

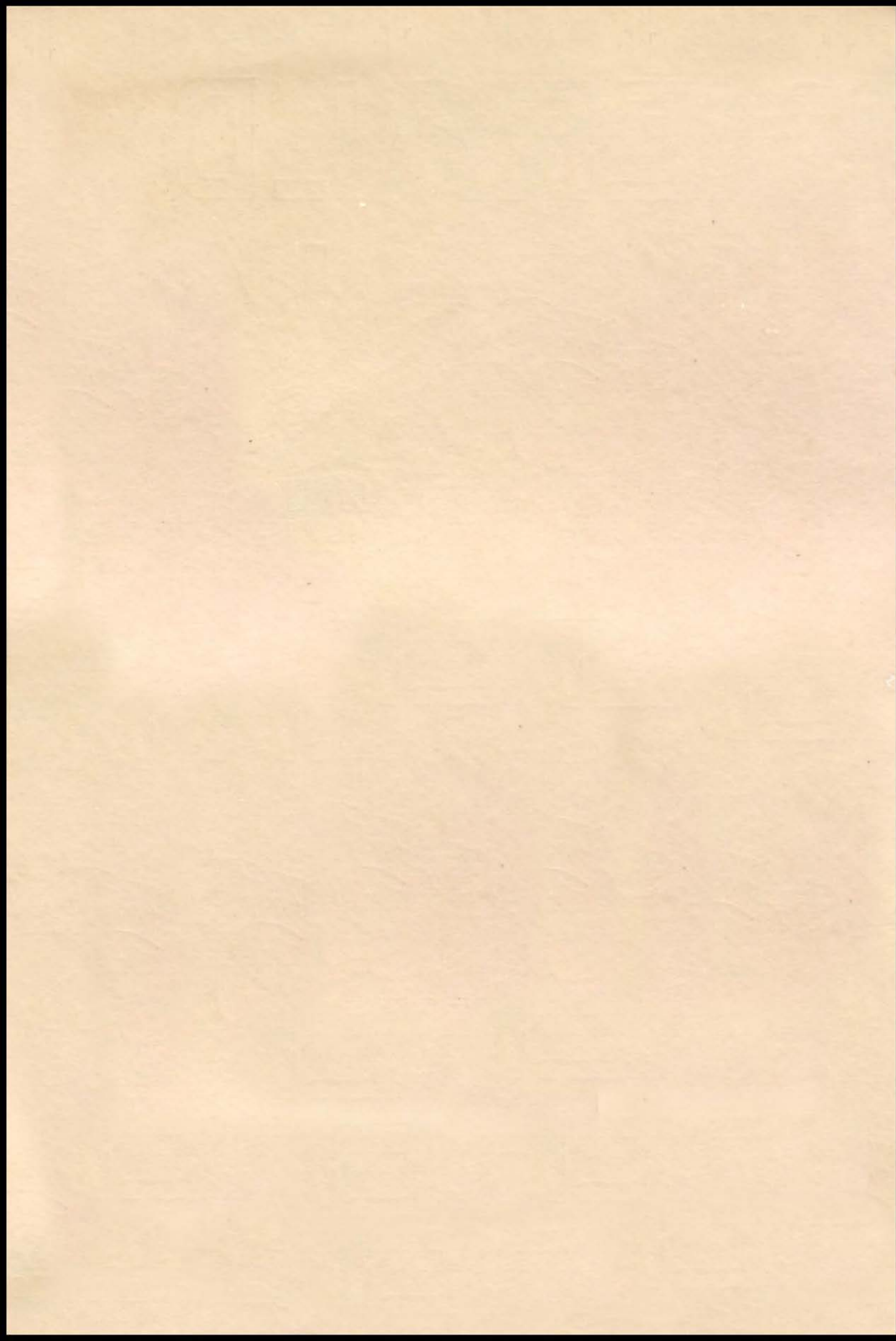
HERALD

1914



WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.



Esse Quam Videri



MR. J. L. SHOUSE

TO OUR PRINCIPAL

MR. J. L. SHOUSE

THIS NUMBER OF

THE HERALD IS

DEDICATED



WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

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DONALD SELBIE

DOROTHY STONER

FAY MEANS

CLIFFORD SCOTT

MARION SOWLE

HICKLIN YATES

HELEN SLOAN

FRED MEYER

FRANCIS UPDEGRAFF

HOMER COPE

LAWRENCE GREEN

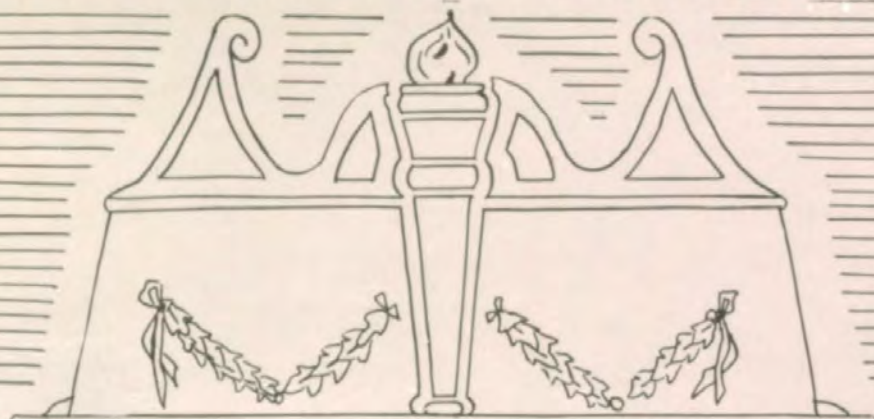
GERALDINE BROWN

VIRGINIA WOOD

JOSEPH JOFFEL

THE HERALD STAFF

EDITORIAL STAFF



THE HERALD WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL

Vol. XI Kansas City, Mo., June, 1914 No. 2

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MOTTO:

"Ah! that human mind is always working."

EDITORIALS

"'The time has come,' the walrus said,
"To speak of many things——'"

In this brief space, it is ours to thank our readers for their kind attention and liberal patronage; to bless our contribs. for that simple, guileless faith in us which characterized them throughout the year; to weep over severed connections with old Westport; to reverently bless the faculty for favors (in the form of certificates) received, yea even at the eleventh hour, and last, but not least (rather more), to make our Senior bow.

CONSTANT READER: Will all the sentences be as long as that one?

EDITOR (breathing hard): Hush! This is an introduction and not intended to be taken seriously.

Senior Examinations? Oh, dear, yes. They came in between the Quadrangular Meet and the Junior Prom, you know. Most of us came through swimmingly on the crest of a tidal wave. Some, however, touched bottom and scraped on a sand bar (usually Latin). Alas and alack! (likewise willow, willow!) a few, a mere handful (as Bill Nye finely and poetically puts it) "did not die but were jerked hence,

And they return no more,"
that is, until the enrollment next September.

Right foot foremost and we are ready for graduation. All the really important things have been decided for or by us. We have gravely deliberated on the matter of shoes and roses—whether it would seem affected for Seniors to wear them, if not what color?

Whether the sweet girl graduate would be justified in wearing a bunch (or a pair) of a different color than chosen, if they were sent by a Senior? By a Junior? And, on and on, the questions increasing and multiplying like rabbits in a warren, *ad nauseum*.

Although we are writing this in present time as a retrospective glance from the future (which takes an almost Virgilian knowledge of sequence of tenses to extricate ourselves from the mass of verbiage), we may safely say that this is our first, last and only Graduation Editorial. —And since we have come this far without any serious blowout, it behooves us to bring it to a rapid close while we are still sparking—even if it's only on one cylinder.

Everything about Seniors from their feet to the hydrangeas on their hats is poetic. Therefore we could not do better than close with a little poem or convulsion excerpted from a thin volume entitled, "Graduation Poems after Eminent Hands (and Feet)." A large Roger plate soap-dish will be given to the first person guessing by whose hand (or foot) this poem was written.

Allons, comarados!

Grasp the flung sheepskin.

Freedom and Vacation are at hand.

Also the Lawn-Mower.

Oh, my fellows, come away from the Chalk-Dust, the Lunch-Room, Ice Cream, the lure of the

Library, Room 33 and the Blanks-to-Be-

Signed by the Parent-or-Guardian

And Returned-on-the-Following-Day.

Out of the brick buildings,

Let us be graduated;

But do not fall off the platform.

Forward!!

—Author Unknown.



The View

(This Story was awarded First Prize in the
HERALD Story Contest.)

Mr. and Mrs. Van Zandt were at breakfast. Mrs. Van Zandt never failed to appear at the breakfast table, wherein she showed her great wisdom and superiority to the majority of society women. Indeed, it was a firmly established law in this household that newspapers at breakfast and breakfasts in bed were strictly tabooed. The head of the house had made the first rule—she had also made the second. These breakfasts together gave her an excellent opportunity to exert the rare tact and diplomacy for which she was so justly famed in her exclusive circle.

She had an especially delicate piece of work to attend to this morning. Coming downstairs she had planned her campaign, and she opened the attack as she poured the coffee.

"George, dear, did you have an exceptionally hard day at the office yesterday?" she asked sympathetically.

"We CERTAINLY did! I'm all fagged out. Be glad when this rush is over," he replied, as he interestedly watched her drop three lumps into his cup. This wife of his, with her whims and her proprietorship, amused him immensely. The fact that he was still very much in luck had caused all the club women to pay close attention to Mrs. Van Zandt's paper on "How to Manage a Husband."

Putting some of her own advice into practice, she leaned over and patted his hand gently.

"You poor dear! But, then, you're making heaps of money, aren't you?"

"Yes, I think I'll have enough money to stop work in a few years. Then for a good, long rest!

"Well, it's lucky for you that you were not resting yesterday. Since you did work so dreadfully hard, I suppose I must forgive you!" And she smiled bewitchingly.

"What have I forgotten now?"

Mrs. Van Zandt, with a queer little crinkle around her eyes, looked at him over the top of her cup. "Only," impressively, "my BIRTHDAY."

"Great Scott, as bad as that? Why, *why* didn't you remind me? Well, it isn't too late yet. What will you have, a new car?"

"But this is a *very* special occasion! Why, it was just three years ago yesterday that you proposed!"

"But last year I sent you to Europe because it had been just two years!"

"But, George, each year it is farther away, and each year we get a little older and more forgetful, so we should have something more wonderful each year to remind us."

George looked at the pretty, serious face with its dimpled chin and frank, boyish eyes.

"By the time you are sixty I will present you the world, with my compliments."

She made a little grimace.

"But when I'm twenty-four you need only present me with a pink pearl necklace, with your love."

"That sounds easy. How much?"

"Two hundred thousand."

There was silence, deep and potent. But Mrs. Van Zandt knew her strength.

"Well, I don't care much. B-u-t it l-o-oked so pretty and I—I—I wan-ted it s-o-o." And her head came down on the table.

"There, don't cry, dear. Order it today."

"Oh, you *darling!*"

Mrs. Van Zandt was all sparkle and joy and triumph as she followed her husband to the door. She held his coat, and, before he left, she kissed the tiny bald spot on top of his head.

Is there still any wonder that she had a reputation for good management?

As Mr. Van Zandt rode to his business he shook his head dubiously. It seemed as if the long-wished-for rest was farther away than ever. If he only could—! And he was lost in thought. As he stepped out of the car in front of his office, his strong teeth came together with a snap. He *would* do it. He went immediately to his private office, where he looked over some papers, made a few calculations and rang for Brown. Brown was his right-hand man in all important dealings.

"We're going to sell the Ziegler place."

The man stared. The Ziegler place was the Jonah of all real estate brokers!

"For two hundred thousand dollars."

Brown gasped.

"But, Mr. Van Zandt, it has always been impossible at one hundred thousand."

"Send for Hamilton."

"But it isn't honest!"

"*Send for Hamilton!*"

Brown left, awed, dismayed. Was this courteous George Van Zandt? And Hamilton!

Van Zandt's office had always been known for its fair bargaining and honest prices, and Hamilton, the expert advertiser, was known alike for his great skill and "crooked" methods. Besides they had always used their own advertiser before.

Hamilton came, suave, smiling, received his commission and departed. A week later a large packet came containing the most attractive pamphlets Brown had ever seen. On the cover was a large, rambling old house, surrounded with sweeping lawns, which merged into the distant view. This view seemed limitless, seemed to lead far away into unknown lands. Strange voices seemed to be calling to one to explore the mysterious sights and sounds which lurked behind the distant hills. All through the booklet sketches were scattered, each evidently a product of the same master hand which had made the cover design. Then Brown began to read.

"Man is no longer a mere machine, just living to eat, drink and while away his time in worldly pleasure, which only destroys all his finer sensibilities. Man has progressed much within the last century. He will progress even more in the centuries to come. He no longer carouses from sunset to sunset, as in former years. In years to come *all* bodily pleasure will be forgotten, and man will find his keenest enjoyment in those things which appeal to the mind and soul, causing him to forget the sordid subjects of the world. My friend, we have chosen you as one of those few people who are in advance of their age, who appreciate only the æsthetic in life. This is why we have given you the privilege of being one of those who may purchase this wonderful view, etc."

As Brown carried the pamphlets to Mr. Van Zandt he muttered to himself:

"You mean that you have chosen these people because they have more money and less brains than most people."

Aloud to Mr. Van Zandt he said:

"Who is to be chief agent for the property, sir?"

"Piker."

"Piker! Mr. Van Zandt, Piker will cheat you in some way, you may be sure. He has never dealt with a man yet whom he has not ruined! I have been silent so far, thinking some time to appeal to your better judgment. But I find that I have hesitated too long. I am very sorry, sir, but I cannot afford to have my name linked with that of Piker. If he comes, I must go."

"Your resignation is accepted."

Slowly, sadly, Brown left the room.

A month had passed. Again Mr. and Mrs. Van Zandt were at breakfast. Mr. Van Zandt had sold the Ziegler property, but no matter how hard he tried he couldn't feel exultant. Still, for his wife's sake—!

"Did you buy the necklace, dear?"

Mrs. Van Zandt smiled.

"Not yet. I wanted to wait until you could go with me. Can't you today, *please?*"

Mr. Van Zandt reflected. Really, after the last month, he had a right to a holiday.

Mrs. Van Zandt clapped her hands.

"Then be ready *at once*, for I'm going to take you riding first." And she ran from the room with a mysterious smile.

They were flying out on the country road and Mr. Van Zandt was enjoying his holiday thoroughly. But he forgot all about the scenery when his wife said:

"I'm not going to buy the necklace."

"*Not buy the necklace!*" And after all his work.

"No, I've bought something else. You know you said you were going to retire soon, and I didn't want the necklace very much anyway, because Mrs. Blake bought one just like it. But I've bought the most wonderful home. You should see the magnificent view. But you will soon, for I'm taking you there now. You know I feel *so* clever. Just think, I have more æsthetic taste than anyone, for I bought the view first. Just listen to what the pamphlet says—I found it in your room: 'Man is no longer a mere machine, only living to eat, drink and while away his time in—' why, what is the matter, George, you aren't ill, are you? Poor dear, do you feel better now? What did you say? You'll go back to 'Brown?' But it already is brown. I'm glad you like brown though, for I thought it would be best to leave it brown so as not to detract from the view."

HELEN SMITH, '14.

A MODERN HORATIO

*I marched through Caesar's Commentarii,
As one might march upon a battle-field;
Resolved to fight and win or else to die—
To let my life be lost ere I should yield.
Each afternoon, sometimes at almost night,
I donned my harness for a deadly fray,
And plunged into his lines with all my might,
Nor ever did I fall—until a day
When, buoyant in the hope of more success,
I charged a bridge he'd built across the Rhine.
It pains me much, but still, I must confess
He drove me back. I fell. A whole long line
Tramped over me and slew a many a man
Who'd fought beside me since the fight began.*

JAMES EVERETTE JONES, JR.

The Sun

(This Poem was awarded First Prize in the HERALD Poem Contest.)

*Ever it burns on so steadily, fiery,
Never it rests in its burning career.
As some wild beast, savage, bent on destruction,
Yet comforting, nourishing, ofttimes those near.*

*Straight through the sky it is hurled all a-flaming,
Now parching the earth with its hot, panting breath;
And again, in the dark, dank, and dungeon-like spaces,
Its warmth eases the burden of those bound to death.*

*Ever so cruel and ever so life-giving,
It sets all the Heavens aflame with its light.
Nothing can quench it and nothing destroy it,
Leaving the world in an e'erlasting night.*

*Thus straight to the West it goes, 'spit? of all hindrances,
Where, at last, all triumphant, flamboyant,
With a last wild assertion of passionate power
And a mad, glad upflinging of light to o'ertower
Man with his jealousy, man with his hate—
Ah, all he will dare, though he battles 'gainst Fate.
Clouds it sets burning—will destruction ne'er stop?—
Then straight in oblivion the fire seems to drop.
And all o'er the world does the dark smoke arise,
Covering fiend's murder, man's guilt, deceit's lies,
Yet comforting beaten heart, healing its pain,
Giving it strength for life's struggle again,
While in the sky, o'er debris from the fire,
The light still does play, and reflects on the mire,
Giving the man who has lost in the race,
Courage to rise, implore God for His Grace.*

*Beneath the smoke and the darkness it brings
Has the flame, all-consuming, now mined through its way,
Until, in the East once more flashing, upspringing,
Brings a newer, a hotter, a still different day.*

*Thus, ever burning, and glowing, and glaring,
What good and what harm it does no man can measure.
When the world's passion has ceased its wild flaring,
And mankind has learned that in service lies treasure,*

*Then it may be that the sun will lose fire,
The earth will turn cold and there'll be no more day,
And man will have gone to a plane that is higher,
But when will that be? Ah, can God even say?*

HELEN SMITH, '14.

The Fateful Ruby

(With Apologies to Edgar Allan Poe)

(This Story was awarded Second Prize in the HERALD Story Contest.)

On about the twelfth day of my stay at the castle of my friend, Lord Eldred, I was surprised when he, entering my room at an unusually early hour, presented me with a large, heavy, iron key, accompanied by the following strange words:

"My friend, I have a secret to impart—a grave and deadly secret. Fear nothing. It will bring no harm to you, and there are reasons why you *must* hear it. Listen to me." I was already listening intently—half fearful, half curious. He continued: "Ascend to the central turret. At the top of the stair your way will be obstructed by a stout door to which this is the key," handing it to me. "Wait in the chamber for me. I'll join you as quickly as I may." He left the chamber, while I, dazed, stared at the key he had left in my hand with an almost stupid wonder. Rousing at length, I dressed, breakfasted, and was soon on my way to the place mentioned by my host.

I found it without difficulty and opened the door. Then I stopped still on the threshold and stared about me in blank wonder; I found it a marvelous room, of inconceivable size; its walls were hung with draperies black as midnight, and covered with disjointed, arabesque figures that moved fitfully in unison with a wild, wailing, unearthly music that seemed to come from nowhere. The room was carpeted with rich cloth-of-gold into which the foot sank ankle deep. Great golden, jewelled censers hung from the ceiling, giving forth clouds of weirdly-colored incense, which, rising higher and higher, at last obscured the top of the room. At intervals along the wall were niches, in which were placed tripods bearing braziers, which gave the only light the room afforded. Between two of these niches at the remote end of the chamber the draperies dif-

fered from the rest in that they were of a blood-red color. At the right of this blood-red curtain there hung a huge golden scabbard, richly jewelled, with the hilt of a sword protruding. Luxuriously upholstered chairs abounded, and in the exact center of the room was a couch of inlaid ebony, covered with crimson cushions.

All this I had observed hastily while standing on the threshold. Slowly I advanced into the room, closing the door behind me, and yielded myself to the soft cushions of one of the numerous chairs. Suddenly the door again swung open, and as I sprang to my feet, my host entered.

He was a young man of about five and twenty. His hair was of raven blackness, fine as silk, and he had suffered it to grow long so that it hung profusely about his head and shoulders. His face was white as marble, and as expressionless, except his eyes, which, like two coals, seemed ever about to burn into the very soul of those with whom he talked. Wonderfully handsome was Lord Eldred, but in no human way. As he advanced into the room, it seemed that the wildness of the early morning had vanished, and in its place was a subdued emotion apparently between ferocity and fear. He came up to me with a melancholy smile.

"My dear friend, it was indeed kind of you to so oblige me. You must know I have a duty to perform—a secret to impart—" he broke off, shuddering excessively. Hastily recovering himself, he continued, "I said a duty. Perhaps the term is a little exaggerated, but I dare not die and leave my secret untold. You are my best friend, and I have reason to hope that, after my death, you will not refuse to care for the welfare of my wife. Nay, now," as I started to protest at the idea of his dying,

"the seal of death is surely upon me. But come, and I'll show you the most evil thing in the world—aye, or the universe." Seizing my arm, he half led, half dragged me across the apartment to the blood-red curtain. Casting it aside, he commanded me to look within. I obeyed him.

There, on a cushion of sable velvet, reposed a monstrous ruby, larger by far than any described in the fanciful tales of the Far East. Over it was blazed, in letters of gold:

"By human blood was I produced; by human blood alone can I be reduced."

Wondering, I gazed, until there came upon me a mad desire of possession, and slowly, fearfully, I advanced toward it. Eldred caught my arm and drew me back, letting the blood-red curtain fall into place as he did so.

"You have seen," said he, "the curse of my life—of my family. Listen and I will tell you the history of the accursed thing." Then, as if trying to find fitting words, he fell to pacing the apartment with quick, panther-like strides, at length falling on the couch in a trance. Unalarmed, as he was often thus overcome, I had fallen into reverie, dreaming of the marvelous ruby there, when I heard a light foot ascending the stair. Gliding to the door, I opened it, and came upon the figure of Lord Eldred's wife, the beautiful Lady Armoral. Swiftly she entered, and shut the door behind her.

She was very lovely. Her hyacinthine hair, of a bright, unnatural golden color, fell nearly to the floor. Her cheeks were faintly pink from excitement, and her large, luminous, velvety brown eyes gazed on me appealingly. Smaller by far than her husband, slender almost to emaciation, her whole figure seemed to express each varying emotion. She was clad in a long, flowing white robe, with a silver girdle, and over her shoulders she had carelessly flung a rich velvet mantle.

I started to exclaim over her presence here, but she motioned imperiously for silence; then murmured, "My husband! is he here?"

I nodded. With a piteous entreaty in her velvety eye, she continued. "He told me not to come here, forbade me to follow him, commanded me to stay in my own apartments. My friend, I felt that I could not. I feared—oh, I feared for him! It seemed that I must come, or go mad. Conceal me, my friend! If there is danger, let me share it with him, if there is no danger, I can do no harm." I could not resist her appeal—what mortal man could? And taking her hand, I led her to a nook where she might see and hear all, yet herself remain unseen.

No sooner had I resumed my seat than Eldred awoke from his trance and started up, muttering wildly. His face was haggard, his eyes dull and glassy. Turning to me fiercely, he resumed his tale.

"I was telling you of the ruby, was I not? Ha! ha!" and he laughed till the room seemed to echo a demon's laugh. "'Tis a lovely tale! Picture the ruby as you have seen it, monstrous beyond imagination, gleaming with a thousand fires, beautiful, fascinating and evil!" His voice rose to a scream. "Behind that blood-red curtain lies a jewel worth a hundred sultan's ransoms, and it was built by blood! Aye, you start. But know, my remotest ancestor killed a man for the sake of that jewel—then less than a fourth the size it now is. Each succeeding generation has added to it to the size of a drop of blood for every man killed through desire for gain. And," his voice sunk to a whisper, "it is written that only the blood of an innocent woman may wipe off the curse. You perceive my meaning? My wife—if she sees it—" but he never finished, for he turned to see what held my horror-stricken gaze.

For, as he spoke of the ruby, Armoral drew nearer, as he pointed out the curtain, she glided to it—pulled it aside! And now she gazed on the ruby—now advanced, even as I had advanced—to it, but there was no hand to draw her back, and she gathered it into her arms! But with a wild cry of rage, Eldred

leapt from his chair, and hurling himself across the chamber, seized the sword, and before I could stir from my place, had plunged it deep into her breast. She fell with the ruby clasped in her arms.

Recovering the use of my limbs, I darted to the side of Eldred. He grasped my arm in a grip of iron, and lo! as her heart's blood gushed forth, it surrounded the ruby and the accursed stone *dissolved*, emitting wild red

flames. O Horror! the flames caught in the velvet hangings and in a moment the room was a blazing furnace. But the unfortunate Eldred, frantic with grief, flung himself on the body of his wife, and crying on the name of Armoral, expired.

Turning, I fled from the castle. Naught, naught but perished in the flames. The prophecy was fulfilled!

ELIZABETH PRATT, '16.

A Grim Fairy Tale Entitled A Block of Ivory

Far away in the little town of Razzledonia-on-the-Sea, in the neighborhood of the Atlantic Ocean, lived a good man and his wife. The two were poor, very poor indeed, but happy all the same, and especially so upon a certain day when a great big wall-eyed baby boy came to eat up their scanty capital. Owing to no fault of mine the fairies did not all come from the corners of the earth to bless the babe and give him presents; unfortunately but two arrived. Now one of these fairies, Galena by name, was a very *crooz* fairy who particularly hated wall-eyed babes, so when the father was carrying his new treasure from nowhere in particular to the mantlepice, she made the innocent babe slip from his hands by her foul craft. But the good fairy Prunelda, a much more powerful fairy than the bad Galena, had been watching from inside the milk-bottle and she crawled out just in time to foil the *crooz* deed. Of course, she could not undo what another fairy had done, but she could, in a way, counteract it by a wish of her own. And so Prunelda did. Before the slumbering child reached the hard, cold cement floor—for the family was so poor that they lived in a basement—Prunelda said, in her soft, soothing, inarticulate fairy talk, "Babe, thy head shall be of solid ivory and shall never crack." And so when the child finally reached the floor, the

poor dear was awakened by the jar, but otherwise uninjured. His father, rejoicing that nothing very disagreeable had happened, gathered the little one into his arms and sang "Marching Thro' Georgia" several times until his beautiful child, which is quite unusual in sons of pawnbrokers, was borne into the land of sleep.

Then Prunelda, seeing that all was well for a time at least, blest the child thrice and silently went up the chimney. Now when Galena saw that Prunelda had left, she straightway flew and alighted directly upon the child's forehead and prepared to inject her poisonous venom into that intellectual brow. Unfortunately for Galena she had sent her invisiblizing headgear to the millinery store to be renovated, so there she was in plain view to whoever happened to gaze at her. Prunelda, although many leagues away, chanced to look back and saw the danger, but daring not to risk the uncertainty of a forced march, remained where she was and whispered into the good man's ear, "Hist! s-s-s-s death!! Haste thee and get a fly-swatter or a hammer." He was not the kind of man to ask why, so he quickly laid the boy on the mantlepice and ran over to his shop a half mile distant, remembering that he had loaned some doubtful currency on an overworked fly-swatter.

When he arrived at his little shop he found that no key was to be found. The pawnbroker stopped and thought—in the twinkling of an eye the course he was to pursue was clear. The fly-swatter must be obtained, therefore the key must be gotten from behind the Waterbury on the mantelpiece in this same basement which he had just left. "Ah," said he, "if I run back I will be tired and cannot return with the key and fetch the fly-swatter. Therefore will I hop with one leg so that the other may rest on the way; I will then return with the key, hopping with the other, thereby resting the first and again return with the fly-swatter on the first which is resting while hopping with the second." At last the good man arrived at his habitage with the fly-swatter and glancing at his sleeping child's intellectual forehead realized that Providence had sent him something to swat.

Now Galena had worked unceasingly all this time and had drilled through the solid rock one ten-thousandth of an inch. She labored on until the descending fly-swatter reduced her to a jelly. Now the final effect of the swat on this fairy was that being so reduced to gelatinous goo she could not return to active service for twenty years. The good pawnbroker in dealing the blow had feared the child should awake, but he did not even feel the blow—he slumbered on to the rhythm of the faithful Waterbury.

It suffices for us to know that our hero being no longer beset by a foul fiend, devoted himself to growing. As time went on Davy Jones—for that was what the townsfolk called him—not that John Jehosaphat Rosedale would not have brought him gaping to their presence—got older and by the time he was eighteen he had passed through one or two grades in school and several pairs of his father's trousers. Then his father put Davy to work in a junk yard near the wharf where there was a superfluity of old bricks and an occasional pig of iron. Davy seemed to fit right in among the bricks and pigs. By the end of six months he knew what he was sup-

posed to do and everybody else, too, and had made the acquaintance of the stenographer of a rival junk dealer. This, dear reader, is progress backed by ambition. Davy was several times momentarily raised and once threatened to be lifted entirely, but nothing daunted, he labored on with head still uncracked. He at times wrote verses to his fair maid, but on the whole he was a fairly respectable lover. At nineteen, Davy Jones was no longer an insignificant ragged lad. He was a handsome lad as he had been a handsome infant! And Lena! Ah, Lena, she was his fair maid. In a general way she lived up to



her name, had some grand R. S. V. P. eyes and taking tout-ensemble and at a distance was rather ornamental. In age she was "over eighteen." Sundays Davy was on dress parade and oh! when he called on her down at her house on the water front she WAS so lovely. She DID chew her gum so beautifully and his heart leapt with joy at the thought of making her his own.

Davy soon reached his twentieth birthday, and, said he: "I will ask my fair queen to marry me and tomorrow we will take to 'The Road Ahead.'" But you must remember this

fatal day brought back the wicked Galena, and rising from her stupor she scanned the horizon until she saw Davy. She uttered one of those stifled cries of revenge and turning noiselessly thrice upon her rubber heel she set about to do her best.

And Davy's father couldn't see Davy's way of thinking, either. Davy had persisted in staying out nights after eight o'clock, etc. The old gentleman concluded that something must be done. "If I tell Davy to desist he will ask me who is running the joint—" At last he hit upon an idea. "I will have that wretched boy arrested for spending his earnings and then with a diet of sawdust and molasses he will learn to respect my wishes." Straightway he told the constable and the constable of course was willing that a man's son should be arrested for doing anything or nothing, but fearing lest Davy should put his foot in the matter, turned the job over to his assistant, saying, "Here's a picture of your man—get him!"

That afternoon at quitting time Davy was strolling down to the little vine-covered cottage among the trees, etc. The officer of the law appeared, approaching cautiously on tip-toe. Between his clinched teeth he silently breathed "S-s-s- Death!!" His hand fingered the edge of his coat—he straightened up and, the breaths coming quick and fast, he thought to himself, "You're my man, m-a-n, my man!"—looking hastily behind he said in an undertone, "Stop! you're wanted." But as Davy still went on he said, "Ha, I will pursue you," and he tightened up his belt. But he had no definite mode of attack. "Ah, I will make my assault from the rear." In a jiffy he was at the edge of the ocean—he approached, clapped his hand on Davy's shoulder, shoved the picture in his face and said, "You're my man! see???" Davy turned thrice on his heel and remarked in all calmness, "What the h——?" "Confound your impudence," said the man, "can't you see you're my man?"

"With my compliments," said Davy, as he sprawled his grappling hooks squarely on the gentleman's countenance.

Now Galena, who had been waiting all this time, jumped up and whispered in the bewildered man's ear, "I say, give him a broadside." In a second the man was on his feet; he whipped out his gun and took careful aim at Davy's slowly retreating head. Setting his jaw and closing his eyes he deliberately placed his finger on the trigger. O good fairy where are you?—Galena laughed one of those stock laughs. Next came the old familiar muffled roar.

"Effie!" cried the man, dropping the smoking weapon. Galena only smiled a wicked smile as she saw the bullet come squarely in contact with Davy's head. Now Davy's head was of solid construction and we can see why the man cried, "Effie! I've lost my man," as he fainted and rolled into the sea.

It was some time before Davy stopped and it was many miles out at sea that he finally described a graceful curve into the ocean. He took a long draw of salt water to satisfy his thirst after the long ride. Swimming soon became tiresome, so he wished for a log to cling to and forthwith the good fairy, who had been unable to arrive until now, brought one to him. He climbed astride of it and desiring some one to talk to he asked the fairy to sit on the other end to balance it and also keep up her end of the conversation. When conversation began to lag he said, "Fairy, are there no steamers around?" No sooner had he uttered it than one appeared but a quarter of a mile away. "Fairy," said he, "I'm hungry." No sooner was it said than a man appeared at the rail of the ship and let a large box down the side. In a few moments it had floated over to Davy and the ship disappeared.

"Hist," said the fairy, "I hear a call for aid—olive oil—I shall return." So saying she disappeared. Now it was no other than Galena who had called the good fairy away, and now that Prunella was away she assumed Prunel-

da's form and sat down upon the log. "Welcome home so soon," cried Davy. "Now let us feed." Galena touched the box with her umbrella (which was a combination wand and rain protector) and lo! it opened, but the dainty food that had been there was all turned to yeast. "Eat, gentle creature, eat," sang Galena, and Davy, being extremely hungry and never having tasted anything so delicious as

yeast, ate and ate and ate and ate, or as they say, he ate to his heart's content.

The shades of night were falling fast and Davy drowsily closed his eyes to slumber. The moon rose, Davy slumbered—and rose. The moon was full; Davy was full. Out of the silence of night there was a low muffled roar—Davy was gathered unto his fathers.

F. F. MURRAY, '14.



—DAVY WAS GATHERED UNTO HIS FATHERS.

The Russian High School

(To M. Melamed, Vitebsk, Russia.)

The Russian "gymnasia" is the educational institution that corresponds to the American high school. It is divided into two classes, boys and girls, for the coeducational system has not yet reached Russia. A "gymnasia" has an eight-year course and is accordingly divided into eight classes. Besides these there is a preparatory one year class. Children not younger than eight, having a primary school certificate or possessing an elementary reading and arithmetical knowledge, are accepted into the preparatory class, but because of the fact that the primary school system is not well organized, the applicants to the "gymnasia" have to pass an entrance examination before they are admitted to school.

One who is admitted can not choose his subjects, because the Russian high school does not offer any elective courses. The classes are composed of a number of students, forty at the most, who are all studying the same sub-

jects under the same teachers. Each division remains in one room all day and the teachers of the different subjects come in and take their places on the cathedra.

The relations between the instructors and the students are almost always unfriendly. The methods used by the teachers are much like those of the Russian police. The dry, official tone of the instructor makes his presence unpleasant to the pupils. His angry face, unfair grading and too frequently thundering voice frighten the little fellows and awaken hatred in the hearts of the older ones. Calling by "nick-names" or even by insulting, impolite language is often a means used by the pedagogue.

