

The Skirmisher

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL, SALINA, KANSAS

Vol. V.

APRIL 29, 1922

No. 7

SALINA DEFEATS ST. JOHN'S

Salina High started things off with a rush by taking both places in the fifty yard dash. But as the meet progressed the St. John's followers were pleased to see that the meet was not such a walk-away for Salina as had been anticipated. The loss of Sanders, captain of the track team, and Hill, star discus man, slowed the cadets' scoring considerably. The fact is pretty well known that "Ole" would have taken both the high jump and the pole vault, besides a place in the broad jump. However, Lippincott filled his place very creditably in the high jump, and Pattison took second in the pole vault with little or no practice before the meet.

Although the meet was lost fairly and squarely, no reflection can be put on the men who entered the meet, because they had trained tirelessly and faithfully, and most of them were rewarded by their efforts. But the loss of Sanders and Hill was a death blow to the cadets.

Another probability is that, if some of the lounge lizards of the barracks had taken an interest in track, we could have had a better team. Too much praise cannot be given the men who did come out, because they gave the best they could with the amount of training they had gone through. However, let us not give up. The district meet is coming and we will do our level best to redeem ourselves. We can do it and will if the team can get the co-operation of the rest of the cadets. So come out and help us men. You don't know what you can do until you try. All of you might be world beaters and not realize it.

The following are the events:

50 Yard Dash—(1) Collier (S); (2) Nelson (S). Time, 5-3/5 sec.
100 Yard Dash—(1) Collier (S); Pattison (J). Time, 10-1/5 sec.
220 Yard Dash—(1) Collier (S); (2) Pattison (J). Time, 22-3/5 sec.
440 Yard Dash—(1) Terry (S); (2) Aimes (S). Time, 54-3/5 sec.
880 Yard Run—(1) Aimes (S); (2)

Simpson (S). Time, 2:27-1/5.

220 Low Hurdles—(1) Aldous (J); (2) Condon (J). Time, 28-2/5 sec.

120 High Hurdles—(1) Corporan (S); (2) Nelson (S). Time, 19 sec.

Mile Run—(1) Patrick (S); (2) McCracken (J). Time, 5:26.

Pole Vault—(1) Corporan (S); (2) Pattison (J). Height, 9 ft., 4 in.

High Jump—(1) Lippincott (J); McCurdy (S). Height, 4 ft. 11 in.

Broad Jump—(1) Pattison (J); (2) Collier (S). Distance, 19 ft. 10 in.

Discus—(1) McDonald (J); (2) Muir (S). Distance, 99 ft. 4 in.

Shot Put—(1) Collier (S); (2) Lichty (J). Distance, 33 ft. 1/2 in.

Javelin—(1) Corporan (S); Greer (J). Distance, 118 ft. 6 in.

Relay—(1) Salina. Time, 3 min. 44 sec.

The following points were made by each team:

Salina	St. John's
8..... 50 Yard Dash.....	0
5..... 100 Yard Dash.....	3
5..... 220 Yard Dash.....	3
8..... 440 Yard Dash.....	0
8..... 880 Yard Dash.....	0
5..... Mile Run.....	3
0..... 220 Low Hurdles.....	8
8..... 120 High Hurdles.....	0
5..... Pole Vault.....	3
3..... High Jump.....	5
3..... Broad Jump.....	5
3..... Discus.....	5
5..... Shot Put.....	3
5..... Javelin.....	3
5..... Mile Relay.....	0
76	41

A Clock for St. John's

The old hall clock has abdicated in favor of a more powerful and accurate opponent. The old clock has been in use for the past 25 years. It is still doing serviceable duty in the study hall, where it saves many steps for poor weary cadets who want to know the time.

The new clock is made of mahogany. It was purchased from the Bangs Jewelry Company.

EASTER IN CHAPEL

At the eleven o'clock service on Easter day the Chaplain explained the meaning of the word resurrection as used by St. Paul. In speaking of the term as arising from among the dead a great opportunity was presented to those who really became the sons of God to become children of the Resurrection.

