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The Bumble "B"

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A MISCONSTRUED PROPOSAL.

Charles Garner and a young lady, whom he evidently admired very much, were spending their one day of rest from all too strenuous week of office work, at the bathing beach. He was somewhat constrained since he could not summon sufficient courage to ask the most important question in life; she was feeling rather ill at ease in a sudden tense atmosphere, so their topics of conversation were at first limited and commonplace.

"Well, this certainly is a lovely day for our outing, isn't it? It beats sitting cooped up in that old stuffy office all day from nine to five."

"It surely does! One gets so tired of doing the same monotonous things day after day. Do you know, Charles, I somehow feel as though today were going to be just a little bit different from any other day? All morning I've just felt as though something extraordinary were going to happen, I'm so excited."

"Who knows? I'm an unsuperstitious fellow myself, but I do feel like something unusual might happen to me. Perhaps it's just because we're enjoying our outing so much."

"Maybe. I'm so glad it's nice out. Most every time nice things are planned something happens to upset them. It sounds almost unbelievable but this is the first time I've ever been to a bathing beach. I've often planned just such trips as this but somehow they never materialized. I'm going to enjoy every minute of this blessed day to its fullest extent."

"I, too, am planning on making use of this opportunity in more ways than one. I wonder if you'd like to listen to some of my troubles, Martha, while we're sitting here where it's so quiet and restful. Perhaps you'll be disgusted or just merely bored, but I'm going to risk it all this time. It's a case of 'do and dare.' I've put the thing off and put it off until I cannot sleep of nights for worrying over it. What you say will affect my entire future, so please give this your most careful consideration."

"Why Charles, you almost frighten me, surely nothing dreadful has happened. You haven't lost your job, have you?"

"No, dear lady, not my job, but I fear my heart. You simply cannot imagine my state of feeling, I am in an agony of suspense."

"I'll be more than glad if I can help you in any way. I'll surely try to advise you to the best of my ability."

"As always Martha, you are willing to lend a helping hand. You and you only can help me now. I scarcely know how to begin—I—you—Well, one day about a year ago, I met and fell in love with a beautiful and charming young lady. Since then I have been in daily contact with her and as each day has passed I've found her more lovable and worthy than before. Although I have no cause to think she looks upon me with the same kind of feeling as I do her, yet I don't feel that she has an aversion to me. For

some time I've been almost desperate, being unable to decide whether to "chance it all" and ask her to honor me with her hand or be merely content with seeing her each day and enjoying the privilege of admiring her from a distance. So, as you and you only can help me make this most momentous decision in my life, I'm asking you to please consider most carefully your answer. Don't let anything which I may have said affect your true judgment, but don't decide too quickly, since your answer will determine my future happiness or despair."

"Your question is indeed a hard one to answer, Charles. It is impossible to resist you. I'm sure you give the lady too many virtues since, I—she surely could not refuse you. I—she recognizes all your lovable traits and will answer the way you wish her to. I'm sure my curiosity is rather aroused now and I'd like to know the fortunate lady's name."

"Well, since you have been so kind about advising me, it is only fair that you should know her name. She is Miss Sally Craig, a waitress in the Jumbo Cafe."

—Helen Gunder, '20

THUNDER, LIGHTNING AND MURDER.

The lightning flashed in vivid streaks across the darkness of the night, and the thunder roared out its vengeance against mankind. The rain came down in torrents, and ran like a mill race down the gutters at the side of the road. Dwight Ensign, struggling along through the darkness, reflected on the incident that had brought him out in this blinding rain.

Earlier in the evening a group of boys had gathered at a small structure in the rear of one of the houses and a discussion had come up about ghosts and deserted houses. Dwight had been so optimistic, and had said so vigorously that it was all "bunk," that they had dared him to go and spend the night in an old deserted house about a mile from town. It was an old affair, rugged and weatherbeaten, from the continual winds that had roared about it, from its position high up on a barren ridge. Its windows were but ragged holes where glass and framework had been broken out by the stones and clubs of riotous boys. If there had been any paint on the structure all traces had long since left. The shutters from the windows lay in a rotting ruin in the center of the yard, where they had been placed years ago. Rubbish and trash littered the yard, which was overgrown with weeds. It was a house of many gables, though they were sagging with age, and green with moss, one had decayed and fallen into the upper story. The whole ruin seemed to be shut in from the outside world by a rotted, broken down picket fence.

Such was the place toward which Dwight Ensign was directing his steps on that fateful night, nearly a year ago. "Well, there's no use turning back now," he muttered. "And I wouldn't even if I could, and be laughed at for the rest of my life. I don't believe in such things anyhow." He suddenly tripped over something and fell heavily. It proved to be part of an old picket fence over which he had stumbled in the darkness. He had reached his destination at last. Picking his way carefully through the rubbish of the yard he stepped into the gapping doorway of the House. Suddenly he stopped short, he had heard a quick scuffle and something shoot by him in the darkness. Despite his boasts of the early part of the evening it was a hand that trembled suspiciously that proceeded to light the lantern he had brought with him. Twice the match went out, either from the wind, or from his own heavy breathing but he at last succeeded in getting the flame in contact with the wick of the lantern. The light shown out brightly from its freshly polished glass, and this made things seem more cheerful, and not nearly so ghostly. Although he did not believe in ghosts, yet—What was that? A moaning shriek dying off into a dismal wail had come from one of the other rooms. He almost fled in a panic, but bracing himself, he marched, with a brave front, straight in the direction from which the sound had come.

But as he entered the doorway he stopped suddenly, the light had shown him a corpse lying in the center of the room, in a pool of its own blood. His hair stood on end, a quiver, something like fear traveled down his back. Who could have been the perpetrator of this awful deed? Suddenly from another part of the house came that horrible shriek, and something fell with a crash against the window of the room, and the few remaining panes of glass splintered upon the floor. Dwight fled unceremoniously to another room. Throughout the night the awful moaning and shrieking continued, and now and then something would fall with a crash in some part of the house, a picture dislodged from the wall and fell to the floor with a resounding thud. Alone, with nothing to keep him company but the corpse and the precious lantern, Dwight lay trembling through the night.

Gradually the dawn appeared in the East and the light filtered through the broken windows, and with it came back the lost courage. What was it he had heard walking stealthily about the other room? Creeping noiselessly to the other room he came face to face with the murderer. With a bound he was upon him, and the two rolled about the floor. Nothing could be heard for some time except the heavy breathing of the contestants. Dwight, sweating profusely and with the blood from many wounds covering him, gradually overcame his opponent and pinioned him down.

