

The Skirmisher

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL, SALINA, KANSAS

Vol. VIII.

OCTOBER 22, 1924

No. 1

A GRADE HOLIDAY

On the evening of our Concordia game, the Colonel announced that we would have a scholastic holiday. A scholastic holiday provides that all cadets who receive an average of 85 per cent or better will be excused from all classes. Those who have 80 per cent up to 85 per cent will be excused from the first four. An average of 75 per cent or better the first two. These holidays come at the end of every month, and are always looked forward to by the cadets. This acts as an

incentive to better work throughout the month.

Our Sheik of 1924-25 or Lovesick Lonie

Our new foot-ball manager is carrying out successfully the work of the Junior Captain of last year in the line of Sheiking. If you wish to use the telephone you either have to cause him to take time out, knock him out or send in your reservation several days before you wish to phone, for it is never late or two early for him to 'phone his, Marjory, Fanny, Lucile or Mary Garden. It is nothing un-

common for him to talk for half an hour to an hour and a half to one of his many "Shebas".

Word has been received at Saint John's that Oris Armontrout "23" who is playing guard on the Kansas Aggies team this fall is out of the Kansas-Aggie game and possibly the next one with a sprained wrist. This accident has materially crippled the K. S. A. C. team for they place great confidence in his playing.

STATISTICAL CHART OF ST. JOHN'S-ABILENE FOOTBALL GAME

	St. J.	Ab.	St. J.	Ab.	St. J.	Ab.	St. J.	Ab.	St. J.	Ab.
Ground gained by rushing.....	86	144	15	59	21	41	25	10	25	34
First downs	5	8	1	3	1	3	2	2	2	2
Punts	13	11	2	2	4	2	3	4	4	3
Punts, yards	398	323	97	57	122	65	75	106	104	95
Punts, average	33	30	49	29	31	33	25	27	26	32
Punts, run back, yards	42	70	4	20	1	6	27	11	10	23
Forward passes, attempted	15	11	1	0	2	8	7	0	5	3
Forward passes, completed	4	1	0	0	1	1	2	0	1	0
Forward passes, yards gained	70	8	0	0	31	8	29	0	10	0
Forward passes, intercepted	1	3	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	2
Penalties	5	6	0	2	2	2	1	1	2	1
Penalties, yards lost	25	40	0	15	10	10	5	5	10	10
Fumbles	3	5	1	1	0	3	1	1	1	0
Fumbles, recovered (own)	2	3	0	1	0	2	1	0	1	0
Fumbles, recovered opponents	2	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
Goals from field attempted	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Goals from field scored	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Touchdowns	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Goals from touchdown	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

STATISTICAL CHART OF ST. JOHN'S-CONCORDIA GAME

	St. J.	Con.	St. J.	Con.	St. J.	Con.	St. J.	Con.	St. J.	Con.
Ground gained by rushing.....	68	185	4	70	24	66	20	15	20	34
First downs	4	6	1	1	1	3	1	0	1	2
Punts	10	9	3	1	2	2	3	3	2	3
Punts, yards	258	257	51	40	82	58	93	86	32	73
Punts, average	27	30	17	40	41	29	31	29	16	24
Punts, run back, yards	10	86	0	0	0	35	3	51	7	0
Forward passes, attempted	11	1	2	1	3	0	2	0	4	0
Forward passes, completed	6	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	2	0
Forward passes, yards gained	50	0	12	0	0	0	15	0	23	0
Forward passes, intercepted	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1
Penalties	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2
Penalties, yards lost	0	30	0	0	0	5	0	15	0	10
Fumbles	11	7	3	1	1	4	5	1	2	1
Fumbles, recovered (own)	8	4	3	0	0	2	4	1	1	1
Fumbles, recovered opponents	3	3	1	0	2	1	0	1	0	1
Goals from field attempted	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1
Goals from field scored	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Touchdowns	0	4	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1
Goals from touchdown	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

Little Johnnie Flanders with radio set
"Oh, mother I got Denver."
(Five minutes later he again burst out)

"Oh, mother I've got St. Louis."

Mother (Putting down her knitting)

"Put your head out of the window and you will get Chilly."

Father (Savagely): "Open that window and you will get H---."

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 1.

1. The following promotions and assignments are announced to take effect this date.

To be Lieutenants

Lt. H. Lieser, to be Battalion Executive Officer.

Sgt. R. McCracken, to command A Company.

Sgt. D. Phillips, to command B Company.

Sgt. H. Heaton, Assigned to A Company.

