

Fashion Clothes

You Have a Right to Your Faults

IF YOU are particularly hard to please---who has a bigger right to be? This Shop is conducted for Young Men who have a mind of their own and who perhaps have many faults ---among extreme crankiness.

The suits and overcoats we specialize in were made to overcome or offset the criticisms of Young Men. Even though you are faulty in figure you can be perfectly fitted here. Even though you think that Ready-to-Wear Clothes aren't clever enough in style, we want you to see

Fashion Clothes

PRICES: \$18.00 \$20.00 \$22.50 \$25.00 \$30.00

SHELTON CLOTHING CO.

FASHION CLOTHIERS
1006 Walnut Street

Home Phone 165 East.

Bell Phone 438 East.

WE NEED YOUR BUSINESS.

HACKETT GROCERY CO.

The Clean Store

ST. JOHN and ASKEW.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

BURGE PARK

THE NORTHEAST HOME DISTRICT.

Restricted to Good Homes.

Paved streets, granitoid walks, city water, sewers and gas. Elmwood to Brighton on the east, St. John to Gladstone Boulevard on the north, with beautiful Van Brunt Boulevard running through the addition from south to north connecting with the famous Cliff Drive.

Boulevard Lots, \$37.50 to \$45 per foot.

Lots \$25 to \$30 per foot.

BURGE PARK is within two blocks of the new Northeast High School, with the new Gladstone School located on Elmwood on the west side of the addition. Beautiful Budd Park just across the street which affords ample play grounds for the children.

Remember, we sell lots on small cash payments, balance monthly, also finance the building of a home for you.

McGONIGLE-STINSON METCALF,

512 Keith & Perry Building.

Branch Office-4800 St. John Ave., Home Phone East 671.

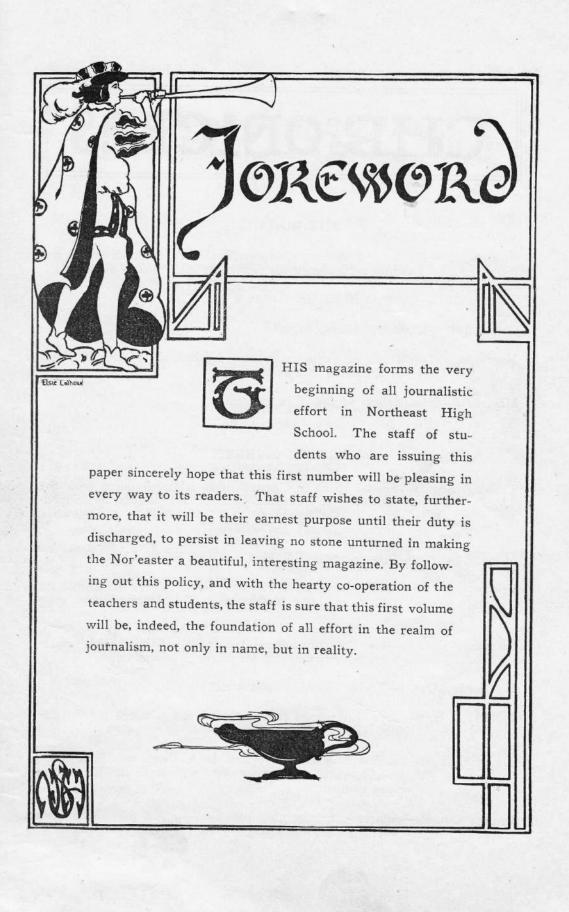
A Good Place to EAT

PENNANT CONFECTIONERY

PIE, CHILI, COFFEE AND CANDY.

4803 INDEPENDENCE AVE.

J. O. HECKARD, Proprietor.



CHR ONICLES

THE BUILDING.

Sept. 3, 1912—Block of ground on Abington Boulevard, between Smart and Thompson purchased for Northeast High School building.

Sept. 28, 1912-Contract let to Mr. Lovett.

Oct. 4, 1912-Work on building begins.

March 18, 1913—Mr. C. B. Reynolds appointed principal. Mr. C. F. Now-lin appointed vice-principal.

May, 1913-Miss Nelson begins work as clerk.

SCHOOL EVENTS.

- Tuesday, Sept. 9—School opens in Central High School building with the following enrollment: Seniors, 55; Juniors, 93; Sophomores, 169; Freshmen, 317. Total, 634. Since this time enrollment has reached 710.
- Monday, Sept. 22-First meeting of Y. M. C. A. High School Club.
- Friday, Sept. 26—First Assembly. Address by Rev. George H. Combs on "What Shall the Northeast Be?" "America" was sung by the music class.
- Saturday, Sept. 27—Faculty and students visit new building. Girls' Literary Society petitions for privilege of organizing.
- Wednesday, Oct. 1—Treble Clef Club organizes.
- Monday, Oct. 4—Boys' Literary Society petitions for privilege or organizing. Glee Club organizes.
- Friday Oct. 10—Address in assembly by Rev. L. A. Ferris on "Four Sided Development." Announcement of Sons of the Revolution essay contest.
- Friday, Oct. 24—Address in assembly by Dr. Jugend of Detroit on "Something for Nothing." Music by chorus on platform.

CHB ONICLES

- Tuesday, Oct. 28—Address in assembly by Rev. W. T. McElveen on "Success." First Northeast yell given.
- Wednesday, Oct. 29—Purple and White chosen by election as Northeast colors. Committee of eighteen students and teachers submitted Purple and White vs. Black and Old Gold.
- Tuesday, Nov. 4-"Nor'easter" chosen as name for school paper.
- Wednesday, Nov. 5—Rev. Luther Freeman of Columbus, Ohio, gives address in assembly on "Education." German Club organizes.
- Thursday, Nov. 6—Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Park, Miss Adams, Miss Thomas and Miss Queal attend State Teachers' Association at St. Louis.
- Monday, Nov. 10-Mass meeting for yells held.
- Monday, Nov. 17—The twenty-one nominees for Nor'easter staff selected by faculty and students make their bows in assembly. Election of staff fifth period.
- Wednesday, Nov. 19—Missouri University Day. Address by Dean J. C. Jones on "Reasons for Being in High School." Music by University male quartet.
- Friday, Nov. 21—Alpha Literary Society and Northeast Society of Debate receive charters.
- Tuesday, Nov. 25-Address in assembly by Dr. Taylor, on "Moral Education."
- Wednesday, Nov. 26-Thanksgiving collections, \$40.80.
- Monday, Dec. 1—Eight essays for Sons of Revolution contest handed in from Northeast students.
- Monday, Dec. 8-Mass meeting held. L. Miller, G. Stone and M. Laddish elected cheer leadears.
- Friday, Dec. 12—Circuit Attorney Arthur N. Sager of St. Louis speaks in assembly on "The Advantage of an Education." Music by Glee Club.

FACULTY

Mr. Charles B. Reynolds, Principal.

Mr. Clifford H. Nowlin, Vice-Principal.

ENGLISH.

Mr. E. D. Phillips

Miss Esther Marshall Miss Ellen E. Fox

Miss Minnie Perkins.

MATHEMATICS.

Mr. Wm. A. Luby Miss Eva Packard

Mr. Sanford S. Snell Mr. John L. Spitler

Mrs. Eva Z. Steinberg.

SCIENCES.

Mr. F. H. Ayres, Physics Miss Eleanor A. Thomas, Girls' Physiology.

Mr. Rupert Peters, Biology Mr. C. H. Nowlin, Boys' Phys-iology Mr. James D. Wildish, Chem-istry.

HISTORY AND CIVICS.

Mr. E. E. Rush

Mr. S. B. Apple,

Miss Nathalie Sharp.

ANCIENT LANGUAGES.

Mr. A. T. Chapin

Miss Jane Adams

Miss Mary A. Miller.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

Mrs. Gertrude Bell, Spanish Miss Elsie Gillham, French.

Miss Gertrude von Unwerth, German.

BUSINESS.

Mr. A. B. Parks,

Mrs. Sabra Cunningham.

MANUAL TRAINING AND MECHANICAL DRAWING.

Mr. Frank Cushman, Jr.

Mr. Barry Fulton.

HOME ECONOMICS.

Miss Martha Rouse,

Miss Irma S. Ray

Miss Lucy M. Queal.

ARTS.

Miss Malcolm Huff, r'ine Arts Mr. E. Mark Wisdom, Elocu-and Design Mr. C. B. Root, Boys' Physical Education.

Mr. C. B. Root, Boys' Physical Education.

STUDY HALL.

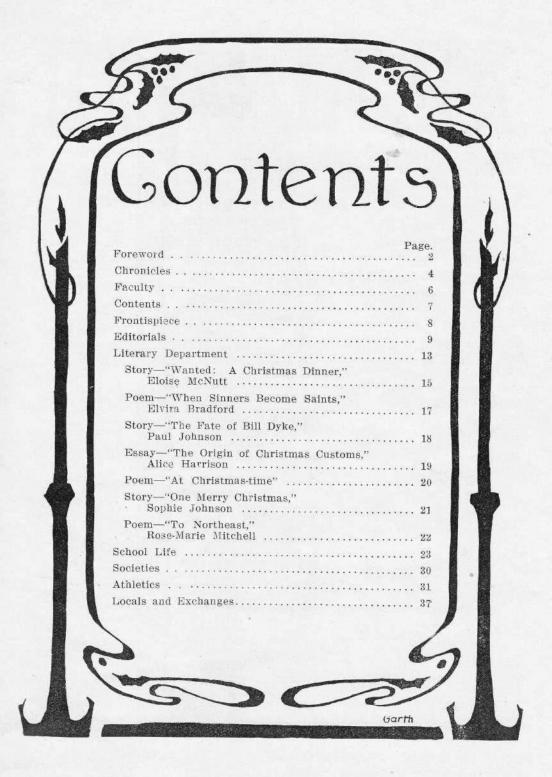
Clerk

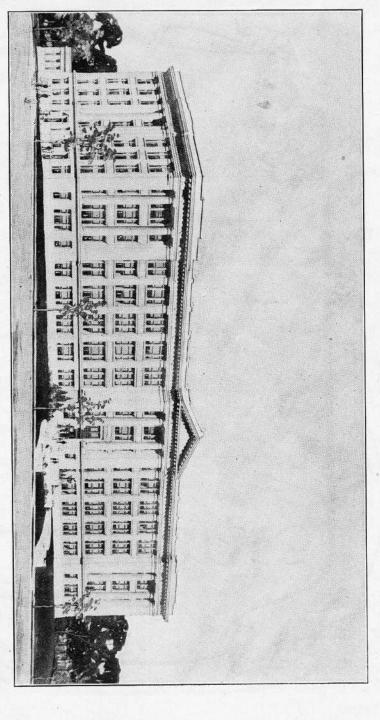
Matron

Mrs. Sue T. Fluhart.

