

The
Bumble "B"

for

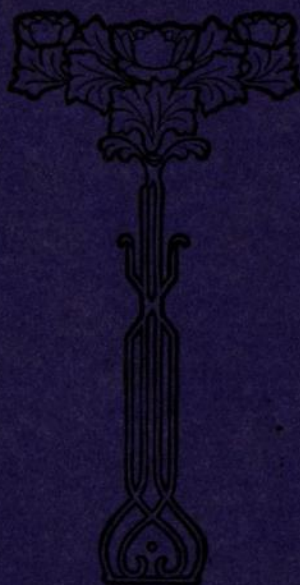
May

1915

Holmberg

LYRIC THEATRE

Home of Paramount Pictures



A selection of the best pictures from the open market of Europe and America

Our Plan is Quality and not Quantity. Many magnificent productions coming for the summer months

Good Music—Good Pictures and a \$ show for a dime

The Lyric Theatre

"Where the Famous Players Play"

Up at long

HEWITT'S BOOK STORE

Is the Place
TO BUY....

SPORTING GOODS

SHOES in a class by themselves

ALL KINDS—ALL PRICES

CANIER BROS. & HERMAN

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

Oldest National Bank in the County

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BOONE, IOWA

4 per cent paid on time and savings deposits

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$238,500.00

Start a Savings Account with us and watch it grow

L. C. NOLAND

Roofing, Spouting

And General

SHEET METAL WORK

605 STORY STREET

TELEPHONE 233

**ON
THE BEST PHOTOS**

**IN
THE BEST HOMES**

you will find our name

“Hughes”

Vacation Footwear

*For your summer vacation you'll surely need a pair of
easy shoes—WE HAVE THEM!*

*All the newest and best for young men and young women
TAKE A PAIR WITH YOU!*

McCUNE SHOE CO.

See A. R. CRARY for

Buggies, Automobiles, Motorcycles

Gasoline Engines and Farm Implements

Fehleisen-Rosacker Lumber Co.

Lumber, Coal, Lime, Cement

Road and Well Tile

Phone 400 Red

942 Tenth Street

In buying Lumber, please mention The Bumble "B"

The Most Appropriate Graduation Gift is a Diamond!

At once the most beautiful and most valuable article of personal adornment. A sufficiently worthy memento of a notable occasion. Suggest to your friends that they call at "CHANDLERS" and see our Diamond display. They will find our prices reasonable and values exceptional

E. E. CHANDLER

Established 1869

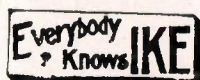
"Straws"

your size -- \$1.00 to \$3.00 -- *your size*

BASSFORD-PETERSON

*New Line Watches, Diamonds,
and Nifty Jewelry for Gifts*

*Special Prices for
two weeks
At*



*813 Story Street
BOONE
IA.*

SPRING TOGS

for Young Men—now ready!

Olmsted--Good Clothes

Baker Linen Collars

Wilson Bros. Shirts

FOR GOOD
Plumbing

go to

Andrew G. Anderson

**Baseball
Goods--**

We have a full line of baseball supplies including Shoes—Spaulding and Victor lines—

FRED CRARY
at the Crary Bros. Hardware

**LAWRENCE Book
and Soda Store**

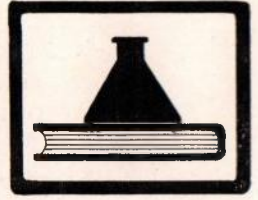
*Decorations, Periodicals, Stationery, etc.
Refreshments hot or cold*

Tea Room - Party Orders Solicited
810 STORY STREET

**SPAULDING JERSEYS AND
SWEATER COATS**

FOR SUMMER SPORTS -- STRAW HATS

H. T. COOK



The Faker

By Wm. R. Weaver, '14

Continued from the April Number

Of course the story sold, it did make a very readable concoction, as did the next and many another next. The plunge once taken, Barney wasted no time before getting 'wet all over' and the checks increased in frequency and amount at a rate that astonished his fellow-townsmen, those reluctant "knew-him-when-he-wore-short-pants" critics who never forgive youth, and, what was vastly more important, delighted The Reason immeasurably.

Eventually, Barney and The Reason amalgamated and, in due time, there came into existence a number of subsidiary Reasons, the responsibility of which postponed indefinitely the long and secretly cherished suspension of operations on the part of the parent corporation. But business success had come so rapidly and easily that the senior and active member of the combination now found himself almost, if not quite, convinced of its legitimacy. Continued activity had developed a system that practically ran itself. Abandoning the shaky metaphor, let's dissect it.

Upon reaching New York, for of course he moved there as soon as practicable to be near his market, his first care was to search out a number of dingy old book-shops. For 'junk' prices, and alleged 'junk' purposes, he bought up their top-shelf litter by the wagon-load and corded it up in his study. His 'study' was a bit unique. It had originally been designed for the 'spare room' of his flat and had but one door, opening into the miniature vestibule. Barney made of it his sanctum sanctorum and allowed no one, least of all his wife, to enter it.

The corded 'junk,' a veritable rag-bag of bygone literary failures, was his gold mine. Retiring to his study after breakfast, he would pan the grains of golden inspiration from the dross of mediocrity, taking the best character from one book, the best plot-thread from another, the best climax from a third, and so on. This mass of material he would work over and combine, modernizing the atmosphere, polishing the philosophy, and clothing the whole in his own inimitable style--his one genuine asset. The result he would father and a gratifying percentage of them 'went'. In fact, he had two best-sellers and not a insignificant group of lesser successes to his credit---or discredit--when the crash came.

It was ten years after he had moved to New York and five years after he had put up a quietly elegant residence not too far from Fifth Avenue. Barney, Junior was eight years old, Marvele was six and Jimsie four. Mrs. Barney's girlish beauty had ripened into a more mature but no less attractive stateliness; she was a happy mother, a clever hostess, and an ideal wife. Altogether, they were about as happy as it is permitted for mortals to become. Perhaps, to be cynical, they were too happy. Else, why the ensuing?

Jimsie, a publisher's conference, and the oversight that the cleverest crook will make if he follows the shadowy path long enough, brought about the catastrophe. Summoned hastily to the conference, Barney left his

study door unlocked. Jimsie, with the four-year-old's insatiable curiosity, trespassed upon the forbidden land. His mother went to the rescue, tarried, like Lot's wife, for just one look, and Humpty Dumpty had fallen.

Barney came home enthusiastic over a big check for royalties, but stopped short at the look on his wife's face. Suspecting the truth, he glanced involuntarily at the door of the study. The glance convicted him.

They did not quarrel, they were above that. There was but one thing to be done and Mrs. Macklin did it. Suit-case in hand, she came and stood beside the chair where her husband sat staring at the fire in the grate; the eternal indispensable fire.

"Good-bye," she said simply.

"You're going, then?" he asked, though he had always known she would.

"I must," she said, "I'm sorry, but--O, you understand."

"Yes, I know. I have always known. That is why I never could find courage to confess. Tell me, did you never suspect? It seemed impossible that you should'nt."

"Long ago," she answered, near tears, "In the very beginning. When you denied me the study. I tried hard to deceive myself, and after you wrote *The Faker*, I succeeded absolutely. I would have taken my oath that you were ---honest." She began to cry quietly but refused to acknowledge the tears that ran down her cheeks.