The presentation of opportunity gave hope and courage to every one who seized upon it. Hope is the great word of the Eastertide. Jesus Christ came forth from the tomb as the pledge to assure all, who believed on the promises of God through His Son, that the immortality of the soul or the persistence of the personal energy was a vital truth. The power of the belief in the immortality of the individual and that death does not end all, are strongly brought before us in the unusual drama "The Return of Peter Grimm" by David Belasco, which many of us have been studying. The bold introduction into the play of Peter Grimm after his death is one of the most striking and impressive presentations in the drama of today. The continuing thought is immortality and while Peter Grimm believes in the common faith yet his friend Dr. MacPherson insists on bringing before him the influence, which may be exercised in this world by those who have crossed over and "who know better." In his spiritualistic tendencies he gains power over Peter Grimm until the lover of flowers agrees to enter into a compact as to the relations after death. The drama brings before us the teaching that the personal energy persists and illustrates how that existence may commune and influence those who have not crossed over. It is distinctly a dramatic presentation of immortality.

Both Expensive

Ed Yoders says he has two runabouts; he buys tires for one and attire for the other.—Vermont Paper.

FIRST DATE FOR THE PROM

Not many days ago three boys, who, by the way, are continually joking each other, were divided into two sections—first section containing one, second section two.

The Hospital which has recently come into possession of St. John's has quite a system of telephones. There is a telephone on each floor, which can be operated independently of the down stairs office.

"I believe you have the highest voice, so you go upstairs and do the talking," was the command given by Wood to Armantrout. So up he went.

In came their intended victim with a smile of pure, innocent joy upon his "phizzo."

"Well, here I am," said Aldous, "Let's call her up." (We'll call her Helen).

So "she" was called up (upstairs), and Helen asked in a sweet voice who it was.

"Oh, this is Wood," was the reply. "I have a very good friend here, that would love to talk to you. Do you want to?"

"Just tickled silly," was the gushing reply.

"Hello!" was tremblingly asked by Aldous. "How are you?"

And so the slaughter was continued until Aldous asked for a date, which was promptly given him.

The time and the place were agreed upon. It was at St. John's on a Saturday afternoon. So Aldous waited and waited and waited the whole long dreary afternoon—all to no avail, for his fair maiden did not show up.

Much enraged he stamped into the barracks at recall, and gave vent to much vehement and abusive language.

The next Monday he was completely appeased by a pink scented note from "her," explaining that she had been ill and unable to be there and asking that he meet her at the Hub at three o'clock that afternoon, where she would be with her car. That evening as recall blew a weary and footsore youth strode into the barracks in such a raging temper and ugly mood, that the little ones on the first floor took but one look and then turned and fled in terror to their rooms, where they hid under the bed.

Tramping up the stairs he swore he would never trust another woman. The next day, however, another pink scented letter arrived with an excuse, and asked that Aldous meet her at the Grand at 7:30 Saturday evening. So with many misgivings he started out

on the long hike to the Grand. (He was financially embarrassed). After standing around two or three hours he gave up the ghost and started back to St. John's. After kicking two or three dogs on the way and attempting to kick out the stairway, he limped up to the third floor, weary, footsore and heartsick.

Unable to keep good a thing any longer, Armantrout and Wood, out of the goodness and generosity of their heart, informed the poor, misled youth that some vile brute had been preying upon him—making him feel foolish. After receiving many promises of help in apprehending the dastardly wretch, who had beguiled him, the poor boy once more calmed down, sought his bunk and dropped off into a dreamless slumber.

Carl Johnson bought an alarm clock about two weeks ago and it stopped the other day. He took it apart and found a dead cockroach in it.

"No wonder it wouldn't run," he sighed, "the engineer is dead."

A darkey sentinel was walking post. The O. D. came up. The darkey challenged him and stood watching him. Finally the O. D. said:

"Well, are you going to let me stand here all night."

"No, sir, boss," answered the darkey, and, after looking at him for a few moments, answered again, "No, sir, boss, at ease."—Exchange.

We Wonder

We wonder if Poindexter knows what a polynomial is. A student of Latin for four years ought to know what "Poly" means.

Change In Detention System

As a result of a faculty meeting last week a change has been made in the detention system. All reports carrying a penalty of over three demerits are now turned in on the military report and served off on squad, which have heretofore been served off in the study hall. This latter system proved to be far from satisfactory. It made the task of the instructor-in-charge nerve racking and exceedingly difficult to give attention to those making up scholastic work.

Captain Howes—Ryberg, how many states are there?

Ryberg—49, sir. Alaska is now a state.