Sgt. D. Bland, Assigned to A Company.

Sgt. B. Edwards, Assigned to B Company.

Sgt. L. Linger, Assigned as Quartermaster.

Sgt. C. Manion, Assigned to B Company.

To be Non-Commissioned Officers Sergeants

Corp. J. Harris, assigned to Bugle Corps.

Corp. B. Price, assigned to B Company.

Cadet L. Hartman, assigned to A Company.

Corp. W. Jackson, assigned to B Company.

Cadet G. Jamison, assigned to A Company.

Cadet E. Blunt, assigned to A Company.

Cadet H. Fisher, assigned to B Company.

To be Corporals

Cadet R. Doran, assigned to A Company.

Cadet C. Craven, assigned to A Company.

Cadet S. Cronin, assigned to A Company.

Cadet K. Farnsworth, assigned to A Company.

Cadet E. Lester, assigned to B Company.

Cadet R. Crooks, assigned to B Company.

Cadet E. Ripley, assigned to B Company.

Cadet J. Thorn, assigned to B Company.

Cadet H. Fuhrman, assigned to B Company.

To be Musicians with Corporal privileges.

Cadet W. Utterback.

Cadet F. Whitehead.

Cadet K. Roth.

Cadet C. Ripley.

Cadet J. McElhenie.

Cadet S. Stone.

By Order Of The Commandant.

HUGH LIESER

Lt. and Battalion Executive Officer.

NEWS ITEMS

Col. Ganssle has been seen recently driving a new Marmon car. It is of the same type and color as his last one, but of a later model. This speaks well for the Marmon as this is his second one, and we all agree that it is a car to be proud of.

The school ponies, which have been on the range during the summer vacation, were returned to the school last week for the use of the cadets. They are indeed in fine condition, fat and rested, and should be well cared for by all who use them. The smaller cadets have great times in the afternoons riding the ponies about the campus.

Corporal Lester, left with Col. Ganssle for Wichita, Tuesday. He will visit his parents there and return after several days absence to resume his duties and studies.

Lee Thompson, formerly a cadet in a California Military School, has been added to our roll. Military life is nothing new to him so he has been able, with a little review to step right in school life.

Something new and different has been added to our drill to make it more interesting. Major Perkins, instructor of military drill, has offered a prize to the platoon which shows the most improvement in a certain period of time. The prize is yet undetermined. It may mean special privileges to the winning platoon, or possibly, that platoon will be excused from drill for several days. Whatever it may be, it is worth working for. Lets try to get that prize.

Headmaster, Mr. N. A. Barker, announced the other night that in all his years at St. John's never has he seen two weeks go by without a single detention as has the first two

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weeks of this school year. Now he has been here for a good many years so that is saying a great deal. That means that so far the students have applied themselves more than usual. Lets keep up the good work, not for two more weeks, but for the whole year.

Mrs. Perkins served Victrola records to her guests at a small informal bridge party. Attendance included Miss Dorthy Perkins, Captain McGrew Coach Zanoni and Mrs. Perkins.

Captain John (To Jamison): "Jamie, what is a collective noun?"

Jamison: (Slow in answering): "Oh! Landlord is a collective noun."

WINGER'S LETTER

(U. S. S. Black Hawk, Asiatic Station,
Via Seattle, Wash.)

We left San Diego on the 15th of June and went up to San Pedro where we went aboard the Argonne. At mid-night that same date we shoved off from Pedro and was bound for Honolulu, the first day out we had rough weather and almost every one was sea-sick. I didn't get sick but I sure felt foolish several times.

We had good weather the rest of the way to Honolulu and all hands were glad to get ashore. While in Honolulu I went to all places of interest and enjoyed a good swim in the surf at Waikiki Beach. I saw the natives ride the waves on surf boards and also saw them paddle their outrigger canoes. Those natives can ride their surf boards in any position you can think of, even on their heads.

I saw so much of interest there that I can't begin to tell it all so I will go on with the journey.

We went to the island of Guam next but didn't get ashore on account of so many men in the draft.

From Guam we went to Cavite, P. I. just across the bay from Manila, we had some cargo to break out there and after that was disposed of we crossed the bay to Manila.

There are many places of interest in Manila such as Bilibid Prison, an old cathedral built in the fifteen hundred's the largest cabaret in the world is also there and of course I went there.

From Manila we got under way for Shanghai, just before arriving at the mouth of the Wangpoo River I saw why they call the body of water surrounding this territory the Yellow Sea.

