

THE BUMBLE

"B"

Vol. I.

CHRISTMAS 1914

No. 1.

PRINCESS

Always a Paramount Program

UNIVERSAL, *of course*

SERIALS

now appearing weekly

—
Million Dollar Mystery
every Monday and Tuesday

—
The Master Key
every Wednesday and Thurs.
Ella Hall—Bob Leonard

—
Matinee Daily
2:00 and 3:00 o'clock p. m.
Three Shows Nightly

STARS

such as

Warren Kerrigan
Vera Sisson
Francis Ford
Grace Cunard
Wm. Shay—Violet Merserau
King Baggot—Arlene Pretty
Sidney Ayres
Edna Maison
Mary Pickford
Mary Fuller
Florence Lawrence
Matt Moore
Pauline Bush
Cleo Madison—Geo. Larkin
William Garwood

==10c==

Princess Theatre

"Where the Favorite Stars Play"

My Memory Book

Boone High School

SEE THIS BOOK AT

Hewitt's - 707 Story

CANIER BROS. & HERMAN

Good Shoes

RICHARDSON'S

CLEAN STORE :: :: CLEAN STOCK

Expert Fountain Service

Makes this the Place for You to Trade

Party Orders a Specialty

We Make Our Own Ice Cream

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BOONE, IOWA

4 per cent paid on time and savings deposits

Capital and Surplus - - - \$235,000.00

The TEMPLE of ECONOMY Boone's Big Busy Store

Big Line of XMAS GOODS is now on display—BIGGER and
BETTER LINE than ever and at LOWER PRICES.

Remember the place—

The Temple of Economy, 813-15 Eighth St.

HUGHES' STUDIO

===== FINE PHOTOS =====

805 EIGHTH STREET

BOONE

When winter comes, its time
to think of good-substantial
Shoes. We are
ready now with
our Winter lines
There is satisfac-
tion in every model.



McCune Shoe Co.

BOONE, IOWA

See **A. R. CRARY** for
Buggies, Automobiles, Motorcycles

Gas Engines and Farm Machinery

Lyric Theatre

"Best in Movies"

Your Patronage Solicited and
..... Appreciated

LET US HELP YOU

SELECT HIS XMAS PRESENT

We are ready now. Plenty of new novelties as well as practical presents are here for you

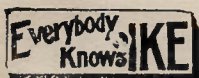
BASSFORD - PETERSON



IKE will make **SPECIAL DISCOUNT** to all who mention this adv.

**SEE IKE'S NEW
CHRISTMAS GOODS**

Story Street



Story Street

Olmsted--Good Clothes

*Specializing in Young
Men's Wear*

FOR GOOD
Plumbing
go to

Andrew G. Anderson

Buy your
Athletic and
Sporting Goods
Bicycles, Cutlery and
Tools from

FRED CRARY
at the Crary Bros. Hardware

Lawrence Book Store

Polly's Soda Shop

813 Story Street

H. T. COOK

Snappy Clothes for Young Men

Spaulding Sweaters and Athletic Goods

THE BUMBLE “B”

Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1914

No. 1.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Advertisements	1 to 4
Literary	7
Editorial	11
Athletics	12
Class Notes	14
Societies	15
Commercial Notes	17
Advertisements	18 to 20

Subscription Price—50 cents; by mail 60 cents; single copy 10 cents

Advertising Rates made known on application

"But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come around—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys."

A Christmas Carol—Dickens.

A MODERN VERSION.

Aeneas was discouraged,
When he set out from Troy
With his father, and the sailors
And Jules, his little boy.

He cared not where they wandered,
No matter where they'd roam,
His fatherland had fallen,
He'd no place to call his home.

They cut the ropes and raised the anchor,
And then sailed up to Thrace,
For Aeneas said it made no difference,
'Twas as good as any place.

They reached the shore and landed
But stayed there not a day.
For 'twas an evil omen
That sent them on their way.

At Delcos was an oracle
And everything, he knew,
So they thought they'd go and ask him
What seas they must pass through.

So out they set to Delos,
The sun shone bright that day,
The breezes blew right merrily
And helped them on their way.

The oracle was careful,
Oracles are often so,
They think it not best policy
To tell everything they know.

So he answered their questions
With just a hint or two.
They knew as much in the beginning
As they did when he got through.

But from his aimless murmurings
The Trojans got this spelled:
"Go seek the ancient country
Where your ancestors once dwelled."

And so they got together
And old Anchises said,
"I can't find out exactly
For—our ancestors are dead.

"But once they lived on an island,
Which is called Crete. It seems
That this same little island
Is the one that fellow means."

So they started out from Delos
And finally they reached Crete,
But their sojourn there was
Short and far from being sweet.

For a plague descended
Just as if down from the sky
And made them all feel badly
And caused a few to die

One night Aeneas had a vision
Of the household gods so tall
Who told him that this island
Was not the place at all.

Then they set about to tell him
Just where they must be sent,
And he found that far-off Italy,
Was the land the prophet meant.

So he set out toward Italy
With his depleted crew.
Oh, why didn't that oracle
Tell everything he knew?

And then a storm descended
And blew them from their course,
Can you imagine anything
That could have been much worse?

They were carried to Strophodes
As hungry as wild beasts,
And there they finally landed
And at once prepared a feast.

And then some wicked Harpies
Came and destroyed their food,
And made the company angry,
Well, it was rather rude.

And men ordered by Aeneas
Drove the Harpies to the sea,
But one of them came back again
And gave this prophecy:

"After all your wanderings
You lack for bread and meat
And will become so hungry
That your tables you will eat."

And so they in a hurry
Up and left the dreadful land,
And once more sailed the open sea,
A weary, careworn band.
—Lois Meredith, '15.

Trouble Arrives.

Caller—"So the doctor brought you a little baby sister the other night, eh?"

Tommy—"Yeh; I guess it was the doctor who done it. Anyway, I heard him tellin' pa sometime ago, 'at if pa didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble for him."

"Ain't that our bell that has just rang," is a sample of good grammar heard in B. H. S. most often from the girl's cloak room doors. "Where has my rubbers went?" is another expression similarly heard and used.

Slippery ice, very thin,
Pretty girl, tumbled in,
Saw a boy on the bank,
Yelled to him, then she sank,
When the boy heard the shout,
Jumped right in, pulled her out,
Now she's got him, very nice,
But she had to break the ice.
—Betty Carson, 19?

Mr. Dickensheets in History VI:
"Class, how much salt is there in a five pound sack?"

CLASSES

SENIORS.

The Senior Class was the first to organize. The officers are:

President—Walter Thompson.
Vice President—Henry Friedley.
Secretary—Lois Meredith.
Treasurer—Lillian Getty.
Reporter—Hattie Wane.

On Monday, Feb. 9, another meeting was called and this time the Editor-in-chief and Business Manager for the 1914 Scroll were chosen. Paul McCrea was elected to the first position and Mark Sunstrom the latter. The other members of the board will be chosen by the faculty at an early date and then the real work of producing the annual will commence. Every one in high school should help as it is a big job and this year's annual must be a good one.

At this same meeting there was appointed a committee to choose the class play for the year. The members of the committee are: Allan Hicks, Vera Hanson, Henry Friedley and Miss Cruikshank.
—Scoop.

JUNIOR.