"I'll begin again," he grasped at that world-old straw, "I'll give away all this and begin honestly--"

"No, Barney," she stopped him, "you couldn't. All that you have, all that are, will always have it's roots in the mire of these ten years. The ten years that should have been the best of your life. I'm sorry, Barney dear, I can't tell you how sorry; but it cannot be altered. Good-bye boy, we'll agree about the children later. I'm going home and you can write me there. Good Luck, Barney---

* * *

The super-monkey had an alarm clock, not one of the improved Big Bens with intermittent ringing arrangements, but a single imperative warning that it was time to be awake and stirring. When the fire died down, the lion, the tiger, and all the menacing jungle life crept closer and closer to their hated tyrant. If he did not wake then, he would never have another chance; so when the fire went down the super-monkey knew it.

Barney Macklin awoke amid such a confusion of sensations as to defy description. There were incredulity, astonishment, doubt, and varying shades of each; but last, and most important, there was a profound relief and a great gladness. Jumping to his feet, he grabbed his newest endeavor from behind the paper weight and poked it into the magazine of the stone-cold stove. On the porch he met The Reason.

"The manager kept me rather late," she began, but Barney interrupted her.

"Yes, I knew all that. Bless his old heart. I'm going up to see him now."

"To see him," in bewilderment, "What for?"

"I'm goin' t' get a job. I'm off that literary stuff."

The Real Winner

It had been an unusually warm, spring like day in early March. At five o'clock the air was still so warm that people left their coats unbuttoned. Even if the day itself had not proclaimed emphatically that Spring was coming, one could have guessed it by listening to the conversation of the young folks. The girls discussed new millinery and the boys were equally interested in the coming base-ball season.

Ralph Leigh, walking slowly from the post-office to the college dormitory took no part in either conversation. He was alone apparently in deep thought. But anyone who knew Ralph well could tell that this was nothing out of the ordinary. He was usually too busy thinking to talk much. Young Leigh was a tall, well-built fellow of nineteen. His hair was dark brown and slightly waving, a pair of serious brown eyes looked out frankly from under level brows. His nose was straight, his mouth and chin determined. Even his smile did not change the serious expression. His face showed that he possessed sturdy independence and unusual strength of purpose.

So absorbed was he that he did not notice his room-mate, Patrick Sullivan, hurrying toward him until he was aroused by a hearty slap on the back.

"Wake up," demanded Patrick, "and take notice of a fellow once in a while. I say, me friend, it's great news I'm a'tellin' you." Pat snickered, an act which might mean that the news was funny as well as great, or simply might imply that he was feeling unusually well. He drew from his pocket a letter and proceeded to open it. "You see, me friend," he went on, "this is from my fond parents. And they want me to win that scholarship, which otherwise stated means that I must have the highest marks in the class."

"Well?" questioned Ralph, smiling, "I fail to see where the great news comes in. Anyone knows you could get first place without half trying if you wanted to badly enough."

"Just wait a minute," returned Patrick, "that isn't the news, that simply leads up to it. The great news," he paused impressively, "is that I'm going after it. Oh, you can laugh," as Ralph's smile grew broader, "but I've a method in my madness. You know that little black horse Mr. Andrews had for sale. Well, Dad bought it and it's to be mine if I get that scholarship. And I'm going after it. Do you get me?"

"I get you," Ralph for once wholly lost his seriousness and laughed heartily, "and how long do you think this new zeal will last? Do you think you'll still possess it by morning?"

"No honest, Ralph," returned his friend, "this is on for good. I am really going to start studying in earnest. Say, won't I make a pretty picture on that horse?"

"Well, Pat," announced Ralph, "I also have news. My father has written and expects me to get that scholarship. It will make matters a whole lot easier for him and me, too, if I get my tuition next year. So we are rivals, it seems."

"Well, me boy, that suits me exactly," answered Patrick, "just as long as we're friendly rivals."

"Oh, we'll be that," said Ralph, "I---

But Patrick had gone, and Ralph seeing a fair-haired girl picking her way daintily across a muddy crossing, knew the reason for his sudden departure. He also knew from recent experiences that if he waited for

his friend to return, he would wait a long time. So he resumed his homeward way.

In his own room, preparing to go to supper, Ralph smiled over Pat's unexpected news. "If he goes into it in real earnest," he said to himself, "it is all up with me. I never saw a fellow learn things as easily as he can. He makes as good recitations on fifteen minutes study as I do on an hour's hard work. But Pat can't work. He doesn't know how. Somebody will beckon and off he'll go to a party or show or something. Pat sure is weak-backed. Enough to make a fellow disgusted sometimes, but shucks, no one could dislike him for more than ten minutes. He walks up, claps his worst enemy on the back, gives him a long string of talk, uses that grin and his Irish wit to a good advantage, and that same enemy goes off declaring that Patrick Sullivan is the best fellow in the world. And he gets up and sings in a sweet tenor voice and the girls all talk about that adorable Patrick Sullivan. I wish I had a little of his gift of gab and popularity. And he doesn't need that scholarship. His father will give him that horse, anyway. It is in the barn this minute, I bet, waiting for Patrick to come home and ride it, scholarship or no scholarship."

The door swung open and closed with a bang as Patrick Sullivan, the adorable, dashed into the room.

"I was hardly expecting you back so soon," remarked Ralph.

"Oh, it doesn't take me long to make a date," replied Pat airily.

"A date?" cried Ralph in mock surprise, "I thought you were going to study."

"Oh, I was going to study, returned Patrick, "I forgot. Well, tomorrow will be time enough to start that. It would never do to turn down a lady. Come on, old slow-poke, don't you think I have an appetite?"

"I didn't think young men in love had much of a one," was the rather sarcastic answer.

The rumor was soon abroad that Ralph Leigh and Patrick Sullivan were rivals for honors, and there was much speculation among the students as to the final outcome. The day before the finals passed rapidly. Ralph studied hard and Patrick by fits and starts. But Patrick, because he could read his lesson once and be able to recite it did good work in class. An interview with the professors a week before the finals showed the grades about even. The examinations would decide. Ralph studied harder than ever, but Patrick was growing weary of well-doing.

The week was a hard one for Ralph. He knew that if he took first honors, he must study hard. All through the warm May afternoons and delightful evenings when his schoolmates were enjoying themselves, he was digging at his lessons. The last few days he had been alone. Pat had apparently forgotten his duties. Ralph, sitting at his table this warm afternoon, hot and tired, wondered what his friend was doing. He had hardly seen him lately. Pat came in late at night and (a thing most unusual) said nothing about the good time he had had. But Ralph was too tired to worry about it. He took his cap and went out for a well-deserved breath of fresh air. At the edge of the campus, he stretched himself in the shade of a big tree, where a clump of bushes hid him from the view of passers-by. He had lain there only a short time when he heard voices, one of which he recognized as that of Tom Eastman, a friend of his. He was about to call a greeting when he heard his own name mentioned.

"I say fellows," Tom was saying, "I think we are justified. Leigh needs that scholarship, and Pat doesn't. And besides, if Pat lets us lead

him around, that's his lookout. We'll just get him to go to a few more doings until exams are over and Leigh has safely carried off honors. And if Pat studies, Leigh has no chance."

The boys passed on, but Ralph had heard enough. He arose walked slowly back to his room and threw himself into a chair. So that was why Pat was neglecting his studies. So that was what his friends were doing. Well, let them go on, if Pat had no more stability than that, let him take the consequences. He knew Tom was right. Against Pat he had no chance, provided Pat studied. And he wanted that scholarship, he needed it. Patrick didn't. If Pat cared more for fun than for the honors, why should he bother his head about it? Why not let matters remain as they were? But Ralph's sense of justice revolted against the plan. Pat was his friend and he knew he could persuade him to stay in and prepare for those examinations. Would it be perfectly fair to take advantage of the situation? He had always prided himself on his ability to be fair and square on all occasions. But that scholarship, he wanted it. And his father--- But would his father want him to win it unfairly?

He walked over to the table and picked up his father's picture. When he put it back in its place, he knew that he would do the square thing.