And so he returned, with fear in his heart to view the corpse lying alone in the empty room. He tiptoed in softly and then stopped. The corpse was still there—a poor innocent dormouse who in the darkness of the night had been attacked by a huge ruffian black cat and thus met its death.

The noise had been caused by the raging wind, blowing a shutter against a window pane, crushing the glass and shattering the frame. The blood-curdling scream had been uttered by the murderer as he escaped through the broken frame.

Dwight returned home and related his adventures to the boys, a firm believer still that ghosts do not exist.

—H. M. O.'20.

"AND THE VILLIAN STILL PURSUED HER."

(Editor's note: Our readers will doubtless remember these two installments of this thrilling tragedy, which were published last year. At the close of the second installment, however, the author, so overcome by the exertion of his tale and stressed with the overwhelming emotion of it, keeled over and died. For the past twelve months we have been searching ceaselessly for a man capable of producing a fitting climax, which was necessary to the tenor of this tale. After much fruitless labor we at last unearthed an individual, who, we are sure you will agree with us, has done justice to the last author's works. Like his predecessor, the effort was too much for him, but, since he did only half as much as the first man, he has been rendered only wholly insane. At present he is held in the state asylum. All contributions thankfully received.)

For fear that some of the spice of the tale has departed from your memories, we have kindly agreed to reprint the first two acts.

Cast of characters:

Amealyah Allott	The Heroine
Harold Harpsichord	The Hero
Esquire I. O. Allott	The Heroine's fond parent
Is Henpect Allott	The fond parent's better half
Jazz	The Heroine's Airdale
Saltshaker Von Kaiserburg	The Villian

Four cops, of assorted size, shape and color.

One maid, two footmen, one butler, and a miscellaneous collection of household servants.

THE BUMBLE "B"

ACT I. PART I.

Time:—8:00 P. M., any dark night.

Scene:—The magnificent mansion of the tin king, I. O. Allott. In the luxurious library sits the fond parent, I. O. Allott, and his better half, Is. Henpect Allott, discussing their dear daughter, Amealyah Allott.

In the sixth story of the mansion the aforesaid dear daughter is nervously pacing to and fro in her favorite red and gold boudoir. Beside her Jazz, her angelic Airdale. Suddenly she stops, grabs the telephone from her ivory inlaid mother-of-pearl dressing table.

Amealyah—(On the top key of her dainty soprano vocal organ)—
"Hello."

Harold:—"Hello, sweetest of all feminisms."

Amealyah—(In a stringent whisper):—"Aren't you coming?"

Harold:—"At midnight. Be ready!"

PART II.

Time:—Midnight of the same night.

Scene:—The Heroine, in her above mentioned red and gold boudoir, ruining the \$5.00 manicure she received the day before. Beside her the angelic Airdale is sleeping soundly, gently snoring and smiling in his peaceful dreams. The fond parent and his better half have retired from the strenuous round of society to grasp "forty winks."

Under the vine-covered veranda lies a tall, dark, handsome man, with his ears pressed close to the ground. His spiky, black whiskers point heavenward, but his countenance wears a satanish expression.

'Tis Saltshaker Von Kaiserburg, the villainous admirer of fair Amealyah.

Down the driveway approaches a huge black object, emitting a low purring sound. It comes to a halt beneath the window of the red and gold boudoir.

Amealyah:—"Oh! Harold, is it really you?"

Harold:—"Oh, fair one, 'tis Harold, and no other, who comes this beautiful night to claim the dear daughter of I. O. Allott."

Amealyah:—"The beating of my heart,—it almost suffocates me."

Harold:—" 'Tis my heart you have, dear one. Better come, we must hasten. Throw me your bag."

(Follows a dull thud, and the hero drops senseless to the ground, for the bag lands in the center of his upturned countenance.

Amealyah clammers over the sill, down the shaking rope ladder and drops to the ground."

Amealyah (Discovering her senseless lover, with the bag planted firmly in his face):—"Oh, bother. Why did he desert me now. Oh, if I had only accepted Saltshaker's hand and heart. He would have eloped with me in style. I suppose since Harold is in no shape to elope with me, I must elope with him. (She grabs the limp form of Harold by the collar with her lily white hands and throws him into the purring Rolls Royce, tosses the bag in after him, climbs in behind the wheel and crosses out the drive into the turnpike.

Is. Henpect Allott:—"My daughter" (rolling her eyes ceiling-ward.)

I. O. Allott:—"Come! We must pursue them!" (Rushes down the stairs, followed by his better half, into the kitchen, grabs his Limabean from the oven, throws Henpect into it, cranks it with a flicker of his eyelash and shouting to the maid to call cops, dashes out through the wall, leaps over the gate, and speeds after the cloud of dust, whirling down the turnpike.

Soon, four cops of assorted shapes, color and size, arrive at the mansion, each equipped with two sawed-off shotguns, and a butcher knife clenched between four respective sets of false teeth.

Four cops to the Maid:—"Where are the eloping criminals? Which way did they go? Tell us, false woman."

Maid:—"Go out the gate and follow your nose." (The four cops

rushed out, climbed over the gate, and ran down the road after the Limabean, which now is a mere speck on the horizon.)

Saltshaker (Wriggling from under the porch and brushing the cobwebs from his immaculate trousers):—"Aha! I'll get her yet! She eloped with another man, but the villain still pursues her. (Blankety-Blank-Blank!) "Where did I put my flivver?" (dives into his vest pocket and brings out a pocket size folding Ford, sets it on the ground, gets in (coasts under the gate and on down the turn-pike after the flying heels of the cops.)

In the heroine's red and gold boudoir, the trusty Jazz awakes with a start.

Jazz:—"Sniff," (Leaps from the sixth story window, wriggles through the gate and dashes after the villain's pocket-size flivver.)

PART III.

Time—12:30 A. M., same night.

Scene:—Forest bordered turnpike. Amealyah in the eighty horse power Rolls Royce heads the procession. Beside her lies the limp form of Harold; his feet dangling limply over the steering wheel. Twenty yards behind Amealyah comes the irate Parent and his better half, in their Limabean. Forty yards behind the Limabean come the four cops, the deadly butcher knives gleaming in the sunlight, their heels flying behind them. Fifteen yards behind the cops comes Saltshaker Von Kiaseburg, the satanish expression still resting on his handsome visage. His pocket-size non-foldable is wheezing along on one cylinder. Five yards behind Saltshaker comes Jazz, ploughing bravely through the dust.