Grading in the Russian "gymnasia" is done on the scale of five, this number standing for "excellent." Report cards are issued four times during the ninth-month school term. If a member of a class has failed in any one

subject he is obliged to pass an examination on it at the beginning of the next year, and if he fails in it he remains for another year in the same class; *i. e.*, he repeats all the subjects of the last year's course. There is an age limit for each term, and if the one who has failed happens to be a week older than the age specified by law he has to leave the high school and can never enter another, unless it be a private one.

But in spite of the unfavorable conditions, the military discipline, the regulations and restrictions at home and at school, in spite of the officialdom of the instructors, the severe methods of punishment, the old-fashioned textbooks; in spite of the poorly equipped laboratories, rigidly censored libraries, and not at all

magnificent buildings; in spite of all that—the Russian high school student is far more intelligent and educated than the American or English high school student. His mind is full of planning how to free the country from tyranny and give liberty to the martyred nation. His love for freedom is deeply rooted in his soul, and day and night he searches in the many books for the solution of the great problem: how to save his country. Fiction, history and science educate his feelings and his thoughts. Walking out into life he finds himself a member of mankind, facing great puzzling questions, and, dignified by the position which he holds, he carries boldly the banner of truth and idealism.

I. D. LEVINE, '14.

Cloud Land

(This Poem was awarded Second Prize in the HERALD Poem Contest.)

*The line of heaped-up thunder-clouds,
Low in the Western sky,
Looks like a distant country
With cliffs and mountains high.*

*See the rivers and rocky bluffs,
Islands and gulfs and bays—
And oh, such wondrous places
Lit up with golden rays!*

*Look! it is changing with the light,
More wondrous yet—a magic lake!
Now see the icebergs, cold and gray;
Oh, look, the fairy islands break!*

FREDERICK MURRAY, '14.

The Story of My Adventure Story

I started out to write an adventure story, thinking it would be easy to do, because adventure stories are easy reading, and, of course, it would be but a matter of a few minutes to write one! I ventured into the realms of the air with a wireless station. I built a light-house on Rocky Point. I got the captain and his son, and got ready to get the plot—the plot—oh! the plot—when it came to getting that I was “not there with the goods.” I could not get that splash of red to come in just right. How could I get the captain in the light-house alone? Well, I guess I’ll have to kill his son after all or let him drown. I guess I’ll let him drown, have him going ashore in a rowboat to get provisions for the light-house, and have a terrible storm come up and his rowboat capsize; but Mr. Foster said to write something that might be true, and that isn’t likely. (I am sweating already. “Oh, just five more weeks.”) The pilot went up the rickety old stairs of the light-house and turned on the green—which color denotes safety to the boats—I guess I’ll have to try another story.

Now I have to go to my sister for consolation and advice. She gives me a headlight and tells me to try an automobile story. It makes me cool to think of riding in an automobile with the wind blowing in my face and my going at a sixty-mile-an-hour speed, and having a blowout—that’s it, I’ll have a blowout and have the automobile turn turtle! I’ll have two men escaping in an automobile from a small town where they have just broken open the safe and robbed the bank. The sheriff and a dozen cowboys are in full pursuit. The automobile is going at a terrific speed when the right front tire blows out and the auto turns completely over, throwing the men out. They pick themselves up rather than have the sheriff and cowboys “shoot them

up.” They start to get away with the money; but the pursuing party gets there first and, of course, they instantly kill the two robbers. That is a fine story, but oh! the length—twelve lines, and Mr. Foster said this adventure story must be four pages long. I can write very large when it comes to that; but I don’t believe I can cover four pages unless I skip a page where the automobile turns turtle.

Having exhausted the earth, air, and water, there is only one element left, and that is fire. I got the fire started; I got the firemen started; I got my story started. A large building was burning and the heat was so intense that the firemen could not come within a long distance of it. It was impossible to get the fire under control. The red flames leaped high into the air, and soon the whole block was ablaze. The people in the adjoining blocks were piling their furniture and household goods out in the street, before the fire reached them. By this time a strong wind had risen; the water supply was low, and the small streams of water from the hose seemed to have no effect on the enormous fire. Then the policemen ordered all the people of the town to take their valuables and hurry to the next village, since it was evident that the fire would have to burn itself out. The excited and hysterical people, grabbing up such “valuable” things as potato-mashers and tooth brushes, rushed from their homes in frantic haste.

On the outskirts of the town was a little shack containing many sticks of dynamite. The county was building a new road, and was using the dynamite in the process of excavation. Never could the fire be checked before it reached the little shack! The firemen, realizing this, picked up their hose and fled. A second later a terrific noise

rent the air, the ground shook, and a flash of light shot up. The dynamite had exploded.

It seems queer to me that Bulwer Lytton could have written almost four hundred

pages about fire in the "Last Days of Pompeii," for it would be a very great accomplishment for me to write four pages on such a theme.

PHILIP A. FRENCH, '17.

DESPONDENCY

*I watch the travels of the sun
As either North or South he goes,
I see the winter's work undone,—
The melting of the snows;
I see the spring's fair work begun,—
The blooming of the rose;
I feel the summer's scorching heat,
The autumn's cooling breezes fleet,
And watch the fall cast neath my feet
The leaves to their repose;*

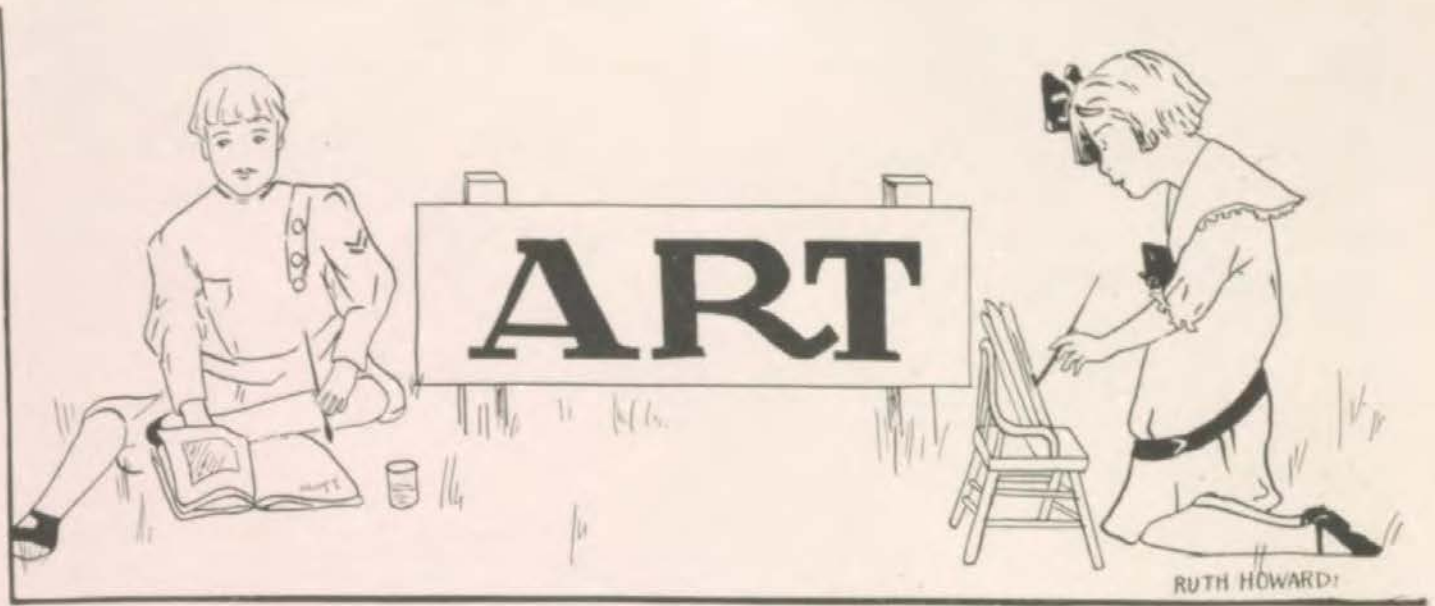
*Yet naught of pleasure do I find
In all the seasons of the year;
And naught gives solace to my mind;
And all the world seems drear;
And all my life is but a grind,
Forever without cheer;
For all my days have saddened been,
I lose all things that I would win,
I know my fate ere I begin,—
To fail and fall and fear!*

J. EVERETT JONES, JR., '14.

A MODERN MINERVA

*On a book in the library I'd been feeding,
But my eyes had tired by constant reading;
So I put the book upon a shelf,
And turned (hearing Athene address herself)
Amazed to see the gray-eyed goddess smile
As thus she spake: "Though ancient, I'm 'in style';
Deny it not—behold my blouse of crape!
Hath not my skirt, forsooth, a graceful drape?
In Paris there's no more fantastic headgear."
But doubting still, I asked her, "Why the spear?"
Then came the answer, most astounding yet,
"Now hark!—I'm a militant suffragette."*

KATRINA BALDWIN, '16.



HERALD COVER CONTEST

Were you one of the twenty-five who tried for the HERALD cover? For you who were not, I will try to reproduce some of the terrible excitement we underwent.

At two Mr. Huppert and Mr. Clark arrived and we were sent out of the room and the door was locked.

There were lively times around while the judges were deciding. They seemed awfully slow about it. We went up and down the stairs, played "Ena, Mena, Mina, Mo, Marion, Virginia, Albert, Joe;" then we sneaked to the door and watched the judges comment and nod and shake their heads dubiously. Finally they began writing in the corners, signing their names and writing "first" and "second" in little circles they drew. Then there was another long conference. Then Mr. Sass opened the door and we thronged in. Some were glad, some sad and others—well, just disappointed.

First: Virginia Wood's, chosen chiefly because it embodied school interest and the color scheme was effective and simple.

Second: Marion Moss's, having good arrangement and color scheme, but not so suitable for a school magazine.

Third: Joseph Joffe's, which showed good execution and much work, excellent lettering and good color schemes.

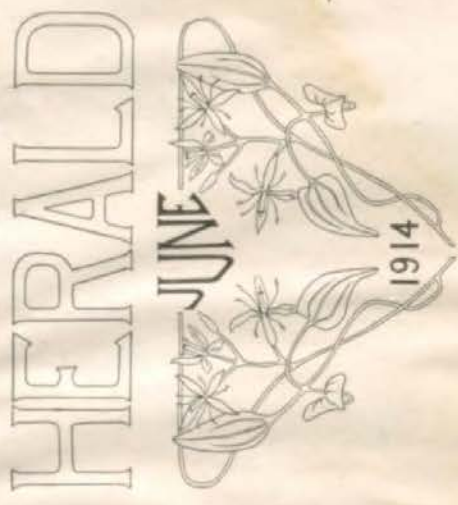
Also third was awarded to Albert Welch's and Caroline Doran's covers.

CHARCOAL DRAWING CONTEST

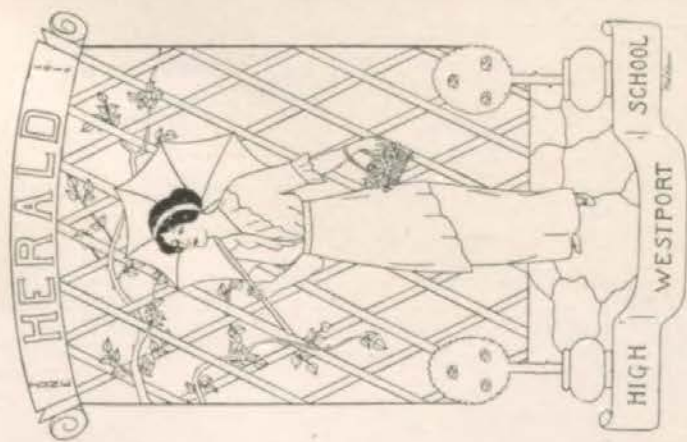
This year the first grand prize was awarded for the charcoal drawing of the heroic head of Ajax to Josephine McColgin. This is the highest honor a pupil in the art class can receive. The prize drawings are framed and hung in the permanent collection of prize drawings done by pupils since the foundation of the school.

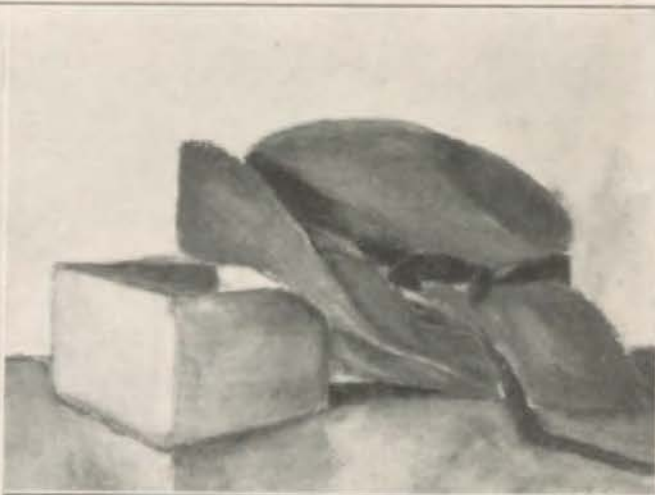
The head of Ajax is helmeted, turned to one side and displays great physical and mental strength. The forehead is high, strong and deeply furrowed, not in anger or passion, but in thoughtful lines. The nose is large and strong and the eye shows keenness and alertness. The lips are parted in surprise, although at first they give the head an expression of horror. The helmet gives an opportunity for detail and has on it several figures in bas relief.

The work in the art classes has shown much promise. Among those in the Freshman classes who have done good work are: Dorothy Matticks, Lucia Weber, Mary Gay Fonville, Edna Marie Hearst, Helen Mount, Claire Ginsburg, Warda Clippinger and Freda Breckinback. Honorable mention for freehand drawing was awarded to Maurine Perkins, Alice Eldridge, Loraine Makimson and Edna Seoms.



WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL
KANSAS CITY MO





ROOM 77

If you want to get the "genuine" artistic atmosphere, you will find it in Room 77. We are the real Rembrandts, Van Dykes and Raphaels of Westport High School. Following the examples of these masters, Helen Forney, Margaret Mill and Gladys Livesay are doing excellent work along the oil-painting line. Gladys has done some really splendid pieces, and bids fair to become quite famous (with continued industry).

That branch in which the majority of us excel is, however, charcoal rather than oil painting. Lucile Chevalier, Mary Martin, Wilhelma Stockwell, Lillian Taylor, Eleanor Thornton, Cordelia Lee, Charlotte Kirschner and Lucile Turner are working like Trojans and getting the fine results to be expected. Right here we can say that Margaret Brackett and Marion Moss are doing especially good charcoal work from casts. The latter has made a reproduction of Hermes that—well, we all know what Marion can do. May McKenna has likewise contributed charcoal work, beside excellent water color.

Together with this group of ardent, amiable artists, there are to be seen Ruth Davis, Katrina Baldwin and Rita Guignon, whose talents direct them along still other paths. In turning the pages of the Harpers and Century magazines in future years we shall not be surprised to run across their names attached to full-page illustrations, as they are our best representatives of pencil sketches. Geraldine Brown's specialty has been water color, in which she has done splendidly.

So you see there are hopes for all of us, though it is impossible to mention all of the deserving ones. If you are ever fortunate enough to view our efforts, we are sure you will, paraphrasing Shakespeare, say: Some are born artists, some achieve art, and other have art thrust upon them.

DOROTHY E. JAY, '14.

ROOM 78

The first two years of drawing are alike in all three art rooms. But if one wishes to specialize in design and craft one enrolls in Room 78 for a course in design. In design the sketches are at first very simple straight line compositions, gradually becoming more complicated until one has learned to compose practical designs to be used in the next year of art which is the craft.

Many come into the Art Room 78 to see the work in design and craft which are this room's specialties. Nearly all seem surprised when they are told that all the designs as well as the work of the craft class is original.

In our year of craft we started by drawing the flower pages to be used the rest of the year. From these drawings the conventionalized designs of the craft work are taken. The stencil was our first piece. We made a variety of things, such as pillow tops, scarfs and table covers. Our next work was the Indian basket pieces made with some Indian needle stitch. In the embroidery work we made towels, dresser scarfs, shirtwaists and pin cushion covers. Among our best pieces is the carved wood work. Part of the class made trays which to begin with were but solid pieces of wood out of which the centers were cut to a proper depth and the design carved around the edge, then the stain and handles were put on and the glass placed in the center, finishing one of our best pieces. A few used their wood block print on their center pieces for their trays. Another one of our very interesting pieces is the leather work. We made pocketbooks and card cases. The cut leather bags are also pretty.

Altogether the year of craft is well worth the previous years of drawing one had to take to be able to finish their art course with this most interesting year of work.

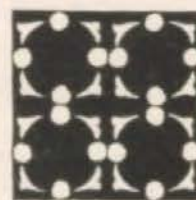
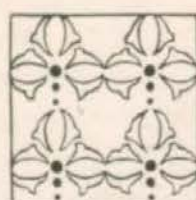
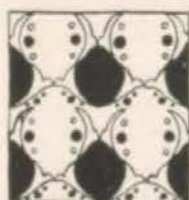
MARIE BIGHAM, '14.



ART ROOM 78

MOTIVES 302

PRINT DESIGNS



DOROTHY BERRY

SURFACE DESIGN.



HILDE MØRE

The wood carvings are by Pearl Harlan, Martha Curry, Miriam Sternberg. The stencils were drawn by Ann Siemans, Miriam Sternberg, Elizabeth Comstock, Esther Gustafson, Marie Neibert, Rosa Kohl, Marian Reid. The baskets were made by Jean Welsh, Margaret Somerville, Rosa Kohl, Pearl Harlan, Marie Bigham, Emma Josephson. The embroidery was done by Marie Neibert, Emma Josephson, Jean Welsh. The leather work was done by Emma Josephson, Martha Curry, Marian Reid.



THE CHORUS

The usual splendid spirit and willingness to work has been shown in the Chorus this year with an average of about forty-five each week.

"Paul Revere's Ride," a cantata, by Carl Busch, was sung by the Chorus classes of the four high schools on the evening of May 15th. Our chorus worked hard on this and also a contest number. We won.

Esther Kirchhofer, Evelyn Cornish, Alice Kirk, Margaret Somerville and Blanche Joy. The girls have enjoyed the hours spent in the Girls' Glee Club, which is a separate organization from the Chorus. Most of the members also belong to the Chorus, however, the greater part of their time has been employed in studying and practicing some of the compositions of our own com-



Mrs. Hedges has been the remarkably efficient leader and director of the Chorus, Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs and Orchestra. We all join in thanking her for her kindness and Miss Alice Kirk for her help as accompanist.

Most of the members of the Chorus will be here next year, as only a few are graduating this year: Radford Pittam, Robert Crowthers, Glen Caskey, Sidney Loeffler, Nellie Waggener, Winifred Tschudy, Emma

poser, Mr. Carl Busch. These numbers were sung at the spring contest and festival between the four high schools on May 15th, directed by Mr. Busch.

The girls in the Glee Club are Nellie Waggener, Blanche Joy, Evelyn Cornish, Alice Kirk, E. Esther Kirchhofer, Winifred Tschudy, Marjorie Ehlers, Ganald Stout, Cora Benson, Miriam Nathan, Naomi Lowe, Olive Clausen, Beth Caskey, Helen Kiger, Margaret King, Winifred Anderson, Hen-



rietta Trudell, Stella Pickett, Grace Hare, Almeda Baldwin, Pauline Prichett, Elise Cornell, Margaret Somerville, Margarite Tuxford, Myrl Klepinger, Dorothy Watts, Alice Dean, Alta White, Florence Emmert, Grace Cornish, Ruth Gorell, Mary Frances Jones, Ruth Erhardt.

EVELYN CORNISH, '14.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The work in the Glee Club this year has been mostly in preparation for the Carl Busch entertainment held May 15th. This entertainment marked an epoch in the history of the High School Glee Club and choruses of Kansas City. Besides preparing for the contest, the boys learned a large repertoire. They also sang at different places and before the assembly.

Our Glee Club had been somewhat handicapped by lack of a sufficient number of that rarity, first tenors, until two weeks before the contest, when Allan Browne and George Parrish were discovered.

Some of our former members are now members of college glee clubs and other well-known clubs. We credit this as being partly due to their experience and training at Westport.

The Boys' Glee Club wishes to thank Mrs. Hedges for the excellent instruction and leadership she has given us.

The Members in the Boys' Glee Club are: Robert Crowther, Richard Weber, John Tracy, Radford Pittam, Glenn Caskey, Sidney Loeffler, Henry Weymouth, Eugene Ashe, John Underwood, Lawrence Smith, Fred Garner, Charles Jackson, Merton Allen, Arthur Boyer, Wilford Gundlach, Matthew Clary, Scoville Jewett, Howard Robertson, Lloyd Lavery.

SIDNEY LOEFFLER, '14.



THE ORCHESTRA

Due to the untiring efforts of our director, Mrs. Hedges, and the faithfulness of the members, the Orchestra has accomplished good results this past year. Although we were unable to render a program during any of the school assemblies, we took part in both the Christmas and Senior plays, and again June 11th at the Commencement Exercises.

We are proud to say that we have been tempted by one rag-time tune, only. We have enjoyed learning selections from different operas, "Aida" and others, as well as from the comedy opera "the Fire-fly."

Certainly, we appreciate the interest shown by Mr. Ward. Mr. Sam Jagoda, who is the instructor of an orchestra of his own, is an-

other able member. Miss Stoner, the faithful 'celloist, leaves Westport this year, but we are sure that an efficient successor can be found in Mr. Hinkle. The Orchestra loses but two of its members by graduation. We sincerely hope that many new members will be added to the enrollment list next fall.

With the able guidance and interest extended by Mrs. Hedges we agree that this year has been a profitable one.

Names of members in Orchestra are: Violins: Sam Jagoda, Mr. Ward, Hattie Kerr, Katherine Jeffers, Mildred Jeffers, Sarah Burnam, Isabel McDonald; 'Cello: Leon Hinkle and Dorothy Stoner; Piano: Alice Kirk; Director: Mrs. Hedges.

Alice Kirk, '14.

Societies





"Live pure, speak the truth, right the wrong, follow the king, else, wherefore born?"

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.		SECOND TERM.
HUGH THOMPSON.....	<i>President</i>	MARTHA MERIWETHER
VIOLA HERRICK.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	JOSEPHINE MCCOLGIN
BRAZILIA GINSBURG.....	<i>Secretary</i>	JOSEPHINE HOLLEBAUGH
D. B. CURTIS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	HAROLD DEGEN
ROBERT LOVE.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	ARTHUR MUNDAY
	<i>Adviser</i>	MISS LASH

So many of our faithful workers graduated last year that our ranks at the beginning of this year were rather thin and only a few valiant knights were left to tell the tale and find new members. Well, they did it in great strides and we now have a large roll of strong members.

We feel that we have accomplished a great deal this year. We have taken up, in turn, all of America's greatest authors and poets and studied their lives thoroughly. Also, we have learned a great deal about American literature. Special mention must be made of our open meeting for the Clonians, as we had an unusually large attendance and a very interesting program. Everyone seemed to enjoy it—especially the candy—and we hope to have more than one such meeting next year.

The selection of officers has proven a very good one. We owe a great deal to Josephine McColgin, for besides her office of Vice-President, she is chairman of the Program Com-

mittee. It is a hard position to fill, but Miss McColgin has met each difficulty and given us splendid programs. Miss Meriwether has conducted our meetings with all the dignity the office requires, and Mr. Degen, though small, is mighty (also trustworthy), and none of us have dared to do otherwise than pay our dues promptly.

We are indebted to Ruth Howard, Marie Ettwein, Marie Neibert and Ruth Underwood for our exceedingly artistic posters.

It is a good policy, I think, to save particularly nice things until the last to kind of "top off with." So I have reserved the mention of our adviser, Miss Lash, for the end. We wish to thank her many, many times for the hard work she has put in for us, her wise criticisms, and the interest she has taken in the aims and objects of the club.

We hope to accomplish even more next year, in just as important a line, since we will have the majority of the members back again.

JOSEPHINE HOLLEBAUGH, Secretary.



ROUND TABLE CLUB.

MEMBERS.

Cyrilla Armstrong,
 Augusta Bierworth,
 Mary Louise Bond,
 Frances Bunton,
 D. B. Curtis,
 Lucile Corbett,
 Lyle Cook,
 Elizabeth Coates,
 Harold Degen,
 Morton Denebeim,
 Florence Emmert,
 Marie Ettwein,
 Marie Farley,
 Paul Frick,
 Frances Gannon,
 Brazilia Ginsburg,

Claire Ginsburg,
 Lawrence Hart,
 Viola Herrick,
 Agnes Hertzler,
 Josephine Hollebaugh,
 Ruth Howard,
 Sherratt Johnson,
 Dorothy Jones,
 Rowland Kreigh,
 Bessie Kidson,
 Dorothy Kendall,
 Helen Kyger,
 Lillian Kieffer,
 Beulah Limpus,
 Gladys Love,

Mary Elizabeth Lewis,
 Dorothy Matticks,
 Edna McCaull,
 Morris McMillen,
 Josephine McColgin,
 Martha Meriwether,
 Katherine Myers,
 Arthur Munday,
 Margaret Maegly,
 Fay Means,
 Marie Neibert,
 John O'Keefe,
 Amelia Palmer,
 Joseph Parnham,
 Richard Parker,

Rahlman Parker,
 Ira May Pinkston,
 Laura Robertson,
 Myrri Rodney,
 Irene Schneider,
 Geraldine Shepard,
 Oscar Spero,
 Clifford Simpson,
 Dorothy Thompson,
 Hugh Thompson,
 Arvilla Thornton,
 Ruth Underwood,
 Albert Wait,
 Gerald Waddell,
 Dorothy Wolfrom,
 Virginia Welden.

Clionian

FLOWER: *Violet.*

COLORS: *Purple and White.*

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.		SECOND TERM.
LLOYD LINCOLN.....	<i>President</i>	UNA HASELTINE
MABEL BOLEN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	MABEL BOLEN
ALICE KIRK.....	<i>Secretary</i>	ALICE KIRK
MARGARET McELIN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	EVERETT JONES
MASTIN GESCHWIND.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	EUGENE ASHE
HOMER COPE.....	<i>Prosecuting Attorney</i>	HOMER COPE
DOROTHY JAY.....	<i>Critic</i>	HARRY DOYLE
	<i>Adviser</i>	MISS DEWITT

Due to the graduation last June of so many of our members, several meetings passed before we were able to attain the "forty mark," which was necessary for the organization of the society. With the aid of our ever-willing adviser and members, the roll call was soon increased. The new members immediately took up the work of the society with the greatest interest and helped to make the year a profitable one.

Much credit is due the program committee for producing such excellent programs. We can all agree that the best one was rendered by the members of the faculty. We were highly honored by talks from Mr. Shouse and Mr. Stigall, and I am sure we shall remember the substance of Miss DeWitt's talk on "Kansas City's Misguided Folks." We were also entertained by a violin solo by Mr. Ward and a vocal solo by Miss Henry.

We are certainly fortunate in having as adviser Miss DeWitt, who was the founder of the society. Her untiring efforts have continued throughout the entire year, and we join in extending our appreciation for her

interest shown. We are also indebted to Miss Brackett, Miss Cope and Mr. Jones for our posters.

As usual, the Clionians have been well represented in school activities. Mr. Cope and Mr. Pittam, who was an alternate, were on the debating team. Miss Williams, Mr. Cope, Miss Jay and Miss Kirchhofer were members of the Senior play cast. Mr. Cope is on the HERALD staff and also has been chosen to represent Westport and the Clionians for the Missouri University scholarship. Miss Kerr and Miss Kirk are members of the school orchestra. Miss Stout is Vice-President of Junior class.

Among the courtesies extended the Clionians this year is included the invitation of the Round Tables to attend an open meeting. We were cordially entertained by a delightful program and also by refreshments served after the meeting adjourned. And we were again cordially entertained on May 1st.

The Clionians gave their annual banquet this year. Miss Haseltine acted as toast-mistress, and we heard speeches from several

of the faculty and members. We owe much to Miss Brackett for the artistic place cards. This annual banquet is a splendid way to

bring the members close together, and we Seniors earnestly desire that this feeling of union shall continue during the years to come.

ALICE KIRK, '14, Secretary.



CLIONIAN SOCIETY

MEMBERS.

Ruth Spence,
 Wilhelma Stockwell,
 Ganald Stout,
 Anna Louise Lockton,
 Lillian Eye,
 William Gattrell,
 Alice Kirk,
 Everett Jones,
 Una Haseltine,
 Mabel Bolen,
 Eugene Ashe,
 Miss DeWitt,
 Lois Lasley,
 Mary L. Jones,

Meldon Everett,
 Hattie Kerr,
 Grace Timms,
 Harry Doyle,
 Hazel Cope,
 Grace Jeffries,
 Stella Wassermann,
 Josephine Hellman,
 Margaret McElin,
 Nellie Waggener,
 Velnette Williams,
 Edith Oliver,
 Ruth Erhardt,

Catherine Foley
 Lloyd Lincoln,
 Alice Minshall,
 Emma Kirchhofer,
 Minnie Moody,
 Mary F. Jones,
 Margaret Brackett,
 Lila Stewart,
 Mastin Geschwind,
 Sidney Irmas,
 Dorothy Jay,
 Lester Rams,
 Radford Pittam,

John Underwood,
 Sybil Brelsford,
 William Anthony,
 Homer Cope,
 Arthur Decker,
 Joseph Gibbs,
 Frank Ellston,
 Ethel Shufflebotham,
 Joseph Sanders,
 Albert Tabibian,
 Alice Warnock,
 Gladys Wilkin,
 Marjorie Carpenter.



COLORS: *Red and Gold.*

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.		SECOND TERM.
ALDEN DEMOSS.....	<i>President</i>	STERRETT S. TITUS
HICKLIN YATES.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	EVERETT OXLEY
HERBERT M. DAVIDSON.....	<i>Critic</i>	HERBERT M. DAVIDSON
EVERETT OXLEY.....	<i>Secretary</i>	FRED W. MEYER, JR.
FRED W. MEYER, JR.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	CHARLES JACKSON
CHARLES JACKSON.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	JOHN POWELL, JR.
	<i>Adviser</i>	MR. FOSTER

*Some students of Westport High School
Have fortnightly meetings by rule.
In the room 59
Sit these fellows so fine,
And they stay there until they must go home to dine,
Only then do they leave desk and stool.*

*They are known by the name Irving Club,
A twenty-six sturdy men—not one dub.
And the themes they produce—
Why! It's really no use
For non-Irving members to offer abuse,
For their lit'rature withstands the tub.*

*Now the reason they've forged on so far
'Till they shine, above all, like a star—
Each man is required
To do as desired
And if he don't do it, of course, he is fired.
And that's why they keep above par.*

FRED W. MEYER, JR., Secretary.

*And not only their writings are famed,
School activities sure would be lamed
Without their support.
And all kinds of sport,
Including athletics, are really their forte.
Dramatics should also be named.*

*The subjects they raise are profound.
(And they raze them clear down to the ground)
And they "argu-a-fy,"
With each other they vie
To prove they are right, 'till the poor passer-by
Must needs hasten his steps at the sound.*



IRVING CLUB

MEMBERS.

Burnam Jones,
Arthur Brackett,
Merton Allan,
Frederick Murray,
Clyde Emery,
David Malcolmson,
Alfred Benjamin,

Alden DeMoss,
Dallas Harvey,
Millard Everett,
Eskel Walters,
Keene Wallis,
Harry Schaufler,
Joseph Atha,

Mr. Foster,
Lloyd Cummings,
George Siemens,
Charles Jackson,
Everett Oxley,
Sterrett Titus,
Fred Meyer,

Herbert Davidson,
John Powell,
Hicklin Yates,
Hal Hodges,
Russel Comer,
Leslie Lyon.



MOTTO: *Nihil huc nisi perfectum ingenia, elaboratum
industria adferre oportet.—Cicero*

COLORS: *White and Gold.*

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.		SECOND TERM.
HOMER COPE.....	<i>President</i>	CLIFFORD SCOTT
BROWN BALDWIN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	JAMES HARDACRE
CLIFFORD SCOTT.....	<i>Secretary</i>	NOEL BOULWARE
NOEL BOULWARE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	HAROLD WILLIAMS
.....	<i>Critic</i>	GLENN CASKEY
HAROLD WILLIAMS.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	EDWIN UNLAND
.....	<i>Adviser</i>	MR. WARD

The Clay Club has had a very gratifying final term. During the last five months the discord within the club which so hindered the work of the first term has been replaced by such a spirit of unity as the Clay Club has never before witnessed.

We have been especially fortunate in the election of our officers. We could not have found a better president than Homer Cope. His knowledge of parliamentary law is probably greater than that of any other student in this school; and, as president, he certainly exercised it. Clifford Scott, of course, carried his characteristic nervousness into his work as president; but, even then, he managed the meetings in such a manner that even Mr. Humphrey might have received some pointers from him, maybe.

Of course it goes without saying that the Clay Club won most of the places on the de-

bating teams, taking four of the regular berths and one of the water boys' positions (this subject of water boys on debating teams is a rather delicate subject to the writer). We secured our usual representation on the basketball and track teams, the Christmas and Senior plays and HERALD staff. Two of our most worthy representatives are the Junior class president and the athletic editor of the *Crier*, and one member of the glee club is a Clay. We would doubtless have taken our usual three places in the declamation contest had not our principal kindly saved the other clubs from disgrace by calling that event off.

The week following Easter there was much amusement around the school at the sight of a number of young men (?) hobbling around the halls. Upon investigating, it was found that a number of young Westons (better known as the cream of the Clay Club) had

taken a little stroll to Lee's Summit, Mo. Everyone had a fine time, but since then we have heard many of the young hopes swearing "Never again."

Another source of our greatness this year has been our good fortune in getting as new members of the club the best underclassmen

in the school; and next year you may expect these same members to do things, and to make more fame for that already famous yell:

*Rip Saw, Buzz Saw,
Rip Saw, Buzz Saw, Boom!
Hiky Piky, Holy Miky,
Give that Clay Club room!*

NOEL B. BOULWARE, Secretary.



CLAY CLUB

MEMBERS.

Wheeler Godfrey,
Glenn Caskey,
Harold Williams,
Edwin Unland,
Marion Waltner,
Harvey Walsh,
Noel Boulware,

Homer Cope,
Oliver Malcolmson,
Robert Duren,
Edgar Crosby,
Burton Austin,
Lon Boyer,
Mr. Ward,

Maynard Mize,
Edgar Berkowitz,
Edward Henschel,
Craig Ruby,
Clifford Scott,
John Tracy,
James Hardacre,

Roder Wilde,
Alexander Maitland,
Albert Welch,
Arlo Armstrong,
Brace Crawford,
Clarence Mullen.