Please won't some Junior go away, come back, fall down, slip on the ice, have an epidemic, entertain friends, do something funny, fall in love, or SOMETHING, for the sake of the Junior editor? How can we live up to our requirements as editor if somebody doesn't do something?

Bernadine Johnson, a former member of the Junior class, has stopped her work at boarding school because of ill health.

Sylvia Dolak has been ill for several days, and just lately returned to school.

This is what our class is doing: Marie Mellish purchased some theme paper Monday evening after school.

Josephine Wylie spent much time on her bookkeeping in school. Honest toil brings fair reward—as she didn't have to take any books home.

James Whitaker and Margaret Whitehill suffer from the "laughing ailment" in English. What is the best cure for this?

Tubby Ann Condon hasn't had time for the blues lately.

The class in Latin VI was required to make up three minutes of lost time Monday night. But several of the girls made up an hour's time Saturday afternoon so this requirement was dispensed with.

Allan Hicks would like to know where he got the nickname "Star."

Herbert Grabau is taking the Normal Training Course.

Eloise Nelson went down town after school the other night.

Herbert Lynch fitted at least ten people to shoes last week.

Pete Wahl borrowed some stationary last week.

Mary Lee Carson stayed in her seat an entire period one day.

Half of the ills of life are experienced only in anticipation. Witness this bit of conversation overheard in a street car:

"When I feel better, I always feel worse, because I know I'm going to feel bad sometime."

Basketball has developed our boys wonderfully along some lines: athletics, public speaking, girls and letter-writing. From these last some of the girls are given good opportunities of brushing up on their shorthand. Well, it this meets not with your approval,

If you thing 'tis "pretty bum,"
Pray don't blame poor me for all of it,
Do your share, and make some fun.

SOPHOMORE.

The Sophomore class of the Boone high school held a meeting Friday afternoon for the purpose of electing officers. They are as follows:

Phes.—Elizabeth Carson.
Vice Pres.—Ivan Stanley.
Sec.—Treas.—Lucile Sunstrom.
Reporter—Mary Frances Means.

I heard you were arrested for speeding.

Yes, I was going sixty per.
What did the Judge say.
Fine.

Literary

WHO WON THE GAME?

Barry glanced up from his book on the study table as Brunton, his roommate, entered. The latter dumped his books carelessly on a chair and stared straight ahead.

"Blame it," he said, and sat heavily on the bed.

"Cheerful greeting," Barry grinned without looking up from his book.

"And the LaCross game only a week away," Brunton groaned, more to himself than to Barry.

The latter shut his book. "What about the La Cross game?" he demanded.

"Prewitt's a fool," Brunton snapped without raising his eyes.

"Most coaches are," his room-mate agreed, "But why?"

"Nelson's out of the game with the measles—"

"Yes, and of all things for a hundred and sixty pound man to get—measles? But what has that to do with Prewitt?"

"And Whitney's out of the game with a broken ankle—"

"Which Prewitt could not help."

"And then, with the team weakened like that, and a big game only a week away, Prewitt goes and takes out a man who has played Varsity end for two years."

Brunton threw his cap at the landlady's cat and sent her scurrying under the dresser.

"Looks foolish, I'll admit," said Brunton thoughtfully, "But surely he had a reason. What has Davis done?"

"Broke training," came the reluctant answer, "but before a game like this Prewitt could have overlooked it—"

"And had the rest of the team breaking training as they liked." Barry put in. "Prewitt's right, and I hope he keeps him out. Likewise, I hope he cans every man that breaks training; and what's more, if I catch you breaking training, I report you."

"Where upon I shall promptly break your neck," Brunton warned him. "But that's not all; Caffrey, Clark and Jeffery are all friends of Davis and they say that if Prewitt kicks Davis out they will quit."

"And they talk about school spirit," Barry groaned, "and want us to support the team. What will Prewitt do?"

"He said he'd get a team without them and complete the schedule. He says, too, that every man that quits the team now is done with athletics while he's coach."

"What sort of men has Prewitt got to fill the vacancies?"

"The one taking Davis' place is a kid. Weighs about a hundred and a quarter and is bow-legged."

"Cheerful prospect. What else?"

"Search me, he'll have to use subs, and goodness knows they're pretty raw."

"Well, I hope he has some luck."

"Fat chance, with all the regulars gone," sneered Brunton, "and we did want to beat La Cross."

"Maybe we will," Barry cheered him.

"Yes, if every man on the other team breaks his leg and their full-back dies and the linemen all have the sleeping sickness, and they miss every tackle and don't cross our goal line, we may be able to score, though, personally, I doubt it. I'm going to supper."

And Brunton stalked out leaving a bewildered room-mate staring after him.

It was a small and unenthusiastic crowd that scattered through the stands when the day of the La Cross came. The day was cold and a sharp west wind shrilled cross ways of the field, seeking unprotected fingers and toes and filtering through sundry cracks in the raiment of the spectators. The sky was over cast and now and again a snow flake would go whirling past, born by the wind. The crowd which had been expected from La Cross had not shown up because with all the regulars out of the game the hard-fought battle which had been expected was considered out of the question.

On the foremost row of seats sat Caffrey, Clark, Jeffrey and Davis, the one time stars of St. Edwards. They were watching their first game from the bench and were commenting loudly on what the La Cross machine would do to their team-mates because of their absence.

A faint hand-clapping and a ghastly attempt at a cheer accompanied the appearance of the team. The running-through of signals was not the same smooth, machine-like precision of the usual St. Edwards team. There were numerous slips and unnecessary fumbblings.

The man who had taken Davis' place was small and bow-legged even as Brunton had said, but nevertheless, he possessed an uncanny faculty of being every place the ball was, Snake, they called him, but Brunton could not find out what his real name was. In the absence of the burly Jeffrey, Brunton was shifted from half to full back and a slender freshman named Stanley had taken Brunton's regular place. Clark and Caffrey, guard and tackle respectively, had been replaced by a pair of husky farmers, who though awkward, seemed perfectly capable of holding out anything short of an elephant.

St. Edwards won the toss and chose to receive at the north goal. The teams lined up. The spectators curled deeper into their coats. Not a sign of a cheer went with the kick-off. Brunton caught the ball and started down the field. The La cross quarter was on him almost before he started but before he could set himself to dive, a small, bow-legged figure catapulted itself on his heels and the La Cross man fell heavily. Brunton dashed on. Men sprang at him from every side but still he ran. Some he stiff-armed, some he dodged, some he merely ran over, until when he was finally stopped, the ball was on the La Cross thirty-yard line and the crowd was beginning to take an interest in the game.

The teams lined up. The quarter called his signals and sent Brunton crashing into the line for four yards. The St. Edwards supporters were becoming more excited. On the next play, Stanley circled the end for five more yards. The rooters were cheering now and slapping each other on the back. It promised to be more of a game than had been expected. Then the right half fumbled. The La Cross quarter, plunging in, scooped up the ball and lunged forward, but before he had gone five yards a bow-legged figure hurled itself at his knees and he dropped in his tracks. But the ball belonged to La

Cross on their own thirty-five yard line.

Then came a period of gloom for St. Edwards. The burley backs of La Cross hurled themselves time and again at the St. Edwards right wing and in the absence of Clark and Caffrey, that wing was exceedingly weak. Four, five, even ten yards they plunged and with each gain the spectators waxed more uninterested and despondent.