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Mr. Weldon Speaks on Wireless

On Saturday, April 22, Mr. W. R. Weldon came out to speak to the cadets at their weekly assembly. His subject was "Radio". Naturally every cadet was well keyed up for such an address and hung upon Mr. Weldon's every word. It will be remembered that Mr. Weldon had previously been kind enough to bring his instruments out to the school for the purpose of testing out our aerial, which proved a success, and to give St. John's its first experience of "listening in" and hearing a real concert broadcasted from Denver and other points.

Mr. Weldon prefaced his address by calling attention to the early date of the discovery of electricity, its first manifestations having been made in the form of the well known attraction exhibited by amber when rubbed. It had received its name from electron, the Greek name for amber. He then told of the two kinds of electricity, static, that causes so much trouble for wireless fans, and dynamic, or electricity in motion. When electricity is flowing, there is always a positive and negative current, or direction. Even in static electricity, there are two kinds. For instance, when glass is rubbed with silk, positive electricity is produced; and when sealing wax is rubbed with woolen cloth, negative electricity is produced. Bodies can be charged with electricity in two ways: by contact, and by induction. Mr. Weldon explained this and spoke at length on the properties of conductors and non-conductors, insulation, direct and alternating current, voltage, amperage, and in fact, all electrical terms with which an acquaintance is necessary to all true fans.

Mr. Weldon then illustrated by blackboard sketch the manner in which the transmitting set of a wireless creates waves when the diaphragm is vibrated by the voice or other sounds, and how these waves radiate through the ether and cause similar oscillations on the diaphragm in the receiving set, thus causing the latter to emit exactly similar sounds to those setting up the original waves at the sending end.

After making all this clear to all the cadets and explaining other parts of the apparatus, Mr. Weldon devoted the remainder of the time to answering questions, of which there was no lack as the fans sought to make every minute count in their endeavor to amplify their knowledge of this im-

portant and intensely interesting subject.

The Faculty and Cadet Corps of St. John's Military School take this opportunity to extend hearty thanks to Mr. Weldon for his kindness in coming out to try out the aerial with his splendid receiving set and incidentally treating them to a wireless concert, and for this second favor in coming to speak to them about the wonders of wireless.

When Bunny Isn't Hitting

The world is square and upside down,
When Bunny isn't hitting.

At bat he's funny as a clown

When Bunny isn't hitting.

He changes stance and crowds the plate.

He swings too fast or cuts too late,

And fusses moodily at fate,

When Bunny isn't hitting.

No silver linings rim the clouds,

When Bunny isn't hitting.

No pleasing plaudits from the crowds,

When Bunny isn't hitting.

No joy in all the wide, long land,

No music in John Cousas' band,

No shaking of his horny hand,

When Bunny isn't hitting.

The nights are long with fitful sleep,

When Bunny isn't hitting.

Wide curve balls o'er the corners sweep,

When Bunny isn't hitting.

The ball game's just a wild nightmare,

With pop flies swarming in the air,

And fielders standing everywhere,

When Bunny isn't hitting.

But brightly shines the glorious sun,

When Bunny gets to hitting.

And every day brings forth its fun,

When Bunny gets to hitting.

There's nothing like the old base blow,

To fill his face with ruddy glow.

The world is gay, there is no woe,

When Bunny gets to hitting.

—C. E. McB. in K. C. Star.

Preparation for Camp

On Saturday in Easter week classes were suspended and the cadets were organized into different groups to take care of each article that will be used while in camp this spring. All the equipment was brought up from the basement and carried to a place where the tents were inspected for tears and unfitness. One group took care of the sorting and counting of the tent pegs, while another counted the mess kits, etc. The tents were raised and those that needed repairing were laid aside so that they could be repaired before time to go to camp.

The wind was blowing rather hard, making the task of lifting the tents very difficult, but every tent was given careful inspection.

The time for camp is drawing near and it is hoped that in about two weeks it will be possible to forget our school work and have a jolly good time. All this depends upon the weather, so the boys are praying for the best of climate.

We Wonder

We wonder if Putty will have a sore foot Saturday.

We wonder if it will rain Saturday?
We hope not, Harris!

We wonder why Schlesinger was waiting in front of Woolworth's store last Saturday?

Who is McDonald going to bring to the junior prom? We wonder.

Ryberg tells us that he was chased 6 miles out in the country for speeding. We wonder if he has any gasoline left.

