The High School Echo
1915--'16

Webster Groves, Mo.
FRESHMAN CLASS REPORT
Class Organization
President Mabel Candler
Vice-President Gordon Brownlee
Secretary Pauline Loomis

The Freshmen class were chosen a girl for their president. They haven't had, and do not expect to have any regrets concerning their choice.

Athletic News
The Freshman team met Smith-Manual and returned rather the worse for wear, having been defeated 6 to 0.

Baseball Reception
A reception was given by Mr. Mayers, Principal of Selma, on Saturday night, November 28, to the members of the Girl's Indoor Baseball Team in honor of winning every game they played. All reported having a good time.

Auntie Escaped
Aunt Emmeline had just come home from her first football game.

Junior Class Prophecy
One night I had a very strange dream. I found myself in a dusty corner of a queer old garret. Putting my hand on a certain spot in the wall, a secret panel slid back without a sound revealing a little dark room. In the middle stood a curiously carved table and a box, packed and labeled "Codex..."

Society News
The Dionysus Club gave their third dance at the Algonquin Club, Friday evening December 3rd. Those who enjoyed the evening dancing were:

The Eta Rho Phi, entertained with a "wienie roast" in Sherwood Forest. Saturday evening, the party was chaperoned by Miss Henderson and Miss Davidson, teachers at the Selma school. Those who enjoyed the evening were:

A number of affairs are being planned for the Christmas holidays and the social calendar is pretty well filled with dances and card parties. Christmas eve the P. O. O. T. Club will give its dance at the Monday Club. The Friday Dancing Club will give the second of a series of four dances, the 27th at the Kirkwood Country Club. Many of the younger set have received invitations. On the night of the 28th Miss Helen Clayton will give a dance at her home on Plant avenue, Fifty (Continued on Page Four)
Clotide: A Serial Story

CHAPTER I

From the shadowed security of a flower-scented balcony, two dark luminous eyes looked eagerly and a bit wistfully in the most beautiful of old Italian gardens. It was June and moonlight. Monsieur Beaurecueil, with bowed head, was pacing silently back and forth along the shadowed paths. The balcony was just high enough to enable the watcher to look down over the great high hedge that completely surrounded the garden.

Monsieur was a part of he quaintness and beauty of his surroundings. The high breeding and refinement of his appearance were brought out strongly by the simplicity of his dress and his hair and clearly cut features plainly bespoke French blood.

Toward his dream of dreams, his highest star of ambition was about to be shattered, and the sympathetic little girl sighed softly, when she thought of his great despondency. The two were strangers, in one sense of the word, and Clotide (for such was the name of the girl) did not even know the cause of Monsieur's unhappiness. That he was unhappy she knew well; therefore, she sighed.

Monsieur had written a play, the most wonderful and most talked of product of the times, and two weeks from that very night, it was to be presented in Paris for the first time. No wonder then, that Monsieur paced the garden, his head bowed in despair, for news had come to him that evening, that the little Parisian dancer, Mademoiselle Cortelle, had been fatally injured in an accident and was not expected to live through the night.

The dancer who could fill the place. Success meant fame and fortune; yet how could success he hoped for when the rarest and most essential gem of all was missing?

The little balcony was empty now, but across the lawn and under the shadow of the great hedge stole Clotide. Stooping, she slipped without a sound through the bushes and stood concealed by the black shadows in the old garden.

For two years she had watched everything that had happened on the other side of the hedge from her balcony. Monsieur was her highest ideal, her idol. He was so wonderful that to me eily see him was the greatest of all privileges. She had gathered bits of information, here and there concerning the great play, and her heart's desire was to be one of the great audience assembled in the theatre on that first night.

Monsieur passed so closely she could have touched him and with frightened eyes she saw his white face and hopeless expression. He was repeating over and over again, "If only one, one, could play that part as it must be played—some little dark-eyed girl. If only someone—" He was interrupted by a startled exclamation, and there in the moonlight before him stood a graceful little figure, dark tumbled curls falling around her flushed face and wide radiant eyes looking into his own.

"Oh! Monsieur, I can dance!" she said.

"Who are you?" he asked, an incredulous smile playing about his closely drawn lips.

"Why, I'm Clotide," was the answer, and then dropping him a low curtsey, she twirled quickly on her toes and went floating off into a light and fantastical little dance. Her grace was faultless and there was witchery in every motion. Fluttering down at his feet she raised her sparkling eyes. Monsieur's face was radiant.

"The part is yours," he said simply.

(To be Continued)
The Love of the White Rose

"Isn't this a lovely morning," whispered the pink rose to her companion, the white rose, "how I wish the other flowers would wake up! How slow they are in greeting the warm sun." "Yes," answered the white rose, "signing happily, "I could not wish for a dawn more bright and cheerful, but my dear, have you heard any news lately about the great house or Mrs. Abbott?" "Oh yes!" replied the pink rose, "always glad to talk about the beloved Mrs. Abbott who took so much care of all the flowers. "Yes, her niece is here, and there is going to be a great ball tonight in her honor. Wouldn't it be lovely if I could just get a glimpse of the room and the many dancers!"

"Oh, but the unfortunate flowers used in these occasions fade and die before the evening is over and are soon forgot forever. I think, though, that we will not be unfortunate because we are so far off in this corner. But look!" continued the white rose excitedly. "Here comes Mrs. Abbott now and a young woman is walking beside her. I just know that is her niece! I wish she would come close enough for us to see her."

"She is coming down this way. How lovely she is with those flowers in her hair," exclaimed the pink rose, beaming with admiration.

And Mrs. Abbott and her niece approached nearer and nearer, talking constantly of the beautiful flowers and ferns. Suddenly the girl sized her aunt's arm and cried.

"Just look at that wonderful rose. It is just the color of my evening dress. May I have it to wear tonight?" she pointed directly toward the pink rose.

"Certainly you may my dear. I think it will match your gown perfectly," replied her aunt in her gentle voice and with hearts full of joy and anticipation they moved away.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" moaned the pink rose.

(Continued on Page 5.)

GRAMMAR SCHOOL NEWS

Tuxedo School

The Tuxedo boys and girls basketball teams have had a very successful season so far. After playing Old Orchard, Selma and Webster, they have all the games to their credit. This is a fine record, and the pupils are proud of their teams. The lineup of both teams is as follows:

Girls Team
Louise Neff
Marie Huthsing
Grace Schwarz
Ruth Smith
Vernon Reynolds

Boys Team
Elmer O'Hay
Marshall Huthsing
Byron Dwelle
Dudley Reynolds
Richner Hayward

Wednesday, Dec. 8, the children of the Tuxedo School made a house to house canvas after school, and succeeded in selling $12.75 worth of Red Cross Christmas seals. It has been understood that the receipts from all the seals sold in St. Louis County, except those sold in Webster, should go to the County. The money raised from the seals sold in Webster will go to the city itself.

Selma School

Selma's first game was played with Tuxedo, in which she was defeated by a score of 26 to 4. The team improved greatly after this game, however, and defeated Webster twice, but they lost to Old Orchard, and were conquered by Tuxedo in another game. Tuxedo has the best team in the league, with Old Orchard second, Selma third, and Webster, who has had a lot of hard luck, fourth. All the games of the schedule have been played, but another schedule is to be opened if the weather remains suitable.

The results of the games:
- Selma 4, Tuxedo 26
- Selma 14, Webster 12
- Selma 26, Old Orchard 27
- Selma 18, Tuxedo 19
- Selma 16, Webster 15
- Selma 15, Old Orchard 18

The scores of the girl's team are as follows:

First Team:
- Selma 9, Webster 5
- Selma 3, Tuxedo 3

Second Team:
- Selma 7, Webster 7

Old Orchard Items

Old Orchard and Tuxedo had an exciting basketball game on Thursday, Dec. 9th. The final score was 12 to 10 in favor of Old Orchard.

Tuesday was Red Cross Day and Old Orchard School worked hard selling stamps. They succeeded in turning over twenty-one dollars to the Anti-Tubercular Society.

The Old Orchard graduating class is arranging an interesting and attractive program for their commencement. This is the only mid-year class in Webster Groves this winter.

Gray Avenue School

Mr. Robertson helped the various Webster schools to show their thanks in a new way on Thanksgiving. The pupils were asked to bring clothing, food or small sums of money. These contributions were turned over to the Welfare Commission and through it, reached the need of Webster.

Webster has had a poor year in basketball. The scores of the games are:

BOYS' TEAM
- Webster 12, Selma 14
- Webster 0, Tuxedo 17
- Webster 15, Selma 16
- Webster 7, Tuxedo 11

GIRLS' TEAM
- Webster 4, Selma 7
- Webster 2, Tuxedo 19
- Webster 16, Old Orchard 13
- Webster 5, Selma 5
- Webster 9, Tuxedo 17

Lots Worse

"So your football idol has feet of clay?"

"Worse than that. The mutt has a head of bone."

"Did you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's window?" asked Mr. Brown, a few days after the funeral of that eminent captain of industry.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor curiously.

"Some one added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"He did his best."

Sayings of the Teachers

Mr. Weber—"This is to all of you; no whistling allowed in this shop."

Mr. Drye—"Got your paper?"

Miss Stapleton—"Now, Kenneth!"

Miss Smith—"Your mother did a fine job when she raised you, but I'm afraid that you're going to flunk."


Mr. Roberts—"Let's have quiet."

Miss Chamberlain—"Louder, please."
High School Echo

EDITOR—George Massengale
ASSISTANT EDITORS—Elise Haywood, Louise McClelland.
BUSINESS MANAGERS—Merritt Williams, Northrup Avis.
SCHOOL ACTIVITIES—Agnes Weir, Lawrence Pierce.
CIRCULATING COMMITTEE—Joseph Gleick, Blossom Hood, Farrand Booth, Clara Kooser, Jim Haswell, Isabel Wright.
ATHLETIC COMMITTEE—Teddy Hodgdon, Stuart Gaines.
ART AND LITERATURE—Arthur McComb, Aline Morton, Robert Pershall.

Editorial

This is the first time that the Sophomores have published a newspaper, and also the first that a publication, other than a year book, has been attempted by any of the classes in the history of Webster High. Within the Sophomore Class was the idea of a school paper originated; but it is intended to be, and is, a part of the whole school. Its purpose is to unite rather than to divide the classes; but it also expects to do more than this.

Its aim is to present the thoughts, ideas and feelings of the pupils; to reveal to the outside world their literary ability; to help the teachers and students in every way possible; and to construct a foundation upon which the school may build in succeeding years until this paper gains the same prestige among others of its kind that our teams have gained in athletics.

The beginning is here, now is the chance for us to show what we can do; because—

"The time has come, the Walrus said
'To talk of many things—'

The time has come, indeed. It is time that Webster should undertake a school paper; a paper through which we can "talk of many things." Webster High, the leading school of St. Louis County, the school that is getting bigger each year, has become large enough to have an organ through which it can express its thoughts.

But in doing this, the school will have to work together. The Echo was not started to create rivalry; we expect each pupil's support. Everybody has a right to and should contribute to the making of the paper. It is for Webster High, for the Seniors, for the Sophomores and for the Juniors in the form of a year book.

Society News

(Continued From Page One)

guests have been invited. The Dyonius Club are going to give their New Year's dance at the Algonquin Club the 31st.

Among the card parties which are being looked forward to with interest is that of Mrs. Daniel R. Whitmore, who will be remembered as Miss Josephine Penniston, a former student of Webster High; she will entertain on the 27th. Miss Harrategorie Clamp has sent out invitations for a 500 party the 28th and Miss Ruth Phillips is going to give a novel Old Maid's Party the following afternoon.

Many more of these pleasant affairs are being planned but the exact details are not known.

A little girl had a teddy bear whose eyes were so set in its head that it appeared to be cross-eyed. She was unable to find an appropriate name for it, although she gave the matter much thought; but one Sunday she came running to her mother and said:

"Mama, I've got a name for my bear. I'm going to call it Gladly."

"That is a rather strange name," replied her mother. "Why are you going to call it that?"

"Well," said the little girl, "When I was at Sunday School today, we sang a song called 'Gladly, the cross I'd bear.'"

Dressing Room Scene

Scene—The dressing room of the Smith-Manual Team after the game, with Webster.

Enter "Evy" Ellis with blood in his eye.

Ellis (to the gentleman of the S-M team who slammed that ruffian Halman) "What made you hit Halman?"

Player—"Well, you see I kinder lost my temper. A fellow will do that you know."

Ellis—"Yep. I think you're right. Mine is going now. Look out!"

N.B.—It took 'em five minutes to bring the fellow to. "Evy" is pretty husky, notwithstanding his "weak heart."

Junior and for the Freshman Class as well as the Sophomore, first, last and always.

To the Point.

Night Clerk of a drugstore (2 a.m., with glaring eyes)—"Well?"

Customer—"No, sick."—Fuck

Webster Groves

LAUNDRY

12 Pieces 35c
50 Pieces $1
or 6c per pound

We guarantee to Please or no charge

A. Brandenburg

Fancy Groceries and Table Luxuries

Fancy Meats and Vegetables

Bell Phone 125-126  Kinloch Phone 31
638 Big Bend Road

Bell Phone 133  Kinloch 12

Midmann

DENTIST

HOURS:
Daily 8 to 6
Sunday 8 to
Evenings by Appointment

221 E. Lockwood, near Plant Av.
Webster Groves, Mo.
The Love of The White Rose

(Continued from Page Three).

rose when they had left. "How I wish they had not seen me. Oh, I can't bear to leave you dear. I hope she will decide to take you too if she comes after me."

Deeply grieved the white rose could say nothing. She only moaned and drooped her head, for these roses loved each other as human beings do. Indeed, for the day and perhaps forever the sunshine had been taken out of their lives.

Just at sunset the beautiful young girl came down the path to secure her prize.

"Here you are, you beauty," she cried, plucking the ill-fated pink rose with a fine long stem.

"Farewell," cried the roses, "We shall meet in flowerland."

And then if the girl had looked carefully on the petals she would have seen some tears, but being an unsympathetic mortal, she would have called them dew drops.

Night came on but the poor white rose could not sleep. Finally, after many weary hours of grieving she gave her life up to the angel of the flowers; one by one, her petals faded and fell to the ground.

Junior Class Prophecy

(Continued from Page One).

this time.' He lived to see the end of the war, when he was retired on half pay. Miss Babb and Miss Bowles had both married Germans of distinction and were living in South St. Louis. Hazel had taken up charity work, while Mildred was chairman of the Woman's Board of St. Luke's Hospital. Miss Billups was a suffragist and had become speaker of the House of Delegates. Miss McGer and Miss Millottz had been admitted to the bar having become attorneys-at-law, with offices in the Prisco Building. Mr. Madden, as I noticed, had become the head bell-boy in the Planter's Hotel. Mr. Salteret had graduated from college and was the football coach at Webster High. Mr. Allison Gaines, having distinguished himself at Havard had recently accepted the position of "chef" at the St. Louis Club. Mr. Gruen, having supplanted Paderewski was filling a season's engagement, playing at the New Grand Central. Miss Cushing was employed making records for the Victor Talking Machine. Mr. Lewis had become the president of the Grand Avenue Bank, at an enormous salary.

Again tears came into my eyes. Mr. Fisher had been a deck-hand on a submarine, but had lost his life, while polishing the periscope. Next I read that Mr. Marsh had taken Mr. Marler's place, and was a very select dancing master. Mr. White, contrary to Miss Smith's expectations had never become a light in the literary world, but "voz a head for piz-ness!" Miss Hodgdon, so I learned, was in charge of the Old Folks Home. Mr. Strother Gaines had become the Charley Chaplin of that day. Miss Sale was the head of the hat department at Vandrooort's. Then the name of Mr. Ward appeared. He had become the National Cricket Champion of America. Next, in bold faced type, the name of Mr. Robertson appeared. He was—— but, just then I woke up with a start!

The Sportshop

Athletic Goods

Sweaters

Basket Ball Goods

Soccer Supplies

We have the Finest line of Sweaters at the most exceptional prices in town.

504-5 Commercial Bldg.
Sixth and Olive
Olive 2240    Central 2245
A Review of the Football Season.

This season has been a winning one for the football team, as every game but the last went to the Webster boys. They have grasped the County Championship with eager but deserving hands. Gladly did the school support the team in all its efforts, for the pupils realized what it was doing for them and appreciated it.

Webster opened the season with Maplewood. From reports they were a bit nervous before the game, but they had no trouble in winning by a score of 14-0. The lineup was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Left End</th>
<th>Left Tackle</th>
<th>Left Guard</th>
<th>Center</th>
<th>Right Guard</th>
<th>Right Tackle</th>
<th>Quarter Back</th>
<th>Right Half</th>
<th>Left Half</th>
<th>Full Back</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gibson</td>
<td></td>
<td>Schall</td>
<td></td>
<td>Kessler</td>
<td></td>
<td>Avis</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Halman</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schall</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kessler</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Becker</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avis</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irland</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaines</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salveter</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Substitutes:

Buser—Right End
Fisher—Left Guard
Stadlehofer—Left End
Kopplin—Left Half

As the season wore on our boys met and defeated the teams of four other schools by the following scores:

Webster 7; Grover Cleveland 0
Webster 6; Rankin 0
Webster 42; Ferguson 3
Webster 34; St. Charles 0

And then came the biggest game of the year, because Kirkwood is our deadliest rival in sports. Webster was thought to have a team far superior to that of Kirkwood, but the Red and White's team fought grandly, and indeed, during the first half kept the ball in Webster's territory, and succeeded in scoring one touchdown. But towards the end of the game, Webster by sheer force overcame them and marched across their goal line three times in quick succession. It was at this time that Irland distinguished himself by tearing around right end for a ten yard run that led to a touchdown; and a few minutes later, intercepting a forward pass, he carried the ball to Kirkwood's 10 yd. line and from there, Halman made the second touchdown of the day. Avis kicked goal. The final score was—Webster 19; Kirkwood 6.

Substitutes:

Gibson—Left End
Halman—Quarter
Schall—Center
Kessler—Right Tackle
Avis—Quarter Back
Irland—Right Half
Gaines—Full Back
Salveter—Left Tackle

The only game that Webster lost was to Smith-Manual, a much heavier team. However it was an honorable defeat, for our team prevented theirs.

(Continued on Page 7.)
Review of the Football Season
(Continued from Page Six).

from crossing our goal line, the only points made were gained by field goals. Their playing was rough; several boys were hurt during the game, but none seriously.

The lineup:

Gibson • Left End
Halman, Gibbons • Left Tackle
Stadlehofer • Left Guard
Schall • Center
Gibbons, Fischer • Right Guard
Kessler • Right Tackle
Avis • Right End
Kremer • Quarterback
Kopplin • Right Halfback
Irland • Left Halfback
Salvetor • Full Back

CHARMING HOSTESS

The following story was written by Mrs. Halman, who was the charming hostess to the football boys on Friday evening. In the writing, the adjectives were omitted and supplied by the guests just before the reading of the story.

This, my friends, is the magnificent story of the great football team of Webster Groves, in the scurrilous year of 1915. To begin with, I will give you the names of all the exquisitely players. The first one that comes to my mind is Bony, alias Bubba, alias Burrall; he is occasionally called Irland. Bony, the gentle boy, played half-back, and some mean half-back he was. Next comes Dick, the cute quarter-back; he was the fiercest quarter-back that Webster ever saw. Then Sally, sweet, Sally, who played an incomprehensible game. Then Polly! Take off your ferocious hats to Polly! And to Fat also! Some falsified people call him something else, but I don’t remember it. Fat was guard, and, like the old antique guard of Napoleon, he was abnormal.

Jacques was our frantic center, and Kessler one of our cross-eyed tackles; if you don’t believe me about this, ask the other knock-kneed members of the team. Next in line is Kopplin. Oh bow down, ye mushy gentlemen, in front of this darling half-back. Gibson was another frisky—but pardon me! I almost forget the uneasy captain. Nobody knew much about him, but after all he turned out to be a pretty clubfooted captain.

And then, my friends, I would not forget the artistic subs; stupid Lincoln, rotten Horton, short Fisher, brainy Meyers, boneheaded Buse.

ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE RIVER PACKET CO.
Great Tennessee River Route, for Freight and Passengers

EXCURSION SEASON OPENS MAR. 1
$15 Round Trip Including Meals and Berth

STEAMER ST. LOUIS
Will leave Wharfbuy, foot of Pine St., every Monday at 5 p.m., for Cape Girardeau, Cairo, Paducah and all landings on Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee rivers to Battlebfield of Shiloh and Waterloo, Ala. McIntosh Orchestra.

Jno. E. Massengale, Trf. Mgr.
Phones, Main 46, Webster 192. Central 30

Ambrose Mueller Drug Co.
THE NYAL STORE
Bristol Building
Bell 92 and 93

PREScriptions A SPECIALTY
Everything in the Drug Line
We Deliver Phone Us

Miss Roberta R. Newell
TEACHER OF PIANO
Gorelock Bldg. Webster Groves
Bell 510 W

Monday and Thursday

“Buckeyes.”

“Buckeye” is the popular name of certain American exogenous trees and shrubs of the genus Aesculus and the family Sapindaceae. The “Ohio Buckeye” is a particular kind of buckeye, and Ohio is popularly known as “The Buckeye State.” The Ohio buckeye has the botanical name of aesculus glabra; it is a large tree, with strongly-smelling bark, small obscure flowers, and prickly fruit containing the seed. The more common (aesculus hippocastanum) is a near relative of the same genus.
Finest Quality Fair Prices

Weber and Knickmeyer’s
“Quality Store”

Phone: Bell 97

Phone: Kin. 107

OUR MOTTO:
Courteous Treatment and
Fair Dealing

Your Patronage is
Highly Appreciated

Give us your holiday orders where
you can get the best in everything
to complete your Xmas Dinner.

