Fun Abounds When Business College Students Go Out for a Picnic

ONE OF THE GIRLS RACES

GROUP OF THE STUDENTS

MORE OF THE STUDENTS

MEN IN A RACE

STILL MORE OF THE STUDENTS

Boyles College,
House of knowledge,
Picnic, picnic, hoop-a-la
'Rah, 'rah, Omaha!

THIS hastily constructed college yell resounded through Omaha streets Wednesday forenoon as starting signal for Boyles college semi-annual picnic, which was held at Riverview park. Eight states, with Nebraska at the hub, were represented in the festive event. It is the custom of President Boyles to give his students an outing twice each year, and it is declared that the Wednesday picnic surpassed all others, not only in the number of participants, but in the general scope of entertainment as well.

The picnic party, four-hundred-and-eighty-six strong, started from the Harney street side of the Boyles building at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, immediately after an impromptu concert by the Union Pacific band, which remained with the picnickers throughout the day. First came a "seeing Omaha" trolley ride over several of the street railway company's principal lines, the journey being made on a specially chartered train. Along the route the college yell alternated with band music and no circus parade ever attracted more attention. At noon Riverview park was reached and at 1:30 o'clock a splendid dinner was spread on tables in the pavilion. The menu included everything that goes with a picnic appetite, and plenty of time was allotted for the feast.

Shortly after dinner a program of athletic exercises was opened, including one-legged races, fat girls' races and other similar feats. There was also a cracker eating contest which, although not to be catalogued as an athletic stunt was one of the most amusing features of the day. Prizes were hung up for the winners and the list of winners is as follows:

Raymond Furlos, boys' race.
Edward Briggs, cracker-eating contest.
George Thompson, one-legged race.
Miss Carrie Edward, 15-year-old race.
Miss Meskimer, ladies' cracker-eating contest.
C. L. Schlect, 16-year-old boys' race.
Edward Briggs, leap frog race.
Miss Felton, fat girls' race.

President Boyles and several of his faculty personally conducted the excursion, and in addition to these there was a general committee charged with the duty of seeing that everybody should want for nothing in the line of pleasure. The personnel of this committee follows:

Miss Lillie Taylor, Miss Alvena Schmidt, J. R. Beerly, Thomas Kelley, Raymond Furlos, Miss Marcella Goodwin, Harry Saunders, Morton Saunders, Bert Parker and the Misses Stine, Ware and Dowd.

A roll call of states represented brought responses from the following: Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota, Wyoming, Kansas, Missouri, Minnesota. At frequent intervals during the day the Union Pacific band, at home with the crowd because of the fact that Boyles college is official training school for the Union Pacific railroad telegraph department, played rollicking music, well designed for the time being to make everybody forget "pot hooks," typewriter keys, telegraph keys, banking, bookkeeping, English composition, business arithmetic and all else that is included in the college curriculum. At 5 o'clock the special train of trolley cars was again called into service and the crowd was whirled back to the Boyles building, where, after a concert, the finis of the day was written.

This picnic was unique in many respects, the basis of it being in consonance with President Boyles' theory that there is a time for work, and a time for play, and that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"Young folks must have their play in some manner," said President Boyles, "and we find it better to let our students give full vent to their pent-up energy once in a while."

A New Airship Serial by
Herbert Quick
Author of "DOUBLE TROUBLE"

VIRGINIA of the AIR LANES

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"I feel," said Virginia, "that he was downcast, and could not believe in good things. It is the only convincing thing I've seen—so pathetic, as if he needed help. Why didn't you answer it, uncle?"

"It was days and days before I got it," said Theodore.

"Why didn't he send it to the plantation?" asked Virginia.

"I gave him this address," said Theodore. "I—I stayed there too—too long."

He opened the gyroscope globe, and began running the engines lightly, setting the heavy little wheels spinning, rocking the aeronef from side to side to note the operation of the balancing devices. Preserving their perpendicularity, as if of intelligent purpose, the gyroscopes moved the levers of the wing-differentials which would accelerate the propeller-wheels of the lowered wing and correspondingly slow the upper. Right or left, stern to bow, the depressed area would work the harder, the raised part slower, while powerful rudders co-operated moving like a fish's fins, even now while the propeller rested. Theodore was getting past an awkward reference to his long nap at the plantation by a painstaking examination of the brain of his airship.