Miss Stella Nelson

Mrs. L. M. Harrison.





Let victory be yours, Northeast,
In all you undertake or do.
A laurel wreath is at the top,
And we'll make that a crown for

THE MOR'EASTER

Vol. I. No. 1.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

December 25, 1913.

THE STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief.

Nathan S. Scarritt, '15.

Literary Editors.

Lucile Nowlin, '14. Ethel Rush, '14. Irving Brown, '16.

Athletic Editor.

Harry Davis, '15.

Local Editors.

Helen Wallace, '14. Lucile Turner, '15.

Art Editor.

Doris Majors, '16.

Business Managers.

Ernest Swearingen, '14; Lambert Hibbs, 14; Gilmer Meriwether, '15; Nye Adams, '14.

Faculty Advisers.

Mr. E. D. Phillips, Literary. Mr. C. H. Nowlin, Business.

The Nor'easter is a literary magazine, published by the Northeast High School of Kansas City, Mo.

It is issued four times a year for the purpose of promoting the various interests of the school.

The price of the Nor'easter, ten cents the copy.

Contributions from the students are requested and will receive careful attention.

Address all communications to THE NOR'EASTER, Northeast High School, Kansas City, Mo.

The Spirit of the Purple.

Northeast High School will have an imposing new building; it is situated in a beautiful residence district; it has one of the best faculties in the Middle West, and it has a class of students of the highest caliber. With all these qualities it seems improbable that ' we should not leave behind us an unequaled record. There is one other quality, however, which we must have. If we do not acquire it, all the rest will count for naught and our achievements will be in vain. It is a quality which can not be provided by others; it must be created by our-selves. That quality is a school spirit, a fighting spirit, a sportsmanlike spirit, a spirit which takes victory modestly and defeat gracefully. It is a spirit which permits no lagging on the part of its possessors, but one that allows no defeat which work can convert into victory. It is a spirit which does not rest in the souls of a few only, but one which combines the whole school into a single working force, a force working incessantly for the glory of the Purple.

And so let us not forget that no matter how fine a building or faculty we may have, and no matter how high our intellectual and physical standard may run, we can not succeed in any line of school work unless we possess that spirit; but let us all get into the game, play it hard, but play it fair; try out for all we can, and if we can't do anything else let's all go to the basket ball games and root, and in the spirit of the Purple, root ha-a-rd!

Our Faculty. Northeast is certainly blest far above all neighboring schools in regard to faculties. It seems as if nothing but the cream of the teaching staffs of the surrounding schools has been taken and poured into the Northeast teacherships. There is not one member of this "all-star" faculty who

does not excel at his position.

Our principal and vice principal, Prof. Reynolds and Prof. Nowlin have both been long connected with the Kansas City schools and are as competent men as can be found for the purpose of directing the affairs of so noble a high school as Northeast. Prof. Reynolds received most of his education in Illinois but has done most of his school work in Missouri. He has been the principal of different ward schools in this city for sixteen years, and his successes there point to a prosperous administration in his present position. Mr. Nowlin is a graduate of Kansas University and has been one of the mainstays of the Central High School faculty for the past eighteen years. It is needless to tell anyone who has followed school activities in Kansas City of his record there.

The chairmen of every department are likewise persons who have long records of brilliant service inside or outside of this city. The teachers under these chairmen also add to the allaround strength of the teaching body, for there is not one of them who could not give the student as thorough a knowledge of his subject as could be

desired.

This article may sound rather strong, but it is all true, and it is simply to remind the students of Northeast that in the matter of faculties we are the premier high school of the city, and that it will be the fault of the student body alone if, in the near future, we do not rank at the top in every way.

We Make Our Bow.

On Thursday, Nov. 20, 1913, the first editorial staff of the Northeast High School was elected from and by

the student body for the purpose of issuing some sort of school publication. This issue—Vol. 1, No. 1 of all journalistic effort in Northest High School—is that staff's first effort in performing its given duty, and we therefore await with much anxiety your expression of opinion. We think, however, that you will not find the paper one to be ashamed of, and we are sure that it will improve as we gain experience.

We have introduced several new ideas, one of which is the page of Chronicles in the front of the magazine. The recording of the events of the different months will make, we think, a valuable history of your high school career, and one which can be

referred to easily.

We also wish to heartily thank the teachers and the students for their splendid co-operation with the wishes of their staff and for their many useful suggestions. Large amounts of material came into each department, and, although only a small portion of it could be printed all of it was found to be of good quality. Those whose stories or drawings were not published in this issue are especially encouraged to keep on trying. They will probably meet with better success the next time, and it is only these contributions which can hold a magazine to a high standard.

We again express the wish that this production will meet with your approval and we hope that you will feel that your confidence in us was not

misplaced.

Advertising.

At the beginning of the school year the fifty-one firms in the Merchants' Association petitioned the Board of Education to allow no advertising in any school paper. The Board took no action on this matter, and thus it is that we are permitted to solicit "ads." Now the purpose of relating this incident is this: The obvious reason for that petition was that the merchants considered that the trade they received from their advertisements was not sufficient to warrant advertising

in school papers. If any of the merchants now advertising in this paper find the same cause for complaint they will also, perhaps, withdraw from our list of advertisers. Most of the readers of this paper know, and all should know, that the advertising which we receive is our main support. If we could get no advertisements, it would be extremely difficult to publish the magazine. Now, as we said before, firms advertising in this issue are doing it for what they can get out of it; and if they find they are getting no returns they will withdraw their "ads" and incidentally a few good dol-lars from our none too full treasury. It is for this reason that we wish to put especial stress on the old story-Patronize our advertisers. If you desire any photography work, go to a photographer that advertises in the Nor'easter; if you wish any athletic equipment, go to a firm that helps to support our paper by advertising; and so on in any line of work. You will find in every case that our advertisers can give you perfect satisfaction, and there is, therefore, no reason why you should not fulfill this school duty and Patronize our Advertisers.

The Essay Contest.

We wish to congratulate every Northeast student who handed in an essay for the Sons of the Revolution contest. You have the right spirit, the spirit of the purple, which covets for Northeast every honor to be gained, and which labors for those honors, no matter how hard or tedious the work. When all of us get this same spirit of diligence a glorious future for our school will be assured.

Although there are not enough awards to satisfy all of you, and the contestants from the other schools as well, we sincerely hope and expect that more than one Northeast student will find his name in the list of prize winners. Even if you do not have the good fortune to be honored with one of these prizes, we are sure that the experience and knowledge obtained by writing this essay will doubly repay you for your work.

Congratulating you again for your splendid spirit, we extend our heartiest wishes that your labors will prove fruitful and that your attempt to honor our new school will not be in vain.

The High School Club.

The first organization which arose in this high school was the Northeast division of the Y. M. C. A. High School Club. It was this organiza-tion which first of all, and therefore most of all, assisted in bringing out the unknown quantities among the high school boys; and also in combining into one force the different sets and groups which formed the student body. This service in "breaking the ice" is not, however, the greatest good which the "High School Club" is doing for the school. Every Monday evening, under the leadership of Prof. E. D. Phillips, the Northeast boys meet at the Y. M. C. A. and discuss the problems of the high school boy. This does much towards strengthening the boy half of the student body at least, and is undoubtedly a work to be greatly appreciated. Mr. Tyler, the Y. M. C. A. high school secretary, should receive especial thanks for his effective work in getting the club started in our new school.

The Northeast division has shown the right spirit from the very first, and now occupies the meeting room of honor, the College Club Room, by right of having had the largest percentage of attendance for the month of November. At the close of each school year the Jaccard Jewelry Company presents a cup to the division of the club which maintains the highest percentage during the year. As any older by in the high school is eligible for membership, here is a golden opportunity for everyone to help in gaining honor for Northeast and to assist in filling our necessarily empty trophy case. If each boy would make it his duty to be present at each meeting of the High School Club, we would have a class of morally strong boys, and besides that, a certain cup stowed away in our own possession.

"Get Busy."

This is the time of the year when the days are filled with opportunities for the true Northeast student to try his hand at some phase of school activities outside of the class room. The whole school is busy. The athletes are turning themselves into basket ball stars under the direction of Coach Root; the debating squad is daily struggling with the problem whether or not "Municipalities Shall Own and Operate Public Utilities;" the essayists are either wiping their pens after finishing their product on "The Follies of George III in Dealing With the American Colonies," or are forming plans for prize winners in the W. C. T. U. contest; the art students are racking their brains for an attractive cover design for the next issue of this paper; the musicians are occupied with various organizations in the music department; the literary lights are writing articles for the "Nor'easter," and last, but not least, the jokesmiths are busy manufacturing jokes for the local editors.

If you yourself are not occupied in any of these various pursuits, or any other which is in the interest of the school, "Get into the game" at once. Don't stand idle on the outside and shirk the responsibility which rests on your shoulders; but pick out the line or lines of work to which you wish to confine your efforts and join the great force which is working steadily for Northeast's honor. Thus you will act as one of the live wires in making Northeast's record as enviable as that of any of her sister schools, and will be recognized as one of the creators of the fighting, working Spirit of the Purple.

That Season Ticket.

Athletic teams cannot be maintained at Northeast, or at any other school for that matter, without the wholehearted support of the students. This means more than merely talking about "our team" or "our men." It means real, definite support, and the only real, definite support that we know of is to buy one of those season tickets. The price is only seventy-five cents and the ticket admits one to all the athletic contests in which Northeast participates.

It would behoove all of us, then, to take advantage of this bargain and show our sister schools that Northeast is a school which will not let athletics decline, merely on account of lack of support from the student body.

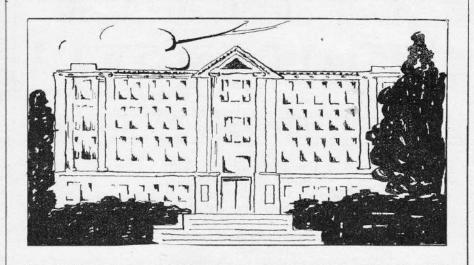
Perhaps it would seem better to leave these words to the athletic department, but the matter is so momentous that it will do no harm, we believe, to remind you of it at every turn.

Notice to Contributors.

All Northeast pupils who wish to hand in contributions to the Nor'easter must have their articles approved, criticized, and signed by the proper teacher of the department which the article stands for before handing the articles to the respective and proper editors of the magazine.