Successors to C. B. Dolen

Best Service Most Sanitary

THE SOPHOMORE BOYS.

Ed. S. Hart—"They say it is broken."
M. Williams—"Lady-killer".
L. Pierce—Extremely bashful.
W. Obeare—"Uncle" Bill.
K. Hageman—"So quiet and unashamed".
S. Lace—"Lacey the fifth".
G. Seal—That good boy!
R. Mester—History fiend.
R. Pershall—Jimmy Bobby
C. Stadelhofer—"Did we spell it right, Carl?"

P. Wright—Our tennis champ.
L. Clegg—Father of the Soda.
C. Mueller—"Chile"
A. Horton—Mr. Horton, stop smiling!
E. Kropp—The Crops are fine, thank you.
W. Newton—That noisy chap.
G. Pulsue—"Mr. Pulsue, don’t touch your inkwell."
E. Payne—The gentleman.
A. Spencer—Loud and prolonged silence.
O. Smith—Oh, Smith.
D. Skilling—"Our future Presbyterian minister."
W. Rinehart—That dear little Mr. Rinehart!

M. Todd—"So frail and delicate."
P. Thornton—Ego.
C. Wardan—Algebra shark.
R. Kopplin—"Miss Stapleton, I forgot!"
Lee Honig—"No Chinese, plain Melican."
J. Haswell—"Just Jim, not James."
A. Holmes—"Is it auburn or shall we say RED?"
P. Haman—"Mr. President of Parthenon."
D. Gibson—The cedar chest juggler.
J. Gleck—The peerless debater.
S. Gaines—"Gaines the third."
H. Fine—Very fine.
H. Buser—"His looks belie his name."
F. Boeth—Alfred Lee’s kid brother.
G. Bacon—Very friendly with Al G. Bra.

The Father of His Country

"Now, children," said the teacher, after reading the old tale of Washington’s exploit with his hatchet, "Write me all you can remember of this pretty story I have just read you.

Slate I (Teddy, aged 8) — George Washington is our father did he tell a lie no he never did it with his hatchet.

Slate II (Ethel, aged 7) — George Washington was the father of his country his phather sed did you do it he sed i would not lie i did it with my hatchet and then he bust in tears.

Slate III (George, aged 9) — George Washington is the father of our county and he did it with his hatchet and sed father I did it did the boy deny it o no did he try to put it on some other feller no he did not tell no he bust into tears.

OBITUARY NOTICES

1. John Smith of Nebraska said that he could manage a rattle-snake same as a chain ——. The churlishness of the undertaker in demanding payment in advance, delayed the funeral four days.

2. A man in Maryland ate fifteen dozen oysters for a wager ——. The silver trimming on his coffin cost $12.35.

3. William Jones claimed that it wasn’t dangerous to light matches in a powder factory ——. His widow bought an auto with the insurance.

4. Jim Brown said that he wasn’t afraid to stand in front of an auto going at full speed ——. But it was a Ford, so he’s still alive.
THE ATHENIAN

The Athenian Club, one of the six literary societies of Webster High, although deprived of many of its members by the formation of two new clubs, during the past half year, has kept up its record of good instructive work. The enrollment for this semester was 21 girls and 19 boys and an addition to this number is expected when the mid-year Freshmen come in. A large number of the Freshmen notwithstanding their unfamiliarity with club work, have given many good performances. The following members rendered by club members will give some idea of the range of work done by the society: debates, original stories, recitations, jokes, readings, charades, school papers, and current events.

The late officers in charge of the club were:

Mr. Edward Hart—President.
Miss Agnes Weir—Vice-President.
Miss Janet Owings—Secretary.
Mr. Rudolph Gruen—Treasurer.

The work was done by them in accordance with the rules of the constitution and of custom.

The club is looking forward to another successful half year under the following officers:

Mr. Rudolph Gruen—President.
Miss Clara Hood—Vice President.
Miss Agnes Weir—Secretary.
Mr. Gordon Brownlee—Treasurer.

Among the many delightful programs of the past term were those in which members of other clubs or of the alumni have taken part.

Misses Miller and Judlin assisted at the Christmas program with well rendered songs; and Mr. Roundtree assisted with a humorous reading.

THE DELPHI.
The Delphi Club has borrowed its name from that famous oracle so often consulted by the men of ancient times. Not only have we assumed the name, but we have, in our small way, served the purpose of the famous oracle. This year several of our most faithful and talented members were chosen as the working nucleus of the two new clubs. We feel the loss, but are consoled by the discovery of splendid material in our new members, and we hope that they, too, will lend a hand in maintaining our reputation as one of the oldest and best clubs of Webster High.

Mr. Booth, our last president, and the other outgoing officers have been faithful and willing workers. They have entrusted the club, for the second term to the following new officers:

President—Eugene Halman.
Vice-President—Kenneth McMath.
Secretary—Louise McClelland.
Treasurer—Paul Fischer.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Robt. Mester.
Curators—Helen Gary, Dorothy Hatzlip.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY

Because of the great number enrolled in the high school in September, two new societies were formed. The membership was selected from the Freshmen and students drafted from older clubs. One new society chose to stimulate the work and interest in American subjects the name "American". The officers for the first semester were: Mr. R. O. Kessler, president; Mr. L. Clegg, vice-president; Miss H. Green, secretary; Mr. O. Smith, treasurer; Miss E. Hughes, curator; Mr. J. Huse, sergeant-at-arms. Those for the following semester are: Mr. L. Clegg, president, Mr. I. Enderberry, vice-president; Miss G. Schureman, secretary; Miss V. Fischer, treasurer; Misses E. Hughes and F. Zuber, curators; Mr. W. Lawther, sergeant-at-arms.

THE ARENA

The Arena Literary Society has had many interesting meetings the past semester and has shown great advancement and improvement with each program.

The program of the meeting held in the auditorium on November 4, 1915 was exceptionally good because it was beneficial as well as interesting. Those participating were the following:

Miss Harris........ Vocal Solo
Miss Grant......... Piano Solo
Mr. Williams.... A Talk on "The Historical Places in Boston."
Dr. Kloss.... A Talk on "Students' Life in Germany."
Mr. Alfred Booth... The Form of Music

The mock trial which took place at the meeting on Nov. 24, 1915 in which Mr. Garret was accused of stealing a turkey from the barn of Miss Aulepp on the night before Thanksgiving, was pronounced by the critic very enjoyable.

One incident may well cause the Arena to feel proud; namely, a new member having visited all the clubs asked to be admitted into the Arena.

At the meeting on last Friday the election of officers took place. Those elected were the following:

President—Mr. Haswell.
Vice-President—Mr. G. L. Allen.
Secretary—Miss Aline Morton.
Treasurer—Mr. McComb.

THE MID-YEARS.

It was a cold winter day in January, and the snow flakes were whirling and flying through the air like fairies; and they were, for they were the guardian fairies of the class that was entering High School that day. They whispered hope and encouragement to the pupils and all through the year they helped to make the
SEEING MANILLA

A street car ride to any of the outskirts of Manila on a Sunday or holiday is a novel experience. On these days all cockpit doors are open; crowds of Filipinos always go to these large sheldike buildings with their trained fighting roosters. On a crowded car half the passengers will be holding roosters, each having his prized fowl under his arm or in his lap and stroking it fondly. Sometimes the roosters are allowed to sit on the back of a seat, with a string securely fastened to one leg so that their owners will be in no danger of losing them. When the car stops some roosters will stand in the windows and cackle importantly. Among the crowds at the car stops there will be other men bound for other noisy cockpits, each red trousered Filipino smoking a domestic cigarette and stroking his game bird with satisfaction. Some energetic rooster is sure to begin to crow, and others follow. A dozen or more excited and cackling birds will be crowing as the electric car goes clanking down the track, lurching past banana trees and carabao carts. If you are very discriminating you can ride on the front rows of the car, which are first class; natives and chickens ride second class.

Of the 200,000 people in Manila the Chinese and the Fagalogos are the most numerous. The industrious scheming Chino has invaded all parts of Manila, and in some sections none other than Chinamen will be found. Calle Rosario is a long street lined on both sides with Chinese shops. The Chinaman is happiest when he can do business in a place somewhat resembling a hofe in a wall. A city block may be divided into hundreds of these small shops, all of the same size, each selling the same kind of goods, each having the same kind of wooden board dangling before it, covered with those large, fantastic, gilt Chinese letters. Here Chung Ling Foo, Kwong Cheong Fung, Hsing Tai Hsu and the rest of the almond eyed crowd, dressed in flapping trousers, spend their time on Sunday and every other day. Shop-keeping is their vocation as their pastime. Usually three or four Chinos are found keeping one shop.

Much of their time is spent in dreading away in a monotonous series of fearful and impossible gutural sounds, twangs and snarls. John Chinaman is fearfully loquacious and much given to argument about trifles. In selling goods he invariably asks two times as much as he expects to get, knowing that the customer will by much good-natured bargaining, naggle for every cent until he lowers the price. Customer and salesman both enjoy this leisurely process.

Late in the evening, usually far after nine the doors of the shops are closed and each member of the firm goes to bed in his crowded shop of Oriental ware. Straw mattresses are dragged from dim corners and unrolled, spread upon the floor, and the bed is ready for use.

The food for every body is bought directly from street restaurants. The “garlicky” peppery stews are eaten while the natives sit on high stools, shiny with much use and the stringy, dripping food is brought to the mouth by a pair of chop sticks held in one hand. There is much good-natured jabbering and occasionally a quarrel during one of these meals.

The Chinaman never uses his flats; his tongue is a more convenient weapon. Chinamen, like the rest of the Oriental peoples, can do nothing without a great deal of palaver and shouting. A number of coolies may be at work, and the smallest occurrence will turn loose a veritable Babel. A dozen men will be clamoring in high pitched voices, when a listener sees nothing to shout about. This leads one to believe that the confusion of tongues at Babel could have taken place no where else save in an Oriental country.

The crowd on the streets is cosmopolitan; all races are represented.

The red trousered, bare-footed Tao, lips red with the juice of the betelnut, is everywhere. Native women with market baskets or baskets of fish on their heads, go shuffling along in their high-heel wooden slippers with cigarettes in their mouths. Tall, dignified Hindoos, “beturbaned and bewiskered,” stand in the doorways of their shops of costly Oriental ware.

American negro soldiers, “Germens from de twenty-fowe,” (24th regiment) idle about the streets spending their $16.00 per month on fine cigars and 5c shoe shines. Sailors from ships of all nations make hurried trips through the streets, during their shore leave. Officers of the United States and their well dressed wives and daughters are seen in their carriages and automobiles, dressed from head to foot in spotless white. The main streets are crowded with autos. In the evening one can always see magnificent cars go by filled with wealthy Chinese families, heavily perfumed. Once in a while a few Japs may be seen. Occasionally one sees a Moro, a Mohammedan or a Filipino with tight fitting clothing, gorgeously colored, red Mohammedan fez, and a Kris belted to his waist.

(To be continued)

A TRIP ACROSS-COUNTRY BY AUTO

During the last few days of May and the beginning of June 1915, as will be remembered, it rained and rained. It was a general rainy season throughout the country, causing the rivers to reach the flood stage and wash away many small bridges. It was at this time that we started on a thrilling three thousand mile trip by auto across western prairies, the Rocky Mountains and Alakal desert, to the Land of Sunshine, California.

The car was equipped with plenty of rope, a block and tackle, an ax, a shovel and many other tools for there were visions of a break down on a western prairie, with the nearest vil-
A Trip Across Country by Auto.

(Continued from Page Two).

gage 50 miles away, or trouble on the desert, where supply stations are 215 miles apart.

Early in the morning of June 12 we departed. There was a feeling of excitement as the car started on the National Highway, which practically follows the Wabash Railroad across the state. About 12 miles east of Mexico City, we gave aid to a man, injured in a motorcycle accident, and brought him to a doctor's office. Along here the roads were very rough full of deep ruts and broken down culverts. The last few miles into Columbia were laid out with good gravel roads, which afforded a great relief, after experiencing poor roads all day.

We remained all night and all day Sunday at Columbia. Monday the trip was continued in a drizzling rain. There was a good gravel road to the old town of Rockport, but no farther; from there on we plowed through mud and water, and skidded from one side of the road to the other.

Finally the bank of the Missouri River was reached where we had a long wait in the rain for the ferry. At last Dorothy, the ferry boat, came and carried us across the river to Booneville. Still plowing through the mud, we reached Marshall, where the road was under reconstruction. It had been plowed up, before the rain had stopped the work. Here, with the motor in low gear, the wheels would spin around in the slippery gumbo of mud, without moving the car. The European war method of hauling heavy guns 'uphill in bad weather was used—the passengers climbed out and pushed. After we had reached Marshall, the garage man there could hardly believe that we had travelled over that stretch of road.

Along the last few miles into Lexington, there was a good macadam road. Here we remained over night and the next morning learned that the old stone bridge, built in 1847 had been destroyed by the high water and that a detour from the state highway was necessary. About five miles out of town, the machine began to sink into the mud, and before we realized it, we were stuck. All baggage was unloaded, and ropes and tools were placed into action. A farmer with a team of horses was called to assist, but it was two hours before the car moved. The farmer's block and tackle pulled out several fence posts, but not our machine. Then a "dead man", or log was buried in the road and ropes attached. They snapped but finally our heavy ropes and block and tackle saved the day.

Between Buckner and Independence a second bridge had been washed away and detour was again necessary. After a short distance we came upon some men, repairing the road, covering the mud holes with brush and straw. In these places, they said that about 35 machines had been stuck.

We remained overnight in Kansas City, and the next day continued the trip on the New Santa Fe Route. Near Lenexa, Kansas, a Ford was down to its axles in mud. By this time, we carried our block and tackle on the running board ready for instant use; so in a short time we had the little Ford rambling along. With the exception of one or two mud holes the roads in Kansas are straight and level, and good time was made.

The next day, although the weather was not very favorable, we started on. Soon a gentle rain fell, increasing more and more, until, as we reached Florence, it became terrible storm. We finally turned in at a farm house for shelter. We were royally entertained in this tasty and artistic home of Mr. Verne Hoover, until the storm had passed. It had been one of those Kansas cyclones which did much damage to Topeka, and demolished many barns along the road.

The next town we reached after leaving the farmhouse was Peabody which we did not leave until late in the afternoon, because of the muddy roads. During the day, many "movers" in those famous western prairie schooners, were seen. This part of Kansas is very level, without a tree to break the straight line of the horizon. Around Garden City small cactus were blooming, and here for the first time, we saw some prairie dogs.

Sunday morning, June 20th, the trip was continued from Garden City Kansas to La Junta, Colorado. This section of Kansas is famous for the sugar beet... Fields and fields of these beets were under cultivation with wonderful irrigation ditches and electrical pumps. The Kansas Colorado state line was crossed between Syracuse, Kansas, and Holy Colorado. Here we commenced to climb upward rapidly. One hundred miles to the northeast, Pike's Peak over 14,000 feet high, looms up from the continental Divide. La Junta, it may be added, is the Pittsburg of the west.

(To be Continued)

Every New Year comes in with a whoop like a Comanche and expires with a gasp like that of the water running out of the bathtub.

Considering that it was 60 below zero, we are not surprised to learn that the Ford party got a cool reception in Norway.

Somehow the Balkan situation reminds us of two out in the ninth and the score tied.

HAND PAINTED
VALENTINES
MADE TO ORDER
BROOKS ROBINSON
Editorial

THE LITERARY CLUBS

The student body is more or less commonly interested in the literary clubs of the school. For, apart from the lessons and enjoyments derived from them, they serve as a break in the daily routine of the classes, thus adding variety, and, as a result, the meetings are looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation.

The special benefit one thinks of deriving from a literary club is a more extensive knowledge of literature and parliamentary law. By readings, opinions on some of the newest books, extracts from others, we are enlightened upon that subject. We are also amused. Peals of laughter heard in the corridors where club meetings are in progress, give assurance to that statement.

Besides these features mentioned there is another of the greatest value, and one that will be of importance to our success. It is a necessary qualification for every business man or woman, for every social leader, in fact for people in all the walks of life. It is the ability to speak well and convincingly, to be self possessed to have a good flow of language on every occasion, however large the assembly or important the listener.

However, in order to reap this benefit, it is necessary that we give more thought to the clubs. Of course it is the desire of every member to have his or her club the very best in the school. To obtain this result it is necessary for all the members of one club to work together, concentrating their efforts to gain this end.

According to Webster a club is "an organization of persons for the promotion of some common object, as literature, science, et cetera." We have a common object; so let us promote it!

—ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FOUND

The following articles are in the office, waiting for the owners to claim them:

Battered black purse containing 1914-15 Athletic Association season ticket, scraps of paper etc.

Queer black shalabked box containing top of fountain pen.

Large light hairpin (principally ornamental.)

Dark barret.

Another one.

Gold beauty pin with coral rose on top.

Six keys on large keyring.

Loose keys.

Keyring with four keys.

Small leather purse on wrist band.

Black purse used as vanity bag.

Four beautiful gold beauty pins.

Three gold (?) friendship pins.

Congregational Sunday School Pin.

One (very black) silver cuff button.

Dark green soda fountain pen (In other words, a fountain pen with "Arm and Hammer Soda" on the outside.

Canadian dime.

Small piece of metal which perhaps was a knife at one time in its career.

Gold pin with four diamonds and an emerald. (Don't everybody claim this.)

A powder plant is a nice thing until it is full blown.

A. Brandenburg

Fancy Groceries and Table Luxuries

Fancy Meats and Vegetables

Bell Phone 125-126 Kinloch Phone 33

638 Big Bend Road

Webster Hair Dressing Parlor

Miss Tierney Propr.

Gorelock Bldg. Phone Webster 303 W.

Clearance Sale Starts

JANUARY 22nd

goods at almost

Half The Price

M. Langsam

Shoe and Dry Goods Store

33 N. Core Ave.

Webster Groves, Missouri

All work guaranteed—prices reasonable

OTTO F. HOEMANN

JEWELER

17 N. GORE AVENUE

WEBSTER GROVES

Bell 1365 J

Repair work of all kinds neatly done

THE SUREST WAY

The workman was hastily employed by the roadside and the wayfarer paused to inquire, "What are you diggin for?" The workman looked up.

"Money," he replied.

"Money!" And when do you expect to strike it, my good man?"

"On Saturday," replied the other, and resumed operations.—Christian Register.
Clotilde: A Serial Story

CHAPTER TWO

It was nearly 8 o'clock, but for some time the great Parisian theatre had been filled. There was the usual babble of talk and of laughter, the tuning of violins, the sparkle of jewels and the bustle and hurry of ever arriving people. Monsieur Beaucarie with white face and tightly closed lips, nervously clasped his hands as he looked over the great mass of people. They were here to approve or disapprove, to criticize, to condemn, or to enjoy, and it remained to be seen whether the play would fail or be the great success hoped for.

In a burst of music the lights went out, the talking ceased, and an expectant hush settled over the audience as the curtain slowly lifted. The scene was a palace garden, rose bowers, green terraces, a marble fountain, and a sun dial.

Monsieur sat in a dark box with eyes widely intent, and ears strained to catch every sound. He listened with fascination to the rising and falling inflection of the lines which the characters spoke, as he realized they were his own. Then a burst of clapping broke the hush of the theatre, as the curtain descended and the lights came on. The clapping was repeated again and again as the players, one by one, were called before the curtain. So far it was a success, a great success, but this was only the first act. So much depended on the next. It would be Clotilde's first appearance as the lovely Spanish princess of the palace. Her part was to dance before certain distinguished guests of the king, newly arrived at the palace. A wealthy Italian nobleman falls desperately in love with her. That night he secretly enters her chamber, steals the princess, and escapes.

Monsieur need have had no fears concerning Clotilde. As she entered the stage through the partly drawn curtains, she was greeted by a burst of applause. The dainty figure in yellow draperies, with dark curls falling about her flushed cheeks, and radiant eyes that sparkled as brightly as the chain of diamonds wound about her arms, was altogether bewitching. Then as Clotilde began to dance a great hush settled over the theatre. People leaned forward with eager eyes, and the violins crooned and throbbed to the little swaying figure and twinkling toes. Then, like a flash of jewels she was gone, and the stillness was broken by the thunder of applause. Monsieur found himself saying "Bein! Bein!" and smiled happily when she appeared again and again, blushing and radiant.

Clotilde could act as well as she could dance. While she struggled in the Italian's arms as he was carrying her from the palace, her anger and indignation, her fear and loathing of the man, were well played. The curtain went down amid enthusiastic clapping.

In the third act, Clotilde outdid herself. She played the most difficult part of all, and she played as Monsieur had dreamed it must be played. Held a prisoner in a sumpitous room of an Italian chateau, she is rescued by a young sweetheart. Disguised as peasants, they make their way back to her father's kingdom in Spain. The princess and her sweetheart win the king's consent to her marriage. Then a rebellion among the people occurs, and in defense of the castle the princess's sweetheart is stabbed by the attempted usurper of the throne. The old king is treacherously murdered, while a new government is set up and the usurper is crowned king. Great rejoicing and feasting last far into the night. The new king, charmed by the beauty of the little princess, sends for her that she may dance before the throne. This gives her a chance to avenge her lover's death. Dressed in shimmering sil-

ver, she dances before the king. As he leans forward, his greedy eyes drinking in her beauty, she draws nearer and nearer, and suddenly with a flash of blue steel a cold dagger pierces his heart. Then, throwing back her head with a little laugh, the princess plunges the dagger into her own breast, and sinks in a heap at the foot of the throne.