"See how it works, Virginia!" he exclaimed. "It knows the levers to be moved! Why, if a puff starts to overturn her, she'll strike with the lowered wings alone like a bird. And see the intelligence of those rudders! And that fellow said she'd turn turtle!"

Virginia gazed in admiration. The clutch had been off ten minutes, and still the gyroscopes spun, so silent, so immovable, that one might have laid hold of them, thinking them stationary.

"How long they run!" she cried.

"Long!" said he scornfully. "Why, with the globe on and the air out of it, they'll run a whole day after the engines are stopped. They're the heart and brain of my invention, Virginia. I'm proud of it."

"And Mr. Craighead doesn't get any report of all this! What must he think?"

"I told him about it," said Theodore proudly. "And it was no time to telegraph apologies. It was a time to work."

"I won't bother you," she said, stepping from the car, "any more. I give you my word!"

He rose to follow, his foot on the gunwale, his eyes demanding explanation.

"If you go," said he, "I shall cease work—at once. You help me!"

"Then go back to work, uncle," she pleaded. "Please! And I'll read the rest of poor Mr. Craighead's telegrams."

She sat where he could see her by turning his head—quite the thing as between an affectionate uncle and a charming young niece. Blood is thicker than water, thought she—oh, vastly thicker!

The Stickleback outside, if her inexplicable growling had to do with any one's desire to see what the airship would do, was not to have long to wait. While Virginia read the telegrams, Theodore, whose genius and strength were fast winning her rather fearful respect, was replacing the vacuum globe over the gyroscopes.

The next message was addressed to General Theodo' Carson, M. A., and ran: "A God's name, sweet knight, discover. Art asset or liability? Answer yes or no!"

Then came one addressed to Palmetto beach, "or somewhere. It is hoped," and seemed to be regarded by Craighead as very important. "My luck hath turned! It is Craighead Felix now," said he. "I could fall in a well and come up bearing the jewel of the tutelary toad in my nose. Have found a gang of grafters organized to get us grants in no time; will clinch New York by Friday; Chicago already honeyed in. New thought: fee of roads in grangers everywhere. Will secure title except for road purposes. 'Tis ever sweet to see the engineer hoist by his own petard. Monopoly, we delve beneath thee! Sharpe, thy sun sets apace! To your tents, O Israel! Whoop! Whoop! Whoopee! We've got 'em, we've got 'em! Caroline's dad ready to bust all eight banks to back scheme. You must make good, Theodore. The Dread Sisters of the thread and shears never done nobody the dirt they'd do me to let you turn me down. Answer, for the sake of divine pity, just one lettle teeney peep!—Napoleon Bonaparte Hannibal Mithadee Craighead."

"What does he mean," asked Virginia, "by all this about grants, highways and fee simple? It's awfully queer."

"I don't know," replied Carson. "Some visionary thing."

"And who is Caroline?" asked Virginia.

"Mrs. Grayhill, Mr. Waddy's daughter. Now, listen, Virginia, and watch. She's ready to try."

He threw in the clutch, and the wings began whirring like great bunses, blowing the sand off the floor into the farthest corners and setting light things in the tremendous currents of air, so that Virginia clung to her hat, wound her skirts about her legs and set on them, in the cage of a domesticated tornado. Faster and faster the wing sections whirled until the aeronef strained upward on its lashings like a restive horse. Theodore tipped a lever and it leaped forward, stretching the ropes at an angle of 45 degrees; he reversed it, and it slacked backward, as might an eagle repulsed by a foe. Virginia swung her hat and shouted.

"Pull the line on the end of that wing," said he, "and see if you can tip her. Pull!"

Virginia walked gingerly forward, her dress flying, her hat whisked to the top of the room. Grasping the flying rope-end, she pulled downward. The wings settled slightly, and then, as the gyroscope-brain felt the depression, the lowered wings lifted as if consciously rising to a load. It was marvelous.

"Can't you pull harder?" cried Theodore, bareheaded, his hair flying. "Try!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" cried Virginia cheerfully, "try it is! But suppose I lose my clothes in the gale? I haven't many!"

Reaching up she pulled herself clear of the floor, her strong little form swaying like a most charming pendulum. The enormous dragon-fly, throwing its power into the depressing wing, rode level, with nine stone weight of solid American girl dangling from the tip of one wing—a mechanical paradox. Back and forth she swung, until, with muscles weakened, she dropped to the floor. Instantly, the released side rose a thought too high, the other took the power; there was a momentary vibration, as the momentum of the swing was taken out by the differentials, and the boat stood in air, as level as a ship in a calm.