At the end of the quarter the ball was on St. Edward's twenty yards and in the first five minutes of the next period the La Cross quarter took it over in a wide end run, Stanley missing the tackle by inches.

La Cross missed the goal.

St. Edwards received again, but this time Brunton made no sensational run and the ball was downed about the middle of the field. An end-run by Stanley netted nothing, a smash by Brunton only a yard; and an incomplete forward pass cost another down and St. Edwards was forced to kick.

Jeffrey, the St. Edwards kicker, being out of the game, the task fell to Brunton. He punted thirty yards and almost before the quarter caught the ball Snake was upon him.

Again La Cross tried to smash, but now the new men braced and the line held like stone. La Cross kicked. The kicker, a tall, lanky youth, sent the ball to St. Edwards' twenty yards. Stanley took it and advanced ten yards before being stopped.

Brunton essayed a smash but was thrown for a loss. A quarterback run gained a yard. Then the ball went to Stanley. The little man squirmed and wiggled through the line and was free. Then how he ran.

Stanley was fast. He took a hundred yards in less than eleven seconds, but fast as he was, the La Cross quarter was faster. He gained rapidly and finally with a neat flying tackle, spilled Stanley, but the ball was only ten yards from the goal line.

Could they get it over?

The spectators who, a moment before, had been wrapped in gloom, grew enthusiastic. They deserted the seats and crowded to the sidelines. They begged, they pleaded, they commanded. They promised anything and everything to the man who took it over.

Clark, Caffrey and Davis were yelling with the rest. Jeffrey ran to the coach.

"I'll go in," he cried, "I can get it over," but Prewitt eyed him coldly.

"I know I'm a fool," Jeffrey told him, "I admit it, but I can win this game. Can I go?"

"When you quit the team a week ago, you spoiled your chances for athletics while I'm coach. Now get out," and Prewitt turned away.

An observer would never have known by the look on Prewitt's face of the struggle which was going on within the man. He knew that with Jeffrey in the game, St. Edwards could score. He knew that a touchdown at this stage of the game would probably win for the home team. He knew, too, of Jeffrey's influence on the men and the amount of fight that he would put into them. But he had said that he could not play and he would keep his word.

The teams lined up. On each man's face was a determined look. They would take that ball over or die in the attempt.

The men found their positions. They crouched a moment, their teeth gritted, their muscles tense.

"44-58-21-33-——"

Brunton hit the line and went sprawling through for five yards. Second and five.

Then from somewhere came a shrill whistle. A timekeeper, watch in hand, rushed out upon the field. The half was over. St. Edwards would never get the advantage of her gains.

Between the halves Prewitt went "You've got 'em licked," he told the players, "You've got 'em out-classed a hundred different ways. You've got to lick 'em. We'll show these swell-heads that we can win games without them. You, Brunton, follow your interference and smash lower. You linemen, get lower and charge quicker. Stanley, you are doing all right, only stay closer to Brunton for interference. You end, I don't know your name, are all right. Keep it up. There's the whistle; now go get 'em."

But on the kick-off the brawny full-back from the La Crosse tore through half the field and when Brunton finally slammed him down the ball was on St. Edwards' twenty yards. Two smashes failed and then an end-run took the ball in front of the goal posts.

La Cross formed for a kick. The

quarter opened his hands. The pass was perfect and he set the ball almost before the lines charged.

The kicker swung his long leg but from some where a huge figure in a crimson sweater rose in front of him. The ball struck Brunton's broad back and bounded back up the field. Wobbling crazily and jumping from point to point it eluded the vain efforts to recover it until half a dozen men threw themselves on it together.

The whistle screamed and the referee, wading in, burrowed to the bottom of the heap. There under all the others, lay a man in an old gold sweater, the ball snuggled tightly to his chest.

It was La Cross's ball on St. Edwards' forty yards.

For a time nothing happened. The crimson held doggedly and finally La Cross was forced to pass out of bounds on St. Edwards' twenty yards.

But try, as they would, the home team could not advance it. A smash by Brunton lost a yard that Stanley barely regained in an attempt to circle the end. A forward pass failed and Brunton dropped back to kick. The La Cross quarter took the punt on a difficult running catch and returned to the middle of the field. There it stayed; neither side being able to gain and the quarter ended with the ball in La Cross's possession about the middle of the field.

At the beginning of the next period, La Cross kicked. Brunton got the ball on his fifteen yards and advanced ten yards. A tackle back play, the first of the game, sent the awkward recruit wading through the line for four yards. Brunton smashed for three more.

Then the quarter fumbled. Snake recovered the ball but five more yards were lost. A forward-pass, Brunton to Stanley, gained ten yards.

The stands were cheering wildly now. The impossible was about to happen. A team weakened by the loss of all its stars was holding a team which was better drilled, had more team play and was almost confident of victory.

The football wiseacres who had thought it worth while to visit the game shook their heads and declared that it was impossible; that the St. Edwards men were playing beyond their strength and must soon waver and fall before the superior playing of La Cross.

The four stars were silent and bewildered. Here were men they had

thought were helpless without them, putting up a game fight and actually threatening the enemy's goal.

Still St. Edwards gained. A smash by Brunton, an end-run by Stanley, a quarterback smash had advanced the ball ten yards and now the crimson was within striking distance for the second time in the game.

The quarterback thrust his hair out of his eyes and consulted with his backs. A kick was reasonably certain, but a kick was not enough. It took six points to tie and there was no time for another of those grueling, fighting marches up the field. Besides Brunton was not so sure a kicker as Jeffrey. So after a moment the quarter returned to his place.

"Signals, Formation 12."

It was the first complicated play of the game, a simple line shift, but with so many green men on the team the quarter had been afraid to play anything much but straight football.

"21—18—33—shift."

The linemen did not shift, they charged and when the ball was finally passed, practically the whole St. Edwards team was off side.

The penalty increased the distance to the last white line. On the next play, the line, fearful of another penalty, charged too slowly and the La Cross quarter wiggled through and slammed the quarter to earth before the ball was fairly in his hands.

Three more yards were lost. The quarter straightened and looked doubtfully at the men behind him.

"Signals," he called doubtfully, "28—61—2."

Brunton shook his head and swung his leg in imitation of a kick.

The quarter measured the distance to the goal posts uncertainly, then—

"Signals," he called dubiously, "Place kick formation."

He dropped to his knees, looked at Brunton and opened his hands.

The ball came back—but what a pass. Far to one side and scarcely off the ground it came. The quarter vainly tried to reach it and fell ignominiously on his back. Then a mountain of humanity piled on the elusive oval. Crimson and old gold in a tumbling heap of arms and leg sbut somehow the pig-skin jiggled loose and went cavorting up the gridiron. Then a bow-legged figure bore down upon it, gathered it up

THE BUMBLE "B"

Oh! the Bumble "B" is Working—you will never find him shirking—

He is busy all the day from morn till night; With a Hum and Buzz and Bumble, with a Rush and Push and Rumble,

He starts his Work with Vim at break of day. He is Cheerful in his Singing, and he sets the welkin Ringing

As he wings his way through fields with odors strong;

He is seeking Sweetness only, and he's never never lonely,

And he Passes all that seems of ill or wrong. There's a purpose in his Humming, there's a Reason for his Drumming,

We can find it if we watch his every move; Going hither, going thither, AFTER SOMETHING all the while,

And he Gets It, and he gives the world a Smile.