PUN DIT

MOTTO: *Weigh, consider, express.*

COLORS: *Silver and Blue.*

YELL: *Hear it!
We're it!
Pundit!*

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.		SECOND TERM.
DOROTHY STONER.....	<i>President</i>	WARENE BOYLE
WARENE BOYLE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	MARGARET SHACKLEFORD
HELEN LYMAN.....	<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN SMITH
MOURIEL HEATH.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	MARGARET WALKER
HELEN SMITH.....	<i>Critic</i>	GLORY KIRK
MARGARET YATES.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	FRANCES DICKSON
	<i>Adviser</i>	MISS BAIN

Contrary to the belief current among the Freshmen—and otherwise—students of Westport, the Pundit Club really has an excuse, even a reason, for its name. Long ago in India there was a special member of the supreme court, a Pundit, who interpreted the Indian law to the English judges. Present day Pundits have been trying to demonstrate something almost as important in its way, and that is school spirit, the spirit that causes one to enter heartily into all the school endeavors and activities, that teaches one to be a good winner and a good loser.

The Pundit Club has certainly had enough opportunity to show its good winning spirit, having three members, Geraldine Brown, Dorothy Stoner and Virginia Wood, on the HERALD staff; five members, Hazel Bruner, Helen Smith, Mary Lincoln, Anne Welch and

Helen Lyman, in the Christmas play; the only girl member of the *Crier* staff, Margaret Shackelford; the only senior officer who is a girl, Helen Smith; two first prizes and one second in the HERALD contest carried off by Elizabeth Pratt and Helen Smith; the HERALD cover by Virginia Wood, and, to cap the climax, an honorable mention in the Drama League contest won by Frances Dickson.

But to get down to the bread and butter part of our work: our programs this year have been almost better than ever before, because of the great interest our adviser, Miss Bain, and our members have taken in the work. It has been our purpose this year to have one predominating idea in each of our programs, and as a finishing touch, various stunts, impromptu, volunteered, or otherwise, by different members of the club. It is our

opinion that these stunts, more than anything else, have served to keep the club spirit moving, for, though the meat course is most necessary and important, people are always going to flock to the ice-cream counter. (Witness the lunch-room.) Our spirit is embodied in Charlotte Kirschner's prize song:

*See our colors in the sky!
Pundit Club! Our Pundit Club!
Winds are waving them on high!
Pundit Club! Our Pundit Club!
Faithful may we ever be,
Ever faithful, fond, and true,
To the Silver and the Blue!
Pundit Club! Our Pundit Club!*

HELEN SMITH, Secretary.



PUNDIT SOCIETY

MEMBERS.

Pemela Shackelford,
Millicent Mattocks,
Helen Lyman,
Dorothy Stoner,
Hazel Bruner,
Maren Sawyer,
Charlotte Kirschner,
Mary Lincoln,
Marian Moss,

Edna Beckerman,
Mouriel Heath,
Helen Keller,
Geraldine Brown,
Dorothy Beery,
Adele Williams,
Helen Brunig,
Elizabeth Pratt,
Helen Forney,
Shirley Chase,

Marceline Phenneger,
Anne Welch,
Laura Smith,
Frances Yates,
Ruth Wallis,
Anna Curry,
Virginia Wood,
Shirley Smith,
Margaret Yates,
Dorothy Walker,

Frances Dickson,
Warene Boyle,
Helen Smith,
Margaret Shackelford,
Glory Kirk,
Margaret Moses,
Margaret Walker,
Margeruite Stemmons,
Margaret Patton.



MOTTO: "Uebung macht den Meister."

COLORS: Orange and Black.

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

SECOND TERM.

ARTHUR BRACKETT.....	President	CLIFFORD SCOTT
BRAZILIA GINSBURG.....	Vice-President	HELEN SMITH
HELEN SMITH.....	Secretary	ARTHUR BRACKETT
HERBERT SCHMITZ.....	Treasurer	LAWRENCE GREEN
Adviser.....		MR. BECKMANN

The Schiller Verein has every reason to be proud of its year's work. It has not only kept very much alive, but has grown considerably in spirit. The programs have attracted especially favorable comment on the part of those who heard them. The plan this year has been to study the lives and works of the greatest Germans. Writers, statesmen, reformers, musicians, have been included, so that the Schiller Verein members ought to have a fairly fresh idea of the history of the "Vaterland" as related to these men. Twenty-two have been studied in all.

An accomplishment of which the club is especially proud is the gift to the school of

three pictures. Two are portraits of Goethe and Schiller respectively, while a third represents a scene from the life of Schiller. They hang in Room 65, the German room. We chose these men because they are undoubtedly the greatest literary geniuses Germany ever produced, and because they hold so high a place among the writers of the world.

It is no exaggeration to say that the past year has been one of the most successful in the history of the society. Everyone feels a distinct gain in the knowledge of things German, and are glad they are "Schillers."

ARTHUR BRACKETT, Secretary.



SCHILLER VEREIN

MEMBERS.

Lawrence Green,	D. B. Curtis,	Brazilia Ginsburg,	Lloyd Eckstrom,
Lola Moore,	Musette Williams,	Laura Smith,	Irving Smith,
Edgar Berkowitz,	Herr Beckmann,	Herbert Davidson,	Hugh Thompson,
Sara Denebeim,	Hazel Bruner,	Frances Dickson,	Alfred Benjamin,
Clifford Scott,	Dorothy Thompson,	Burnam Jones,	Anne Welsh,
Helen Smith,	Roy Barnes,	Marion Moss,	Herbert Schmitz,
Arthur Brackett,	Augusta Bierworth	Katherine Smith,	Bertha Wiles,
Florence Emmert,	Rose Schwartz,	Mildred Taylor,	Frank Ehrenhofer.
	Laura Sandmeyer,	Keene Wallis,	



EW

COLORS: *Gold and Red.*

MOTTO: *Adelante, siempre adelante.*

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

SECOND TERM.

AGNES BRADY.....	<i>President</i>	MARGUERITE HODGKIN
MORTON DENEHEIM.....	<i>Vice-President and Treasurer</i>	DAGNY NORMAN
ELSIE CORNELL.....	<i>Secretary</i>	AGNES BRADY
SYDNEY IRMAS.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	HAROLD THORUD
	<i>Adviser</i>	MR. PHILLIPS

We can truthfully say that our motto, "Adelante, siempre adelante," has been well exercised this last year. To begin with, the "always forward" spirit was installed into twenty-five new members who were made welcome by a feast and Christmas tree celebration given them by the old members.

To the American Gulf and Land Company we are greatly indebted for the use of slides which we were able to borrow on two occasions for our Philippine Island and Yellowstone National Park programs. A very interesting as well as pleasing illustrated talk was given by Mr. Phillips about his journey through Spain last summer.

Musical programs have also been given, and were made more enjoyable by Spanish records

which, with a Victrola, we obtained from the F. G. Smith Piano Company. Then there was a Spanish spelling contest, the honors going to A. C. Loughrey. Biographies, debates and Spanish games complete the year's programs.

Of course it is not well to break a precedent, so our last meeting was a picnic at Swope Park. The club has undertaken a new work this year—presenting the play, "Zaragüeta," for the criticisms of the public. But without the untiring aid of our adviser, Mr. Phillips, the great success which has been made, would be little.

We have been recently greatly honored by a publication of the club's work, together with a photograph, in the Pan-American Magazine for which we have subscribed for four years.

AGNES BRADY, Secretary.



LOS CALDERONES

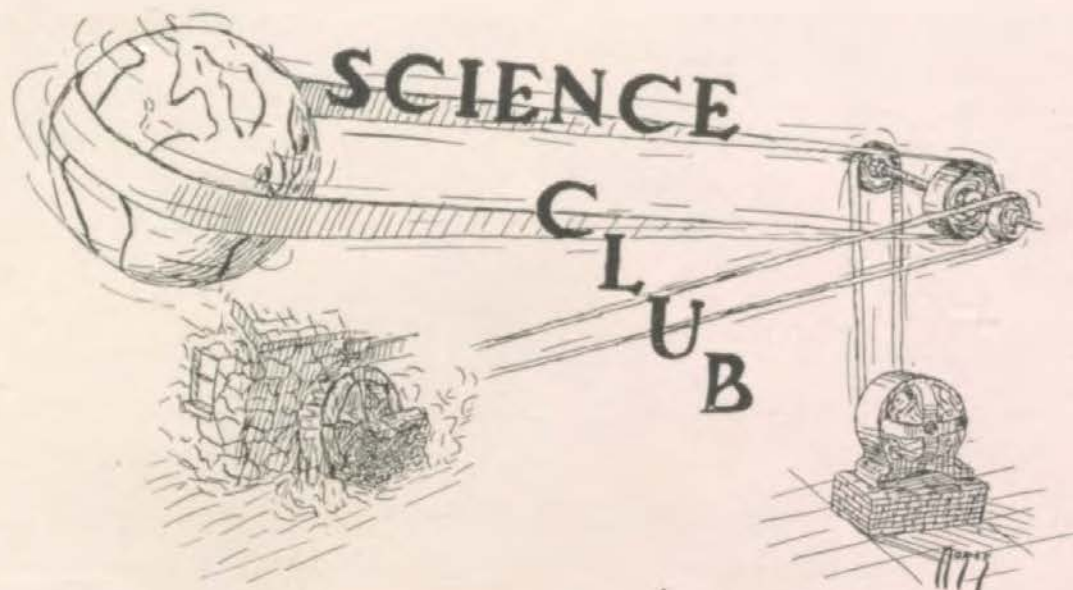
MEMBERS.

Lillis Seager,
 Louise House,
 A. C. Loughrey,
 Oliver Armstrong,
 Edna McCaull,
 John Tracey,
 Marguerite Hodgkin,
 Helen Slavens,
 Dundas Ross,

Dorothea Breckenridge,
 Robert Spangler,
 Dorothy Lane,
 Llewellyn James,
 Senor Phillips,
 Agnes Brady,
 Spencer Campbell,
 Lola Moore,
 Ruth Cummings,

Hattie Justice,
 Marion Reed,
 Morton Denebeim,
 Elsie Cornell,
 Fred Freeman,
 Dagny Norman,
 George Tracey,
 Robert Guyer,
 Sydney Irmas

McKee Ray,
 Mildred Duley,
 Dorothy Barber,
 Frank Doyle,
 Harold Thorud,
 Everett Jones, Jr.
 Harry Schauffler,
 Helen Villmoare,
 Lon Boyer.



OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

SECOND TERM.

GUY MORSE.....	<i>President</i>	GUY MORSE
F. F. MURRAY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	GEORGE WINN
GEORGE WINN.....	<i>Secretary</i>	F. F. MURRAY
NELSON FARLEY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	HARRY DOYLE
KARL BOOKER.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	KARL BOOKER
<i>Adviser.</i>	MR. HERRMANN	

Hearken! The Science Club has something to say!

In the natural or unnatural course of human events the idea of a science club beset someone who, in his unselfishness, circulated around, saying, "Is there a man with soul so dead," etc. Taking exception to Milton's (or was it Shakespeare's?) immortal saying that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," we found that sufficient support for a foundation was soon gathered. As the historian would say, "The story ran from mouth to mouth," but unfortunately the club when first set up lived on a "hand to mouth" basis, which makes it possible for me to say, in the broad generic sense, a failure. Then came the dismemberment, but even so the spirit did not go out with the tide, but, lying dormant through the winter like the toad, awoke anon and, poetically speaking, behold! the seed has

sprouted, the sprout has budded and the bud opened, showing the flower in all its glory—not to say leaves. (Note: See picture.)

To our dear captain, Mr. Herrmann, the club salutes and thanks for preserving the union. What little time and energy we privates have spent upon the club, I am sure each feels that he or she has gained as much from it. This year's work on the programs has set a standard which will be hard to beat.

The science teachers have willingly helped us and we are much indebted to them for instruction by the painless method. We have also had outside lecturers speak on electricity and several other programs were rendered by our own members.

It has been the purpose of the club to have its members look forward to the meeting day. How much success has been attained is beyond exact statement. But the seldom irregularity

of attendance is an omen, if nothing else. Last and best, the Science Club on opening its gates to the "fair sex" has fully demonstrated that interest in such an organization is not confined to boys alone, and those of us who are so unfortunate as to be boys, heartily agree

that the club's laurels are held a good half by them.

N. B.—The moral is: Make the Science Club the biggest and among the best clubs of 1915 in school.

FRED F. MURRAY, Secretary.



SCIENCE CLUB

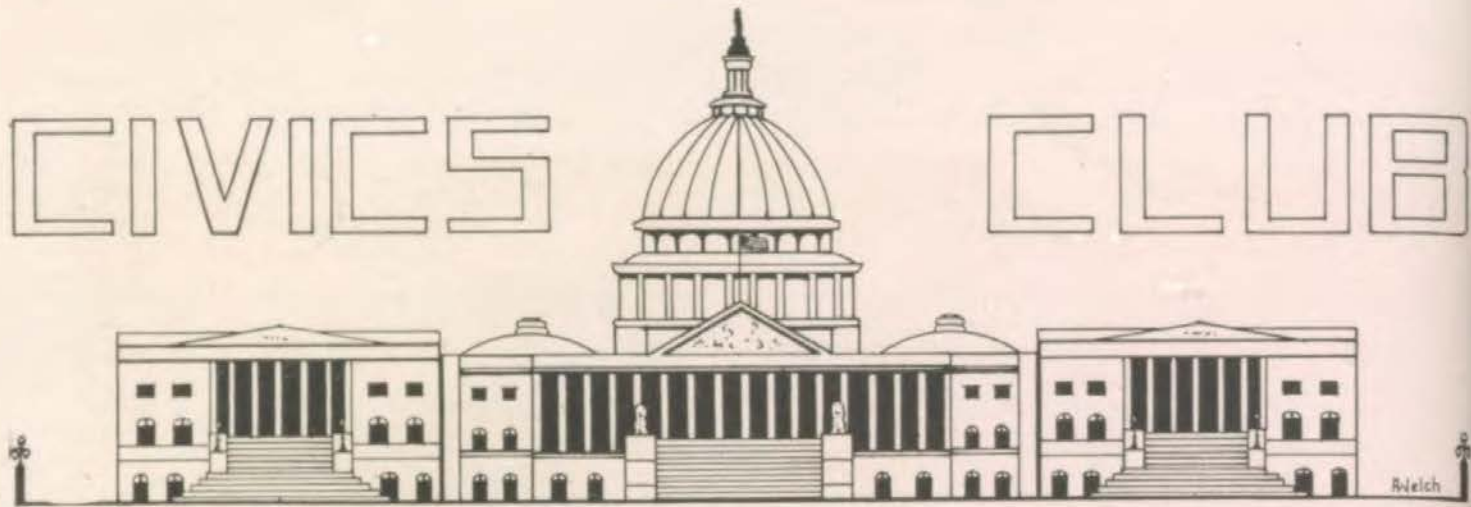
MEMBERS.

Harry Doyle,
George Winn,
Albert Waite,
Robert Crowther,
Nelson Farley,

Grace Timms,
McClure Hall,
Frederick Murray,
Minnie Moody,

John Underwood,
Carl Meyer,
Mr. Herrmann,
Karl Booker,

Emma Esther Kirch-
hofer,
Guy Morse,
Ruth Spencer.



OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

SECOND TERM.

MARION WALTNER.....	<i>President</i>	EVERETT M. OXLEY
CLIFFORD SCOTT.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	JOHN TRACY
HOMER A. COPE.....	<i>Secretary</i>	LESTER W. RAMS
GLENN CASKEY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	JOSEPH MILLER
HAROLD WILLIAMS.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	PAUL FRICK
	<i>Adviser</i>	MR. HARMAN

The purpose of the Civics Club is to inform the students of Westport on the civic problems of Kansas City, and under the leadership of Mr. Harman we have taken a great stride in that direction. We have made our work interesting by taking the House of Representatives as our model.

Several reports on municipal institutions were worked up by the members, and an exceedingly instructive report of the Helping Hand Institute was given by Mrs. Brigham, wife of Mr. Brigham of the Helping Hand Institute. At the time of the city election the members were given the names of the city aldermen, in order that they might carry out the work of the City Council. At this time

it was so arranged by our adviser that we could hear Mr. Trigg, of the *Kansas City Star*, on Commission Government. The last of the term has been spent in a series of trips to the various institutions of Kansas City.

Although the club is still in its youth, having experienced its first year in Westport, it has been well represented in the school activities. In the debate we were represented by Mr. Cope, Mr. Waltner, Mr. Boulware, Mr. Oxley and Mr. Scott. We also wish to mention Mr. Ruby, one of the stars of the Westport basketball squad, and Mr. Merton Allen, our yell leader. The club this year has been composed of many Seniors, so it is up to the Civics classes next year to keep up the good work.

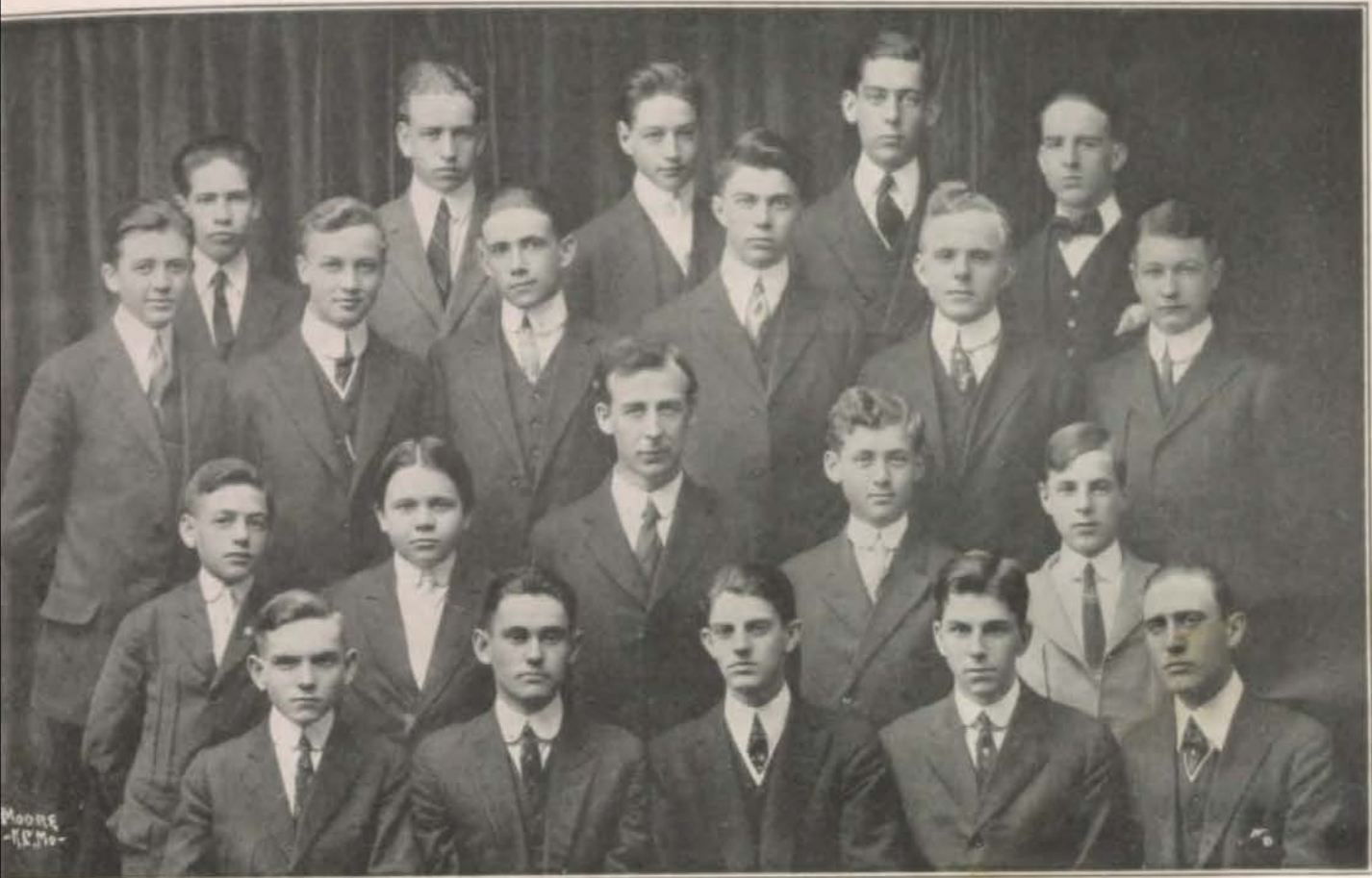
LESTER RAMS, Secretary.

The Annual Civics Club hike was on May 9th to Liberty, Mo. The trip was a delightful outing, but instructive as well. Owing to the great interest taken in the hike by those who attended, the walk was a brilliant success, and will, we hope, be the model for

many future Civics Club hikes. The success of the hike was also due largely to Mr. Harman's obliging and ceaseless exertion in the cause of club activities, and the fellows are very grateful to him for his services. Among the places visited were North Kansas City,

Randolph, Birmingham, the Old Arsenal, Liberty, Winn Wood Lake, and Avondale. The following members made the trip: Murray

Brown, Paul Frick, Sanford Johnson, Floyd McFall, Clarence Mullen, Marion Waltner, Roder Wilde, R. V. Harman.



CIVICS CLUB

MEMBERS.

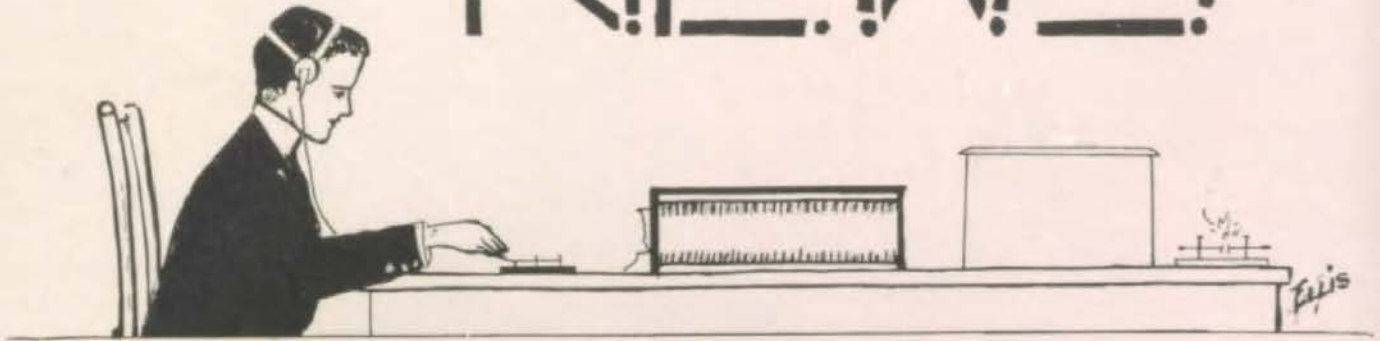
Paul Hughs,
Dundas Ross,
Murray Brown,
Lawrence Chambliss,
William Gattrell,
Maynard Mize,
Marion Waltner,

Clifford Scott,
Melville Snyder,
Noel Boulware,
Floyd McFall,
Reuben Cohn,
Paul Frick,
Mr. Harman (Adviser),

Stanford Johnson,
Roder Wilde,
Clarence Mullen,
Homer Cope,
Everett Oxley,
Lester Rams,
John Tracy,

Melville Woodbury,
Joseph Miller,
Craig Ruby,
D. B. Curtis,
Luther Whaley,
Richard Parker,
Merton Allen.

NEWS



THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

January 30th, the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra made its long deferred visit. The program was:

Concert Overture, "Cockaigne" ("In London Town"), Op. 40.....*Edward Elgar*
Symphony No. 4 in D Minor—2 Movements,
South and West, Op. 64.....*Henry Hadley*
"The Last Spring".....*Edward Grieg*
"La Belle au Bois Dormant," Symphonic Poem..
.....*Alfred Bruneau*

The Symphony Orchestra represents a very definite movement toward a better Kansas City which we should be glad to encourage. We appreciated this significance as well as the splendid music and showed our appreciation.

January 7th, we had the largest and most systematic yell rally Westport has ever had. Merton Allan was elected head cheer leader, with Noel Boulware for his assistant.

On the morning of January 3d we were called to assembly expecting, as usual, to hear someone speak. Nothing doing! We heard

ourselves yell. Mr. Shouse called on Donald Selbie, last year's assistant cheer leader, to lead us in our yells. Getting up on the platform and leading seventeen hundred people in their school yells makes the shivers go up and down one's spine. It certainly treated him that way.

The seventeen hundred were either afraid to hurt their voices or to "break the skylight," for, at first, scarcely a hundred joined in. But the last yell was great.

P. S. This is a personal experience.

Perhaps it would be well for the few excited jingoists who are demanding immediate invasion of Mexico to remember what Norman Angell said when he spoke here in assembly, or, better still, to buy his book, "The Great Illusion."

Early in January there was a special assembly for the boys to hear Mr. Bishop, and about a month later the girls listened to Mrs. Eddy. Both are Kansas Citians.

WHIPPED CREAM

March 16th was Domestic Science Day. The debaters from Northeast and Westport vied with each other in presenting recipes for combination salads and desserts.

Mr. Nowlin, who introduced each of the Northeast debutantes, contented himself with giving us promises of the recipes rather than of the feast to come, and Davis, the first speaker for Northeast, was shy about coming to the point and substituted a story-telling contest all of his own. Ben Wood, however, grew threatening and hurled at us his original Northeast whipped cream recipe, which we received with gratitude and applause. Mr. Bernard Gillis served the combination salad.

Instead of taking up the challenge at once, Mr. Booth showed us how serious was the occasion, but Mr. Harman doubly whipped the cream. Sterrett Titus, the well known athlete, caught the cream gracefully and beat in some powdered sugar. Henschel contented himself with giving the poor cream a few more beats, but when "Hon." Judge Cope arrived upon the scene of action, the frightened and whipped cream disappeared in the dim distance.

Murphy, the Frenchman, arrived in time to cheat Scott out of his well deserved appende for some imitations of the "Hon." Mr. Humphrey tried to revive the whipped cream, but he was too late, since it had departed for Room 86 to be served on the debaters' desert.

PRIZE WINNERS

The HERALD prizes have been announced by the *Crier* and you may see the stories, poems and covers in this issue. Frances Dickson and Frederick Murray both won honorable mention in the Drama League contest. The other prizes, W. C. T. U. Essay, Law School Scholarship and Confederacy Scholarships will be awarded too late to be announced by this HERALD.

"DADDY" HULL'S FAREWELL

The week of January 23d was missionary week, according to "Daddy" Hull at least. We met one missionary for the first time and said good-by to the other—for the last time. The "other" was Daniel H. Hull, who had been a missionary in the middle of the middle of Room 30 for nine years. We have his own word for it. During those years, he became the "pet and pride" of Westport. Even the most unruly "Freshie" has endured his lot because he would be able to take physics under Mr. Hull.

Mr. Hull's many annual jokes and weekly tests will long be remembered by those who were able to live through them. This was proved when many of his old pupils gathered together to present to him a beautiful loving cup to show their appreciation of his long and efficient services. Mr. F. S. Elder is Mr. Hull's successor and this adds another to our long list of new teachers this year.

The Junior and Senior girls have received this year more encouragement toward going to college than any other year. First the Missouri Alumnae gave the Senior girls a reception and play and the Collegiate Alumnae asked the assistance of the Seniors and Juniors at their Elizabethan fete.

THE MUSICAL CONTEST

On the afternoon of May 15th, the musical contest was held. Representatives from each of the four schools were present. Central carried off the cups for the Boys' Glee Club and the Girls' Chorus, but Westport added the cup for the best Mixed Chorus to her own collection. May we congratulate ourselves upon having such loyal supporters of Westport and such a conscientious director as Mrs. Hedges? We ought to. In the evening, the combined choruses sang under the direction of Mr. Busch.

SPANISH CLUB PLAY

The Spanish Club gave, May 14th, a play called "Zaragüeta." The cast of characters:

Gregoria, a maid.....ELSIE CORNELL
 Doña Dolores, wife of Indalecio.....AGNES BRADY
 Perico, a servant.....ROBERT GUYER
 Maruja, niece of Doña Dolores, MARGUERITE HODGKIN
 Don Indalecio, a wealthy farmer.....MCKEE RAY
 Don Saturio, a village doctor.....BYRON LIVESAY
 Doña Blasa, mother of Pio.....RUTH CUMMINGS
 Pio, a student.....SPENCER CAMPBELL
 Carlos, nephew of Indalecio, from Madrid.....
DUNDAS ROSS
 Ambrosio, a hack driver.....SIDNEY IRMAS
 Zaragüeta, a money lender, from Madrid.....
EVERETT JONES

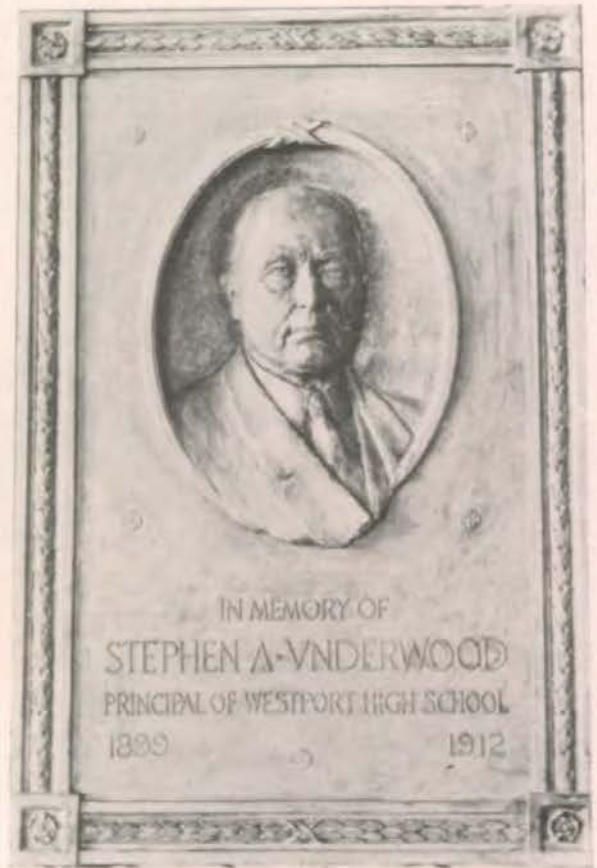
The play was exceptionally well presented and the addition of a synopsis was a great aid to the many in the audience who could not have otherwise understood. Sally McCrary sang "Adios Amor."

THINKING WHITE

January 25th, we were fortunate enough to have with us Dan Crawford, the Scotch missionary and explorer in Africa. Mr. Crawford had just come out from the "middle of the middle of Africa," where he had been for twenty-three years. In a quaint and characteristic manner he related to us some of his experiences while doing his work among the natives. Mr. Crawford's vivid pictures captured our imaginations and his personality our hearts, to such extent that we were more than willing to subscribe the necessary money for the Westport-Central School in the "middle of the middle of Africa."

BOYS TAKE NOTICE

If you go to M. U., don't forget the invitation extended you on the morning of April 21st by Mrs. Moss, of Christian College.



IN MEMORY OF MR. UNDERWOOD

On Tuesday, April 14th, Duane L. Tice, in behalf of the classes of '10, '11, '12, presented to the school a bronze tablet dedicated to the memory of our late principal. In an impressive and solemn address Mr. Tice paid tribute to the kindly influence that Mr. Underwood had exercised over his students and the love and respect that the students felt for him in return. He told of how Mr. Underwood had given the best period of his life in strengthening and leading Westport.

In behalf of the Board of Education, Mr. H. H. Cook accepted the memorial as a symbol, in its indestructibility, of the sincere regard with which Mr. Underwood's memory is preserved. In fitting conclusion, after the school as a body had risen and stood in solemn silence for a minute as a token of respect, we sang our school song.

—From *The Crier*.



THE CRIER STAFF

THE CRIER

Ladies and Gentlemen: May we present Westport's latest venture in the publishing line—*The Crier*? Or, as Miss Harriman irreverently puts it, the "Weeper." It has come to fill a long-felt need for a paper with more than two issues a year because June and Christmas are rather far apart. But the best of it is that it fills it. Although *The Crier* is, in form, a bi-weekly newspaper, it has found space and opportunity for excellent short stories, poems, cartoons and many locals (some of these, alas, were swiped from THE HERALD drawer. But *The Crier* Editor-in-Chief would have us believe that these suspicions are entirely unfounded. The debates on this subject between Mr. Brackett and Miss Sloan have been interesting to the innocent by-standers). *The Crier* jokes, by the way, show better than anything else its breadth in scope. They ascend to the heights of a Latin pun only to fall into the mire of the annual Humphrey Hair joke.

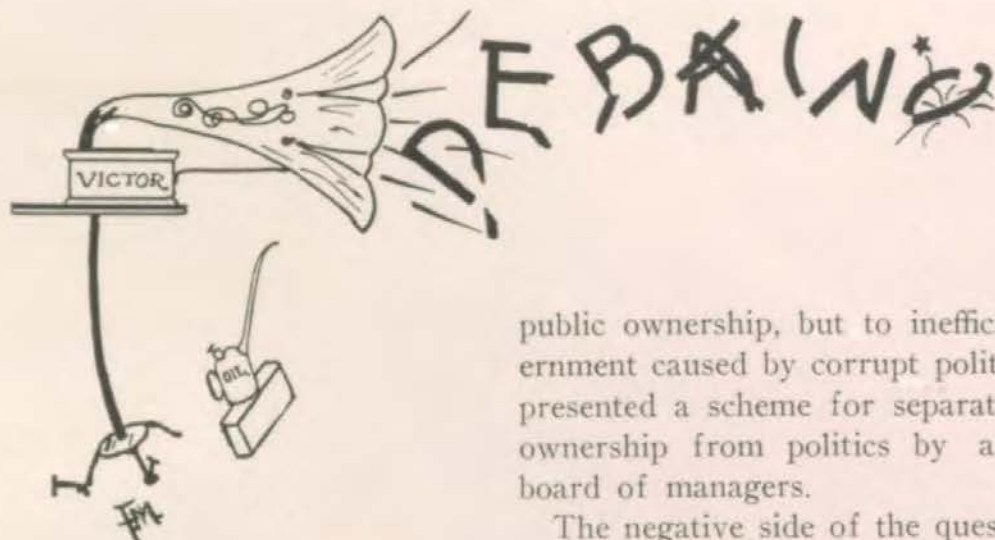
The name and the staff were chosen by a vote of the student body. By the manner

in which *The Crier* was organized and its rapid improvement, the staff and their adviser, Mr. Goodale, have proved themselves most able. They are:

- Editor-in-Chief.ARTHUR BRACKETT
- Associate Editor.MARGARET SHACKLEFORD
- Associate Editor.ALBERT WELCH
- Society Editor.MERTON ALLEN
- Athletic Editor.CRAIG RUBY
- Business Manager.HERBERT SCHMITZ
- Adviser.MR. GOODALE

* * * * *

All hail to you, little brother of ours! (Isn't "Crier" an appropriate name for a *little* brother though?) Instead of fighting, we have surrendered to you with only a little grumbling. We have given you stories and our own pet announcements—you have taken locals. But we have striven to grin and bear it. What more can age do for youth? For we have had the glory of age although there are those who prophecy that we shall degenerate into a mere annual. But what care we, now that you are here? Good speed, little brother!