"Hurrah!" shouted Theodore, swinging his arms. "Never anything like it in the world. Carried you on one wing, and kept level. Hurrah for the Virginia!"

He eased it down, and stepped to where Virginia waited, hands outstretched, red from the rough rope, hair blown abroad.

"And are you going to name her that?" she cried. "Oh, how perfectly dear of you!"

Theodore held the chafed hands, triumph in the face, happy as he only can be who tastes the fruit of achievement.

"She carried you on one wing!" said he.

"She did, didn't she?"

"She did," replied Virginia; "and it made my hands too sore for squeezing purposes, uncle! But she did."

Theodore opened the little red palms and kissed them, over and over again. Mrs. Stott came in and saw him doing it.

"I hurt my hands," said Virginia, showing them. "And uncle is kissing them well."

"Very kind and self-sacrificing, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Stott.

"I'm going with you, now," said Virginia, taking Mrs. Stott's arm.

"It may be as well," said Mrs. Stott.

Virginia looked back, rosy, smiling, a little reckless. Theodore went for Harrod, to help with the launching. They were all excitement; for by noon of the next day they would have it in the air. Mr. Wimor, outside in the Stickleback, thought it quite time.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. CRAIGHEAD IN CUSTODY

Mr. Waddy says that he never should have gone into Craighead's schemes, but for "the children," meaning Mrs. Grayhill and the sight banker-brothers. He was comfortably "reverting the type," when Caroline interrupted the process—which was a return in old age to the ways of his youth. This was a family scandal involving a mode of life quite inconsistent with wealth—live stock on the lawns, seed-corn in the library, a cream separator by the bust of Shakespeare, cast-iron stoves burning ourselves, for radiators, and more scandalous than all, he had actually hired out to Doctor Witherspoon, and between meetings of directors and stockholders, he was performing the more or less useful labor of a "jag-boss"; not for purposes of investigation, or to procure "materials" for a book, but with the horrible object of earning wages.

So Mrs. Grayhill, under the pretext of housecleaning, had the seed-corn taken down from over the portraits of Dante and Aeschylus, and removed the cream separator from its place beside the bard of Avon—who had been looking at it all the time with a knowing air, as if entirely familiar with its operation. The wagons and harrows and cows were sold. The old democrat wagon and infirmity Percheron mare, whose progress was impeded by the necessity of an occasional stop for purposes connecting with the sustenance of her colt, were supplanted by a new automobile. Mr. Waddy, like the loss of the Hartford Boy, was chased "in the prison-cells of pride."

It was galling, and so, sitting desolate in his derurnished library, the old gentleman, having no occasion or any other intoxicant, imbibed frosty of Craighead. He knew that he was likely to lose money by it. He rather desired to do so, that he might say to his son, and to Caroline: "Well, dumb it! If you'd have let me alone I wouldn't have lost anything!"

But that was at first. The money for the last touches to the airship was to be the extent of his venture, and then came Craighead with his new-hatched plan for actually monopolizing the air, and, Mr. Waddy, being submitted it to his local lawyer, fascinated, and was lost.

"I'll go into it," said he. "We'll make everybody come and settle that wants a trip by airship. Hey?"

"Exactly!" replied Craighead.

"Just as if the whole country was our farm!" cried Mr. Waddy.

"It will be for circumscribed purposes," replied Craighead. "And as you so well said, a farm's a farm. And remember, Mr. Waddy, in putting Shayne and his pirates down and out, we and our pirates are making way for the matchless, unsinkable, double-acting, universal-speed, direct-drive, non-balloon, orthocromatic Carson aeronef. Don't forget our haughty Southron co-conspirator who will wing his way to Illinois by the time we return. Don't fall down and forget that."

"Huh," ejaculated Mr. Waddy.

"Oh, say not so, Mr. Waddy, say not so!" urged Mr. Craighead protestingly. "Our aeronef has everything, the in-shoot, the drop, the float, the out—everything! Tested under all conditions; margin-of-safety factor completely looked after; basic principle so demonstrably looked after; Marathon-devices for automatic power-distribution to correct perturbations of all sorts, perpendicular, horizontal and oblique. Why, doubt these and doubt the advance of science, the improvement in corn, the advent of the general-purpose hen, the fixation of nitrogen in the soil by the nodules on the roots of legumes—or is it on the legs of roosters? Thou knowest, O son of the soil, which it is! All of us knowest how crude it is to doubt 'em, and to doubt the Carson aeronef is waur, men, a deil sight waur!"