Clotilde was the most lovely and bewitching of princesses. The audience went wild over her, and, when the play was finished, Monsieur made his way to the crowded dressing room, where, he found Clotilde surrounded by the entire company, who were offering congratulations. He held her cloak as she slipped into it, and as she looked up into his radiant face it spoke more plainly than words. Once the luxurious machine that was waiting for them, she put her head on his arm and said softly, "I always knew that it would be a great success, you are so wonderful."

CHAPTER THREE

A year had passed since that evening etoile cmfw ETAI SHRD SRD

A year had passed since that eventful night and the full moon, throwing a soft radiance over the lovely old garden, found Monsieur and Clotilde there, by the fountain. But there were many changes. From a lovely child, Clotilde had become a slim, graceful girl, perhaps even more beautiful and attractive than before, and a dancer of great renown. Monsieur had made a fortune and was looked upon as a brilliant success. Even the garden had grown lovelier, if that were possible. Besides fame and success, Monsieur Beaucarie had won something else, something he prized more than these; for as the moonlight fell softly over the two beside the fountain, it rested for a moment on a slim white hand, where a great diamond shone and sparkled.

Written by "PUNCH"

Miss Nolen—"Mr. K——, who went to the Grecian Theatres?
Mr. K—"Only the male men."
A NEW ARRANGEMENT.

This is a rather large bomb to throw into a perfectly placid and increasingly monotonous state of affairs concerning the highly useful societies generally designated as "clubs". But here's hoping there will be some real thought on the subject, not merely a "ha! ha! foolish idea!" Don't you, as a student body think that most of the club programs are getting rather "samey"? I have been here two years and am so bored by most of the programs that I wonder that some of the four year boys and girls haven't "seen if the river was worth" on Friday afternoons. My remedy is this: that a committee of two or three earnest and zealous and also smart club members from each club meet once every two weeks and collect and combine material for interesting and instructive club programs. Have some sort of rule providing for using the same idea after a specified time has elapsed and especially to help teachers and distracted program committees get up real live programs. An equal number of boys and girls shall constitute this committee and work really and truly for one afternoon every two weeks to better the school's interest in "clubs". If you are still dubious let me put it to you in a different way: Don't you think that 390 students working for the same thing is much better than 36 students looking toward one name as its aim? Instead of Athenian, Delphi, Arena, etc., let's make it "clubs"?

What do you say?

N. B. — If the presidents of the various clubs will appoint a smart boy and a smart girl from their respective clubs to meet Monday after next club day an attempt will be made to follow out the suggestion made in the above.

Still, you would naturally expect Greece to be slippery.

THE MID-YEARS.
(Continued From Page One)

class a success. They became settled more easily and quickly than one could expect of Mid-Years, entering when other classes were settled, and were so faithful in their studies that they won praise from all their teachers. The boys did well in Manual, club programmes displayed names of talented Mid-Years and Mid-Year performers were always welcomed in Assembly. And the athletes were so fine that several boys won places on the first team, and the girls were star basket and base ball players.

At the election, held soon after entering the following were elected:
Eugene Taussig—President
Jessie Morton—Vice-President
Ruth Harris—Secretary.
Aristotle Jannopoulus—Treasurer.

And with the first snow-storm of this next winter came whispers of still greater honors, and the Mid-Years were given much encouragement from their guardian fairies.

So, about to begin their Sophomore year, the class, with its studious ones, its athletes its singers and other talented ones, is determined to make a record that other classes may well envy, and are going to try their best to live up to the predictions of their guardians and helpers, the Snow-Fairies.
THE KING'S GIFT

Many years ago in the ancient land of the Medes and Persians there lived a powerful king. Wealthy was he and loved—by all his subjects, but from among his numerous acquaintances he claimed a mighty hunter, Mahi, as his dearest and best. Mahi as I said was a hunter, daring and fearless in the field or forest but obedient and devoted in his noble being's presence. Many were the treasures of skins, and pelts that Mahi laid at the feet of his majesty; and King Ramazon, for such was his name, heaped honors and wealth in turn upon the invincible hunter.

Mahi had aimlessly idled away many months at the court of the king and had dispensied in all the pleasures of his friend 'till one fine day he became very restless; and gathering his brave followers around him, departed suddenly for the forest of Kavaskadon.

Weeks passed and at length word was received that Mahi was homeward bound laden with priceless skins and tusks and would arrive ten days after the full moon. King Ramazon was truly happy and wished to make this, his welcome home, surpass all previous attempts in splendor.

So he invited all the rich and mighty men of the country to join him in the great feast to be given in Mahi's honor. On the specified date the guests arrived and assembled at the gate of the city through which the mighty hunter soon came, followed by servants over loaded with pelts of all kinds of the king. Mahi fell at his Majesty's feet but was hidden to arise and betake himself to the King's castle where soon a cheering mob gathered and shook the very walls of the stolid fortress with yells of praise and esteem. The feast was eagerly devoured and when the goblets of rich Zornack Wine were passed around, the noble King arose gathering around him his imperial robes of purple. Anticipation and anxiety reigned, for, as he advanced in his out stretched hand he held, concealed a present for the humble hunter rising to meet him.

King Ramazon lightly let his gift of appreciation fall into the hand of Mahi. Fearful, at first to look at the present his friend had given him, Mahi held it breathlessly but finally lowering his eyes he beheld— a yellow citrus fruit, now-a-days called a lemon!

Madden with rage and humiliation Mahi drew his sword and threw himself upon it and ended his life without ever knowing that his great friend, wishing to surprise him the more, had hidden a diamond of unbelievable worth under the skin of the objectionable lemon.

This tale contains a moral applicable to every member of the high school and if not apparent after the first reading, a second will, I am sure, make it clear. Some facetious poet has embodied my moral in a lyric of one verse and this poem you may find in the first edition of the "Senior". Bear this truth in mind and many cloud's silver lining will be plain to you.

WARREN S. MILLER, '15

WE SAW YOU

The Dionysius Club gave the largest dance of the season, among the younger set, on New Year's Eve at the Kirkwood Country Club. About sixty couple enjoyed the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Chamberlain and Mrs. Eugene Kropp chaperoned.

The basket ball season opened with two decisive victories for the first and second teams. Many people were present.

Although Harold's name is Rountree, we know that he is on the square.

We were glad to see Catherine Beck back to school. We all missed her presents at Xmas.

Quite a few of the students got the grippe for Xmas. We think that it would be more economical to give suit-cases next year.

The Junior pennant is a pretty little thing. Can the other classes beat it?

"A perfectly wonderful time" was the expression of all the girls after the game Friday night. The balcony is very useful, as now the crowd cannot interfere with the dancers.

Thirteen of the girls had a wonderfully spread on Tuesday and all enjoyed a "big feed". Our little steno in the office—Warren Miller—also enjoyed a plate.

Reported by AGNES WIER and LAURENCE PIERCE.

MISS LIPPEY'S ADVICE

I am a teacher and have fallen madly in love with one of my Freshman pupils. I am very retiring and she is quite bold. How can I see more of her and still avoid the unpleasant gossip of the rest of the faculty?—Mr. M. U. T.

Perhaps if you allow her to make the advances without any assistance from you, the faculty will not josh you very much, but you must remember that "the course of true affection never runs smooth."

How can a most embarrassing squeak in my left shoe, that always seems loudest when I walk across the study hall, be overcome?—A BASHFUL INQUIRER.

Water is the only remedy I have ever heard of for that affliction and only constant application will do the work. Get a tin basin and securely lash it to your foot, filling the basin half full of water. I guarantee this a positive cure.

I am a Freshman and still in short pants, and have often wished to walk home with a popular Senior girl, but I don't think that she would like it. Will you please tell me how to manage it?—O. F. F.

I am afraid that you will have to wait until your pants have grown, my son, and also that you might be a good plan to a good plan to follow about your mind.

I have permitted a certain young man to carry my books home for me for the past three years, but for the first time last week, I saw him chewing gum in Algebra. What would you advise me to do?—MEDALLION CORDELIA JONES.

Why, ask him to please share it with you.

Now that the chairs in the library have slips on them, they hardly hold some of the boys slide around so much that Miss Judlin is applying still long enough for one to set down for the job of traffic cop.
A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS

Act One
Time—The Xmas Holidays.
Scene—A long sidewalk covered with two feet of snow.

Enter from right—Ed Eiseman, who begins to shovel snow vigorously.

Act Two
Time—15 minutes later.
The same scene with half the sidewalk cleared off.

Eiseman is now completely covered with snow.
Enter from left—One stranger.
Stranger—You must be a regular snow-man. You sure look like one.
Eiseman—I am. In summer I’m an iceman, but I change from that to a snowman when the weather gets cold. (Joke)

KICKS AND COMMENTS

It is suggested to the board that the lights in the study hall be changed. With the present light it is sometimes very hard to see on dark days. To pupils studying it is hard on the eyes, and a source of great annoyance and discomfort. We suggest that the present globes be exchanged for those of greater candle power.

In spite of the fact that the rest of the school has been decorated, the assembly hall still remains bare and white. If the school board would tint the walls, it seems as though the student body could do something towards making it attractive, by decorating pictures, pennants, etc. The Echo suggests that this be done through the clubs, each club giving a picture, a club pennant, or something of the kind.

The boys’ lunch room frequently has a draught blowing through it. Also, it is often very cold owing to the fact that one of its doors opens directly outside. The boys would be thankful if this were remedied.

SOPHOMORE GIRLS.

Hedwig Aulepp—Our Latin shark.

Inez Bacon—“Translate this for me.”

Catherine Beek—Alias Susie, alias Kitty, alias Didi.

Eleanor Biscoe—Busy as a bee.

Marjorie Blair—Dignified Miss Blair.

Harriette Garrell—The dainty blonde.

Edith Gray—Red, white and blue, but Edith’s Gray.

Dorothy Haizlip—“Very nicely done, Dorothy.”

Teddy Hodgdon—Heart-breaker.

Blossom Hood—Some bud!

Lillian Hopwell—All hope you are well.

Clara Kooser—“Have you seen Martha?”

Rosemary Lang—“Clee wiz clid.”

Alice Luby—“Miss Norris, I can’t read.”

Grace Maybury—“Ruth’s kid sister.”

Dorothy Miller—“Tee, hee”.

Gertrude Sherman—The Gen’s granddaughter.

Florence Smith—Studiously inclined.

Isabelle Summa—All assume it.

Margaret Way—Sweet and girlish.

Agnes Wier—Agriculture.

Gertrude Wickenden—Demure and sweet.

Isabel Wright—She writes “Wright” right well.

A boy of 10 was having some trouble with his school work in grammar.

“Johnny,” said the teacher, “you must not put ‘I have wrote’ in your composition any more. You may stay in tonight and write ‘I have written’ 100 times.”

After school, the teacher was called out of her room for a few minutes. When she returned, she found the following note on her desk:

“Dere Tewehur—I have wrote ‘I have written 100 times’ and have went home. JOHN”

P. W.—“Mr. Hatton, why do the three notes ‘do-re-me’ sound better to the ear than do?”

Mr. Hatton—“Hum, yes.”

Patronize our advertisers.
AN HONOR SYSTEM

On January 29th, after the question had been thoroughly thrashed out, the class of '16 adopted a form of the Honor System, to be used by the students on examinations.

This movement was started by Mr. Alfred Booth, '11, who has had the honor system before him for four years at Princeton, from which he graduated in 1915. However, although one of the alumni suggested the plan, the action came purely from the students. After lengthy debates as to whether a System of Honor would or would not be a benefit to the school, it was introduced into the Senior Class by a unanimous vote.

The pledge to be written on each examination paper is as follows: "I pledge my word of honor as a gentleman (or lady) that I have neither given nor received aid on this examination." In case a person is found breaking this pledge (which the members of the class are sure will not happen) the Senior's will take it upon themselves to impress, in a quiet way, the seriousness of the offender's action on him.

The Class of '16 would like to have the other classes follow their example. This is the only case (as far as is known) of a high school adopting the Honor System.

R CHARD KREMER

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Seniors have given to the school something very valuable in adopting this system. It would certainly be a good and wise thing for the other classes to do likewise.

LIFE IN WEBSTER

A story I will tell you of a certain Mr. Brown:
He lived for nearly forty years in a noisy, smoky town,
Till, tiring of the struggle and the tumult and the strife,
He felt a sudden longing for a quiet simple life.
He bethought him of the kind advice that real estate men give—
"You must go and live in Webster if you really want to live."
So he hurried home that evening to discuss it with his wife,
And see what views she entertained about the simple life.

Now Mrs. Brown was quite worn out with all her social care,
Besides, she thought the children needed newer, purer air.
And so it happened that long ere the winter months had passed,
They had bought a home in Webster and were living there at last.
Now the neighbor living on their right, owned chickens—very choice—
And the chief among them was a rooster with a fine "Caruso" voice.
At 3 a.m. he roused the echoes with such wild, unearthly din,
That Mr. Brown, from loss of sleep, became quite pale and thin.
After two weeks of torture, he said with heartfelt groan,
"If we must be roused by chickens, let's raise some of our own."

So he bought an Incubator and some...

(Continued on Page Five).

WE SAW YOU

The Mary Blackwell Choral Club are preparing for their Easter Concert and as many of the students of our institution are members of the club we should have more noise on Wednesday morning.

- - - - -

The play of February 12th was a great success. We didn't know we had such a talent in the school. For a few it was their first appearance in the spotlight but even then they weren't very bright. Anybody wanting to sell any old clothes see Bob Pershall. We were glad to see so many dancers on the floor; glad also to see those in the balcony; too bad ti kept them off the floor.

- - - - -

We all enjoyed the talk of Mr. Emerson last week and hope that his fair dream will come true some day. "Let the gentlemen do the work." Boys, to the front—Preparedness.

- - - - -

The tests have been coming like thunder and lighting this quarter. We expect a storm soon.

- - - - -

There are several romances going on in the library and we wonder if Mrs. Clarke knows she is playing Cupid.

The Junior luncheon was the treat...

(Continued on Page Eight).

THE SENIOR PLAY

"The Rivals", by Sheridan, is the play which has been selected by the Class of '16. This play, which has a cast of 14 characters, is considered a standard comedy. It is the one in which the late Joseph Jefferson made himself famous, in the role of Bob Acres.

Mrs. Lydia Stark, a former instructor and graduate of the Perry School of Oratory, has been selected to coach the actors; and if she drills the members of the class of '16 as well as she has been drilled, the play should be a great success. As the cast has not been finally decided upon, it can not be made public at present.

—RICHARD KREMER.
GEORGE WASHINGTON

-Gone are the days when the colonies were new,
E-ach one stood for loyalty and for the Red, White and Blue.
O-n every shore, on every strand, the nations far and wide
Re-spected our brave leader, our father, and our guide.
G-eorge Washington, our hero, upheld the nation's pride;
E-ven in this present age by his judgement we abide.

When all the nation was at strife
And men's hearts were filled with gloom,
At the portal of our nation did a mighty figure loom.
Standing, to protect the honor of his country's wondrous name
He was ready to defend her and his memory will remain
In the hearts of us, his children, events the future day.
No one ever has surpassed him, and, with one accord we say
One is, but all his teachings are engraved on stones of truth.
That, as each year passes onward,
Every man and maid and youth
On this day of celebration, on this great day of his birth, may
Not think of the name only, but of his greatness, and his worth.

THE THREE POOR POETS.

Notable People Born in February.

George Washington
Miss Stapleton
Abraham Lincoln
Charles Darwin
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Miss Rainbow
Horace Greeley
Joseph Jefferson
David Garrick
Clara Kooser
Susan B. Anthony
Geraldine Farrar
Alice Roosevelt
Ellen Perry

No great man lives in vain. The history of the world is but the biography of great men.—Carlyle.

A Trip Across Country by Auto.

Part Two.

After leaving La Junta, Colorado, we passed through Rocky Ford, in the famous cantaloupe region, and travelled on to Pueblo. From here we turned north and approached Colorado Springs, where, to our delight, snow-capped mountains could be seen. We went as far as Denver, and then turned south, and went back through Pueblo to Trinidad. As we approached this place the high altitude showed itself, as the water in the radiator began to boil, and the engine had a hard pull on the grades. In high altitudes, water boils at a lower temperature, as you perhaps know. Soon afterward we crossed from Colorado into New Mexico.

The next day's run was across a wide mesa country hemmed in by mountains. When night came upon us, we were still on the road, and the last 25 miles were made in the dark. At 10:30 we arrived at the ancient town of Santa Fe.

The next day we descended from the high plateau on which Santa Fe is situated. Great care had to be exercised in making the descent, as the road was full of “hair-pin” turns, where we often had to back up in order to get around. The slightest accident here would have meant death.

Farther on, along the road from Albuquerque to Socorro, water was very scarce, and no houses were to be seen for 30 miles at a time. Leaving Socorro, we soon entered the Blue Canyon, where the road was narrow and full of rocks. A little farther on we came to the end of the railroad, after which the region was very sparsely populated.

At Springfield, Arizona, gasoline cost 40 cents a gallon, as it had to be drawn for many miles over a rough wagon road. Near here is the famous Petrified Forest, where many large trees are scattered around in a beautiful petrified state.

On July 1st we reached Seligman, and the next day resumed the journey to Needles, California, one of the hottest places in the United States. When we arrived here, it was too hot to sleep, so we decided to continue the journey through the Mohave desert by night. In this desert is Death Valley, the home of “Twenty-Mule Team” Borax.

About the same time we went through this desert, a lawyer and two men started from Los Angeles to cross it, and while they were in the middle, their auto broke down. One man started to the railroad for aid, while the other two remained and drank what little water they had. The one finally died, the other's thirst became so great that he was forced to drink lubricating oil. When help arrived, he was dying. He was rushed to the nearest town, but medical aid was too late. This is one of the sad stories of the Mohave Desert, where many have lost their lives. The white bleached bones of animals, rude cross marking a grave, and hot white sands will always be an impressive sight to those who travel over it.

The last days run, from Barstow to Los Angeles, was on the 4th of July. California's roads are very good, even in the mountain passes through the Coast Range. Once over this range, we descended into the Land of Sunshine and Flowers. Here we passed through the Redlands, the great orange country and the show place of Southern California, and on to Los Angeles and Pasadena. The view across the orange groves and fields of flowers, with the snow-capped mountains in the distance, is a sight long to be remembered.

The return trip was made by a 500 mile coast trip to San Francisco, then across the states of California and Nevada, around the northern part of Salt Lake, through Wyoming, down to Denver and back home. It might be interesting to add that we covered 6000 miles, that the length of the trip was 8 weeks and 1 day, and that we traveled through 9 states.

GEORGE WEBER

Mr. William Burch, Esq., looks almost as funny in long pants as little Marshall would in shorts.

We would advise some of our young male teachers to keep away from those Senior girls.

(Of course, Mr. Weber, we didn't mean this for you.)

In Chemistry.

MR. HATTON—Read louder, Miss P——; I left my spectacles at home.
THE TRACK

March 25—Relay Caraval: Coliseum
May 6—McKinley: W. U. Stadium.
May 13—Missouri State: Columbia.
May 20—South East, Mo. State: Cape Girardeau.
May 25—St. Louis County Meet: Washington U. Stadium.

“Chemites” vs “Phistphites”

On Friday, February 11th, the “Chemites” defeated the “Phistphites” by a score of 24 to 10. The line-up:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHEMITES</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name and no. of points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Irland (7)</td>
<td>R.F.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kreuer (5)</td>
<td>L.F.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schall (1)</td>
<td>C.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stubb (5)</td>
<td>R.G.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Healey (6)</td>
<td>L.G.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PHISTPHITES</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name and no. of points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Whittemore (3)</td>
<td>R.F.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCartney (6)</td>
<td>L.F.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McMath (5)</td>
<td>C.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis (6)</td>
<td>R.G.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silveter (2)</td>
<td>L.G.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

HOW THEY STAND

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas Aggies</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ATHLETIC EVENTS

Webster vs Clayton
1st Team—48-16

2nd Team—41-9
Webster vs Welston
1st Team—33-9
2nd Team—29-6

Webster vs Clayton
1st Team—30-29
2nd Team—23-16

Webster vs Alumni & Frieside A. C.
1st Team—52-7
2nd Team—12-14

Webster vs Grover Cleveland
1st Team—33-23

Webster vs Kirkwood
1st Team—35-17

Webster vs St. Louis
1st Team—35-7

Webster vs David Rankin
1st Team—51-17
2nd Team—12-14

Webster vs David Rankin
1st Team—38-22
2nd Team—12-16

BASKET BALL SQUAD—Booth, Russell, Lincoln, Hagemann, Skinner, Halman, Hart, Lacey; Mester; Meyer, Whittemore and Avis.

“The Awkward Squad”

In this hour of battle cries on foreign fields, and of preparedness in our own fair America, the Webster High School undertook to show what a recruiting station would be like. The Awkward Squad”, a play given by the Athletic Association and the dance afterward, were both great successes.

Mr. Simpson Chapmann’s droll manner and his rural appearance made him especially funny. Mr. Pershall’s part caused a gale of laughter, and ended in a storm of applause. Messrs. McCoub, Williams, Eiseman, Simmons, Maddon, Hart and Kipp were the other stars, while Mr. Maurice Chapman’s singing was the topic of the evening. The players and their instructors are to be complimented.