For instance, the person who has an article on the science department must take it first to the head of that department for correction and approval; if the article is on Northeast athletics, it must be taken to the physical director for its first criticism; or if it is merely a story, poem or essay, an English teacher should correct it and mark it with his stamp of approval. Then, and not before then, it should be handed to the literary editors, or the athletic editor, as the case may be.

This is to have perfect reassurance of the fitness and accuracy of the contributions before they are handed to the members of the editorial staff.



LITERANY DEPARTMENT

L.S.S.

"And there were in the same country, shepherds

Abiding in field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them,

And the glory of the Lord shone 'round about them;

And they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them: Fear not;

For, behold, I bring you good tidings

of great joy, Which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David

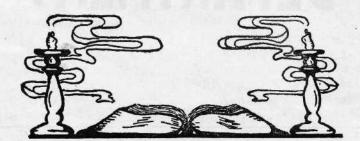
A Savior, which is Christ, the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the babe

Wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel

A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace, good will toward men."





EDITORS.

Lucile Nowlin

Ethel Rush

Irving Brown

Wanted: A Christmas Dinner.

Eloise McNutt, '15.

A few days before Christmas, in a luxurious lounging room of his club, a fine-looking, middle-aged bachelor sat, shivering at the very thought of spending another Christmas alone in his solitary apartments. It had been ten years since he had enjoyed a "home" Christmas dinner, and then some kind friends had taken pity on him. He had not eaten in his own home for nearly sixteen years, and oh, how he longed for just a glimpse of the dear old place!

As he sat there, dusk settled in the room, making its rich velvet hangings and shining mahogany surfaces appear all the richer in the light of the few embers left in the grate. A man came in, stirred up the fire, making a dart of flame which for an instant revealed the pictures and delicate ivory on the mantel, and went quietly out. Crawford Stuart sat absently looking into the fire, his dark brows knit over his fine black eyes in a scowl. Presently the brows were raised. Stuart was not the man to give up anything he had set his heart on.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I have it! If these happy married folk can't even think of a poor fellow that's got to hang around by himself even on Christmas, we bachelors'll have to devise a scheme of our own, and I've mine all neatly planned. It's keen, too!"

He hastened to his desk and quickly wrote a few lines. Then, chuckling with delight, he read the following aloud, apparently to the pictures on the wall:

"Wanted: A real Christmas dinner, in a home. Applicant amply able to repay all hospitality in any way desired, and at any rate will provide the family, large or small, with gifts worthy of the occasion. First answer to ad will be accepted."

Delighted with his little scheme, he sealed the letter, gave it to his valet to post, and sat down to reflect. "Suppose it didn't work!" "Nonsense, it couldn't help it! Who wouldn't be glad enough to answer such an ad!"
"What if the family should be disappointing!" He hadn't thought of that before. Well, the thing was done. Let it work as it would.

The next morning at breakfast Crawford took keen delight in reading his own ad in the paper. If it—But he was interrupted by a 'phone call. (The butler said the 'phone had been ringing all morning, and that he had told fully fifteen people to call after nine-forty-five.) Stranswered "Yes?" rather gruffly. Stuart hated being called from his meals.

A sweet feminine voice replied, but Stuart heard not what it said. Again he spoke: "Hello!"

"Are you the gentleman who wanted

a real Chris-"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Crawford ravenously. "What is your address? What time will you serve dinner? May I come?——" he rattled on excitedly. When he had finished, beaming all over with keen delight, he hastened into his overcoat, seized his hat and gloves from the table, gave word to the astonished butler to have the car sent around, and dashed out of the door, leaving breakfast—a minor matter—behind.

Comfortably settled in his limousine, he began to think. What should he get for these people? Suddenly his face became clouded. "Hang it! Why is it a fellow never thinks of things in time! Now how am I to know whether to buy for babies or grandmothers?—didn't occur to me to ask that voice. And I can't call——"But the car had stopped, and Crawford got out to start his "shopping."

"I suppose I might as well begin at the bottom and go clear up—provide for persons of all ages. Babies first!" And he found his way to the toy department, where he purchased innumerable rubber dolls, rattles, games, balls, and so on. From there he proceeded to the book store, on the supposition that the "family" was inclined in a literary way

in a literary way.

Crawford Stuart was a weary man when he sat down to his dinner that evening, but he was happy He truly felt that he had accomplished what he went after. Now he must exist until Christmas—two days! How could he

wait! Why, he felt as excited as any boy! He had not felt so for years. Theatre parties, dinners—what were they to him!

It seems as if Old Time works his wheel mighty slowly sometimes, and to Stuart it seemed that Christmas would never roll around.

The car was loaded with bundles and packages of all sorts, shapes, and fashions.

"Looks like Christmas all right," grinned the chauffeur, and the curious butler seconded his sentiments.

Stuart found room to sit down among his various bundles, and the machine whizzed off. Finally it drew up to a comfortable looking home in a once popular residence district of New York. Stuart lightly jumped out and presented himself at the door. Despite his varied experience in the most fashionable drawing room of New York, Crawford felt as bashful as a school boy when a jolly little rosycheeked fellow of perhaps eleven years ushered him into a cosy library to await "Mother."

"Mother," a neat, attractive, matronly, little woman, shortly appeared. "We're so happy to have you here," she said pleasantly, cordially offering

him her hand.

"Er—a, Stuart is my name, er—a, Crawford Stuart. It's a great pleasure

to be here, I assure you.

Crawford felt he had made an idiot of himself, but now that the first meeting was over he might hope to redeem himself. The rest of the "family" appeared presently in the forms of a small, lisping girl, an awkward boy of fourteen, a grandmother, and—heavens! How stupid of him! Why hadn't he remembered that there were always sisters-in-law in any home! He hadn't brought a thing that would suit the reputed fastidious tastes of a sister-in-law! But here she was, an unusually attractive damsel, offering him her hand in a deliciously sedate manner.

The time passed pleasantly enough before dinner was announced. Crawford was charmed with his newly acquired friends. He soon knew that "Father" had been killed in a railroad accident three years ago, and it was not long before he discovered that "Aunt Shirley," who had been introduced to him as Miss Hatch, was a very popular member of the Colfax family.

Dinner passed all too rapidly. Crawford was asked to carve the turkey, a task he could not remember having ever performed in his life, but after an embarrassing period during which he felt sure his whole shirt front must have become covered with sauce, with

some kindly assistance from Mrs. Colfax, the trial was over. Several of those little trivial blunders which are customary at "comp'ny" dinners among children were, of course, made. Bobby, whose acquaintance we made first, choked on a bone; Jeanie, the lisping little one, told various family secrets; and Stephen, the awkward boy, in a moment of confusion when Crawford asked him if his girl had blue eyes or brown, dropped his plate in his lap. With these exceptions, the dinner went on famously, "Grand-mother" quickly winning Stuart to her, and "Aunt Shirley" making a lasting impression on him, though every time Crawford looked at her he became uneasy. What should he do when dinner was finished and the time came when he must distribute his gifts. As the dinner gradually disappeared, Crawford became hotter and hotter, and at last, when it was indeed over and the time had come when he must "try to pay off the hospitality of the Colfax family," as he expressed it, his brain was in a whirl. He was so rattled that he gave "Grandmother" the rubber dolls and baby rattles in place of the lovely lavender shawl he had brought, and Stephen was presented, to his great embarrassment, with a big red rubber ball.

Finally all the gifts were bestowed on all the different members of the family except "Aunt Shirley," and nothing was left except a number of things which Crawford explained he had brought on the supposition that there would be a grandfather, and which he asked Mrs. Colfax to dispose of as she wished; and an elegant smoking jacket which he had brought for the father, together with a box of cigars. He became desperate. Finally he had an idea, foolish, indeed, but there was nothing else to do. He placed the neatly tied boxes containing the smoking jacket and cigars in the hands of "Aunt Shirley," hastily made his adieus, thanking Mrs. Colfax over and over for her charming hospitality, declaring he had enjoyed himself so much more than he could ever have expected, and then, just as "Aunt Shirley" was opening the box, he departed.

"Home!" he gasped to the chauffeur as he sank into the ample cushions of the car.

As they spun along, Crawford mentally resolved that that day would not go by before "Aunt Shirley" received a box of the loveliest American beauties to be purchased in New York.

That evening, as he sat before his open fire, Crawford Stuart reflected.

"Am I satisfied with my 'home' dinner?" the bachelor asked himself. He smiled in deep consent.

"But, heavens! What a risk I took!"

When Sinners Become Saints. Elvira Bradford, '16.

"Now it's almost Christmas and, by cracky, I—

Am so awful saintly, 'fraid I'm goin'

Hain't sassed my mother; always minded Dad.

Been so awful good, 'fraid I can't be bad.

"Go to school reg-lar; never miss a day,

And when I ask a favor, it's always, "Yes, you may."

Hain't teased the dog; hain't pinched the cat,

And Ma says she wonders how they've got so fat.

"I heard Pa say, "Ray's awful good;
If I only had the money, if I only,
could,

I'd get him all he wanted, lots and lots of toys.

I think he ought to have mor'n other boys."

"Can't put it over sis; she's awful wise.

Fer when she looks at me, she kinda squints her eyes.

My! but it's hard, and it ain't no joy.

You bet I'm awful glad I'll soon be

You bet I'm awful glad I'll soon be just a boy."

The Fate of Bill Dyke. Paul Johnson.

"Well, get up! Don't you want any breakfast this mornin'? I do, anyway, so hurry up, you lazy whelp; get out and rake in some coin."

It was thus Bill Dyke addressed his daughter, Mary, on a cold, bleak Christmas morning. Mary and her father lived in one small room in a large tenement house in Kansas City. The room was square, and had no windows. The door was a dilapidated piece of furniture, hanging on one hinge. The room contained but two pieces of furniture, an old iron bed and a small table. The bare plaster, wall paper or pictures would have been luxuries,—had fallen in several places, exposing one side of the house to the cold, wintry winds. Coming home one morning about six o'clock, after a night of drunken carousal, Bill addressed his daughter as related in the foregoing paragraph.

About five minutes later, Mary stood at the corner of Admiral Boulevard and Grand Avenue soliciting aid. How it pierced her pride! For she had lived in luxury when a very small girl. Vaguely, she remembered a woman, her mother,-the loveliest and most devoted mother! Mary had a very dim and distant recollection of her mother's death and funeral. Then, as if all life's pleasures and goals were swallowed up, Bill Dykes had demoralized and debased his character and family name in the worship of liquor. He gambled away his fortune, and was reduced to poverty. And so this cold and dreary December morn Mary was to be found begging on the streets of a large city. Yes, it was Christmas morning, but Christmas had lost all its fascinations for her.