Amealyah:—"Sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, ninety-five. Oh, why didn't Harold bring something fast. I know what (enter one idea), I'll cut through the forest and rid myself of those nuisances tagging along behind me. ((Heroine turns abruptly into the forest and goes crashing through the underbrush, knocking down the trees before her.) Oh! (screaming) I know I forgot my toothbrush! Bother these trees,—thirty feet in diameter—I fear the engine will get warm if I push many more of them out of the way. Oh! —!!! (Heroine screams again, for the powerful headlights reveal before her a calm, beautiful treacherous lake. A crash, and the Rolls Royce comes to a stop two feet from the water's edge. The Heroine gasps, then swoons, her lily white neck dropping over the luxurious upholstery on the steering wheel. The Hero moans, stretches and opens his eyes.

ACT II. PART I.

Time:—1:7 A. M., same night as preceding act.

Scene:—Rolls Royce jammed into monstrous fallen redwood tree, 48 feet in diameter. Unruffled, treacherous lake but two feet away. Heroine in a swoon, with neck hanging raglike over the steering wheel. Hero just awakening from death-like faint.

Our hero, Harold, dazedly—"Heaven help us! Where are we? What shall I do? (Grasps steering wheel—"Oh! Oh! My head; I can hardly see. Never did clash gears as bad as this before—"

"Swish! Swosh! Crash! Bang!!!" The Rolls Royce plows and twists, backward, sideward, frontward, all ways, struggling to disentangle itself from the entwining limbs of the magnificent redwood tree."

Our hero:—"Oh! Here we go. That's the stuff, dearest Rolls Royce. Come ahead there!" A last roaring scratch, a ripping, shrieking, tearing sound and the Rolls Royce is free!"

Our hero:—"Ye gods and little fishes! We're headed straight for the lake. I can't stop!"

Our heroine, startled into consciousness by our hero's yell of terror:—"My beloved Harold! Are we doomed? Let me help." (Places dainty pearl pink white hands on the manipulating circumference and pulls!)"

Still speeding 20 per, the Rolls Royce skids, swerves, then races along the sandy beach.

"Saved!" grasps our hero Harold and swoons again.

Amealyah:—"Shoot it! Can't he stay awake? (Glances behind.) "No one coming—guess they've lost our trail.—Oh, dear, where are we going? Oh! Oh! Oh! We're sinking. Help! Help! Can't that speedometer register anything lower than 115?" (And still they speed on.)

A sigh and our heroine again succumbs, to over-exertion.

Our hero, Harold:—"Have I been dreaming? Are we still here? Poor Amealyah! Is there such a thing as a mer-minister, if we go in the lake?"

(Off and on, off and on, faint—recover, swoon—come to, first Harold and then Amealyah, but the Rolls Royce continues to dash about the lake.)

Amealyah—(Harold is senseless now):—"We're going deeper, we're going deeper! How many miles to China! Oh, where is the green sky and blue grass. Am I crazy? Are we alive? Is this a circus or what-t-t-t?"—Faints.

Harold:—"Can't turn this wheel to save my neck,—feel like I'm on a subway,—merry-go-round. Uh! Glad I didn't eat much supper. I feel like uh I'd-a-like uh-uh to lose it. If we could only slow up we wouldn't plow down so deep. Is the word 'hope' in the dictionary?" (The Rolls Royce has now formed a high walled trench, and is speeding along at the bottom.)

Amealyah, recovered:—"Tragedy of tragedies! Now this steering wheel has broken. Har-r-r-old!" she sobs.

"All hope has departed," sighs our hero. He grabs the dizzy Amealyah in his arms. Together they clutch one another as the Rolls Royce snortingly tunnels through the wet sand, lakeward.

"Glub! glub!" from our hero.

"Glub! glub! glub!" Amealyah.

"Glub! glub!"

"Glub!"

A few bubbles rise to the surface of the beautiful azure lake, faintly whitecapped. Then they quietly disappear and over all is the silent hush that precedes the dawn.

PART II.

Time:—3.42 A. M. Dawn.

Scene:—Calm, unruffled lake surrounded by a deep walled ditch into which the water has swiftly flowed.

"Amealyah! Amealyah!" shriek the enraged parents in their Limabean, as they desperately search for the missing daughter.

"We'll get her yet! We'll get her yet," chant the four cops as they sharpen their carving knives on their heels and pinch their hidden daggers.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" Saltshaker Von Kaiserburg hisses between his clenched teeth, as he urges his vest pocket edition Lizzie onward with all speed.

"Sniff! Sniff!" brave Jazz struggles along in the rear, his tongue hanging limp in the dust, but his nose still hot on the trail.

Is. Henpect Allott:—"Dear Hubby! Let us not pursue them longer. I fear I cannot return in time for my luncheon tomorrow, should we go further."

"No", (growls the stern father,) "Until death do us part I shall follow them,—to the end of the world if necessary."

But "splash" the Limabean topples into the ditch and disappears from view. "Splash! Splash! Splash!" down go the four cops. And again "Splash!" in drops Von Kaiserburg and his flivver.

Alas! All the dead people are no more. But hark! Brave Jazz comes panting to the edge of the ditch. There is still hope. His bulging eyes gleam and his jaws move relentlessly.

ACT III. PART I.

Time:—4:30 A. M.

Scene:—Same lake described in Act II, Part II. It is now broad day-

light. Jazz stands gazing into the crystal H₂O, a sorrowful expression on his manly features. His coat is covered with the dust of many weary miles, and he looks old and toilworn and sad. He stands thusly several seconds, then, the instinct of self-preservation comes to the top, and he pants, "A drink! A drink!" He dips his nose in the water. Suddenly he takes a great gulp, then another, and another, etc. The surface of the lake slowly lowers, and finally, Jazz swallows the last molecule, then drops to the ground. There on the bed of the lake lay Amealyah, strewn about her are Harold, Is. and I. O. Allott, Saltshaker and the four cops, the butcher knives, now slightly rusted, still clasped in their teeth. Just as a chanticleer in a nearby farm-yard peels forth in song, Amealyah and Harold simultaneously awaken.