Webster High.

Our Alma Mater, school of fame
In Athletics has won a name,
As her vict’ries surpass defeat,
Her next foes she’ll gladly meet.

Now “Herby” with his blondy hair,
With little “Donny” makes a pair;
And Allen with his shoulders square
Along with Kenneth likes to stare—at?

To “Stocks” and Skinny now we turn
Whose jets of love have failed to burn
These gallant heroes one and all,
Into the basket toss the ball.

Our readers fair must not compare
Us w’th the bards sublime
But let us hope that this will smoke
The cobwebs from their minds.

THREE POOR POETS
Then we turn to the many queens whose names are—most of them—deeply smeared with blood. And yet through all the blood, they had qualities by which the world bettered. The six wives of Henry VIII; his daughter, virgin queen Bess who was so cruel to that other woman, Mary, Queen of Scots; Lady Jane Grey the beautiful girl who was Queen of England for but nine days; Isabella of Spain, who pawned her jewels, with America as a result. Queen Victoria the most splendid monarch of the nineteenth century; Empress Josephine, the wife whom Napoleon didn’t want; Marie Antoinette, the “lady” Queen of France; and Charlotte Corday, who avenged Marie Antoinette’s death.

The women of wit and pleasure come next; the Marquise de Pampadour, the adventureress; Madame de Stael, the wit of the French court; Madame de Maintenon, the wife of a hunchback and a king; the Countess du Barry, ruler of Louis XV and last of these comes Theodosia Barr, the daughter of one of early America’s foremost men.

After these frivolous ones come early American times women, serious strongly rooted to their convictions and rendering great service to their fellow-citizens and to the world. Susan B. Anthony, the life long champion of the woman’s cause; Julia Ward Howe, the author of the battle hymn of the Republic; Florence Nightingale, the English soldiers’ angel of mercy; and following closely comes Clara Barton, the American Florence Nightingale; Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of a new faith and Anne Hutchinson the sincere defender of Free Speech.

Women of the foot-lights, there have always been and will be a plenty. But some few names stand out distinctly from the mass; Charlotte Cushman, America’s tragedienne; Jennie Lind, the Swedish nightingale; Mrs. Liddon, the spirit of tragedy and Sarah Bernhardt, the oldest yet always young actress.

Then the women who gave us the beautiful to read and look at, appear,—let us thank them sincerely with our hearts for their kindness: Louisa May Alcott, may her name be revered by all as a true woman; Jane Austen, the brilliant chronicler of the commonplace; Mary Ann Evans, otherwise George Elliot, from whom we have many wonderful gifts. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the little woman who caused the big war; and Helen Hunt Jackson, the Indian’s devoted friend.

And now last but not least are the women whose names associate themselves—with fame because of being—well, just themselves.

Jeanne Daré, France’s martyred saint; Dolly Madison, the White House mistress of 1812; and Martha Washington, the first lady of the land whose husband’s birthday we celebrate this month.

And down in the corner comes our mothers—they are all heroines every one of them. So if we cannot look up to any woman whose name represents a great act, we can all subscribe on our own little page of fame the word “MOTHER.”

Ambrose Mueller Drug Co.
THE NYAL STORE
BRISTOL BUILDING
Bell 92 and 93
Kinloch 22
PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY
Everything in the Drug Line.
We Deliver Phone Us.

GO TO
SHUMER’S
15½ N. Gore
For First-class Shave—Hair-cutting a Specialty—Special attention to Children
E. F. SHUMER

DAWSON’S CAFE
126 W. Lockwood
Meals 25c
Special Sunday Dinner 35c
Home made Pies
Made to Order
Lunches Served to School Children
LIFE IN WEBSTER.

(Continued from Page One.)

fine eggs right away.

But his wife forgot to tend the fire on a very busy day.

Then Mr. Brown, with saddened heart, bought eggs—a hundred more;

He hoped to raise a rooster that would kill the one next door.

Just how the accident occurred, was rather hard to tell,

But that whole batch turned out to be baked chickens—in the shell.

Now Mr. Brown, in deep despair gave up his wooden hen.

He got a real one this time, and built a chicken pen.

After three weeks of waiting, he chuckled loud one day,

And said, "For hatching chickens, give me the good old way."

Under the hen's maternal care, the chicks began to thrive,

But the neighbor's cat, across the street, came over and gobbled five

Then Mr. Brown began to dream of fresh eggs every day,

And how the grocer's bills would shrink when those chicks began to lay.

But all his bright and rosy hopes were doomed to grievous fall,

For the chicks he raised turned out to be young roosters, one and all.

Meanwhile poor Mrs. Brown was having troubles every day,

For the child whom she had brought from town refused to stay.

She had a new one every week, and each worse than the last,

She almost had a breakdown before two months had passed.

It was poor Mrs. Brown declared, as she discharged the twelfth,

"I will not have another—I shall do the work myself."

The neighbor living on her left—he had the gardening craze,

There's not a plant upon the earth he didn't try to raise.

So Mr. Brown said to his wife, one lovely, warm spring day,

"I think I'll try that stunt myself, to pass the time away."

He bought a peck of radish seed, he sowed row after row,

But the hen, with seven little chicks, soon found out where to go.

In vain he planted more new seeds, and locked his chickens up,

But his garden was all ruined by his neighbor's collie pup.

In vain he worked all evening long,

and rose at half-past five,

For in spite of all his efforts, his plants did not survive.

At last, one roasted summer day, with a very joyful air,

He pulled a dozen radishes, and brought them in with care.

He put them in a little dish, and set it on a shelf.

Oh, how he loved those radishes that he had raised himself!

He showed them proudly to his wife and did not count the cost

Of all the hours that he had worked, and the money he had lost.

One morning through their quiet peace there broke a fearful roar,

A street repairing engine stood right before their door.

(Continued on Page 7.)

A colored woman was brought before a West Virginia magistrate and charged with inhuman treatment of her child. Evidence was clear that she had severely beaten the youngster who was in court to exhibit his marks and bruises. Before imposing sentence, the magistrate asked the woman if she had anything to say.

"Kin Ah ask yo' honah a question?"

His honor nodded.

"Well then, yo' honor, I'd like to ask yo' whether yo' was ever the parent of a puceekly wuthless cullud chile?"

An Englishman went to Paris, where he stayed for some time. When he returned to his home a friend asked him how he liked France.

"A beastly country," he replied, "perfectly beastly. They know nothing there. They don't even know how to talk. Why, they call bread 'pain'." "But," his friend said; "that is the French word for bread." "Oh, I know that. But WHY should they call it that? It really IS BREAD, you know."

The Modern History Class was recently studying about the famous University at Bologna.

Teacher—"Mr. G—what was the origin of Bologna?"

Mr. G—"Dog."

Speaker (before assembly)—I intend to save all of the young men in this school.

Miss Stapleton—Save me a blond, please.
SEEING MANILA
Part Two
Manilla, however, has two things more pleasing than clamorous cockpits and the Oriental smell and jargon of Chinese shop-keepers. On the “Escolta” there are seven large American and Spanish clothing and furnishing stores, where you can buy the latest cut clothing. One need not eat “mongo con hido”, which is dispensed by greasy street vendors for a penny a dish. There are a dozen or more places where one can buy the best ice-cream made.

The film drama has invaded Manilla long ago. At “El ‘deal,” “The American,” and other moving picture places, one can see the latest and best of European and American films. I first saw Charley Chaplin in Manilla.

Then there is a good-sized baseball diamond. The baseball season extends from October to April. Last year five teams played: The Army, the Navy, the City of Manilla and two teams made up of native city players. Most of these players had learned their baseball in the Manilla High School.

The Luneta is a most beautiful park along Manila Bay. Here, every Wednesday and Sunday evenings, the Philippine Constabulary Band, a well trained band of 50 pieces, gives free concerts from six until seven.

As the sun sets every day in the year at six, one can watch it drop into the Pacific amid clouds most gorgeously colored. With good company, a comfortable seat, the sunset, good music and cool breezes coming in from the ocean, one might think that the Luneta were one of the loveliest spots on earth.

A. F. LAGEMANN.

THE CLUBS.

Not much attention was paid to the articles on the clubs in last year’s Echo, but the clubs are self-governed, the mem-month’s issue of the Echo. Everyone seemed to think that they were right, but no one has done anything to forward the reforms in the societies. Perhaps this is because the clubs are all equal, and, as no one has the leadership, each waits for the other to start the movement. So, since the students can do nothing, its up to the teachers. While the bums of the faculty, nevertheless, are at the head of them; and therefore they are the only ones who can radically change the programs.

The clubs are for the improvement of the students; the better the clubs, the more good they will do, and consequently they should be as good as we can make them. If the teachers are of this opinion, the student body as a whole would be glad if the clubs were changed, somewhat.

Stars of the First Magnitude.

The 10 from Class who Rank Highest Seniors

Juniors
Ophelia Hack, Nina English, Anita McGerry, Rudolph Grunen, Allison Gaines, Helen Gary, Hazel Stone, Strother Gaines, Catherine Cushing, Anna Milentz.

Sophomores

Mid-Years
Lloyd Koenig, Jessie Morton, Emma Koehler, Hazel Weiser, Irene Mueller, Marguerite Block, Elsa Rapp, Lorene Junghaus, Laura Thomas, Ruth Sampson.

Freshmen
Ruth Ward, Anita Ehny, Lawrence Robertson, Lucille Shank, Oliver Horn, Marlon Blair, Robert Morton, Marguerite Blatter, Helen Tofts, James Endebury.

FRESHMAN COMMENTS

“Say, ain’t it fun to sit in the assembly on Monday mornings and count the fresh hairstyles.”

“I wonder if that girl took a course in engineering to learn to ring them bells.”

“What do they do to you if you take a drink.”

“Who’s that tall teacher with the fuzzy hair that looks like a German.”
(Evidently that Freshie don’t take Manual.)

ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE

RIVER PACKET CO.
Great Tennessee River Route for Freight and Passengers

EXCURSION SEASON O’ENS MAR. 1
$1 Round Trip including Meals and Berth

STEAMER ST. LOUIS
Will leave Wharfboat, foot of Pike St., every Monday at 5 p. m., for Cape Girardeau, Cairo, Paducah and all landings on Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee rivers to Battlefield of Shiloh and Waterloo, Ala. McIntosh Orchestra.

Jno. E. Massengale, Trf. Mgr.
Phones, Main 46, Webster 192, Central 30
LIFE IN WEBSTER

(Continued from Page Five).

An army of day laborers were digging up the road,
Of sand and gravel and cement they brought load after load.
They dumped one load of gravel right in Mr. Brown's front yard,
And when our hero saw this deed he took it rather hard.
And thus the engine puffed and roared thru one long month or more,
It seemed as if for spite to always stand before their door.
But one fine day it ended, as all our troubles do,
The workmen all departed, and at last the work was through.

New Mrs. Brown was by this time becoming rather tired,
And loathed that lovely simple life she had at first admired.
She longed for social functions, and teas and luncheons gay,
And so she joined the Monday Club—one meeting every day.
She felt that still she didn't have as much as she could do,
And that she really ought to join another club or two.
So she just kept on going, without pouting to take breath.

For, as many people put it, Webster Groves is "clubbed to death."

Her husband, when he saw that she forsook the simple life,
Decided that he could not be thus outdone by his wife.
When she became a suffragette, he was moved almost to tears,
For suddenly it came to pass,—his fear for many years.
"They'll have me washing dishes, before this thing is through,
So, just in self-protection, I'll be a joiner, too!"

But when he came to count men's clubs, he found almost a score,
So he took one club for every night, he could not manage more.
And now whenever he is asked, as happens every day,
Just what he thinks of Webster life,

he answers in this way:
"My friends, this is the best advice that I know how to give,
Just come and live in Webster, if you really want to live!"

And a Little Whistle Leads Them.

One hot sunny day in far away Greece, a shrill sound startled the occupants of the market place where, after the noon day meal, the idle men of the city had gathered to discuss the athletic events which were just about to take place at Olympia, in the province of Elis. These games were rare events, as they only happened once every four years, and were greatly looked forward to by all true Greeks. The extraordinary sound which had just reached their ears was soon followed by a bright-faced young man, who seemed to be a great favorite. After the customary salutations on both sides of the stage had been exchanged, someone said:

"Peropas, did you hear that most peculiar, shrill sound which just preceded your coming? We have all been sorely puzzled over its source."

"Why certainly, I can explain your mystery," laughed the young man.

"That new sound is one of which I have recently invented. I have just completed the arrangements for using it in the coming test to bring the players and onlookers on to a universal knowledge of foul plays, starts, and the rest. Think you not that it is a good plan?"

"O, splendid," said the group of talkers as one man. "Indeed you are very clever."

"What plans were made for the dinner this eve?" asked someone; and so the conversation on this subject ended, and even to this day, whistles are given but little thought and consideration except when they are absent. Then indeed they are noticed, as anyone who plays basket ball will testify.

A whistle is a small piece of hard-ware which is considered a very minor part of basket ball game. Any- way whether it was whistle or no, Webster's team has gone to victory steadily, and we surely are proud of our boys. They are the best from each class, and deserve round hand-clapping for their clean athletics.

That is what Webster stands for—Cleanliness. Cleanliness in everything, tests included. And those who aren't clean in mind and body are the ones not enrolled in Webster High.

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by the Mayor of a small town in Wisconsin, where Spooner had been engaged to speak. The mayor said:

"Ladies und shentlemens, I have been asked to introduce you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who will make you a speech. Yes, I hate now done so. He will now do so."

W. J. BRENNAN
GROCERY CO.

IS REPRESENTED IN THE
Gorelock Building
ROOM 110
PHONE WEBSTER 190

BY
F. G. BRENNAN

SEE HIM FOR PRICES

Let Paul
Shine Your Shoes
A First-class Shoe Shiner
At the Lockwood Barber Shop
Open Sundays

Wall street permits no "wolves" in its zoology—only bulls, bears and lambs.
WE SAW YOU
(Continued from Page One).
of the month of February. The Junior
girls made enviable reputations
as well as full pocket-books by the
many delectable dishes served. Hats
off to the Juniors! We know alread-
y that what they tender to the Sen-
iors will be another feather in their
caps.

The F.O.O.T.E. Club will give a
formal subscription dance on March
17th, St. Patrick’s Day at the Kirk-
wood Country Club. This is expected
to be the largest affair the club has
given this year. The Henschen Or-
erchestra will furnish the music.

The Dionysius Club gave a formal
dance at the Algonquin Club on Feb.
21st in commemoration of Wash-
ington’s Birthday. The proceeding
dance will be given at the same Club
on Mar. 10th. This will be a Palm
Beach dance. The Henschen or-
erchestra will furnish the music.

AGNES WEIR
LAURENCE PIERCE

MISS LIPPEY’S ADVICE
I have noticed a girl glance at me
quite affectionately in 5th study but
I do not care to encourage her affec-
tions because she always wears her
belt inside out. No one seems to no-
tice this except I. Would you advise
me to tell her of her carelessness and
proceed to admire her? P. D. JONES
I wouldn’t meddle with woman’s
dress, Percy. You might find that
you wouldn’t have her to admire if
you began so personal a conversa-
tion; I advise you to leave her alone.

An older girl called me “cute”.
Shall I tell her what I think of her?—B. I. L. L.
I wouldn’t—it might not be exact-
ly fit to say in the presence of ladies
—much less teachers.

When a boy says “Thank you” af-
after a dance, is it proper to say
“Keep the change”?
I have looked carefully in the
book of etiquette and can find no
reference to such an expression.
However, as my own opinion, I
would say something more original
like for instance, “O, ‘twas like
heaven dancing with you!”

Shall I tell the members of the
orchestra to play more than four
pieces at their next performance?
—A. B. WHITE
Most certainly NOT! O, please
don’t!

The Pennsylvania Dutch have the
reputation of being very careful in
watching the details of domestic af-
fairs, no matter how small.
“Heiny” called the father.
“What?” answered the son.
“Run and count dem geeses again,
Heiny.”
“All right.”
Heiny went. Heiny returned.
“Heiny,” said the father.
“What?” said the son.
“Did you count dem geeses again,
Heiny.”
“Chess.”
“How many vas dey, Heiny?”
“Vun.”
“Dot’s right, Heiny.”

We wish Miss Smith would pass
some of that Hershey’s around. It
makes us hungry to see her eat in
class.
GARDEN CLUB ENTERTAINMENT

The Garden Club of Webster Groves decided to spend their efforts and money this spring in improving and beautifying the High School grounds. Dear as the school may be to everyone of us, few would deny that there is no room for improvement of the building itself and on the grounds. Neither Mr. Halman nor Mr. Goodlet, who spoke to us on Tuesday morning, March 14, told us the definite plans of the Club; but their few suggestions were sufficient to spur us into action, and they helped to inspire the entertainment which was given on Saturday evening, March 18.

The Auditorium was “full to overflowing” as Mr. Robertson had hoped it would be. The High School Orchestra, directed by Miss Walker, opened the program. A chorus of the High School students, also under Miss Walker’s direction, sang “The Stormeni” and Kipling’s “Renaissance.” Next was a sketch from “Our Mutual Friend” by two members of the Monday Club—Miss Cornelia Miller and Mrs. Hooker. Miss Mary Smith read a synopsis or explanation of the sketch. Miss Trembley took the part of “Jennie Wren” and Mrs. Hooker was “Lizzie,” her friend. Miss Cornelia Miller, accompanied by her mother, sang two solos. Seven of the smaller girls of the High School, under the direction of Miss Fidler, gave a French folk dance. The orchestra played another selection and then the play, “Thank Goodness the Table Is Set,” was given by present and past members of the High School. The cast of characters were:

We Saw You

Everyone is lamenting over the death of the basket ball season. But, believe us, everyone is in gay colors over the way our boys won the championship, with not one game lost.

We hope the Junior Dance will be a success, but—look out—for those spring birds that sing: “Cheep, cheep.”

Dr. Hawkins, one of the representatives of Washington University, made us a visit in Assembly on Tuesday morning a week ago, and we gave him a delightful talk. Of course, all Webster High, after finishing at this institution will meet again at Washington U., as a result of its allurements as pointed out by Dr. Hawkins.

Another delightful occasion in Assembly were the pleasing solos of Mrs. Charles Roberts and Miss Cora Alt. Special mention might be made of Mrs. Roberts’ song “When We Two Were Maying.”

Sophomores are proud of all their accomplished artists. Those of you who have not seen the illustrations by the Sophomore English Class, should call on Miss Stapleton’s room, for the illustrations only.

The Dramatic Club is contemplating a celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary by producing “Twelfth Night.” The date has not been decided upon as yet.

The Garden Club gave an entertainment and dance at the High School for the benefit of beautifying the School grounds. This was a great success, and in the near future

WEBSTER TO ENTER TEAM
IN M. A. A. MEET

Coach Roberts has been working earnestly with the boys who have come out for the M. A. A. meet. They have been doing fine work and are in remarkable condition, considering the short time they have had to practice. Mr. Roberts made out the list Saturday as follows:

Fifty Yard Dash:
Irland
Booth
Rountree

Six Hundred Yard Run:
Robertson
Schall
Eiseman
Skinner

Relay Team:
Irland
Booth
Lacy
Rountree
Haman
Eiseman

This meet will be held at the Coliseum on March 25 under the auspices of the Missouri Athletic Association. There will be some of the best Athletes in the county present, so the meet will be a sight worth seeing. Tickets are on sale at Famous and Barr Co.

A Pioneer.

He is a hardy pioneer
From sunny, southern ways,
And brings a word of mighty cheer
Of brighter, better days.

The land is wrapped in ice and snow
When first I hear his voice;
Heb rings a word of hope, and so
He bids us all rejoice.

What is this cherry hopeful sprite
That makes our hearts to sing
And shows us all the world is bright?
The first red-bird of spring.
A DOG’S TALE

My story has but few characters of whom, perhaps, the most important is Mr. Ivory H. Brown. No, the second name is not “head”, but Hezekiah; and if you don’t believe that there is such a name as “Ivy” in the fair lexicon of the English language, look it up in the dictionary. The time of which I am about to speak was early one summer morning, and Mr. I. H. Brown was leaning against a wall, gazing out of an open window, with an unsatisfied look in his eyes. His expression was blank—blank as that of a commuter with a basket on his arm, as he sees the 6:30 pulling out of the Union Station—so that one might have suspected that there was to use an expression prevalent in his age, “nobody home”. But I. H. Brown was thinking, and thinking hard.

Ivy Hezekiah Brown was a bachelor. He lived in a small apartment on the 13th floor, and his sole and inseparable companion was one dog. But should I call this animal a dog? To Ivy he was more than a dog, more than any human being could have been. And yet, when all has been said and done, it was but a poor specimen of a canine, of which I write.

No, I wouldn't say he was a Dachshund nor would I call him a French Poodle. He was cross between a Skye terrier and an animated mop. However, he was very intelligent, though perhaps a little conceited, and his master would not have parted with him for anything.

But to return to the story. Ivory, you remember, was looking out of a window. Now he sighed, and leaving the window and patting that Hungarian Hound of his absent-mindedly on the head, he sat down to his breakfast of coffee and pie. (Yes, he ate pie for breakfast, but don’t blame me, as I’m not responsible for him).