All the blossoms give their Sweetness, when he calls in play his fleetness,

They give up their Hoarded Wealth without delay;

All useless is Resistance in the face of his Persistence,

And he finds his work Complete at close of day.

His foes are few, if any, and they never will be many,

For he closely sticks to Business all day long; But he has the Power of Stinging, just as well as that of Singing

When occasion calls it forth to Right a Wrong. Let us emulate this Bumbler,—never tolerate a Grumbler—

In Industry surpass him if we may.

Let us take him for our Pattern—'tis disgraceful to be Slattern—

Let's adopt his humble Motto and "Make Honey All the Day."

—Anon.

in one sweep of a pair of crimson arms and accompanied by one man in red, dashed toward the goal line with a whole regiment of old gold bearing down upon it.

Stanley dropped the first man with a pretty flying block and Snake tore on toward the line, but he was unprotected now and it was almost impossible to make his way through the number of La Cross players who blocked his path.

The first he stiff-armed, the next he dodged and then, as he fell in his efforts to reach him, Snake jumped back over him to avoid another tackler.

In some way he wiggled through, sliding away from one, leaving part of his jersey in the hands of another, until with a final heave he flopped breathless across the last white mark and the score was tied.

The small crowd was doing its best to make believe that it was the thous-

(Continued on page 13)

THE BUMBLE "B"

Published by the Students of the Boone High School

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor In Chief.....Oscar Holmberg
 Senior Class.....Paul McCrea
 Junior Class.....Alice Crary
 Sophomore Class.....Frank Compton
 Freshman Class.....Lucias Ashby
 Moore Society.....Mark Sunstrom
 Eutrophian Society.....Ruth Condon
 Stenography Club.....Emmett Lavelle
 Athletics.....Lewis Amme
 Commercial Notes.....Marjorie Hanson

MANAGERIAL STAFF.

Business Manager.....Clarence Pangborn
 Subscription Manager.....Walter Thompson

EDITORIAL

There are several things which should be mentioned in the first editorial of the Bumble "B". The first is in regard to our subscriptions. Although we have nearly 300 subscribers, we don't see why in a school of this size we cannot increase this number by at least 100 to 150, and we can if every member of the B. H. S. will do his share. We have tried to fix the subscription price within the reach of everyone and we believe that we have done so. The sum of 50 cents is not so large that it will embarrass anyone financially. Don't stop your boosting when you have subscribed yourself but try to get at least one other subscriber. Try this and see what a big aid it will be.

Another thing of great importance, possibly of more importance than the subscription matter, is the subject of contributions. We are sadly in need of good stories, poems and other articles and believe that there is enough talent in this school to supply our need. Although all of you cannot write stories or poems, you can still contribute to the Bumble "B". There are numerous little incidents happening every day in the school year, which, if written up, would make interesting reading matter. Be on the look-out for these things; write them up; then put them in the box which hangs in the north corridor on the second floor.

The staff wishes to ask our subscribers to be lenient in their criticism of this

first issue, as they have as yet no experience in this line of work, but promise to improve in time. Sensible suggestions as to the betterment of the paper will be gratefully received and we shall do what we can to carry out your wishes.

"A SQUARE DEAL?"

Below is an article clipped from the Scarlet & Black, which is headed "A Square Deal", but we think this article is not dealing squarely with the High Schools of the State. It contains a very unjust criticism of the sportsmanship shown by the supporters of the various high school basketball teams. It states that "Ardent supporters cannot refrain, it seems, from cheering when the opposing side makes a foul or when they miss a free throw." This may be true of some of the smaller schools, but we believe it is very unfair to the larger and better class of schools in general and to Boone High in particular. Although last year the enthusiasm worked up over basketball here was very great, our rooters never once during the season forgot that they were true sportsmen. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," is a good motto and one that our school is to live up to.

A SQUARE DEAL.

When a high school basketball five meets a rival team on their own floor the visitors may easily expect to see what has become known as "prep" sportsmanship. Ardent supporters cannot refrain, it seems, from cheering when the opposing side makes a foul, or when they miss a free throw. That spirit and that style characterizes high school sports. College sportsmanship should be different, and it is different, altho not yet have Grinnell crowds learned to "play fair" at basket ball games. Grinnell has, however, an enviable reputation for the clean playing of her representatives on the floor. A square deal from the rooters, as well, is not asking too much. The class series start to-night. Let's start the right kind of sportsmanship for the entire basketball season at the same time.

CAPTIONS CRITICISMS.

"Pardon me," said the budding poet to the crabbed editor. "May I inquire why you do not wish to accept my poems? Are the feet wrong?"

"The feet are passable," replied the editor, with some acerbity, "but the poems are bow-legged."

* * * *

Wanted to know by some of the boys: "What is the Squire?"

Athletics

FOOTBALL REVIEW.

The football team of Boone High School for the year 1914 was one of the best that Boone has ever produced. Getting a rather slow start, they did not reach their stride until the middle of the season, but they ended the season with a series of victories, the last and most brilliant was the decisive defeat of the Marshalltown team, which is acknowledged to be one of the best teams in the state.

To produce a winning team a school must have things namely, good material, a good coach, and the backing of the school. Boone High School, we are very proud to say, had all three.

The season opened with a game at Madrid, and as was expected, an easy victory resulted—Boone 59, Madrid 0. This score could probably have been doubled, had not Boone's entire second team been substituted during the game.

The next game was at Perry. The boys were somewhat stiff from their game the Thursday before and were not able to play up to their standard. As it was, they fought hard and held the fast Perry team to a score of 2 to 0.

There was no game scheduled for the next Saturday, but on Thursday an unexpected game was arranged with Ames. The team was taken somewhat unawares but put up a gallant battle, holding the fast Ames team and carrying the ball to their two-yard line. In the second half Ames completed several forward passes, a thing which they had been unable to do before, and scored two touchdowns in quick succession. Boone soon recovered and prevented Ames from scoring further and the game ended—Ames 14, Boone 0.

The next game was with Webster City. Boone completely outplayed her opponents in the first half, but were unable to score. In the second half the visitors were still weaker and the ball was close to Webster's line most of the time, but Boone lacked the necessary fight to carry it over and the game ended a tie, 0 to 0.

The next Saturday the team went to Eagle Grove where one of the best games of the season was played. The

two teams were evenly matched, each making a touchdown in the first half. In the last half, Eagle Grove got a touchdown on a fluke play and though we carried the ball close to Eagle's goal we were unable to score and the game ended Boone 7, Eagle Grove 13.

On the following Friday Boone met Denison and won an easy victory, 13 to 0. Our goal was never in danger during the whole game and the score should have been much larger.

On the next Saturday we achieved one of the easiest victories of the season over Panora. Last year Boone was defeated by the Guthrie County-ites, 32 to 6, but this year the boys came back with a vengeance rolling up a total of 33 points, to the visitors 0.

The last and best game of the season was played at Marshalltown, November 14th. Marshalltown was in running for the state championship, not having lost a game up to this date. Boone's superior team work and Marshalltown's over-confidence did the business. Our boys woke up the sleepy homeguards of Boone to the fact that we were still on the football map of Iowa and were intending to stay there.