She was clad in a dirty, loose-fitting, ragged woolen dress. Her stockings contained many holes, and her bare feet might be seen protruding from the sides of her shoes. Her hair was disheveled, and was blown about by the wind, as a torn silk veil, which she wore over her head, afforded little protection. An hour elapsed before

she returned to her home. Home! Yes, it was home to Mary.

"Well, you've kept me waitin' a pretty while for my drinks this mornin'! What did ye git?"

Mary laid down a ten-cent piece on the table, the result of her earnest endeavors. Her efforts were rewarded with a slap over the face. "I'll teach ye to monkey with me. Think ye kin fool the old man, eh? Not while there's any more drinks goin' the rounds."

Recovering from the blow, Mary hastened out to beg again for & drunken father. She went to the same corner, Admiral Boulevard and Grand Attempting to cross the street in front of a rapidly-approaching motor car, she slipped on the icy pavement, and was struck. Quickly a crowd congregated, and before the officers could take the name and license number, the General Hospital amulance backed into the crowd. But no, the owner of the car would not allow his victim to be taken to the city hospital. He felt that he was morally obliged to take the injured girl to his private home.

While Mary was passing through these adventures, her father, Bill Dykes, engaged in a quarrel in the saloon he frequented, and was fatally stabbed. The murderer, Sam Atkins, wished to conceal his guilt.

"I'll fix you, you old toper. Thought you could fool yer Uncle Dud, eh? Not while there's any more drinks goin' the rounds. I'm from the wild west, and I never got hung yet for killin' such old bums as you, and what's more, I don't intend to git strung up fer riddin' the town of you." Thus Sam Atkins addressed the dead body of Bill Dyke. Accordingly, he picked up the remains, dissected them, and hurriedly, escaping detection, threw them in a large pot of boiling bones and meat in a glue factory across the alley from the saloon. "If yer no good alive, let the town profit by your dead bones, and make glue

fer the community." Thus reflected Sam Atkins.

Mary regained consciousness about an hour after the accident. Picking up a copy of the Kansas City Star, she read an elaborate and glowing account of Kansas City's beautiful and farfamed parks and boulevards. But the article said nothing relative to the torture and sufferings of those who, like herself, helped pay for them.

It was Christmas morning, and what a Christmas present she had! She was adopted by her benefactors.

Her new mother seemed as kind and devoted as her long lost mother, and her new father, well-

Surely this was a merry Christmas, and as the church bells rang across the glistening snow, a few lines of an old school song found utterance in her

"Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas bells,

O, sweetly, sweetly chiming,

Let the happy voices on the breezes swell.

This merry, merry Christmas time."

The Origin of Christmas Customs. Alice Harrison.

Did you ever wonder why we celebrate Christmas in the manner that we do; who was the first Santa Claus, and how the evergreen tree became one of the symbols of Christmas? Christmas now is such a sweet confusion of conflicting traditions and historical associations, that it is hard to separate the pagan from the Christian in the original sources of forms, festivities, and beliefs attached to the

twenty-fifth of December.

If I should ask you why Christmas is held on the 25th of December instead of on some other day of the month, you would answer because it is the anniversary of the birth of Christ, the day when earth and heaven met, in the birth of a God-man. However, the exact date of His birth is unknown, since the Christians for many years allowed no holiday gay-eties of any description. When this was outgrown and the day celebrated, it had to be guessed at. Every new religion must build on the best thoughts and customs of the old; and so Christianity adopted the most beautiful of the pagan festivals and changed them only in spirit. The pagan nations always had a tendency to worship the sun because of its giving life and light. So the festival in its honor took place on the shortest day of the year, because the sun from that day climbed higher in the sky from its bed below the earth. Thus this day was heralded as the first dis-

tant promise of spring. By the Romans this holiday was known as Saturnalia, and by the Goths and Saxons as Yule. Although the very short-est day of the year comes on the twenty-first, the twenty-fifth is the middle of the time of feasting, and so was chosen to represent the day of the birth of Christ. By His birthday's coming at this time of year there is a sweeter meaning, that of the Sun of the spiritual world using for the purpose of giving true life and light to the cruelty of the pagan customs and ideals.

There are various legends concerning the origin of the very first Christmas tree. The most beautiful one, I think, is that of St. Boniface and the saving of the chief's child from a dreadful death as a sacrifice to Thor. A huge fire blazed beneath an immense oak and into this, blind-folded, the boy was to be led, when during the incantation of the priests, St. Boniface with his men felled the great oak, the emblem of Thor. After the destruction of the oak and their former religion, the apostle appointed the young fir-tree to be the sign of the new Christian worship, since it was ever green, grew tall and straight, and pointed always toward heaven.

The decorating of this tree, it is said, has been derived from the custom of the pagan Teutons; the lights being used to represent the lightning flashes from the god Thor; the golden

balls to symbolize the sun; the apples and nuts to imitate the moon and stars; and cookie or candy animals to betoken sacrifices made in gratitude to the gods. The bringing of gifts to others is the difference between our time and theirs. Our love for each other is encouraged by the coming of the Christ. The three wise men were the first to bring gifts.

The Greeks always decorated their homes with the plam leaves to signify renewed life. From this we get our custom of decorating with mistletoe and holly. The holly is said to be the berry which blossomed in the snow, from the staff of a descripe who had asked for a sign from God to show

His continuing love.

Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, the children's delight, is of German origin. This patron saint of children lived during the fourth century. It is very

natural that he should take part in a celebration in which children receive gifts and become the objects of everyone's attention. The ancient pagans used an old man to symbolize the dying year. Among the Greeks and Romans it was Saturn, the father of all gods, and among the German tribes it was their favorite, Thor, who took this principal part. The tradition of hoary age, representing the closing year is too strong a factor ever to be forgotten.

Thus, the various customs practiced by the pagans to celebrate the end of the old year, and the first sign of spring are especially interesting, because of their wonderful similarity to those celebrated at the present day. Clearly does this show that civilization as it advances always retains

relics of the past.

At Christmas-time.

At Christmas-time it snows. O'er all the earth

So dark, so sad, is spread a blanket beautiful,

Which wonderfully transforms the dreary hills

Till they breathe forth the benediction, "Peace, goodwill!"

To all the world of men, so narrow, tired,

So sick at heart there comes this Yuletide, as a blam

To heal the wounded, lift the purer thoughts,

The sordid, bring the restless one the gift of calm.

The tired world from cares receives release

Through the beloved, the mighty Prince of Peace.

At Christmas-time the blustering wind blows strong.

Into the homes it blows from south, north, east, and west.

From friends far distant and from friends nearby,

Sweet gifts with wishes for a merry Christmas blest;

Those messages which make the happy one

Break forth in glad refrain; which melt the hearts of cold

And bitter souls; which give unto the sad

A taste of joy; which bring fresh life unto the old.

The Christmas wind so strong, to all so dear,

From heaven brings the spirit of good cheer.

At Christmas-time a glow o'erspreads the earth.

The warm, rich holly red, the cheerful evergreen,

The colored candles lighted brilliantly
In lowly hut, in church, in palace
may be seen.

This outward beauty is so great it warms

The heart. The glow thus kindled brighter glows, till men

Forget their hatred and their selfishness,

Enlarge their list of loved ones till there is no end.

This glow—is it not fire from above

Sent down to us by the Great God of Love?

One Merry Christmas. Sophie Johnson, '16.

The snow lay like a heavy blanket on the pavement of the downtown district, while the feathery white flakes drifted down to obscure the tracks made in it by many automobiles and wagons. The windows of the various department stores were resplendent in their tempting array of gifts. The crowds of rushing, hurrying humanity thronged the brilliantly lighted streets, and a Christmas cheer radiated from the heavily laden people, who were either homeward bound or bustling from one store to another. Suspicious looking bundles, from which the covering had been torn, revealed the head of some wooden rocking horse or the dainty foot of a doll. Who with such suggestions could help but know it was Christmas Eve?

Inside the Brown Department Store all was confusion. The elevators bore hundreds of people from floor to floor, and salesgirls' faces showed pale and tired in the glaring electric lights. The crowd was most dense on the eighth floor, the top department, where thousands of people rushed from this counter to that to make some delayed purchase

"Mame, wrap this engine quick. Lady wants it right away," came a shrill command from below, as a red engine was lifted up.

"Here, do this up in a hurry," called another girl.

"Say, up there, I want that package I gave you a minute ago."

All, this was directed at a small blue-eyed, black-haired girl of seventeen, who was surrounded by toys to be wrapped. Mamie York sighed and longed for some supper. For so great was the rush that she had not yet, at nine o'clock, had time to eat. Oh, how the toys piled up! Still she kept on wrapping, wrapping, always wrapping, until the movement was automatic and she a machine.

Christmas would bring none of its cheer to Mamie, for her last week's wages, such as they were, had been lost, and there were her invalid mother, her sister Nellie, and herself to support on her pitifully small earnings. There would be no bounteous Christmas dinner with its cranberry sauce, its turkey, and plum pudding for them! And she could not afford to buy even a doll for Nell, poor little golden-haired Nell, though her dulled brain had figured for hours.

Finally the closing bell rang and the shoppers took their noisy departure. As Mamie fared forth into the snow, and faced the north wind, she shuddered and pulled her threadbare coat more closely about her. On the corner, she met a neighbor's boy, who had a holly booth, which he was just closing out.

"Here," he chattered, "take this holly spray; and—A Merry Christmas!"

Mamie thanked him, then dragged herself on toward the dismal fourthstory-back, two floors, three floorswould she never get to the fourth? At last her faltering feet reached the last step, and she groped her way down the dark hall. The postoffice clock struck eleven, as she turned the rusty latch and let herself into the diminutive two rooms. She turned on the little gas-jef and the light brought to view the poverty of the place. Dirty, cracked walls were marked with the scribbling of previous tenants. Upon the rusty stove, about which wet clothes hung, was a dish of mush. At the sight of this, Mamie decided she did not care for any supper. As she arranged the spray of red and green in a broken pitcher, she remarked to herself, "Well, I guess Mother will enjoy you." Then she went into the next room and lay down to sleep, a deep sleep into which no fears came.

Christmas day arrived. At nine o'clock the sound of an opening door and glad exclamations were heard in the York household. Mamie, however, slept on till the chimes rang out the hour of eleven. Then she awoke with a start. Did she smell onions and spicy odors, and was there really someone talking and laughing in the next room? She leaned forward,

amazed, and listened. She had never heard but one voice like that, and that had been the voice of her father, who had been lost three years ago in an Alaskan blizzard.