JUNIOR CLASS IDENTIFICATION ROLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Principal Virtue</th>
<th>Principal Occupation</th>
<th>Aim in Life</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hazel Babb</td>
<td>Eyes</td>
<td>Making them</td>
<td>Having a good time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Billups</td>
<td>?</td>
<td>Talking</td>
<td>Escaping the finals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mildred Bowles</td>
<td>Hair</td>
<td>Kidding someone</td>
<td>Looking pretty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Clayton</td>
<td>Voice</td>
<td>Looking nice</td>
<td>To lead Society</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Cord Number</td>
<td>Number of Admirers</td>
<td>Being bright</td>
<td>To be talked about</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucy Culling</td>
<td>Hair also</td>
<td>Studying</td>
<td>To be an actress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katherine Cushing</td>
<td>Herself</td>
<td>Smiling</td>
<td>Making 100’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennie Lee Dillard</td>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Reading</td>
<td>To write a problem novel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Gary</td>
<td>Happiness</td>
<td>Studying</td>
<td>Being wise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Hodgdon</td>
<td>Questioning</td>
<td>Boosting G.O.P.</td>
<td>Being a charmer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosemary Lang</td>
<td>Arguing</td>
<td>Boys?</td>
<td>To be popular</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eda Lincoln</td>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>Doing it</td>
<td>Suceeding</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anita McGerry</td>
<td>Talent</td>
<td>Showing it</td>
<td>To teach elocution</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janet Owings</td>
<td>Vocal Expression</td>
<td>Asking questions</td>
<td>To be a good cook</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Sale</td>
<td>Smile</td>
<td>Playing tennis</td>
<td>To win a love game</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor Shaleross</td>
<td>Modesty</td>
<td>Writing for Echo</td>
<td>To write a novel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Wells</td>
<td>Blonde</td>
<td>Primping</td>
<td>To make her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcelle Block</td>
<td>Brilliancy</td>
<td>Studying</td>
<td>Speaking Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Finley</td>
<td>Musical nature</td>
<td>Wireless</td>
<td>To run a submarine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allison Gaines</td>
<td>Head</td>
<td>Stallling English</td>
<td>Calling on Kadge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilbur Held</td>
<td>Sawed off</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>“Her”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guy Lewis</td>
<td>“Ego”</td>
<td>Debating</td>
<td>To teach dancing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenneth McMath</td>
<td>Color</td>
<td>Geometry</td>
<td>To be president of Ireland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur Maddon</td>
<td>Hands</td>
<td>Writing Copy</td>
<td>Make a “scop”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilbur Marsh</td>
<td>(Neck) Ties</td>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>Keeping hair slick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earl Salter</td>
<td>Pompadour</td>
<td>Math.</td>
<td>To find his equal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Tustin</td>
<td>Circumference</td>
<td>Just waiting</td>
<td>Wake up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O’May White</td>
<td>Candy</td>
<td>Thinking</td>
<td>To be a cop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Whittmore</td>
<td>Curled</td>
<td>Other sex</td>
<td>To have one of it,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Wright</td>
<td>Smile</td>
<td>Sending Flowers</td>
<td>To please Miss R.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

EDITOR’S NOTE: The above, with a few exceptions, was contributed by Mr. Allison Gaines, '17.

The whole cause of his melancholy was this: Ever since he had been a boy, he had longed to become a great musician. With joy he had heard the young lady in the ten-cent store sing “I Need You Like the Ocean Needs a Drink” to the accompaniment of a piano, badly out of tune; with rapture he had listened to the discord which an organ-grinder extracted out of an otherwise harmless little box; and he had once kept his family awake for three consecutive nights by blowing on a tin horn which could produce only one note.

When he grew older he had learned to bang on the piano; but it was only of late that he realized that his music was not of the best. And this was why he was sad.

But on this particular morning of which I speak, while he was enjoying the last piece of his custard pie, he decided upon a plan of action. By much fugal living, and by buying his pies at wholesale, he had saved up a large amount of money. This, he decided, should go to make him a great musician. So he turned to his

(Continued on Page Five)
THE COUNTY CHAMPIONS

Webster, as we all know, has again secured the county championship, this time in basketball. We won the County championship in football and are hoping to win the County Track Meet. If Webster High can this, surely this year will be remembered as a very successful one. And the people interested in our High School will realize the need of the property in the rear of the building to further our athletics.

To win the County Meet we need as good a team as possible and to get this means for every boy to practise to perfection. Also it means the support of all the people in Webster and especially the pupils in the High School.

The regulars of the Basket-ball team are: Kenneth Hagemann and Shelby Lacey, forwards; Allen Lincoln, center; Don Russell and Herb Booth, guards. The team shows splendid work both on the offensive and on the defensive sides by totaling 508 points to its opponents 207.

The record of the team is as follows:
- Webster High 33; Cleveland H.S. 23
- Webster High 51; Ranken T. S. 17
- Webster High 35; Rankin T. S. 22
- Webster High 48; Clayton H. S. 16
- Webster High 30; Clayton H. S. 20
- Webster High 33; Wellston H. S. 9
- Webster High 29; Wellston H. S. 28
- Webster High 35; Kirkwood H. S. 16
- Webster High 27; Kirkwood H. S. 25
- Webster High 54; Alumni 9
- Webster High 35; St. Louis U. High 7
- Webster High 46; Edwardsville H. 16
- Webster High 34; Ferguson H. S. 14
- Webster High 44; Ferguson H. S. 13
- Total points for Webster, 508; its opponents, 207.

Everybody now—Fifteen big "rahs" for the team —
- Rah-Rah-Rah, Rah! Rah! Rah-Rah-Rah! Rah! Rah!
- Rah-Rah-Rah! Rah! Rah! Webster!
- Webster! Webster!

The Clubs.

It is believed that the student body of Webster High, as a whole, agrees with the Echo in declaring that the Clubs ought to be improved upon. We know of several students from as many different clubs who have remarked that they thought these organizations were becoming monotonous. But the faculty does not seem to think so; and if this indeed is the case, we had might as well stop "knocking." However, the mere fact that the teachers have paid no attention to us does not necessarily mean that they think we are wrong; perhaps they believe that the question is not serious enough to excite this outburst from us. But in spite of this, we are still of the belief that somebody ought to do something, at least in time to change the Club slightly for next year. We have done all we can.
High School Echo

EDITOR—Geo. P. Massengale.
ASSISTANT EDITORS—Elise Haywood, Louise McClelland.
BUSINESS MANAGERS—Northrup Avis, Robert Pershall, Proctor Wright, James Haswell.
SCHOOL ACTIVITIES—Agnes Weir, Lawrence Pierce.
CIRCULATING COMMITTEE—Joseph Gleick, Blossom Hood, Farrand Booth, Clara Kooser, Dod Gibson, Isabel Wright.
ATHLETIC COMMITTEE—Teddy Hodgdon, Stuart Gaines.
ART AND LITERATURE—Arthur McComb, Aline Morton, Merrit Williams.

Editorial

SPRING, ETC.

Spring is here; Spring, in its many forms, is among us. We have known it was coming for some time; we could tell by the way the boys sat gazing idly out of the study-hall windows; by the amount of Spring poetry Miss Stapleton has received; and a month ago Mr. Hixon gave us formal notice of its arrival by introducing the system of spring tests. And with Spring comes many a thing (I didn’t mean that to rhyme, as I don’t care for Spring poetry) about which to think. For Spring is really the beginning of the year, regardless of the dates on the calendar. Were all calendars and all astronomers (from whom, I believe, we get our calendars) destroyed, January 1st would be unknown, indistinguishable from February 1st or December 1st; and this simple fact shows that dates are a mere belief, based upon custom, and depending upon mathematical reckoning for their origin.

But in Spring everything is different. We can tell when it is here by an indescribable feeling as well as by external signs. I need not say what some of these external signs are. Far be it from me to poke fun at the school catalogs and the “Spring codes”. These topics have been worn out with hard service. But if Spring is really the beginning of the year, then it is in March or April that we ought to turn over a new leaf; if you have broken the good resolutions that you made last January, here is a chance to patch them together and use them over again.

We might even make some new resolutions. The Seniors have started the year well by installing the Honor System. The Sophomores have tried to do the same thing; but without success, as yet. Neither the Juniors nor the Freshmen have been heard from. But these things show that the school knows that Spring is here.

Standing of the Mid-West Teams.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>School</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wisconsin</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northwestern</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illinois</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnesota</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indiana</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iowa</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purdue</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The New Regulations.

Mr. Hatton to Physics Class—We’ll have a test Monday. Oh, I forgot—we mustn’t tell. Well—I’ll postpone it to Tuesday.

As the car reached Maplewood, an old man with a long white beard rose feebly from a corner seat and tottered toward the door. He was, however, stopped by the conductor, who said:

"Your fare, please."
"I paid my fare."
"When? I don’t remember it."
"Why, I paid you when I got on the car."
"When did you get on?"
"At St. Louis."
"That won’t do! When I left St. Louis there was only a little boy on the car."
"Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."

A SUMMER AT CULVER.

As the final day drew near, I found myself busier and busier at attending to the many details, for it was just about to spend a whole summer at Culver. When the day arrived for my departure, I found many small items to be yet looked after, but these would have to wait. Finally I was off with the entire summer before me.

There was not a person on the train whom I knew, and yet it was filled with fellows from all the states. I felt like the proverbial "mouse in a strange garrett". After length, when we had all been worn out with a day’s journey, the train was pulled into the town of Culver, and all the boys literally piled from the cars.

Culver is located on the shore of Lake Maxineuickee, not quite eighty miles from Chicago. The town itself is not very large, and has no saloons or manufactories.

About the station everything was in a state of confusion and disorder. Everywhere boys were climbing into buses, small motor boats about the dock or any vehicle that would conveniently carry them to the school, which was about a mile away by the road or lakeshore.

Arriving at the head office, I reported my presence, after standing in line for about two hours. I then went to the quartermaster’s store, where I drew my necessary equipment and uniform. Here I stood in line for not quite one hour. The worst part about standing in line, is that, just as you reach the long awaited "goal", an "old man" or second year student would come up and take your place because you were only a hated "rhiny" or first year student.

As it was now about nine o’clock, I started out to find my room. As I entered the room, I stumbled on some obstruction, and dimly saw another boy standing before the bed.

(Continued on Page 7.)
THE HOLY BIBLE.

The following article was kindly written for us by the Reverend H. L. Reader, whose splendid talks before the Assembly all the High School students will remember.—EDITOR.

Wonderful Book of the Law, from a wonderful Lawgiver! Wonderful teachings from a wonderful Teacher!

The Holy Bible is the most magnificent collections of documents in the history of the world. It contains sixty-six books in one volume, written by about forty authors within a period extending over hundreds of years. Kings and emperors have listened to its teachings. Nations and empires have waxed great and powerful as they have abided by its precepts, and they have waned into oblivion as they have departed from its teachings.

It is the key which unlocks the master thought of the world. The genius of a Shakespeare, the sublimity of a Milton, the beauty of a Tennyson, the grandeur of a Byron, all depend for their interpretation on this Book of books.

Beginning with the Pentateuch of Moses, and extending through the Revelation of St. John, the scope of the writings is unsurpassed. Poetry, drama, fiction, history, prophecy; ethics, psychology, biography—all are contained within the magnitude of its inclusiveness.

The tables of law, in the books of the Pentateuch, are the basis for modern jurisprudence. The orations of Moses in the book of Deuteronomy are the greatest in the realm of literature, not even being surpassed by those of the immortal Demosthenes. The most sublime poetry ever penned by man is found in the book of Job, and the most profound system of ethics ever enumerated is contained in the Sermon on the Mount.

Wonderful, magnificent, sublime Divine Library!

It has been the source of comfort to millions of the earth's inhabitants. It has taught men how to live and how to die. And while volumes of evidence could be adduced to substantiate its claim of divine origin, it is sufficient for the reverent student to recognize that it is inbreathed with the Spirit of the Almighty Creator of the Universe.

No education is complete which does not include a knowledge of the contents of the Holy Bible. No culture is finished which does not recognize the Spirit which animates its teachings. No life is real or rational which does not assimilate the power of its inspiration.

The Senior Class Play.

The Class of 1916 will present "The Rivals", by Sheridan, on Friday evening, April 14th, at the Holy Redeemer Hall. This play is an 18th century classic and the one in which Mr. Joseph Jefferson made himself famous in the role of Bob Acres.

The original production was presented at Court Garden, London, January 17th, 1775, but the play really reached the height of its popularity in 1896, when it was presented by the all-star cast, including Joseph Jefferson, Nat. Goodwin and Julia Marlowe.

The cast as it will appear April 14 is as follows:

Capt. Jack Absolute: Frank Simmons
Faulkland: Oswald Owen
Bob Acres: Harold Rountree
Sir Anthony Absolute: R. Kremer
Sir Lucius O'Trigger: Frank Schall
Fog: Warren Healey
David: Harry Dietrich
Thomas: Howard Becker
Mrs. Malaprop: Dorothy Whittis
Lydia Languish: Josephine Houts
Julia: Eugenia Marsh
Lucy: Hazel Wright

A DOG'S TALE

(Continued from Page 2).

... dox, whose advice he always asked and demanded.

"Well, Beet" (his full name was Beethoven Chopin Brown but he was called Beet for short) "Well Beet, do you honestly think I could ever become a great musician?"

His only response was a growl, so he tried again:

"Please answer papa, Beetie"—Beetie was his most affectionate name.

Beetie growled once more. Evidently he was not in a talkative mood this morning. But Ivory gave one last desperate attempt.

"Please, Beetie," he began, but the dog, with a disgusted air, rose, shook himself, and walked slowly out of the room.

But while this rebuff saddened Ivory, it did not keep him from following out his plan. He entered a class of music, under the best musician in town and began to study diligently.

Three years later, I. H. Brown and Beet were living in the same room in the same apartment; but the Brown of today was totally different from the one of three years back. But the only change that concerns us was that his ideas about music had undergone a revolution, and that he had learned to play the piano exceedingly well. Beet, on his part, had remained the same, except that he had taken on more flesh, and the self-satisfied smirk on his face was more pronounced.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and Mr. Brown was standing before his dresser tying his necktie with the greatest care; for this evening he was to be principal performer in an amateur concert given by the school of music in which he had studied.

Presently, dressed in his best suit...

(Continued on Page Six).
A DOG'S TALE

(Continued from Page Five).

Brown left for the concert. But no sooner was he out of his door, than a
long, heartrending howl rang
through the apartment. He hesi-
tated. The howl broke out again, so
he opened his door and asked Beet
anxiously what was the matter. Beet
gave a whine and a growl, which
Brown interpreted to mean that he
wanted to go along, that he ought to
be allowed to go along, and that he
was going along anyhow. So he went.

After arriving at the building
where the concert was to be given,
Ivy was at a loss to know what
to do with Beet. He would not be
allowed in the dressing-room, and his
feelings would be hurt if they were
left outside. Finally, however, Ivy
 decided to smuggle him in, and tie
him to an old electric piano, which
was placed just out of sight, behind
the scenes. It had never been clear
why this piano had been bought, as
it was seldom used; but it was still
able to give forth a mixture of sounds.
Here the dog would be un-
noticed until the concert began, and
no one would dare take him away
then, for fear of his barking.

At length came the time for Ivy
to make his appearance. The house
was well filled, remarkably so for an
amateur performance. Ivy played as
he had never played before; his se-
lection was good, and he played it
with expression and feeling. The
audience waxed enthusiastic, and af-
 ter he had finished, clapped insis-
tently for an encore. He played this
well, and retired from the stage with
joy in his heart.

But the audience was not yet satis-
 tied and clapped for more. Ivy at
length returned to the stage, but with
some misgivings, for he was not sure
that he could live up to his re-
putation. For several months he had
practised his first two pieces, and he
knew every note in them; but he had
not expected to be called upon for a
third selection, and he was decidedly
nervous as he sat down again to the
piano. His nervousness increased as
he started to play one piece, and then
quickly changed to another. Then, af-
 ter playing a few notes of this, and
making several mistakes, he lost con-
 trol of his hands, and an awful dis-
cord rang through the house. It

jared on the nerves of the audience,
and it jarred on those of Beet, lying
behind the scenes. The dog could not
stand it. He sprang up; but as he did
so, the string he was fastened to
pulled the lever of the electric piano,
which started grinding out a much
butchered-up piece of rag-time.

And the audience laughed.

When it had finished, Ivory Heze-
kiiah Brown bowed, and left the stage.
But his reputation was not ruined,
as he had thought, for the audience did
not know but that it had been a pre-
arranged plan. So they hailed him
as a great musician, and he was com-
forted.

So ivory hezekiah Brown lived hap-
pily for a long time. And as for
Beethoven Chopin Brown, he lived
long enough to see his master become
widely known as a great musician.
And when he died, he was given a
marble tombstone, and at his funeral
a brass band played "Pido is a Hot
Dog Now."

Attention!

Along with your Latin, French or
German translations you might just
as well learn some of the following
yells that you don't know already.
We'll give you a stiff test about the
middle of May and if you don't
respond to the questions we'll flunk you
flat.

Here goes for some of the least
familiar ones. You'll find your oldest
friends down at the last.

1. Bing! Bang! Biff! Sis, Boom! Rah!
Webster High School! Rah! Rah! Rah!

2. Give 'em the axe axe axe
Give 'em the axe axe axe
Where
In the neck neck neck
In the neck neck neck
There

3. W-E-B-S-T-E-R
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Webster! Webster! Webster!

4. I Ki Yidika! I Ki Yip
Webster! Webster! Rip Rip Rip!
Kitty, Kitty Wah! Wah! Kitty Kitty Wah!
Webster High School! Rah Rah Rah!

5. Rah-Rah-Rah Rah Rah

GET
YOUR
TENNIS
SHOES
AT THE
Webster Groves Shoe Store
Greeley Building

VISIT THE--
NEW WEBSTER THEATRE
(Under New Management)
The Best of Film Subjects

LET PAUL
SHINE YOUR SHOES
A First-class Shoe Shiner
AT THE LOCKWOOD BARBER SHOP
OPEN SUNDAYS

Rah-Rah-Rah Rah Rah
Rah-Rah-Rah Rah Rah
Team Team Team

6. Eifei Tower! Ferris Wheel!
Cycle Boa! Automobile!
Shoot the Shoot! Loop the Loop!
Webster High School! Rickety Roof

7. 1-2-3-4--
2-3-1-4--
4-11-44--
Who are we for?
Webster.

8. Rah Rah Webster
Rah Rah Webster
Rah Rah Webster
Rah Rah Webster

9. Boom-a-laka! Boom-a-laka!
Bow-wow-wow
Chick-a-laka! Chickalaka!
Chow-chow-chow
Boom-a-laka! Chickalaka!
Who are we
Webster High School
Yes-sir-Bee
A Summer at Culver
(Continued from Page Four)

opposite mine, ready to retire. I thought this strange, but just then the bugler blew “taps” which meant lights out, and everyone in bed. As there was no light in the room, this did not bother me at all; but I did have to hurry to climb into bed, or I might say on top of a mattress, before the inspector came around in five minutes.

I was rudely awakened early in the morning by a terrific noise, and as I stumbled from my bed, reveille sounded, and I was gently informed by an “old man” that I would have to report in ten minutes, fully dressed, for roll call and morning exercises. I might remark that that particular ten minutes seemed the shortest in my life. It is needless to say that there were a good many lates and absentees that morning. Later in the summer this information was changed to bathing suits, and after the exercises we were compelled to take a dip in the lake. The lake had a way of getting very chilly, and this morning plunge was far from a pleasure.

For several days everything and everyone seemed in a state of confusion and disorder, which it would be impossible for anyone to unravel. But finally everything settled down into a routine, which consisted of a round of duties and pleasures that filled everyday to the brim, and made one go to sleep in the evening thinking that he had done a full day’s work.

After about a week of this setting process, lone cadets might be seen wandering aimlessly about, and sitting separately on the barren rocks along the lakeshore, and feeling almost as forsaken and lonely as the rocks they sat upon. This disease was known as homesickness, but as the Commandant had said, “Although it was very serious and real at the time, never had anyone been known to die from the effects.”

This homesickness at length dis-
Garden Club Entertainments

(Continued from Page One).

Mrs. Harwood...Mary Margaret Noble
Mr. Harwood......Blagdon Meyers
Mr. Halman, who is President of
the Garden Club, closed the pro-
gram with a short speech on the
object of the entertainment, etc., and
announced the opening of contests on
good gardens during the coming sea-
sion for the people of Webster for
which prizes would be awarded by the
Club.

After that, the people were invited
to visit the different rooms and see
the Domestic Science and Manual
Training exhibits. Quite a few of
the posters for the Public Library
were on exhibition.

There was a dance in the gym. af-
fter the entertainment.

--

WE SAW YOU.

(Continued From Page One)
we expect to see a second Shaws Gar-
den around the High School building.

The Senior Luncheon was a great
success. The girls did themselves
proud and the boys raked in the
cash by handfuls.

The F.O.O.T:-E. Club gave their
second Annual Formal Subscription
Dance at the Kirkwood Club on Mar-
17th. It was one of the biggest af-
fairs of the season.

The Dionysius Club gave a Palm
Beach dance at the Algonquin Club
on the 10th of March. The affair was
chaperoned by Messrs. and Mesdames
Cann and La Vigne.

--

Standing of Eastern College Teams.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>School</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Princeton</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornell</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yale</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dartmouth</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbia</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A Summer Scene.

It was morning on the river,
And the swiftly moving water
With its pink and dull gray color,
(More like coral than real water)
Made me wonder that if ever
Nature could paint scene more clever.

But at noon up on the river,
The lazy, idly drifting water,
With its shadows and its gleaming
(More and more silver seeming)
Made me feel that surely never
Anything could be more clever.