Though Boone has before held the reputation of being a "game loser" we can say that from all appearances this year she can assume the title of "winner". She played several of the strongest teams in the state and throughout the entire season only three teams were able to score on her a total of 29 to our own total of 127.

The following is the schedule played and the results:

Boone.....	59	Madrid	0
Boone.....	0	Perry	2
Boone.....	0	Webster City	0
Boone.....	7	Eagle Grove	13
Boone.....	13	Denison	0
Boone.....	33	Panora	0
Boone.....	0	Ames	14
Boone.....	6	Marshalltown	0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
127		29	

Although the line-up was shifted throughout the season the following is the most uniform position of players:

Left End—Panghorn.
 Left Tackle—Alsin.
 Left Guard—Caldwell.
 Center—Amme, C.
 Right Guard—Hicks.
 Right Tackle—Lamb.
 Right End—Schroeder.
 Quarterback—Welin.
 Right Halfback—Ashby.
 Fullbacks—Boyd and Anderson.
 Left Halfback—Amme, L.
 Subs—Abel, Thompson, Powell, Nelson and Valentine.

BASKETBALL.

The basketball team this year is hard at work and the schedule is one of the strongest that Boone has ever had. With Captain Welin, Amme, Valentine and Moore from last year's regulars, Coach Dickensheets has a host of other material from which to pick a strong team. The schedule includes Ames, Marshalltown, Eagle Grove and Fort Dodge, with an opening game at Nevada, January 19. This schedule will keep the boys at their best, but we cannot expect them to win unless we give them our strongest support. If every student in the high school would make it a point to be there and root for our team we can rest assured that they will come out "winners".

In order to arouse interest in the basketball team this season and to bring out more candidates for the 'Varsity a series of games between the different classes was arranged. E. J. Marsh, jeweler, presented the school with a beautiful loving cup, the winners of the series to have their class numeral engraved upon it. From all indications the honor will be well earned, the classes being exceptionally well divided in the number of "star" players.

The series opened with a game between the Juniors and Freshmen, the former winning an easy victory, 16 to 4. The Sophomores took the next game from the Seniors, but it was not allowed as several of the Sophomores were ineligible. One of the closest and hardest fought games of the season was the Freshman-Senior game, the Seniors winning 15 to 14. In the next game the Juniors easily defeated the Sophomores, 20 to 11. The Sophomore-Freshman game was hard fought, neither team having an advantage of more than two points, but in the last few minutes the

Sophomores strengthened and won, 15 to 10.

The deciding game of the series was played between the Seniors and Juniors, neither having lost a game to date. The game was rather disappointing to the spectators as both teams were supposedly evenly matched, but the Seniors put up a poor game, losing 22 to 4. The Juniors by winning the series will be the first to have their class numeral on the cup.

WHO WON THE GAME?

(Continued from page 10)

ands which had been expected to attend the game. The students raved and ranted in the way only students can when their team has won a victory.

Prewitt, jumping madly up and down on the side lines, unconscious of the fact that his cap lay on the ground where he had thrown it some twenty feet away, paid no heed to a tugging at his shoulder until he was spun around with a violence which threw him half off his feet.

"Listen."

The coach came back to earth. It was Jeffrey.

"I'm going in."

"You are what?" but try as he would, Prewitt could not put the sarcasm in his tone. "And who said you were?"

"I did. I can kick that goal and there is not another man in school that can do it."

"Well, go ahead. But if you miss it—"

"Yes, I know, and if I make it?"

"You can maybe show up for practice next year."

Jeffrey ran out on the field. The quarter was just placing the ball.

"I am to kick it." Jeffrey told him.

The quarter nodded. If Prewitt had changed his mind it was all right and not for him to ask questions.

He lay flat out and held the ball. Jeffrey, as he measured the distance with his eye, realized that it was a difficult kick, much harder than he had supposed. The wind from the west and the wide angle from which he must kick made it one of the most difficult he had ever attempted. He almost wished that he had not offered to do it, but it was too late now to back out. Prewitt would

(Continued on page 16)

Class Notes

SENIORS.

So far this year the Senior Class has been fairly well represented in the school activities. Several of our boys were on the football team and the class has reason to be proud of their playing. Two of the four debaters are Seniors and, while we have had no chance as yet to see what they can do, we are sure that they will not disappoint us.

As soon as the Christmas vacation is over the class is going to organize and get down to the business of getting out the "Scroll", the production of which, this year, falls to us. We also intend to have a party, and have several other plans which, when carried out, will make the Senior Class of '15 an organization after which all following senior classes may be glad to pattern and which will tend to make this the last and best year of our High School career a grand success.

JUNIORS.

The Junior Class has been materially weakened this fall by the departure of some of our members to parts other than our own. Darothea Herman and Bernadine Johnson have taken up work at boarding schools, while Fatima Findley and Roy Duncan have decided that business is more entertaining than school work—Fatima at the Ten Cent Store and Roy in the Interurban offices.

* * * *

"Here and there and everywhere
But not a thing to write;
How I ponder, how I wonder,
Every single night."

—The Review.

This fits some of our editors exactly.

* * * *

Heard at a Meeting of Some of Our Junior Girls.

Heard at a meeting of some of our Junior girls:

"Say, Miss President, I'll second this motion if somebody will make it."

"All right, I'll move it."

"Now girls, all in favor of the motion made, say aye. All in favor? Good. The

motion that was made—it's too long to say it, is carried."

"By the way, Miss President, what's the use of making all these motions?"

"Why, parliamentary order; of course. We've got to do that."

* * * *

Margaret Whitehill (in Algebra V):
"Miss Harker, I don't understand about these radicals or exponents, or whatever-you-call-em's. How do you get them out?"

Arnold Ward: "Rub 'em out."

SOPHOMORE

Sophomores get busy and make our class the best of the school year. Subscribe for the Bumble "B". Buy tickets to all athletic contests. We have more active clubs and societies than any other class in school. Don't lie down and quit, but help boost the school, the class and the Bumble "B".

Lillian Berry is now teaching school in Beaver.

The Novem O'Kays were one of the trio of high school clubs that held a masquerade party Friday night, November 27.

Have you subscribed for the Bumble "B"? If not, why not?

Are you going to attend all of the basketball games? If not, why not?

Harris Meredith spent his Thanksgiving vacation at Grinnell visiting his brother, Leo, who attends college there.

FRESHMEN.

At this writing the Freshman class is highly excited about basketball, for they want their numeral on the cup. If the team that represents them has as much "pep" as the class they will be world-beaters.

* * * *

Impossibles for the Class of '18.

For William Alsin to convince the upper classmen that he is a Freshman.

For Charlotte Whitehill to miss an Algebra lesson.

To spend a fifth period in the assembly room without studying.

To escape Miss Rolston, if you are wandering up and down the halls.



JOKELETS



A THRILLING TALE.

The KNIGHT was KAULD. A shrill north WESTER piled the snow in HEAPS in the DALE. Suddenly the enemy broke cover and charged up the WHITEHILL to the very WAHL of the town.

The watch man sprang to look out. "WATT does it MEEHAN?" he cried.

The WILEY SARGENT sprang to his side.

"Awake the GARRISON", he shouted.