TWO TO ONE

At last Westport has beaten Central in debate. Taking the affirmative side of the resolution, "Resolved, that municipalities of the United States should own and operate their public utilities," the Westport team, composed of Marion Waltner, Radford Pittam and Noel Boulware, defeated Central by a two to one decision, winning one more piece of silverware. It happened March 20th at Central.

Marion Waltner opened the debate with a few explanatory remarks. The burden of his argument was to show the irreconcilable differences between the principles of private investment of capital and the principles upon which public utilities should be conducted. Waltner's arguments were never successfully refuted by his opponents.

The next affirmative speaker, Radford Pittam, though he was substituted only a day and a half before the debate because of the illness of Everett Oxley, had so thoroughly familiarized himself with the material gathered by Oxley, that the audience would not have known that he was not the regular debater if the chairman had not informed them. His delivery was clear and confident. The speech proved that municipal ownership is not a theory since it has been very successful in Europe and in this country.

The climax of the affirmative argument was the speech by Noel Boulware. Admitting that, in some instances, municipal ownership was a failure, he proceeded to show that these failures were not due to any inherent defect of

public ownership, but to inefficient city government caused by corrupt politics. Then he presented a scheme for separating municipal ownership from politics by a non-partisan board of managers.

The negative side of the question was ably defended for Central by Homer Bair, David Hersch and Nelson Peters. The last speaker was undoubtedly the strongest.

When the decision favoring Westport was read, the few loyal Westporters present manifested their joy by hugging each other, and a small stampede to the stage to congratulate the victors was enacted. We have beaten Central once, why not again?

ONE TO TWO

Westport always believes in being generous. And we were especially so on the evening of March 20th when we allowed little Northeast to run home with the better part of a two to one decision. Perhaps we should add that the occasion was a debate and the question, "Resolved, that municipalities in the United States should own and operate their public utilities." This time the Westport team, Sterrett Titus, James Henschel and Homer Cope, took the negative.

Titus, the first negative speaker, gave his definition of public utilities, and proved that municipal ownership is unwise because of the political and social conditions in the United States. The economic side of the question was taken by Henschel. He proved that municipal ownership really costs the consumer more and finally took refuge in the old argument of corruption. Then Homer Cope whirled in. If his argument had had the originality of his delivery he would have been invincible. He presented a remedy for the evils of both private and municipal ownership by strict regu-

lation of privately owned utilities by a state, non-partisan board. (It was amusing to hear him harp on the glories of anything non-partisan.) In his rebuttal, the Senator was almost too pugnacious.

The Northeast debaters, Ben Wood, Harry Davis and Bernard Gillis, proved, substantially, that municipal ownership lessens the evils of private ownership, lowers rates and improves service.

The Teams



MARION WALTNER



RADFORD PITTAM



NOEL BOULWARE



EVERETT M. OXLEY



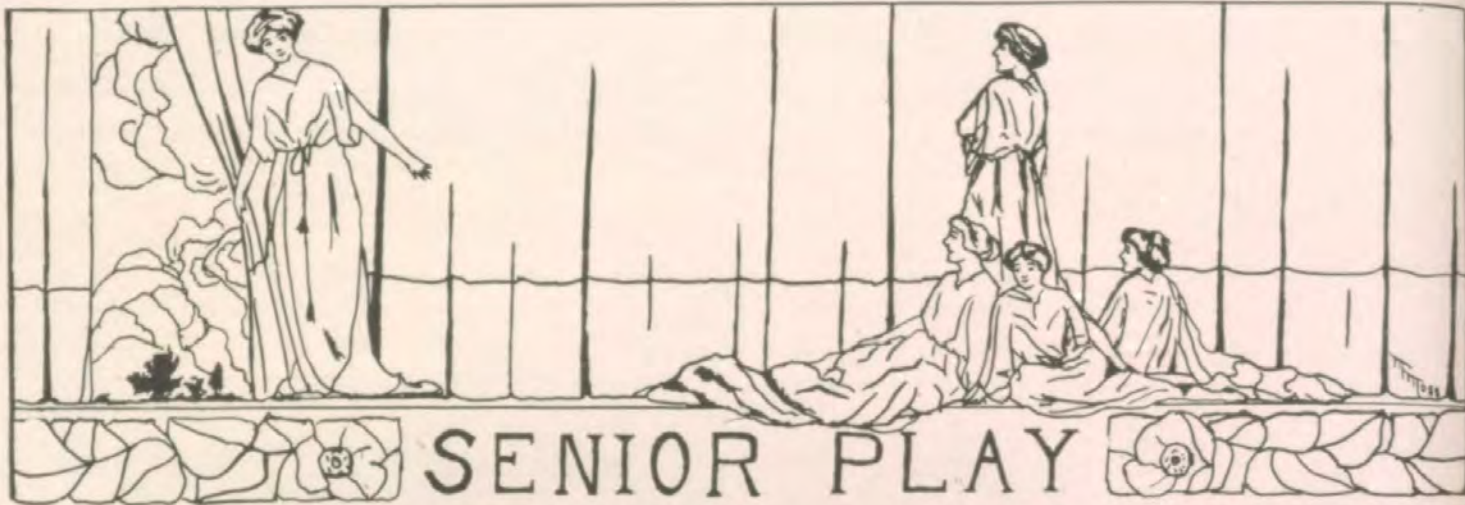
STERRETT S. TITUS



J. EDWARD HENSCHEL



HOMER A. COPE



Another Senior class and another Senior Play! People are beginning to wonder if a class ever could graduate from Westport without breaking a new record in the play line. We hope not. For our many plays furnish a vital part of that school spirit of which one hears so much. And as ambitious plays are not attempted for the Senior play, it seems nearer and more interesting. In a less powerful play, the would-be actors have a better opportunity to fulfill every requirement of their parts. Of course, we do not mean that a play should not be chosen for its excellence, but many of the minor plays are excellent. When too much is attempted, the result is apt to be ludicrous.

This year the Seniors chose "Esmeralda," an old-fashioned sentimental comedy by Frances Hodgson Burnett and William H. Gillette. The heroine, Esmeralda, is the author's idea of "just a girl." Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lydia Ann Rogers, come of that well known stock, "No'th Caliny white trash." Dave, the lover, is also of this class, but perhaps a shade more intelligent. He has built a "little house" for Esmeralda.

Enter the villain. Drew, a speculator, thinking there is ore on the land, gives the Rogers family a small fortune. Mrs. Rogers, immediately, has other plans for Esmeralda's marriage and drags the family to Paris where, after many complications, honest Dave appears and, now having the money, he plucks up enough courage to "take a stand against

mother." When the curtain falls, we understand that Dave and Esmeralda are going back to the little house with the nail behind the door. N. B.—the nail is for Esmie's sunbonnet. This is the play, but, by the addition of over many fashionable gowns, spit curls and the like, some of the girls tried to give it the appearance of a "musical comedy."

Mr. Rogers, as portrayed by Guy Morse, was one of the meekest men in existence if, indeed, he could exist. But Mr. Morse "lived his part" more faithfully than any of the others and gave us Mr. Rogers' innate goodness and simplicity without making it akin to "simpleness." On the other hand, Evelyn Cornish gave an energetic interpretation of Mrs. Rogers, though one of the athletic displays was, we fancy, not planned.

Velnette Williams played Esmeralda for all there was in the part—it wasn't her fault that Esmie was absolutely colorless. All Miss Williams needed to be the typical early Victorian heroine was some meek yellow curls. And her honest Dave, Sterrett Titus, was as honest and pathetic as need be and occasionally even clever. That lock of hair falling on his forehead together with those uneven white spots on his cheeks made a certain appeal to our sympathies.

But Mary Sams' interpretation of Nora was exceptionally brilliant, vivid and original. She was able to break free from all our old Westport standards and to set up a new one—that of naturalness. Wheeler Godfrey's Es-



THE "LINE-UP" OF THE SENIOR PLAY

tabrook also rang true. The proposal scene between Estabrook and Nora was undoubtedly the best interpreted in the play.

John Logan, as Desmond, walked through his lines in a gentlemanly manner, while his sister, Kate, Winifred Matticks, was pretty, which was all that was necessary. Homer Cope gave a peculiarly Copesque twist to the unpleasant George Drew. The part of the

Marquis de Montessin, as taken by Everett Oxley, was clever and, true to the traditions of "character parts," exaggerated. Emma Esther Kirchhofer, the maid, gave a very charming smile and Dorothy Jay, Frances Dickson, John Gregory and Frederick Murray prom-naded the "ball room" with due regard to their importance as suppliers of atmosphere and action.



A SCENE IN THE SENIOR PLAY

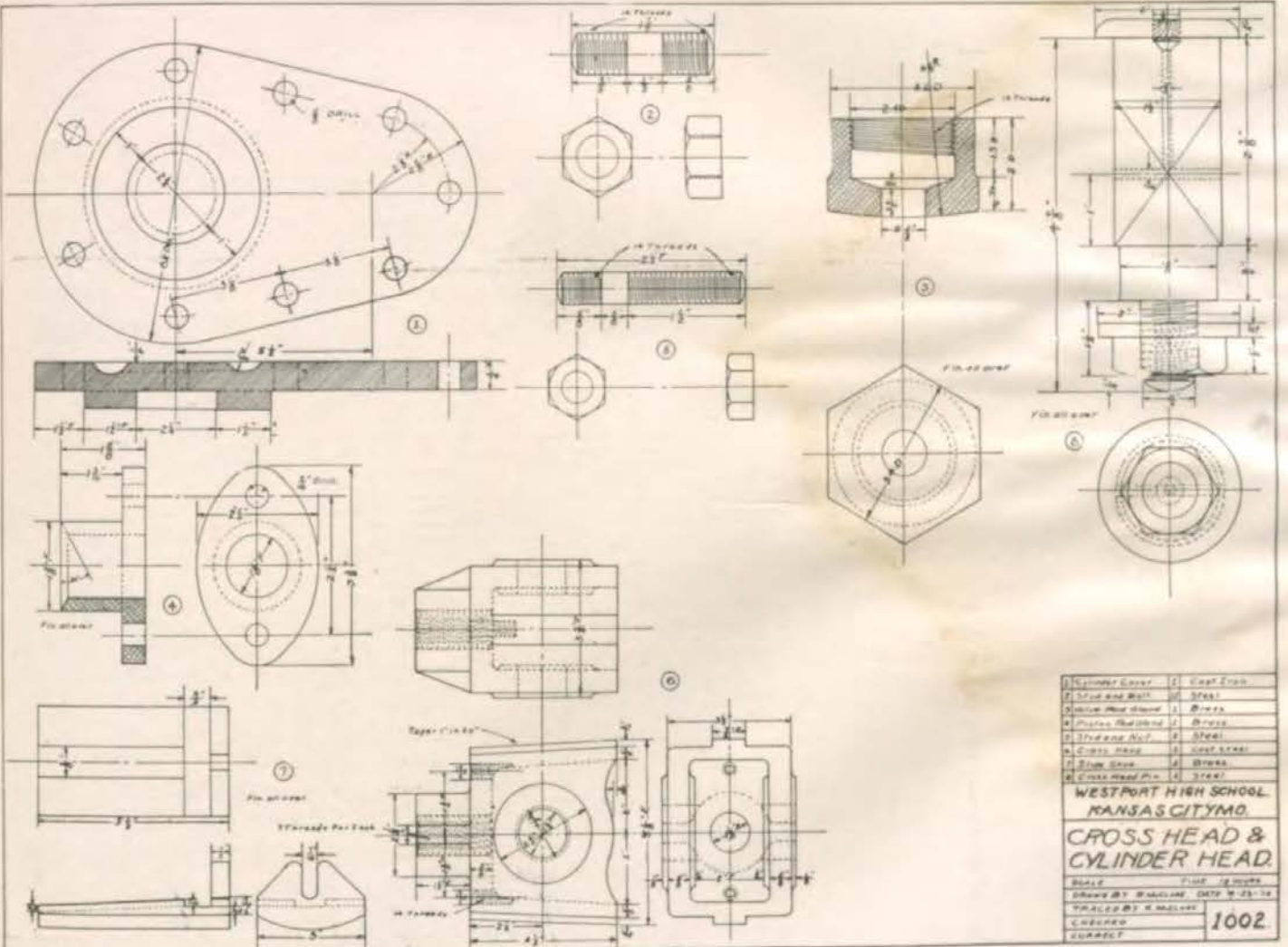
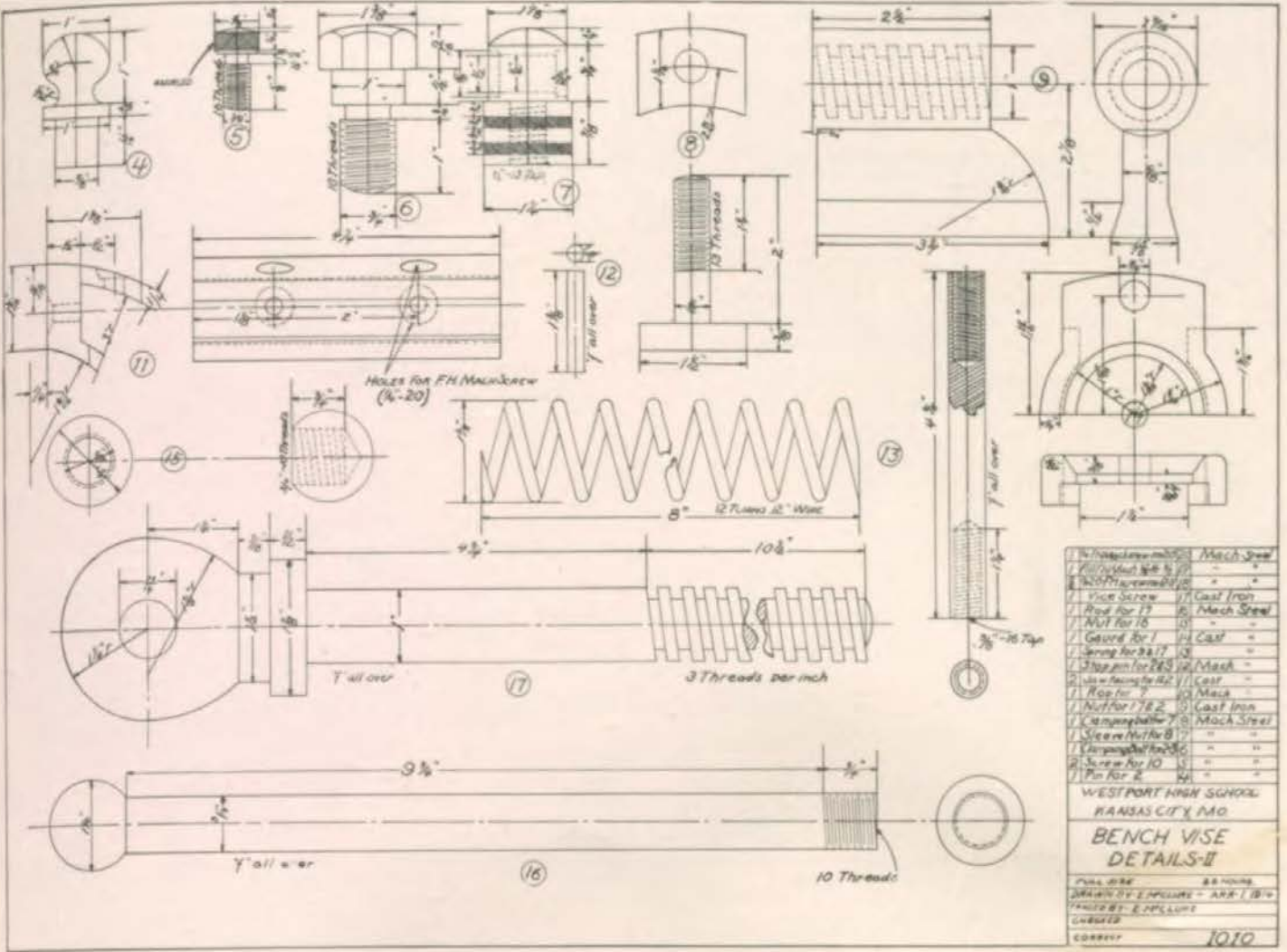
Mechanical Drawing

The first year and a half of Mechanical Drawing is the same for all courses. In order that a student may begin as early as possible on the kind of drawing he is most interested in and therefore the kind that will do him the most good, he is allowed, at the middle of the second year, to choose between

Machine Drawing and Architectural Drawing. Both of these courses are most elementary and are not to be considered as courses in Design, but as intended to give a rudimentary knowledge of building and machine construction on which the student can base his work in Design in the third and fourth years.



IONIC COLUMN, BRUSH-RENDERED, BY FRANCIS UPDEGRAFF AND EVERETT OXLEY



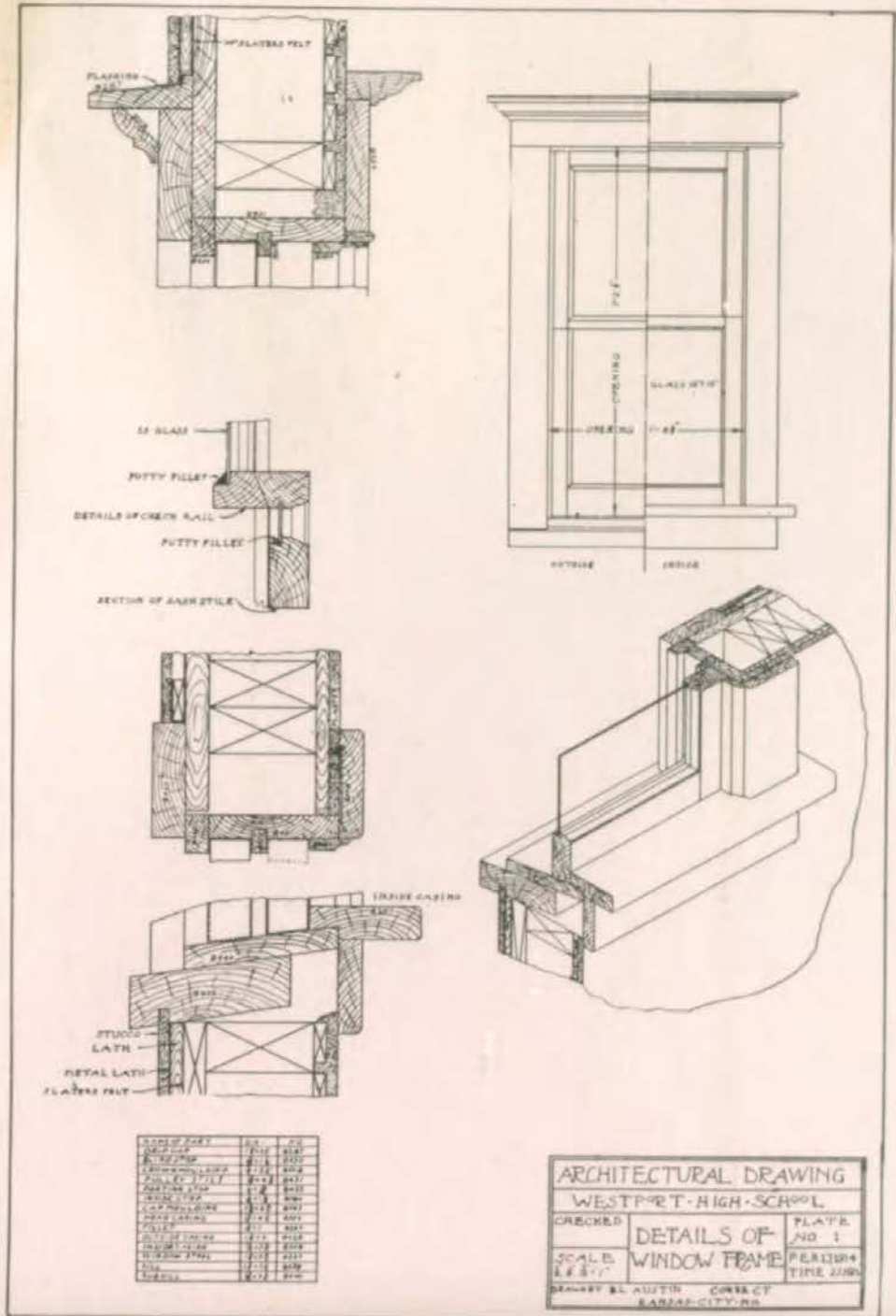
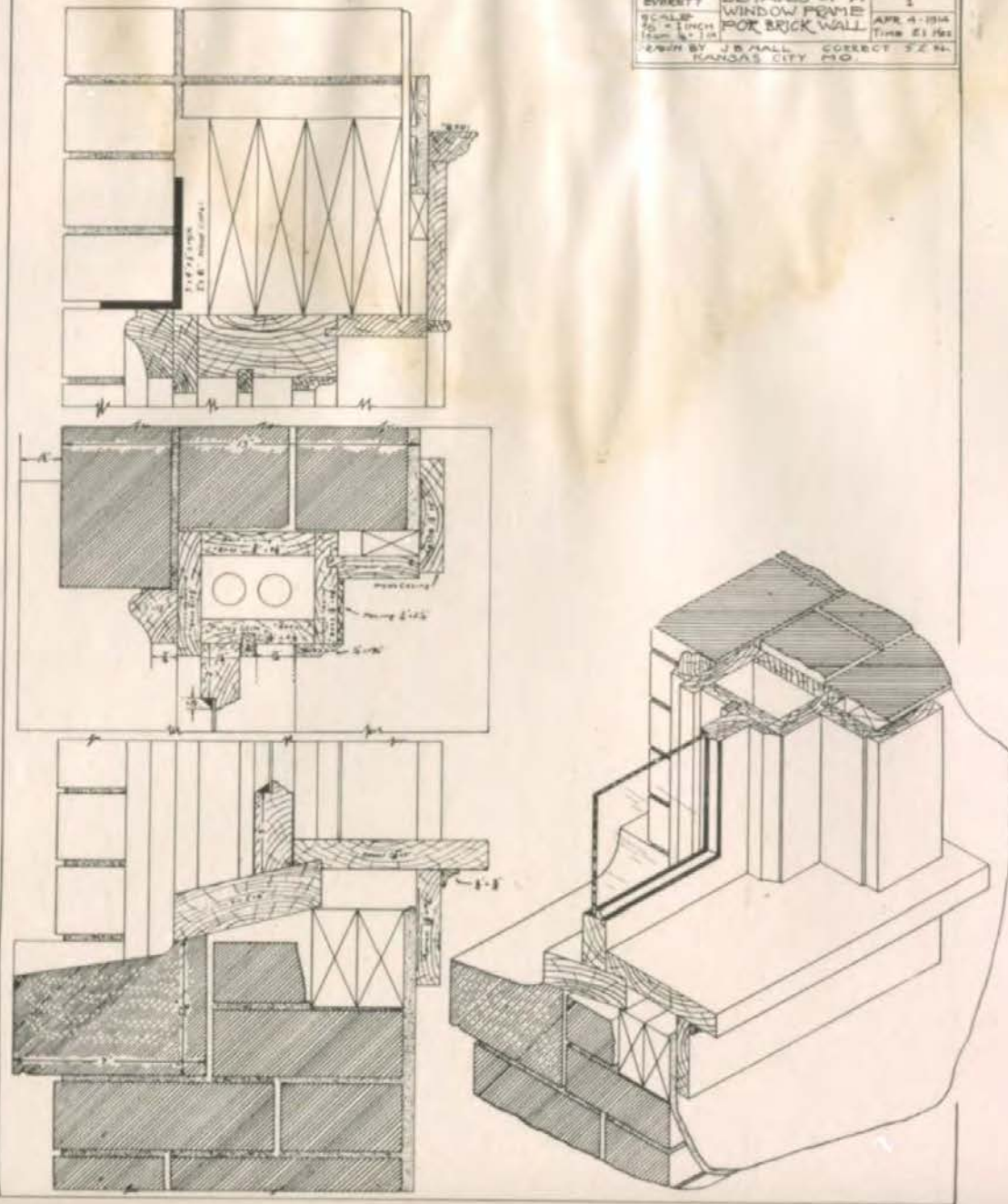
ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING

WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL

CHECKED BY: EVERETT
 DRAWN BY: J. B. MALL
 KANSAS CITY, MO.

DETAILS OF A WINDOW FRAME FOR BRICK WALL

PLATE NO. 1
 APR. 4, 1914
 TIME 2 1/2 HRS.



NO.	DESCRIPTION	QTY.	UNIT
1	BRICK	100	CU YD
2	CEMENT	10	BU
3	SAND	10	CU YD
4	PUTTY	10	BU
5	LATH	10	100' PL
6	WOOD	10	CU YD
7	GLASS	10	SQ FT
8	PAINT	10	GA
9	GLAZIER	10	HRS
10	BRICKLAYER	10	HRS
11	WOODWORKER	10	HRS
12	PAINTER	10	HRS
13	GLAZIER	10	HRS
14	BRICKLAYER	10	HRS
15	WOODWORKER	10	HRS
16	PAINTER	10	HRS
17	GLAZIER	10	HRS
18	BRICKLAYER	10	HRS
19	WOODWORKER	10	HRS
20	PAINTER	10	HRS

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING
 WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL

CHECKED BY: EVERETT
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DETAILS OF WINDOW FRAME

PLATE NO. 1
 APR. 4, 1914
 TIME 2 1/2 HRS.

MANUAL TRAINING



LABORATORY TEST OF IRON AND STEEL

The fourth year Mechanics Arts Class, which is a class recently started in this school, had the pleasure of going through the Kansas City Bolt and Nut Company's factory at Sheffield. Among the departments in this institution we find the testing laboratory one of the most interesting.

Here samples of each load of iron shipped from the rolling mill are placed in a huge testing machine and stretched until it breaks. In these tests the following are noted: The amount the iron stretches, the number of pounds at which it breaks, and the elastic limit. The amount that iron stretches is called the "elongation" and is measured either by use of an instrument called an "extensometer" which measures it directly, or by marking a known distance on the sample before beginning the test and then measuring the distance between these marks after the test has been made.

The number of pounds at which it breaks is indicated on a beam with a weight the same as any common large weighing scales. By the "elastic limit," is meant that during the test the iron or steel will stretch to a certain point and come back to its original length when the force is withdrawn, but after the "elastic limit" has been passed the molecules

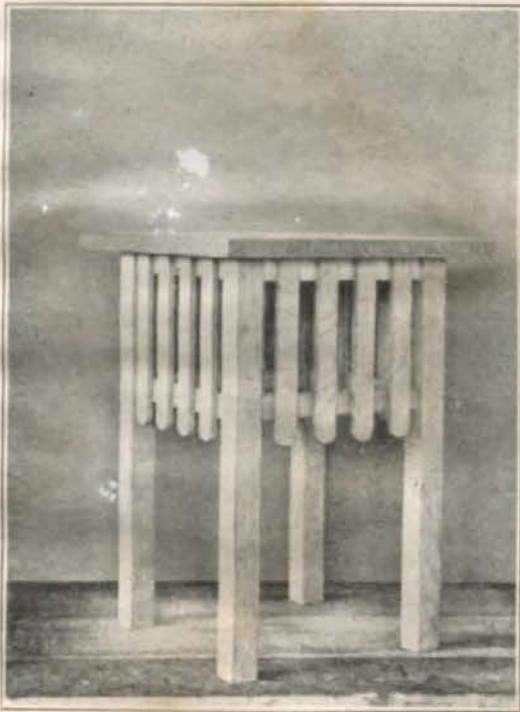
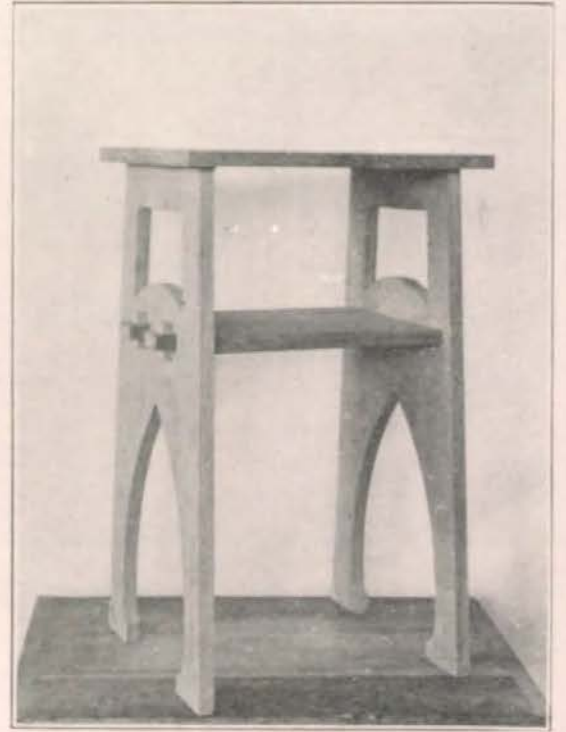
have been so disarranged that the piece will not return to its original shape when released.

The first of a series of tests was made on a piece of steel one-half inch square. This was marked off by dots one inch apart for a distance of eight inches. It was then placed with each end between a pair of jaws in the testing machine, each pair of jaws being placed just outside of the eight-inch marks. These jaws are fixed to two large power screws, making it possible to force them apart and thus stretch the iron. This piece of iron resisted a pull of 22,000 pounds before breaking. As this was one-fourth of a square inch in cross section the tensile strength of the iron would be 88,000 pounds per square inch.

Another piece of steel one and one-fourth inches thick and four inches wide required a pull of 252,000 pounds before breaking, which means a tensile strength of 50,400 pounds per square inch. After several pieces of strap iron were broken a test was made on a bolt to determine whether the threads were strong enough. The bolt broke at 18,500 pounds without stripping the threads and as the required strength of the threads was only 16,000 pounds, the test showed that the threads had the required strength.

Next we were taken to the chemical laboratory where the chemical composition of the piece was determined.

KARL W. BOOKER, '15.



JOINERY

During the first term the boys of the Joinery classes practice on making various joints, but during the second term each boy chooses what he makes.

The pictures show a lamp made by Clifford F. Bracken, a taboret made by Aurelius Fox, a pedestal made by Edwin J. Becker, and a telephone stand made by Eugene M. Ashe. Many other articles such as piano benches, library tables, porch swings, cedar chests, etc., were made this year, but were not near enough completed to be photographed in time to appear in this issue of the HERALD.

RED CEDAR

The cedar chests made by the boys of the Joinery classes in Room 4 have always attracted a good deal of attention from the visitors to Westport High School on patrons' day.

These chests are made of what is called red cedar lumber which, on account of its beautiful coloring and pleasant and ever-present odor, is very much admired. It is claimed that the odor of red cedar is very repulsive to the moths which destroy woolens and furs and for this reason the wood is much used for clothes chests, and as linings for clothes closets and other clothing receptacles. It is also much used in the manufacture of lead pencils.

Cedar being a soft wood starts its growth from a cone. The cedar cone varies in size, but is generally one inch in diameter and three to four inches in length. It resembles the spruce cone, but is more slender. The barbs are not so sharp as those of the pine cone.

When the cone is young it is green in color, but at maturity it changes to a brown, opens up and drops from the tree. The cone lies on the ground until it is decayed, serving as a protection to the seed during the time the seed begins to sprout. This is the beginning of the cedar tree.

During the first year after the seed has sprouted it grows to the height of two inches. At the end of the second year the tree will reach the height of six inches. After the

second year the tree will increase its height from eight to twelve inches per year. As the tree grows larger, the branches at the bottom die, dry up, and fall to the ground. The size of the tree depends a great deal upon the condition of the soil. Should the soil be rocky and poor, the growth is slow and the grain of the wood is fine. In poor and rocky soil the trees reach the height of from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. In favorable soil the height ranges from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. The diameter of the trunk is often three or four feet at the stump and tapers to a mere point at the top.

Red cedar is widely distributed in the United States, but most of it is found in the Southern and Northwestern states.

In preparing cedar trees for lumber they are felled with saws, limbed with axes, and then sawed into logs from twelve to twenty feet in length. The logs are skidded to a favorable spot and decked. Later they are hauled to the mill on sleds or wagons. On reaching the mill the logs are rolled on a skidway into the mill, up onto the carriages and slabbed by the saw to square them up. They are then ripped into the required dimensions.

After this process they are sent to the dryer to be seasoned. From the dryer they are sent to the planing mill to be dressed and fixed for domestic use.

Most of the cedar lumber sold in Kansas City grows in the hills of East Tennessee. Most red cedar boards have a plentiful supply of knots which add to the beauty of a cedar chest when properly smoothed and polished, but the presence of these knots makes the wood very difficult for an amateur to work.

There were formerly fine forests of red cedar in Florida, but the lead pencil companies have just about exhausted this source of supply and are having trouble in finding a sufficient supply for their needs. The pencil companies require the choicest of cedar, for they must cut out all knots and use only the straight grained part of the lumber.

EDWARD SCHELIN, '17.



EXTRACT FROM A COOKING NOTE BOOK

Table Service



Upon the proper table service depends a great deal of the comfort, cheerfulness and refinement of the family. Although the preparation of the food may be perfect, it will not compensate for careless and disorderly service in the dining room. Table manners are an excellent gauge of the refinement of a family.

Rules for Serving

I. The dining room must be in order, clean, dust well, aired and well lighted.

II. Place forks and spoons one inch from the edge of the table.

III. Remove dishes from the right unless it necessitates reaching in front of a guest. Pass all dishes from which food is to be taken to the left of those seated at the table.



Which is it?



ing room order, clean dust well lighted. plates, knives spoons from the table.

IV. Always place with the right hand and remove with the left when exchanging plates.

V. A waitress should always preserve a



quiet demeanor. VI. In passing a tray for the guest to help himself, hold it low enough to be reached with ease.