In Shanghai the first place any of the sailors went was the Y. M. C. A. and got a good feed, it seems that chow is a gobs first thought when he goes ashore.

Of course we rode in the jinricksha's and we were surprised at the amount of speed the coolies can pull you around at. They don't seem to even get tired and when anything gets in their way you ought to hear them shout out in their native tongue.

We stayed in Shanghai a week and every one was broke by that time so the skipper shoved off for Chefoo.

There are about forty ships in this fleet including all the destroyers, layers, and supply ships. There are also eight sub-marines and a tender

in the fleet so we could start a young war if it was necessary.

Give my regards to all of the instructors and tell all of the old boys that I would enjoy hearing from them at any time.

I guess I will have to close for this time hoping to hear from you soon.

Best regards to all.

HORANCE E. WINGER,

U. S. S. Black Hawk,

Asiatic Station, Seattle Wash.

Care of Post Master.

There are six great mysteries which surrounds St. John's and if any person can enlighten the cadets on any of these subjects they will be greatly indebted to them. They are the following.

How did Captain John obtain his black eye?

Why the Salina girls inquire about that curly haired ticket seller?

Why the two coaches raise twin soup-strainers?

Why Hartman goes home to see his six baby kittens?

What does Lieut. McCracken mean when he tells "Denny", not to snore down the corner at him?

What were Liesser and Lieut. Edwards doing on south Tenth Street Friday night?

ELLSWORTH vs. ST JOHN'S

On Friday the 26th of September the Cadet football team and a few of the cadet corps left Salina immediately following dinner for Ellsworth where the Cadet's first game was to be played.

The means of transportation was afforded by "The St. John's Ford Brigade" and various other cars.

The game being called at 3:30 P. M. proceeded as follows: St. John's won the kickoff but fumbled, recovered and returned a few yards. On the first play they fumbled again, Ells-

worth fared little better, on their second down fumbled and St. John's recovered. Although the game started ragged it soon tightened up, Ellsworth getting down into the harness first. When the first quarter was still young Ellsworth by straight football went down the field and across the line for the first touchdown. They completed their seven points when by a long end run netted the needed three yards. Late in the second half, Ellsworth again went down the field and by a final end run, put the ball over. This time they failed to kick goal. After the kick-off by playing fast football Saint John's took the ball to the Ellsworth two-yard line where with four downs to put it over time was called for the half.

The third quarter was the most thrilling part of the game from a Cadet standpoint. In the early part of this period Hartman, Cadet fullback intercepted an alien pass and with exceptionally good interference and open field ran seventy-five yards for our first touchdown. A fumble prevented the extra point after touchdown from being made. Not long after another touchdown was made. On this occasion Heaton, a veteran end picked up a fumble and ran thirty-five yards for a touchdown. Hartman missed his attempt to drop-kick goal for the extra point.

With the score 13-12 things looked good for the Cadets but their "playhouse" did not last long. The Ellsworth team came back with a touchdown in the first part of the last quarter. They failed to kick goal. On the following kick-off Ellsworth receiving, fumbled and their man being tackled behind the goal gave a safety and two points to the Cadet team.

The remaining part of the game was played in Ellsworth territory, although the military team never dangerously threatened a touchdown.

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Hoskinson, who graduated last year, is in Kansas University at Lawrence. He is pledged Phi Chi.

Dale Aitken who attended St. John's in 1918-19 visited the school with his wife on Aug. 24, 1924.

Verne Ross formerly of St. John's is in Washington University Medical School at St. Louis.

Bob Kirkpatrick, an old St. John's graduate is in Boulder this term. He is living in the Chi Psi house.

Belmont of the class of 21 visited school the ninth and tenth of September. He informs us that he is cadet manager for Barnesball Refining Co. of Kansas City, Mo.

Recently, we had the pleasure of having Mr. and Miss Berggren with us. They came up by auto, and were glad to see "Swede" out for foot ball again this year.

Coach D. J. McGrew, athletic director of Saint John's was one of the officials at the Wesleyan-Bethel game which was played Friday, October third at Salina.

Shaffer, C., of Casper, Wyo., commonly known as "Gump" at St. John's is enrolled at Boulder in the school of chemical engineering. The famous sheep herder from Casper (Gump) was in such a hurry to get to his university work that he rode his pet sheep down to Boulder in six hours. We wonder why the sheep was adopted and his Packard strait eight discarded.