Then at sunset on the river,
When the darkening shadows
gathered,
And the brilliant orange colors
Formed a zig-zag down its waters
Then I saw—but not till then—
What I've never seen equalled again.

GARDEN CLUB JOINS HANDS
WITH WEBSTER HIGH SCHOOL

The Garden Club, being engaged in
the study and development of horti-
culture in Webster Groves, has de-
cided to work with the Educational
Department of the city and the school
children, with a view to beautifying
the surroundings of the schools as
well as to interest the children, es-
pecially in the planting and care of
flowers and shrubs; and as a begin-
ing it will direct its efforts for this
year with the High School, which
welcomes the co-operation of the
Garden Club in beautifying the High
School grounds this spring.

The Board of Education has as-
sured the Garden Club of its encour-
agement, and the faculty of the High
School as well as the scholars are
quite enthusiastic over the prospects
of what may be accomplished and an-
ticipate many instructive and de-
lightful entertainments and lectures
along with the work of beauty which
is so essential to higher education.

HERBERT ROUNTREE.
THE SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Class, in presenting "The Rivals", in such a finished and effective way, are to be congratulated most heartily. The play was entertaining, interesting and humorous throughout. Mr. Frank Simmons took the role of Captain Absolute, and won applause and admiration of his audience by his effective impersonation. Miss Josephine Houts took the part of Lydia Languish. Her acting was splendid and her appearance beautiful.

Miss Dorothy Whitis played the part of Mrs. Malaprop, and was a continual source of laughter, because of her conceit over her "parts of speech". Mr. Oswald Owens took a very effective part in the performance, and acted in a way that justly brought much credit to him. Mr. Kramer took the part of Sir Anthony Absolute, and played it well, being ludicrous to the extreme. His words themselves were laughable, and his acting served but to accentuate them. Miss Eugenia Marsh took the role of Julia Melville. Miss Marsh was well fitted for her part, and acted it with much expression.

Messrs. Healey, Dietrich and Becker played very effective and necessary parts. Miss Hazel Wright, as Lucy, vied with Miss Houts and Miss Marsh as the center of attraction. Mr. Harold Rountree took the part of Bob Acres, and Mr. Schall that of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. All we need say of these is that they "did themselves proud," in playing two of the most difficult parts on the cast.

Altogether the play was splendidly executed, and not only the players and their coach, Mrs. Stark, but the whole Senior class are to be complimented.

(Continued on Page Five).

WE SAW YOU

The Freshmen were a pleasing surprise on April Fool's Day when they rendered a program before assembly. We are sure that some of their number, at least, have their futures assured if they wish to continue in this sort of work.

A large subscription dance is scheduled for April 25th at the Kirkwood Country Club. The Junior members are the propagandists of this movement to whom we wish to offer our hopes for success.

The next Dionysian dance is arranged to take place on the twelfth of May, at the Algonquin Club. The members are eagerly sure that this will be the best dance of the season.

The D. E. E. R: Club, composed of Kirkwood girls, have completed plans for a Leap Year dance to be given on May 5th at the Kirkwood Club.

The F. O. O. T: Club will give a dinner dance at the Algonquin Club on May 19th. We only hope that the members will not dwell too heavily on the first part of the programme.

The annual Junior Entertainment given for the Seniors as a happy send-off to the dear people, is causing much suspense this year. As a particularly nice affair, they have almost decided upon a bonfire which will probably be "pulled-off" on some moonlight night in May.

The parade in which we were so interested and excited was a grand

(Continued on Page Eight).

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION PAGEANT

The Pageant, which is to be given by the Girls' Athletic Association on May 21, will be one of the foremost events of the season on the Webster High School Calendar. Great plans are being made for entertaining all. There will be several solo dances given by girls of the school as well as different dances by groups of girls.

The Freshmen will present, in dance form, "Diana's Hunting Party" and several other folk dances. The more advanced pupils will display in costume, "The Italian National Dance", "Psyche", "The Musette" and "A Spanish Dance". Miss Mary Cord and Miss Josephine Houts will give solo dances.

The Pageant will be staged on a platform erected in the rear of the school grounds. The stage will be profusely decorated with flowers and green foliage as a representation of Spring.

Everybody come. Admission free.

CAMP KILARNEY

To the boy interested in Summer camps, the news that one has been started which promises to be a class by itself will be welcome, indeed.

And such an institution is Kilarney Camp School, "the school that develops moral, mental and physical stamina." It is founded on the idea that the energy in a boy, rightly directed, will develop him into a real man, and its aim is to present an ideal camp school, where boys can spend their summer vacation with a well-arranged program of study, recreation, physical and moral training.
Col. O'Connor's Story

Col. John O'Connor of the Ozarks, former criminal lawyer, senator and railroad president, sat in the lobby of the old Southern hotel, St. Louis, intently reading the morning "Republic". The magnates interested, however, was absorbingly fixed on one article, which he read and re-read, and then read over again. He was perusing his own eulogy. The sensation experienced must have been similar to that of a ghost, who, soaring to its haven of rest, looks down to see the body covered with flowers and tears. The colonel was dead, politically and professionally. His lion heart, keen brain and giant body had broken under the strain of sixty years of defatigable labor, unremitting effort, and unceasing sacrifice. He had been forced to retire from all activity, both public and private, and now he sat in the same hotel from which he had so often dictated the policies of state, reading about the passing of himself—the gigantic dictator—from the scene of action. The tributes to his achievements and ability were many and eloquent; they came from all parts of the country and from all sorts of people. But the compliment that touched his heart was the one paid to his bravery. "In the Ozark regions just after the war, when the life of the criminal lawyer was constantly in jeopardy, later in affairs of state, when the greatest of crises were at hand, Col. O'Connor never, in the gravest situations, evinced the slightest cowardice." These lines seemed to burn into his brain as he read.

This meditative reading, however, could not last forever. It was finally interrupted by the tactless but fervent salutation of an old friend:

"Good morning, Colonel; sorry, indeed, that your health has failed. . . . Well, we must all grow old. I see you have the morning paper."

"Yes," was the quick reply, "I am grateful to my friends for their kindness, but they made one mistake"—and Col. O'Connor chuckled—an indulgence he seldom permitted himself.

"And what is that?" interrogated the friend.

"I'll tell you, although it has been a secret with me for many years." And the old man marveled at own confidential mood. "A great many years ago, just after the war of the states, when I was a young criminal lawyer in Springfield, Mo., I was defending a murderer in Dallas County, by change of venue. In the beginning I was reluctant to take the ease, but two motives influenced me—the one noble; the other ignoble. First, I argued with my conscience that an accused man must be defended; the law demanded it. If I were to refuse the court would appoint some one else. It was my duty to do what I could. Secondly, a large fee was a temptation to the struggling youth. I promised my services, but demanded that a full confession be made to me. The prisoner then told me his wretched story."

"He bore the greatest hatred towards a neighbor, occasioned by a dispute over the boundary line of their farms. One day he had waited hours in a pasture until the enemy might come through. When he saw his adversary approaching he fell down as if injured, and groaned as if in great pain. The neighbor forgot enmity, strife, all dispute over boundary; he only knew that a fellow creature was in distress over whom he bent in an act of mercy. But his mercy was repaid by a death wound. Such was the lamentable and dire story as related to me by the culprit."

"My first impulse was to mete out punishment myself, without even awaiting the process of law. But I suppressed that feeling, and remembered that I was a lawyer protecting a human life; my duty was to save. We took the ease to Dallas County, and it was stubbornly contested for days. Finally, one mid-night the verdict was returned. The prisoner was found NOT GUILTY. A human life had been spared. My reputation had been made, but my heart was sore. Without waiting to even address my client, I mounted my steed and started home. It was a long hard trip. When I reached the outskirts of Springfield, my body was worn and my mind was in a tumult. I remembered suddenly! I must pass through that pasture! Even then I must enter it. I summoned all possible courage, and rode boldly on. Suddenly, before me, scarcely perceptible, I saw a white object. It must be a ghost. The spirit of the slain came to hide me. I swallowed convulsively, but spurred my horse on; but the horse had detected the master's fright. He refused to move. Repeated and painful urgings were of no avail. I dismounted; but attempting to lead proved as ineffectual as spurring. The figure before me was moving! In my consternation, I pulled my revolver and shot. With a low moan the ghost sank to the earth. I had not expected so much. Could spirits be mortal? My beast and myself seemed to recover courage simultaneously, and we hurried home."

"The next evening the Springfield Post had startling headlines, some one had come in the night to the pasture of the acquitted, in the spirit of vengeance. A beautiful white horse had been shot."

YOUR SUMMER VACATION?

SPEND it in CAMP in the beautiful valley of ARCADIA, MO.

Experienced Leaders, Low Cost, Excellent Equipment

Courses taught in Botany, Zoology, and Physical Geography

Athletics, Swimming, Fishing and Hiking

Other Camp Activities

For Further Information Write

ED. BEALLS
1611 Pine St. St. Louis, Mo.

FOR GOOD SHOE REPAIRING go to
674 BIG BEND ROAD

Bell 133 Kinloch 11

WIDMANN DENTIST
221 East Lockwood, near Plant Ave.
WEBSTER GROVES
HOURS: Daily 8 to 6 Sunday 8 to
THE M. A. A. MEET

The Missouri Athletic Association Relay Carnival given March 25th at the Coliseum was one of the greatest indoor meets ever staged in St. Louis. This was a treat for the boys and lovers of the sport.

The talent exhibited there was the best to be found in this country. Only a few of the great stars were absent. Among those present were the incomparable Irland of Webster High, the great Sampson of Missouri University, Starr of Cornell, Meredith of Penn. U., Floyd of Missouri U., Kangaroo J. Loomis of Chicago A. A., and the African Diamond of Chicago U.

Webster gave the big city High School some pointers in sprinting and relay racing. Out of three starts Webster captured two first which is not a bad showing. Irland in the 46 yard dash defeated all of the City High Schools. McKinley was the only one able to give him much competition. The Webster High School relay team ran rings about their opponents lapping most of them and also making 4-5 of a second better time than McKinley's team which won the city relay race.

Webster expects to do more than ever before in track this year. The following meets are on the program.
April 21—Grover Cleveland
April 22—McKinley
May 6—S. E. Missouri, Cape Girardeau
May 13—State, Columbia
May 18—St. Louis County.

The results of the Missouri Athletic Association Carnival.
1. 50 yd. Dash (Interscholastic), Irland, W H S, first. Time 5 4-5 seconds.
4. 50 yard dash (Handicap) Geist, C A A, first. Time 5 3-5
5. 600 yd. run (Handicap), Eby, C A A, first. Time 75 2-5
6. 600 yd. run (Interscholastic) Lamont, McKinley, first. Time 83 3-5
7. 440 yd. run (Invitation) Meredith, Penn. U., first. Time 51 2-5
8. 50 Yard dash (Invitation) Schuster, McKinley, first. Time 2:11 2-5

11. The Ball Mile (Invitation), Mason, Illinois U, first. Time 4:21
12. 1000 yd. run (Invitation) Eby, C A A, first. Time 2:22
13. 50 ye. High Hurdle (Invitation) Simpson, Mo. U, first. Time 56 1-5

“Everytime the baby looks into my face he smiles,” said Mr. Meekins.
“Well,” answered his wife, “it may not be very polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor.”

ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE RIVER PACKET CO.

Great Tennessee River Route, for Freight and Passengers

EXCURSION SEASON OPENS MARCH 1st

...$15.00 ROUND TRIP....
Including Meals and Berth

STEAMER ST. LOUIS

Will leave Wharfboat, foot of Pine St., every Monday at 5 p.m., for Cape Girardeau, Cairo, Paducah and all landings on Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee rivers to Battlefield of Shiloh and Waterloo, Ala. McIntosh Orchestra.

Jno. E. Massengale,
Tff. Mgr.

Telephone
Main 46 Webster 192
Central 30
EDITORIAL

EASTER.

It seems singular that the celebration of Easter, the chief festival of the Christian year and the day on which many Christians commemorate the Resurrection of our Lord, should have arisen from an old Pagan custom. And yet several instances are found where the Christians have taken Pagan and Jewish customs and transformed them by giving them religious significance. There is indeed no trace in the New Testament or writings of the apostles of special places or times having a particular sanctity. We find in Socrates' ecclesiastical history that "the apostles had no thought of appointing festival days but of promoting a life of blamelessness and purity." Origen and Chrysostom also argue against such "external things". Nevertheless the custom of Easter has become a part of many creeds although without its former pompous celebration.

When Christians went among the Anglo-Saxons as missionaries they found our forefathers celebrating the feast of Ostara or Eastre, the goddess of morning and of Spring. The festival occurred in the fourth month which corresponds to our month of April and was a rejoicing and thanksgiving for the coming of Spring and death of Winter—birth of light and the passing of darkness. There is also some connection between the feast of the Passover and our Easter for one finds that they occurred at the same time. The similarity is even found in the words for "Easter" in modern Romance languages. In French one finds "paques", in Spanish and Italian "pasques". Naturally the early Christians continued to celebrate the old Jewish feasts which had come down through generations until the septs became too widely separated for any such communion.

Then the church fathers changed the feast of the time-old Passover to the commemoration of the Resurrection; the victory of Life over Death of the light of spirituality over the darkness of the world! Here again one finds a suggestion of the Pagan festival of Eastre.

In the early church there was much discussion concerning the day on which Easter should fall. In the several parts of Christendom different days were observed. For example when a certain queen, Canatha of Northumbria, was fasting and keeping Palm Sunday, her husband was celebrating Easter. However a common day for all was at length decided upon for, as Pope Pius I decreed: "the Pasch (Easter) should be celebrated on the Lord's day by all." A fixed rule was then decided upon by the Council of Whitby and it was that: Easter should fall on the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon on or after March twenty-first.

In the middle ages there were many curious customs about Easter that have now passed away from our modern observation of that day. For example our forefathers put out their fires on Easter Eve and re-lighted them with flint. This "new fire" too has its religious significance. Another example is the representation of the burial in the sepulcher, the watch of the soldiers and the Resurrection. Of the expenditures of such a representation this record is found:

"For the sepulcher, for divers nails and wires and glue........ 9d
Payd to Thomas Jaynor for making of same sepulcher........ 4s
Payd for bokerram, for penon, and for making ............ 52d
Payd to Roger Brock for watching sepulcher ............ 8d

In the old custom of having eggs on Easter, which we all enjoy now there is also a deeper meaning. The egg is represented as life, long dormant, breaking forth into consciousness and beauty.

And even though there are many traditions that one might tell about Easter, it is the deeper thought concerning the Resurrection we should keep with us throughout the year, throughout all the time. And so we have seen the blending the old with the new—the fusing of the feasts of the goddess Eastre and of the Passover into the Christian festival of Easter—and we had found again that there is nothing new in all the world.
WE SAW YOU

(Continued from Page 1.)

success and our athletic field is assured. The enthusiasm shown would have run a steam engine for a day if enthusiasm were a substance which could be converted into steam. The issue turned out as our optimistic hopes had already predicted and we will soon have a Francis Field II, except much better of course!

As Easter falls quite late in the season this year, most of the traditional Easter bonnets that are supposed to be worn for the first time Easter morning have already been exposed to public view. But, I am sure that the boys especially, will be overcome by the many colors displayed on that morning and of which they have seen only fragments before.

The Y. W. C. A: organization which Mrs. Armstrong kindly explained for us before the girls and boys on Friday morning, promises to be a fine thing for Webster. The swimming pool, we are sure, will be very popular to say the least. The land fronting Lockwood Avenue between N. Maple and Glen road has been secured for six years. This, we are sure will be re-leased after a successful sojourn of the Y. W. in Webster for that time. The reading rooms will be patronized extensively especially on rainy days.

The class meet which has been taking place for the last week has terminated very happily—for the winners. The Seniors came out first, as every body expected and the Sophomores followed closely. (The Sophomores are good athletes as well as newspaper workers, are they not?) Freshmen were third and Juniors fourth in the meet. The Juniors are advised to catch up in time to make a grand exit, anyway. Some of the events in which our star, Irland, distinguished himself, were the 75 and 220 yard dashes. The mile run was witnessed by an excited crowd of girls just fresh from practicing a dance in the gym and when a Sophomore, namely, A. Spencer, came in second, the crowd broke loose. The crowd, as you have guessed, was composed mainly of '18 girls.

Miss Kooser, '18, has been placed on the program of the Arena Club for “Living Statues”, to be given at the next club meeting. As she is an accomplished performer and thinker, we are sure that she will acquit herself with honor.

The Dramatic Club has the intention of presenting “Twelfth Night” in honor of the Tricentennial of Shakespeare. This is under the able direction of Miss Houts who has already distinguished herself in the Senior play.

A joke found on a classroom desk, which shows wit in its most exquisite sense is: If a Freshie has a nickel has a Sophomore?

WEBSTER’S RIFLE TEAM’S PROSPECTS

The Rifle Team has not yet been picked, but there are many boys out. From the good shooting at this early date it looks as though Webster will win again, as usual. The Loving Cup donated by the Du Pont Powder Company has been won by our teams three times, and another victory will make Webster its permanent possessor.

Waggsby: That fellow reminds me of Atlantic City.
Naggby: Why?
Waggsby: Because of his bored walk.

W.J. BRENNAN GROCERY CO.
IS REPRESENTED IN THE
Gorelock Building
ROOM 110
PHONE, WEBSTER 190
BY
F. G. BRENNAN
SEE HIM FOR PRICES

AMBROSE MUELLER DRUG CO.
BRISTOL BUILDING
PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY
Everything in the Drug Line.
We Deliver Phone Us.

SELMA MARKET
(UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT)
Groceries, Meats, Vegetables
Ice Cream and Candy
CHAS. ENGLEKEN
COR. SELMA AND STANDISH AVE
IN THE GARDEN

The warm, June sun was just high enough in the sky to peep over the high, brick, wall of the old English garden. It seemed to linger at this beautiful spot as if loath to leave it for the less lovely sights of the world. Roses clambered everywhere. At one end of the garden, stood the old, white pergola, covered with pink ramblers. Nearby stood the time-weary sun-dial, a vision of white. Close to the wall grew the fragrant heliotrope and mignonette, and pansies lifted their dewy faces to greet the morning sun.

An old, bent man pushed open the small rustic gate at one end of the garden, and walked slowly up the paths, his gray head bent. Sorrow seemed to drown him, and he noticed none of the beauty about him. "It is ruined," he murmured. "The whole book is ruined, all because one thing is missing. I have tried, but it is of no use; my masterpiece is a failure."

Sadly he sat down upon the pergola seat, his head in his hands, his mind lost in the thought of his book that had promised to be so great. He knew the fault was not in his characters, for he recognized their merit, nor was it the plot for that was superb. Then a gleam of understanding came to him, and taking the thick manuscript from under his arm, he opened it and looked quickly through. One glance was enough to tell him what he wished. Taking a pencil, he hurriedly began to write, and continued long, often glancing up to look about him. When the sun was almost overhead, he stopped, and closing the manuscript, glanced up with the happy look of a man who has accomplished the one great desire of his life. He had found his mistake.

The cool, sweet atmosphere of the old garden had in few moments, brought to him, what hours of toil had failed to do.

The sun is sinking low in the west, and soft, gray dusk hangs over the garden. The roses still clamber everywhere, and the air is filled with the fragrance of the mignonette. But the old man seems old and bent no longer. Hope seems to be given to him, as with a happy stride, he closes the gate behind him and walks to the house, leaving the old garden to the calm peacefulness of a summer night.

KATHERINE CUSHING.

R. WIDMANN

Dentist

One of the leading representatives of the dental fraternity in Webster Groves is Dr. R. Widmann and during his eighteen years of practice in the city and vicinity has won golden opinions from all of whom he has been brought in contact, either socially or professionally. Being an assiduous student and hard worker, he has kept himself thoroughly posted in the advances of dental surgery and is eminently qualified to take charge of the most difficult cases, many of which have received material benefit from his services and advice, justly meriting the large patronage he enjoys, drawn from the best classes of society in Webster Groves, Old Orchard and Kirkwood.

Dr. Widmann is a graduate of the Dental Department of Washington University, having been graduated with the highest honors. He is ably assisted in his office work by his wife. He is the oldest established dentist in Webster Groves and is not only prominent in his profession but is a potent and active factor in church and charitable affairs. He is the founder of the Widmann Library Fund and has furnished his services free of charge to the Orphan's Home for years, putting in hundreds of fillings and giving treatment to the patients of this institution. He is also the donor of a gold medal to the Webster Groves High School. The medal going to the student with the highest grade of scholarship. This one thing done by Dr. Widmann has raised and improved the grades of the school 30 per cent.

Dr. Widmann is one of Webster Groves leading and successful professional men. His office at 221 E. Lockwood, near Plant avenue, is nicely equipped and furnished and here from 8 to 6 o'clock each weekday and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. the Doctor will be found industriously applying his profession and if desired, patients can make appointments evenings.