VII. Two plates may be removed at once, one in each hand. Small dishes as butter plates, or cups may be collected on a tray.

Never stack dishes. VIII. Relishes, bread and butter and such articles as pertain alike to all courses are left on the table till dessert.

IX. A tray or folded napkin may be used to protect the hand carrying hot dishes.



THE BUSINESS SIDE OF HOME-MAKING

While wealth is brought into our homes from a variety of sources, it is mainly expended on the home. This causes the housewife to become the main director of expenditures. Until recent years it has been considered necessary only to study means of producing wealth, but now students of economics think it just as important that one be able to spend wisely.

Just as much as any good business man must the housekeeper consider these points: (a) quick attention to details; (b) a fine sense of values; (c) good judgment in buying and selling; (d) ready adaptation of means to an end. To do this successfully the fullest and most completely rounded education is needed. No line of work draws information from such a variety of sources. Given the necessary education, one must have practical experience, which in too many cases comes after marriage. And in the majority of families there is a *misuse* rather than *lack* of funds. To avoid this and to spend a given income to the best possible advantage, these things should be remembered: (1) a careful consideration of the various avenues of expenditures; (2) exercise of foresight; (3) knowledge of values.

Knowledge of a subject raises drudgery to a science. We all like to do those things which we do well. If circumstances place one above doing one's own work, a cook or chambermaid will respond more readily to requests if they recognize superior knowledge in their mistresses. There will be no trouble in the kitchen end of the house when women take the same pains to know their business as do men. For this, two conditions are necessary—proper training and energy and eagerness for success. In securing and retaining the latter, the many labor-saving devices are just as necessary in the home as in the office or on the farm.

PHOEBE MILLER.

A MENTAL SALAD

This year the members of the cooking classes have fully realized the breadth of the subject termed "Domestic Science." No knowledge gained in any subject ever seems to come amiss. What glances of envy flash about the class when a former science star recalls some facts in physiology which help to make familiar the digestion and assimilation of foods. How wise we consider ourselves when we apply chemical principles and talk about bacteriology! Since we have canned fruits, made bread, discussed the ripening of cheese, the handling of milk and butter, we have cultivated a much more intimate acquaintance with bacteria, yeasts and moulds, which we once despised as enemies.

Our artistic ability was often called into use in making pleasing combinations and especially in those classes where house plans are in order.

As to language—well, you must admit that it takes more than a smattering of French to make an up-to-date menu.

And then in botany, we can tell the source and trace the evolution of a grain of coffee, a cocoa bean, a leaf of tea, a sack of flour and other products.

As for zoology—in making clam chowder we recalled facts bearing on dissection of the clam and reveled in oysters, tortured the lobsters and consigned the crab to eternity.

And when the contents of our books were inadequate and the class room did not suffice, we journeyed forth to our great manufacturing establishments. At Armory's we were shown through every department from the killing to the packing and the canning, and if you wish to know the name of any cut of meat and the best way to cook it, any first year girl can tell you. Upon completing a study of doughs and batters, we took an excursion to Loose-Wiles.

ADELE WILLIAMS, '14.



HAVE ALL STYLES HAD A PAST?

Much that is said regarding the present fashions for women is unqualified condemnation. Such questions as "What's next in dress?" "Are women going crazy?" "Where did they get the split skirt and the purple wig?" are questions often asked about women's dress, and the cartoonists seem to have sat up nights sketching impossible styles. Notwithstanding this, the fashions of a nation, in a great measure, reflect the progress of that nation. The history of dress shows the relation between the character of a nation and the dress of its people. The ancient Greeks were first in art and they had perfect bodies and an ideal dress for them—simple and artistic. During the fall of Rome, the fashions were gorgeous and luxurious. Before the French Revolution, when the court craved only pleasures, the dress was extravagant and sometimes fantastic. On the other hand, notice the extreme simplicity of the nun and the monk. Puritans and Quakers not only expressed religious thoughts but dressed them.

Much of the knowledge of early costume has been obtained from ancient paintings and sculptures. Even the old tombs have furnished a great deal of information. Regular fashion sheets have been in vogue only since the time of the French Revolution. We have already seen that history of costume of any country is closely associated with its history and politics. The conquests that made Egypt

supreme made the dress more elaborate. The early dresses were of simple and coarse material.

SPLIT SKIRT AND COLORED WIG.

During the 18th dynasty in the Egyptian political life a change took place. The shirt or waist was added. The split skirt was prob-



ably first used at this time, as the outer skirt was looped or draped to show the underskirt. During the end of the dynastic reigns the garments had become more numerous and the head-dresses more elaborate. Colored wigs were also introduced about this time to match the costume. Kimono waists and full skirts were a development of the Greeks.

The Greek women did their own weaving, and each garment as woven was complete, for it was worn without being cut or sewed and was held together with clasps or pins. Buttons appeared for the first time in the Eleventh century.

POINTED SHOES.

The end of the Fourteenth century was characterized by the introduction of trousers, stockings and pointed shoes. The use of black as mourning was started by Queen Ann at the death of Charles VIII.

HOOPS AND CORSETS.

The period of the Renaissance was one of the greatest in costume. Distinctly different garments were worn by men and women. The corset was brought from Italy by the wife of



Henry II, who also introduced the ruff and our present day "Catherine de Medici" collar.

In 1680 a new head-dress was introduced and remained in favor for thirty years. The story is told that a lady of the court had lost her hat and had used her garter, made of lace and ribbon, to bind her hair. The king com-

plimented her, and immediately her example was followed by others. This led to an enormous head-dress that sometimes reached two feet in height. In 1711, just before the end of Louis XIV's long reign, hoops were revived and soon became very large. They were called "panniers" and lasted until the French Revolution.



POLONAISE AND FLOUNCED SKIRT (1815-1830)

During the period of 1815-1830 fashions were exceedingly ugly. Street dresses were long and ball dresses were short, but both were elaborately trimmed. It is said that during these fifteen years 10,000 different shapes in hats and bonnets appeared. Later gowns were cut with low necks and long shoulders. At this time also the polonaise was introduced with flounces on the skirt. From 1870-1880 dress was more simple and graceful, and from 1880-1900 there was greater originality in dress than ever before. Bustles and pads were common; but it was on the whole a period of improvement.

The story of dress is a story of progress from primitive man's tattooing and decoration of the body to the various combinations in color and styles of modern dress. Isn't it

What Dress Makes of Us



DESIGNED TO MAKE THE FIGURE APPEAR SLENDER.

DESIGNED BY MARIE ETTWEIN



DESIGNED TO MAKE THE FIGURE APPEAR STOUT.



A DEEP BROAD CIRCULAR YOKE GIVES A BROAD-SHOULDERED SHORT-WAISTED EFFECT



THIS GIVES A NARROW SHOULDER EFFECT



THIS MAKES THE SHOULDERS AND CHEST LOOK NARROW



THE SHOULDERS WITH THIS YOKE SEEM NARROW AND THE WAIST SHORTER



IN THIS EFFECT THE WAIST SEEMS STILL SHORTER AND THE SHOULDERS NARROW



A YOKE OF THIS SORT MAKES THE WAIST LOOK LONGER



DESIGNED TO GIVE A PLEASING EFFECT.

DESIGNED BY NELLIE WAGGENER



DESIGNED TO GIVE A SPOTTED EFFECT



MAY BE WORN BY A SHORT, SLENDER PERSON OR ONE OF MEDIUM FIGURE. A TALL PERSON, UNLESS SHE BE BOTH SLENDER AND VERY LONG WAISTED SHOULD AVOID HIGH WAISTED EFFECTS



MAY BE WORN BY ANYONE BUT A VERY STOUT PERSON



SUITABLE FOR A SHORT WAISTED PERSON



HORIZONTAL LINES MAKE THE FIGURE LOOK SHORTER AND STOUTER WITH THE BANDS OF A CONTRASTING TONE, THE LINE EFFECT IS ACENTUATED



THE HIGHER THE BANDS ON THE SKIRT THE SHORTER THE FIGURE APPEARS



UNBROKEN VERTICAL LINES MAKE THE FIGURE LOOK TALLER AND MORE SLENDER

M. L. Bond.

queer that in times of peace the robes were flowing, while in the war the garments were girdled and of close cut? Rank and power have been shown by dress. The court fool, the cavalier, the monk, the maid, all varied the styles according to their positions. In modern dress many individual distinctions have been lost and with them much that was beautiful is gone. But intelligent thought and art are continually reviving from the past styles those which are adapted to modern needs.

Our fashions of today are based on those of the Directoire period, and these in turn are adapted from the Greeks. The Greek costume stands first among the costumes of all nations because of its simplicity and beauty of line. Its literal adoption is impossible in our busy age; but our costume, at its best, is gradually acquiring its characteristics of simplicity, beauty and freedom, and with them will come better health, greater comfort and greater joy in living.

ELIZABETH MASON, '15.

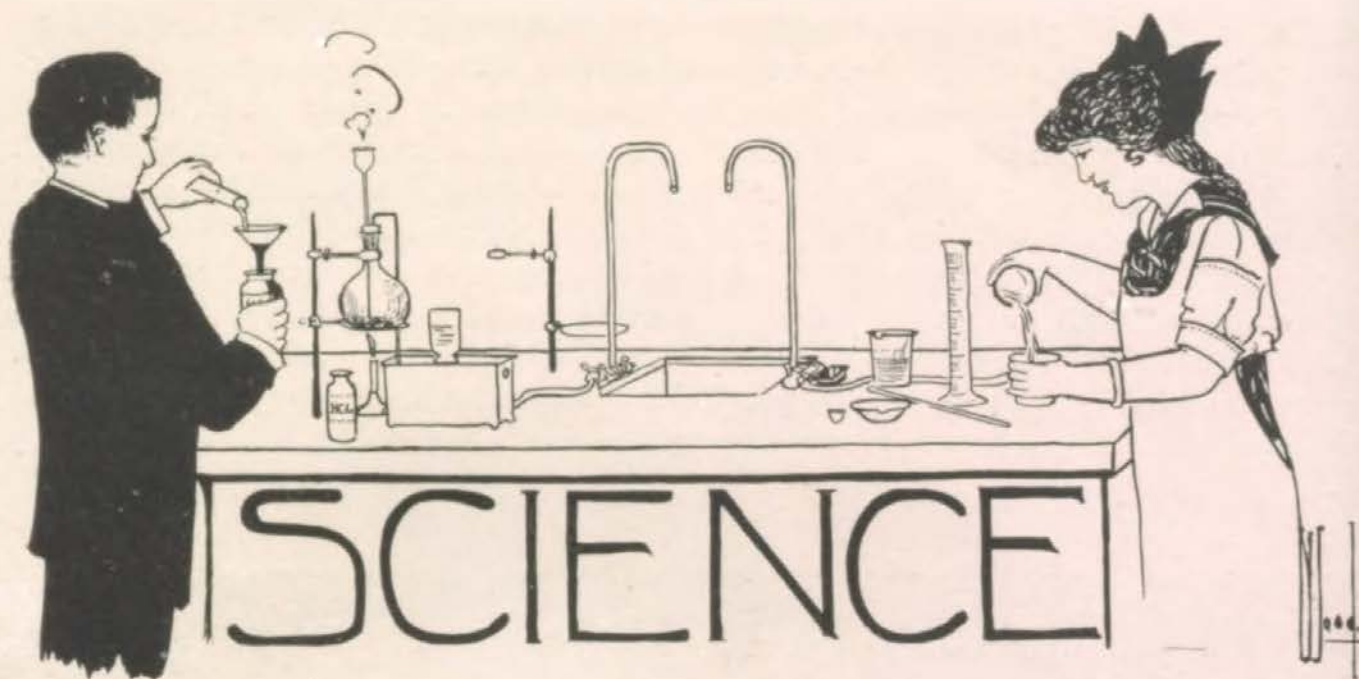


DRESSES MADE IN SEWING CLASSES

DE TENNYSONE

*Flos in rimosa parietina
E rimo te carpo cum cura
Te in toto teneo in manu
At si sic possim te et radicem
Scire, plane comprehendere possim
Te ipsum, Deum, hominemque.*

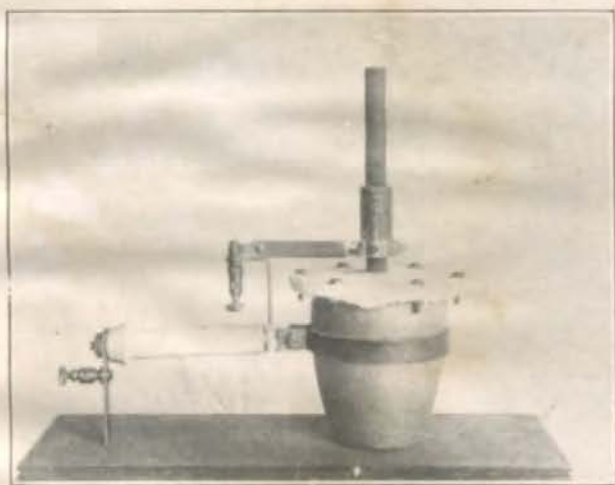
EULAH OLDHAM, '16.



Chemistry

AN ELECTRIC FURNACE MADE BY GUY MORSE, '14

The carbon crucible is made the positive pole and the carbon rod entering from the top is made the cathode. Current equal to 40 am-



peres is used. Produces an electric arc of great heat. An ordinary gas furnace of improved type produces a temperature at least 1,500° cooler than this arc. This arc is estimated to be 3,500° C. hot. Boils metals and causes them to be vaporized. Melts sand, vaporizes carbon.

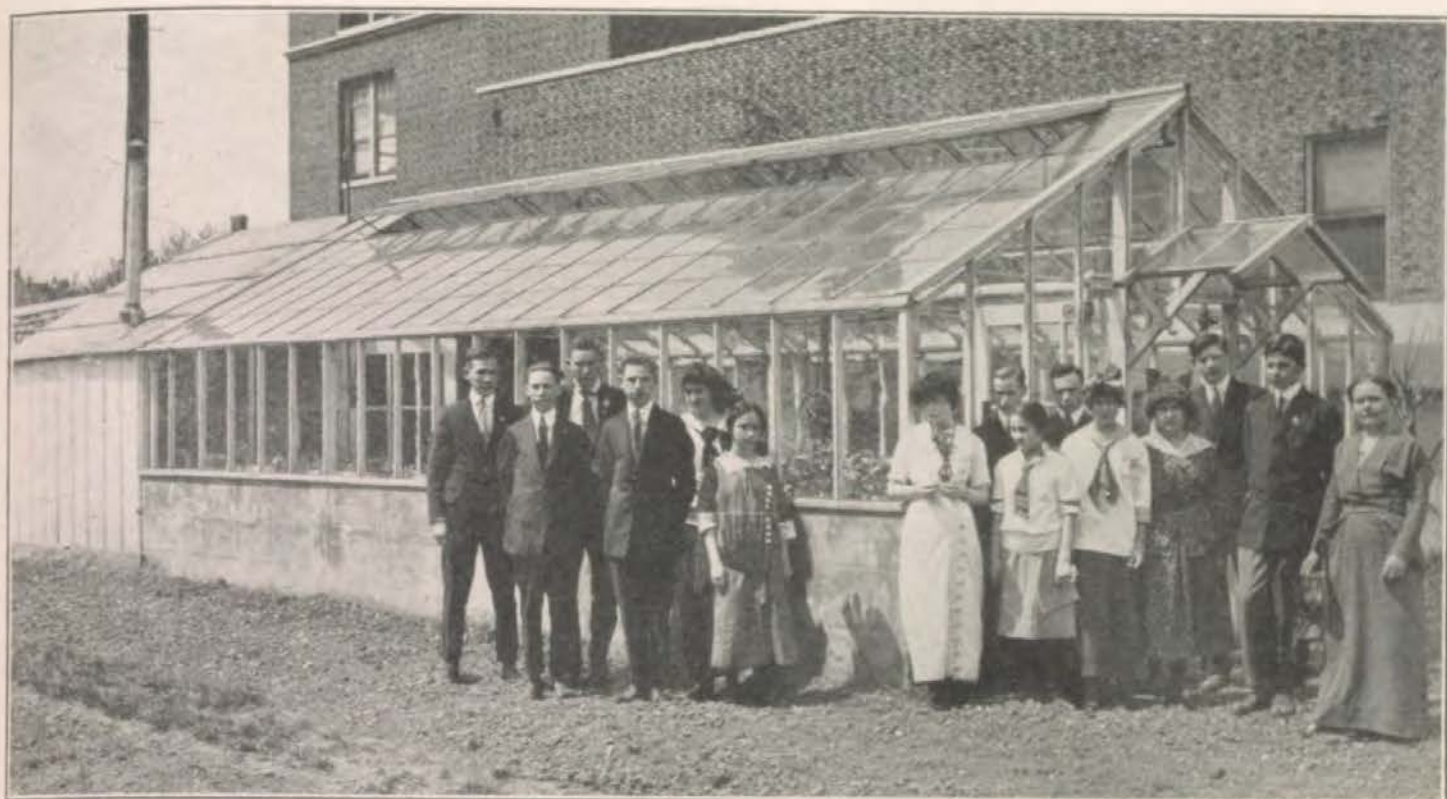
Horticulture

ADVANTAGES OF THE GREENHOUSE

Last fall as I was going through the basement corridor with a hoe over my shoulder on my way to help finish the devastation of the



garden started by last year's botany classes, one of our teachers inquired with considerable sarcasm, "An academic point for that?" Perhaps I did not appear equipped at just that moment to conquer an academic point, in the ordinary sense of the word, but since then we



THE GREENHOUSE

have done some academic work in botany, the value of which I do not think any teacher could doubt.

The greatest advantage to our botany work this term (of course excepting the teacher) has been the greenhouse. We all know that we are going to learn a great deal more about plants if we prepare the soil, plant the seed and take care of the plants than if we merely read about some other person doing it. Now that is just where that greenhouse has been serving its purpose. We have not only done all these things under very watchful eyes, but we have reasoned why this plant has grown so well, or why that one has failed to grow. In the greenhouse we have the territory nicely divided and everyone wants to have his plat looking a little better than his neighbor's, and everyone wants the whole thing looking as well as possible.

In the greenhouse we have tried to have conditions with reference to heat, light, moisture, soil and cultivation as nearly ideal as possible for most of the plants, but there were

enough exceptions to these conditions, both in the school room and parts of the greenhouse to give us some very interesting comparisons. In the greenhouse, from February 1st to May 1st, we have raised about two thousand plants, with twelve varieties each of flowers and vegetables, which we have transplanted into our home and school gardens early enough for them to make their best growth before the hot, dry weather comes.

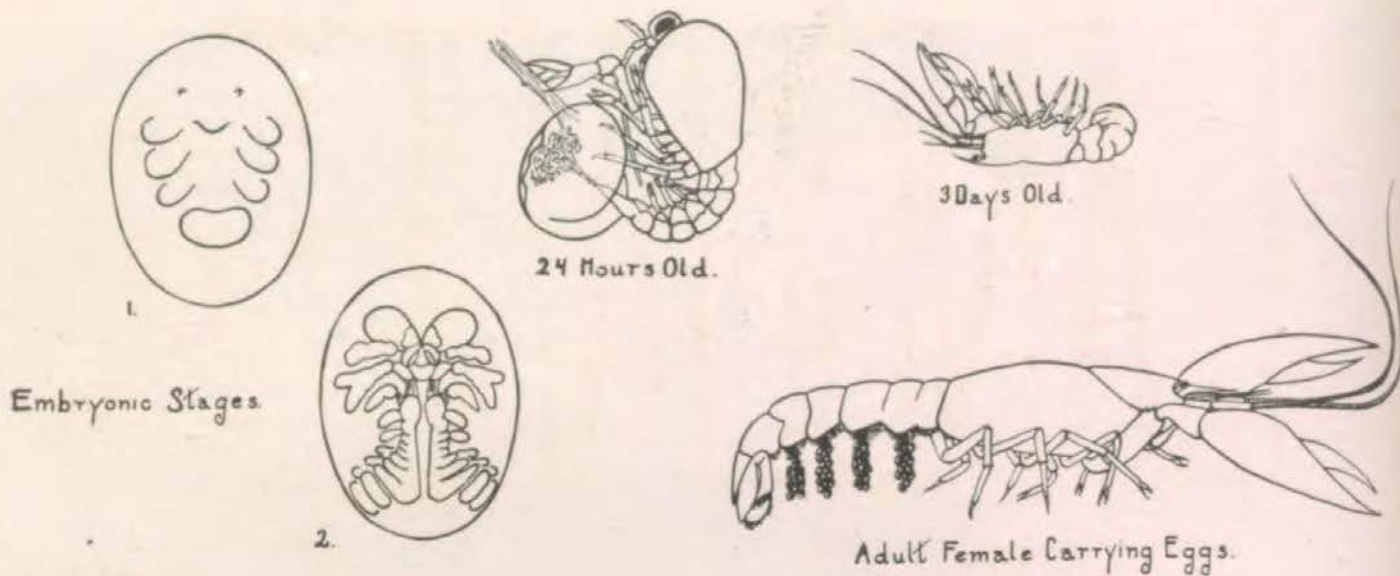
ROBERT GUYER, '15.

Zoology

LIFE HISTORY OF THE CRAYFISH

Perhaps the most interesting animal studied in the zoological laboratory this year was the crayfish, because there were several in the aquarium and their entire life history was watched and studied.

About January 1st it was noted that one of the females had deposited eggs. The eggs,



MINNIE MOODY-'14

were laid on the swimmerets and they were of a greenish color. (From one hundred to six hundred eggs may be laid by one female, according to her age and size.)

About six weeks after the eggs were laid they hatched, on February 17th. On February 18th the first molt was observed. They were transparent and about one-quarter of an inch long. The eyes were large and black and were prominent all through the early stages. The carapace was reddish brown with brown spots, which were very tiny and only visible with a hand lens. All the appendages were present and fully developed. The baby crayfish lay on their backs with no sense of balance and

moved about, actively keeping their swimmerets in motion.

On February 24th the second molt was observed. On February 26th the little creatures had their sense of balance developed, because they had turned over and walked along on their feet, right side up. They were still transparent, but were twice as long as the day of first molt. They swam backward and acted very much as the adult.

From this time on they grew by molting at frequent periods. During the coming summer and fall they will reach maturity and will be ready to start once more the life cycle.

E. E. KIRCHHOFER, '14.

THE DEATH OF SONG

*Oh, had the world not known thy touch!
The things therein would miss thee not so much
If thou hadst parted with a word
Before with joy the souls of men were stirred.
With blessed concord of the gods you came
And whisked men's sorrow out to seek its shame.
Each action, deed, emotion that we see
Is reverently portrayed in souls of men by thee.
But now we're vanished from thy welcome sight
No more to wait thy coming morn and night
And every reed and tree doth bend with sorrow,*

When comes the thought—There is no song to-morrow.

*The Earth cries out against "farewell" today
And turns its face along the darkened way
And feels as if the sun forsook the skies
And sorrow deep within its bosom lies.
No more thou'lt soothe the Dawn of Life's young ear;*

*The hot mid-day and eve will miss thy cheer.
These three united, Life itself, prolong
And weep for and do mourn the Death of Song.*

RADFORD PITTAM, '14.



GERMAN

ALLERLEI

337 Schüler unserer Hochschule studierten in diesem Jahre Deutsch.

DEUTSCHLAND

Deutschland, nur ungefähr so gross wie der Staat Texas, hat zirka 70,000,000 Einwohner.

Am 27. Januar dieses Jahres feierte Kaiser Wilhelm II. seinen 55. Geburtstag. Er bestieg den deutschen Thron vor 26 Jahren.

Schiller's "Tell" wird durchschnittlich 230 Mal das Jahr in den verschiedenen Theatern Deutschlands aufgeführt; seine "Jungfrau" etwa 116 Mal; Goethe's "Faust" dagegen nur 16 Mal im Jahre.

PROFESSOR: (der nach Hause kommt, legt sich mit seiner Pelmütze ins Bett und berührt dieselbe beim Einschlafen zufällig): "Merkwürdig, früher hatte ich doch immer eine Platte."

Niemand kann über seinen Schatten springen.

FRAGE: Zwei Baumeister bauen ein Haus; womit fängt jeder an?

ANTWORT: "Jeder" fängt mit j an.

PROFESSOR (im Examen): "Warum lachen sie denn fortwährend, Herr Kandidat?"

KANDIDAT: "Sie stellen solch kitzliche Fragen, Herr Professor."

Two songs in Act I of Scene I of William Tell, done into English by Keene L. Wallis:

FISHER BOY

*The luring Lake smileth; the bright
Waves are leaping,
Upon its green Bank a Boy lieth sleeping.
A sweet Strain he heareth
Like Flute Notes arise,
Like Voices of Angels
In Paradise:*

*And when he awaketh by sweet Bliss possess'd
The Waters are playing about his Breast
And from the Deeps soundeth:
"Thou art mine, thou must drown,
"I seize on the Sleeper,
"I bear him deep down."*

HUNTSMAN

*The Mountain Track trembles the High Rocks re-
sound,
The Herdsman dreads naught on his dizzy Way
wound
In imprudent Boldness
Through ice-cover'd Fields
Which know no sweet Spring Time
Which Foliage yields.
And under his Feet is the Mist clouded o'er
He knoweth the Cities of Mankind no more.
And only through Rendings
Of Clouds can be seen
The World neath the Waters:
The Field growing green.*

SCHILLER VEREIN.

Die Versammlungen des deutschen Vereins sind auch in diesem Jahre recht interessant und lehrreich gewesen. Um Deutschland und die Deutschen besser kennen zu lernen, haben wir dieses Jahr das Leben und Wirken hervorragender deutscher Männer zum Mittelpunkt unserer Programme gemacht. Nebenbei wurden natürlich auch Geschichten und Anekdoten erzählt, Gedichte vorgetragen, Lieder gesungen, deutsche Spiele gespielt, u. s. w. Und, nicht zu vergessen, gehen Sie nach Zimmer 65, und sehen Sie sich die schönen Bilder an, die der Verein der Schule geschenkt hat. Auch eine deutsche Flagge ist da zu sehen. Möge der Schiller-Verein noch recht lange leben und blühen.

MODERNES WIEGENLIED

"Schlaf, Kind, recht viel,
Dein Vater fährt automobil,
Die Mutter autelt hinterdrein,
Derweilen darf mein Kind nicht schrein,
Schlaf, Kind, recht viel."
(Nah und Fern.)

FRENCH

The French classes are not classes of all work and no play, although we keep strictly to business all the time. For we have many pleasant moments laughing over peculiar French expressions and customs. French is a Romance language derived mostly from the Latin and the Greek, and in no small degree influenced by the German.

However, and you may be surprised to know it, the French have actually stolen a great many words from our own English conversation, and especially names of English dishes. They are very fond of their *plum-pouding* and their *pannequet*. That you know is plum pudding and pancake. They, too, eat *bifteck*, or beefsteak, and *rot-de-bif*, which is roast beef for us but mutton for the French. And also they have their *toddy* and *wiskey* and *al*. The Frenchman follows us quite closely in the spelling of some of the words,

but when he tries to pronounce them he goes so far astray that an Englishman would never believe that they came from his own dictionary.

Now perhaps the French did not learn how to flirt from us, but in any case they say *il flirte* when they mean that a young man is courting the girls. They talk about their *partenaires* in dancing and playing games. A *gigue* is a jig. The ladies use *cold-cream*. The boys plays *crabs* (craps). When monsieur answers the telephone he says "*Allo.*"

It is very amusing to translate some of their proverbs and idiomatic sayings. On the first of April a Frenchman asks, "Did you catch a fish?" He is asking you if you played a trick on anybody. Of course an April fish would be young and foolish and therefore easily caught. There is a story that the Frenchman himself originated the custom of playing tricks on April 1st. Before the calendar was changed the first of April was New Year's day and people sent each other gifts and made calls. France was the first to have her calendar changed, making New Year's day fall on the first of January. But many of her people still cling to the old custom of sending presents on the first day of April until some progressive wits sent them mock presents and made them calls with ridiculous ceremony. Thus, perhaps, were caught the first April fish.

Little birds tell us the same things that their little fingers tell them. When they die they "break their pipes." However, our expression is just as strange, for we "kick the bucket." Their spade making fun of the poker is our kettle which calls the skillet black. They call a cat a cat, but we call a spade a spade. When our cat's away our mice will play, but if the cat goes in the cellar over in France the little French mice get out on the roof. Isn't that the truth?

Potatoes baked in the skins are apples of the earth in morning gowns, or, as one of the boys translated it, "in pajamas." In America you are the apple of my eye, but in France you become *prune d'oeil*, or plum of my eye.

And there are any number of expressions which seem strange to the Englishman, but, no doubt, the Frenchman finds our English just as amusing. One has much fun in the French class, *n'est ce pas?*

RUTHANNA SCHENCK, '14.

L'ABBE DE LA COCKAYGNE

Je mène la salubre vie.

Toutes les choses je connois,

Ne personne mes droits defye—

Ung plus grand monarque qu'ung roy:

Toutes puissantes sont mes loys

Et toute puissante est ma règne

Et tout puissant y suis-je moy:

Je suis l'abbé de la Cockaygne.

Quand je commande que l'on rie

Desobéir l'on n'oseroit.

Je suis la fleur de la clergyne,

Ung plus grand monarque qu'ung roy;

Roy de nostre France François

Il ne fault point qu'ung prince desdaigne

De clerques aussy grands que moy:

Je suis l'abbé de la Cockaygne.

Rimes sont ma seule estude,

Rimes que jadis escrivoit—

Le prince de la poésie,

Ung plus grand monarque qu'ung roy:

Ballades rondeaux font la foy

Qu'à mes sujets toujours j'enseigne,

S'y courber pieux on les voit:

Je suis l'abbé de la Cockaygne.

L'ENVOY

Prince je suis, je vous diroy,

Ung plus grand monarque qu'ung roy:

Juste et gay mon pays je règne,

Je suis l'abbé de la Cockaygne.

KEENE L. WALLIS '15.

SPANISH

LOS MEJICANOS EN KANSAS CITY

En Kansas City como en muchisimas de las ciudades grandes de la parte poniente de los Estados Unidos, hay muchos Mejicanos. Es posible verlos trabajando en el traque de la tranvía ó vagando en las calles de los distritos de negocios. Pero la mayor parte de ellos se emplean por los ferro-carriles. Y por eso hay una buena razón. Algunas de las compañías de ferro-carriles pagan a los labradores meji-

canos un peso setenta y cinco centavos el día mientras que ellos pagan sino un peso, treinta y cinco centavos a un Labrador Americano por el mismo trabajo. Tambien esas compañías suplen las cajas en que viven los Mejicanos. Esto debe ser suficiente para esos extranjeros.

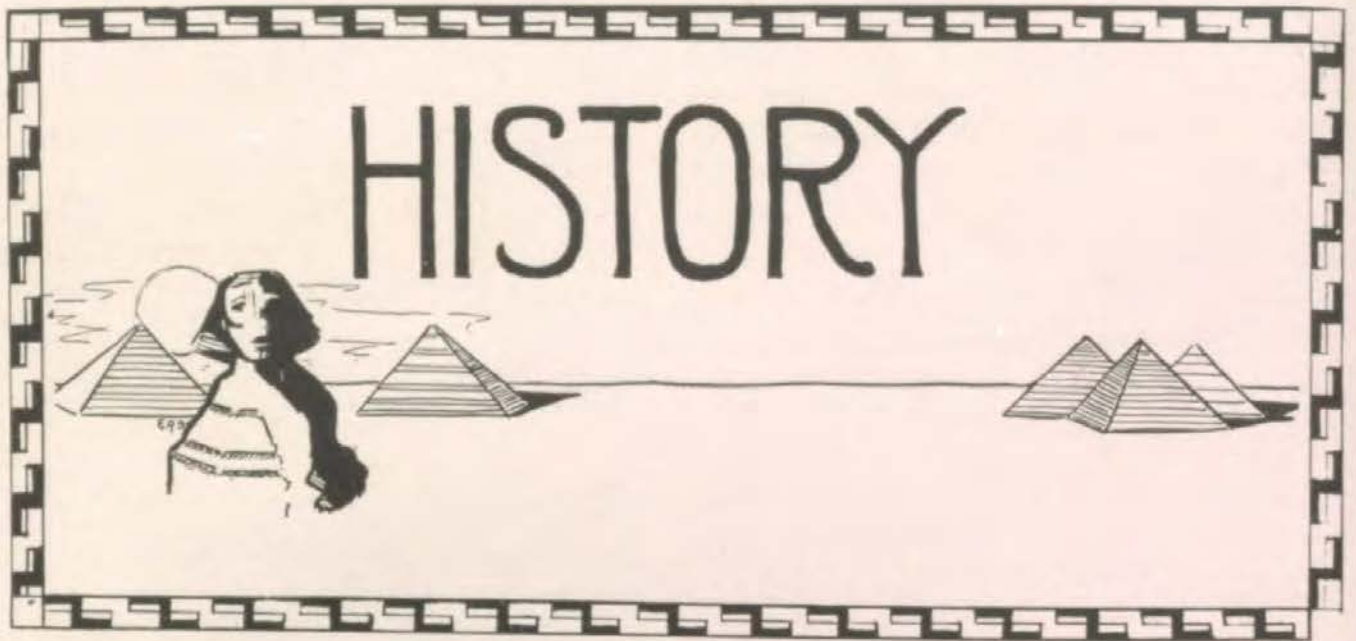
Si un Mejicano no quiere trabajar por los ferro-carriles, el puede obtener trabajo en una casa de empaquetar. Aquí los labradores reciben de un peso treinta y cinco centavos hasta dos pesos al día.

Los hombres que trabajan como se ha dicho no saben guardar su dinero y es muy común verlos borrachos y sin un centavo. Casi todos son holgazanes y estupidos y no hacen buenos ciudadanos. Ellos que no viven en cajas viven en chozas que estan sucias, sin luz, y en la peor condición. Ellos no toman ningun ciudadano ni de sus cuerpos ni de sus habitaciones y esta es una cosa que causa la mala condición de los Mejicanos aquí. Otra razón por eso es que ellos no tienen ninguna organización que pueda ayudarles en los tribunales ó en otras cosas. Es verdad que Mejico tiene un consul aquí, pero el no tiene tiempo para ayudar mucho a los hombres que necesitan ayuda.

Hay pocos Mejicanos aquí que tienen mejores educaciones que la mayoría. Estos comprenden bien la lengua Inglesa y pueden hablarla facilmente. Ellos ganan su sueldo viniendo de casa a casa los articulos que se hacen por las señoritas de Mejico. Las señoras de esta ciudad gustan mucho de esas hermosas cosas y pagan un buen precio por ellas.