Harold:—"Amealyah! My love. You've sweet as a lily in the dawn—"

Amealyah:—"Oh! bother! You look like a negro. You're all covered with mud. Where are we?" (Looks down at her besmeared garb.) "And I am too. Oh! I know. We're eloping. Ugh! There's Pa and Ma and all those horrid cops, and Saltshaker!"

Harold:—"We must flee. Have you any iron men? I lost my last five in a crap game last nite."

Amealyah:—"I've got enough to pay for a license. Let's get out of here quick. If you want to marry me you'll have to go some."

Together they extract the Rolls Royce from the ooze and start down the long, long matrimonial road, to live unhappily ever after. The last time they are visible, they are speeding blissfully down the turnpike.

PART II.

Time:—4:35 A. M.

Scene:—Same, except Amealyah and Harold are missing. Is. Henpect and I. O. Allott are just extracting themselves from the slime which holds them down. They look at one another.

Is.—"My bridge engagement!"

I. O.:—"My daughter!"

Is.:—"It's too late now. Thank heaven we have but one daughter to lose. She'll be back tho'. Come, Isaac, and take me back to our mansion. I must rest."

Is. O.:—"Better load in those dead cops and take them back to the station. They might use them. I'll crank the Limabean and you gather up the cops."

The Limabean disappears up the horizon, and Is. Henpect goes toward her rest.

PART III.

Time:—4:37 A. M.

Scene:—Same, except dead Jazz and Saltshaker are all that remain.

Saltshaker:—"Ah ha! So they've left me to die! Curses on the name forevermore. May the house of Harpsichord be forever unmelodious. Left me with a dog. 'Tis bitter, but I did my duty to the last. Hark! I hear my Dorisina's car approaching. The little Beauty. Hi, Dorisina!"

A mammoth roadster comes into view, occupied by a drug store-cosmetic advertisement, of the latest fashion.

"Hi, Saltshaker! I'm going to China. Catch me if you can!"

Saltshaker:—"Oh! Dorisina. I'll follow you to the ends of the earth." Grabbing his vest pocket edition, he madly rushed after the fleeing roadster.

And the Villain still pursues her!

PART IV.

Time:—4:50 A. M.

Scene:—Same, except Jazz alone remains.

Jazz, stirring slightly. "Hi, Rover and Snub. How'd you get here? Remember when we chased Pugaus cat down Sunshine Alley? Gosh, this is

a swell place. I have been living with them highbrows s' long, etc."

Sad, but true. It needs no explanation. Jazz, culminating his existence by one heroic deed, has gone to his happy hunting ground. May he rest in Peace!

FINALE.

HESITATION.

Having noticed on many occasions, that in giving dictation to those who have ambition, aspiration and a disposition to inaction, and who desire to make the acquisition of a business education, not only as a matter of remuneration, but to have an occupation, and to be able to follow a vocation for the satisfaction of gaining a reputation, as well as the accumulation, congregation, and conservation of wealth, from a just compensation, much hesitation is caused on account of the sudden termination, and I have some conception of the vexation; and, for the prevention of any interruption, and for my own satisfaction, consolation and instruction, and their accommodation and information and without solicitation, I undertake the collection, combination and classification of such words. While my investigation may prove my incapacitation, and may not lead to a successful consummation of the work in contemplation, on account of the enumeration falling short of their anticipation, expectation or calculation, I feel a growing inclination to extend the accumulation in this composition, by recollection, consultation, conservation, revision and reflection, until the selection for inspection may not cause disaffection, nor meet with disapprobation, but merit some recognition and appreciation of this demonstration of my admiration and consideration of honest application, and, for their gratification and the honor of making this donation, hope to obtain their approval and commendation of the production, and without provocation, lead them to a declaration of their intention to become familiar with words in this relation.

- A—Is for Allen; he edits the jokes.
- B—Is for Bumble "B"; pleases all folks.
- C—Is for Crouse; she surely can play.
- D—For Dorothea; a ney one each day.
- E—is for Effie; in Latin, a shark.
- F—Is for Fritz; he stays out after dark.
- G—Is for G. E. T.; you know his name.
- H—Is for Happy; with wide-spreading fame.
- I—Is for Iris; with suitors not any (?).
- J—Is for Johnsons; of which there are many.
- K—Is for "aKses"; Boone Hi has a lot.
- L—For Louise; her songs hit the spot.
- M—Is for "Mandy"; our own pride and joy.
- N—Is for Norton; a jolly nice boy.
- O—Stands for Osgood; he's hunting for peaches.
- P—Is for Paxtn; a wonder at speeches.
- Q—Is for question; our teachers all ask it.
- R—Is for Ray; always guarding the basket.
- S.—Is for Sherman; the cleverest jester.
- T—Is for Ted; you know Helen's his "bester."
- U—Is for Useless; that applies to our mind.
- V—Is for Vogt; a long, steady grind.
- W—For Willis; he looks like his brother.
- X—Stands for Xerxes; may there ne'er be another.
- Y—For Yolanda; in art she's a wizard.
- Z—Is for Zimmerman; his father sells gizards.



JOKES AND NEAR JOKES.

There are lots of funny folks in this world who don't know it and there are lots of 'em who were funny once—and still think they are. Nothing is quite so ticklesome to our spare-rib as a spontaneous droll fellow, but one of these continuous performance Charlie Chaplin antics clown is about as tiresome as they're made and—"excuse me"—certainly gets our goat. The world is brightened by a bit of real sunshiny humor, but when it's artificial it's too much like an unshaded electric light.

"MERCİ BEAUCOUP."

In the last issue of the Bumble "B" we printed a list of the Sophomores who had assisted in the publication of the March number. Through some unforgiveable error the name of Elizabeth Abel was omitted. "Since "Tiny" was one of the Sophs who went after good jokes and got them too, we are very sorry that this mistake was made.

We thank you, Tiny, and we hope you'll get inspired and help us again, sometime.

Ruth Hiatt helped do the typing for us, too, for that Sophomore number, so she deserves "Personal Mention," and the thanks of the Staff for her assistance.

Boone, Iowa.
March 31, 1920.

Mr. John P. Growl,
Dallas, Texas.

Dear Sir:—

This will introduce Mr. Roy Ericson of Boone, Iowa. Mr. Ericson is an applicant for the position of walking delegate for the Physiological Society for Broken Down Bartenders, of which you are the President.