Captain Shideler invited a small group of boys to his home on the evening of Oct. 14, and it would be going into detail to say that every one invited was conspicuously present, as a change from the daily routine is always welcomed. The ones present were: Lieut. Bland, Sergt. Fisher, Cadets Hover, House, Jeanin, Abbott and Stone.

The early part of the evening was spent in singing songs with our famous pianist, Capt Shideler, at the piano. Jokes were told and the evening was finished up by refreshments of ice cream and cake.

It is needless to say that the evening was enjoyed by all, and especially the finishing up part.

There have arrived recently, two new boys to add to our increasing number. One is Michell, of Monte Vista, Colorado, and the other is Sawyer who attended Saint John's several years ago. So far they have both done quite well and everyone hopes they continue to do so. Sawyer is a new prospect for football, which has encouraged the team very much. He has been out for only a few day's practice and Coach Zanoni has been trying him out for the back-field. His showing so far has been remarkable for an unexperienced man.

HONOR ROLL

September's Honor Roll of Upper School

1. Shortt, P.	90.5
2. Phillips	89.5
3. Jackson	88.3
4. Edwards	88
5. Putnam	88
6. Gilbert	87.8
7. Reese	87.6
8. Overton	87.2
9. Lieser	87
10. Fisher	86.8

September's Honor Roll of Junior School

1. Austin, J.	89.6
2. Thorn	86.2
3. Bivens	83.3
4. Ellis	83.2
5. Scott, 2	83
6. Warde	83
7. Kintz	82.8
8. Ripley, E.	82.7
9. Hickory	82.7
10. Johnson	82.3

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert accompanied by their daughter and Mrs. Mourning, on last Friday the 26th. paid St. John's a visit. They returned the same day.

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Horace Winger "23" and Louis Cline both formerly St. John's cadets are in China now with the Asiatic Fleet. Cline is on the Huron and Winger the Blackhawk.

Joe Hines is also on one of the destroyers attached to the fleet.

Winger gives a very interesting account of his trip in one of his letters. Any of the "old boys" wishing to write to Winger will address him at the address below.

Horace E. Winger
U. S. S. Blackhawk
Asiatic Station
Care of P. Master Seattle, Wash.

THE REVENGE

Before Kansas was settled by white men even pioneer missions) a strange white traveler, Don Phillip, wandered into that country. He had traveled over the unsettled parts of the eastern states without actual encounter with Indians, and for that believed that he could go anywhere. But he miscalculated. He became so interested in the study which he was making of the country that he lost himself. Winter was coming on and in that desert land a lone adventurer had little chance. His only hope of living through the cold months was to attempt to form a friendship with a nearby tribe of Indians and to live in their camp. Gaining this friendship was not so easily accomplished as might be expected. They had no knowledge of white men, and for that reason were curious enough to allow him into their camp, though no one trusted him. He lived under their protection for a long time but gained little of the confidence of the older people. The children, through curiosity and a desire for the toys that Don Phillip made, became somewhat attached to him.

Secretly, a mutual friendship grew between Don Phillip and a fair Indian Maiden. As time passed the maiden gained a better understanding of his nature, and he, feeling her sympathy strongly, allowed himself to think more of her. The friendship increased in strength until it became love. But yet, the old warriors and squaws had so little confidence in him that they could not allow it to be known that they had even an interest in each other. They planned to attempt an escape together into a country of less savage Indians and there to live their life in peace, but before an opportunity came, the girl became ill, and a half-breed baby boy was born to her. There was only one conclusion as to who was father and that was easily made. The whole tribe was enraged. The father and the mother were both burned at the stake, but the old chief wanted more revenge. He demanded that the baby be raised and then tied to a stake, told the story of his parents, and burned.

The little outlaw, Hoscober, proved to have more than ordinary mental capacity. He learned to track and hunt better than his playmates. He was stronger than anyone of them, and could outwit them all. When he was fifteen years old a mission was founded near his tribe's territory. The father in charge of the mission had a

"hobby" of geological study. Recognizing the capability of Hoscober, he gave a greater part of his time to teaching him. Hoscober, finding a strong friend in the priest, applied himself to the best of his ability and was soon a semi-civilized man.