Se dice que sino cinco por ciento de los Mejicanos en esta ciudad tienen sus familias con sigo. Se parece que ellos no tienen mucho amor ni por sus familias ni por su país porque pocos quieren volver a tomar parte en la guerra. Ahora hay cerca de dos mil de esos extranjeros en Kansas City y este numero está aumentando mucho cada año. No hay duda que dentro de dos ó tres años el problema mejicano será uno de los mas grandes que la ciudad tendrá que resolver.

BYRON LIVESA., '14.



STILICHO BEFORE THEODOSIUS

Roderick, the leader of a band of Germans, was captured in a skirmish near the Alps and imprisoned at Constantinople by Theodosius the Great. Deep in the German forest the mother and son, Stilicho, heard the news. "I will go to the emperor, mother; my father shall be restored to the tribe!" exclaimed Stilicho. The thirteen-year-old boy resolved to save his father if it were possible.

Joining some blue-eyed giants, kinsmen, he traveled southward through the territory of the Visigoths, who patrolled the Danube for the idle Romans. Scorning all help, he at last entered the Eastern empire. There his scanty store of Latin served him well. As he walked through the streets of Constantinople observing the splendor with which Constantine had decked the city, awe filled his mind.

However, he entered the king's palace fearlessly. Through carpeted hallways richly adorned with pictures and hangings he passed, finally gaining the audience chamber. The great emperor was reclining on the softest cushions in a throne room ablaze with color, glistening gold and ivory. The monarch, accustomed to servility, was astonished by the boldness of the boy. "Down, slave, behold the king!" he exclaimed haughtily. But Stilicho still stood proudly. The king's anger changed to admiration.

"What do you wish?" he queried.

"My father's freedom," replied Stilicho firmly. "I will remain in his stead."

"And who is your father?"

"Roderick, the bravest chief of the Vandals," he replied proudly.

"Know you the tortures in store for your father which you would bear?"

"I am ready."

"Let it be as you wish, but you shall be my friend rather than my prisoner," answered the king.

Stilicho remained for the rest of his life highly honored at court. Through kindness, Theodosius had earned a friend who, at first, defended his worthless son, Honorius, and later died a martyr to his trust.

CLYDE EMERY, '16.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY EXHIBIT

Everyone who has seen the exhibit of the Historical Society says that it is a most interesting and instructive opportunity for Kansas City students. The Kansas City room, one of several divisions, is very attractive. Covering a large portion of the walls are pictures of the great men of the city. Mr. Greenwood, the judges of the various courts and Mr. Chanute, the builder of the Hannibal bridge, are given place here. Another very interesting picture is one taken from "Balou's Pictorial," a Boston magazine, in 1843, show-

ing "Kansas, Mo." The picture represents a frontier town with about a half a dozen stores and houses.

There are also, of course, many valuable "bits" both of the U. S. and foreign countries. Almost every afternoon and evening the society has excellent programs of speeches, music and sometimes even spelling bees. Every visitor registers in a large book.

CLEMONS McNAMARA, '14.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MISSOURI

Although De Soto was the first white man to set foot upon Missouri soil, La Salle was the first man to make any special effort to gain it. In 1682 he claimed all of the land drained by the Mississippi river and its tributaries for France. In 1803 Bonaparte sold the Louisiana territory to the United States for \$15,000,000 because he was in debt.

William Clark became the first governor of Missouri territory by appointment. The capitol was established at St. Louis, but later it was moved to Jefferson City, that being a better location. When Missouri applied for admission as a state, after considerable difficulty, in 1821, it was admitted to the Union together with Maine, the former a slave, the latter a free state.

Missouri had one of the first railroads west of the Mississippi. The state granted about 2,000,000 acres of land to the railroad companies in hopes of developing Missouri. Settlers from the South and East moved into Missouri seeking mines and trading with the Indians. The Southern planters brought their negroes with them, thus making Missouri a strong slave state. In the Civil war, Missouri furnished a great number of soldiers for both sides. Being a Central state, Missouri suffered much from the war.

Farming is at present the most important industry in Missouri. The chief crops are corn, hay, oats and tobacco. Missouri produces more apples and peaches than any other state in the Union. Missouri's live stock mar-



LaSalle Claiming Louisiana.



An Early Missouri Dwelling



The First Passenger Train in Missouri.



ket ranks first in the world. The state has rich mines of lead and iron scattered through it. Eighty per cent of the zinc from the United States comes from Missouri.

ATHLETICS



Girls' Athletics

BASKET-BALL

Probably never before this year has such enthusiasm and class spirit been shown in girls' basket-ball at Westport. Even the boys seemed to be permeated with that same enthusiastic spirit, but owing to their powerful lungs having such an inevitable effect on certain nervous girls these most unfortunate gentlemen were excluded from some of the best games of the season. Considering the number, these games proved as interesting as the boys' inter-class series. Mr. Shouse was kind enough to provide the regular basket-ball seats; the Juniors, Freshmen and Sophomores furnished printed class yells; each class had cheer leaders, while everyone furnished plenty of class color: Freshmen, green and white; Sopho-

mores, crimson and green; Juniors, crimson and white; Seniors, old gold and blue.

Twenty-four palpitating hearts almost stopped beating when the players stood waiting for the whistle to blow, for never in their basket-ball career had they had such ardent supporters. Everybody received two real surprises at these games: first, the Senior team, who showed themselves not only "true sports" but also unusually good players; second, "Peggy." She certainly gave the "pep" to the Sophomore team besides actually keeping up with Mae. She is voted "an all-around Western basket-ball fighter." Aside from these two surprises everything went as expected; of course the Juniors beat the Sophomores, and naturally the Freshmen beat the Seniors.

The following statistics are given for the benefit of a certain large group of boys who stood outside of the two (2x4) gymnasium windows yelling somewhat to this effect: "We want heat!" "We want heat!" "We want heat!"



JUNIOR TEAM

JUNIORS VS. SOPHOMORES

JUNIORS

	G.	F.T.	F.
Emmert, f.....	1	3	..
Secrist, Cap., f.....	3	..	2
Makimson, jc.....	1
Tracy, sc.....	8
Means, g.....	1
Howard, g.....
Total.....	4	3	12

SOPHOMORES

	G.	F.T.	F.
Allan, f.....	1	2	1
Marr, f.....	1	1	..
Bond, Cap., jc.....	1
Eckland, sc.....	3
Castles, sc.....	3
Arnold, g.....	4
Stipp, g.....	1
Total.....	2	3	13

Score, 11-7.

Miss Scott (Central), referee.

SENIORS VS. FRESHMEN

SENIORS

	F.T.	F.
Kinsel, f.....	..	2
Lacy, f.....	2	..
Gutknecht, jc.....	..	1
Dobyns, sc.....	..	2
Lasley, Cap., g.....
Webb, g.....	..	1
Total.....	1	3

FRESHMEN

	G.	F.T.	F.
Jones, Cap., f.....	4	3	2
Katzenstein, f.....	3	2	2
Everett, jc.....	1
Hainline, sc.....	1
Graham, g.....
Randall, g.....	4
Marr, g.....
Total.....	7	5	10

Score, 5-19.

Miss Scott (Central), referee.



FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM—WINNERS

After about five weeks the final games were played. Losers played losers and winners played winners. The latter game decided which were the more deserving of the cup, Juniors or Freshmen. In the first game the sympathy of the audience was with both teams. The Seniors were to be pitied for having to put up a fight against such a tried and strong team as the Sophomores, while on the other hand the Sophomores certainly deserved better material "on which to show themselves off." However, it proved an interesting game

and showed that the Sophomores might have secured the cup had they been in the winners' game.

In the other game the Juniors met the Freshmen in the closest and neatest game of the season and although the Juniors had never been beaten in a practice game, still they had received some dark hints concerning their fate in this very game. Just the same they came into the game with victory written all over their faces. If size were to have anything to do with it the Juniors would have the best of

it, for it might have well been said, "Giants vs. Pigmies." Much to the surprise of everyone, especially "Mutt" (Lorraine Makimson), the "Pigmies" proved close stickers and played a good underhand game.

Even at the end of the first half, although things did look darker than usual for the Juniors, still the "crimson and white" smiled on, leading in a score of 8 to 4. By this time Miss Enyart began to look wise and Mary Frances—well, we can't say how she looked, but she surely put "ginger" into her team, for never had such perseverance been shown by the "Pigmy" guards and centers. Before many minutes of the second half had passed, the faces of the Juniors assumed a color resembling a sickly reflection of the Freshmen "socks" (bright green).

During the last part of the game the Freshmen crawled up, tying with a score of 12 to 12, which was not broken till in the last half minute, when a Freshman point made on a free throw put the "green and whites" ahead, leaving the Juniors "in the soup."

Of course the Juniors have a perfectly legitimate excuse to offer for suffering such a humiliating defeat, but just the same the Freshmen put up a fair, clean fight and won, and since "to the victors belong the spoils" here's to the Freshmen. We might add that had the Juniors played their full team and not had to substitute, the Freshmen might have been left with a score somewhat similar to the one in their last practice game, three days previous, 40 to 3 in favor of the Juniors.

JUNIORS VS. FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN

	G.	F.T.	F.
Jones, Cap., f.....	6	1	..
Katzenstein, f.....	4
Everette, sc.....	2
Hainline, jc.....	1
Randall, g.....
Graham, g.....	2
Total.	6	1	9

JUNIORS

	G.	F.T.	F.
Secrist, Cap., f.....	3	..	2
Howard, f.....	3	..	1
Makimson, jc.....	2
Emmert, sc.....
Justice, g.....
Tracy, g.....
Total.	6	0	5

Score, 13-12.
Miss Enyart, referee.

SOPHOMORES VS. SENIORS

SOPHOMORES

	G.	F.T.	F.
Eckland, f.....	5	1	..
Allen, f.....	4	2	..
Bond, Cap., jc.....	2
Marr, sc.....	2
Arnold, g.....	3
Stipp, g.....	1
Total.	9	3	8

SENIORS

	G.	F.T.	F.
Lacy, f.....	1	..	4
Kinsel, f.....	..	1	..
Lasley, jc.....	2
Dobyns, sc.....	2
Webb, g.....	2
Gutknecht, g.....	2
Total.	1	1	12

Score, 21-3.
Miss Enyart, referee.

BASE-BALL

More interest than is customary was shown in base-ball this year, probably because the teams were picked from the regular classes instead of from those who stay on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The captains of the teams were chosen by the class and the teams were picked by the captains.

CAPTAINS:

- Florence Randall—Sec. I—3d Hr.
- Frances Marr—Sec. II—3d Hr.
- Meldon Everette—Sec. I—4th Hr.
- Irene Karmann—Sec. II—4th Hr.
- Ruth Howard—7th Hr.
- Martha Castles—8th Hr.

THE FIRST GAME

It is to be feared that had there been many spectators at the first base-ball game, base-ball might have been barred as injurious to the girls' nerves, for it certainly did seem to effect them somewhat. Even the tried and trusted players were apparently frustrated. Mary Louise Bond and Mae Secrist were captains, while the teams were chosen from all present. Secrist side were first at the bat.

1st Inning—Nothing so remarkable happened except:—Mr. Beery, standing in the boys' door watching, received a severe bruise on the head from Florence Randall's bat. The pitcher, Francis Eckland, was hit on the left arm when Doris Franklin, becoming excited, threw her bat at the ball. No runs were made.

2d Inning—Things became a little bit more exciting. First Loraine Makimson swung a ball up on track and Mae Secrist (1st baseman) became excited and made a home run from her base. Then Ruth Howard, a base runner, stopped while running from 2d base to 3d base, caught the ball and threw it to the 3d baseman ahead of her.

3d Inning—Called, until the pitcher could secure a new means of fastening her bloomers.

4th Inning—Dorothy Stuart introduced a new method of getting in home. She carried the ball from 3d base to home plate to prevent being put out there. At this point a wondering Freshman stopped batting to listen to the boys serenade (other side of the door), so Miss Enyart told her to never mind that, it was only the *doors* yelling.

5th Inning—Here was a surprise for everybody, for nothing unusual happened. Emmert, Everette and Lasley fanned out.

6th Inning—Please don't pass judgment too soon, for you cannot tell what you would have done under similar circumstances, but Martha Castles, after swinging a ball to the other end of the gym, jumped up and down on home plate till the catcher received the ball and put her out.

7th Inning—Game called for the day for medical treatment. No less than three-fourths of players had received injuries from being hit by a bat. The pitchers were in the worse condition, for the bat was thrown at the ball oftener than the ball at the bat. Since Miss Enyart, herself, was badly beaten up it was decided to postpone the rest of the game for two days, but all were to appear on the said day to finish the battle. Reports are that only five of the eighteen players were able to appear.

Boys' Athletics

BASKET-BALL

THE SEASON

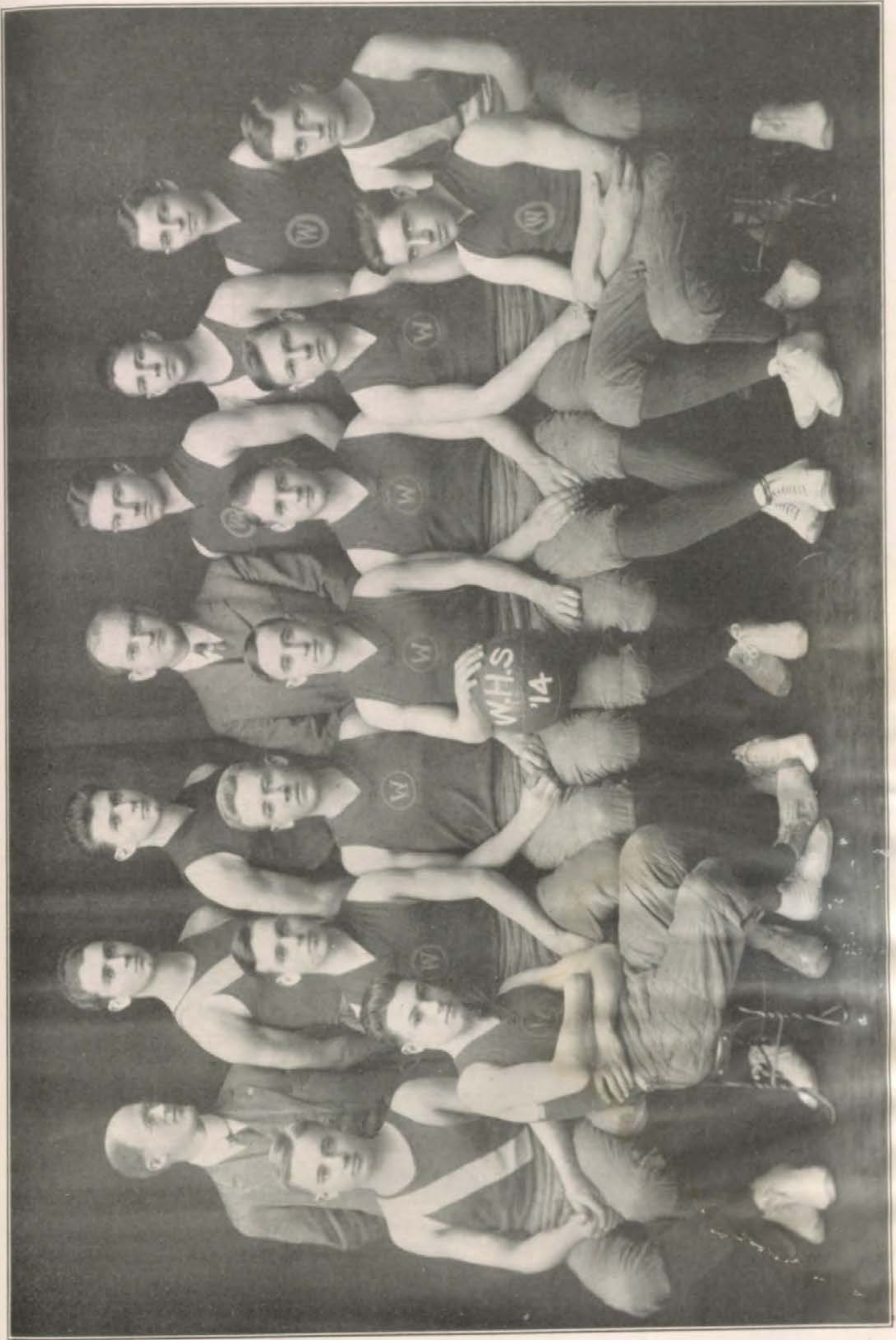
Westport 38, Central 27.
 Westport 45, Manual 23.
 Westport 54, Northeast 27.
 Westport 23, Central 32.
 Westport 30, Manual 37.
 Westport 37 Northeast 25.
 Westport 31, Central 28.
 Westport, 21, Manual 37.
 Westport 35, Northeast 20.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE

TEAM	W.	L.	PCT.	TEAM	W.	L.	PCT.
Westport. . .	6	3	.667	Central. . . .	6	3	.667
Manual. . . .	6	3	.667	Northeast. . .	0	9	.000

If the League Committee had remained content when they thought they had so arranged that no tie was possible all would have been well. But when they began to look upon their

work and swell with pride, the provoked avenging Nemesis set forthwith to work to muddle things in the worst possible manner. At first she let Westport gain a three-game lead, let her beat each opponent and then chuckled with glee as she saw her Chief Elf of Athletics, swelled head, seize upon the Westporters at her command. Then she relented, after seeing Westport lose twice (and besides it was in her scheme). Then after a nerve-racking time she proceeded to nullify everything by declaring a triple tie and making the remaining team come so far behind that it backed into itself. It never won a game. To complicate matters and make her victims groan our Nemesis made the games as tight as possible. Even Northeast almost beat Central, losing 21 to 20. But to cap the climax, in the last game of the series, when Central led the



THE BASKET-BALL SQUAD

league, Manual and Westport were tied and Northeast was third, Westport, by beating Northeast, kicked herself into first place and the vanquished into second. "By our defeats we rise" is now Northeast's motto. "A fine revenge," quoth Nemesis.

SUCCESS

For three whole weeks our teams enjoyed a period of contentment and bliss. The Central giants were vanquished easily; the feared Manualites were almost doubled in score; the lowly Northeasters were doubled. The whole team was playing great ball and was in fine condition. "Bunny" Jones and Wickline especially were starring. The boys began to admire their form when suddenly

ADVERSITY

led on by swelled head, staleness or some other equally pestiferous germ was introduced. Central turned. It was in her own excuse for a gymnasium. Her giants barred our boys from getting within yards of the goals. We marched weeping home. Again we tasted a bitter pill; this time on our own court. The whole Manual team starred. They secured a lead in the first few minutes which was enough. Then the period of

MEDIOCRITY

was ushered in by our Northeast victory. Then *the* game came. It came, strange to say, on a night not much different from any other. In the first half our team played in one of their two forms, the rotten one, and finished seven points behind. But the second half! Gradually, due to "Wick" and "Bunny," our team gained, six, five, four, three, two points behind. Then "Wick" got crazy and "Pit" was put in. "Wick" broke the interscholastic record for long distance in goal shooting and "Pit" also helped. The Central guards looked on with open mouths. No use at all! The reaction was too much when our team met Manual at the latter's top form and we were

wiped up. Then came another Northeast victory and the triple tie.

During the season Westport scored 315 points to her opponents' 255; Manual scored 272, Central 261, Northeast 173.

NEXT YEAR

Westport will be far better off than the other schools next year. All the first team but Captain-elect Viner graduate. Manual will have to elect a captain from the subs and the second team. Northeast will be uncertain. The only graduating members of Westport's squad are Captain Jones, Pittam, Green, Shirky and Godfrey, of whom only the first will be seriously missed. Captain-elect Wickline, Flory and Middlebrook will be back at forward; Ritterhoff is the center; Ruby and Kensinger and Row (if he comes back and takes a vacation from flunking) and Kirkpatrick and man-killer Selbie will still play guards. Then there are the class teams to pick from.

ALL-STAR TEAMS

FIRST	SECOND
Riley (M), R.F.	Walker (C), R.F.
Wickline (W), L.F.	Vincent (C), L.F.
Pickard (M), C.	Morse (C), C. (Capt.)
Jones (W), L.G. (Capt.)	Stanley (M), L.G.
Rider (C), R.G.	Ruby (W), R.G.

Westport was successful in placing two men on the first and one on the second all-star teams, picked by officials and coaches of the league. Jones was selected as the captain and all who have seen "Bunny" play know the reason why. "Bunny" is as fast as they make 'em and quick as nine cats. He made 8 goals at guard while his opponents made only 20, an average a little over 2 a game. He made 30 fouls to his opponents' 38. He is great both at offensive and defensive work. He is admitted to be the greatest guard seen around here for some time.

"Wick" was the only unanimous choice for the all-star team. "Wick" can look east and shoot west, as somebody has said, and is habit-

usually lucky at record-breaking shots. He is fast, plays his part all the time, and is good on the defense. He is also very slippery and can

often shoot with his guard hanging on him. He scored 191 points, 32 field goals and 127 foul goals, free throwing 61%.

Track

INDOOR MEETS

At the K. C. A. C. meet Selbie walked away with the 50-yd. dash among the high schools and ran a close third to the champion college and club dash men. Our team finished second to Central in the mile relay, with Manual third. Earl Smith captured third place in the half-mile.

In the M. U.-K. U. dual meet, Pittam was third in the 50-yd. dash. Selbie was beaten in his heat by a small Northeast runner, Schwang. Our mile relay team, Sharp, Jarvies, Pittam and Selbie, ran a pretty race against Northeast and won, breaking the school record. The time was 3:45.

MISSOURI INVITATION MEET

Although the wind was rather strong the track at Columbia, May 2d, was very fast. Manual won $34\frac{3}{4}$ points, Westport $22\frac{3}{4}$, Joplin 20, Charleston 19, Central $18\frac{1}{2}$, Brunswick, Grant City, Slater and Kemper tied for sixth. Forty-three schools were entered and 338 athletes. Winn, of Manual, was the individual star. He made 16 1-5 seconds in the 120 yard hurdles, breaking the record, and tied the 220 yard hurdle record in 26 flat. Three Westport records were broken. Selbie ran a pretty race in the 440, winning in 52 3-5 seconds, 12-5 lower than the old record. Pittam and Morse tied in the high jump at 5 feet $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches; breaking the old record, 5 feet 8 inches, held by Morse. Pittam knocked off the bar at 5 feet $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches with his little finger. "Jimmie" Marr broke the pole vault record $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, making 10 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Our relay team, Jarvies, Friedman, Pittam and Selbie finished third. Pittam won the broad-jump, 20 feet 7 inches.

The events were:

100-Yard Dash—1, Lawrence, Central; 2, Barkdale, Slater; 3, Seyfret, Joplin; 4, Stewart, Kemper; 0:10.1.

Mile Run—1, Saville, Grant City; 2, Boullt, Manual; 3, Oates, Caruthersville; 4:47.4.

Shot Put—1, H. Lee, Charleston; 2, J. Lee, Charleston; 3, Greene, Appleton City; 4, Marshall, Manual; 44 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

120-Yard Hurdles—1, Winn, Manual; 2, Woodbury, Northeast; 3, Case, Manual; 4, H. Lee, Charleston; 0:16.1.

High Jump—1, Pittam and Morse, Westport; 3, Lacey, Webster Groves, and Walker, Central; 5 ft. $8\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Discus Throw—1, Greene, Appleton City; 2, Arnold, Clinton; 3, Deeds, St. Louis Manual; 4, H. Lee, Charleston; 111 ft. 2 in.

220-Yard Dash—1, Lawrence, Central; 2, Derwent, Clinton; 3, Barksdale, Slater; 4, Swearingen, Northeast; 0:23.1.

220-Yard Hurdles—1, Winn, Manual; 2, Winsett, Kemper; 3, Woodbury, Northeast; 4, H. Lee, Charleston; 0:26.

440-Yard Dash, First Race—1, Matsell, Brunswick; 2, Hubbe, Charleston; 3, Rider, Central; 4, Grainger, Manual; 0:54.2.

Second Race—1, Selbie, Westport; 2, Snoeberger, Joplin; 3, Gordon, Manual; 4, Pope, University High; 0:52.3.

880-Yard Run, First Race—1, Miller, Joplin; 2, Rider, Central; 3, Coop, Manual; 4, Ayers, Northeast; 2:06.2.

Second Race—1, Boullt, Manual; 2, Laird, Vandalia; 2:07.

Pole Vault—1, Winn, Manual; Estes, Montgomery; Bartlesmeyer, Mt. Vernon, and Marr, Westport, tie; 10 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Broad Jump—1, Pittam, Westport; 2, H. Lee, Charleston; 3, Anderson, Manual; 4, Winn, Manual; 20 ft. 7 in.

Half-Mile Relay, First Race—Webster Groves, 1:39.2. Second Race—Joplin, 1:40.

Mile Relay—Joplin, 3:44.4.



TRACKTEAM

M. V. I. A. A. MEET

Westport again finished second to Manual at Lincoln, May 9th. Manual scored 41 points, Westport 30½, Lincoln 21, St. Joseph Central 20, and Central 19½. Castle, of St. Joseph, was the individual star, making three firsts. He beat Pittam a foot in the broad jump. Winn broke the record for the pole vault 2½ inches, making 11 feet 2½ inches. Three Westport records were broken. Selbie lowered his own record in the quarter 3-5 second, doing it in 51.4-5. He broke the 220-yard dash record also 3-5 second, making 23 flat. Morse threw the discus 107 feet 5 inches, breaking the old record 6 feet 4 inches. Pittam threw the discus 103 feet 5 inches. Pittam and Morse were not up to form in the high jump. Pittam entered the shot put for a joke and got the silver medal. He scored 11 points for us; Selbie was next with 10 points. The men taken were: Captain Pittam, Selbie, Friedman, Morse, Marr and Smith.

SUMMARY

Pole Vault—1, Winn, Manual; 2, Middleton, Manual; 3, Marr, Westport; 4, Waters, Lincoln; 11 ft. 2½ in. (New record.)

100-Yard Dash—1, Castle, St. Joseph Central; 2, Lawrence, Central; 3, Walker, Central; 4, Schmidt, Lincoln; 0:10.3.

Mile Run—1, Boullt, Manual; 2, Atkinson, Lincoln; 3, Gabelman, Manual; 4, McGoon, Central; 4:46.2.

Running High Jump—1, Albrecht, Lincoln; 2, Pittam, Westport; 3, Morse, Westport, and Walker, Central, tied; 5 ft. 8 in.

440-Yard Dash—1, Selbie, Westport; 2, Rider, Central; 3, McMahon, Lincoln; 4, Rowen, Lincoln; 0:51.4.

220-Yard Hurdle—1, Castle, St. Joseph Central; 2, Winn, Manual; 3, Penton, Lincoln; 4, Vandiver, Lincoln; 0:28.

220-Yard Dash—1, Selbie, Westport; 2, Lawrence, Central; 3, Friedman, Westport; 4, Rowen, Lincoln; 0:23.

880-Yard Run—1, Rider, Central; 2, Boullt, Manual; 3, Jackson, Lincoln; 4, Coop, Manual; 2:07.4.

Shot Put—1, Marshall, Manual; 2, Pittam, Westport; 3, Young, Lincoln; 4, Strieby, Central; 41 ft. 3½ in.

Running Broad Jump—1, Castle, St. Joseph Central; 2, Pittam, Westport; 3, Winn, Manual; 4, Morse, Westport. Distance, 21 ft. 7 in.

Discus Throw—1, Marshall, Manual; 2, Morse, Westport; 3, Pittam, Westport; 4, Rohloff, St. Joseph Central; 109 ft. 1 in.

120-Yard Hurdle—1, Winn, Manual; 2, Rice, St. Joseph Central; 3, Case, Manual; 4, Martin, St. Joseph Central; 0:16.3.

A MEET OR A DEBATE?

On May 16th, at the K. C. A. C. field, the Quadrangular ——— began. It ended in a long conference somewhere on May 19th, with the result that Westport was declared the winner with 96 points, Manual second with 91, Northeast 88 and Central 55, after a three hour's discussion as to whether a runner could run with both feet together, and if a runner at the finish could break the tape, which was breast high, with his knees. The fight was largely about the Class A relay. After Boullt had made up about fifteen yards he caught Swearingen just before the finish. Both fell, and although it looked as if Boullt won, Swearingen somehow managed to fall in front of Boullt. Thus the fight. Verily it was a most unusual day.

Winn was the star of the meet, winning his three allotted events, although Woodbury would have won the low hurdles had he not fallen on the last hurdle. He broke the pole vault record, making 11 feet 2½ inches.

As usual there was a Westport record broken. Pittam broke Carl's broad jump record of 21 feet 1 inch, five and a half inches. A minute later Paul Morse made 21 feet 1½ inches. We had hard luck in the Class A high jump. After Pittam had missed 5 feet 7¾ inches in an exhibition jump, he cleared 5 feet 9½ inches, a new record but not official. Hard luck!

The feature of the meet was the way it was handled. It might be a criticism to say that if it were under the auspices of one



RECORD-BREAKERS

school it would work better, and therefore we will not even hint that.

The events were:

120-Yard High Hurdles, Class A—1, Winn, Manual; 2, Case, Manual; 3, Woodbury, Northeast; 0:16. Class B—1, Gallagher, Westport; 2, Walstead, Central; 3, White, Central; 0:19.4.

120-Yard Low Hurdles, Class C—1, Major, Northeast; 2, Cook, Westport; 3, Scarrit, Northeast; 0:16 flat. Class D—1, Ohleson, Northeast; 2, Hill, Central; 3, Bynan, Northeast; 0:19.1.

100-Yard Dash, Class A—1, Lawrence, Central; 2, Walker, Central; 3, Swearingen, Northeast; 0:10.3. Class B—1, Meisburger, Manual; 2, Friedman, Westport; 3, Lovelace, Central; 0:11. Class C—1, Schwartz, Northeast; 2, Sharp, Westport; 3, McConnell, Northeast; 0:11.1. Class D—1, Dwyer, Westport; 2, Sandzen, Westport; 3, Sales, Central; 0:12.1.

880-Yard Run, Class A—1, Rider, Central; 2, McGoon, Central, and Gabelman, Manual, tied; 2:05. Class B—1, Thompson, Central; 2, Coop, Manual; 3, Proper, Manual; 2:09.

440-Yard Dash, Class A—1, Selbie, Westport; 2, Middleton, Manual; 3, Jarvies, Westport; 0:53.2. Class B—1, Gordon, Manual; 2, Stanley, Manual; 3, Goodman, Central; 0:58.1.

220-Yard Dash, Class A—1, Lawrence, Central; 2, Swearingen, Northeast; 3, Jarvies, Westport; 0:24. Class B—1, Meisburger, Manual; 2, Friedman, Westport; 3, Monteeth, Northeast; 0:26. Class C—1, Wood, Northeast; 2, Schwartz, Northeast; 3, Sharp, Westport; 0:26.1. Class D—1, Sandzen, Westport; 2, Dwyer, Westport; 3, O'Leary, Central; 0:28.

220-Yard Hurdles, Class A—1, Winn, Manual; 2, Woodbury, Northeast; 3, Case, Manual; 0:27.4. Class B—1, Hillyard, Westport; 2, Osborne, Westport; 3, Walstead, Central; no time taken.

Pole Vault, Class A—1, Winn, Manual; 2, Middleton, Manual; 3, Ayers and Condon, Northeast, tied; 11 ft. 2½ in. Class B—1, Towers, Manual; 2, Hughes and Simcox, Westport, tied; 10 ft. Class C—1, Scarrit and Major, Northeast, tied; 3, Barnes, Manual; 8 ft. 9 in. Class D—1, Hosler, Northeast; 2, Smith, Manual; 3, Alexander, Westport; 9 ft.

High Jump, Class A—1, Morse, Westport, and Walker, Central, tied; 3, Pittam, Westport; 5 ft. 7¾ in. Class B—1, Berry, Northeast; Osborne, Westport, and Crothers, Westport, tied; 4 ft. 11¼ in. Class C—1, Scarrit, Northeast; 2, Joyce, Manual; 3, Wood, Northeast; 5 ft. 1 in. Class D—1, Wetzell, Central; 2, McGinley, Central, and Maloney, Northeast, tied; 4 ft. 9 in.

Broad Jump, Class A—1, Pittam, Westport; 2, Morse, Westport; 3, Lawrence, Central; 21 ft. 6½ in. Class B—Meisburger, Manual; 2, Monteeth, Northeast; 3, Rice, Central. Class C—1, Cook, Westport; 2, Major, Northeast; 3, Wood, Northeast. Class D—1, Hosler, Northeast; 2, Sandzen, Westport; 3, Ohleson, Northeast; 17 ft. 4 in.

12-Pound Shot Put, Class A—1, Marshall, Manual; 2, Woodbury, Northeast; 3, Strieby, Central; 40 ft. 1 in. Class B—1, Stanley, Manual; 2, Haddock, Westport; 3, Redmon, Northeast; 34 ft. 9 in.

8-Pound Shot Put, Class C—1, Joyce, Manual; 2, Eppinger, Northeast; 3, Denebeim, Westport; 40 ft. 4½ in. Class D—1, Alexander, Westport; 2, Maloney, Northeast; 3, Smith, Westport; 33 ft. 5 in.

Mile Relay, Class A—Won by Manual. Class B—Won by Manual.

Half Mile Relay, Class C—Won by Northeast. Class D—Won by Westport.

K. U. INVITATION MEET

May 23d our boys again left the city to compete against the winners of the Kansas State meet at Lawrence, Kansas. Our failure to keep up our reputation, as to the standing of the teams, when the meet was over, was due in a way to lack of sleep on the part of our best point winners, who took part in the exhibition in our gym Friday night. Manual won her fourth straight meet, Lawrence, Kansas, second, with Westport third. Pittam and Morse found their match in the high jump

(the man cleared 5 ft. 11 in., a new record), and Selbie found his match in the quarter; the winner of that event equalled the K. U. I. meet record of 52 seconds flat. Quite a number of girls and boys went up with them, and they all had "some time." Better luck next year.