The BOIES sprang from their beds and pulling down their CAPPS rushed out into the street. The FOES had already entered the town. The fight was hand to hand. The SLAUGHTER was terrible.

The wife of the Coleman AND-'ER-SON sat before a DIEHL table. Suddenly she said,

"HARK(er)!"

There was a sound like a CLAPP of thunder.

The boy sprang up.

"I wonder WATT it MEANS." He rushed through the DOR(nan)

Out side he met the MILLER.

"The enemy is NEAR." cried the latter.

The BAKER ran up with a SHAUL on his head.

"Our goose is COOKed," he cried, "they are bringing up MOORE men."

Just then a BALL tore the BROWN WIGG from his HEAD(land)

Then the CHILD cried, "I will save my HOLMBERG."

"HOWE?" demanded his friends.

"Put a boat in the WATER, MAN, and ROWE to the PORT(ner) for help." was the answer.

"You will never be able to do it," said one, "If they catch you they will LYNCH you."

"And remember the EDDY in the lake." said the other.

The boy started to go but they siezed his HAND.

"Let we LEWIS," he said and, springing into the boat, pushed off.

A soldier ran past.

"Our RULER is dead," he cried.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, AL-SIN him shot through the HART, MAN."

Soon they were joined by the SMITH.

The fight continued.

"I wish I was in JORDAN," said one. Time passed.

Then came a great shout.

A(wald)MAN ran up.

"We are saved, help is coming over the LEE (BOYD)

As the help came the enemy RANDOLPH.

Our hero was surrounded by friends.

"ECome," they said, "We will kill a LAMB and have a feast."

"Hurrah!" cried another, "Let us make MERI(dith)

* * * *

Sir!!! How Dare You!

A young woman came into a bank the other day, and stepping up to the cashier's window, laid a check on the counter.

The cashier looked at the check and then said: "Madam, you will have to get someone to introduce you, before I can cash this check."

"Sir!" she answered, haughtily, "I am here on business and not making a social call. I do not care to know you."

—XXX.

* * * *

The train-dispatcher opened the door of the waiting room and let loose, "T'ain f'r Blubb'er, Rummin', Blib-Blib, Wh' P'ains, Do'cos' Ites, Dedin', an' Kins'on! Ga'num'um!"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the college freshman, "Isn't that a bully yell."

* * * *

Physics Prof.: "Johnny, can you tell me what a vacuum is?"

Johnny: "I've got it in my head but I can't get it out."

* * * *

She, passionately: "Will you be true to me?"

He, tenderly: "As true as the rose-bloom on your cheeks."

She: "O-er-isn't the moon beautiful tonight."

HELP.

H is for Herbert, shark in geometry,
E is for eat, to do which we do not have to try.
L is for Loran, a funny would-be.
P is for Peg, one of those B. V. D.'s.

G is for "get 'em" (you know what we mean).
E is for eligibles, to play on the team.
T is for troubles, of which the Bumble "B"
Staff have many.

M is for money, but we haven't any.
O is for organized, like the classes ought to be.
R is for Rudolph, a wind-jammer is he.
E is for Emery a Soph. you all know.

P is for personals, which at times are low.
E is for enemy, we all have 'em.
R is for Ruth, or Tubby Ann.
S is for stories The Bumble "B" wants so bad.
O is for 1 (one), all the personals handed in
we've had.
N is for Nelson, we know is a seed.
A is for art, what the Bumble "B" needs.
L is for lastly, we mean to say—that
S is for soon, the words to obey.

* * * *

GIRLS.

Oh, wondrous creatures, rulers of the
earth,
There is no earthly power so high as
thou;
You move the whole creation at thy will,
The highest earthly kings before you
bow.
The weaker sex they call you, yes, 'tis
true;
But, being weak, Ye Gods, how strong
thou art.
What you can't win by muscle or by
brawn
You win by tears that touch a tender
heart.
Or else by smiles that fair out-shine the
sun,
Or else by stinging satire that doth hurt.
Thy strength is not in tendons or in bone
But in the ways and methods of a flirt.
And whe nyo uwish to gain the things
you seek,
Before you, then, the stronger sex is
weak.

—Scoop.

* * * *

Qualifying as an Expert.

"Why are you investigating automob-
iles so thoroughly? Going to buy a
car?"

"No, but I want to be able to butt in
with advice when I see one stalled in the
street."

* * * *

Geometrical Proplem.

To prove: A fish is a diamond.
Proof: A fish dies.
Diamond Dyes.

Things For Which We Ought to Be
Thankful For.

- 1.—That football scars are something
to be proud of.
- 2.—That some can take their time
about graduating.
- 3.—That our fat ones have their pro-
grams scattered.
- 4.—That exams don't come every
week.
- 5.—That not ALL who borrow forget
to pay back.
- 6.—That everything that goes up
must come down. (High cost of living
and allowance.) (???)
- 7.—That we don't all get the grumps
the same day.
- 8.—That we aren't all talented the
same way.
- 9.—That all girls don't "fall for" the
same boys and vice versa.
- 10.—That some teachers don't mind
our chewing gum.

—M. L. Carson.

* * * *

Intensive Gardening.

Mr. Rural Hamlet (to ministerial vis-
itor)—"Do have some more of the corn,
Dr. Eightly; it came out of our own
garden."

Little Buttin Hamlet—"Yes, 'n' the
chicken came outer our own garden,
too. Pa said he bet the folks next door
would keep their hens at home after
this."

* * * *

Another foolinh Question.

There was a young woman named
Strong,
Much given to slang, which is wrong;
When the grave parson said:
"Will this man you wed?"
She said: "Sure Mike! That's why he's
along."

* * * *

Probably Played.

"Is he a finished musician?" asked a
man of his neighbors.
"Not as yet," was the answer "but he
will be if the neighbors have their way
about it."

* * * *

Solomon's Wisdom.

"Am I truly your affinity?" asked
Solomon's latest wife.
"My dear, you're one in a thousand,"
answered the Wise One.

Societies

THE MOORE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Moore Literary Society held a party in the High School gymnasium, Saturday evening, November 21st. It was in the nature of a "corn husking bee" or a "hard time party" and nearly everyone came toggged up in a countrified, trampified, dignified or some such suitable costume. The gymnasium was prettily decorated in the society colors of pink and green. "Scattered" over the floor were shocks of corn which, with the lanterns that hung around the balcony, gave the place a rustic appearance. In the earlier part of the evening, entertainment was provided by a field meet between the "Quitters" led by Miss Rowe and the "Skiddoos" led by Mr. Ball. Several unique and interesting stunts were pulled off which resulted in much merriment for both sides and a victory for the "Skiddoos." Later in the evening the crowd held a miniature battle and cornstalks began flying around the "gym" in a manner that would give credit to any one of the present European combats. Partners were then drawn for supper and there was a grand rush for the serving booth, as refreshments were served cafeteria style. After serving, the party broke up at a rather late hour and every one declared this one of the most delightful of society social functions. The guests of the society were the faculty, the football team and the debaters.

The Moores have held three very successful programs so far this semester. The first one was held in September and was as follows:

Schoole Days—Sarah Clark, Opal Miller, Ednah Meehan, Isabelle Douglass, Helen Wylie, Dorothy Watt, Bess Rinehart, Lucile Sunstrom, Louise Moffatt, Agnes Heaps.