He did not see his room-mate at supper. But when he returned to his room, Pat was there, serenely brushing his hair. Ralph saw that he was preparing for another evening "out."

"Where are you going now," he asked.

"Well, you see," returned Pat, struggling with a lock that refused to stay straight, "Tom Eastman is having a doings and he couldn't possibly get along without yours truly." He finally arranged his hair to his satisfaction and stepped back to admire the effect.

"Are you ready for exams?" again questioned his friend.

"Uh huh," grunted Patrick, "that is, I reckon I will be by the time they're pulled off."

"We have chemistry day after tomorrow."

"Chemistry day after tomorrow?" cried Pat, "I thought it was next week."

"Well, you made a miscalculation," replied Ralph, sitting down and picking up his own well-worn text.

"Me boy, I don't know how to thank you," said Pat, "if t'were not for your timely warning, 'tis likely I would not have appeared for exams at all. Just think what I would have missed. Well, I suppose it is up to me to sit and study to-night instead of having a good time at Eastman's. Such is the life. Me friend, again I thank you."

Ralph made no reply and Pat went to hunt his own book, which he finally found under the bed. Then he curled himself up comfortably in a morris chair and (a thing surprising) worked the whole evening in silence.

The next night, Patrick picked up his book and made no remark about dates broken or good times postponed. The week was an anxious one for Ralph but Patrick spent no time in useless worrying. Saturday ended examinations. Ralph, going up to his room, was glad it was over. He felt sure he had written good papers, but time alone would tell whether or not they were the best. He could get nothing out Pat, who grinned whenever the subject was mentioned and refused to tell how he had answered the questions.

Two days later he interviewed Prof. Kennedy and learned, as he had expected, Patrick had won. No one could have guessed from the way he offered congratulations to the winner that he was greatly disappointed, but nevertheless, he felt that he deserved to win. He had worked so hard. He dreaded to let his parents know of his failure, and for several days did not write. It was not long, however, until a letter came from his mother. At the last she spoke of the scholarship.

"Mrs. Sullivan told me about Patrick's achievement," she wrote. "She was so proud and happy. And she said that Patrick told her that he never would have won it if had not been for you. That you advised him to stay in and study and kept reminding him of the finals even when it was against your own interests. Father and I both would rather have you do that than win the honors, Ralph. We are very well satisfied and proud of you. And I sometimes think that Patrick needed that scholarship worse than you did."

"Well, little mother," said Ralph, when he had finished, "if you and Dad are satisfied, why so am I."

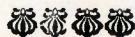
L. and L. MEREDITH.



Morning

Russell Diehl

The sun is rising on the distant plain.
 The day is bright and clear and skies are blue.
 The leaves are sparkling with a diamond hue.
 The song birds sing along the country lane.
 The gentle falling rain of yesterday.
 Has washed the meadows and the verdant hills.
 The maple bordered brook flows by the mills.
 And in the nearby groves the crested jay.
 Flies from his nest and o'er the distant hills.
 The shadows dark of night have passed away.
 And in the meadow by the shining rills,
 The children on their way to school do play.
 Thus when the clouds of sorrow pass away,
 The world rejoices gayly in the day.



His Second Wife

She was one of those beautiful blonds who are so diligently sought after by hundreds. She had sacrificed her career and freedom to a young man who was so unworthy. Her whims were many, she was not happy unless some-one was near to pet or kneel to her wishes. Riches and luxury in abundance was hers for the asking, for her husband, a well trained Harvard graduate, was a most successful business man. Perhaps this was his weak point in her estimation because surely it was his business that caused him to neglect her.

One evening when Jim Callahan came home he was greeted at the door by his wife, "Jim I've invited all our old friends to dine to-night and I want you to go and dress".

"No Kate, Mr. Berry is here and I want to make a deal with him for that stock in those Klondike mines."

"Why you silly you can't disappoint them now, Jim."

"You'll have to explain to them I simply can't neglect my business."

"Well, I suppose that's the only thing left to do, you always spoil all my plans."

Kate met her friends, many of them were married, some seriously happy. Among them Kate's most intimate friend, Mary James appeared. She had been her maid of honor and her confidence was always hers. As the party dragged on, Mary noticing her hostess's idleness approached her.

"I've been waiting for you, Mary. "

"Where's Jim tonight?"

"Had to meet some old fool on business he said."

"I'm sure we're sorry Kate, I'd like to dance with him once more, he used to be great."

"I rather doubt if he could dance any more, he's only been to two since our wedding five months ago and do you know Mary he never does anything but work on his books and talk mines when he is home."

"I'd like to see him before I leave anyway."

"Where in the sun do you propose to fly to now dear?"

"Well, Kate, I'm going to Europe to carry out our old dream of becoming an actress and wish you were going along, but its too late now."

"When are you leaving?"

"Tomorrow at eight, sweetness."

"Our dream can yet be realized."

"Why Kate you don't mean---

"Yes I'm just tired of ways."

Without further discussion Mrs. Callahan packed her clothes and without word to any one accompanied Mary James to her apartments in order to sail on the "Lady Mist" next morning. Mary James, thunder-struck by her action, could not realize what had happened and carried out her wishes by remaining silent.

Jim came home early next morning over-whelmed by the excellent deal he had made. Not finding his wife home, he took it for granted she had gone away with some of the party. His theory was correct but he did not awaken to the facts of the case until next day. Jim's investigation proved nothing except that she had packed her clothes and disappeared.

He was astounded but recovered to a sense of indifference when he received a notice of application for a divorce applied for in London, two weeks after her disappearance. Jim was indignant at first, then he decided to let her go if she did not respect him more than her actions showed.

He sold out his mining stock and retired from business—when it was that and that alone which had lost him his greatest treasure. He joined the army and was sent to Mexico where he found other things to think of. * * * Eight years later he resigned his commission as captain John Decon and purchased "The Elite" theater of New York of which he became "Manager John Decon." He wished to be obscure and alone in his sorrow. He busied himself in his theater by finding good actors and booking them, he seldom visited with anyone, but his personal appearance and his disposition had changed much during the years of army life.

All this time Kate worked hard; she would and must be a success. Mary James deserted her at the most critical time to enter the life she had found unbearable but which she longed for now. Thrown upon her own resources and compelled to do for her-self she found that there were other things to think about besides pleasure. She had written several of her friends who said they knew nothing of Jim's whereabouts. At last though after all these years of toil she was gradually becoming a well known actress.

One bright sunny morning John Decon, in his usual thoughtful mood, was met by a middle-aged woman who introduced herself as Carrie Whitmore whom he signed for a three-weeks engagement.

"Good morning Miss Whitmore."

"Gee, this is a theater alongside of those old holes in Paris, Mr. Deacon."

The manager did a very uncommon thing for that night he was planted in the nearest box, his face as in a trance. He arose after the performance with a determined look and went back to the stage where he was met by a smiling fairy.

"How'd you like it Mr. Manager?"

"Oh you're great, Miss Whitmore."

"I'm what---?"

"Will you have supper with me to-night?"

"I've already signed up but if you wish I might cut that engagement."

"My car is waiting."

"All right, wait till I do a little side act with my hair."

With these words she left him. Once in her dressing room she hugged the atmosphere fairly out of her maid, "Oh say, Jen do you know that manager is the first man I've seen since Jim Callyhan went to fill his old business engagement the night I left, who would meet half the requirements."

"Why so much applause over it Mary, he must be at least forty."

"Don't scold now, Jen Hardington you know very well I've been out of my teens for nearly a dozen years myself."

Two weeks is considered a short courtship but ten days is more shocking. Nevertheless the papers had big black head lines which told of the marriage of the great European actress Carrie Whitmore to John Decon manager of "The Elite" of New York City.