TRACK RECORDS

- 50-yd. dash—0:05 3/5, G. Ragan, '08.
- 100-yd. dash—0:10 1/5, G. Ragan, '10.
- 220-yd. dash—0:23 3/5, L. Owen, '08.
- 440-yd. dash—0:54, A. Neill, '10.
- 880-yd. run—2:07, G. Hull, '08.
- Mile Run—4:39, A. Taylor, '11.
- 120 hurdle—0:17 2/5, G. Carl, '09.
- 220 hurdle—0:27 3/5, R. Heath, '12.
- Running High Jump—5 ft. 8 in., P. Morse, '13.
- Running Broad Jump—21 ft. 1 in., G. Carl, '09.
- Pole Vault—10 ft. 6 in., G. Carl, '09.
- 12-lb. Shot Put—42 ft. 2 in., R. Small, '11.
- Discus—101 ft. 1 in., G. Strothers, '12.

NEW RECORDS

- 220-yd. dash—Selbie, M. V. I. A. A., 23.
- 440-yd. dash—Selbie, M. V. I. A. A., 51 4/5.
- R. H. J.—Morse, M. I., 5 ft. 8 3/4 in.
- R. H. J.—Pittam, M. I., 5 ft. 8 3/4 in.
- Pole Vault—Marr, M. I., 10 ft. 10 1/2 in.
- Discus—Morse, M. V. I. A. A., 107 ft.

CAPTAINS SINCE 1909

TRACK	YEAR	BASKET-BALL
George Hull.....	'09.....	Louis Downs
Arthur Neill.....	'10.....	Paul Shepard
Allen Taylor.....	'11.....	Ben Sweeney
Clyde Menke.....	'12.....	George Ragan
Donald Selbie.....	'13.....	Fred Bowman
Radford Pittam.....	'14.....	Burnam Jones

"W" MEN

The following are the men since 1907 who have "W's" as far as the records show. If any are omitted we would like for them to speak up. This does not include foot-ball or base-ball "W's":

BASKET-BALL: C. Allen, F. Bowman, G. Carl, H. Diggle, C. Downey, L. Downs, W. Flory, L. Green,



TENNIS TEAMS

R. Heath, B. Jones, C. McConnell, L. Peckenpaugh, R. Pittam, G. Ragan, H. Ritterhoff, H. Row, C. Ruby, P. Shepard, D. Selbie, W. Smith, B. Sweeney, J. Wear, F. Welsh, E. Wickline, F. Williams.

TRACK: G. Bollman, O. Bowman, A. Chapman, R. Edwards, R. Eisel, C. Fawcett, G. Friedman, E. Fife, A. Fulton, V. Ham, R. Heath, G. Hull, C. Haff, W. Heslip, Hogg, T. Jarvies, G. Jones, J. G. Means, R. Means, C. Menke, F. Mileham, Jeill, R. Osborne, L. Owen, L. Peckenpaugh,

R. Pittam, G. Ragan, D. Selbie, M. Sharp, F. Shelton, P. Shepard, R. Shubert, J. Simpson, R. Small, W. Smith, E. Smith, G. Strothers, A. Taylor, F. Williams, E. Wolfberg.

CHAMPS ONCE MORE

Westport's Tennis Team, Captain Krugh, Newell, Austin and Green, journeyed to

Lawrence, Kansas, May 2d and brought back five of the six trophies. Newell won the singles from Hoover, of Baldwin, Kansas, 5-7, 6-0, 6-0, after the latter somehow managed to beat Krugh. Krugh and Newell won the doubles from Austin (little Burt) and Green

6-1, 6-2. The latter two were not allowed to play in the singles, only two men from each school could play in the singles. It was only the same story over again. Ever since Teachenor was champion, Westport has had an unbeatable bunch in tennis.

MUSIC O' LIFE

*Music! Don't play us no music,
Fer it's false—'Taint the music o' strife,
They's only one real piece o' music,
An' that is the music o' life.*

*In yer Infancy, melody warbles
In a soft little tune all alone,
An' it ripples along like a brooklet
What's afraid of disturbin' the stones.*

*Now, in Childhood, the tune gits lots louder,
An' the notes ring out loud with a clang!
An' the drum beats come hard an' more often,
As they sounds their adventurous bang.*

*In Youth, the ole song has more meanin',
Fer the bass part is played with the rest,
An' it seems that the music is broader,
An' the worst kin be told from the best.*

*In Manhood, the piece finds its climax,
An' ye feel of each side-steppin' trill,
But be keerful—Don't git no notes twisted,
Else ye've started the whole thing down hill.*

*If ye've played right, the music gits softer,
As it was in the Babyhood days,
If ye've played wrong, the notes comes out moanin',
So, ye find that to play it right, pays.*

HOMER TUTTLE, '17.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY



HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1914

Along the halls and corridors of our dear old school the echo of the footsteps of the Class of 1914 will be heard no more. Others will fill the gap almost as soon as it is made and will tread the paths of lofty ideals we left behind, bringing new laurels, new hopes and new ambitions.

Well do we remember the feeling with which we entered these halls four years ago. The hopeful child has now grown into a youth, full of soaring ambitions and inspired with a vision of what is to be accomplished in life's battle. 'Tis true as Freshies we were taught by a hard lesson, but by a series of hard knocks we were gradually brought down to earth by the enterprising "Sophs," who are

"monarchs of all they survey." By the time we became Juniors and acquired a little sense, we looked back in surprise at our own ignorance, and now we are about to leave, with a sense of what we have missed and all we might have done.

However, it does seem impossible that Westport High School can get along entirely without us. How will it exist without our Debaters, Poets and Actors? Will it be able to replace the Athletes? With this class gone the brightest stars in the firmament will be seen no more.

Here's to the class of 1914! Long may it prosper and may each and every one remember with pride and gratitude its faithful "Alma Mater!"

BURNAM R. JONES, Secretary '14.

C's for Commencement, the Seniors delight,
L's for the Lecture we hear on that night,
A's for Announcements—we do it in style
S's for the Sheepskins—there's surely a pile.
S's (once more) for our Spirit that wins by a mile!

O's for Oration, a part of the plan,
F's for Feeling, that *now*, one's a man!

1 is the number of classes like ours,
9 are the Muses controlling our Powers;
1 and but one Westport High on its hill,
4 are the years that with joy she did fill.

HERBERT DAVIDSON, '14.

Twenty-Second Annual Commencement

of the

Westport High School

Kansas City, Missouri

Thursday Evening, June 11, 1914

PROGRAM

- Invocation*.....*Dr. Burris A. Jenkins*
- Music*..... *Aida March**Verdi*
Westport High School Orchestra
- Essay*....."*David Lloyd George*"
Dorothy Jay
- Declamation*.....*Sonny's Weddin' Presents*
Helen Smith
- Vocal Duet*.....*Autumn Song*.....*Mendelssohn*
Sherry Louise Marshall
Winifred Marie Tschudy
- Oration**The West*
Sterrett Sims Titus
- Double Quartette*. { (a) *Venetian Summer Night*.....*Moszkowski*
(b) *Valentine's Farewell (Faust)*.....*Gounod*
Sallie Jeanette McCrary *Radford Frederick Pittam*
Una Livingston Haseltine *Joseph Lloyd Lavery*
Nellie Almira Waggener *Sidney Loeffler*
Cyrella Mae Armstrong *James Everette Jones*
- Address*.....*The Other Fellow*..*Honorable Walter Willams*
Dean School of Journalism Missouri University
- Music*..... { (a) *Prison Scene (Faust)*.....*Gounod*
(b) *Aragonaise (LeCid)**Massenet*
Westport High School Orchestra
- Presentation of Diplomas*.....

WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL

CLASS OF 1914

Armstrong, Cyrilla Mae.....	4125 Hyde Park Avenue	Lynch, Eva Frances.....	4049 Campbell Street
Arnheim, Ruth Miller.....	1422 Central Street	Lyon, Rose May.....	3542 Tracy Avenue
Beckerman, Edna Lillie.....	4135 Locust Street	Lyons, Bernice Hazel.....	3440 Summit Street
Bigham, Marie.....	3608 Charlotte Street	McCahon, Desyl Marie.....	3632 Troost Avenue
Blackburn, Mabelle.....	3235 Campbell Street	McCrary, Sallie Jeanette.....	2842 Park Avenue
**Bolen, Mabel Helen.....	807 East 40th Street	McPherson, Otie Mabel.....	4001 Paseo
Boyle, Warene.....	3420 Broadway	Marshall, Sherry Louise.....	3349 Highland Avenue
Brady, Agnes.....	2637 Victor Avenue	Matticks, Helen Winifred.....	4308 Walnut Street
Brewen, Margaret Clara.....	3720 Penn Street	*Mattocks, Millicent Elizabeth.....	3418 Karnes Blvd.
*Browning, Kathleen.....	3236 Wayne Avenue	**Meriwether, Martha.....	3920 Warwick Blvd.
Bruner, Hazel.....	3727 Michigan Avenue	Mill, Margaret.....	3808 McGee Street
*Brunig, Helen Diantha.....	831 West 39th Street	Miller, Gladys.....	3704 Euclid Avenue
Caro, Sylvia.....	Elsmere Hotel	Minshall, Alice Lewis.....	1311 East 33d Street
Chase, Lucy.....	3004 Askew Avenue	Moody, Minnie Elizabeth.....	3625 Brooklyn Avenue
Cornell, Evelynne Warren.....	3304 Virginia Avenue	*Moys, Marion Lucile.....	403 Spruce Avenue
Cornish, Evelyn.....	4334 Troost Avenue	Myers, Katherine Adelle.....	4128 Hyde Park Avenue
Davis, Dorothy Honoré.....	3632 Wyandotte Street	Neibert, Marie.....	218 East 30th Street
Davis, Helen Hunt.....	3831 Broadway	Nichols, Helen Louise.....	4431 Michigan Avenue
Dillenbeck, Catherine Tenette.....	4108 Warwick Blvd.	Overton, Elizabeth.....	3953 Central Street
Dobyns, Frances Louise.....	3900 Broadway	Quick, Edna Helen.....	3940 Walnut Street
Eastlake, Helen.....	3918 Holmes Street	Quinlan, Eileen Elizabeth.....	3359 Baltimore Avenue
Farley, Marie Teresa.....	4229 Greenwood Place	Reese, Mary Eager.....	3301 Olive Street
Ferring, Thelma.....	2510 Bales Avenue	Reid, Marion Louise.....	23 East 31st Street
Forney, Helen.....	2112 East 35th Street	Rettig, Vera Cherry.....	2742 Park Avenue
Foster, Marguerite Belle.....	3036 Forest Avenue	Richardson, Gladys Edna.....	3004 Tracy Avenue
Franklin, Doris Marion.....	2926 Main Street	Rudolph, Mabel Virginia.....	2433 Troost Avenue
Frauens, Grace Margaret.....	212 East 35th Street	Sams, Mary Elizabeth.....	3826 Hyde Park Avenue
Gordon, Gladys.....	3038 Flora Avenue	Sanderson, Vevay Kathleen.....	3307 Baltimore Avenue
Gustafson, Esther Caroline.....	4010 Bellevue Avenue	Schelin, Esther Louise.....	1713 Princeton Avenue
Gutknecht, Minnie Marie.....	2452 Washington Street	***Schenn, Ruthanna.....	1024 West 40th Street
Hall, Ruth Marie.....	3738 Troost Avenue	**Siemens, Anne Blanchard.....	412 East 36th Street
Hamilton, Elmore.....	4217 Baltimore Avenue	Slavens, Helen.....	4015 McGee Street
Harlan, Jessie Pearl.....	3601 State Line	***Sloan, Helen Ewing.....	2707 Forest Avenue
Haseltine, Una Livingston.....	3429 Virginia Avenue	**Smith, Helen.....	3911 Oak Street
Herrick, Viola Eugenia.....	3614 Brooklyn Avenue	Somerville, Helen Margaret.....	4235 Campbell Street
Hertzler, Agnes Hancock.....	3834 Wyandotte Street	Sowle, Marion Shermerhorn.....	3209 Harrison Street
Hetzinger, Emily.....	906 East Armour Blvd.	Spence, Ruth Lowell.....	4011 Oak Street
Hovey, Isabelle Thomson.....	3106 Washington Street	Sternberg, Miriam.....	3835 Baltimore Avenue
Jay, Dorothy.....	3419 Central Street	Stewart, Lila.....	3643 Forest Avenue
Jeffries, Grace Drummond.....	3936 Bell Street	Stockwell, Wilhelma.....	3115 Wayne Avenue
Josephson, Emma.....	3822 Terrace Street	**Stoner, Dorothy.....	2931 East 28th Street
Joy, Blanche May.....	3438 Summit Street	Taylor, Lillian Marie.....	1618 Linwood Blvd.
Kaufman, Leah Caroline.....	3204 Michigan Avenue	Taylor, Mary-Duke.....	2627 East 6th Street
Kieffer, Lillian Polly.....	4401 Harrison Street	Thornton, Arvilla Micheaux.....	3009 DeGroff Way
Kinsel, Frances Burch.....	4037 Holmes Street	Thwing, Grace May.....	642 East 36th Street
Kirchhofer, Emma Esther.....	3021 Grand Avenue	Tobener, Lavinia Elizabeth.....	136 West 61st St. Terrace
Kirk, Alice Douglas.....	3240 Bellefontaine	Tschudy, Winifred Marie.....	3815 Wyandotte Street
Kirkpatrick, Ruth.....	3918 Charlotte Street	Turner, Elizabeth Thornton.....	3233 Campbell Street
Klapmeyer, Mary.....	3904 Broadway	Wade, Doris.....	3611 Campbell Street
Knight, Florence Ellen.....	3928 Forest Avenue	Waggner, Nellie Almira.....	3416 Holmes Street
Lacy, Helen.....	3626 Flora Avenue	**Walker, Margaret.....	3421 Locust Street
Laue, Imogen Dorothy.....	224 East 35th Street	Webb, Winnie Speece.....	3125 Forest Avenue
Lantz, Mildred Eva.....	3345 Woodland Avenue	***Wiles, Bertha Harris.....	2533 Gillham Road
Lasley, Mary Lois.....	4111 Campbell Street	Williams, Adele Kirby.....	46 East 55th St. Terrace
**Lemons, Edna Kate.....	3906 Central Street	Williams, Helena Velnette.....	3800 Euclid Avenue
Leong, Bessie Marie.....	1320 South Paseo Place	*Winn, Elizabeth.....	2453 Troost Avenue
Leonard, Margarete Elitia.....	950 West 33d St. Terrace	Winn, Henrietta.....	2453 Troost Avenue
Linn, Julia Mae.....	4200 West Prospect Place	Yates, Frances Louise.....	5525 Wayne Avenue
Lowerre, Hazel.....	4004 Penton Blvd.	Youart, Ida Blanche.....	3318 Penn Street

WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL

CLASS OF 1914

Aronson, Frank Albert.....	3603 Central Street	Kirtley, Columbus Franklin.....	3423 Garfield Avenue
Baldwin, A. Brown.....	2115 East 35th Street	Kratz, Walter Harold.....	4109 Baltimore Avenue
Barnes, Roy Elvin.....	4009 Terrace Street	Krugh, John A.....	3613 Central Street
Bartlett, Spencer Ferguson.....	4609 Harrison Street	Lavery, Joseph Lloyd.....	1300 West 41st Street
Bergfeldt, William Harold.....	4326 Rockhill Road	Lege, Edwin.....	3113 Oak Street
Berkowitz, Edgar Louis.....	3423 Baltimore Avenue	Levine, Isaac Don.....	2104 East 31st Street
Blackwood, Walter Pierson, Jr.....	3621 Virginia Avenue	Lincoln, Albert Lloyd.....	3750 Highland Avenue
*Boley, Wilson Nash.....	3316 Campbell Street	Livesay, George Byron.....	3837 Baltimore Avenue
Boswell, Harold C.....	1316 West 40th Street	Loeffler, Sidney.....	3529 Highland Avenue
Boyer, Lon M.....	3914 Bell Street	Logan, John Sublett III.....	3524 Kenwood Avenue
Brown, Robert Francis.....	3602 Flora Avenue	**Love, Robert Siegrist.....	727 West 40th Street
Campbell, Spencer Carlyle.....	5720 Bales Avenue	Lowe, William Harper.....	3807 Roanoke Blvd.
Carry, William Emmet.....	4107 Mercier Street	McNamara, Clemons Edward.....	3705 Tracy Avenue
Carson, Renick Harry.....	3700 Flora Avenue	*Malcolmson, Oliver Krause.....	3728 Main Street
Caskey, Glenn Andrews.....	3535 Genesee Street	Marley, Harold Parsons.....	5017 Grand Avenue
Cavanaugh, John Francis.....	3417 Broadway	Marr, James Breckenridge.....	4020 McGee Street
Conway, Bernard Anthony.....	3731 Main Street	Meyer, Carl Werther.....	1501 East 37th Street
**Cope, Homer Allison.....	3715 Michigan Avenue	Miller, Charles August.....	3237 Main Street
Crowther, Robert Keeler.....	3612 Genesee Street	Mitchell, Samuel Mutchmore.....	3825 Walnut Street
***Davies, Herbert Marc.....	3128 Paseo	*Morse, Guy Edward.....	4238 Harrison Street
Daviss, Marion Leonard.....	3011 McGee Street	Morse, Paul Wentworth.....	4238 Harrison Street
Davis, Walter Harris.....	3429 Harrison Street	Moses, Frank.....	5827 Swope Parkway
Demsey, John Neven.....	1216 West 38th Street	***Murray, Frederick Forest.....	3426 Charlotte Street
Deveny, John Francis.....	3943 Campbell Street	Newell, Walter Jerome.....	3014 Forest Avenue
*Doyle, Harry Mendell.....	3828 Brooklyn Avenue	Oxley, Everett Manahan.....	4309 Walnut Street
Duren, Robert L.....	4035 Oak Street	Pittam, Radford Frederick.....	1318 West 39th Street
**Edwards, Richard Dix.....	3533 Harrison Street	Porter, Virgil Roe.....	49 East 53d St. Terrace
Elstner, Joseph Emanuel, Jr.....	4020 Penn Street	Rams, Lester Wenrick.....	3708 Garfield Avenue
Falk, Joseph Michael.....	4521 Forest Avenue	Rawlings, William Suffelle.....	4414 Walnut Street
Falkenberg, Robert Lawrence.....	3724 Warwick Blvd.	Ray, John McKee.....	4002 Oak Street
Farley, Nelson Irving.....	4229 Greenwood Place	Rozier, Melvin Trefren.....	3904 Broadway
Friedman, Gus.....	3525 Virginia Avenue	Ruth, Earl Armin.....	4221 Campbell Street
Gattrell, William Slover.....	3434 Penn Street	Ryle, George Walton.....	3029 Baltimore Avenue
Gedney, Kenneth Hayde.....	3237 McGee Street	Sanders, Joe Luciel.....	3425 Michigan Avenue
Geschwind, Mastin Enos.....	3929 Genesee Street	Sawyer, Alverne William.....	5932 Bell Street
Godfrey, Harold Wheeler.....	4415 Campbell Street	Schmitz, Herbert Dale.....	1833 Houston Avenue
***Green, Lawrence Elmer.....	3116 Garfield Avenue	Scott, Clifford Francis.....	4428 Virginia Avenue
Gregory, John Milton.....	3608 Locust Street	Sharp, Marion Bates.....	3519 Central Street
Guettel, Arthur Abraham.....	3430 Paseo	Shirky, Samuel Bryan.....	3219 Highland Avenue
Hale, Edward Francis.....	3644 Summit Street	Shull, Walter Carl.....	4012 Mercier Street
Hall, McClure Elliot.....	3917 Terrace	Smith, Rene Fankhauser.....	4100 Locust Street
Hardacre, James Emerson.....	4247 Troost Avenue	Stewart, Martin Andrews.....	3034 Harrison Street
Heath, Frederick Barber, Jr.....	3309 Paseo	Swofford, Robert Thurston, Jr.....	Ormond Hotel
Henschel, James Edward.....	3236 Euclid Avenue	Thompson, Roy Charles.....	4310 Forest Avenue
Hovey, Harrison Louis.....	3106 Washington Street	*Titus, Sterrett Sims.....	3703 Walnut Street
Hughes, Allen Stratton.....	4333 Charlotte Street	Unland, Edwin Lee.....	1210 East 42d Street
Hulseman, Giles Daniel.....	3428 Wyandotte Street	Vrooman, Frank Ellsworth.....	2812 East 35th Street
Hutchison, Paul Gilmore.....	1911 East 35th Street	Whyte, George Pritchard, Jr.....	2812 Charlotte Street
Irmas, Sydney Milton.....	2825 Olive Street	Williams, Harold George.....	4138 Mercier Street
James, Llewellyn David.....	1209 Valentine Road	Williams, Presley Howard.....	Elsmere Hotel
Jenkins, Burris A., Jr.....	3529 Charlotte Street	Winn, George Pickrell.....	3628 Harrison Blvd.
Jones, Burnam Raymond.....	4033 McGee Street	Yates, Hicklin.....	63d and Swope Parkway
Jones, James Everette, Jr.....	4404 Wornall Road	Zumwalt, William Barrett.....	5723 Swope Parkway
King, Kenneth Kyle.....	3940 Harrison Street		

DISTINCTION IN SCHOLARSHIP

*A minimum of 16 E's and 8 G's

**A minimum of 24 E's

***A minimum of 31 E's

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President



BURNAM R. JONES
Secretary



HELEN SMITH
Vice-President



RADFORD PITTAM
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SYDNEY M. IRMAS



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EILEEN E. QUINLAN



LOIS LASLEY



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DESYL McCAHON



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HERBERT D. SCHMITZ



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MARGARETTE E. LEONARD



JAMES B. MARR



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EDNA BECKERMAN



BERNARD CONWAY



DOROTHY JAY



ALVERNE A. SAWYER



LESTER RAMS



HELEN NICHOLS



EMMET CARRY



JULIA MAE LINN



HAZEL LOWERRE



EDGAR L. BERKOWITZ



HAROLD MARLEY



RUTH KIRKPATRICK



EDNA LEMONS



RENE F. SMITH



UNA HASELTINE



PEARL HARLAN



MARION L. REID



MARIE HALL



JOE L. SANDERS



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RUTHANNA SCHENCK



OLIVER K. MALCOLMSON



PAUL W. MORSE



HELEN SLAVENS



LUCY CHASE



ROBERT L. FALKENBERG



VIRGINIA RUDOLPH



MARGARET MILL



MIRIAM STERNBERG



ALICE D. KIRK



GEORGE W. RYLE



GLADYS E. RICHARDSON



MARGARET BREWEN



SPENCER C. CAMPBELL



GEORGE P. WHYTE



AGNES H. HERTZLER



LILA STEWART



CHARLES A. MILLER



MABELLE BLACKBURN



KENNETH H. GEDNEY



HAROLD KRATZ



DORIS M. FRANKLIN



VIRGIL R. PORTER



SYLVIA CARO



FRANCES B. KINSEL



JOSEPH M. FALK



GLENN A. CASKEY



LAVINIA TOBENER



ESTHER C. GUSTAFSON



J. LLOYD LAVERY



MARIE FARLEY



AGNES BRADY



KATHARENE CONNELL



GRACE D. JEFFRIES



W. HARPER LOWE



HELEN D. BRUNIG



HAZEL BRUNER



HARRY M. DOYLE



WILLIAM S. RAWLINGS



HELEN E. SLOAN



GRACE M. FRAUENS



FRANK A. ARONSON



MARION S. SOWLE



KENNETH K. KING



WALTER C. SHULL



DOROTHY STONER



DIX EDWARDS



CATHERINE T. DILLENBECK



LILLIAN KIEFFER



ARTHUR A. GUETTEL



ROBERT L. DUREN



HELEN LACY



HELEN FORNEY



SAMUEL B. SHIRKY



ADELE K. WILLIAMS



G. BYRON LIVESAY



R. FRANCIS BROWN



BERTHA H. WILES



LLOYD LINCOLN



LILLIAN M. TAYLOR



ROY C. THOMPSON



GILES D. HULSEMAN



JOHN S. LOGAN



THELMA FERRING



BESSIE M. LENGE



NELSON I. FARLEY



BLANCHE YOUART



ROY E. BARNES



FRANKLIN KIRTLEY



MARY-DUKE TAYLOR



SIDNEY LOEFFLER



DORIS WADE



LEAH C. KAUFMAN



ALLEN S. HUGHES



MARIE BIGHAM



HICKLIN YATES



JOSEPH E. ELSTNER



MINNIE E. MOODY



MARION L. DAVIESS



WINIFRED M. TSCHUDY



MARGUERITE B. FOSTER



EDWARD F. HALE



SALLIE McCRARY



MARION B. SHARP



HERBERT M. DAVIDSON



NELLIE A. WAGGENER



HELEN H. DAVIS



EARL A. RUTH



WALTER BLACKWOOD



VERA RETTIG



DOROTHY LANE



WARENE BOYLE



ARVILLA M. THORNTON



MELVIN ROZIER



J. EDWARD HENSCHEL



FRANK E. VROOMAN



ROBERT S. LOVE



RUTH MILLER ARNHEIM



PRESLEY H. WILLIAMS



HELEN EASTLAKE



ALICE L. MINSHALL



HAROLD G. WILLIAMS



FRANCES L. DOBYNS



GUS FRIEDMAN



FREDERICK F. MURRAY



ELIZABETH TURNER



SPENCER F. BARTLETT



EDNA H. QUICK



GLADYS GORDON



EVERETT M. OXLEY



WILHELMA STOCKWELL



PAUL G. HUTCHISON



FREDERICK HEATH



KATHLEEN BROWNING



CLIFFORD SCOTT



VELNETTE WILLIAMS



ISABELLE T. HOVEY



HOMER A. COPE



WINIFRED MATTICKS



MARTIN A. STEWART



JAMES E. HARDACRE



EMMA JOSEPHSON



OTIE M. McPHERSON



BERNICE LYONS



S. LOUISE MARSHALL



VIOLA HERRICK



ISAAC D. LEVINE



HARRISON L. HOVEY



HAROLD BERGFELDT

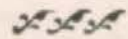


JOHN F. DEVENY

THE PASSING SHOW OF '14



PROGRAM



KILL'EM - - - - - TOO REAL

PATHETIC - - - - - WEAKLY

RUBEN

BIT O'GRAFT

S. AND A. FILL'EM



WHAT HAPPENED TO MARY
KILL'EM CO. REAL I

THE TOURNAMENT
SEE-US POLYSCOPE CO.
TOO REAL

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mary Sams
Bunny Jones
Kathleen Browning
Our Mutual Girl..... Mary Klappmeyer
Green Pie
Doc Yak..... Mastin Geshwind
Souper Campbell
Wheeler Godfrey.....By Himself

Mary has at last consented to be married, since the accomplished author can find no more complications with which to beset her. The lucky man is Wheeler Godfrey, who had, we have heard, proposed to her every night for a week. The bridesmaids are Kathleen and Our Mutual Girl; the best man, the undaunted Green, who has long loved Mary in secret. Bunny, the bride's jovial uncle, calls on the celebrated divine, Doc Yak, to make arrangements for the ceremony. Here he meets Green, who refuses to let the ceremony go on unless the Souper be allowed to assist. They decide to fight it out, but Kathleen separates them by turning in the trained Lyons. Doc Yak allows Green to have his way.

(Just one minute please while the operator changes the reel.)

On the day of the ceremony Farnum is frightened and Green is blue. Mary decides that she doesn't want to get married after all, but—

STEENTH ADVENTURE OF MARY
NEXT WEEK

The Wimpus (Plural Wimpi) . . .
..... Imp. Film Co.

Robert Duren, William Gattrell, Giles Hulseman, Lila Stewart, Marie Neibert, Pearl Harlan, Lavinia Tobener and Grace Frauens are returning from a meeting of the Ladies' Aid when a fierce wimpus, with a head like a bear and a tail like a fish, stalks out and attempts to gobble up Sydney Irmes, who has been a visitor to the society. Carl Meyer is the hero and without a tremor kills the enraged animal. This fill-'em is subtle and its humor dry. Don't fail to miss it!

In this play every KNIGHT of the HALL of EASTLAKE was to COPE in a tournament with those of HARDACRE LANE as soon as MERI-WETHER could be expected in BLACKWOOD HEATH. The KING whose KNIGHT won was to COOK and BOYLE LEMONS in CARO. On the morning of the eventful day all was excitement. At eight o'clock each KNIGHT, clad in LINCOLN GREEN, ordered his WAGGENER to stand ready with his SHARP LANTZ and to have at hand a REID of WHYTE wood so that when his challenge came he could rush in QUICK and WINN before his steed could TURNER course. There were one hundred contestants all HALE and hearty when the KING was ready to PITTAM together. It was Sir KIRK who first received his challenge and for mortal combat. The victim was either to be fed to the LYON or his conqueror might LYNCH him. Out from their BARNES they rushed just as the MILLER, who on this festive day had deserted his MILL because he does so LOVE a tournament, gave a mighty cheer. At each other with zeal they went, but the one was a MOODY fellow, who had LOWE(d) he'd make Sir KIRK walk into the WEBB of his astute WILES; so he decided to wait till the energy of his opponent should be spent before he tried to kill him. KIRK, whose father had been a TAYLOR, rushed in with a mighty onslaught and plunged his SHARP LANTZ through the other's thigh, and he fell on the MOSS. The victor had not received a MARR from the fray. KIRK left the mode of killing to the followers of the CHASE, who threw NICHOLS, showing that the victim should be fed to the LYONS.

NEXT WEEK

"FIGHTIN' DEATH" is the title of the sensational feature in which the three daredevil acts recently performed by VIRGIL PORTER for LOEFFLER Co. will be presented upon the screen. The picture will be offered in three reels and will show LLOYD LINCOLN crossing a deep ravine on a wire cable, hanging by his teeth to get some "vinegar," HAROLD MARLEY and RUTH SPENCE plunging from a high ledge or rock into GUSTAFSON chasm on horseback, and EMILY HETTINGER as the first woman bridge-jumper leaping from the OVERTON bridge, East LINN, New York, followed by MOSES making the same reckless jump into the icy waters of EASTLAKE—

PATHETIC WEAKLY

The benefit last evening given by the Sodality at Dr. Emmet Carry's church was indeed a success. Miss Lillian Taylor's technique and interpretation are a source of admiration to all the critics. Professor Deveny, the great impressario, kept them in tears most of the time (he declares that the onions which he had in his pocket had nothing to do with it). However, one distressing event occurred during the course of the evening. A mouse ran across the floor and under one lady's chair, and Miss Helen Forney was so terrified that she suffered a nervous breakdown. Her physician, Dr. Robert Swofford, says she is in a serious condition.

But the mouse was chased away and the excitement was quelled by Miss Otie McPherson's sweet singing. She enjoys the distinction of being able to sing higher than any other man in the world. But the feature of the evening was an exhortation by Cardinal Farley, who came to the city for that express purpose.

WAR NEWS—EXTRA MEXICAN CRISIS OVER—VILLA RESCUED

The Constitutionalist leader, who has been Dictator Huerta's prisoner in Mexico City, was rescued by the *boys in blue* after a thrilling combat. The turning point of the battle was when Private Guy Morse decided to "take a stand." With the elder Morse holding back 302½ constitutionalists, Morse the younger was enabled to perform the heroic rescue. Blackwood arrived on the scene of the battle, but too late to take part—

The Winner, Special Feature (Essanay)

This dry comedy is a positive scream from beginning to end. Played by Elizabeth Turner.

Invitation Meet

Spencer Bartlett won the pool championship from rowdy Harry Doyle. They finished the last block with a score of 1,000-199. Bartlett made a high run of 65.

Vote for DEMAGOGIC TICKET

Mark X in square for candidate for whom you wish to vote.

- FOR MAYOR.....HOMER A. COPE
- FOR SHERIFF.....OKLAHOMA CASKEY
- FOR ALDERMAN (Notorious First).....
.....DIX EDWARDS
- FOR ALDERMAN..GLADYS RICHARDSON
- FOR TREASURER.....NED HENSCHEL
- FOR BOARD OF PUBLIC WELFARE....
.....HERBERT DAVIDSON
- FOR POET LAUREATE.....
..JAMES EVERETTE JONES, JUNIOR
- FOR CHIEF FIRE DEPARTMENT.....
.....BURN-'EM JONES
- FOR CITY RAGMAN.....WILSON BOLEY
- FOR CIVIC PASTOR....BURRIS JENKINS
- FOR BEAN INSPECTOR..ALLAN HUGHES
- FOR STYLE INTRODUCER.....
.....BYRON LIVESAY
- FOR CIVIC OPTICIAN..STERRETT TITUS
- FOR WIRELESS OPERATOR..GUY MORSE
- FOR LEADERS MUNICIPAL BAND—
JOHN DEVENY
EDWIN LENGE

Vote Early

GREATEST OUTRAGE IN AN AGE—Kill'em Co.

VICTIM COLLAPSED.

YOUNG DESPERADO IMPRISONED.

Paul Morse, suspected of belonging to the Llewellyn James gang, is arrested on a charge of assault and battery upon the complaint of Miss Louise Marshall. The vivacious villain shyly slipped a beetle down Miss Marshall's lily white neck and the poor victim is now prostrate at the Haseltine Hospital for the Destitute. The daring outlaw, unable to defend himself in such a heinous crime, sits sulkily in cell 33 at the W. H. S. police station weeping.

The case is to be tried before the eminent Hon. Vera Rettig, and the following have been subpoenaed: Frances Kinsel, W. C. Shull, Chas A. Miller, Edna Beckerman, Samuel Mitchell, Blanche Youart, Doris Wade, Ray North, Agnes Hertzler, Lillian Polly Kieffer and Earl Ruth. Dorothy Davis and Ruth Kirkpatrick were "unavoidably detained, due to illness."

(Ding busted the film.)

Socialist Meeting

July 4th, Miss Grace Jeffries, the Evolutionary Socialist, conducted a mass meeting at Convention Hall to sign a new Declaration of Independence, the old one having become atrophied by disuse. She was assisted by that eminent American poet of the Idealistic Socialists, James Everette Jones, Junior. The more intellectual of our readers are, of course, familiar with his works. Mr. Jones recited from his most famous poems, including the well known epic, "Soap." The large and unappreciative audience consisted of Kathleen Browning, in her usual role of innocent bystander, and a newsboy in the upper balcony, who hissed automatically. We understood his name was Mr. William Gattrell. Mr. Levine, recently from Russia, who belongs to the "direct-actionist" branch of the party, made an inflammatory speech. Five minutes after the speech Joe Sanders wisely remarked, "That's so!" Door-keeper Keene Wallis collected the tickets.