Paulicisms of Wit.....Paul McCrea
Piano Solo.....Lois Meredith
Continued Story, Chapter 1, Allan Hicks

Another program held a few weeks later consisted of the following:

Piano Solo.....Marjorie Hanson
War Talk.....Herbert Grabau
Reading.....Corinne Delaney
Violin Solo.....Betty Carson

Continued Story, Chapter II,

.....Margaret Whitehill
The last program was given Tuesday afternoon, November seventeenth, and was as follows:

Vocal Solo.....Mary Lee Carson
Extemporaneous Debate—

Resolved: That it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

AFFIRMATIVE (2) NEGATIVE (1)
Iva Baker Josephine Wylie
Mark Sunstrom Mack Waldman
Continued Story, Last Chapter
.....Russell Diehl

* * * *

EUTROPHIANS.

The Eutrophian Literary Society held a Hallowe'en party in the gymnasium on Saturday, Oct. 31. The "gym" was decorated in the Society's colors, purple and white and, with the regular Hallowe'en decorations, corn stalks, black cats, black and yellow paper, etc., presented a very pleasing sight. Many games were played during the evening, such as bobbing for apples, separating beans from peas, potato races and blowing out candles. The last was very interesting, Miss Ball blew out all of them while Miss Ralston blew out only five. Witches and ghosts helped much in the evening's entertainment. Refreshments were served cafeteria style. The football team, the debating team and the faculty were guests. The Eutrophians have had three very good programs since school started. The first one was as follows:

Vocal Solo.....Lois Childs
Reading.....Escena Randolph
Yonge Bongo Bo.....Hilbert Jostberg,
Mildred Jacobson, Louise Rule.

Reading.....Margaret Means
Piano Solo.....Lois Roberts

The second program was given two or three weeks later.

Violin Solo.....Goldie Thompson
Eutrophian letter from France, Winifred Hall
Pantomime....."Three is a Crowd."
Esther Latham, Lenore Osgood, Herbert Lynch, Donald Gaston, Paul Mott, Kenneth Vallentine.

Reading.....Marjorie Kornegor
Piano Solo.....Marie Anderson

The third program was given on the 26th:
Piano Solo.....Zelma Rule
The Mouse Trap—

Mrs. Prettipel—A charming Widow,
Dorothy Seifert.
Mr. Briefbag—A young lawyer,
Lewis Amme.
* * * *

The Christmas program will be given on Dec. 17th.

The Christmas Carol.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Scrooge Walter Thompson
Bob Cratchit, his clerk..... Clyde Amme
Fred, his nephew..... Arnold Ward
Two gentlemen.... Harris Groff, Frank Brown
Spirit of Christmas Past..... Vera Dornan
Spirit of Christmas Present..... Ruth Condon
Spirit of Christmas Future..... Gladys Bovey
Scrooge as a boy..... Raymond Powell
Little Fan, his sister.... Mary Francis Means
His Sweetheart..... Alice Hogdahl
Mrs. Cratchit..... Ruth Morgan
Martha Cratchit..... Sylvia Dolak
Peter Cratchit..... Vivien La Velle
Tiny Tim..... Linus La Velle
Little Cratchits... Paul Nelson, Madge Nelson
Belinda Cratchit..... Edna Clark
* * * *

STENOGRAPHY CLUB.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

This quotation fitly expresses the growth of the humble little Commercial Enterprise of last year—an unassuming mimeographed paper of four pages, composed, printed and delivered by the students of the commercial department—to the hustling Bumble "B" of this year's edition.

Two years ago Boone High School could not boast of anything whatever in the way of a school publication; last year the students of the Stenography Club, at the suggestion of Mr. Gudmundson, made a modest start in the "Enterprise"; this year we can lay claim to a high school paper wherein all the various departments, societies, classes and other school activities have their place.

This merely goes to show that the Boone students are enthusiastic "boosters" once they are given a start. As the new Bumble "B" buzzes forth into the world for the first time, we sincerely hope that it may be found worthy of the school which it represents.

On October 21, the Club gave one of the best programs given in the high school.

PROGRAM.

Music..... Eppel's Orchestra
Quintet, H. Friedley, R. Swanson, P.
Mott, K. Valentine, E. LaVelle.
"Football in Siwash"..... Paul Mott
Music..... Eppel's Orchestra
"Object, Matrimony"
Music Orchestra

On November 18 another large program was given.

Piano Solo..... Maretta Halliday
Illustrated Reading..... "School Days"
Vocol Solo..... Marie Mellish
Patomime... "And the Lamp Went Out"

On Friday evening, Dec. 4, the Stenography Club held its annual party in the "gym." Decorations were in the Club colors, brown and gold; the faculty, football team and debating team were the guests. The evening was spent in various games and supper was served in the balcony of the gymnasium. The tables were decorated in the Club colors, except the one at which the two teams were seated, where the decorations were in high school colors, red and green. Red candles in Christmas candlesticks lighted this table, while the other tables were lighted by means of white candles in antique brown holders.

WHO WON THE GAME?

(Continued from page 13)

imagine him yellow as well as being a quitter.

"Ready?" from the quarter.

He nodded. The ball dropped and Jeffrey swung his leg. His toe met the ball with the solid thump of a good kick and the oval soared skyward. Spinning rapidly on its short axis it whirled between the goal posts, a perfect kick, and the game was won.

As the players trotted off the field and into the arms of the crowd Jeffrey found himself surrounded by his friends. Caffrey, Clark and Davis hammered him on the back and told him how wonderful he really was in no very uncertain terms.

Then Prewitt waded into the crowd and extended his hand.

"I'll keep my word," he said, "report for practice next fall."

"And can we come?" demanded the other three in chorus.

"Oh, yes, I guess so, if you'll keep training, but you'll have to work mighty hard or there are a couple of kids that are going to get your places."

And Snake and Stanley standing to one side, blushed to the roots of their hair and voted it the happiest day of their lives.

* * * *

Everyone give the subscription manager a Christmas present of 50 cents and you will be amply repaid.

Commercial Notes

THE ABSENT STENOGRAPHER.

The business man who has let his stenographer go off on her vacation and who tries his hand at manipulating the typewriter himself for the first time will appreciate the following skit on the subject in "Life," addressed to the author's absent stenographer:

MAYME'S LETTER—COMMERCIAL NOTES

With how sad steps, O Mayme, I climb the stair,
And view my office, now a lonely scene!
Oppressed?, I sit me down at thy machine
To do my correspondence, once thy care.
I miss thee! not alone that thou wast fair,
But that thou didst achieve with joyous mien
The tasks that now aippk of strength wear.
Even thus two days, and two days, I toil:
And could not conquer, howso'er I tried.
These dvolish days have all my efforts foiled,
While power of spelling is to me denied.
Ah, don't wait till all my paper's spoiled - -
Come back, come back again, to bless
and guide!!

A typewriting contest was held on December 9, the following records being made: Harris Groff, a student of Stenography VII, made a record of 39 words per minute net; Oscar Holmberg, Stenography VIII, 54 words per minute net. The contest was held under the regulation rules, five words being deducted for each error.

As dictated—"We think we can send you a Coo kevaporator, nine or ten feet long and the usual width."

As transcribed—"We think we can send you a cook nine or ten feet long and the usual width."