The remainder of the engagement of Miss Whitmore was cancelled "The Elite" left in care of a new manager and Mr. and Mrs. J. Decon were going on a Honeymoon.

The morning before their departure they dropped in to the theater to get some of Carrie's belongings. Jim and Jen were busy packing the things she wished to take with her.

"Oh say Carrie you don't want these old photos to lug around with you do you.

"No Kid set them over out of the way."

Jim having finished his task started to look over the pictures. Suddenly his face turned pale. There was his picture when a boy in his football togs.

"Good God, Carrie where in the name of the great Jehovah did you get hold of this."

"Oh let me see it—why that is only a picture of my—oh say that's right I didn't tell you I'd been married once but that's his picture anyway."

"Carrie do you mean to tell me that you are Kate Callyhan my former wife!"

She could not speak, she only looked, and in that gaze she told more than words could have expressed. Tears trickled down her cheeks and formed little pools in the dimples of her chin, Jim spell-bound with joy stepped forward with out-stretched arms and she folded into them as a fan into its place.

Some few days later the papers gave an announcement of a marriage license issued to James Callyhan and Kate Warton in Philadelphia.

MACK WALDMAN.

—FINIS—



Kitty

War was once more declared between the clans. That morning a Claiborn, swaggering into the village had been shot by a Lewis and the fire that had been smouldering for years now burst out in a terrible flame. All day sulking forms had peered from behind bush and stone and the fued was renewed in earnest. Every brother, father, uncle, cousin and grand-father was creeping thru the under-brush in the mad lust for blood.

At one of the numerous winding paths a huge boulder juttet out and a fallen log made it almost impassible. All thru the hot afternoon, thru many weary hours, two men had guarded this point with cat like watchfulness. All the hatred and jealousy of the two clans seemed compressed into the hearts of these two men. Each knew that the other was there and awaited with finger trembling on the trigger for the other to show himself.

Behind a clump of brushes, Mat Lewis lay flat on the earth, his rifle pointing straight ahead of him thru the shrubs. His hatchet face gleam-

ed cunning and wicked from under the dark felt hat. Near the fallen log, like a snake, Red claiborn feverishly awaited a movement in the bushes, the sight of a gleaming eye, something to shoot at.

For months these two young men had been rivals for the hand of the shy Kitty, daughter of old man Powell who lived on the west side of the mountain and was of Lewis blood.

Each had confessed his love to her in his rough way and the hatred of the two knew no bounds. One day they met in the well kept yard of the Powell home and would have settled it then for all time had it not been for the interference of the gaunt mountaineer. For he was as neutral as the faint kinship to the Lewis would permit and he disliked bloodshed.

Kitty had burst into tears at the thot of the apparent inevitable combat and the two men lowered their weapons and departed by different paths. She was reproved for her outbreak caused by such worthless beings but her heart had been softened by the words of daring young preacher who attempted to reveal to the mountaineers the evils of their ways, and she could no longer bear the inhuman hatred between the clans.

Evening came and the darkening shadows spread over the valley. In the twilight Kitty, carpet bag in hand and gently urged by her mother left the hut, which was her home, for the valley far below.

So it was, that Kitty, an hour later came to the path across which the two men stirred by all the hatred between the clans, kept their vigil. She stopped and listened fearfully lest she should hear the distant crack of rifles. Uttering a sigh of relief, thinking that the combatants were on the other side of the slope, she tripped down the winding path.

She wore a white dress, a cheap creation of ruffles and starch and a straw hat ridiculous with its gaudy flowers. Yet Kitty despite her attire was as lovely as a fragrant flower.

She drew nearer the two rivals and as she ran she sang a quaint love-song. As her voice carried to them, awaiting in tense eagerness, it came as a shock and each rose cautiously on his elbow and peered out in the dusk.

As she came around the boulder the haunted eyes, searchingly, took in every detail. To each of them the appearance of the girl in her best attire and carpet bag in hand had but one meaning, a meaning which set the lawless blood in a riot of fury. Each believed himself, betrayed, each saw the girl lost to himself, the prize of the other clan, and his name a by word thru-out the region.

Each gave way to the terrible rage of the mountaineer who thinks of nothing but himself and two spurts of flame, cut the shadows and two simultaneous reports broke the still night air.

The slender white form crumpled to the path and a dark crimson stain leaped from above her heart. There was a strained look of surprise in the wide blue eyes, the lips opened over the small white teeth in a pitiful childlike whimper, then the eyes closed and the form lay still.

As the twin shots crashed forth the two men sprang to their feet in mingled suprise and rage and went at the grim business of fighting it out to the end in the blind lust of jealousy and hatred.

They stood in the purple twilight firing across the white heap, white-lipped, hard-faced, bright-eyed and they did not know that it was all a mistake.

All up and down the mountain, the clans heard the volleys and the wild hearts that knew no law exulted.

But to one man pacing restlessly in the sheltering glade the crackling shots bore a cold fear, a feeling of disaster. His heart leaped and he fled up the rambling path as a frightened deer. Up and up he flew, around rocks and over fallen trees. Three times he barely escaped death as behind some clump of bushes a bead was drawn only to be lowered as the form was recognized and the bearer would disgustedly utter: "The preacher."

And it was the preacher who bounded into the scene of the great tragedy. One gun was silent, his owner lay on the ground breathing heavily, his eyes like a panther, upon the enemy who wavered on his feet yet grinning like a fiend, fumbling with the magazine which had grown suddenly heavy.

And then the awed preacher caught sight of the white heap upon the path and with a cry of anguish crushed the still figure to his breast, trying to move the still lips and imploring God to save the spark of life.

There was a tense moment as he held the beautiful head upon his arm then he slowly raised his head and with a blazing face fixed the murderers before him.

With a voice choked with rage and grief he cursed the lawless brutes and begged the Almighty to spare his sweetheart.

In the following silence the preacher's drawn face softened from rage into hopeless grief. Then distinct from the sounds of the night there came a faint sigh, a fluttering breath. With a murmured prayer of thankfulness he crushed the crimson breast to his own and once more life seemed worth living.

—FINIS—



The Penalty

In a certain Iowa high school one of the requirements in the class of English VIII is that each member of the class write an original short story which would meet all the requirements of Escnwein's definition, and this story must be handed in at a certain date. Now some of the members of the class to which I refer were very good story writers and some, I am sorry to say, were not so good; in fact, they were a total failure so far as story writing was concerned. One girl in particular was very backward though she studied exceedingly hard. She knew she was not an authoress and this worried her very much as the time set for the handing in of the story drew near. The teacher gave her no encouragement; only laughed at her when she mentioned it.

The day on which the story was due drew alarmingly near. She thought and thought, worried and fretted and even cried over her trouble but in vain. No inspiration would come. She asked aid from her friends but they could give her none. The night before the paper was due found her in

an alarming physical condition. She had neither eaten or slept for two days. She sat at her desk, shut up alone in her room, until long after the clock had struck the hour of midnight. Before her lay her paper. Her pen had dropped from her nervous fingers and she sat motionless.

The hour for the story to be handed in was at hand and she had none. The teacher called for the papers and all the others responded. She was asked the reason for her failure and as she could give none she was requested to appear before his majesty, the principal at 3:30 P. M. She went about from one classroom to another all through the day in a sort of a daze. She was filled with horror for no punishment could be greater than to be compelled to appear before his majesty. But that was not all. What would he say and what would his judgement be?

When the appointed hour came she appeared at the outer room of the office. There were other victims before her so she had to await her turn. But she would gladly wait; indeed anything which would put off the dreaded meeting for a few minutes was welcomed with joy. At last all others had received their punishment and gone, only she was left.