Mr. Ericson is fully capable of carrying out the strenuous exercise of walking delegate. He wears No. 11 shoes and has the power to manipulate them. He can with ease, walk forty miles a day. He has a glib tongue and is able to persuade a deaf mute to buy a quart of gasoline.

Knowing that you will give this your earnest attention, I sign myself,
Yours respectfully,

Adolph Lantz.

The above was handed to us as an exercise in typewriting.
Wonder what inspired it?

ATHLETICS

As this is to be a humorous number throughout, we will start on the Alethean-Empyrean basketball game. The funny part was the difference between the true score and the predicted result. The Empyreans were picked to win by nearly all, including themselves—themselves mostly—but the Alethean team, had a different opinion and proceeded to upset the dope. The refereeing was extremely lax, to say the least, Three Aletheans and two Empyreans would have departed from the floor on the 4th personal, had not the charitable official, who called himself the referee, been kind enough to let the worst kind of fouling go on before his eyes, without calling the deciding personal, for fear the subs would cause the game to be slowed up.

Nevertheless, both teams played a scrappy game and battled to the finish. That the game must have been exciting, is shown by the close score.

Aletheans—15

H. Lamb
W. Lamb
Grant
Benson
Paxton

F.
F.
C.
G.
G.

Empyreans—14

Jones
Schroeder
Shaler
Standley
Mowery

Field goals—H. Lamb 3, W. Lamb 2, Schroeder 3, Shaler 2.

Free throws—Schroeder, 4 out of 12; Grant, 2 out of 8; Lamb, 1 out of

1.

Subs.—R. Jones for Lamb, Higbee for Benson.

The last season of basketball, the most successful Boone has ever had, should be duplicated this coming year. Of course, we will be really handicapped by the loss of "Mendy," but many good men will be at hand, most of whom had the benefit of "Mendy's" coaching this year; and our new coach is rumored to be a "bear." Consequently things look bright.

"Hap" will be on the floor again, and though Lamb, Paxton, Grant and "Tom" will have finished their course, Holst and Moore will be here to develop into all-state men. Greene played a good game throughout, until "put on the shelf" by sickness. He will return. Morgan and Harry Schroeder each took the trip to "Chi." These two men will also be on hand. Altogether things are looking very nice, for a second "champ" team.

TRACK.

About 30 men are taking track steadily now. Among these are men, who, with proper training, should develop into record breakers. Moran has cultivated a great half-mile stride and looks good for a place in the state meet. Wesley Shaler, a sophomore, has been stepping right out on the mile and he seems to have a future for track. In the dash men are included Hutson, Grant, Holst and Meyers. All should develop into runners of the first water. Hutson and Grant are both for the 440 also and have been making fair time. In the field events, Boone has several veterans. Meyers in the pole vault, Moran in the high jump and for the broad jump Meyers again. The discus is probably the only event yet which has little competition. No one has worked exceptionally in this and it is open to the first good man who comes along. Moran, Hutson and Meyers heave the shot. All these men need development, but with "Mendy" to do it, nothing can be expected but a good season.



The yearly wheeze on "spring fever" cannot be ground out for the 196th time, this month. Anyone who has had the least symptoms of the malady has been immediately frozen out, either by the weather or the sarcasm of the teachers. It's a good thing too, for the sulphur and molasses can be used to better advantage in the present shortage of sugar.

Lots of folks are having their second childhood this spring. Just station yourself near the wonderful cement walks of the High School some fine evening and see the circus; everything from fancy roller-skating and stilt-walking to exhibition bicycle riding and jumping rope. No admission is charged.

The General Assemblies have been few and far between lately—scarcity of events, most likely.

On April 7th an Assembly was called at which Dr. Gillies, a pastor from Des Moines, gave us an educational talk. "Seek wider ranges for your energy; don't be a stick-in-the-mud," was the theme of his remarks.

Friday, April 9th, the Grinneil Glee Club was here on its annual tour. We were all disappointed because they didn't come early and give us a wee bit of a concert in the afternoon, so a whole lot didn't come that night. But they missed something for the music was "great." We get crazier about the Glee Club every time we hear it.—And all the dates that were there!

Monday, April 15th, periods were shortened in the afternoon and the boys dismissed early. The girls stayed to listen to a lecture on "Art in Interior Decoration," by Mrs. Wilmot of New York. A number of women of the Federation of Women's Clubs were present so the assembly was quite full. Mrs. Wilmot's talk was very interesting, but as a good many of the girls found it necessary, or otherwise to leave in the middle, it was rather disturbing and several good points were missed. Miss Wolfe demonstrated her ability at that time as an able traffic cop, in fact, each door was blockaded with an effectual policeman.

Miss White's classes are holding debates weekly now. Each period has debated once upon the Irish question and again upon the subject of Fiume.

The English V's under Miss Cruikshank have organized and are holding programs occasionally. Officers are elected every two weeks.

Period One.

First Officers:

President Wesley Shaler
 Secretary Leonard Anderson

Second Officers:

President Erwin Ahrens
 Secretary Judith Williams

April 9th the class presented an original play "Business Troubles" very impromptu. The leading man being incapacitated at the last minute, his substitute was forced to reply upon his imagination alone to carry him through. The cast follows:

Honorable Armstrang, Manager	Leonard Anderson
Oswald, Office Boy	Benjamin Clarke
Maurice Chair, applicants	Erwin Ahrens
Sophia Pillow for	Gladys Peterson
Bonnie Brussels position	Louise Lankford

Period Seven.

First Officers:

President	Russel Pratt
Secretary	Beatrice Creveling

Second Officers:

President	Marvel Holt
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On a Sunday, not long ago, the Fourth and Second Wards held a baseball game. The members were drafted from the sideliners. Needless to say the game was thrilling from start to finish, the onlookers hanging breathless upon every play. The score at the end was 3-1 in favor of the Fourth Ward.

It is quite the style to be "paged" at the show now. Poor Bob's ears are burning yet—

And still the mystery is!!—How did the Senior president get home from the class party "that" night?

The following clipping was taken from a recent issue of the Des Moines "News." It appeared in Cynthia Grey's column. The Staff are very anxious to learn the name of the eighteen year old, who is so sorely in need of advice. We have some for him, so if you know who he is, please tell us about it:

Girls of Eighteen Are Apt to Have Spells.

