

The Bumble "B"

ALUMNI
NUMBER

April

1915

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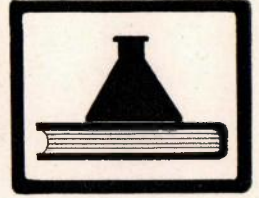
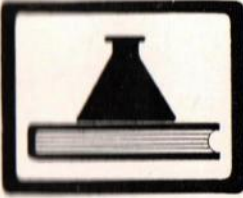
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The Faker

By Wm. R. Weaver, '14

Barney Macklin, or Burne McLinne, as he spelled it below his titles, wrote "The End" at the bottom of the twenty-fourth page, bound it with its twenty-three perfectly typed companions into their stiff manila wrapper, and addressed the enclosing and return envelopes. Balancing the whole on the palm of his hand, he estimated its weight and decided, audibly, that "Eight cents should carry it, so I'll put on ten." Then, affixing that amount of postage to both envelopes, he propped his latest hope up back of the paper-weight and got to his feet.

At this point, by all precedent, the aspiring author should breath a deep sigh of satisfaction, grab his hat and hasten to the Post Office. Enroute, he should indulge in pleasant day-dreams of the check that must surely be forthcoming this time or in nightmares of the more logical rejection-slip, the nature of the fantasy being determined by the temperament of the individual—or the magnitude of his conceit.

But Barney did no such common-place thing. He breathed a sigh, it is true, but satisfaction made up no part of it. There was in it, instead, much of sadness, a deal of resignation, and a touch of solemn determination. The whole, perhaps, was just tinged with self-commiseration, though he strove manfully to eliminate this last ingredient. To be poetic, (or merely ridiculous?) it was the last requiem for the corpse of his Ideals.

It had been no spineless capitulation, this sacrifice of Ideals to ambition. He had held out as long as possible against the pressure of Necessity. Alone, he might never have given way; but, if the administrators of the late C. M. Post will accept our apologies, there was a reason—one that he could not, would not, ignore. So he repeated the requiem and sank into a big arm-chair to gaze at the fire in the great hard-coal burner, the modern renter's fire-place.

* * * * *

Several thousand years ago, a super-monkey learned to kindle and control fire. Of course, he razed numerous excellent forests and suffered many a similar mishap in the course of learning, but the point is that he learned. Then he discovered that he "had it on" the other "common" animals because they feared this strange, new thing that he had found and would not venture near it. So the super-monkey did his sleeping right beside his fire, knowing that its red glow would keep at a safe distance the menacing circle of jungle life at whose gleaming eyes, always discernable through the gloom, he was wont to grin so derisively. A good father, he bequeathed his knowledge to his young, they to theirs, and so on throughout his vast progeny until now the inclination is quite general.

Whether or not Barney was a direct descendant, he had the habit and was soon fast asleep in his chair.

Presently the reason stole softly through the front door and tiptoed back of his chair. Covering his eyes with her hands, she commanded him huskily to "guess who!" He gave a start, proved himself an absolute failure as a guesser, and they played the lovely old game over once more to

the customary delightful tableau at its conclusion, wherein she perched upon the arm of his chair and stroked his hair with her free hand while he protested feebly with his.

"The manager let me off early," she explained, when they got to that stage, "and we have a whole half-hour before supper, so tell me, how did any writer-man get along today?" The faith in his ability that her tone and the pet endearment implied made his conscience squirm, as it always did, but he had his bluff all planned and realized that this was as good a time as any would be to begin it. So he put into his reply an enthusiasm that passed the love-tempered test for genuineness. And it really did sound genuine, for he was a good faker.

"Just fine! Everything worked like it was greased. No searching for the right word, no hesitation, no bum plot to peter out at the climax. I believe I've got it at last, it's all in getting started right. I just plunged right in and everything seemed to take care of itself. Well, you can see—there's the finished product all ready for market."

"Oh! I'm so glad," she cried, and he read in her inflection the eagerness that she never would have voiced, "may I read it?" She started toward the desk but he drew her back.

"I'll tell it to you," he said, and she crept over onto his lap, nestling her head on his shoulder to listen.

The story fresh in his mind, it ran smoothly off his tongue and the finish found her sitting bolt upright in suspense. As he uttered the last word, she hugged him joyously and exclaimed, "just grand! Thats all; simply grand! This one can't fail. Where did you ever get such an idea?"

"It's six-fifteen," he said, showing her his watch and thus putting a stop to the praise that bit into him like vitriol. "You'd better be beatin' it, hadn't you?"

"Gee! Yes, or I'll miss out on supper altogether. Are you coming down tonight?" She was busily gathering up her belongings as she spoke.

"If that is an invitation, yes. About eight o'clock?"

"Smarty. Just for that remark it's a summons, and the hour is seven. Good-by," she went to the door but he caught her. "No, you can't. Well—just one."

He stood in the door and watched her as she hurried down the street, pausing at the corner to wave her muff at him. "Where did you ever get such an idea?" he repeated. If she only knew—she with her precise, almost Puritanical ideas of right and wrong; she who recognized no middle ground between honesty and dishonesty, honor and dishonor. Turning suddenly, he took three magazines from their hiding places back of his desk—three old, old magazines—and thrust them savagely into the stove. Burning, they blackened the mica shamefully and eventually clogged the grate. Barney fancied he saw something prophetic in both.