A prospector for gold passing through the mission aroused Hoscober's desire for precious metals and stones. He determined soon after to go to the Rocky Mountains, of which he had heard from a trapper, and there search for metals. For some time, however, he had intended to visit a few trading posts and missions. This he did before going to the Rockies. He had learned to speak and understand a fair amount of English from the Father, which made him proficient in telling and listening to stories at different places. Among the stories he heard was the tragic tale of Don Phillip and the Indian Maid being executed by his own tribe, and of the half-breed baby boy. He knew that he was the only half-breed in the tribe. The more he thought of it, and the more he learned of the story, the more he believed that he was the son of that couple. The Indian blood which had been almost unperceivable in him for some time showed itself plainly and he became the true half-breed, -hateful, revengeful, and full of low cunning. He believed himself more capable of destroying his tribe than a whole regiment of white soldiers. And so he sat out upon a task unparalleled by any before, but driven on by the want of revenge for the death of his father and mother.

Hoscober's efforts were not unsuccessful though it seems impossible for one man to fight a tribe of Indians so large, and savage. But Hoscober knew them, knew every man and his mind, and he knew their methods of fighting. There was only one of whom he had any fear; he was Towan, the son and heir of the chief. Towan used great tact in fighting, and was very technical in his work. He and Hoscober had once been friends but Hoscober accidentally killed his dog, causing much resentment.

Hoscober realized the danger of remaining within a day's journey of the camp and so, having antagonized them into attempting his capture, he started west, leaving traps everywhere possible. He took a zig-zag course across the country, going where luck would have him go. His pursuers kept on his trail though steadily they decreased in number as an accident would be-

fall one another would be killed by some trap devised by Hoscober.

At times the trail would be hardly visible, at another it seemed but freshly made. Their number had dwindled to little more than a score and some would have been glad to turn back, but Towan exercised great influence in keeping the braves in fighting spirits. He reasoned that Hoscober, having learned of the cruelty to his mother and father, would not feel his thirst for revenge satisfied until their tribe had been destroyed; therefore, they should make a great effort to kill him immediately. Besides that, the chief

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had ordered, when Hoscober was a baby, that he should be killed when grown. Towan really believed, however, that Hoscober was satisfied and would continue west if left alone, for Towan, and he alone among the Indians, knew of the fascination which precious stones held for Hoscober. His main object to avenge the killing of his dog. He thereupon turned back to civilization, leaving instructions that they should continue on the trail and watch for his return in a few days. He went to a large trading post where he expected to encounter some person wearing a precious and showy stone, which he could use in luring his victim into a trap. He could easily gain possession of any such stone.

* * *

Hoscober knew that many must have fallen on the way and believed that the rest had turned back, so that, when he reached the cliffs south of what is now known as White's Ford, he decided to rest for a few days and examine the wonderful display of strata rock in the side of the cliff. There were gulleys and gulches near by which he could make an immediate escape at anytime.

The scene there, was one of the best in Kansas. The Smoky Hill has swift, muddy water. The banks are steep and large trees grow along them with a little undergrowth. In this particular place it flows north and a little east, then turns abruptly and flows toward the spring's setting sun. On the north bank just around the bend begin the long low cliffs within a few paces of the water's edge and standing perpendicular. As they continue westward they stand farther from the edge of the water, and after the maximum height has been reached, slope gradually to a plain where stands a grove of trees. Under the highest part of this cliff, which is about the center of the line, was Hoscober's camp. It was in a conspicuous place, but he was seldom to be seen there. When the Indians came to these cliffs, they saw only one place for a possible approach within fighting distance, and several of their number having been killed by traps in a similar position, they were afraid to attack him from that hill; so they waited in hiding for the return of Towan.

Towan was somewhat puzzled when he returned as to how he might entrap his enemy, but determining to use the cliff to the best advantage he started making plans. At last he hit upon one which would be very dif-

ficult to perform but which would be gloriously effective.

A few yards east of Hoscober's camp was a small cliff of about three times a man's height. The upper part protruded slightly over the lower. It was of a strata rock formation and somewhat loosely held together. The trap must be fixed under that, but how? Ah It would be very difficult, but it was worth the chance. About half way up there was a fair sized rock with, seemingly, nothing to hold it. Below that was a bit of dirt and then a solid rock. Above the "trip rock," as he thought of the loosened rock, the whole mound of earth seemed ready to fall at any slight jar. After careful examination he was of the belief that, if that "trip rock" were removed, the cliff would fall. He therefore started devising a means of getting Hoscober to remove that rock. But better, he hunted a stone about the size of his closed fist to put under the "trip rock." This he took back to the Indian camp. With rock bits and any device he could prepare he bored a small hole through the rock, allowing the farther end to be of such shape and size as to hold perfectly and firmly the jewel which he had obtained in the east. Having done this he filled the remainder of the hole with mud and finished the work so that it looked like only a common rock with a jewel embedded in it. This rock he placed under the "trip rock" with the jewel out and at such an angle that early in the morning, a time at which he knew Hoscober to be in his camp, the reflection of the sun would shine into his camp. That having been done with great care, he scraped away the dirt from under the "trip rock" and then camouflaged the hole. The trap was set. Hoscober would see the jewel in the morning and go to get it. Seeing it embedded in a small stone and being too excited to notice the condition of the cliff, he would take out the rock with the jewel. This would allow the "trip rock" to drop from its place and that would let the whole cliff loosen and fall.

