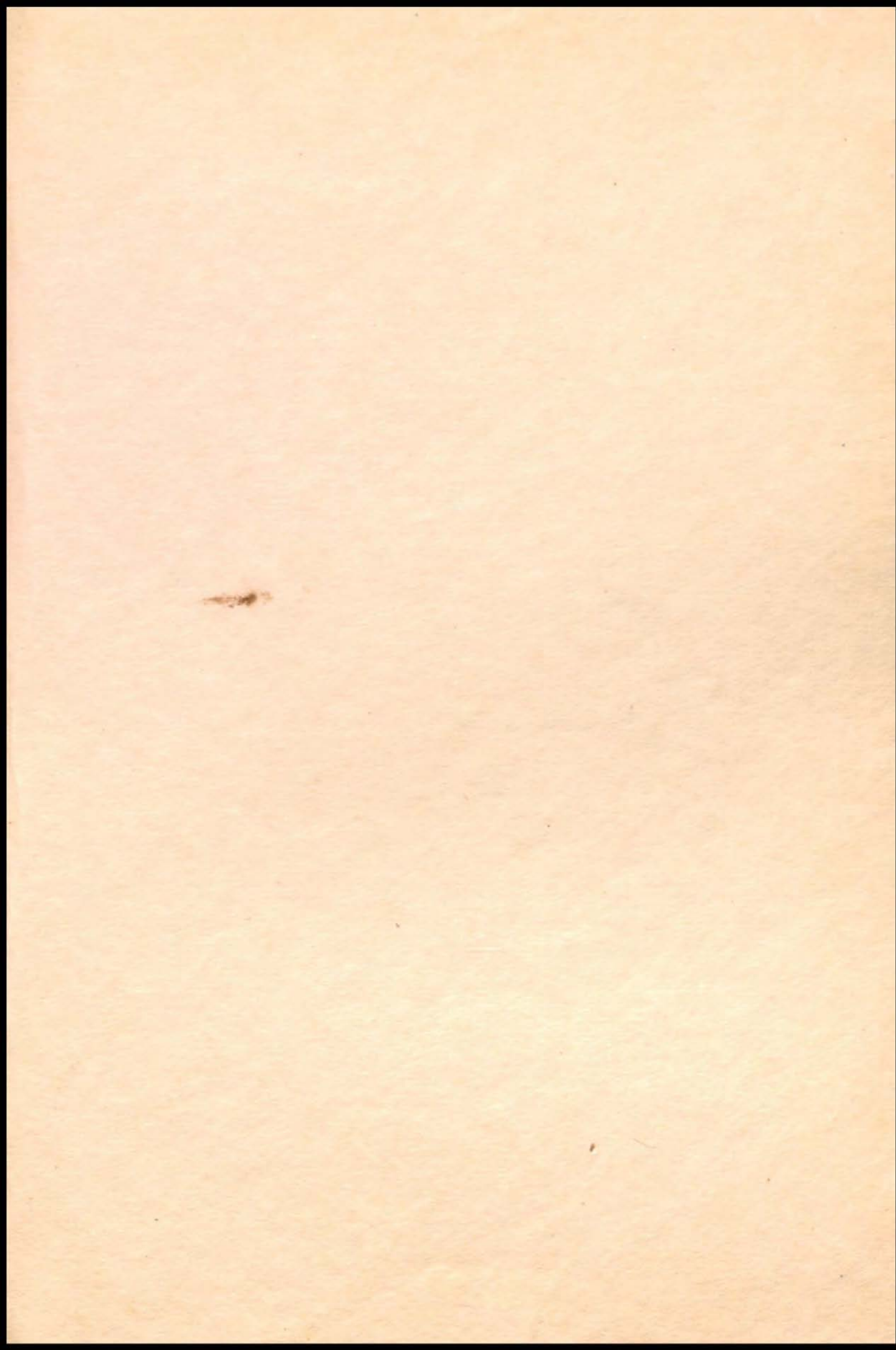


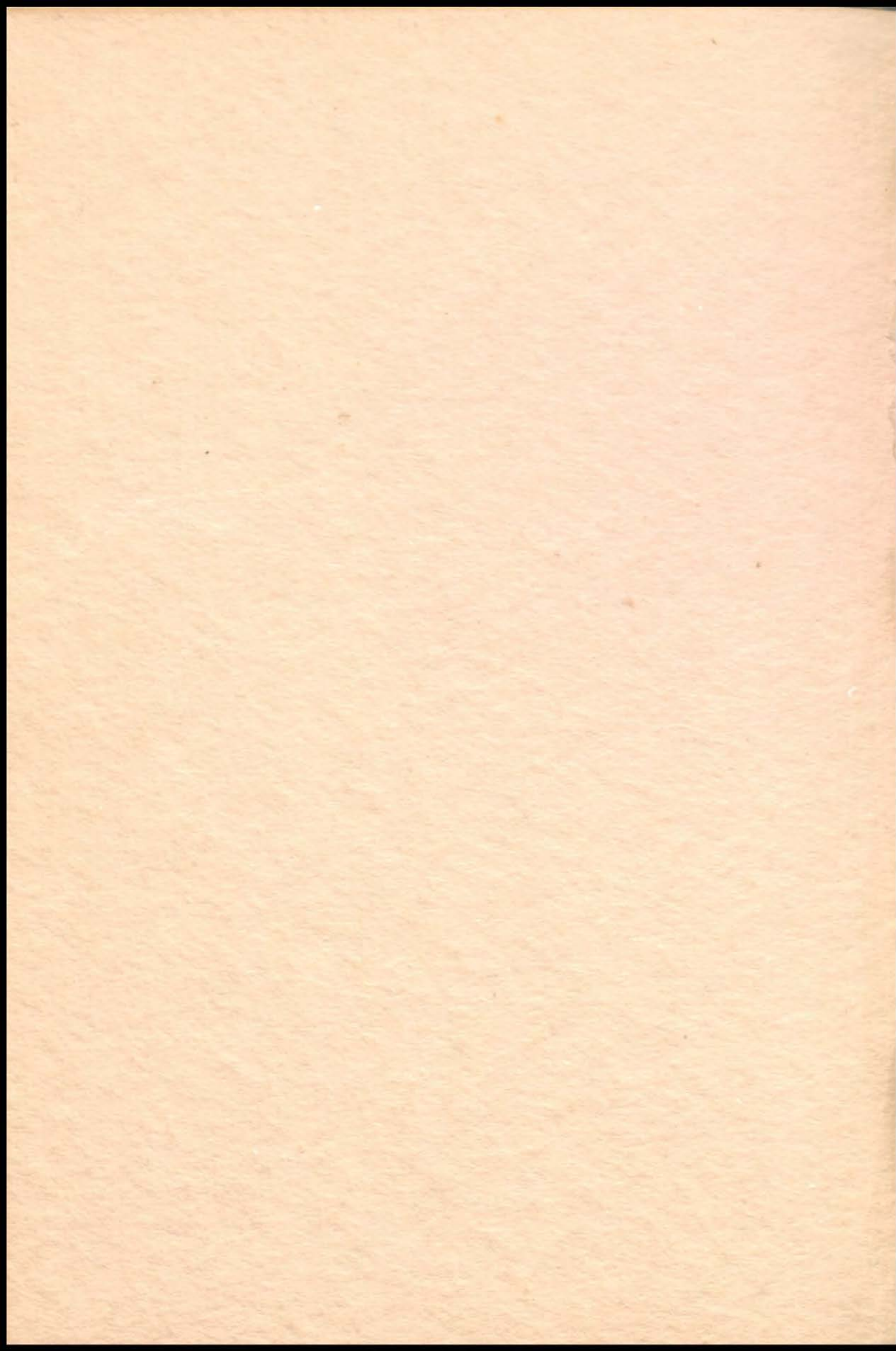