"Mamie; oh, Mamie!" It was her mother's voice calling her; but, oh, so changed. In it were life, and gladness, too. The door opened and the sound of Nellie's happy voice came through the open door. Then, who should come toward her but her father—her own father!

"Dad!"

"Yes, it's Dad," exclaimed the big

Such a joyful time followed as they looked at the presents their father had brought them.

"But how did all this good fortune come about?" Mamie asked eagerly.

"I'll tell everything from beginning to end," replied her father.

All gathered about the prodigal to

hear of his adventures.

"As you heard," began Tom York, "I lost my way in the blizzard. Near-

ly frozen to death, nearly starved, I had run out of supplies. Then Joe Riley and "Red" Megan came along. Well, what did they do after I had recovered, but make me a partner! They were bound for the Klondike region when they ran across me, and so we kept on going. Our hopes ran high at first, but for days we got no result except a few dollars' worth of poor gold. When we had almost given up hope, I struck good pay dirt. Maybe you think there wasn't some rejoicing! I hurried home as soon as I could, only to find you had moved from Austin Station. I had hunted for a long time when I finally heard

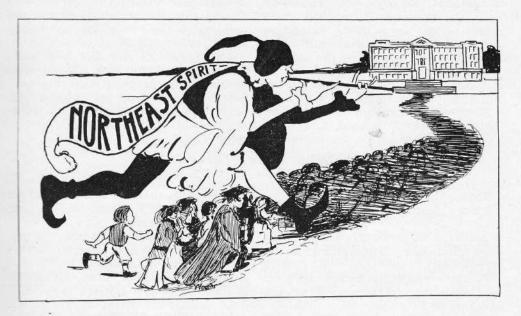
you were living here."

"But now, Mamie," concluded Mrs.
York, "you and Nellie can go on to school, and we'll all move out to God's

world once more."

"Harold's wish came true," reflected Mamie, "although I little thought it would. It has been the most wonderful one I've ever had or ever hope to have—this Christmas day!"

To Northeast. Rose-Marie Mitchell, '15. The other schools in old K. C. Have years of fame and note untold, While you, Northeast, have just begun Your tale of hist'ry to unfold. May you bring forth the best there is, In all your diff'rent lines of work And give the pupil this intent: The power to do and ne'er to shirk. May all the honors rain on you, And flow in golden, endless streams; May yet the sun to you impart His dazzling brilliance thru' his beams. Let victory be yours, Northeast, In all you undertake or do. A laurel wreath is at the top, And we'll make that a crown for you.



School Life

On the Way to Completion.

Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of our English teachers, and with all due respect to Central for her generosity, almost daily one hears some Northeast student say, referring to something here in Central building, "Say, I bet the NEW building has this beat all hollow. It must be fixed up fine out there." This, however, should not reflect discredit upon our English department, for the expression is only an uncontrollable outburst showing a little of the great pride the speaker takes in his school and everything connected with it.

As to the building, it certainly is "fixed up fine," and its quantity keeps pace with its quality, the main part being about three hundred by one hundred ninety-six feet, four stories high, and, as the frontispiece shows, is perfect in architectural beauty and symmetry. The main entrance, which is shown in the picture, faces west. The outside is almost finished, as are many of the rooms. The interior of

the building is largely concrete, one of the precautions taken to make it fireproof.

. On the first floor are the branch library, the auxiliary gym., the swimming pool, class rooms, and one feature, which mightily appeals to us all—the lunch room.

In the center of the building, taking up that portion of both the second and third floors, are the auditorium and the large Gym. The auditorium is one of the most beautiful parts of the building. It is all white, and is lighted by a stained glass skylight of a conventional design. Just west of the Gym. is a little alcove, appropriated to trophies. We must certainly see to it that those bare walls are properly covered soon. To add to the effectiveness of the Gym., the plot of ground south of the building will be laid off into various courts, and used as a playground and athletic field. But to return to the building: The office,

laboratories, the boys' and girls' study halls, the reference room, and class rooms occupy the parts of the second and third floors, which are not taken up by the auditorium and the Gym.

The fourth floor is given over to class-rooms and the domestic science

and botany laboratories.

Most of the rooms on the two upper floors are nearly finished, and work is rapidly progressing on the rest—so rapidly that the architects expect the building to be ready for occupancy about January 1.

The Nor'easter therefore feels justified in announcing with all becoming modesty that at about that date the best high school on the planet will move into the best high school building west of the Mississippi.

"While There's Life—" Mary Lois Ford, '17.

Time: December.

Place: Northeast section of Kansas

City.

Scene: An ordinary street, with large unfinished school building in the

background.

(Three girls, arms locked, walking slowly up the street, gazing at the building, and chanting solemnly). "Twenty years have we pursued it, Through fire and water,

Through fire and water, Through snow and rain, Through sleet and hail,

The time has come when we shall

grasp it,
Hold it tightly,
Hold it firmly,
Ho——."

(Unexpected voice from behind them, and a fourth girl joints the group).

"For heaven's sake! What?" (Still more solemnly).

"The idea, that the Northeast High School will be finished, before we, Freshmen, graduate."

(Centralite approaches the group). "How much longer do you North-easters intend to impose on us?"

"Impose! Indeed! When our school is finished (which I heard from very good authorities, would be very soon), you 'Centralites' will come flocking here fast enough!"

(Indignantly). "I'd like to see the day when I'd leave dear old Central for Northeast or any other school."

"Oh, I guess you'll see it all right.

"The time has come when we shall grasp it,

Hold it tightly, Hold it firmly,

Hold it with a grasp if iron. Ha! I see it in the distance."

da! I see it in the distait (Curtain.)

The Music Department.

The interest exhibited by the pupils of the music classes of the Northeast High School is a source of great satisfaction to all concerned. There are over one hundred and thirty pupils enrolled and one-half of this number are boys. New choruses are studied each week, also their composers. With each succeeding week there is a noticeable improvement in the love and appreciation of good music and the ability to read at sight. Looking at it from a commercial standpoint, there should be the greatest interest in the high schools of a city that paid twelve thousand dollars to hear two musicians give a single concert. A knowledge of music has doubled the earning power of many a person engaged in some profession other than that of teaching music, besides warming the heart of the singer with the feeling that he has been the means of giving pleasure to others.

The members of the musical organizations, viz.: The Boys' Glee Club and the Northeast Treble Clef Club, have a very interesting event to look forward to in a musical festival or contest between the musical societies of the four Kansas City high schools, this will take place probably during the

month of May. All the music sung is composed by Mr. Carl Busch of Kansas City, and two cantatas to be sung in the evening will be conducted by him. The directors of the different high schools will conduct their own choruses and the contest proper which will take place during the afternoon. A sight reading contest will also be held at that time and the Northeast High School must not be an "also ran," even if she is young. Keep up

the interest in music and the first place in the contest will be waiting for us. Remember we have an orchestra all ready to resume rehearsals, when we are able to secure players of the cornet, trombone and clarionet. Our violinists are the "best ever." Hurrah for the music of the Northeast High School! We will compel the other schools to use their "staffs" to catch us in that sight reading contest.

The Treble Cleff Club. By a Member.

In the Northeast High School there is a girls' organization known as the "Northeast Treble Clef Club," composed of forty-five very active members with promising voices.

The first appearance of this society was made in assembly November 7th, when "Ah, I Have Sighed to Rest Me" and "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms" were sung, with much applause from the audience. A second appearance took place October 18th in assembly when "Waterlilies" was very beautifully rendered.

With such a fine set of officers the society could be nothing other than a success. With Mary Reed, president, Mary Redmond, vice-president, Elsie Clausen, secretary, Irene Thurman, treasurer, Marie Mitchel, sergeant-at-arms, Eethel Nowlin, librarian, and Helen Sailors, pianist, things move along very smoothly. It is also for-

tunate to have such a director as Professor Chaffee. The society under his excellent leadership, is studying the best of music.

On December 5, a mass meeting, conducted by Mr. Davis and Mr. Mills was held at the Independence Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church for all of the high schools. The Northeast High School was the one best represented. The Northeast Treble Clef Club, by request, sang "Carmena" and two encore numbers. Many compliments were received on the success achieved.

It is to be hoped that the good work will continue; for next spring when the music contest takes place, it is the wish of many that Northeast High School will receive the most of the honors. Encouragement is coming from all sides; so with our whole strength we are trying to stand foremost in this contest.

The Northeast Glee Club. Leo Ayres, '15.

At the first of the year there was a call for fellows to try out for the Glee Club and, of course, there was the usual crowd that always tries for this organization. Out of this great number of aspiring singers, Mr. Chaffee, the instructor, selected twenty of the best male voices in the school. Work began immediately and very soon we had two songs learned. Then, much to

our surprise and delight, we were asked to sing at the Independence Avenue Methodist Church and, if you won't believe the author, just ask Mr. Nowlin if we didn't make "some hit."

Besides regular numbers the club will have some special "stunts," such as the Octette, which contains some of the comedians of the school. The club is especially fortunate this year in having such a good piano player as Thomas Condon.

The Glee Club is made up of the

following fellows:

E. Swearingen, president; L. Hibbs, vice-president; H. Swearingen, business manager; L. Ayres, treasurer; C.

Hise, H. Tallquist, W. Ferris, S. Roach, T. Condon, C. George, M. Laddish, L. Shout, A. McHugh, I Eppinger, B. Gillis, J. Monteith, G. Stone, B. Wood, W. Berry, Mr. Wisdom, adviser: Mr. Chaffee, director.

Ode to Music. Gladys A. Behnke, '14.

"Thou, Music, art the rapture of the soul.

What joys are held within thy silvry strain;

And comforts that by voice have ne'er been told,

Which make the sad heart glad with thy refrain.

"Thou com'st to us in multifarious ways,

Sometimes as angels' voices sweetly sing

From their celestial choir-vault in the skies;

A feeling of true reverence they bring. "Thou hast the known supremacy o'er words,

What charming thoughts dost thou bring to our choice,

And, too, as hath brave Cicero once said,

Wild beasts have been impressed by thy sweet voice.

"Thy cords are as enchanting as the horn

Which that good fairy queen did always sound,

To call the weary to the land of songs, And tell them that sweet rest may there be found."

We Seniors. "Pat" '14.

As this is to be an eminently selfappreciative article, all modestly inclined Seniors are hereby warned to refrain from lingering over these

But have we not a right to be proud? We, the first class to be graduated from "Kansas City's newest and best high school"; we, the exponents of the "Northeast spirit," the originators of the school paper—and through it, of the school traditions, the organizers of her clubs, the creators of Northeast's school life! Should you not, oh, worthy Senior, glancing over this eulogy, hold your head a little higher because you are from this class of 1914?