The fact that the jewel was just out of a man's reach would make it necessary that he be standing on something, which would further hinder his escape. But Towan was a bit sceptical. The cliff might not fall, or if it did, it might be so slow as to allow the victim to escape. This could be taken care of by loosening the earth and breaking the soil on top of the cliff. He cut a line behind the earth he thought would fall and just as that

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was finished the whole thing moved. He thought all his work would be ruined. But it stopped, balancing, it seemed, on the "trip rock". He went back to the Indian camp and waited for the morning.

Hoscober, in his wanderings, had learned about the Indians being near him, but after several days had passed and they had not molested him he was unable to understand their motive. On the morning of this fatal day he decided to spend the time in apparently a quiet peaceful camp life, though in reality he would be preparing to leave soon after dark that night. Towan crept to within sight of Hoscober's camp and the jewel-bated trap, and then lay down to watch. He was not disappointed. When the sun had gained only a fair start into the heavens its reflection on the jewel was seen by Hoscober. He almost forgot to use precaution against a sudden attack, he was so excited. He climbed up the side of the cliff and in an awkward position stood and looked at the stone. It was the finest and most perfect he had ever seen. He attempted to remove the jewel from the rock, but finding that the rock was not solid, deliberately took hold of it and jerked it out. The "trip rock" fell, as though some one had thrown it, right into his face. He dropped to the ground and lay motionless. The cliff quivered, crumbled a little, and then toppled over, full force onto the body of Hoscober, completely burying him. Towan watched all this in perfect calm and lay gazing onto the ruins long after the noise of the falling rocks had died away, but it was not until the braves became impatient as to his plans and sent a scout to him, that he left the scene. When he related his story to the Indians, they were overpowered with joy and ran immediately to the place. Having spent sometime looking over the fallen rock they went to Hoscober's camp and planned to stay there that night. The old chief was exceedingly pleased with his son's achievement and decided to make him chief of the warriors. In preparing for a celebration that night he planned to use a natural stone bench, which he found at the base near the center of the cliff, for a throne upon which to seat his son. Great preparations for the fete were made. With the meat of a buffalo which Hoscober had lately killed they were able to get together enough food for a feast. With the blood of little animals they could kill, and with the sap of various weeds they were

able to obtain enough war paint for their whole band, with some to spare. When the sun went down everything was ready and when the first star appeared, they started the dance. The wild, screeching yells of that savage hord, with the ending of a long unrest, and the installing of a new chief would make an impression on one's mind not quickly to be forgotten. With their dead and buried enemy within a stone's throw they danced on and on until it was perfectly dark and every star shown. The old men began to tire by this time, so they stopped to allow their new chief to take his seat, and then they would eat. Towan, with an air of superiority and pride marched to the seat, paused a moment to look down over his warriors, a pleasing sight to him. Then, turning his head to the sky and with out-stretched arms, he thanked the great spirit for the victory given them. The warriors all gathered close and sat down. A pipe was lighted by the old chief and passed around the circle, coming to Towan last. When Towan received it he took one puff and sat down on the rock to make what might be termed an inaugural address. But fate was against him. When he sat down on that rock he sprang a trap set by Hoscober. The rock moved with his weight and loosened a number of surrounding rocks. As the mass of the little cliff had quivered, so the mass of the big cliff quivered, crumbled, and fell,—a great rolling mass of dust and dirt and rock. Towan and his tribe had been caught in a trap just like his own.

The waters of the Smoky Hill flow by those graves with a mournful ripple in memory of the two most powerful braves of the West.

(THE END)

W. C. HOSKINSON.

VISITORS

It is always a pleasure to entertain the parents and friends of the cadets and to have them attend our football games. It puts more pep into the team to have the families of some of the players in the grandstand at a game. Last week Mrs. Hartman and her sister Miss Queer with Mr. Clark drove from Wichita to see Saint John's play Abilene. Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Scott of Atwood, Kansas, also motored to Salina to spend the weekend with their sons, Cadets Busy and Beverly.



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