Captain Bernard—Conklin, tell me the habits of the kangaroo.

Conklin—Well, they have a pocket where they carry their eggs in.

Cohen (to Ike Abrahamson)—Go get a crowbar, Ike, dere's a penny under the side walk.—Exchange.

Those who wish to be placed on the regular mailing list to receive the "Skirmisher" throughout the year will kindly sign and mail the slip hereunder, enclosing \$1.50 as their subscription.

.....1922.

To the Editor of The Skirmisher,
St. John's Military School, Salina, Kansas.

DEAR SIR:

Enclosed please find.....for \$1.50 as my subscription for the "Skirmisher" for the current school year.

The Skirmisher

Published Bi-Weekly by the Cadets of
St. John's Military School,
Salina, Kansas.

Subscription rate.....\$1.50 per year

PERSONAL NOTES

Captain Howes is giving a course of lectures on "Christian Behavior and Certain Vital Problems" on Sunday mornings at Christ Cathedral. His first lecture was on "What is Social Behavior," which will be followed by one on "When Social Behavior Becomes Christian."

Several cadets visited their homes during the short Easter vacation. Leiser and Shiney went to Hutchinson; Armantrout, Grant, and Wildes to Wichita; Hyde, Price H. and Price J., to Reading; Lichty to ElDorado; Nettleton to Hayes, and Tizell to Kansas City.

Condon and McWhinney have been initiated into the Salina Chapter of "The Order of DeMolay." Petitions have been filed by Aldous, Hyde, Grant and Cameron. Those that have been already accepted from St. John's are Harris, Armantrout, McDonald, Pooley, Wildes, Johnson, and Poindexter. Harris and Johnson have been appointed as a committee to look up all eligible candidates for DeMolay in St. John's.

Funniest Stories Ever Heard

Mark Twain and his friends were talking about Shakespeare's plays.

"When I get to heaven," said Mark, "I'm going to ask Bill Shakespeare whether he really wrote those plays or not."

"What if he isn't there?" asked one of his friends.

"Oh, that's right, you ask him," said Mark.

One of the bishops of our church sent a woman who needed work to another bishop with this letter:

"Dear Bishop: This woman wants washing."

The following reply came back:

"Dear Bishop: Very likely she does, but I am not the man to do it."

A writer in the Kansas City Star states that it takes horse sense to drive a car.

FIFTY-SEVEN MILES ON HORSEBACK

Last Thursday week Major Ganssle selected a group of boys to go to Junction City to drive back the horses that were given by Mr. Fegan to the school. The trip was expected to take several days, so it was necessary to make arrangements for camping over night and preparing meals along the road. The truck was overhauled and then loaded with ten saddles, blankets, bridles, tents, overcoats, and provisions. The trip was started early Friday morning; because of delay in town it was impossible to hit the trail before 10:30 a. m.

Major Ganssle provided himself with plenty of cigars and settled himself for the long journey. The boys think he averaged two cigars every five miles. Once started good time was made, and the first stop was made in Abilene for gasoline. Of course it was necessary to stop in a few small towns to obtain water for the truck. The first meal was prepared about seven miles out of Junction City by the side of the concrete road. It was then the catastrophe happened and the beans were spilled—we only had one can of pork and beans. We had a big can of kidney beans and we did our level best to eat them all, but eventually there was a lot left. Two of the mess kits were brought into play, and the beans were saved from immediate destruction. Of course you can guess what we thought of the fellow that provided the eats. The next stop was Junction City, and Mr. Fegan was right there waiting for us, and took the party to the stables where the ponies were kept.

Nearly every boy in the party was very much surprised when he saw ponies, and really discovered that they were as nice and big as any one could desire. The boys then realized what a fine and generous gift Mr. Fegan had made; they also appreciated his desire of seeing the boys of today have the pleasures that he would have enjoyed when he was a youth. The boys with the help of the stablemen saddled and bridled the horses. Then the return trip was started about four o'clock. Major Ganssle had to return to Salina on an afternoon train for an engagement. Mr. Fegan escorted the party as far as Mr. Thisher's ranch, which was very near where the camp was made for the night. The horses were watered, fed their chop and then turned into a

corral, where there was plenty of hay at their disposal.