She entered the office with a slow and hesitating step and bowed before his majesty. He did not look up. Her instructor had informed him as to the offense and his only question was, "What have you to say for yourself?"

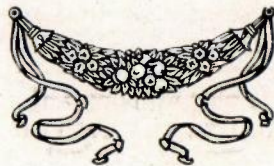
Trembling from head to foot the poor girl replied in a hushed voice. "Nothing."

He hesitated a moment then pronounced in slow and solemm tones, "You must hang at sunrise."

The janitor was summoned and the girl locked in the hated English classroom for the night. Oh, that awful night! There she was in that dreaded room with nothing to think of but those horrid English lessons over which she had labored so faithfully but all in vain. She could see her teacher's ghost standing in a dark corner pointing an accusing finger at her. She thought if she only had another chance she could write a hundred volumes of short stories but that time was gone and the time set for her to hang was growing near. She walked to the window and there, just west of the building, were two men working, by the light of several lanterns, making the frame-work from which she was to hang. Already she could feel the hangman's rope around her throat. How it burned as it scraped the tender skin! It tightened and she could hardly get her breath.

Here she awoke and finding it was almost eight o'clock she hastened to school that she might be there in time for the for English VIII class for it was the day the stories were to be handed in and hers was ready.

——FINIS——



Rags

"Jimmie, you take that dog back where you got it and don't ever let me see you have it again," said Mrs. Sanders.

"But ma," replied Jimmie, "he aint got no place to go. He followed my wagon all day."

The dog dropped his ears and tail as if he knew he was unwelcome, Mrs. Sanders was tender hearted and when she saw the appeal in the poor dog's eyes she softened. But she began to think of her troubles and hardened again.

"No, you can't keep the dog. I've got enough to take care of let alone a lean, lanky dog. If I'd fed all the dogs you've picked up we'd a been in the poor house long before this and I'm not agoing to start in now".

Jimmie looked at his mother and knew that all hopes of keeping the dog was lost.

"Take him down the street and lose him, give him to somebody, anything. I don't care what you do with him, but mind you if you bring that pup back it'll be a sorry day for you."

With this Jimmie picked up the dog and walked away. When he came to the alley he sat down to think. He put his arm around the dog and patted and stroked the lean body. He meant to keep him, but at that time he had no means of caring for him. Suddenly his eye caught a deserted hen house with an opening on the alley. With Rags, for that was the name he had given him, trotting at his heels, he went over to the house and opened the door. It was musty and dark inside, but he would clean it out. Nothing like that would stop him.

He gathered grass to make a bed. Then he picked Rags up in his arms and laid him down on it. He fastened the door tight and went away. When he turned the corner he could hear the dog still whining. It was both hungry and lonely.

After supper that evening Jimmie filled a pan with water and took it out doors. In front of the hen house he listened but the dog had quit whining and as he opened the door the dog jumped up and began pawing at Jimmie's legs. He lapped the basin dry but he was still hungry. However this must have satisfied him for he went back to his bed in the corner.

That night Jimmie dreamed about the hungry dog. When he awoke a good idea came to him. Perhaps Mr. Grogan, whose delivery wagon he drove, would let him take care of the horse and barn. He would have a home for Rags and get enough scrap meat from the market to feed him.

Jimmie arranged it with Mr. Grogan and each day after that Jimmie would be seen starting out with a happy face with Rags sitting beside him.

At odd times Jimmie taught Rags simple tricks. One day when Jimmie had returned from putting up the horses, Mr. Grogan was talking with a man. He was the head of "Ballodis Menagerie," which had come for a show. He had come to order meat for his trained animals. But the errand seemed of little importance beside the trouble which has suddenly come upon him.

"Spot, my trick dog is very sick." He said, "I don't know what I am going to do."

By this time Jimmie stood up and took notice.

"Sir," he said, "I gotta dog. His name is Rags."

"And I believe Rags could help you out. Run and get him Jimmie," said Jimmie's employer.

Without waiting for the man to reply, Jimmie went after him.

"Not a very good looking dog," was the man's comment when Jimmie returned, "give me his best trick." This Jimmie did.

"Say," said the manager, "I'll take him at seventy-five dollars a week whether Spot gets well or not. I never saw such a stunt. Report with your dog at noon."

Late that afternoon Jimmie came in upon Grogan.

"Mr. Grogan, I've a favor ta ask of yuh," he began, "Ma's got to go to the show to-night and I want to suprise her with Rags. She wouldn't never go if she thought I'd bought the tickets and she wouldn't go alone—so could yuh take her with you?"

Mr. Grogan agreed to do this and that night seated by Mr. Grogan was Jimmie's mother.

When she recovered from her surprise she grasped Mr. Grogan by the hand and said "What do I see? It looks for all the world like my boy Jimmie."

"It is just him, Mrs. Sanders, and he is to get seventy-five dollars a week," assured Mr. Grogan.

"And to think I refused to give that dog house room!" the widow Sanders exclaimed.

After that Mr. Grogan became a regular visitor at the Sanders' home and Jimmie and the dog went traveling and sent big sums of money home.

It was soon rumored that the home of widow Sanders and children was to be moved to widower Grogan's.

"Take him, mother," Jimmie wrote, "and Rags will dance at your weddin'."

————FINIS————



A Romance

Aunt Olive Miller was old, tall and spare, with gray hair drawn tightly into a knob at the back of her head, eyes remarkably dull. Genevieve Mary Frances Miller was young and pretty. William Harold Billmire was not so young, tall, blue-eyed. William Harold was in love with Genevieve Mary Frances, and she with him. Aunt Olive was down on them both.

One afternoon Genevieve Mary Frances received a note from William Harold. She carried it dutifully to Aunt Olive.

"He say, can he come here this evening," shouted Genevieve Mary Frances.

Aunt Olive settled her glasses. Then she resettled them. Then she put them back where they had been. Genevieve Mary Frances grew nervous. She picked at her shirt and looked at her shoes.

"Tell him to come," said Aunt Olive at last. "I reckon he'll have enough of it."

"Thank you," screeched Genevieve Mary Frances and went to answer the note.

That night William Harold came. He wore a new suit and was painfully conscious of the fact. Aunt Olive sat in her rocking chair and placidly rocked. William Harold was plainly disconcerted. He fidgeted and remarked about the weather. Aunt Olive had him repeat the remark three times for her benefit.

At nine o'clock Aunt Olive yawned openly and William Harold rose to go.

"If it's a nice day to-morrow, perhaps Genevieve Mary Frances can go riding in the fresh air," ventured William Harold.

"Hey?"

"If it's nice tomorrow, perhaps Genevieve Mary Frances can go riding in the fresh air."

"Fresh? Yes, entirely too fresh, young man."

"He says, can I go riding with him tomorrow in the fresh air," said Genevieve Mary Frances.

"Oh," said Aunt Olive, "Rather a funny thing to ride in, isn't it?" Then she subsided.

"Can I?" shouted Genevieve Mary Frances.

"What?"

"Can I?"

"Can you what?"

Genevieve Mary Frances glanced despairingly at William Harold. Aunt Olive intercepted the glance and leaned forward.

"I'll tell you something," she announced. "I've got an ear horn." She paused to note the affect of this announcement. "It's upstairs under my dresser. Run up and get it."

Genevieve Mary Frances returned in a few minutes without the ear trumpet.

"I can't find it," she yelled.

"What!" cried Aunt Olive. "There's been burglars in the house. Help!"

"You said under the dresser in your room, didn't you?"

"Mercy no! My what a scare you did give me."—And Aunt Olive held her hands over her heart. "I said my dresser. The one in the spare room is as much mine as the one in my room. That's where I meant."