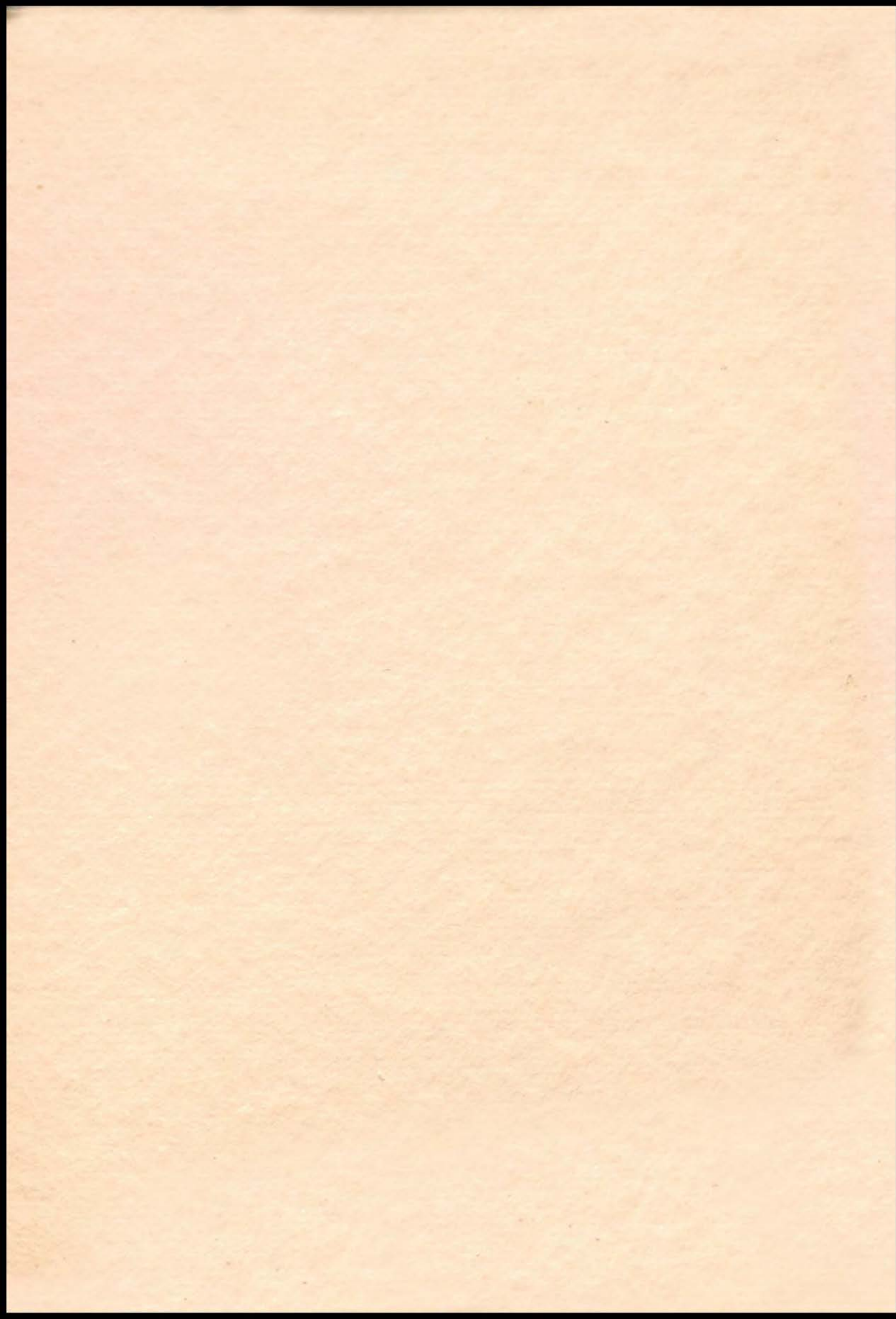














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