Dear Miss Grey:—I think always when I read a letter from a boy that it is sort of silly for boys to write into such a department. But now, I have a trouble of my own and I am glad to have someone to go to with it. My mother would not understand.

I am 18 and have not gone with the girls much, so maybe these things are regular occurrences with fellows and girls and I do not know any difference. I have been going with a girl who comes from a very good family. I have never known her very well until we got into high school.

I have taken her to the movies a great many times and to some of the nicest parties in town. I had just got to the place where I thought I was on "steady" the queerest thing happened—all of a sudden she would hardly speak to me. I was at a skating party the other night and she absolutely ignored me.

offend her.

I know that she cannot be cross at me about anything, for we have always been on the best of terms and I have never said or done anything to offend her.

Can you tell me if girls have such spells once in a while and what I can do to get on speaking terms with her again? Eighteen, Boone, Iowa

Ans.:—If I were you, I would neglect that girl—utterly ignore her for a while beyond speaking when you meet.

I'd ask for no dance, no skate with her. She will find a way to ask you what is wrong, then, you can find out what it is all about. Don't worry about it.

Take some other girl out, not enough to make her care for you, but just enough to make the girl you want jealous.

She will begin to think. Best luck to you.



Joke Departments sound the dominant note of April! Make 'em laugh! It is so decreed.

A look of weariness settles upon the Exchange Editor's face. Hear him muttering: "Joke and the whole school groans. Laugh, but you'll laugh alone. 'Exchange of Jokes' can never be done. Why the jokes have been exchanged so often now and are on such friendly terms with every editor, that they enter his publications without knocking.

If we quote a particularly good one coming from California, or Maine—some lively little exchange from Wisconsin, Georgia, or Florida will look bored and say, "That's awfully old." With this the editor directed his remarks to the splendid array of magazines and papers. "Thus Exchanges, there is much concerning you the editor would delight in publishing but your jokes he dares not."

The exchange table by this time was shaking with laughter. A noble Senior noted the commotion among the magazines and papers and stopped to inquire the cause of so much confusion. Being most anxious to impart information, they responded, "Search me. Would love to but I am **too busy.**"

"Now I sit me down to cram; I pray that I'll pass this exam. But if I fail to get this junk, I pray the Lord I will not flunk."—chanted a paper near by.

"You have guessed it little one from Fairfield.—Goodbye, see you later."

The editor watched the suppressed mirth with growing irritation; and thus found expression—"If the table can laugh like that at nothing he is the very one to discover your jokes. The whole Joke Exchange is in your hands—and I'll see you later!"

"Whew!" exclaimed the table, "our laughter has given offense, but let's follow the suggestion. I'll be responsible. It's customary to lay most everything on the table; I'll take the blame, should we fail to register a joke or call forth a laugh. Feel free to joke all you wish, dear Exchanges, you have my support. Address your remarks to their chair over there. I'll instruct the chair to rap the table if the pokes are too ancient."

"What is it, Porpoise (Datona, Fla.)? If everyone smiles they owe it to this department to state reason! Have you forgotten, dear Table, 'We Come To The Top to Blow', not to joke?"

"Oh no, not forgotten. We find your facts about Florida most interesting, but this is to be a page without rhyme or reason."

"Here is one on our Exchange editor," remarked the chair. "A burglar, leaving the young editor's home by the most convenient exit, the window, was discovered and hailed thus: 'Say Mister! I wish ye'd come back an' swipe the piano before my next music lesson!!'" (Ha! Ha!)

The Budget, (Galesburg, Ill.,) addressing the chair—"Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

The Chair—"I don't know, why do you ask?"

The Budget—"Well, it says in this book, that after his day's work he sat down on his chest." (Some joke.)

Voice under a pile of magazines—"I heard this at your Class Play—Carlson—"Run up the curtain!"

Little Freshie, helping as a stage hand—"What do you think I am, a squirrel?" (Laughter.)

The Opinion, quoting from Peoria, Ill. Physic's Class—"John, can you tell me what a vacuum is?"

J. B., stalling around, replied—"I've got it in my head, but I can't explain it." (Too bad.)

"White and Gold", (Woodbury, N. J.) to a sympathetic bunch of Exchanges—"I had an awful dream last night."

Exchange—"What did you dream?"

"White and Gold"—"I dreamed that I was eating shredded wheat and when I woke up the mattress was half gone." (Oh, Horrible.)

The Early Trainer, (Lawrence, Mass.) tells this on Carlson—"Now, in case anything should go wrong with this experiment, we and the laboratory with us would be blown sky-high. Now come a little closer, boys and girls, in order that you may follow me." (More laughter.)

Trade Winds, (Worcester, Mass.),—"If the old woman who lived in a shoe was alive today, she wouldn't be able to pay the rent." (And that's no joke.)

Chair—"Some 'rare' jokes will appear in this number."

Polygraph (Riverside, Cal.)—"Oh, I dunno. Rather overdone I should say." (Good Night.)

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"My daughter!" the old man's voice was stern,

"We must set this matter right
What time did 'Josh' Leg leave,
Who sent his card last night?"

"His business was pressing, Father, dear,

And I'll tell it to you straight;
He took his leave and went his way,
Before a quarter of eight."

"I told him the truth," Alice said,
And into her eyes so blue,
Came a tiny twinkle, as she thought;
"A quarter of eight is—two!"

"Tommy, if you'll cut some wood
I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What's that, Dad?"

"I'll let you have the saw-dust to
play circus with."

Hint for Seniors, having pictures taken for the Scroll—"Do you want this picture large or small?"

"Small, please."

"Well, close your mouth, then."

In Latin Class—"Will the cavalry in the rear please ride forward, tie the ponies to my desk and retire in good order?"

"Well, well," said the absent minded Prof. in a bath tub, "Now I've forgotten what I'm here for."

"I can marry any girl I please."

"I see. The main difficulty is in pleasing any."—Ex.

THEIR OPINIONS.

Polygraph Magpie, (Riverside, Calif.) Your magazine is certainly up and coming. We admire the spirit shown in your Athletic Department and congratulations to your Exchange Editor. Why not try a few snaps in the next number?

Drury Academe, (North Adams, Mass.) Another new one. Chuck full of good things and pep.



Organizations

Boone High School.
April, 1920.

Dear Little Freshmen:

As the school year is nearing an end and the Seniors will soon be leaving, I have taken this opportunity to write to you and give you a little advice.