"Now talk," smiled Aunt Olive when Genevieve Mary Frances had brought the ear trumpet.

"Can I go riding with William Harold tomorrow?" asked Genevieve Mary Frances.

"Mercy no!" cried Aunt Olive.

"I will go anyway," said Genevieve Mary Frances aside.

The next afternoon she waited outside Aunt Olive's room, when the latter had gone to take her nap, until she heard a gentle snore. A few minutes later she climbed into William Harold's buggy and he drove out on the dusty road. Neither of them could think of anything to say. William

Harold made the same remark about the weather he had made the night before and Genevieve Mary Frances assented.

Suddenly William Harold dropped the lines, clasped his hands, and implored Genevieve Mary Frances to marry him.

"This is so sudden!" she gasped. "I will answer you tomorrow."

That evening Genevieve Mary Frances broached the subject to Aunt Olive.

"May I marry William Harold?" she shouted.

"Mae? She's in the kitchen doing dishes."

"May I marry William Harold?" repeated Genevieve Mary Frances.

"Mercy, no!" scoffed Aunt Olive.

So that was the end of the romance of Genevieve Mary Frances Miller and William Harold Billmire. ANON.



To Spring

Fred Alalander

O spring, the gladdest season of the year,
 When robins sing their short sweet songs of cheer,
 To tell the world that gone is winter's gloom.
 The flowers hear and hasten into bloom.
 No more old winter's icy breath we feel;
 A glow of goodness over us doth steal.
 The buds come forth on bush and near by tree;
 The grass comes creeping, creeping silently.
 The melted snow and ice rush forth in streams;
 The bluejay from the lofty treetop screams.
 The rain on field and neighboring hill descends,
 And to the earth a newer beauty lends.
 O spring, the gladdest season of the year!
 Thou art the emblem of new life and cheer!



A Swedish Ghost Story

Johannes Olefson was walking briskly along the country road. It was a calm evening in October. The moon shone brightly and the sky was clear except for a few fleecy clouds that occasionally passed hurriedly along and hid the myriads of stars in their path. On one side of the road there was a grave and on the other a bare field from which the rye had been cut.

As he walked along, with his hand in his pockets he sang "Naken han syelar på boljan blå" and his song rang out cheerily on the clear, frosty air. He was on his way to Peter Gustaveson's. He had missed a couple of sheep from his flock and was going over to find out if they had seen anything of them, also hoping to catch a glimpse of Selma, the daughter of the house.

On his way he had to pass the church yard. As he walked past everything seemed peaceful and quiet. There stood the old white church with its tall spire. On one side was the usual group of marble and wooden crosses which marked the graves of the dead, and on the other some tall pine trees which looked blacker than the darkest night against the starlit sky. Occasionally, he could see, through the heavy branches, the sparkle of the river Siljan as it flowed along and it recalled to his memory the pleasant hours he had spent there. In the summer they went boat riding, swimming and fishing and in the winter they had great sport skating on its glassy surface.

As he passed he thought of the rumors he had heard. Ghosts! real ghosts! had been seen there. He had been inclined to laugh at the superstition. But what was that peculiar moaning sound he heard, was it the wind blowing among the pines or could it possibly have been a ghost? As he looked he saw a ghost-like figure gliding silently among the graves and coming slowly toward him. Of course he didn't run, (he wasn't afraid) but he must have walked pretty fast because when he reached Gustaveson's he was all out of breath.

"Why, good evening," said Mr. Gustaveson as Johannes stepped into the large kitchen, "take a chair and make yourself at home."

The room looked very hospitable and clean. The curtains and table cloth were snowy white and at one of the windows on a shelf were several blooming plants. The floor had been scrubbed until it was spotless. But the most pleasing part was the group of happy, happy faces around the fire place. Some of the girls and women were knitting or crocheting and the boys were whittling and telling stories while they waited for the chestnuts to roast.

"Why what's the matter, Johannes," said one of the girls, "you look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"And so I have, I saw a real ghost at the cemetery."

"Oh, Johannes, you're just trying to scare us girls, you didn't see any ghost," said Selma.

"Yes I did," he said, as he related his exciting experience and they crowded eagerly about him.

He was very glad to see that Selma was interested and tried his best to convince them that he had seen the ghost.

"Why Johannes Olefson, you can't make me believe that you saw a ghost," said Mr. Gustaveson.

"Well, if some one of you will go with me I'll go back and see what it was."

But no one seemed at all eager to go with him on his tour of investigation except an old man called "Crippled Clause." He had been crippled with the rheumatism for many years and as he couldn't walk thought it safe to offer to go.

"My, I would be glad to go with you," he said, "but you see I can't walk."

"I'll carry you on my back," said Johannes.

No sooner said than done. After a little pulling and lifting Crippled Clause was on Johannes' back and they started off, and they certainly made an odd picture. I think any one of us would have laughed could we have seen them. Johannes trudged cautiously along with his heavy load on his back, jumping at every sound and hurrying past all the dark places.

As they neared the church yard and Johannes told Crippled Clause where he had seen the ghost and just then the same white figure was seen coming stealthily toward them and they heard a hoarse, peculiar voice saying "Is it fat or lean?"

Johannes shook as he did when he had the ague, and could not speak a word. Then the voice said again, louder this time, "Is it fat or lean?" and the figure came closer.

Johannes dropped Crippled Clause saying, "Be he fat or lean, here you have him," and then ran as fast as he could back to Gustaveson's.

"Did you see it again," they all said as he flew in at the door.

"Yes, we saw it again," said Johannes.

"But where is Crippled Clause, surely you didn't leave him with—"

"Why, Crippled Clause, how did you get here? I thought I left you at the cemetery," said Johannes, as Crippled Clause rushed in at the door all out of breath.

"You did, but I was so frightened that I actually ran."

"But was it a ghost or was Johannes only seeing things," said Selma.

"No, it really was a ghost. But never mind about the ghost, just look at me," said Crippled Clause, as he walked about the room, "I can walk again. Thank you, Johannes for curing me."

The sudden fright had cured his rheumatism and he could walk again.

Soon afterwards it was learned that the ghosts, which had been seen, were two men who had been stealing sheep. They had dressed like ghosts and stayed around the cemetery to frighten the people so that they would not be found out. When Johannes came with Crippled Clause on his back the thief who was hiding in the cemetery thought it was his comrade with a sheep on his back and that is why he asked, "Is it fat or lean."

—LOUISE THORSON, '17.



A Fact

First girl: (some time ago) "I hear that the Juniors aren't going to have a banquet after all. I don't know whether I like the idea or not.

Second girl: Oh, well, it just makes it that much easier to get a date.



Miss Cruikshank: "What circumstances led Ruskin to take up writing and leave art."

Lawrence Howe "Oh, he was broke, and —————."

The Bumble "B"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE BOONE HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. I.

BOONE, IOWA, MAY, 1915

No. 6

THE STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....	Oscar Holmberg
BUSINESS MANAGER.....	Clarence Pangborn
SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER.....	Walter Thompson
CLASSES {	Paul McCrea
	Alice Crary
	Charlotte Whitehill
	Genevieve McCall
SOCIETIES {	MOORES—Mark Sunstrom
	EUTROPHIANS—Ruth Condon
	STENOGRAPHY CLUB—
	Emmett La Velle
ATHLETICS—Allan Hicks	COMMERCIAL NOTES—Marjorie Hanson
CRITICS—Miss Cruikshank, Miss Ball	

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Boone, Iowa By Mail 60c—Single Copies 10c

Our Last Number

As this is our last number we suppose it is customary for us to give a little "spiel" about what we hoped to accomplish, what we did accomplish and what the future staffs of the "B" will do.