"Well, you'd better have him on hand," said Mr. Waddy, "as he promised, or I'll know why he took my good hard money."

It was on occasions of this sort that Mr. Craighead had sweated telegrams begging to know if Theodore status had any airship, and asking if Carson's status as asset or liability; for Mr. Waddy had accompanied Craighead east, and these telegraphic moans of a spirit agonized by doubt had been evoked by his truculent attitude toward the possible failure of Carson to come north cleaving the air in the invention which was to change the world.

"But think, my dear sir," protested Mr. Craighead, "of the untold millions in the Broom idea—aerial monopoly! Even if Theodore should be only four clubs and a spade, we still hold the aces, my dear Mr. Waddy. Do not grind your teeth thus, so long as the American Nitrates and Air Products company remains as the Archimedean lever with which to pry up and dump the world. We are ahead, whatever happens to the aeronef end of the deal."

"Well, the aeronef end," said Mr. Waddy, "had better come to the center, or I'll see what law there is for getting money by false pretenses."

And Craighead send another frenzied query as to whether the lardy Theodore really had any aeronef; Carson, meanwhile, being oblivious of it all in his effort to be a well-behaved uncle to Virginia, down among the pines.

The two men were the best of traveling companions. Mr. Waddy insisted on going in the smoker. Mr. Craighead took the state room while his money lasted, and then borrowed of Mr. Waddy. In New York Mr. Waddy stayed at the Mills, and would not let Craighead go to the Vathek, because they ought to be where they could consult. This necessitated Mr. Craighead's sneaking to the nearest subway station every morning and going uptown to make the start for the day. Here he would enter the Vathek's lobby, solemnly fee a boy, buy a cigar, and rejoin Waddy in the street. This, he explained, was to get the proper psychological curve for financial operations to complete which he took an electric hansom to Wall street, and awaited in the anteroom of a friend's office the appearance of Mr. Waddy, who came by car, scrutinizing the buildings like a prospective buyer. Yet they got along swimmingly.

Mr. Craighead had advertised for people able to organize a rapid business campaign covering the civilized world to meet him in West Twenty-third street at the studio of an acquaintance, to whom he had neglected to impart any knowledge of the tryst with the specialist. Waddy and Craighead arrived somewhat late, on account of the time consumed in adjusting Mr. Craighead's aura, and found a crush of people entirely alien to the fine arts, filling the studio and the hall outside. Craighead's sculptor friend, with a lady model, escaped the angry mob into the scaffolding of an equestrian group representing an Indian maiden in a stampede of buffaloes—an Indian maiden, perhaps—and had feathers in her hair. The sculptor was disputing acrimoniously with a Roman-nosed captain of industry, who wore sandals and no waistcoat, as to whether he would or would not contribute a nickle with which to free the telephone for the purpose of calling the police that he might be "pinched" for putting in "them ade."

Craighead broke through by impersonating an officer, shouting, "Make way for the police!" and upper-cutting the crowd with his elbows.

"Hello, De Land!" said he, nodding to the sculptor. "Most beauteous princess of the Apaches, how?"

"That you, Craig?" called the sculptor. "What, not sober? Go after the police. Turn these people out, please, Craig!"

"Friends of mine," said Craighead. "I advertised for 'em. Hope you haven't been incommoded, old man!"

"Not at all!" replied the sculptor sarcastically. "But get them out, so Miss Brown and I can descend."

Craighead's manner of disposing of the crowd commanded Mr. Waddy's sincere respect. He went about with marvelous rapidity, sending away those whose nonutility was unquestionable, and making engagements with others at "our Wall street office," the name of which made everybody more respectful, save a lady in goggles, who demanded damages for having been detained forcibly in a disreputable place, the character of which she proved by putting in evidence between the naked and the nude, which so horrified the lady that when he asked Miss Brown to illustrate certain points which were obscure in the abstract, she dashed off her goggles to shut out the awful sight and fled screaming.