You have started out very wisely by organizing and having your class party and now let the good work go on and by the time you are Seniors you'll have almost as good a class as 1920. Of course not as good and our true value cannot be appreciated until after we have gone. You know people are never appreciated while they are living, but next year when you see the vacancy left by our class, when you don't hear Louise Abel's happy laugh and Rodney Patrick's clever jokes, and you won't have Donald Anstrom to play the piano at your programmes and Ray Lamb, Loran Thompson, Ralph Paxton and Gow Grant to be on your basketball team and Betty Goodykoontz, Yolanda Prosperi, Dorothy Zimbeck, Edward Snyder, Mary Wahl, Lefty Meehan and Dean Robertson and countless others who have been so popular in High School Circles, then you will begin to realize what the class of 1920 has meant to this school.

We leave a vacancy that the Class of '21 can never fill, not only in numbers but otherwise.

No doubt you have heard about the successful "kid" party we held Friday night, April 16th. We regretted not being able to give some of your number, who stood outside of the door all evening, some ice cream, but you realize how impossible that would have been.

Please tell the little "Lambs" and others not to be discouraged because sometime it pays to raid parties.

The cast for the Senior Class Play, "Along Came Nancy" has been chosen and they are planning to give the

play two nights, but of course the house will be packed and I'll advise you to get your dates and tickets early, thus being sure to getting a seat.

"The Scroll" is about completed and comes out sometime in May. Of course you all want a "Scroll" and if you haven't already signed up for one do so at once with any member of the Staff.

I know you are tired of reading such a long episode so I will close for this time.

If we can be of any help to you please let us know and we'll be glad to furnish any advice of a more personal nature.

Wishing you success,

Yours truly,

The Seniors.

Dear Sophomores:

We the Junior class felt it to be our christian as well as patriotic duty to give you a little paternal advice. We know that you are now engaged in obtaining that which is to be your greatest aid to success—an education. Having had a few more years experience we will endeavor to help you.

Now, one to succeed should have an ideal. You can easily find any number of ideals in the Junior class. There is our president, Allen Perry, also LaMont Silliman, Edward Rogers and Melvin Mungerson, who are all great orators. We have marvelous athletes, Dayle Moran, Clyde Moore, Kenneth Greene, Clarence Schroeder and Marshall Benson. There is a scholar, Martha Crary, whose mind is capable of solving the most difficult of lessons and our promising musicians are too numerous to mention, but you surely know who they are. In fact you might choose any one of the class of '21 as an ideal without any misgivings, for

we are all gifted—if only in the art of being foolish.

And, Sophomores, do you remember that big meeting that was held in the assembly some time ago? Well that was a Junior meeting. We voted on our pins and we dislike to brag but they certainly are the cleverest things that have happened in the line of pins for quite a while. Won't we feel proud to wear them though?

At the same meeting committees were appointed for the Junior-Senior reception which is to be given April 30th. With Vivian Moats chairman of the refreshment and invitation committee, Helen Ingersoll of the program committee and Sadiabelle Friedley of the decoration committee, an excellent reception is promised. Miss Wolfe, Miss Rushenburger and Miss Maytag are faculty advisors. We only hope that you will watch us closely this year and give us as good a one if not better next year.

Well Sophomores, we must close this letter now and we hope that you may profit by the advice. If at any time in the future we can help you we will be more than pleased to do so.

Sincerely,

The Class of 1921.

Dere seniors;

If it wuz not raining so hard we cud rite you a better letter, but these here april dribbles has a mostenin' affect on our spirits. We do hate to luze you, specially since you have so many men on the team. An' that makes me thing 'bout what my pa sez tother nite. He came home just ravin' cause he'd hear'd tell of the fine team they had over to this high skule and since he needed a new team he came over to look at thish. an when he found hit was nothin' but a basketball team he waz powerful mad and ma and me niver heard him talk so before. But that's wandering considerable off the subect.

Sinse the gurls in this here class

are so high-flutin' lookin' they ask some of 'em tu serve at this here spasm the Juniors are gonna have that they're makin' such a fuss over. Heres where we get a chanct' to get even with some of these seniors who think they're so stuck up? (begin' your pardon but we can't niver tell a lie) cuz we're gonna pour soup down ther necks. Some of them teachers too that have been daubin' red ink all over our report cards. An' that reminds me—'Tother day one of the freshmen boys wene home and his pa sez to 'im, says he, "What'd you learn today Johnny?" and jonny sez "I learned that you can get out of class by snuffing red ink up your nose." Guess we've got some clever people in this here class.

Thirza Hull had company come to see her from Chicogi. It was Corinne Byington. You'd orter heard her tell 'bout them there sky skrapers. I guess they're purty swell, but I don't spose we'll ever get to see them since our pa's don't seem to think money grows on trees. Corinne usta be in our class when we wuz little. 'Bout in the fifth grade.

We aint a bit stuck up but we think we're gonna show some of them upper story's that—aw shucks I mean upper classmen—where to head in at when it comes to track meetin.

The Camp Fires had a doin's in the gym one nite. I guess they did not burn any thin' up tho. They just hopped around a bit an' acted up. I guess they sung some too they was sposed to I guess.

Guess maybe we'd better quit. We'll have our ma read this over ta see if it ain't no misspelled word an' to see that we ain't used the wrong puncturation. Some day we'll be rite smart like you but we aint had no kemistry or sikology yet.

We are well an' hope you are the same. (P. S. Our ma says thats proper so we had to put it in)

Yours foolishlie

the freshmen





EMPYREANS.

The Empyrean Literary Society held a meeting in the Music Room, April 1, 1920. The following program was given:

Basket Ball Report... Wesley Shaler
 Reading Fern Clarke
 Jokes. Byron Crary. Arnold Manny
 Short Talk Helen Partridge

Following this the new members were initiated.

The splendid program was enjoyed by every member. Our program committee is certainly working for the interest of the Society.

A debate with the Aletheans was mentioned.

Are we there Empyreans?

ALETHEANS.

Friday, the 2nd of April the Aletheans and Empyreans had their joint party and basketball game in the gym. The Aletheans beat the Empyreans in both games. There were several guests, including "Happy" Moran and Kenneth Greene, who refereed the games. One of the guests afterwards proved villainous and was to be hung from the balcony by a string, but was saved by—(we don't care who—a girl.)