Suffrage Parade

When the bugle twittered for the starting of the suffrage parade, the bedraggled women fought thru' the volley of eggs hurled by the bystanders. Anties Marion Sowle and Helen Sloan hung onto the telephone poles and showered eggs furnished by Geo. Whyte & Co., which lent "yokel" color to the scene of action. Dorothy Stoner, Millitant Mattocks and Fainting Bertha Wiles, who headed the procession, played suffering music upon cellos and stringed instruments. Renick Carson, the big suffragette, sat in the front car and ate spaghetti. Harold Bergfeldt, Marion Daviess and Kenneth King swatted flies from off the horses in the sixteen horsepower Ford, and Sam Shirkey sold "processional pennants." George Winn, President of the Commercial Club, was the grand marshal. And Motor Copecykes H. G. Williams, Edwin Unland, Martin Stewart and Robert Crowther retained order among the ladies.

NONSENSE AND SENSIBILITY

S. AND A.

Margaret Leonard, nifty recluse, is sitting one day in her General Merchandise Store tending her stock of bacon and diamonds when a strange looking tramp, Rene Smith, strides in, and grabbing up a ham makes his escape. Helen Davis, Lois Lasley, Mabelle Blackburn, Cyrilla Armstrong and Mary Duke Taylor, among a handful of other self-respecting townsmen, form a posse and give chase. They brave many dangers, even a Missouri mule doing the heel polka, but at last a jaguar springs

down upon them from a tree top and they sink into oblivion with hurt feelings. This fill-'em is fraught with feeling and is highly educational. Come and bring the children.

After the Performance

Private Information Given Publicly by Our Wizard,
Miss Frances Yates

Is there really an "Allum Creek" in Western Montana? I have heard that there was and that anyone falling into it would shrink. If this is true kindly tell me how to get there.

WARENE BOYLE.

At the college which I attend I do not seem to be graded as high as I deserve, in my estimation. My parents have complained to the teachers but it has had no effect. Had I better change schools?

BERTHA WILES.

We are two girl friends, very pretty and unusually intellectual. We are desirous of meeting some boys like ourselves. Can you advise us as how this can best be done?

RUTHANNA SCHENK,
KATHERINE MYERS.

Would I be congenial with a girl who doesn't enjoy old poetry or Marlowe, and who reads Shakespeare with enjoyment?

LAWRENCE GREEN.

Does any kind friend wish to answer this young man's question?

I received invitations to three dances which are to be given on the same night. Would it be proper for me to accept them all and stay at each a little while.

MARION SOWLE.

It would show very poor taste. One dance in an evening is enough for most people.

My chum, Miss Blanche Joy, is out of the city. Can you recommend some way for me to console myself while she is gone?

VIRGINIA WELDEN.

You might spend your time in some charitable work. The "Alice Minshall" Settlement Home, which has newly been organized, is in need of workers.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE

Ringling Sisters' Circus

Owned and managed by the artists
at 47th and Main Streets

5—Rings—5

7—Performers—7

Daring Doris Franklin

Whirlwind Trapeze Performer
arranged to break an ankle at each
performance

Eileen Quinlan and Vivay Sanderson

Beautiful Bareback Riders

The Westport Zoo

Named and Trained by Marion Moss

The Siamese Twins

(Side Show, 10 Cents)

Arvilla Thornton and Marie Farley

Scintillating Snake Charmer

(Side Show, 10 Cents)

Ruth Arnheim, The Circassian Beauty

Fat Lady—Everett Oxley

The Bearded Lady—Joe Falk

The Only Living Gorilla

in captivity—Cyrilla Armstrong

3—Funny Clowns—3

Clifford Scott Paul Hutchison John Demsey

Mohawk War Dance

Titus and Logan

Chorus of Beavers

Henschel Godfrey Gedney
Deveny Cavanaugh

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND

The Mysterious Man

Featuring Helen Slavens, Viola Herrick, Elmore Hamilton, Isabelle Hovey, Winifred Matticks.

"Lavendar and Old Lace"

By Helen Lacy.

The Grafters—Animated Cartoon

(Pathetic)

Characters—Adele Williams, Virginia Rudolph, E. E. Kirchhofer.

WANTED: Position as private secretary to refined lady of fashion. Willing to accompany her everywhere or act as chaperone. References, Helen Smith, Box D. Hazel Bruner.

WANTED: A situation to play accompaniments. Experienced. Have even played while Mrs. Hedges led the assembly in "High Upon a Hill So Noble." Apply Miriam Sternberg.

WANTED: Situation as private tutor. Will guarantee to teach while the victim sleeps. Address Franklin Kirtley and Roy Thomson.

WANTED: A short fat young woman of brisk habits to help a slow fellow to keep up with the times. Apply Edward F. Hale.

WANTED: Position as expert accountant. No adding machine needed. Can furnish references. Address Helen Brunig.

WANTED: Position as life-saver at a fashionable summer resort. Depth limit, four feet. Address Presley Williams.

WANTED: Job as dishwasher at popular family hotel. References, any taylor. Address Lloyd Lincoln.

WANTED: Situation as private secretary to public man. Senator preferred. Address Lester Rams.

WANTED: A job, singing popular songs at a picture show. Melvin Rozier.

WANTED: A job, give rainchecks at ball game. Francis Brown.

WANTED: Sharp needs a flat near Armour and Locust.

WANTED: A position not a job. Albert Aronson,

Pageants

Westport High School Auditorium, June 11th

The Seasons

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Spring.....Hazel Lowerre
 Summer.....Dorothy Stoner
 Fall (perhaps!).....Evelyn Cornish
 Winter.....Ruth Kirkpatrick
 Fall was especially dramatic.

The second pageant presented was entitled

In Merry Mexico

Wilson.....Sterrett Titus
 Bryan.....John Logan
 Huerta.....Lon Boyer
 Villa.....I. Levine
 Carranza.....George W. Ryle
 O'Shaughnessy.....Earl Ruth

Malcolmson in Zulu Land

In which Oliver Malcolmson, tract distributor and wandering, ranting exhorter, is all but swallowed up by a cannibal in "the middle of the middle of Africa."

See it.

BURNAM AND BRADY CIRCUS

Oh, I went to the animal fair,
 Walt Davis and Lowe were there.
 Desyl McCoon, by the light of the moon,
 Was combing her auburn hair.
 Friedman he got drunk
 And stepped on Lavery's trunk;
 John Logan sneezed and fell on his knees
 And how was that for the monk—
 Oh, Stockwell played the flute
 And Gordon played the fiddle;
 Walter Newell and Grace Thwing danced up and
 down the middle.
 John Gregory called for hash
 And fish balls made of mud;
 Winifred Tschudy'd tobacco
 And threw away her cud.

* * *

Oh, it soon began to rain
 And the fair to an end did came.
 Schmidty kissed McClure in the Hall
 And Sawyer laughed quite plain.
 'N that's all.

At the Theaters

AT THE APOLLO—IN LES PETITES PARISIENNES:
 Katherine Dillenbeck, Margaret Mill and Sallie
 McCray.

AT THE BROADMOUR—SHARP'S LATEST HIT,
 "THE PLAGIARIST."

AT THE ALAMO—"LION AND THE MOUSE"—
 Robert Love and Margaret Somerville.

AT THE REX—FRANK VROOMAN,
 "The Poor Little Rich Boy."

AT THE MERIT!—"LES PARESSEUX" (THE IDLERS)
 Featuring—Dorothy Davis, John Krugh, Law-
 rence Chambliss, Franklin Kirtley, Joseph Elst-
 ner, Walter Newell, Harold Boswell, Gus Fried-
 man, Katherine Connell.

AT THE ROANOKE—"STILL SMALL VOICE."
 Featuring the chorus consisting of Desyl Mc-
 Cahon, Mary Klappmeyer, Marie Bigham, Gladys
 Gordon, Doris Wade, Ruth Spencer, Helen
 Forney.

AT THE GLORY—Herbert Davidson's latest,
 "COMMOTION GOVERNMENT. (Very heavy and
 ponderous.)

The Ever-Ready Club

Motto: Neatness, dispatch, and E's.

Jewel: Brilliants.

We are the teachers' pets.

President and General Manager, Helen Sloan.

Active members: Kathleen Browning, Hazel
 Bruner, Helen Smith, Nellie Waggener, Homer A.
 Cope, Herbert Davidson, Sterrett Titus, Lawrence
 Green, Frederick Murray, Mary Reese, Mabel Bolen,
 Ruthanna Schenck, Katherine Myers, Dorothy Jay.

(H)onorary members: Lon Boyer, John Deveny,
 Harry Hovey.

Program next meeting: Graduation with Honors.
 The mock solemnity of the play is rich. Don't
 miss it!

Lambs Gambol

Amusing views of some darling little lambs.
 Featuring Emma Josephson, William Rawlings,
 McKee Ray.
 Especially Cute—The Winn Twins.

During the Performance Leave Your Car at the

Roy Barnes

Sloan's Liniment

Don't Rub—It Penetrates

Marguerites

Sweet and Nutty

Agent, MISS FOSTER

English—Elocution

Will Tutor Some Handsome and Sentimentally
Inclined Young Man During Summer

Apply VELNETTE WILLIAMS

Rose Lyon

Modiste 106 Trim Street

Brown Baldwin Chemical Supply Co.

Sulphuric Acid and Caustic Potash a Specialty

Self-Pronouncing Dictionary

By MASTIN ENOS GESCHWIND

Assisted by

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and SCHENCK

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H. MENDELL DOYLE, Agent

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Falkenburg

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Berkowitz Envelopes

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Your Friend's Reputation May be Ruined in the
Next Issue

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Europe—Noah's Ark—Jonah's Whale

The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren

HICKLIN YATES

KEENE WALLIS

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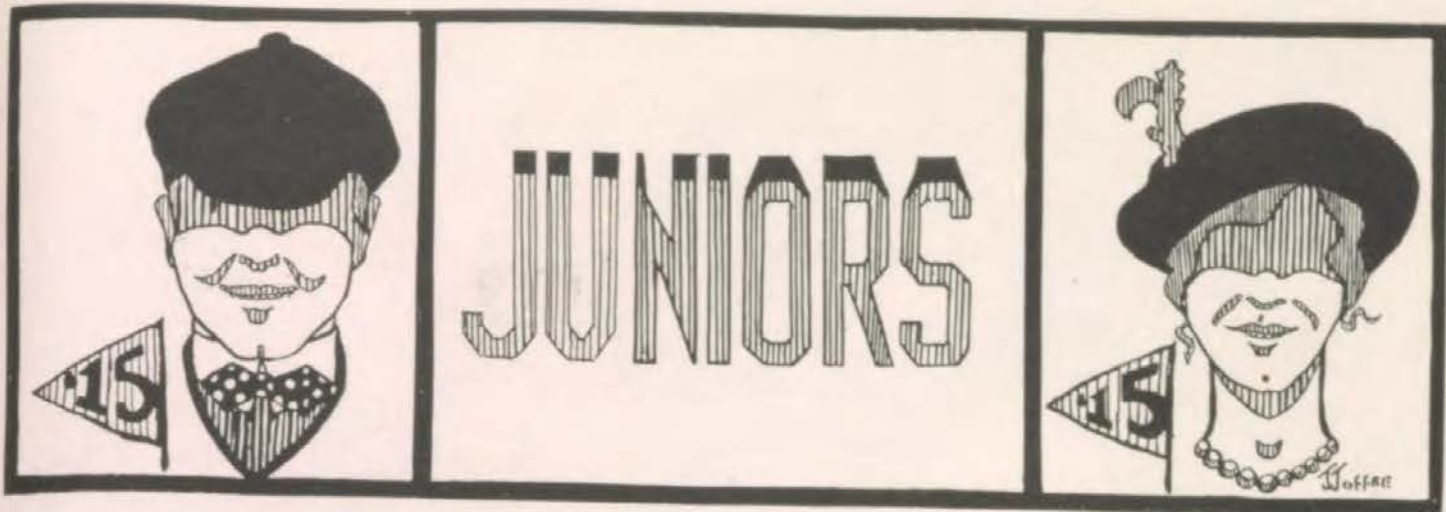
FREE!

SLOGAN:—Down with Shakespeare!



PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF
CENSORSHIP





Here we are! We have passed unscathed through three stages of high school life. After that condition of verdure commonly known as Fresh-manhood, we became those supercilious beings who smile condescendingly on their inferiors. And now we have attained a state of perfection beyond all possibility of criticism. We recognize the conceit of such a statement but a list or at least a partial one of our achievements will prove *sine ulla dubitatione* that our belief in ourselves is not unfounded.

Even as Freshmen—long years ago—a member of the class of '15 graced the HERALD staff; in 1913 we contributed two from our august number until now half of that illustrious body is composed of Juniors. Nor are our literary achievements confined to Westport's veteran journal, for the newly established *Crier* is operated, with one exception, by Juniors. Far be it from us that we should seem actuated by any selfish motives. We restrain ourselves as much as possible, but "Juniors crushed to earth will rise again." We

magnanimously refrained from monopolizing the entire winning debating team and generously allowed one member to be a Senior.

Although we think before we leap, we leap, and leap with our usual success. This year in basket-ball our boys were ever victorious, winning every game by an easy margin, while our feminine goal-tossers captured second place. Three sphere manipulators of '15 upheld to the finish by their skill and speed, the pennant hopes of Westport. What would the team have been without us? Our voices have been duly cultivated and unselfishly devoted to the Chorus and Glee Club, and, with the addition of graceful gesture of hand and foot, to the various Christmas plays.

Let Seniors observe with trepidation that we "fifteeners" are only at the third stage of our glorious career. With these laurels as an incentive, can it be doubted that the class of 1915 will be the most marvelous output of brain and brawn that Westport has been or ever will be able to produce?

WALLACE RICE, Secretary '15.



OUR OFFICERS

*In a wonderful Craig that I've heard of,
There's a Ruby none others surpass
And this gem of exquisite beauty
Is the pride of the Junior Class.*

*There's a girl whom I heard they call Ganald
With a Stout heart and bright as new brass
And this Miss is a leader, they tell me,
Of that wonderful Junior Class.*

*And the sergeant-at-arms is Geraldine
With Brown hair and eyes (?): she's the lass
Who keeps down confusion and tumults
Which arise in this Junior Class.*

*A young man whose first name is Wallace
And who eats Rice like green apple sass,
Is the honorable secretary
Of that excellent Junior Class.*

*There's a gentleman called Walter Flory
With a pompadour smooth as plate glass,
He counts up the money and bank-notes
That are owned by the Junior Class.*

ALBERT WELCH, '15.



LOCALS



This Space is in Mourning

It is dedicated to the Locals that might have been if Daddy Hull hadn't left.

However, read them in last year's HERALD!!

MRS. MACLAUGHLIN: "Wall street is a short, narrow street and a very crooked one."

STUDENT (translating): "And they brought in a schooner."

PROFESSOR: "What's that?"

STUDENT: "Well, it says 'They brought in a large bier.'"

Mrs. MacLaughlin was tracing Barbarian Invasions.

STUDENT: "Nobody's said yet where the Osteopaths went to."

IN HISTORY: "Give a result of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill."

ANSWER: "The annual Thanksgiving football game."

KING (translating German): "Only this hour are you mine. Is that right?"

MISS STOUGH: "Yes."

LITTLE RUTH (who lives on the Paseo, seeing an auto pass by): "Is it a Ford, or are they rich people?"





The Grandstand Ladder -



If we could see ourselves AS others see VS-



AS WE MUST LOOK from the other side



EXCHANGES

EXCHANGES

After publishing our mid-year HERALD, the staff finds out what a task it is to publish a live, breezy high school paper. We have, of course, been criticised on this point, and on that, but we suppose we must be satisfied with what we do hear that sounds favorable, be it large or small. One, at first thought, does not realize what it means to publish a school paper so that it will rank among the best we receive from other schools.

What is an ideal school paper? If it is one that is above all criticism, then I suppose we had better stop trying to publish one at all, for a paper without criticism is impossible. All any staff can do is to work hard, and do the best they can in the interest of the school and for the good of the students then wait and be pleased with the small favors they might receive.

One of our exchanges wrote: "I think it would be more satisfactory to the subscriber and editors if a small edition was printed each month." We are glad to inform all our exchanges that now a small paper, called the *Westport Crier*, is printed every two weeks. *The Crier* is indeed lively, spicy, and an up-to-date sheet, filled with high school notes, cuts and cartoons. It is published in the interest of the school body, and indeed it shows the spirit and enthusiasm in its columns. It is edited by an able staff, who are surely making a success of it.

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

THE HERALD, from Westport, was one of the best exchanges received.—*Northeast High School, K. C., Mo.*

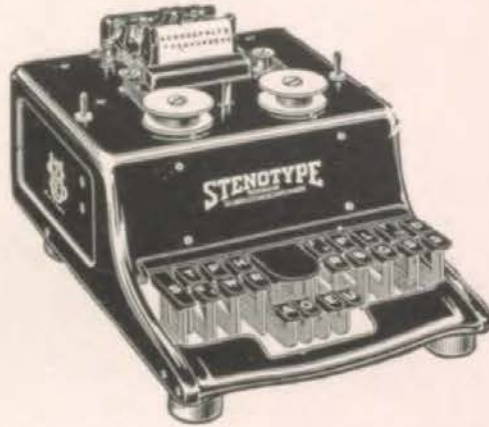
THE HERALD, Kansas City, Mo.: A paper filled with spicy reading. You will be pleased with "The Flight of Ayesha," "The Discord," "The After Effects of a Trip to an Underworld," and also with the short story, "Great Caesar's Ghost." "From Foreign Lands" affords several pages instructive as well as interesting reading, and the regular departments of THE HERALD are well taken care of.—*Voice of South High, Youngstown, Ohio.*

HERALD, page 9: "After Effects of a Trip to an Underworld" recommended to our readers.—*The Pioneer, New Orleans, La.*

HERALD, Westport High School, K. C., Mo.: Although your paper is extremely interesting, yet we do not believe it up to the standard of your previous issues.—*The Camosun, Victoria High School, Victoria, B. C.*

The Sounder: A paper well worked out. "Hitching Posts" is certainly an interesting short story.

"Shorthand by Machine"



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We are teaching "**The Machine Way** in Shorthand" to an intensely interested class. And we want you to see these students write on this machine. "**The Machine Way** in Shorthand" is called Stenotypy, and is written on a machine called the Stenotype. The Stenotype is one of the Four Great Machines that are saving the most time today in business.

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Not one of the usual shorthand characters used.

So there is only a little to learn about Stenotypy that you don't already know. Learning to write it is mostly a case of **learning to write on this simple machine**, which embodies only 92 plainly stamped keys.

Come see the Stenotype before you enroll anywhere else. We teach both the "**Machine Way**" and the "**Hand Way**" in Shorthand. Come, decide which you want to take.

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There are today in **business** thousands of successful Stenotypists. They are **accurate** writers and **unusually** fast, for this **machine** permits accuracy and speed with ease. And their services, therefore, command higher salaries than are usually paid for stenographic work.

Students of Stenotypy upon graduation are getting a premium price for their services. Because they **enter** business with a degree of efficiency that is not attained by the ordinary beginner.

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E. M. and E. C. JACKSON

39th and Broadway

Ladies' Work Especially Solicited

Repairing and Altering

Old Hats Made New

Gloves Cleaned

Goods Called for and Delivered

Heard in the Lunch Room

A frankfurter still had a piece of string attached to it.

A Sophomore: "I prefer my dog without a chain."

TEACHER: "John, what is the principal product of Mexico?"

JOHN (after pause): "TROUBLE."

His Poor Memory

MR. ISAACS: "What month is it in which it is unlucky to be married?"

MRS. ISAACS: "Great Scott! What a poor memory you have, my dear. We were married in June."

MISS BAIN: "Hicklin, I like to hear you talk, but I don't believe a word of it."

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SAM H. SNOW, M.D., Registrar

Twenty-Seventh Annual Term

will begin September 7, 1914

For Catalogue and other information, address the Registrar

705 Waldheim Building

Kansas City, Mo.

MR. GOODALE: "Miss Spencer, what does 'vogue' mean?"

MISS SPENCER: "Why-er-a-oh, everybody's doing it."

Manual Labor

"I understand that she does a good deal of vocal work."

"Yes. Her singing is labored."

MR. WARD: "Now, boys like to play war, while girls play with—"

GUETTEL: "Boys play with dolls, but they're grown up."

MISS RICHARDSON (in English History): "Charles I being angry with Parliament, coagulated it."

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A Carefully Selected Stock For Your Selection

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DIAMOND IMPORTERS and DEALERS IN EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY

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OF

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98 and 99



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Phones
South
21 and 149

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Tables Turned

IRATE PROFESSOR: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

VOICE OF THE OPPRESSED: "That's why so many of us flunk."

SAID A MAID: "I don't see why they are called 'wireless' poles when they have wires all over them."

MR. HUMPHREY (dictating Dunbar's "Little Brown Baby" for class to learn): "Dis heah's some old straggler got in—"

Enter janitor.

"Let's t'row him out o' dɜ do'—"

Exit janitor hastily.

MR. HUMPHREY: "I had a sensation like the hair rising on top of my head."

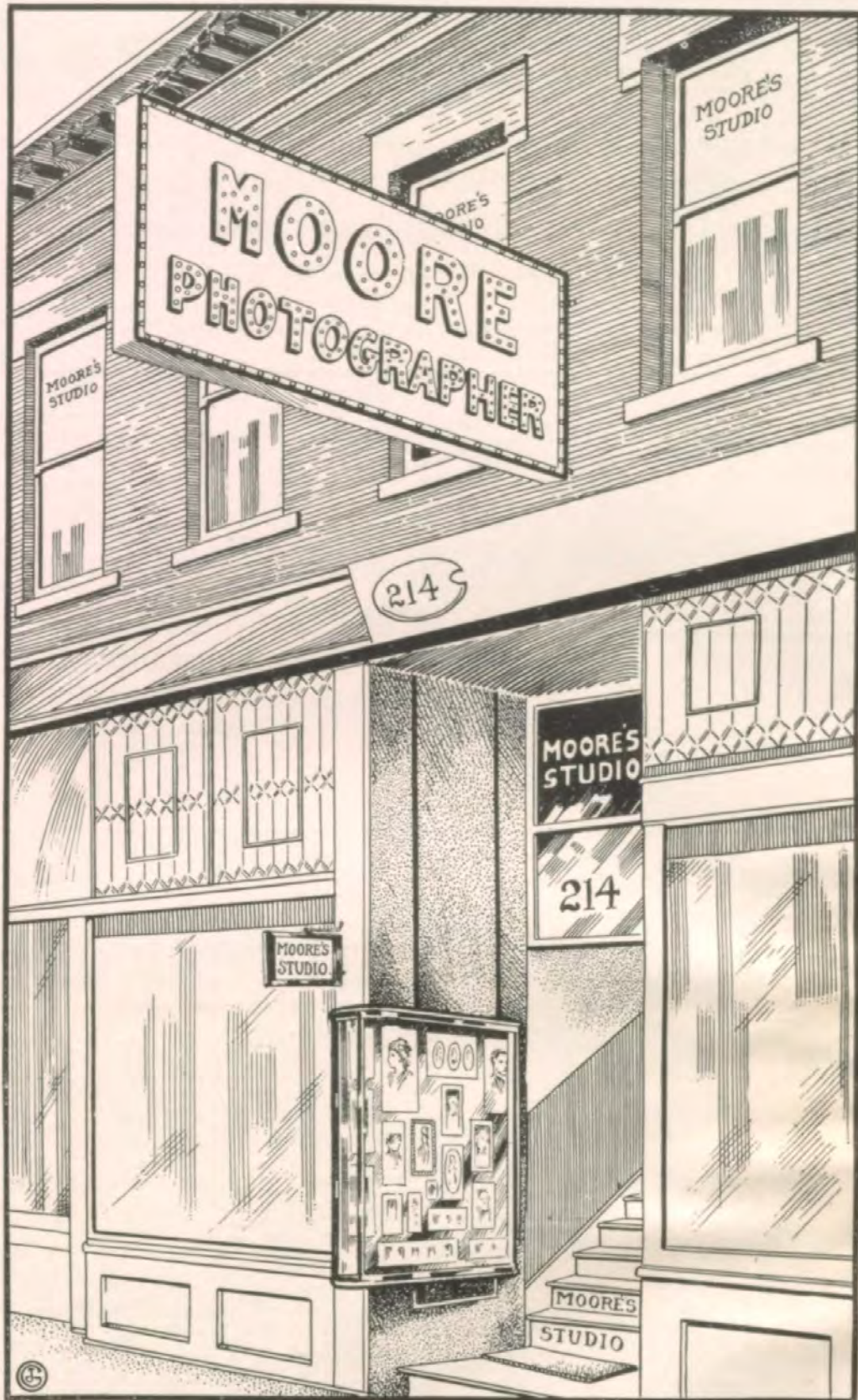
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FATHER (to his son, who had just returned from his first visit to the city): "Were you guarded in your conduct while in New York?"

SON: "Yes, sir; part of the time by two policemen."

MISS LIETCH: "Mr. Carson, what does expedient mean?"

MR. CARSON: "Full of speed."

A Woman Still

She has met glib politicians

And undone them in debate;

She has studied all conditions

That affect her native state.

She is able and ambitious,

She can practice at the bar;

But she always turns and wishes

When she sees a falling star.

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The Luminary: Your cover designs are well drawn.

Tucsonian: You are indeed one of our best exchanges. You are, as usual, filled with that Western spirit, which all tends to make your paper the more interesting.

English High School Record: Your literary department is the strongest feature of your paper, but do you think it best to have a continued story?

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OLIVE CREEK (in Cicero): "I don't know what kind of a tax portu is."

MISS WILDER (trying to help her): "Can't you remember it from your word 'portus,' meaning harbor, where vessels come into the port?"

OLIVE: "Oh, Income Tax."

The Nor'easter: At last! We are certainly proud to receive you on our exchange list. The spirit that prevails your paper is certainly that of wide-awake pupils. We read with interest "The Debate" under "School Life," and are certainly glad to get a glimpse at the "Three Cups in a Row."

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Home, 5591 Main

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LANDLADY: "I'll give you just three days in which to pay your rent."

STUDE: "All right; I'll take the Fourth of July, Christmas and Easter." — *Cornell Widow.*

Plain as a Pikestaff

*The fools are not all dead yet—nope!
Here's proof, if you will heed it:
I am alive to write this dope,
And you're alive to read it.*

STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

The Polaris: We are glad to enter you on our exchange list. Your locals are good.

W. HARPER LOWE, '14

RALPH W. MARSHALL, '15

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Ed Cook was a butcher with a great quantity of wit. One day when the store was filled with customers an enemy of his came in for ten cents worth of dog meat.

BUTCHER: "Will you have it wrapped up, or will you just eat it here?"

ABIE (his son): "Fader, dere is a customer in de store who vants to know if dose all vool unshrinkable shirts will shrink."

FADER: "Does it fit him?"

ABIE: "No, it's too large."

FADER: "Vell, den, dey vill shrink."

Tiger: Your many cartoons are good and serve as excellent headings.

Drury Mirror: Why not add a cut or cartoon in your publication?

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The Knight Tire and Rubber Co.

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Knight Tires will Cost you More Per Tire but Less Per Mile than any other Tire

Willie Was Wise

"And he rent his garments and went upon his way," quoted the teacher. "Now, which little boy can tell me where he was going?"

The little wise boy lifted his hand.

"You may answer, Willie."

"Why, if he rented his garments he must have been going to a masquerade ball."

Higher Mathematics

"How many have I taken?"

"I dunno."

"You call yourself a caddie and don't know how many strokes I've had?"

"Look 'ere, guv'nor; what you want is a clerk, not a caddie. I can only count up to ten."—*Tatler* (London).

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MISS DENTON: "I think Wolsey's father was a baker."

GUS WELCH: "He must have been well bred."

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*English is a language,
And is always going to be;
It started with the Saxons,
And now it got to me.*

*Latin is a language;
At least, it used to be.
First it killed the Romans,
And now it's killing me.*

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HE: "Why, people are urging me to marry Miss Thousands."

SHE: "You'd be very lucky if you did. She is very clever and beautiful—"

HE: "But I don't want to marry brains and beauty. I want to marry *you!*"

No Matter Whose!

HICKVILLE POSTMASTER (discussing affairs of state): "Now, what do you think of our foreign relations, Ezry?"

PROMINENT LOUNGER (warmly): "I think they should be barred out uv this here country if they can't read an' write!"

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But ev'rybody knows
That since that box of 'Faultless' came,
My fortune's in my clothes."

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How pretty it is."

MABEL'S RIVAL: "Oh, she has some
prettier than that!"

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POET: "Yes; but there was a ham sand-
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"Yes, mum. Don't ye hear the water drip-pin' on the carpet?"

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TO THE RESCUE.

An Englishman sat at a New York boarding-house table. One of the boarders was telling a story in which a dachshund figured. She was unable for a moment to think of the word.

"It was one of these—what do you call them?—one of these long German dogs."

The Englishman dropped his fork; his face beamed. "Frankfurters!"—*Lippincott's*.

ADMITTED.

"How about Jones, who didn't have money to get a season ticket? How did he get in?"

"Oh, there was a banana peel at the gateway, and he went in on his face."

A SHORT STORY.

Algy met a bear.

The bear was bulgy.

The bulge was Algy.

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THE TIME AND THE PLACE.

*I found Lizette in the garden,
When the moon was dropping low,
And asked her the old, old question,
And received the old, old "No!"*

*I found her again by the seashore,
In the sunset's fading glow,
And asked her the usual question,
And received the usual "No."*

*I found Lizette by the roadside,
In the glare of an August noon,
With a tire badly punctured
And an engine out of tune.*

*And as I sprang to help her—
'Twas habit; nothing less—
I asked the same old question,
And Lizette replied, "Yes, yes!"*

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SMART FRESHIE: "Why didn't they play cards on the ark?"

WISE JUNIOR: "Because Noah sat on the deck."

"Gary-Mandering"

TEACHER: "What is the name that is applied to the practice of arranging districts so that a certain party will carry them?"

FRESHMAN: "The Gary System."

MISS BAIN (to Hicklin, after one of his numerous cynical criticisms): "Why, Hicklin, I didn't know you were so narrow!"

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If John D. Rockefeller had not had due regard for the first dollar he saved he would never have started. Your first dollar started now with us will bring fortune and comfort in the years to come.

Never despise the penny or the nickel, because they are piled up into dollars and many happy and prosperous men and women, who started a small account, now realize the full meaning and value of economy.

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Westport Avenue Bank

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$165,000.00

A PLAIN PRESCRIPTION.

MANDY (rushing into the drugstore): “Doc, Ah wants somethin’ to put mah man asleep.”

DOC: “Gentleman of color?”

MANDY: “Yessah.”

DOC: “Use a flatiron.”

TONSORIAL TOPICS.

“I like the Boston barbers, anyhow.”

“As to why in particular?”

“Instead of talking all the time about brilliantine or hair tonic, they discuss ethical questions.”

MADE A DIFFERENCE.

MRS. SKIDS: “I’m disappointed in my pedometer. It only registered five miles yesterday.”

MR. SKIDS: “But, then, it doesn’t count when you were wandering in your mind.”

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KNOCKERS.

*No man can knock you on the sly
And do so with impunity;
The only knocker who gets by
Is known as Opportunity.*

A CALL TO SCIENCE.

"Worried?"

"Yes. I can't figure out how much I owe the Government. Why can't these smart in-

ventors contrive to fit a man out with some kind of an income taximeter?"—*Washington Star.*

THE ENTHUSIAST.

*While the golf season's open, he thinks
He needs but to sleep forty winks;
From springtime to fall
He's addressing the ball,
And they say that he lives on the links.*

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REMOTE.

"You are a relation of the Richleighs, aren't you?"

"Yes, a distant relation."

"How distant?"

"Well, as distant as they can keep me."

TIP TO TRANSGRESSORS.

"Ef, ez dey say," observed Br'er Williams, "de devil invented de tango dance, sinners

should practice it night an' day, kaze it'll be a life-saver ter 'um w'en dey hits de hot pavement down below ter know how ter hop high."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HE HAS IT.

TEACHER: "Tommie, use the word 'Eureka' in a sentence."

TOMMIE: "When pa comes home, ma says, 'Eureka the ale house.'"

Don't forget to visit

Stueckeman's Confectionery

Southeast Corner 31st and Holmes

All kinds of Ice Creams and Fancy Drinks

Free Delivery

Cigars, Candy and News

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or west of Chicago. Nine acres under glass.

EXTRA FINE RICHMONDS (The Class Flower)

"Quality and Service"

Both Phones

1122 Grand Avenue

VARIATION OF AN OLD JEST.

"See here, waiter!" exclaimed the indignant customer. "Here's a piece of wood in my sausage!"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter; "but I'm sure-er"—

"Sure nothing! I don't mind eating the dog, but I'm blowed if I'm going to eat the kennel, too!"

THE BOSS METAL WORKER.

*A dentist's ways are very rough,
He keeps you wondering still
To find your mouth is big enough
To hold a rolling mill!*

*'Tis true the dentist jars your block
With forceps and with drill;
But really the most painful shock
Is when you get his bill.*

Why Not Be a Veterinarian?

Graduate Veterinarians receive salaries ranging from \$1,400 to \$6,000 per annum from the Federal Government; from \$1,200 to \$2,000 from State, County and City Governments, as Official Veterinarian and Inspectors. Practice offers an attractive and profitable field of effort. You are invited to visit the College and Hospital.

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"It must be; see how motionless it is."
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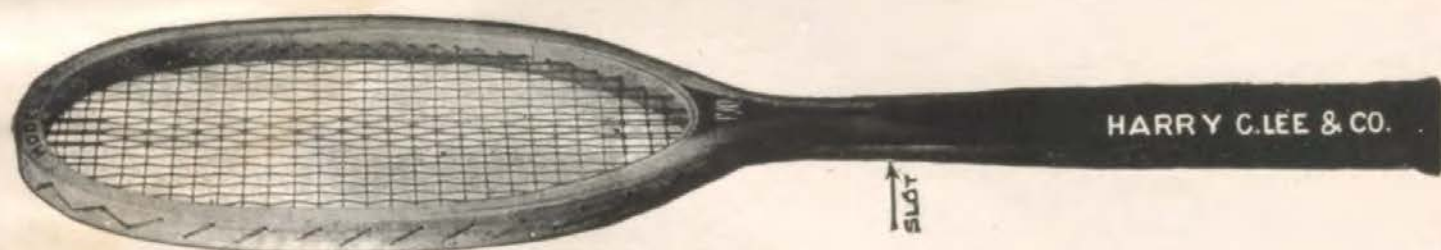
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"What became of Nineveh?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"It was entirely destroyed," said Johnny promptly.

"And what become of Tyre?"

"Punctured."



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