THE CLASS MEET

The Senior Class, as we all know, won the Inter-Class Meet by the safe margin of 51 points over its nearest competitor, the Sophomores. The Freshmen gained 3rd place while the Juniors had to be content with last. The results of the meet, by events, is as follows:

(Names are written in the order of finishing)
75 yd. Dash—Irland, Rountree, Booth, Hamann.
220 yd. Dash—Irland, Rountree, Brownelee, Gaines.
440 yd. Dash—Hamann, Eiseman, Schall, Robertson.
880 yd. Run—Schall, Skinner, Eiseman, Spencer.
Mile Run—Schall, Spencer, Skinner, Robertson.
Low Hurdles—Rountree, Hart, Gibson.
High Hurdles—Booth, Lacey, Hamann, Gaines.
Broad Jump—Irland, Hart, Rountree, Lincoln.
Pole Vault—Robertson, Soothing and Booth tied for second place, and Rountree.
Shot Put—Kremer, Rountree, Gaines, Buser.
Discus Throw—Kremer, Stadlebock, Rountree, Avis.
Relay—Seniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, Juniors.
IN ASSEMBLY

The program rendered by the Sen-
ers on St. Patrick's day was a very
entertaining one. Miss Stevenson's
piano selections were excellent and
won much applause. Miss Norris' re-
citation was very amusing and
was rewarded by an applause so
great as to make necessary an en-
core. Mr. Ireland's selection on the
harp were very pretty and consisted
mainly of Irish songs.

The "Missouri Mandolin Club" ren-
dered a few selections which were
enjoyed by all. Miss Lucy Cullin
recited and made a decided "hit"
with her audience.

The Freshman program of April
1st was a very entertaining one and
was considered a decided success.
There had been a great deal of doubt
as to the probability of having a pro-
gram, and the fact that they
did and made it such an excellent
one surprised us all. The Freshmen
are to be complimented.

Dr. Claxton, United States Com-
mis oner of Education, made a very elo-
quent and interesting address before
the student body of the High School.
His topic was mainly on the need
of our country in the future, of more
and better educated men and women.
His words left a lasting impression
on the students as a whole, and cer-
tainly put a very different aspect on
the work all of us are doing.

Mr. Jaenecke's illustrated lecture
on flowers and gardening was very
interesting and certainly full of in-
formation. His earnest plea that more
students should take up horticulture
and gardening undoubtedly produced
an effect on many of the students.

On Wednesday morning, April 19th,
Mr. Drye and his pupils in writing
were invited to the Assembly to hear
the following program:
Orchestra—"Faust Waltz".
Easter Chorus, led by Misses Calab
and Peterson.
Violin Solo, 'Cello Obligato—Misses
Roberts and Hack.
Orchestra—"Raindrop Dance."
Chorus—Football Song & "Alma
Mater."
Orchestra—"La Palama."

A small boy was standing in the
middle of his playroom thinking very
seriously of his father's pipe which
he had let fall and break while he
was trying to smoke it.

Just then his father came tramping
in the room with a frown on his face
and a long stick in his hand. He was
just about to grab the boy's shoulder
when his son stopped him by raising
his hand.

"Father," he said, "is this the way
you would treat a future president?"

WAIL OF THE FLUNKERS

Mr. Crane is my teacher, I shall
not pass; he maketh me to explain
hard propositions, and exposeth my
ignorance. Yea, tho I study even un-
til midnight, I shall not pass.

He preparest a test in the presence
of mine enemies; he denounceth me
publicly; my head bursteth. Surely
tests and examinations shall follow
me all the days of my life and I
shall dwell in the Trig class forever.
—Exponent.

Recently an eminent Englishman of
Science delivered a lecture in which
an amusing incident occurred. In
the course of his remarks he said:

"It is a well established fact that
the sun is gradually losing its heat,
and that in the course of 70 million
years its heating power will be so
diminished that all beneficial effects
will be lost and no life can exist on
earth."

As this sentence was uttered a
worried-looking man at the rear of
the hall rose and signified his desire
to ask a question.

"Pardon me," he said, but how long
did you say it would be before this
terrible calamity would occur?"

"Why, about seventy million years,"
replied the scientist.

The questioner fell back into his
seat with a sigh of relief.

"Thank heaven," he muttered, "I
thought he said seven million."—
County Gentleman.

A maiden lady of uncertain age be-
came very indignant when the cen-
sus-taker asked how old she was.

"Did you see the girls next door?"
she asked, "—the Hill twins?"

"Certainly," replied the census
man.

"And did they tell you their age?"

"Yes."

"Well," she snapped, "I'm just as
old as they are!"

"O, very well," said the census
man; and he wrote in his book:

"Sarah Stokes, as old as the hills."

A. BRANDENBURG

DEALER IN

FANCY GROCERIES

and

TABLE LUXURIES

FINE MEATS

and

VEGETABLES

638 Big Bend Road
CAMP KILARNEY  
(Continued From Page One)
You will notice that Kilarney, besides being a camp, is also a school. However, this need not frighten you, as the studies—botany, zoology and physical geography—will be made extremely interesting, and plenty of time will be allowed for camp life. No student will be allowed to take more than two courses.

The situation of the camp is in the heart of the Ozarks, about 95 miles from St. Louis. Arcadia, two miles away, on the Iron Mountain R.R., is the nearest town. The school is placed up on Kilarney Mountain, at the foot of which lies Kilarney Lake, a body of water about a mile in length and a quarter of a mile wide. This lake furnishes the best swimming, bathing and fishing facilities.

The sanitation and equipment of the school is of the best possible; water is furnished by a nearby mountain spring, and plenty of fresh air and sunshine is afforded. The life will be practically out of doors.

And as for recreation, there will be fishing, swimming, boating, hiking, athletic contests, woodcraft, baseball, basketball, etc. The camp will open June 15th, and will run for 8 weeks. In August you will come back, feeling like you've been made over.

“Did you enjoy the opening poem, ‘The Book’ in Dashers new volume of ‘versa libre?’”

“Was that a poem? I thought it was the table of contents.”

Sunday School Teacher (reading the Story of Ananias and Sapphira)—“And the young man arose, wound him up and carried him out and—”

Tommie (in er rup t i) “What was the use of winding him up if they couldn’t get him going again?”

WE ST LOUIS POULTRY SUPPLY & SEED COMPANY
FIELD, FLOWER & GARDEN SEEDS, INCUBATORS, BROODERS, FEEDS AND SUPPLIES  
BIRDS, CAGES, PETS, ETC.  
BABY CHICKS—RABBITS
812 North Broadway  
ST. LOUIS  
St. Louis, Mo.

WEBSTER GROVES TRUST CO.
CAPITAL $150,000.00
Pays 3 per cent on Savings Accounts.

- Learn to Save -

JULIUS FRITON
JEWELRY & GEM CO.
St. Louis' Most Exclusive Jewelry Store
Awarded Gold Medal at The San Francisco World's Fair
Bell, Olive 49
DE MEXIL BLDG., 121 N. 9th St.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
The hour of our parting is quickly approaching
Four years have we labored and toiled side by side,
We've stood firm together in joy and in sorrow
And we'll still stand together, whatever betide.

New life lies before us; our broadening horizon
Now shows us new hopes and new battles unwon.
Let us strive to be worthy of our aspirations,
That the world may remember us when life is done.

We have all had our visions of fame and of splendor,
And our lively ambitions have oft mounted high.
O may the long years ripen thought into action
That our wonderful dreams may come true by and by.

We'll be faithful to Webster; our pulses will quicken
As we hear of fresh victories won on the field
When we're gray-haired and aged, still joyfully boasting
Of the grim Webster tiger who never did yield.

We'll be true to our colors, maroon and the myrtle
Which throughout all four years we did bravely defend.
We will help one another, in peril or trouble
For the name of a classmate will always mean friend.

Our hearty class spirit will live with us ever
Though the years that are coming may keep us apart
May the future be kind, to each one of us bringing
The joy of true service, as the desire of the heart.
The Senior Will

Webster Groves, Mo., May 31, 1916

Know all men by these presents, that we, the Senior Class of 1916, of Webster High School, do hereby declare this instrument to be their last will and testament, and hereby revoke all former testamentary dispositions of our estate heretofore made by us.

First: To Webster Hgh we do will and bequeath a large campus containing a quarter mile cinder track and all modern conveniences for the football squad. Likewise a beautiful shrub-covered lawn in regard to which they may show their school spirit by keeping to the walks.

Second: To the present Juniors, who will follow us in our exalted position as the Senior Class, we bequeath our splendid example of studiousness and application to duty, in the fervent hope that it may lead them to follow in our footsteps.

Third: To the Sophomores we leave a large printing press that will turn out "Echos" fast enough to keep the nickels flowing into the class treasury.

Fourth: To the Freshmen of this year we bequeath numerous pairs of short pants to be applied, by force, if necessary, to certain members of their beloved circle who have prematurely graduated from those articles.

Fifth: For the coming Freshmen we can only hope that the deplorable lack of proper hazing at Webster High will not have the effect on them that it had on certain others who were deprived of that privilege.

Sixth: To Mr. Robertson, we leave our hearty thanks for his help to us and to the school. We hope that the school next year will be blessed with his superintendence.

Seventh: To Mr. Hixon we bequeath a charming class of Senior girls who will be able to "kid" him out of anything in the world, including the privilege of leaving school sixth period, excuses for absences, etc.

Eighth: To Miss Rainbow we leave a Caesar class who will be grateful.

—Continued on Page Eleven—

Calendar for Class of 1916

1913

Sept. 12—As Freshmen we enter High School, adding to its enrollment forty-one girls and thirty-six boys.

Oct. 25—Mr. Hixon calls us together for our first meeting and we elect the following officers: Dick Kremer, president; Harry Jones, vice-president; John Gerling, treasurer; Herbert Booth, secretary.

Nov. 15—First quarterly examinations.

Nov. 29—Gloom and joy! Report cards are out. Some learn the meaning of "flunk—slip", others the feeling of receiving high grades.

Dec. 24—Christmas Holidays begin.

Jan. 5—Return to regular routine of work after the social whirl of the past few weeks.

Feb. 1—Deep earnest study, for exams are soon to be.

March 17—Seniors challenge the "Class of 1916" to appear before the assembly on April Fool's Day.

April 1—The "Class of '16" renders a program which proves a great success.

May 5—Inter-class track meet. "1916" captures one point.

June 7—Domestic Art and Manual Training Exhibits. Mr. Harry Dietrich wins special praise for his work.

June 16—Last day of our Freshman year.

1914

Sept. 14—"1916" enters the High School in an entirely different way than the previous year. The new auditorium has been completed. Our number is now seventy-one—having lost fourteen of our former number but gained eight. Last but least we are "Sophis".

Oct. 30—Freshmen boys are hazed by the boys of 1916.

November 1—Member of the hazing crew thrown into "prison" to eat lunch alone and spend many hard hours in study.

The president of the Sophomore class, Mr. Dodson Ridgway, on account of his part in the subduing of the Freshmen is forced to resign his office. Mr. Oswald Owen is elected to fill this office.

Nov. 16—Inter-class Football.

Jan. 17—Preparations for basketball.
SENIOR PROPHETY

June 2, 1916. The date seemed to be written with indelible ink on the cells of my brain, as I looked over the paper which gave our class roll and a description of the Graduation exercises of that date. It is now 15 years since we, the good old class of 1916, graduated, but I can still remember many of the events of our last years, of our many arguments Mr. Hixson, and of last year's tribute to our principal, for "there could be no better."

I wondered, as I looked over the different names, what had become of my classmates, and how they were succeeding. As "if 'in answer to this silent question, I heard a knock on my door, followed by the entrance of my old pal and classmate, Richard H. Kremer. Dick had been my best friend since Grammar-School days, but I had not seen him in the last five years as he had been awarded the position as Chief of a large body of Civil Engineers, engaged in work in South America.

I did not, at first, recognize the two important looking men with Dick, but soon saw that they were Burrell Irland and Harry Dietrich, whom my friend informed me were his two assistants. "Boy!, as we used to call him at Webster High, after leaving school kept his interest in Track, and finally achieved the much-coveted title of the best sprinter in the United States.

After due formalities our conversation was of our last year in High School, when we had the best track team in Missouri; and of some of its members. Good old Herbie, now laboring under the moniker of Eugene H. Booth, Esq., is the General Manager of the Graham Paper Co. Then we thought of dear old Jake, whose official title is Gov. Edward G. Schall of Missouri. Besides the great cares and worries of his office, he has great domestic troubles in the person of Harriette Pongee-Schall, who is conceded to be the power in the governmental mansion by everyone, including Jakey. From thence to Mr. Clifford Skinner, who has the proud distinction of being the husband of the leading chemist of her day, Madame Genevieve Davis Skinner.

- Harold B. Rountree, the millionaire Coca-Cola magnate was the last member of that victorious Track Team. According to Diet Harold is still unmarried, though in great demand by the fair sex.

As the suggestion of dining was favorable to everyone, we took our departure in the direction of a hotel. But on our way, an appetizing sign met our eyes, "Pipkin Dining Parlors" As it was a nice looking establishment we entered. The proprietor came forward to greet us, and lo and behold, twas our old friend, John Shelby Pipkin, who led us to a secluded table by a window.

Hardly had we been seated when a large women suffrage parade came into view, led by a tall slender woman of commanding appearance, whom we recognized as the famous suffragette leader, Helen Jewell Lark. In her immediate attendance, we also recognized our old classmates, Lola Whitney and Lora Sandy.

After dining, we returned to my rooms and there, seated in easy chairs, and each smoking a large pipe were Howdy Becker and Gene Halman, awaiting our return. It was unnecessary to inquire what they had been doing in these fifteen years, as the papers had been full of interesting accounts of these great Arctic explorers. They had many things of interest to tell us, chief of which was of our old friends, Ed Kessler and Warren McArthur, who were proprietors of the largest Dry Goods Store in Montreal, Canada. They also heard that Alice Lewis and Caroline Spenne were doing great and noble work in the slums of that city.

"By the way," asked Howdy, "What ever became of Harry Jones?"

"Why, haven't you heard?" I exclaimed, "He is president of Missouri University, and Jessamine Gray is Dean of Women there."

Speaking of teachers reminds me that Ruth Reeves is English instructor at Webster High and Hazel Wright instructs the girls in gymnasium.

As I thought of the many girls in our class, I remembered one little girl who was the most popular one in our class. So I asked, "Does anyone know anything of Ruth Phillips?"

"Well, Dick ought to know lots," said Diet, "as her name is Kremer now."

As some of the fellows, Gene especially, expressed a desire to see the sights of St. Louis, I suggested that we go down town, and then go to the Shubert, as I had heard they had a very good play billed. So we hailed

—Continued on Page Ten—

YOUR SUMMER VACATION?

SPEND it in CAMP in the beautiful valley of ARCADIA, MO.

Experienced Leaders, Low Cost, Excellent Equipment.

Courses taught in Botany, Zoology, and Physical Geography.

Athletics, Swimming, Fishing and Hiking, Other Camp Activities

For Further Information Write

ED BEALLS,

1611 Pine St. St. Louis, Mo.

For Style Supremacy in Dress Use

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

Subscribe for the Delineator the fashion authority of the World

$1.50 the year

$2.00 for 2 years

For Straw Hat Cleaning and Shoe Shining See

PAUL BARNER

Lockwood Barber Shop 121 Lockwood
THE TRACK SEASON

With the track season over we may now look back upon it, and see what Webster has accomplished this year. It has been a remarkable year for us—remarkable not so much for our victories in four of the meets, as for the fact that we have excelled our own previous records. The track team has kept up with the standard of Webster and belongs right along with our football and basketball teams. Out of 5 meets it has come out victor in 4; and we feel certain that it could vanquish Kansas City, the only team that finished ahead of it at Columbia, in a dual meet. But we are not complaining because we lost out by a slight margin, in one meet. Webster has carried away enough honors this year.

But next year many of our stars will be absent. Who will fill the places of Kremer, Irland, Booth, Rountree, Skinner, Schall and Elseman? The boys left in school, and especially those in the present Sophomore Class, we will see that Webster does not lose her accustomed place of leadership in all sports.

Many records were broken this year, as usual. It is coming to be a question just how far Webster can go in the lowering of records. It seems like there should be a limit somewhere, and yet each year Webster goes right ahead, running a little more neatly or throwing with a little more strength.

Why is it that Webster can win so easily schools many times its size? Why is it that a school of 350 pupils is able to compete successfully with the largest in the State of Missouri? Perhaps these questions have never occurred to many of our students, accustomed as they are to Webster's repeated successes. The main reasons are three—the fine class of students attending school here, the interest and enthusiasm shown by everyone in the athletic contests, and, last but not least, our coach. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Roberts. Track teams are not built in a day. It has taken time and work to turn out the team which represented Webster this year, but the cups and medals which it and previous teams have won are lasting examples of Mr. Roberts' ability.

Following are the meets in detail.

Webster vs. Grover Cleveland

Webster had no trouble at all in defeating Grover Cleveland: 87-29. Out of thirteen events we captured 11 firsts and 8 seconds. Irland distinguished himself by running the 100-yard dash in 10 1-5, and the 220 in 23 2-5. Booth brought home three firsts to Webster, but was not called upon to show his best form in the face of a little opposition. Kinsey of Grover Cleveland did well, winning 2 firsts and 3 seconds for his school.

Events.

100-yd. dash—Irland, Rountree. 10 1-5
Broad jump—Kinsey, Hart. 20 feet 10 3-4 inches.
880-yd. dash—Skinner, Schall. 2:19
440-yd. dash—Hamann, Elseman. 56 1-5.
High Hurdles—Booth, Kinsey. 17 3-5.
220-yd. dash—Irland, Rountree. 23 2-5.
Shot Put—Kremer, Schram. 42 ft. 2 3-4.
Low Hurdles—Booth, Kinsey. 28.
Mile—Spencer, Skinner. 5:16 1-5.
Discus—Kremer, Stadlehofer. 105 feet 9 inches.
Relay—Webster, Cleveland. 48 1-5

Webster vs McKinley

On Saturday, April 29, Webster and McKinley staged one of the hardest fought meets of the year. It was a fight from start to finish but at the end Webster came out with a safe lead of 12 2-3 points. The victory in this meet gave Webster the undisputed championship over any high school in St. Louis, since McKinley had the best team in the city.

Events.

100-yd. dash—Merkleson, Irland, Rountree. 10 2-5
Broad Jump—Booth, Leffler, Hart, 20 ft. 4 1-2 inches.
440-yard dash—Shuster, Hammann, La Mont. 54 2-5.
High Jump—Rountree, Leffler, Saycott. 67
High Hurdles—Leffler, Booth, Rout.

17 4-5.

Mile Run—Spencer, Schall, Halman. 5:3
Pole Vault—Childs, Booth and Gueber, Leffler, 9 ft. 8 in.
220 yd. dash—Irland, Rountree, Murch. 23 2-5.
Shot put—Kremer, Deeds, Fuerborn. 45 ft. 2 1-2 inches.
Low Hurdles—Booth, Irland, Rouat 27 2-5.
880-yd. Run—Shuster, Skinner, Spencer. 2:10
Discus—Kremer, Deeds, Fuerborn. 107 ft. 11 inches.
880-yd. relay—Webster, McKinley. 1:36 4-5.
Total Webster 64 1-3; McKinley 51 2-3.

Cape Girardeau Track Meet

On May 6th the Cape Girardeau Normal School staged a very successful meet at the Cape Girardeau race track. At least the meet was successful from a Webster standpoint—successful to the extent of 3 silver trophy cups, 2 silk banners and 24 medals, ranging from bronze to gold. Rountree opened hostilities by winning his heat in the 100 yards by 10 yards and from that moment the Webster boys continued to break the tape with decided regularity.

Irland nosed out Rountree in the finals of the 100 and 220, and Hamann followed with a victory over Elseman in the 440. Spencer and Schall kept up the good work by winning the mile run. The 880-yd. run brought out a close race between Mattingly of Charleston and Skinner, the latter accepting second place.

Booth ran a beautiful race in the high hurdles, setting up a new record of 16:2-5, and then repeated with a victory in the lows.

Hart and Booth took care of the broad jump placing second and third respectively. Kremer easily landed a first and second in the weights.

The Relay teams easily won the 440 and 880 yard relays winning the former in the record time, thus adding two more firsts to the already large list.

Total points scored:
Webster—68 1-2
Charleston—30
Silkstone—16

(Continued on Page Five)
THE TRACK SEASON
(continued from Page Four).
Perryville—14
Jackson—6
Twelve other schools divided the remaining points.

STATE HIGH SCHOOL MEET
The Columbia meet was interesting from several viewpoints. It interested Webster because it showed the ability of two of her sophomores, Hamann and Hart. Their showing predicts a better team for the future than the first of the season seemed to promise. The record which was broken, the 1-2 mile relay, will give the high schools of the state something to shoot at for some time to come.

Although the Webster team was very well balanced otherwise, the real thing that did the 1-2 points damage was the weakness in the jumps. We had no entry in the pole vault, and the high jump was entirely out of our class. It is to be hoped that this fact will encourage the young hopefuls rather than discourage them. There were several events in which Webster men covered themselves with glory. Booth’s high hurdle finals, Hamann’s finish in the quarter and Eiseman’s and Irland’s laps in the relay will no longer be forgotten by a long time by all who saw them. Kremer’s shot putting and discus records of 46 ft. 1 inch and 111 ft. respectively seem to predict another raise in his own county records.

Altogether the meet was very successful for us and although the final score was not in our favor we had the satisfaction of leading in points up to the last event.

THE COUNTY MEET
On May 19th Webster followed its annual custom of winning the County meet by a large score, piling up 89½ points, while the five other schools combined, could make but 53½. Several records were broken: Hamann lowered the time of the 440 to 54 seconds, while Kremer broke his own previous records by hurling the discus 113 feet and by putting the shot 46 feet 11 ½ inches. Skinner ran the 880 in 2:08 but was disqualified for bumping into another runner. Kinyon of Kirkwood took the mile record away from us, by lowering the time from 5 minutes to 4:51. Webster now holds nine records: Wellson 2 and Kirkwood and Clayton each 1.