In the meantime tents were raised and a fire was kindled. Supper was cooked and eaten around the camp fire. All the boys were contented except Shaffer, who kicked a great deal when it came time to clean the mess-kits. We humored and jollied him until his bad temper left him. Blankets and overcoats were spread out on the "nice, soft grass," and the boys began turning in. All lights were out and silence reigned.

Before turning in every one had his work assigned for the morning. Wood, Shaffer, Bobby Fegan and Woulfe were to go to the stables to feed the horses and tend to them in general. Pooley, Dalton, Manion, and Pickering were to make the fire, roll the blankets, and prepare the breakfast of ham and eggs.

All were ready for breakfast and soon disposed of it. The horses were brought out and saddled, and the party soon started, each boy riding a horse and leading one. The riders and horses were in fine spirits, and did not seem to show any effects of the previous day's journey. Pooley and Dalton were left with the truck to break camp and clean up the grounds. It did not take long to do this, and the truck was soon on its way. The horses were overtaken a few miles before reaching Abilene, and at the same time a member of the Abilene Rotary Club, Mr. Clevenger, met the party and told the party the right road to take in order to prevent driving through Abilene. This again was the work of Mr. Fegan, who had telephoned Mr. Clevenger of the approach of the party. A little rest was taken at Abilene and each rider had a bottle of pop. When refreshed the party moved on and arrived at the Sand Springs for lunch. Major Ganssle and Capt. Shideler with their families met the party here. Here lunch was served.

The horses were allowed to graze after being watered and fed. A rest of two hours was taken here, and the truck started for Salina for fresh provisions for the evening. The party by this time had lost one of its members—poor Pickering. The ride proved to be too strenuous for him, and in spite of his great reluctance he had to be brought back home. It was very apparent that he was tired and needed a rest.

The truck was loaded and started back about 5:30. The party of horses

was met about seven miles out of Salina. The whole party was determined to make Salina before quitting for the evening. Supper was cooked by Poo'ey, which proved to be the best meal of the trip. Steak, fried potatoes, apple butter, fresh country butter, cake and cookies were served. The horses were watered at a nearby farmhouse. Before long Majors Ganssle and Wier met the party. This was the last trip that evening for the car, which was driven back to the school. The blankets, etc., were separated and put away. Then began the wait for the horses. Pooley and Spoelstra took a lantern and walked a long ways up the road north of the school. About nine o'clock the horses arrived. Such a tumult! All the boys came rushing from the barracks and swarmed around the horses to see what they looked like.

The horses were unsaddled, watered and turned loose in the corral. Then the stiff and tired boys went to the barracks and cleaned up in preparation of the nice feed that was served in Major Ganssle's quarters.

The next morning it was discovered that two of the ponies were missing. Major Ganssle with Bobby Fegan and three cadets drove over the road that had been travelled over the previous evening. About five miles along the road the pair were overtaken and chased quite a distance before they were captured. A saddle and bridle had been brought along; Wood rode one of the horses back, leading the other. Since then the corral has been the scene of a great deal of grooming and fussing by the cadets. Wood who had charge of the party has been appointed STABLE SERGEANT.

What Would Happen?

If Armantrout couldn't receive an S. P. D.?
 If McCracken couldn't have a second order?
 If Putnam couldn't play sick?
 If Parker couldn't smoke?
 If Jeff couldn't attend Sunday School?
 If Harris couldn't sleep?
 If Lippincott and Linville couldn't telephone?
 If McDonald couldn't be late to class?
 If Ryberg couldn't visit Spence's?
 If Greer couldn't talk to the girls in the kitchen?
 If Pattison couldn't visit Ellsworth?
 If McWhinney couldn't practice?
 If Titzell couldn't sing?

The Higher the Cheaper

Recently a traveler called at a hotel in Paris and asked what the charge was for rooms.

"Forty francs for the first floor, 30 francs for the second, 20 francs for the third and 10 francs for the fourth floor," replied the hotel proprietor.

"Oh, very well, thank you," said the traveler as he turned to go away.

"That does not please you?" replied the proprietor, as he called him back.

"Oh, your prices are all right," said the traveler, "but your hotel is not high enough for me."—Pearson's Weekly.

Value of the Assembly

Every Saturday morning, at the end of the sixth period, the cadet corps assembles in the study hall for a talk by one of Salina's prominent men. These assemblies are of great value to the cadets. The speaker usually talks on some important problem that is of interest to all.