Of course, numerically speaking, we are the smallest class in school; but, you know, it's quality not quantity that counts! (And the copy-book does say that all good things come in small packages!!) As to quality, are

not six members of this worthy publication Seniors? Are not the president, vice-president and secretary of the Alphas; the president and vice-president of the Glee Club; and the president and vice-president of the Treble Clef Club—Seniors?

Individually, this class has some really unique personages, "unique" in more than one way.

Among the boys—well, I do admit Senior boys—"illustrious"—are rather scarce—how about our most athletic cheer-leader? And he's attempting to be a business man! Heaven help all delinquent subscribers to the "Nor'easter," for verily he is bigger than they are!

Then there's that "pirate-ish" looking Sir Thomas. What! Did you not know we had a Woodbury in our midst? Well, you're not to be blamed, I'll admit, for if he would open his

lips and let mighty words of wisdom

roll forth occasionally, we might realize his presence more acutely! However, he stands before us a living reminder of the "Famous Woodbury Family."

H. Lambert Hibbs! No more! In truth, he speaks for himself!

There are also our musically inclined Marys—Read and Red—mond. Any Wednesday morning in Assembly Hall they may be seen pouring forth their souls in volume of heavenly (?) melody (?). However, they made 'em president and vice-president of the Treble Clef Club, so they're all right!

The vice-president of the "Alphas" is a most shy little maiden. As Helen evidently believes that "modesty is the best policy," even the most modest little violet known to history is not more so! Still, if she refuses to "blow her own horn," so to speak, there are others that will do the deed for her!

Lucile is more in evidence, for as president of that worthy body, it is necessary to call for "order" rather emphatically; and, in order to sustain her reputation, she must exercise her lingual organs every six seconds. Still, she might be worse!

As for Ethel, even in ward-school the expression "Lucile and Ethel" was the local synonym for "Damon and Pythias." However, she lives up to her paternal cognoman, and perforce drags all her friends in her wake!

Quite as bad are another pair of "inseparables"; only they resemble each other, which makes it all the worse! Why, even their relatives have been known to get them confused with each other. Blanche looks like Dorothy, or vice versa, it has never been decided which. Still thus far they have escaped the indignity of receiving each other's grades!

From Manual, Amanda Richardson, Alice Harrison and Cornelia Hocquard are perhaps the best known, and they sustain the spirit, if not the dignity, of the school of their former affection.

Now glancing over this list of celebrities, oh, worthy Senior, are you still skeptical of the glory of 1914? Do you not believe that this class will not only be the first class to be graduated from "Northeast," but also the First Class in all Northeast's "Annuals"?

For verily we are First in war, first in peace, First class, '14, of old Northeast.

The Alpha Literary Society. Helen Ferris, '13.

Shortly after the opening of Northeast High School in the fall, a group of fourteen junior and senior girls found in their hearts the desire to establish a literary society.

With great care a petition was drawn up and presented to Mr. Reynolds. Then ensued the anxious days of waiting until we were granted permission to meet.

Of course there was much to do. We wanted a name, a motto, and a constitution. A name is always significant. After consideration we named ourselves the Alpha Literary Society of Northeast High School, not only because we are the first society organized in the school, but because it means first in everything; in motives, morals, aspirations and achievements.

Our motto, "Esse quam videri"—"To be rather than to seem," speaks for itself. Oh, may we never seem to be what we are not, and may we always be the best!

Then conscientiously we wrote a constitution, which we think best adapted to help us have an orderly, business-like society and to help us uphold our name and motto.

After a chaperon had been selected, whom we think well suited to advise us and who is well beloved by all, and our charter granted, we felt the time to enlarge our membership was at hand. So from the sophomores, juniors and seniors we chose seventeen girls whom we considered worthy to become our Alpha sisters.

From year to year as girls graduate from the school and pass out of the active life of the society, may they carry away with them a lasting affection for their society sisters and a feeling that their character is stronger and richer, their aspirations higher and nobler for having been a member of the Alpha Literary Society.

May the Northeast High School, too, feel itself bettered both intellectually and morally by these girls, the "first" in everything.

Our Alpha charter members are: Dorothy Barto, '14; Gladys Behnke, '14; Helen, Ferris, '13; Blanche Houston, '14; Leta McLane, '13; Eloise McNutt, '15; Marion Meriwether, '15; Ethel Norton, '14; Lucile Nowlin, '14; Kathleen Rodebush, '15; Ethel Rush, '14; Martha Thompson, '15; Helen Wallace, '14; Louise Wells, '13

The Northeast Society of Debate.

J. John Gillis, '15, and Newlon Carter, '15.

Have you noticed those red and black ribbons, showing above the coat lapels of some of the boys in this school? Those ribbons, if you may be a little curious, denote that the boys wearing them are the earnest, hard working boys, who purpose to make Northeast High School better, intellectually, physically, and morally, by the existence of a certain society in its precincts—the Northeast Society of Debate.

The N. S. D. was organized by twelve of the junior and senior boys of the school on the fourth of November, and received its charter on the twenty-first day of that month. The club is the first boys' literary society to be organized in Northeast and it bids fair to be the last to fall. It is organized, primarily, for the purpose of debate and literature. Following out this purpose, programs, consisting of debates on topics of the day, orations, stories, declamations, extemporaneous speeches, etc., are given at each regular meeting. But the real, foundational purpose of the Northeast Debaters is to develop real manhood in themselves and to display it wherever there is an opportunity. believe that, by faithful attention to the carrying out of this purpose, they will, in time, make our high school, our community, and even our city better than before.

The twelve charter members of the Northeast Society of Debate are as follows: Chas. Brookwalter, '14;

Lambert Hibbs, '14; Donnell Murphy, '14; Newlon Carter, '15; Harry Davis, '15; Henry Fox, '15; B. Stephen Gillis, '15; J. John Gillis, '15; Gilmer Meriwether, '15; Paul Staats, '15; Nathan S. Scarritt, '15, and Benj. J. Wood, Jr., '15. The society was fortunate in getting Mr. Spencer B. Apple of the History and Civics Department as their adviser. Mr. Apple is an experienced debater and will be a great help to the society.

The Debaters have already made themselves known to the school by having five of their members elected on the Nor'easter staff, including the editor-in-chief. They have also put themselves in evidence at the Y. M. C. A. High School Club by having five of the six possible offices go to Debaters. If anyone thinks that the society limits itself to literary matters, however, he has only to look at the basket ball squad. The manager-captain of the second team is a Northeast Debater, and several other second team men who show promise of developing into first team material by next year, also belong to the N. S. D. Five of the society have made the Glee Club, one of whom holds the office of vicepresident.

Thus you see that the N. S. D. has able representatives in every branch of school activities, and expects to continue thus as long as the school itself lives. Long live the Northeast Society of Debate!

Naming the Baby.

At last it is named—the baby! Did you ever have the inestimable pleasure of pondering long over the possible, or impossible cognomen which is to cling to some dear little bundle of promise forever?

It was a most vital consideration not only to a few, but to the entire faculty and the student body, to the principal and vice-principal—this naming of our school paper! The name had to be short, crisp and easy to say; full of artistic possibility for the sake

of our art editors.

One hundred and fifty-two different names were suggested. Many were in favor of the "Lookout," but such a danger signal might frighten the timid away. The "Spirit" is full of meaning, but that poor word is so much overworked already. We would be original! Some wise aspirant suggested the "Herald"-in whose honor we know not. We might have had a "Comet" darting off and on the stage of our school life. But a comet is oscillating; its course is uncertain; while our school paper will be as firm and everlasting as the bills. Nor did we wish the little "Sunbeams" to give us their warmth incessantly. Too much heat and illumination are apt to sear and dry us up. Please understand that we are not dry and never will be. There was the "High Times," which represented the big events of school life; but this is vague. We had to have a name which could penetrate even the densest cranium. The paper should be more than an "Echo" of school life and school activity. It might be a "Beacon," a "Chronicle," a "Horoscope," a "Star," an "Owl," a "Plain Dealer," a "Pearl Gatherer," and so forth; yet all of these names failed to meet with approval. The

"Buzz," the "Peanut," or the "Scream," were too commonplace. We are not writing a "Postscript;" neither are we the "Keystone" to a "Bundle of Knowledge." Who dares to call us "Eavesdropper," or "Spy"? Our motto is "Success" and "Victory," but that is not our name. We will win "Fame" by what we do. It will be time for "Retrospection" in years to come when Northeast High School becomes the greatest school in the West.

After all these brave attempts had been made to suggest "the name" for the school paper of Northeast High School, it fell to the lot of a committee of the teachers to make the final decision. They couldn't have chosen a name more forceful, more unusual, more appropriate. The decree went forth that the name should be "Nor'-

easter."

The "Nor'easter is a wind which blows strong and keen. A breath of it invigorates one, makes one feel more like living. No other wind can compare with it in its forceful qualities. Neither can any paper compare in this respect with our Nor'easter. More than that, it is an universal name. There probably never was such a name for a school paper, nor will be again. It is catchy and rolls smoothly off the tongue. Everyone exclaims, "The Nor'easter! The Nor'easter! How original!"

Lastly, could we possibly have a more significant name? Our name stands for our school! Furthermore, the moment anyone looks at the "Nor'-easter," he knows from what school

the breezy bulletin comes.

The baby is named! With such an excellent name, it must be an excellent paper. Long life to the "Nor'easter!"





Alpha Literary Society.



President	. Lucile Nowlin
Vice-President	. Helen Wallace
Secretary	. Dorothy Barto
Treasurer Ma	arion Meriwether
Sergeant-at-Arms	lartha Thompson
Initiator	Blanche Houston
Critic	. Eloise McNutt
Adviser	s Nathalie Sharp

Northeast Society of Debate.

President	ritt
Vice-President	avis
Secretary Paul Str	aats
Treasurer	Fox
Sergeant-at-Arms	illis
Critic	ner
Adviser	phre



Der Deutsche Verein.