100-yard dash—B. Irland, Webster; first; H. Rountree, Webster; second; C. Depp, Kirkwood, third; A. Lincoln, Webster Fourth. Time—11 2-5.

Running high jump—E. Hart, Webster, and Rountree, Webster, tied for first; L. Smith, Webster, third; D. EV-

Continued on Page Nine
Editorial

This is not an editorial—merely a sketch, in which Webster Groves High School is eulogized, until, I fear, its check must burn like fire. But it is absolutely necessary that you should be praised a little bit, at times, whatever you may think about the matter. First and foremost, the building must be mentioned. The Seniors must feel pretty badly about leaving such a charming house of learning—especially the beautiful garden, the schools latest addition. Then all the little nooks and crannies dear to every student's heart; the gym and the new athletic field make it harder to go out into a wide, wide world, minus these attractions.

The teachers come next. They deserve much eulogizing, for they have been very patient with "scampy" students this year, and have graded miles and miles of foolscap, because—well anyway. NOT because they particularly wanted to.

And now we have reached the Seniors, an account for whose purpose this was mainly written. They are fine boys and girls—true Websterites every one of them, friends and banner winners in everything. And there has never been before such a box of pretty and popular young ladies as our Senior Girls. They have been useful as well as ornamental this year—the highest praise to my mind, that one can give the young ladies.

The Juniors, (those dear people) are rather unknown to me, but I have heard from many sources that even if athletics is not their strongest point, they excel in sweetness of disposition, beautiful girls and studious lads.

The Sophs have worked truly, and the grim old face of Webster High has often relaxed and smiled at their grasping efforts for "Fame".

The Freshmen are promising, but somewhat obscure. We can, however, praise all truth their Assembly program which they so splendidly rendered on a dare.

At last but not least—Herman and Leo have swept us all away last year and let us brooms and dust-pan when ever we were called upon to remedy some slight: "spill" on our parts. May they live to see the day when a perfectly tidy class will enter Webster.

This issue finishes up Volume I of the Echo. Next year the work will be taken up again by the Sophomores, who will then be the Juniors, and all indications point in the direction of that the Echo in its second year will be a better success than it has been in its first. If we have done nothing but make mistakes this year, these same mistakes will make next year's Echo a paper worth while.

In this issue the Sophomores were helped greatly by the Senior Class, and, in a small way, this may be considered to take the place of a year book. It cannot represent a year book, however, in giving events of the whole year, but at least there is, besides the articles contributed by the Seniors on account of the track meets, in which Class of '16 showed up so beautifully. And, as the Seniors are about to pass outward through our doors forever, we send this wish after them—May each individual be as successful and distinguished in his or her future life as the whole class has been during its four years' time at Webster High.

A New England woman after inspecting a cemetery and finding it uncared for exclaimed:

"I'll never live in that cemetery as long as I live!"

GARDENING

The term "gardening", can be, and is, applied to two forms of garden work: the first, to ornamental or landscape work, the other practical or vegetable gardening. Both forms have their worth and deserve our special attention in the planning of our home grounds.

Landscape gardening is generally thought of as being beyond the ability of the home maker, and with this apologistic thought the home-planter goes about putting his shrubs, trees and flowers here, there and everywhere, without any attempt to secure an artistic arrangement.

In home grounds, let us first of all have simplicity. This can hardly be attained by using the more hardy and easily growing things. Then let us give a thought to the use of the plot of ground. Generally the lawn is the outside living room of the home. Just as artistic arrangement and privacy are necessary in the inside of the house, so must the same considerations be given to the outdoor living room. Study first the possibilities of the plot, then select shrubs, trees and flowers which are native in the neighboring woods. Such a selection will solve another of the problems, that of the expense of securing the material.

Vegetable grading is generally divided into market, truck, forcing home or kitchen gardening. To make market gardening pay, one should be located near a city, or in a place conveniently situated for the easy disposal of the produce. For truck gardening, rule one of market gardening is essential. In this form a few special varieties of vegetables are generally planted exclusively.

For forcing one must have a glass frame. This method is often used in any of the two preceding gardens and is very useful in the home or kitchen garden, if it can possibly be had.

Home gardening is of more interest to the home maker than the other forms. It saves money and time other wise used in marketing and if unexpected guests drop in the housewife need not feel worried, for she has her garden to help her out.

(Continued on Page 7.)
GARDENING

(Continued from Page Six).

The plot of ground to be used should be situated as near the kitchen as possible. The ground of this plot should be good, in order to make the work put into it pay. The first considerations after this, then is the soil of the kitchen garden. For early crops the soil should be light, loamy and sandy. A very good test is to take a handful of soil and press it tightly in the hand; the imprint of the fingers should show, but the dirt should fall apart immediately. An extra advantage is to plant on a southern slope, since the sun warms the soil and gives it “bottom heat” as well as the surface heat. These same rules apply to root crops. Heavier soil can be used for later crops.

To prepare the soil use fall ploughing with deep ridges, since that is the means of killing off many insects which winter over in the soil in one form or another, and it also airs the soil. In spring, harrow down and plant.

To fertilize, one may use several ways, at several different times. One method, the most commonly used, is to cover the ground with manure before ploughing; this does all the work at once. Another method is to fertilize with potash during the growing season. After the soil is in condition, the seeds should be sown as early as possible. In selecting seeds, one should always obtain the standard varieties.

Now one is confronted with tillage the summer garden work. This is very important because it prevents the weeds from growing, and thus preserves plant food. It is also a very important means of resisting drought, by keeping the ground from drying out and baking, thus making it possible for every little dew drop to do its world of good.

In a small garden methods of forcing are invaluable. The two which are most practical and most easily used are the cold frame and the hot bed. In constructing a hot bed, it pays to make a good one, even if the first expense is rather large. As the sashes which can be bought ready made are generally 4 x 8½ or 3 x 6 feet, it is best to make the beds of the same size. This saves time and labor. The hot bed should slope, preferably toward the south and should be protected on the west and north if possible. The following are the requisites for making a hot bed; enough 2 x 12 inch planks for the length of the north sides, and the same length of 2 x 6 inch for the south. Also 2 x 4 inch stakes, 2 or more feet long, should be placed at each end. The height depends upon the use to which the hot-bed is to be put. After the frame has been set up, the ground should be well banked up around the bed. This is, of course, only the bare outline of a bed. The real work is in the preparation of the soil.

To use your bed all the year round, put from 15 to 18 inches of manure in it. Sow soaked lettuce seeds broadcast, and shade for a few days. Transplant the seedlings 2 inches apart in the hot bed. By the middle of November make new bed with 2 feet of manure, and set the plants 7 inches apart. Keep them well watered and you will have lettuce by Christmas. After this has been used, start new lettuce as before, and as soon as the ground and weather will permit, plant out. Or, if desired, celery might be sown and transplanted 4 inches apart and left in the frame until July, when it can be set out. This same frame can be used to start tomatoes, eggplants, peppers, cabbage, cauliflower, beets or kohlrabi, as well as to grow radishes.

A cold frame is built primarily as a means of “hardening off” plants before they are to be transplanted.

In both a hot bed and a cold frame, the moisture and ventilation are very important.

MISS JEANNETTE FISCHER
THE MAY DAY PAGEANT

The May Day Pageant, given by the Girl’s Athletic Association, Saturday May 20th, was a thorough success. We certainly have just cause to be proud of our orchestra, which Miss Walker has so well and faithfully trained. Another laurel for Miss Walker and her students is the excellent way in which the chorus of mixed voices sang.

The dances were exceptionally pretty and well done—thanks to Miss Fidler. The perseverance with which she trained the girls was certainly crowned with success. To Miss Fidler are due also the designing of the costumes, the clever arrangement of the setting, and numerous other details necessary for the success of the occasion.

The beautiful queen and her charming attendants presented a very pretty picture. Miss Phillips ruled the festivities with such lovely simplicity that no one forgot that the mighty queen had still the heart of “little” Ruth.

A d h a v e dancing visions! Are they still among us or have they gone into fairyland, from whence they seemed to have come? Miss Stevenson and Miss Cord danced beautifully and pleased their audience extremely.

And next Miss Peterson, who so graciously opened the festivities and crowned the queen, to her as well as to all the rest are due the praise and thanks of Webster High.

THE SENIORS!

Here’s to the Seniors, whom we love the best.
Who brought us honor and fame,
They now will have their wanted rest
From Latin and“‘Math”, and the “Old School Game”.

All the lower classmen have visions of the time when they will become Seniors; and surely they will endeavor to keep up the standard which the present Senior Class have set. In looking over our athletic successes of the past year we find that many of them have been greatly effected by the efforts of the Seniors. To them are due a large part of Webster’s dazzling victories. Irland! Rountree! Booth! How we shall mourn when you have passed from our halls! Kremmer! Elseman! Schall! We can only hope to find your equals in other classes.

However we, must not forget the fairer sex. Twas a Senior girl who received honors as an essayist and whose name will appear on the bronze tablet in our Hall. Again, the Senior girl who receives the College Club scholarship does so with excellent standing. Miss Fischer and Miss Whitis have indeed brought honor to their class. But woe unto you, Senior girl who receives the College Club year socially and intellectually must now pass on, and give way to another class. So please accept the sad farewells from the other classes.

This advertisement in a country paper:
FOR SALE—A cow by man with knobs on its horns.
THE TRACK SEASON

(Continued from Page Five).

E. E. E. Kirkwood, fourth. Height—64 inches.


Pole Vault—A. Hunkins, Kirkwood, first; H. Robertson, Webster Groves, and F. Greene, Ferguson, tied for second; D. Everett, Kirkwood, fourth. Height—9 feet 8 inches.

220-yard low hurdles—H. Booth, Webster Groves, first; H. Brauss, Ferguson, second; M. Horn, Clayton, third; D. Alter, Kirkwood, fourth. Distance—19 feet 1 inch.

12-pound shot put—R. Kreer, Webster Groves, first; R. Greene, Ferguson, second; F. Kinyon, Kirkwood, third; W. Schweickert, fourth. Distance—46 feet 11-2 inches.


Discus hurl—R. Kremmer, Webster Groves, first; A. Lincoln, Webster Groves, second; F. Kremmeries, Clayton, third; M. Lattimore, Ferguson, fourth. Distance 113 feet.

440-yard run—P. Hamann, Webster, first; D. Alter, Kirkwood, second; E. Eiseleman, Webster Groves, third; C. Mueller, Webster Groves, fourth. Time—54.

440-yard relay—Webster Groves, first; Clayton, second; Ferguson, third; Kirkwood, fourth. Time: 46 4-5.

Points—Webster Groves, 89; Kirkwood, 81; Ferguson, 71; Clayton, 1; Maplewood, 1.

Rifle Team Gets Permanent Ownership of Cup.

The Rifle Team added another cup to Webster's large collection by winning the County Shoot for the fourth time. Some splendid shooting was done, and the four schools which entered, all broke their previous records. Webster's score was 462 out of a possible 500, which was the highest ever made in these contests. Clayton ran a close second with 461 while Kirkwood and Maplewood brought up the rear with 431 and 417 respectively. The highest individual score was made by Danny of Clayton, who ran up a score of 97 points. Jannopoole, the high man of Webster came in a close second with 96 points.

The contest was exciting from beginning to end and not until the last shot had been fired could the result be told. Clayton did some excellent shooting towards the finish, but was not able to overcome Webster's early lead.

Individual Shoot Record of Webster.

Jannopoole ........................................ 96
Benston ........................................ 95
Dietrich ........................................ 91
Madden ........................................ 91
Schall ........................................ 89

Total ........................................ 462

SOPHIS 11: FRESHMEN 7

The only baseball game of the year played at Webster was between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. The pitchers on both sides did well, considering the fact that they had but little practice, and had it not been for the great number of errors the score would have been considerably lower.

Score by Innings.

Name                              Innings   RH
Freshmen                           1 0 0 3 1 0 1 1 0 7 7
Sophomores                        0 0 3 1 4 0 1 2 8 1 1 0 9

Batteries—Freshmen: Spencer and Stadlerhofer; Sophomores: Lacy, Haugman and Kopplin.

A woman visited the British Museum and when told that Oliver Cromwell's skull was not there, she exclaimed:

"Well, how strange; they have a fine one at Oxford Museum."

FAMOUS COUPLES.

George—The Echo
Grace—Pete
Burl—Blue ribbons
Teddy (G, not H)—An unused ticket
Miss Milants!—B. R.
Strother—His Speds
Mr. Weber—His Chevrolet
Blo—Polly
Pat, alias Mike—Some advice
Jeanne—The library
Dick—A grin
Ed—A discussion (with Miss S.)
Esther—Charlie
Bobby (P.)—A new joke
Mabel—Carl
Edith—100
Mr. Hatton—?
David—That stride
Mil—Herbie
Gertrude—A question
C. B. K. —Martha
Oliver—His pink cheeks
Miss Stapleton—Her philosophy
Hawny—A speech
V. Fisher—Nebraska
Campbell—A blush
The Sophs—FAME

A woodman in Washington was one day hauling logs up a hill when the tongue of the wagon snapped. Now these logs being green and wet easily stretched; nevertheless he split one and improvised a tongue for his wagon. He climbed on his horses and upon reaching the top of the hill, he looked back and found that his wagon had not moved. However, he drove on, and upon reaching home, he found that his wagon was still out of sight. He fastened the tongue to a large tree, and put his horses up for the night. The next day was very hot and the sun shone brightly. His wagon load came into sight, and soon arrived in the yard.

A young traveling man, upon asking for a drink of milk, at a Kentucky mountainers cabin, received this reply.

"I reckon you'uns won't find no milk here since the dog died."

"What's the dog to do with the milk?" exclaimed the drummer.

"Well, who do you reckon's got'
SENIOR PROPHECY

(Continued from Page Three).
a street-car, and who should we see upon entering but Oswald Owen and Warren Healey, who were busily engaged in arguing whether "Teddy Roosevelt" ever lived. Os, as we all knew was a great orator, and Speaker in the House of Representatives, and Warren was an inventor of great renown. While the rest of our party were talking to Os, Howdy had been busily looking out of the window, and he suddenly exclaimed, "Look at that advertisement." It read, "Use Appel's Auto Accessories, 'The Best Ever'."

Gene had purchased a newspaper, and read us the latest war-bulletin which gave a glowing account of the table work of the Red Cross nurses among whom were Louise Shepard. On the second page, Gene read us an announcement of a lecture on "Good Books" to be given by Eugenia Marsh, librarian of Central Branch, Carnegie Library. There are rumors to the effect that she is soon to leave this position due to the guarded inquiry to be Frank Simmons. Simmy is now editor of one of leading newspapers the sporting editor of which Lion Russel, who because of his interest in athletics took up this line of work.

Too soon, we thought as we had to leave Os and Cobb, we arrived at the theater, purchased our tickets, and were seated. Upon perusal of our programs we were astonished to discover that the leading lady was Frances Robertson, while Blugden Myers was leading man. Owing to this discovery, we were much interested in the play which was a good one and displayed to the best the talents of our former Dramatic Club Stars.

During the intermission between acts, we saw a party of eight stylishly dressed, gentlemen and ladies come in and seat themselves. In the party was one lady who especially attracted my attention and involuntarily exclaimed, "Surely, that is Josephine Houts." And sure enough it was, and among the party were other old classmates of ours, Bertha Gore, Ruth Mayberry and last but not least old Bobby Stubbs. We immediately went to speak to them and while on the way to their box

I remembered hearing that Jo after graduating from Wellesley, had been one of our most popular debutantes and indeed, she had been crowned queen of the Vieled Prophet. But now we were entering the box, and there was much shaking of hands and many cries of joy, after which we adjourned to the adjoining hotel to hold an impromptu meeting of the class of 1916.

After some of the excitement had abated I found myself in a seat next to Bertha, and tried to listen while she told me the story of how she started the best home in the United States for the care of homeless and disabled cats.

As there were so many of our class present, it was suggested that we hold a Class Reunion at the Planters Hotel on the second Sunday of June of the following year. But here I saw something resembling a pout on the face of Robert's charming wife, at the thought of losing her precious Bob for even a few days, so suggested that we invite husbands and wives of class members to the reunion. This met with the approval from the husbands of the girls we had just met, as they were wealthy steel manufacturers and had to attend conventions at about this time each year.

But there were still a few members of the Class of 1916 of whom we had not heard, however on inquiry-learned that Viola Fisher and Dorothy Whitts were touring in Germany, while Agnes Collins and Lucille Madden were doing a great missionary work among the Chinese. We also heard that Nellie Sweet and Blanche Mabry, had made the statement in recent letters that they were happy though married.

My goodness I thought, how times have changed, since we graduated, but all of my classmates are successful and happy.

But what of me—you might ask—well, I am the same.

Edward T. Elsman
Class of 1916

JULIUS FRITON

JEWELRY & GEM CO.
St. Louis' Most Exclusive Jewelry Shop. Awarded Gold Medal at The San Francisco World's Fair Bell, Olive St.
DE MENIL BLDG. 121 X. 7th Street ST. LOUIS, MO.

Have your Kodak Films Developed and Printed in the Professional way at WICK'S 36 N. Gore
Bell 133 Kinloch 133
WIDMANN DENTIST
Miss Jacobi, Assistant
221 East Lockwood, near Plant Ave.
WEBSTER GROVES HOURS: Daily 8 to 6 Sunday 8 to 1

Lockwood Garden
Now showing Triangle, Paramount and all Highest Class Service

Webster Groves Trust Co.
CAPITAL $150,000.00
Pays 3 per cent on Saving Accounts.
—Learn to Save—

A country minister found three boys perched on an overhanging limb, fishing. The following conversation took place:
"Boys, don't you know that this is the day of rest?"
The startling answer was "We ain't tired, mister."

Patronize Our Advertisers.


**Hight School Echo**

---

**Calendar of Class of 1916**

*Continued from Page Two—*

---

Oct. 1—Class officers elected as follows: Dick Kremer, president; Eugenia Marsh, vice-president; Josephine Houts, secretary; and Jessamine Gray, our same faithful treasurer.

Nov. 17—Seniors defeat all competitors in foot-ball.

Dec. 16—Seniors walk around with little fingers out to display their new class rings.

Jan. 31—In class basket ball the Seniors are victorious.

Feb. 26—Seniors serve lunch. Practice is begun on the class play.

March 17—Seniors have charge of the Assembly on St. Patrick's Day.

April 1—The Class of 1916 is victorious in the class track meet.

April 11—Class play "The Rivals" is presented before a very appreciative audience.

May 29—The May Day Pageant is held and wins well deserved praise for Miss Siddler and all taking part.

Miss Ruth Phillips of the class of 1916 is crowned Queen of the May.

May 37—The Junior Boat Ride given in honor of the Senior class is declared the most successful undertaking of its kind.

June 2—We look forward with joy and regret to the day of graduation.

---

**The Senior Will**

*Continued from Page Two—*

and not "knock" her subject after they have quit.

Ninth: To Mr. Roberts we bequeath a few variations of the expression, "I look at it this way". We suggest that, among others, he try, "I regard the matter thusly."

Tenth: To Mr. Hatton the class leaves a half-gallon of soothing syrup to be taken in large doses before attempting to teach a zoology class composed of a conglomeration of Freshmen, Sophs, Juniors and Seniors.

Eleventh: To Miss Smith we bequeath a gentlemanly and lady-like Senior English class who, although set an excellent example by the poet, Milton, will not swear openly in class.

Twelfth: To the entire Faculty we do will and bequeath a studious and serious bunch of students who will think more of daily recitations than of trying to to find out when the next test will be sprung.

Thirteenth: To the faithful Herman and Leo we bequeath a thoughtful athletic squad who will not turn their harmless scraps with wet towels into a bottle with books, suit cases, and various other miscellaneous lying around a "he" locker room.

Fourteenth: To the boys of Webster we leave the responsibility of retaining sundry cups, menses, and long cumbersome poles for the support thereof.

Fifteenth: To our alma mater, Webster High, we leave, it return for many things received from her besides education, our love, gratitude and a fervent hope for her future greatness.

Sixteenth: For the residue of our estate; i.e., various lost books, tablet covers, back numbers of the Echo, etc., etc., we recommend that they be applied to the drive in the back of the school so facilitate the ice cream man's entrance and exit.

In testimony whereof we have signed this instrument and, in presence of witnesses, declare it to be our last will and testament.

Done at Webster High School on May 31, 1916.

H. B. Rountree

A new clerk to a drug store was asked by an old customer for a plain cam soda, no flavor.

"I can't make such a thing," he replied.

"Well, sir, I've been buying them all along."

"If you'll order a flavor, I'll leave it out and that will be all right."

"Give me a chocolate soda, and leave out the chocolate?"

The clerk went back to the fountain and upon finding the chocolate all gone, he returned to the customer and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but the chocolate all gone, you'll have to order something else."

Miss Chamberlain wants her students to know that those who eat in late are tardy.

Patronize Our Advertisers
There Are Several Ways of Getting Through Life

1. You can remain dependent on your family
2. Or you can pursue some dishonest career and eventually come to grief—
3. While the honorable, self-respecting method is to go to work in earnest and make your own way in the world.
4. But a person without definite training is like an automobile with the motor on and all the brakes set; his intentions may be excellent, but he arrives nowhere.
5. There is nothing like "Rubicam Training" to give you the right sort of start. The school also places you in line with a good position just as soon as you are able to hold one.
6. Ask any business man you know where he likes best to get his stenographers and bookkeepers; the chances are nine out of ten that he will say "RUBICAM."

Rubicam Business School

4933 Delmar Avenue
Branch Grand and Arsenal
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Forest 24       Delmar 2236       Grand 310