Latest reports from the Shorthand Department say that during the past twelve weeks letters to the number of 1500 have been mailed out by the students of the Stenography VII and VIII classes. These included letters from various teachers and supervisors throughout the building, as well as some work for outside parties.

The students of the Penmanship and Spelling class have been formed into two divisions and are now actively engaged in a contest to see which side can claim the smallest percentage of errors for the month. The contest has been on for the past two weeks, honors being evenly divided with a week's victory for each side. As a result of the contest, report cards last week showed fewer

failures in this subject than for some time past.

The office-practice students of the Bookkeeping Department are taking trial balances and closing ledgers preparatory to the Christmas vacation.

Stenography VII students are receiving drill in memory work. They are required to take dictation with the dictator at least twenty-five words in advance of them, no pauses being allowed for the student to catch up.

The new furniture, which was installed in the Bookkeeping room at the Thanksgiving recess, was a most welcome change from the antiquated tables which were previously in use. The general atmosphere of the room and the convenience of the students have been greatly benefitted.

A typewriting class is conducted after school for the benefit of advanced shorthand students who wish to acquire speed and accuracy in typewriting.

THOSE BUMBLE B GUYS.

I see a man pushing his way through the lines
Of cops, where the work of the "fire-fiend
shines.

"Compton the Chief?" I inquire, but a fireman replies:

"Gee No!" Why, that's one of those Bumble B Guys."

I see a man walk thru the door of a show.
While great throngs were blocked at the entrance do'.

"McCrea, the Star? That no ticket he buys?"

"Star, nothing! He's one of those Bumble B guys."

I see a man start on the trail of a crook,
And he scorns the police, but he brings them to book.

"Sherlock Holmes?" I inquire. Some one scornfully cries:

"Holmes!!! No! That's one of those Bumble B Guys."

I see a man sit in the seat of the great,
And they ask his advice on matters of state,
"The Diplomat Whitaker?" But to my surprise,

They tell me it's Holmberg, chief of those Bumble B Guys.

And some day I'll stand by the Great Gates of Gold

And see a man pass thru unquestioned and bold.

"A saint?" I'll ask, and St. Peter'll reply:

"No! It's Pangborn, a plain, honest, Bumble B Guy."

THE P. A. L. S.



SHOES

for DRESS and
SCHOOL WEAR

Slade Shoe Co
709 STORY ST.

BOONE.

IOWA.

On Bill.

Will Bill Alsin name his first born
William? Willie?

* * * *

Well, the Eutrophians haven't got
anything on the Moores for big feet,
seeing as how "Slitz" and "Fat" Eddy
tied for first.

* * * *

He told the shy maid of his love,
The color left her cheeks.
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several weeks.

* * * *

The Bumble "B", 'tis true to say,
Will boost the school in every way.
But it is up to you and me,
To, therefore, boost the Bumble "B."

* * * *

Son: "Pa, what is overhead expense?"

Pa: "What I have to pay for your
mother's hats."

ALLEN & ALLEN

Chiropractors

Rooms 205-6 Boone National Building

Hours—9:00 to 12:00 1:00 to 5:30 7:00 to 8:00

FROM THE BOONE "HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW" OF DECEMBER, 1899.

1. Examinations are now over and school rolls on in the same old routine.
2. The High School team has played eight games this season. Won five, tied two and lost one. An excellent record.
3. We are still harping on the same chord. "Do something funny."
4. All's Well That Ends Well.—Examinations.
5. A bright girl in Civics said the duty of the Fish Commissioner was to put choice fish where they would fry.—(thrive).
6. Just wait until the boys give their entertainment. One bright boy has already proposed to give a football game on the platform.
7. Are the girls ever going to form an Athletic Association?
8. Pay up! Pay up! Pay up!
9. A kiss is an expression of condensed emotion.
10. And we are still the winners. Boone H. S. 17. Ames 11.
11. Christmas comes next. Get ready for vacation.

THE

Klassy Kleaners

Klean 'Em Klean

**Expert Work
Prompt Delivery**

Phone 1379 Red

922 Eighth Street

Ridgley's

For Fancy Boxes
for Christmas

RIDGLEY'S

E. A. Overton

T. D. Langworthy

Overton &
Langworthy

BARBER SHOP

819 Story Street, Boone, Iowa

Five Chairs—Baths

Electric Massage

Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes--

the CLOTHES for MEN and YOUNG MEN
from \$18.00 to \$30.00

C. E. McNeil & Co.

Make it an Electrical Xmas

ALWAYS USEFUL XMAS GIFTS

H. L. TILLSON

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

Phone 113

820 Story

USUALLY THE CHEAPEST

—ALWAYS THE BEST

FENTON & CO., Grocers

722 Eighth Street, Boone, Iowa

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

DR. WM. WOODBURN

503-4 Boone National Building
Phone 19. BOONE, IOWA.

DR. W. I. ANDERSON

DENTIST

Boone National Building
BOONE, IOWA.

DR. R. B. ALLENDER

DENTIST

Fourth Floor Boone National Building
Phone 244 BOONE, IOWA.

DR. BEN T. WHITAKER

404-5 Boone National Building
Phones 336 and 315 Black

DR. C. L. UPDEGRAFF

SPECIALIST

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Glasses Fitted.
201-2-3 Boone National Building

DR. C. A. KING

Third Floor Boone National Building
Phone 121 BOONE, IOWA

DR. E. M. MYERS

First National Bank Building
2-4 and 7-8
Phones—Office 154; Res. 393.

DR. H. C. McCREA

DENTIST

Corner Seventh and Story Streets

DR. N. M. WHITEHILL

Boone National Building
Hours 2-4 and 7-8

DR. G. H. STANGER

815½ Story Street
Office Phone 144. Res. Phone 655.

DR. M. C. JONES

Boone National Building
Rooms 309-310

DR. C. A. RHOADES

DENTIST

717 Story Street BOONE, IOWA

DR. CRUIKSHANK

906½ Eighth Street
Phones—Office 402; Res. 118 Black.

DR. J. M. KNAPP

DENTIST

CAMPUS TOG and Society Brand Clothes—
 Manhattan Shirts, Vassar Underwear, D. & P. Gloves
 Silver Collars, Phoenix Hosiery—
make this the young men's store of the town



J.C. PETERSEN CO.

CLOTHIERS

BOONE & FT. DODGE, IA.

We Deliver

Kemble's Flowers

"Our Business Is Growing"

Xmas candies and cigars

... at ...

The Manhattan

Go to the **Boone Panatorium**

**for Classy Dyeing and
 Cleaning**

Suits to Order \$15.00 to \$50.00

Premium with every \$1.25 or more

Work called for and delivered—Phone 576 Blk

The Boone State Bank

BOONE, IOWA

Capital - \$50,000.00

Officers and Directors

T. L. Ashford, President

B. P. Holst, Vice President

Archie Patterson, Cashier

W. W. Borg, Assistant Cashier

Dr. G. H. Stanger F. H. Johnson
 Duncan Grant

Johnson Hardware

Every Inch of

H A R D W A R E

Boone's Best

Play House



THE
Virginia Theatre
VAUDEVILLE



Tabloid Musical Comedy

Feature Photo Plays

Catering to Theatre Goers

DAUCHY & JONES, Props.