When we started on our career as embryo magazine publishers, we didn't have the slightest idea as to how such a thing was to be "did". The first few issues of the "B" were far from being up to the standard which we had hoped to set, in fact we have not yet reached the ultimate in the way of a school paper. We have, however, started something and it remains for next years' staff and the staffs of the future to enlarge and better the "Bumble 'B'" until it will rank as one of the best high school publications in the state.

Sweaters

At a recent meeting of the "B" club, a constitution for a new High School Athletic Association was adopted. It was decided to give sweaters to all "B" men who graduate, as an appreciation of their efforts for the school. Ten sweaters have been ordered and will be presented sometime before the close of school. At the close of a year of such great success in athletics as Boone High School has just witnessed it is a fitting time to adopt such a custom. It is a standard held only by the larger and better schools of Iowa, and our adoption of that standard is but another proof of the great advancement of Boone High School in athletic life.

Next Year's Staff

We expected to publish in this issue the names of the fortunate(?) few who will compose next year's staff but the fates have decreed differently. Thru a series of postponements the election has been so delayed that we are forced to go to press without letting our readers know who will run the "B" next year. Something, however, has been accomplished in this matter as a nominating committee has been selected. This committee is composed of Alice Crary, chairman; Marjorie Hanson, Emmett La Velle.

CLASSES

Seniors

We now gather up our pen to write our last column for this paper. Last; do you realize what that means? It means that never again will you have the pleasure of reading these interesting articles. There will be Senior columns in the future, it is true, but they will never be another class like ours. However, as long as it is your duty to take this paper, you must subscribe for it in the future just the same and may be you will find some thing in it worth reading.

The commencement exercises will be held June 4 and of course you want to see them. Mr. Allen Hicks has prepared a short (?) oration on the Immigration question and all who have heard this convincing speaker say that his work along this line is unequalled. He has made a life study of the question and so is well fitted to deliver a speech upon the evils which it creates. Miss Lois Meredith, the valedictorian of the class, also has an oration but so far she has not divulged its contents. Miss Lillian Getty and Miss Lilly Curry, who tied for salutatory honors also have orations. So you see the array of talent which we have called together for this festive occasion and the work we have gone to to prepare entertainment as well as enlightenment. Come early and "try to get in."

The class day exercises will take place on June 3. I do not know much about this but am assured by those who have the most to do with it that it will be some occasion. We would like to have you all present especially the Juniors who may get a few pointers for their own exercises next year.

That, I guess, is about all that I have to say to you. And now, gentle reader, altho it grieves me to the core (wherever that is) I must leave you for all time.

As an afterthought we will add that the Baccalaureate sermon will be given Sunday, May 30th at the First M. E. church by Rev. Sheppard. Everybody is invited.

Class Play

Strong-Heart, the Senior play, was given Friday night in the High-School auditorium to a packed house and every one said it was one of the best plays ever given by a Senior class. Some of them even said that it was the best but of course we could not say that.

However, it was a very good play and all the parts were well taken. Henry Friedley as Strong-Heart and Vera Hanson as Dorothy Nelson, both deserve a great deal of credit for their excellent work in the stellar roles. Mack Waldman as Thorne, the villain, was also very good and took his part to perfection.

To Ray Lamb as Reade goes the credit of being the hit of the evening. Never did he go on the stage or speak with-out drawing a laugh. On the whole the cast was well-balanced and the parts well-taken.

Juniors

The annual reception of the uniors and Seniors was held Friday night, May seventh, in the High School gym. It was a great success in every way, and much credit is due to the committees in charge, Mr. Ball, and those teachers who gave their help.

A canopy of rainbow colored paper extended from the balcony to the center of the girders above. A large May pole, used later in the dance, stood in the center of the room and these seemed to lessen the size of it a great deal. The color scheme in the main floor was carried out in red and white, the Junior colors, with cozy corners and frappe booths at either end.

The balcony was decorated with purple and gold, the Senior colors, and here light refreshments of ice and macaroons were served by Freshman girls.

The High School orchestra played at times during the evening, when an interesting program was carried out. Harris Meredith gave a short address of welcome which was responded to by the Senior president, Walter Thompson. Adah Allan sang a vocal solo; Josephine Wylie gave a reading in Irish dialect, and Edward Jordan sang a couple of selections.

Mr. Ball then proceeded to give the prizes for the Popularity Contest held the Thursday before. This was very interesting, and made a great deal of fun, every one taking their "digs" in the right spirit.

Refreshments were then served on the balcony, after which the most dignified and interesting part of the evening's program was carried out.

A group of sixteen Junior girls took part in very pretty May pole dance. The Juniors then led by Harris Meredith and Adah Allan, formed a circle around the pole and Lois Childs led the Seniors facing the Juniors, and flower girls presented the class with favors of red roses.

The orchestra played a stirring march, and Supt. and Mrs. Meredith, followed by the school board and faculty, led the entire group in a grand march around the gym.

Thus the evening was brought to a close in a most novel and enjoyable way.

The committees in charge are as follows:

Social:

Margaret Wahl, Emmet La Velle, Margaret Chamberlain.

Alice Crary, Margaret Whitehill, Eloise Nelson.

Decorating:

Adah Allan, Margaret Means, Harold McCall, Frank Compton, Iva Baker, Emery Nelson.

The Juniors have all been working so hard for their Junior Reception lately, that they've had no time to do anything else. Hence the noticeable amount of reception "dope."

Sophomore

There was a meeting of the Sophomore class, April 29, 1915, and a small assessment for the Scroll made. Those who have not paid this assessment please do so at once.

The winners of two of the three classes in the Declamatory contest were Sophmores,—namely, Dorathy Seifert and Carrol O'Connel. Good work Sophomores!

Freshmen

About ten of the Freshmen girls served at the Junior-Senior reception. Four of them served frappe at two booths on the floor of the gymnasium while the rest of them served ices on the balcony.

The small turtle in Miss Jones room passed away. She fears that it met with foul play as she has several times found it laying on its back on the floor.



ATHLETICS

Boone High's athletic life this year
Was one of great success,
For victories we oft did win
Defeats? Well, they were few.
The winning habit we achieved
And habit binds like steel.
So in the future we expect
To win still more and more.
And then no team in Iowa
Shall victors o'er us be.
And why this habit you may ask,
And then right soon we'll say
The fight and vim our teams all showed
Was marvelous to behold.
Whether in victory or defeat
The "pep" was always there
And that's one reason we are known
As "scrappers" from Boone High.
The rooters for this loyal bunch
Were there with yell and cheer,
So how a team with such support
Could win, you will perceive.
The coach, indeed, we'll not forget,
We're grateful for his work
For he it was that gave Boone High
The start she has today.
And thus the reasons now you've seen
For greatest of success,
The reasons plain just why we won
From Marshalltown's great team;
Its six-to-nothing score you know
Or dead to Boone are you.
It was indeed a fitting close
Of fifteen's gridiron work
And promised much in years to come
Of victories yet to be.
And then to basket ball we turned
To win still greater fame,
For meeting Iowa's fastest teams
We won an enviable name.
Third place we won in twenty-three
Of those who were at Ames,
And for our second season's work
'Twas good, you will agree.
Athletics now in Boone High school
Are gone from old fifteen,
The future thus we cannot tell—
On gridiron, track and gym,
For Seniors are the most of us.
We leave you and forever

Commercial Notes

Last week the following students received Remington Certificates for merit in typewriting: Edward Capps, Mack Waldman, Rudolph Swanson and Gerald Wheeler. These certificates were received for writing at least forty words per minute for ten minutes, no paper to contain more than fifteen errors. The highest rate achieved in the tests this year was made by Rudolph Swanson, with a record of forty-eight words net.