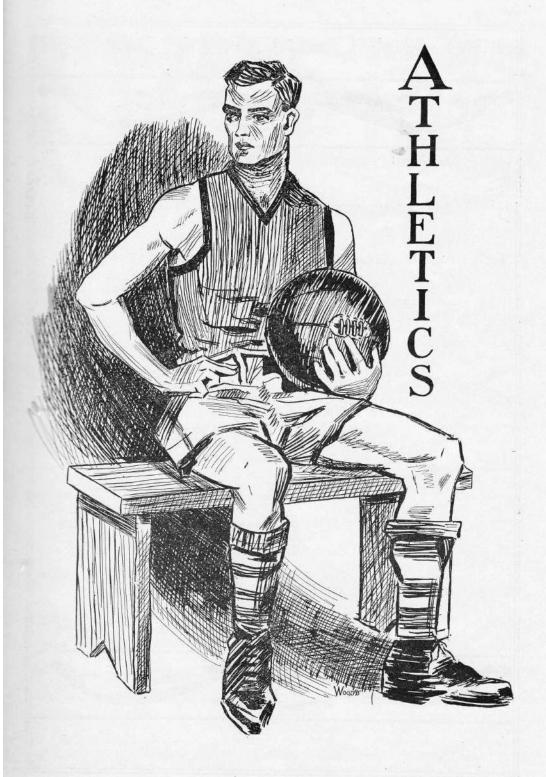
Praesidentin Lucile Nowlin
Vize-Praesident Ralph Ackerman
Sekretaerin
Schatzmeisterin
Kritikerin Ethel Rush
Tuerstcher
Leiterin Miss G. Von Unwerth

Northeast Glee Club.

President Ernest Swearingen
Vice-President H. Lambert Hibbs
Treasurer Leo Ayres
Rusiness Manager Hughey Swearingen
Pianist Thomas Condon
Adviser
Director Mr. F. E. Chaffee

Treble Clef Club.

President	. Mary Reed
Vice-President M	Iary Redmond
Treasurer	Elsie Clausen
Secretary	rene Thurman
Sergeant-at-Arms	Marie Mitchell





The Northeast Team.

The days of basket ball are here;
We all know that, no doubt;
And that's the time when Northeast
High
Will put them all to rout.

We have a coach who is as skilled As any in the land; Our team has got the spirit, And it has a lot of sand.

There's Swearingen and Talquist, too, Who play a brilant game, While Ayres and Tommy Woodbury Will win themselves a name.

And Ernie's brother, Hughey S.,
Is also on the team;
And Condon, too, with Major, small,
Will cause our hopes to beam.

Now there's our team, let's help them win,
Let's do the most we can;
Let's go to each and every game,
And cheer them to a man.





Harry Davis, Editor

The Athletic Department.

There is one thing in Northeast that everyone should feel proud of, and that is the athletic department. Every effort has been put forth to make this department not only one of the best in the school, but one of the most upto-date athletic departments to be found. Only the best of materials is being used in the construction of the symnasiums, and the athletic field, which, when completed, will be something to boast of. With such an elaborate gym and such a magnificent athletic field, Northeast should develop some of the greatest athletes that have ever been produced. Are we going to do it? Well, it's up to the fellows of Northeast, for if we fail, it will surely not to be the fault of the equipment.

Gymnasium.

The gym is really an ideal gym. It is the largest in the city, being 103 feet long, by 57 feet wide. The apparatus is a duplicate of the apparatus of the Westport gym, with a few of the latest conveniences added. The track is another good feature, as it is wider than the ordinary indoor track, and has but 21 laps to the mile. Then there is one thing that we have heard but very little about. It is the auxilary gym. This is simply an extra gym, 50 feet long, by 40 feet wide, which has a full gymnasium equipment. The real use of this gym will be for corrective work.

A new kind of a locker room is to be a part of the gym. The old system of lockers is to be dispensed with, and a new system is to be installed. This new system requires a room with about 500 boxes in it. The boxes are large enough to contain one's gym clothes and are arranged so as to enable the users to reach them easily. There is also a smaller room which contains about 125 good-sized lockers. The fellows who take gym keep their gym clothes in their assigned boxes, and when they take gym, they put their street clothes in a locker. This system lessens the number of lockers necessary, and everyone uses a locker while taking gym. Nothing is kept in the lockers, for they are used by different persons each hour, but everything is kept in the boxes. There is another idea associated with the locker system that is of great value to those who take gym. This idea is the laundry system. The gym suits are laundered each day and then returned to the boxes. This will be a big step in the direction of sanitation, as some of the fellows are not quite as careful in regard to having their suits washed as they should be.

Athletic Field.

The athletic field that you have heard so much about will certainly not prove a disappointment to you, for nowhere could we find a small field better arranged for our use. But this field is not so small, after all, as it is large enough for four basket ball courts, four volley ball courts, two playground base ball diamonds, one soccer football field, and one hockey field, to be laid off on it. With places to play all of these inviting, invigorating, and muscle building games, we should come out for athletics stronger than ever before. The field is also to have a cinder track, eight laps to the mile, and a 60-yard straight-away. This straight-away will be of great value to our sprinters. The jumping pit will be large enough to accommodate six people broad-jumping at one time, or three people using the high jumping standards and two people broad-jumping at one time.

The Swimming Pool.

There is a new feature connected with the athletic department that is not found in any of the other schools. The swimming pool is an entirely new thing in the Kansas City high schools, and the pool at Northeast is one which we can take pleasure in telling about. Its dimensions will be about 45 by 15 feet, and it will have spring boards, slides, and everything else that has to do with a good swimming pool. Such luxuries as the gymnasium and the swimming pool should induce many ward school people to enter high school, even if only for the benefit derived from athletics.

COACH ROOT.

- Coach Root! Perhaps that name doesn't sound very familiar, but before many moons have passed, that name will be stamped in our minds as the name of the coach who led the first Northeast basket ball team to a glorious championship. Coach Root has been associated with athletics at the K. C. K. High School, Westport, and Kansas University, and comes to Northeast with a recommendation, and praise from every one of them. He was at K. C. K. in 1908, and distinguished himself as an athletic director. In 1908-9 he was at Westport, and did work for our South Side friends. From 1909 to 1913 he was at K. U., and we should feel grateful in

securing a veteran for our physical culture instructor, while the high school is still in its infancy. Coach Root is not only an excellent coach but he is a fine fellow as well. Good natured and always ready to help you, Coach root is a man who will "take" with the Northeast students, and let us hope that he will he as successful in the future as he has been in the past.

Miss Stewart.

Miss Stewart, our girls' gym teacher, is already a favorite among the girls, but how could she be anything She is good natured and a strong believer in any kind of athletics. Miss Stewart is in favor of any kind of a game that is conducive to health and gracefulness, because she believes that an athletic training is a big help toward a mental development. She is planning volley ball, tennis, and basket ball tournaments for the girls, and also expects to have many interclass games. She is going to give the girls a thorough course in swimming when we get into the new school. Miss Stewart at one time taught in the public schools of Jackson County, but later went to Boston, and entered the Sargent School of Physical Education there. She was graduated from this school with high honors. While in Boston, she did corrective work in the Boston Children's Hospital. She also taught in the Cambridge public schools for a while. Miss Stewart has had many private physical culture classes, and she comes to Northeast highly recommended. Let's give nine "Rahs" for Miss Stewart, and hope that she will be successful in everything that she attempts.

Mr. Fulton.

Fellows, perhaps you didn't know that Mr. Fulton was our business manager, but he is. Mr. Fulton came from Manual, and was liked by everyone there. He has been working hard to arrange a good basket ball schedule, and to get the season basket ball tickets out for sale. Mr. Fulton says we can help him most by buying a

There are nine games scheduled to be played, and if you do not buy a season ticket you will pay \$2.25 to see the games. If you wish to save that \$1.50, then bring 75 cents and buy a ticket when they are placed on sale.

Basket Ball Prospects.

Owing to the fact that our gym is not finished, and that the Central gym is occupied most of the time, the basket ball squad has been practicing under difficulties. Two practices a week have been held in the freezing hall of the Third Regiment Armory, and one in the Central gym. In spite of this, however, the fellows have appeared regularly, and have kept up a fighting spirit. The basket ball prospects, therefore, look very promis-ing this year. The squad has taken a keen interest in its practice and Coach Root has developed a bunch of fellows that will be hard to beat. He also has some good material for a second team. The spirit shown by the fellows who have tried out is really encouraging. No one has tried to loaf, and this is a mighty good reason for believing that we are to have a championship team this year. The first five will Ekely be picked from the following players: Ayres, "Hughy" Swearingen, Ernie" Swearingen, "Swede" Talquist, Tommy Condon, Morris Ma-jors, and Tom Woodbury. The sec-end team will be composed of some of these men: Hise, John Gillis, Ben Gillis, Miller, Brookwalter, Stone, Barnes, and Hill.

Ayres.

The Northeast student body should feel mighty proud in having such a man as Ayres on its team. Ayres is the tallest man on the team and weighs 160 pounds. He uses good judgment in a game and is a regular Boob Menze" when it comes to shooting goals. He is a man to be relied upon, and his good nature will likely have much to do with keeping up the spirit of the team.

"Ernie" Ewearingen.

Another "star" is "Ernie" Swearingen. One could write a book about

"Ernie's" achievements in the basket ball line. The writing of a book, however, will not be attempted in this issue, but there are a few things we should know about him. He is good looking, a good goal shooter, and is as cool as one of Mr. Hahn's ice cream cones, while in a game.

Tommy Condon.

Then there is Tommy Condon, that good-natured athlete that Northeast boasts so much of. Tommy is as much of a natural athlete as he is a musician, and great things are expected of him this year. He is a fast man on his feet and his quick thinking will help us considerably toward nailing that Interscholastic title.

Majors.

We also have the little fellow. Yes, he is little; but oh, you Majors. Majors is one of the finest fellows to play on a basket ball team that could be found. We will have to acknowledge that he is a little light, but his spirit, his aggressiveness, and his goal shooting offset his tinyness by a big margin.

Talquist.

Next comes Talquist, that distinguished looking gentleman who is 5 feet 11 inches tall and carries 135 pounds of "beef" around with him. "Swede" has recently "cut out" the "Nebos." He undoubtedly will be hard to hold down this year, as he has practiced until he shoots goals with the accuracy of a Kansas City policeman

Woodbury.

Tom Woodbury, that well known athlete, is also going to be one of the chief causes for winning the basket ball title for Northeast this year. Tom is a good man to have on a team because of defensive and offensive ability. He can break up more plays, and do more damage to an opposing side than any man on the team.

"Hughy" Swearingen.

"Hughy" Swearingen, that manly, well-shaped Sophomore, has developed into a wonderfully clever player. He has good form and is a reliable man.

"Hughy" is a fellow whose motto is "Never give up," and he lives up to that motto all of the time.

Inter-Scholastic Reports.

There are to be four schools represented in the Inter-High School Basket Ball League this year: Northeast, Central, Manual, and Westport. Reports from the south side, state that Westport has a pretty strong team, and the Manualites have also been boasting of their team. The Central team is composed of almost the same fellows as last year, Menze being the only man who is not back at Central this year. We know Northeast has a strong team, so let's all of us come out and watch our team "clean up" on Manual, Central, and Westport.