A meeting was held in the Music Room, Wednesday, April 7, the usual business was transacted and the meeting adjourned. A program will be held in the Music Room, April 28. Don't forget.

MOORES.

The other day the Moores held a program, March 30, to be exact. It was supposed to be an "April Fool" affair and most of it was a joke—for

the ones who got it up. The larger part of the performers backed down at the last minute, whether because of their natural modesty which prevented them from risking a laugh, or merely because they had grown bolshevistic and wouldn't, is at present unknown. Due credit must be given, however, to those who did their part.

Lillian Pearson pleased us very much with a reading, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary;" Allen Perry performed "Peter, Peter Punkin Eater" wonderfully on the piano and Nelly Stumbo gave another reading which made everybody laugh when they got the point—she sat and gazed at a newspaper.

We regret to inform all who may be concerned that from this time on, appearance upon a program is a case of "do or pay." Failure to perform this worthy act means a fine of twenty-five cents.

EUTROPHIANS.

There is little to say about the Eutrophians as they have not been very alive for the last six weeks or so. However, there has been much planning and thinking along the line of does happen, it will be something does happen, it will be something real. That's the Eutrophian's way, "Anything worth doing is worth doing well." There are many things to do yet along the line of the planned debates, programs, and it won't be long before the picnic. And it will be some picnic when it does come! Anyway, Eutrophians, you should do something to make the best of the few weeks left.



“Why is Josh limping around?”
 “Because he fell in love and broke his engagement.”—Ex.

—B—

Sade—“I know why people laugh up their sleeve.”

Sarah—“Why?”

Sade—“Because that’s where their funny bone is.”

—B—

Miss Wolfe: “Didn’t I tell you to notice when the water boiled over?”

Eloise H.:—“I did. It was a quarter past eleven.”

—B—

One of our brilliant freshies informed us that fish nets are holes tied together with a string.—Ex.

—B—

“What’s that tooth brush for?”

“That’s my class pin. I graduated from Colgate.”

—B—

Miss Heaps—“What is the plural of child?”

Ben G.—“Twins.”

—B—

Mother’s voice from upstairs, “I imagine it is very cold down there dear, have you something around you?”

“Oh it’s all right mother, Ralph is here.”

These “High School Days”
 Have their delights
 But they can’t compare
 With “High School nights.”

—B—

Ray Lamb “41” was caught chewing gum behind the building last night and was publicly dismissed from school today.—Bumble “B.”

—B—

Time must hang heavy on Betty’s hands. Notice the size of her wrist watch.

—B—

Tommy, very sleepy, was saying his prayers—“Now I lay me down to sleep,” he began. “I pray the Lord my soul to keep!”

“If” his mother prompted.

“If he hollers, let him go, Eeny, meeny, miny, mo.”

—B—

Miss Perry—“What direction do the south winds come from?”

—B—

Hap—“I suppose you hatch all these chickens yourself?”

Mary W.—“No, we keep hens here to do that.”



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BOONE, IOWA

Barney—"Why's a squirrel's neck like a typewriter?"

Packy—"Search me."

Barney—"Cause it's Underwood."

Ham, in back ground—"Tickle, Tickle."

—B—

Dud Deering (between bites)—
"Yah, they had to stop the street car and the motorman and fireman got out."

—B—

Wanted:—"Woman to wash, iron and milk three cows."

—B—

21 (over phone)—"Hello! Have you got a date for the reception?"

Vivian (excitedly)—"Why, no."

21—"Well, I hope you get one?"

—B—

Jim—"Why didn't you come up in the elevator, Sherm?"

Sherm—"Nothing doing. I just saw one full of people fall down that hole."

—B—

A girl who had been expelled from a convent for playing cards and dancing was walking one day and met the priest. He addressed her thusly—
"Hello, daughter of the Devil."

She sweetly replied, "Hello Father."

—B—

To Be Exact.

As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens a well dressed young passenger approached the captain and pointing to the distant hills inquired, "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, Madame," he replied.

"Well," remarked the young lady, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman told me it was grease (Greece).

Ione—"See May?"

Betty—"May who?"

Ione—"Mayonnaise, Tee-Hee."

Betty—"Naw; she was dressing and wouldn't lettuce."

—B—

Frances—"Ham, you must have come through some pretty tight squeezes."

Her Veteran—"Well the nurses were pretty good to me."

—B—

Charity Worker—"Now we're getting up this raffle for a poor man. Won't you buy a ticket?"

Ethel C.—"No! I wouldn't know what to do with him if I won him."

—B—

Jim—"There's many a reporter amongst the U. S. troops which crossed to Europe."

Geneva—"How's that?"

Jim—"Most of 'em contributed to the Atlantic daily."

—B—

Leah—"You had no business to kiss me, you rude thing."

Clarence—"Well, it wasn't business, it was pleasure."

—B—

"Hurry up, my mother wants some things for supper."

"All right, young man, what does she want?" asked the grocer.

"A gallon of oil, a broom, and a cake of soap," innocently replied the boy.

—B—

Overheard in a grocery store.

Said the sack to the sugar, "Do you love me?"

Said the sugar to the sack, "I'm all wrapped up in you."

Said the sack to the sugar, "Well, you sweet thing."

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“Along Came Nancy”

SENIOR CLASS PLAY *MAY 25 and 26, 1920*

Cast of Characters:

Stephen Calhoun	<i>Julius Ehman</i>
William Horton	<i>Alvan Seymour</i>
Miss Philonia Swineburne	<i>Mia Thorson</i>
Imogene Courtney	<i>Jeannette Reid</i>
Ethel Brandon	<i>Dorothy Zimbeck</i>
Ruth Stone	<i>Yolanda Prosperi</i>
Peggy Smart	<i>Mary Wahl</i>
Nancy Leigh	<i>Frances Johnson</i>
Mrs. Winthrop Courtney	<i>Beatrice Jennings</i>
Abraham Horton	<i>Rodney Patrick</i>
Captain Silas Smart	<i>George Meehan</i>
Squire Samuel Wilkins	<i>Leonard Cramblet</i>
Deacon Absalom Dill	<i>James Crowe</i>
Alonzo P. Woods	<i>Forrest Rittgers</i>
Frank Allen	<i>George Hutson</i>
Mrs. Horton	<i>Louise Abel</i>
Martha	<i>Lucille Colton</i>
Alice	<i>Blanche Standley</i>
Anastatia	<i>Thelma Nelson</i>

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