It is a hard proposition for a business or professional man to know what to say to a bunch of fellows in our stage of life, since most of his time is spent in mixing with individuals in adult life. We look forward with pleasure to the talks that are to come.

We Wonder

If Pooley can wear his barracks cap since the happy day?

Who Jeff is going to take to the prom?

What is Lippincott's first name?

How it is that Aldous makes a hit with the girls?

Why Freeman gets so many letters?

Why Putnam has squad?

Captain Bernard—Some man's hair was estimated to be worth \$50,000.

Cleo—Captain, how much is mine worth?

Captain Bernard—You could probably get a plugged nickel for it.

Bowen (to White F.)—I saw your girl last night.

White F.—Did you? I bet you don't know her name?

Bowen—Yes I do. Her name is Pearl White.

White F.—Oh, she's the movie actress.

Bowen—I don't know, but she was playing about nigger town.

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Play in One Act

Scene 1. Room on the third floor of the barracks. Enters mysterious cadet who pilfers sweater and hides the same in locker. Exits laughing fiendishly and muttering "the deed is done, now let him rave." Later, enters the owner of the sweater happily whistling. He strides to the locker, steps back, rage and consternation written on his usually blank face. Stares for a moment and then tears madly from the room.

Scene 2. Room C 5 in the barracks. A cluster of cadets laughing uproariously. The door is violently forced open, and there in the doorway like an apparition in a dream stands the victim, his eyes bloodshot, his hands clenching and unclenching spasmodically as he starts from one to the other, striving to pick out the paltry villain who had upped him. "Who has hid my sweater?" he asked in accents wild, glaring at the fear-ridden crows before him. "I'll report this, you'll see if I don't," he roared, when a voice replied from the crows quaveringly, "I saw one in the bath-tub." At these words the victim underwent a change. No longer did he want the perpetrator of this dastardly trick; his one predominating idea was to save his beloved sweater from a watery grave.

Scene 3. Same as scene 1. It is night. The sky seemed to feel with the bereaved cadet, for not a star shone and the wind moaned fitfully through the great trees. The victim is ready for bed. He stands with his night-shirt on, with chevrons on his sleeves. His face is lined by the ordeal that he has passed through that day (for he had not yet found his sweater). He strides to his locker, reaches up to take down his overcoat for additional covering on his bed. He steps back suddenly, staring dumfoundedly at an object which had slid from within his coat to the floor. His face lighted with joy, his "biscuit-hatch" dropped open as he knelt with a strangled sob and clustered to his breast his sweater at last.

Soon quiet spread over the barracks, and the moon which had come at last shed a fitful ray through the window, lighting up the room and showing our beloved corporal sleeping peacefully with a smile on his face and the sweater in his arm.

(Curtain)

—Anonymous.

Putnam is now chief of the dandegion diggers.



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St. John's Dandelion Squad
 With spring comes the flowers which fill our hearts with joy and beautify our campus, but with them and in a more plenteous quantity come the dandelions running in opposition to the flowers trying to add their hated luster. But with the first sight of them comes the formation of a dandelion squad, made up of those cadets having extra duty. Their purpose is to join forces with the flowers and beautify the campus by removing the dandelions from the lawn, and put them where they can do no further damage.

The regulars on the squad are Bowen, Corpeny and Putnam.

Captain Bernard (in Science class): The more folds the brain has, the more area and space it has.

Titzell: Captain, I wonder how many mine has.

Captain Bernard: Well, Titzell, yours probably looks like a billiard ball.

White F. (at the table): Please pass the beets.

No response.

White F. (growing impatient): Pass the B-E-A-T-S.

Captain Howes (in English class): Johnson, what were the two political parties in England in the 17th century?

Johnson (half asleep): Republicans and Democrats.

Thirty days hath September,
 April, June and November,
 All the rest are thirsty too,
 Unless you make your own home brew.

Two old maids went off on a tramp
 in the woods, but the tramp died.

There is only one difference between "Sockless Jerry" Simpson and Bellville Putnam. Simpson probably had socks and never wore them. Putnam never has socks and wears everyone's.

Captain Shideler a Scottish Rite
 During Easter week Captain Shideler, was one of the class of four hundred that took the Scottish Rite degrees. Major Ganssle, one of the members of the order, took an active part in the ceremonies. We all congratulate Captain Shideler upon his advancement in Masonry.

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