The schedule of Northeast games: Jan. 9—Manual vs. Northeast at

Central.

Jan. 16—Central vs. Northeast at Northeast.

Jan. 23—Westport vs. Northeast at Northeast.

Jan. 30—Manual vs. Northeast at Northeast.

Feb. 6—Central vs. Northeast at Central.

Feb. 13—Westport vs. Northeast at Westport.

Feb. 20—Manual vs. Northeast at Central.

March 6-Westport vs. Northeast at Westport.

Northeast Songs and Yells.
Locomotive (increase in spead).
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Northeast! Northeast!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Northeast! Northeast!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Northeast! Northeast!
(Big Noise).

Cheer Song.
(Sung to the tune of "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.)
Cheer! Boys, Cheer!
For Northeast has the ball!
Cheer! Boys, Cheer!
For Northeast has the ball,
And when we hit that team,
There's goin' to be a fall;
There'll be a hot time in Northeast tonight, believe me.
(Repeat ad infinitum.)

Feast Yell.
I—feast, you—feast, all—feast,
N o r t h e a s t.
I feast, you feast, all feast, Northeast.
I feast, you feast, all feast, Northeast.
I feast, you feast, all feast, Northeast.



IOUAIS



To a Turkey.

Delbert Morgan, '17.

On Christmas morn, I fixed my gaze With tearful eyes in great amaze, Where lordly turk was wont to roost. What wanton hand that turk had loosed.

The turkey trot is all the go; I guess that turk was not so slow; To meet that turkey face to face, I must get in and learn the pace.





Helen Wallace

EDITORS.

Lucile Turner

Lucile Turner (to janitor): "I left some jokes on my desk last night. Have you seen any of them?"

Janitor: "Nope. I ain't seen 'em. Me and my pard spent an hour studying them and neither of us could see 'em.'

Miss Fox: "Now, Tom, what is your aim in expository composition?"

Tom Hill: "Bottom of the page."

Miss Adams (going through class roll in search of some one who had studied the lesson): "Mr. Scarritt, Mr. Wood, etc., at last, Mr. Fox have you read the lesson?"

Henry (abstractedly): "No'm, but I'm readin' it."

How is this for masculine ignorance? A lot of the boys wish to know whether the "A" in the badge which a number of girls are wearing means Aristos" Flower or "Alpha" Floral.

Mr. Peters: "Carl, name some creeping vine."

Carl Hise (thinking of the Wandering Jew): "Oh, I know, that Traveling Hebrew out in the hall."

Miss Adams: "What was the name of the consul Cotta, Ben?"

Ben: "It must have been Terra."

It is reported that a certain young lady found two dear little boys, Allen Compton and Xenophon Smith, straying, and appropriated them during assembly. She must not do that any more, their teacher objects.

Rehard: "Say, Carter, do you wish some jokes?"

Carter: "Betcher boots I do. They

are as scarce as hen's teeth."
Rehard: "Well, there are several in our commercial arithmetic class."

Harold: "All the world loves a lover you know."

Earnie: "Not when he's loving the girl who threw you over for him.

Errett Schrivner: "I'd rather be a nutmeg than have fame."

H. Lamber Hibbs: "Why?"
Errett: "Fame is for the great but nutmegs are for the grater."

Mr. Peters "What is quarter-sawed oak?"

Theresa Tummel: "It is wood cut on the bias."

Frances Jett (who has asked a good many questions): "Oh, a great, big worm has caught hold of your hook.

Young Agee (a little bit tired of answering them): "I know it, I put it there."

Frances (puzzled but polite): "Excuse me, but how will the little fishes see to bite your hook?"

Freshman (picking up a Caesar)-"O shucks! Latin is easy. Wish I had taken it. "Forte dux in oro"-forty ducks in a row. "Passus sum jam"pass sus some jam. "Boni legis Caesaris"—bony legs of Caesar. "Caesar sic dicat undecur egressi lictum"-Caesar sicked the cat on the cur and I guess he licked him."—Exchange.

Nye Adams: "I believe that every man should do something to advance the cause of science. When I die I shall leave my brain to science."

Ethel Burton: "O, you stingy old

thing."

Scarritt: "How do you come to paint?"

Wood: "Oh, I have a mother and

two sisters."

We are told this will be the last "little lamb" story. We hope so:

"Mary had a little lamb, Growing thin and thinner. She wrapped it in a paper bag, And cooked that lamb for dinner." —Exchange.

We Are Told To-

Ask Hewitt S. if he ever lost a ring. Ask Lawrence M. why he walks the hall with girls.

Ask Tommy W. why he carries so

will amount to much.

Ask Margaret H. who she woke up to go walking at 6 o'clock one morn-

Ask Marie M. why she likes to go with tall fellows.

Ask Leo A. why he gets his finger wrapped up so much.

Ask Morris M. how he hurt his foot. Ask Tommy W. why he carries so many books.

Ask Godfrey why he likes to go to

the Hipp.

Gladys Wall: "What is the difference between a man who has seen Niagara Falls, and a man who has not seen them and a cucumber?"

Henry Fox: "I don't know. What?" Gladys: "A man who has seen Niagara Falls has seen the mist, and a man who hasn't has missed the scene."

Henry: "What about the cucum-

ber?"

Gladys: "Oh, that's for you to bite

L. Miller: "Does our word liberty come from the Latin word liber?"

Tom Hall: "No, liber means children.'

Cornelia Hocquard, in chemistry laboratory: "Mr. Wildish, where is the powdered anatomy?

She meant antimony.

Lawrence Swisher, speaking on the impediments with which Samuel Johnson began life: "His greatest disadvantage was his early marraige.'

Mr. Millard Carr, the well-known historian, in a recent talk on the Trojan War, given before the body of students which assemble daily, third hour in room 12 told the climax of this stirring tale thus: "So Achilles beat Hector up and toted him 'round town three times."

Stanley Roach: "Don't you think the army trains one to be more obedient?"

Freshie: "The Salvation Army?"

Ethel Burton: "Well, I'm going way out in Kansas for my Thanksgiving holidays.'

Mr. Rush: "Rosedale?"

Jay Scotter (speaking of how potatoes first came to be used)-"Raleigh smelt the sound of the potatoes cooking."
It is though that he meant the smell

of the unsound potatoes.

Miss Fluhart: "This study hall is for studying and not for talking."
A Notorious Talker: "Ma'am?"

Yes, he is a freshman.

See Miss Nora Hammond for a detailed account of how she was cheated on her anonymous criticism Chaucer.

She: "Why were the middle ages called the Dark Ages?"

He: "Because there were so many knights in them."

The evening sky with sunset glowed; McAdam strolled from his abode,

The wild chauffeur With skilled eye, McAdamized the road.

-Exchange.

High Praise.

Ella, the faithful maid, was arrangme her mistress's hair one afternoon when she mentioned that she had heard Miss Allen sing in the parlor the even-

ing before. How did you like her singing,

Ella?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, mum!" sighed the maid, "it was grand! She sung just as if she was gargling!"-Ex.

If Romeo and Juliet went into a restaurant, would Romeo for what Juliet?

Mr. Ayres: "Now, let me give you

a piece of wisdom."

Evidently, Mr. Wisdom does not know that he is being delivered to the students in pieces.

Let us suppose that Miss Fox is a Ex. Let us suppose that the student who appears with no lesson prepared is a goose. After the previous suppositions, you can easily see where we have a "fox and goose story" quite often in room 41.

Signed by an experienced goose.

Little Willies Rose Sat on a tack. Little Willie Rose.

-Exchange.

Mrs. Steinberg: "Can anyone give a hint concerning this proposition?"

Jay S.: "You might draw a perpen-

dicular to the base."

Mrs. Steinberg: "Well, go on." Jay S.: "Er—you only asked for a hint."

Fair Warning.

"Richard," said the young woman in a loud whisper.

"What is it, dear?" whispered the

young man, in a low growl.

"What do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?"
"Do you object?"

"Do I object? Richard, if you do not remove your arm within the next two hours I shall scream and arouse the house."—Ex.

Robert Gilham, talking to a stately senior with hair in "pig-tails": "I guess the Alphas make the girls wear their hair down their backs because that is the way the first woman wore hers."

Mr. Wildish's definition of gasoline: "Gasoline is that substance which has the characteristic odor of white kid gloves.'

A well-dressed, dapper - looking young man stepped blithely into the postoffice and purchased twopennyworth of stamps.

The stamp clerk, as he was handing them out, asked:

"Have a money-order this morning?"

"No, thanks."

"Or some postal-cards? A new supply just came in this morning.'

"None today."

"Stamped envelopes? We have all sizes."

"No, no."

"Want to rent a postoffice box or register a package?"

"Not at all."

And the customer left.

The postmaster approached in a rage and shouted:

"Who is that fellow and what do you mean by insulting him?

"Oh, he's a barber," replied the clerk, nonchalantly, "and whenever I go in for a shave he insists upon giving me a face massage, hair cut, singe, shampoo, or some other fool thing that I don't want, and I thought I'd see how he would enjoy it if I turned the tables on him."—Ex.

An abesnt minded father sent his son to college and told him to telegraph back the word, "Yes," if all went well. Then the father promptly forgot about it. The telegram came bearing the single word, "Yes." Father was greatly puzzled and telegraphed back: "Yes, what?" His son answered, "Yes, sir."—Exchange. Home East 2160

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He told the sky maid of his love;
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several weeks.
—Ex.

Sarah Dunlap: "And the Thebans killed all the people and sold the women and children into salvery, and after that they killed the garrison."

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She: "Jack tells me all his secrets."
Her Friends: "You don't object to
that, do you?"
She: "Oh, I don't know; I think
I'd rather find them out."—Ex.

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A Freshman's Algebra Problem.

To prove that 10 is even:

9 equals IX

6 equals SIX

Subtracting, 3 equals —S

7 equals SEVEN

Adding, 10 equals EVEN

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A Case of Argument.

David in his wrath said, "All men are liars." Therefore David was a liar, his statement was not true. If David's statement was not true, then all men are not liars. Therefore, David was not a liar and his statement was true.

Home Telephone 6272 Main.

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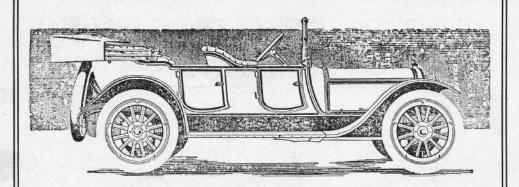
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