A Gold Medal Contest will be held the last week in May for the members of class VIII. Those writing fifty-five words per minute net will receive a gold medal from the Remington Company. Several members of the class stand an excellent chance to win the medal and we are expecting them to succeed in the contest.

During the past two weeks the Commercial Department has been visited by Mr. Lloyd E. Goodyear, the author of the text in bookkeeping in use in the Boone school, and by Dr. Strong, Dean of the Commercial Department of Highland Park College. The latter gave a very interesting talk to the students of Bookkeeping III, emphasizing especially the importance of accuracy and attention to detail.

A letter from Miss Fleck, shorthand teacher in Boone last year, informs us that she expects to teach next year in the Buffalo Business College, Buffalo, New York.

During the school year, eleven members of a class of thirteen taking Shorthand VIII, have won certificates for proficiency in typewriting, and from classes VII and VIII, eleven have received O. G. A. certificates for excellency in writing shorthand notes.

A communication has been received from the Gregg Publishing Company asking for a photograph of the High School. It is their intention to place on exhibition at the San Francisco exhibition, pictures of all schools in the U. S. using Gregg Shorthand. Look us up when you go there.



But, Underclassmen, now to you
We give a sacred task;
Uphold the standards of the school,
Win fame and honors for her name
And to her red and green,
Be loyal all, and true.



Loyd Garrison: "Say Margaret I've a proposition to make you. If you'll say that you'll go with Earl steady I'll see that he shows you a good time. Then you and he and Iva and I will have a swell time."

Margaret: "I'll have to ask Ray about it."

Organizations

Moore

On April 20th the Moores' gave the following program:

Music—Mary Smith.

Reading—Vera Hanson.

The Salutatorian's Difficulties—Hod Welin, James Whitaker, Paul McCrea, Clarence Pangborn, Herbert Grabau.

Vocal solo—Marie Mellish.

The program arranged for May 18th was postponed on account of class play practice.

The annual Moore picnic was held at the Ledges on April 30th. The weather played us an unusual but very much appreciated trick—there was not even a sprinkle during the whole evening. The crowd went in two hay-racks and a hack, and came back reporting "good eats" and a fine time.

This is the end of the year—a good one, let's all boost and make next year the best yet.
BIDDY.

Eutrophian

The Eutrophians held a very good program Thursday, May 6, in the Assembly room. It was as follows:

Piano Solo—Clara Steele.

Reading—"The Skeleton's Story"—Lois Roberts.

Reading—"The Morning Veil"—Esthena Randolph.

Musical Reading—"High School Days"—Dorothy Seifert.

Reading—"The Ruggles' Dinner Party"—Sylvia Dolak.

The society held their annual picnic at the Ledges on May 13th, after school. In spite of the poor weather a large crowd went. There were many alumni and post-graduates there. Though we didn't have as many weiners as the Moores, we had more than enough, and a very fine time. The critics and other members of the faculty chaperoned the bunch. Mr. Dickensheets was asked to go, but was insulted because the invitation said an old and experienced man was needed, so he stayed at home. Nothing very terrible happened except Ruth Stanfield waded right through all the creeks, the hay rack "busted down" and the driver got the wrong road and Edward Jordan couldn't sing for all the hay-racks at once. Notwithstanding all these accidents every one reports a delightful time.

Stenography Club

The Stenography club program which was to be given during May has to be abandoned, since the rehearsals would have interfered with the rehearsals of the senior play.

Elaborate plans have been made for the Stenography Club picnic at the ledges on Friday, May 28. This year we expect to even surpass the royal good time which we enjoyed last year.

THE Fine Serge Suits here in Campus
Tog and Society Brand at \$15, \$20
and \$25, are ideal for GRADUATION DAY WEAR!



J.C. PETERSEN CO.

CLOTHIERS

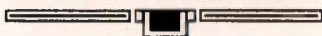
BOONE & FT. DODGE, IA.

We Deliver

*Kemble's
Flowers*

"Our Business Is Growing"

R. C. FICK
PHOTOGRAPHER



Up-to-date
..PHOTO'S..

*Special Prices--Kodak Finishing and
... Supplies ...*

811½ Story Street

BOONE

The Boone Pantatorium

We have a complete line of Palm Beach
Suits from \$10.00 to \$25.00

White Serge Trousers \$6.00 up

Come and see them!

Work called for and delivered—Phone 576 Blk

818 West Third Street

Are you a MEMBER?
JOIN NOW!

TENNIS CLUB DUES

All high school boys who
are members of the "Y"
and not working either after
school or on Saturdays, \$2.00
for the season; all others, \$3.



Johnson Hardware Co.

Bohn, Sanitor and White Mountain Refrigerators \$10.00 up

Lawn Mowers \$3.50 up

Lawn Swings \$6.00 up

All Seasonable Goods an Right Prices

718 Story Street

713 Allen Street



We are now showing
our complete line of

SPRING FOOTWEAR

Don't fail to see this
display

Slade Shoe Co
709 STORY ST.

BOONE.

IOWA.

Is your nose red all the time?
It's red until I blow it, then it's
blew.

* * *

Do you know that tongue-tied
brother of mine can't pronounce
Stone?

Stone is a hard name.

* * *

Mrs. Smith was telling some ladies
about the burglar scare in her house
the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise
and got up and there from under the
bed I saw a man's legs sticking out,"

"Mercy," exclaimed a woman. "The
burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear, my husband's legs.
He had heard the noise too."

* * *

I used to play with a baseball team
called "Collars." We played against
the team called "Shirts." The game
was a "tie."

Heard in English I.

N. W.: "I smell rubber burning."

R. B.: "Thought my neck felt hot."

* * *

If it takes a four months old wood-
pecker with a rubber bill nine months
and thirteen days to peck a hole
through a cypress log that is big
enough to make eleven shingles, and it
takes 164 shingles to make a bundle
worth 93 cents, how long will it take
a cross-eyed grasshopper with a cork
leg to kick all the seeds out of a dill
pickle?

* * *

A physics professor in Harvard
said he felt that his teachings were
not in vain when he received answers
as this to his questions. The question
was, "How would you measure the
height of a building by a barome-
ter?" One student answered: "I
would carry the barometer to the top
of the building, tie a long string to it
and drop it to the ground, then meas-
ure the length of the string."

THE

Klassy Kleaners

Klean 'Em Klean

Expert Work
Prompt Delivery

Phone 1379 Red

922 Eighth Street

—FOR—

QUICK SERVICE
Courteous Treatment
and a GOOD MEAL—

Drop in at the

“Drexel”

E. A. Overton

T. D. Langworthy

O. & L.

BARBER SHOP

819 Story Street, Boone, Iowa

Five Chairs—Baths

Electric Massage

-- Get your SUIT now --

The rarest Tartan plaids and checks, overplaids, gun club checks—
ALL IN RICH COLORINGS

McNEIL'S

HOME of HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPERS and
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC WASHERS

BEST ON THE MARKET

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. A. B. DEERING,

Security Bank Building,

Office Phone 51. Residence Phone 58

Hours 2-4 and 7-8

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

Hours 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. M. A. HEALY

813½ Story Street

Office Phone 83. Res. Phone 1126.

DR. CRUIKSHANK

906½ Eighth Street

Phones—Office 402; Res. 118 Black.

DR. J. M. KNAPP

DENTIST

How soon do you want a position ?

We hereby agree that you will be offered a position before sixty days after graduating from OUR COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE.

With us you may complete your course as quickly as your ability will permit; and while with us you will devote **ALL** your time to commercial subjects.

A Practical Course is what you need
—Free Textbook offer this month—

BOONE
Commercial College

DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL

Phone 829

Corner Eighth and Story Sts.