The dinner to which Mr. Craighead took Mr. De Land, Miss Brown and Mr. Waddy, was the first of a series which reduced Mr. Waddy to torpor. The old gentleman, in his long frock coat, which buttoned to a surtout, his fuzzy face, and his evident attachment to Mr. Craighead, was remembered in certain ultra-Bohemian circles for his surreptitious slinking into the dimmest corners of cafes and roof gardens. He had a dark secret, Mr. Craighead said; which he did not explain, originated in Mr. Waddy's agreement with the lady in goggles that the whole situation was improper. He felt obliged to keep with Craighead because of a suspicion that the aeronef was a figment of two slattery institute imaginations; and he did not purpose to let any guilty man escape. So he providently engaged a detective to shadow both himself and Mr. Craighead, the unresulting presence of whom in very plain clothes made Mr. Waddy feel and look guilty and fugitive. Mr. Kostomolsky, an artist, sketched him one midnight as a symbolic figure of Blue Funk, on the back of an engraving which he tore from its frame, and which Mr. Waddy bought at the suggestion of the almond-eyed management of the chop suey establishment.

His second reason for becoming Mr. Craighead's double was his sense of duty of preventing that pupil of Doctor Witherspoon form breaking the vow of abstinence. So he drank most of the intoxicants served to Craighead, somewhat to the injury of his health, but much to the betterment of his reputation as a roysterer. Altogether, it was a relief to get Craighead home, where sheriff's office if he was unaccounted for or more than an hour. He told his daughter that no tongue could describe what he had been through, what with sculptors and models, and skittandish suppers toward morning, and wine and women and song. He was not to be disturbed except on something important.

"If Mr. Carson comes," said Mrs. Grayhill, "I'll call you."

"And if Craighead elopes?"

"While in my charge," said Mrs. Grayhill, "Mr. Craighead will not depart."

It was a situation with some unique aspects. Mr. Craighead began whiling away time with a work on the Morphology of the Crawfish, and rips into De Quincey's Spanish Nun. Looking from the library window, he saw Mrs. Grayhill enter a summer house, leaving a red hat on the railing outside.

The Morphology grew uninteresting. He shut his eyes, but the red hat blazed on inside of his eyelids—red, yellow, green and finally purple. Craighead stepped from the window, scanned the skies for the aeronef, saw nothing aeronautical save the usual flight of aerostats, went into the summer house, and started at finding Mrs. Grayhill there, her hair tousled about her head, her little nose elevated in that comical resemblance of her father's, her chin aggressively carried forward, her dress fitting as marvelously as ever.

"Don't insist on my going," he begged.

"I had no such intention," she replied. "You may smoke, if you wish."

"Thank you," and he lighted a cigar. "Mr. Waddy informs me that the late Mr. Grayhill was a minister of the gospel," he ventured.

"Yes," she replied, "he was."

"And that he has been called," Craighead went on, "to a better life, a year or more?"

"Fourteen months," answered Mrs. Grayhill.

"I have been reading," said Craighead, "a work on the Morphology of the Crawfish. It holds me enthralled."

"So I see," she replied.

Craighead looked up suspiciously, but she looked so innocent.

"The crawfish," he resumed, "is admirably adapted to a very lowly station; but how wonderfully his morphology illustrates the overruling wisdom from the crawfish has never tested his intelligence with a bare one, nor studied his morphology! Passing wonderful—"

"Mr. Craighead!"

Mrs. Grayhill had dropped her work and looked at Craighead sternly.

"Don't pose!" said she. "Don't think that I want a beautiful lesson in everything if I have been a minister's wife. Tell me of Mr. De Land, and—and Sadie Brown, and Mr. Kostomolsky and the chop suey, and—and that life. Tell me, Mr. Craighead!"

It was a very, very marine Bohemia of which Mrs. Grayhill heard, I fear. Whether Mr. Craighead's statutes were the equal of De Land's when the former took up chemistry may be doubted; but Mrs. Grayhill got the impression that they were. The point here is that there was no danger of Craighead's running off while she listened with such breathless interest to his adventures. He explained his natural transition from the study of artistic jurisprudence to law, and over all gloomed the shadow of his wonderful, his poetic, his epic dispations. Mrs. Grayhill was shocked, but she asked for all the horrible tale, that he might so relieve it that nothing would ever, ever induce him to drink again.

"Only one thing would ever do that," said he, "or maybe two. The pangs of despised love—"

"Which you have ever experienced?" she asked.

"Never," said he, "as I am now likely to!"

"And the other shock that might overturn your self-control?"

(To Be Continued.)