(concluded in our next number)

EDITOR'S NOTE—Following the example set by our worthy contemporaries, the "Big Magazines", we feel constrained to "tip you off" to our next number—the biggest, best, that we have thus far achieved. In it, we print the conclusion of this pace-setting serial-in-two-parts and we can't refrain from confiding that the scene is laid in New York City and is handled as only an author who knows his New York better than the natives is capable of handling it. This alone should be worth the price of admis— we mean, the magazine. In addition, if you must know, there will be jokes, jingles, jests and advertisements upward of half a hundred. All in all, we think it will be as much better than this number as this number was superior to the last. If this keeps up from month to month, where Oh where will we end? But that is for us to worry about. The thing for you to do is to get in on it now and get the cream. Order your copy now and be sure.

Uncle's Will

The lawyer cleared his throat, re-adjusted his spectacles, cast his eye up and down the page and resumed his reading.

"And to my nephew, Thomas Danton, I give, devise and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, both real and personal, on the condition that he does not marry within a year after the date of my death _____"

A muffled oath came from across the room. The lawyer surveyed the young man reprovingly over his glasses.

"Provided I don't marry within a year?"

"Those are the terms."

"Well, suppose I do marry?"

"The estate goes to Miss Ethyl Byron."

"Who the duece is she?"

The lawyer shook his head.

"I'm sure I don't know. I'll have to look her up." He removed his glasses and played with them a moment, then, "Had you any, er, thoughts of, er, matrimony?"

"Well, no, that is—why curse your curiosity, it's none of your business."

The lawyer rolled up the paper.

"Was that all?" asked Thomas.

"All except the signature."

The young man rose.

"Do you accept the terms?"

"I don't know. I shall try to fight it first. Uncle John never wanted me to marry. Ever since he has been my guardian he has kept me away from the ladies as much as he could and now, after his death he fixes a plan to keep me away from them still more. I have no idea of marrying, yet; in fact I don't know who I'd marry but it is the idea I don't like. It's tough to be a social outcast just because an old fool uncle who was a woman hater—"

"That," interrupted the lawyer, "is no way to speak of a man who has left you three million dollars."

"I suppose not," groaned the young man. "Good day."

Thomas Danton spun the crank of his yellow ninety-horse-power racer and rolled into the seat. Terrible thoughts were in his mind as he pulled on his gauntlets and adjusted his goggles. He threw in the clutch and rolled out into the crowded thoroughfare. Faster and faster he went. As he swung into Story street the traffic cop yelled some thing but Thomas paid no heed. Traffic cops never arrested the nephew of the Hon. Beverly Danton. Out Story street he thundered, his anger growing and growing. He skidded into Fourth street barely missing a fox terrier which ran out to meet him and sped toward the city limits. His Klaxon squawked a group of boys from the road, a sign board flashed past, the paving ended and Thomas was in the open country on the smooth gravel of the Lincoln highway. Wider and wider he opened the throttle. The little hand of the speedometer jiggled up to forty, then forty-five, forty-eight, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-three—

Then came a squawk from under the front wheel. Thomas glanced over his shoulder at the crumpled heap of feathers.

"Got him," he muttered and opened the throttle wider.

"O-o-o-o-h."

Thomas caught a fleeting glimpse of a vision in white squarely in the path of his car. With superhuman strength he spun the steering wheel. The car leaped madly up a bank beside the road, missed a tree and bounced back to the highway; a tire exploded with a hissing report; the machine wobbled crazily then sprang up the other side of the road, struck a tree and

stood still. Thomas brought up in a sitting posture, his back against a tree.

In the middle of the road stood a girl, a beautiful girl, who stared at Thomas with big, grey eyes.

"You're a very careless driver," she said.

"You had no business to be in the road," he answered crossly, and choked down a groan.

"It's a public highway," she answered, "and you were driving much too fast."

"You might have been hurt," he told her, "I just ran over another chicken farther up the road."

"It was our chicken, that's why I came out—to get your number."

"You got it," he said faintly and groaned, out loud, this time.

"Are you badly hurt," she asked quickly, starting forward.

"I think all my ribs are broken and—I know it's silly of me—but—I think—I'm going to—faint."

And he did.

He opened his eyes in a darkened room. He was in bed between soft sheets and some one was bending over him.

"Is he all right, doctor," asked the girl's voice.

Thomas tried to look at the speaker and found he could not move.

"Lie still," a man ordered, "you're in a plaster cast and will break it all to pieces if you wiggle."

"The ambulance is outside," said another voice and Thomas was transferred from the bed to a cot. Then two men picked up the cot and bore him toward an automobile ambulance in front of the house. As they carried him along the girl walked at his side. Thomas took her hand and drew her down to him.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

She blushed and pulled her hand away.

"Certainly not," she said indignantly, "at least—not today."

As the car sped him swiftly toward the city the doctor sat by the cot and smiled. Suddenly Thomas sat up.

"Lie down," cried the horror-stricken doctor, "do you want to come apart?"

"I've got to go back to that farm-house," Thomas cried.

"You have not," said the doctor, "you're going to a hospital. What's wrong with you any way?"

Thomas sank back weakly.

"I'm engaged to a girl and don't even know her name."

The marriage of Thomas Danton made a beautiful newspaper story. An enterprising cub reporter had wormed out the facts and in big headlines were the words:

YOUNG MILLIONAIRE GIVES UP FORTUNE FOR THE WOMAN HE LOVES.

Under them were three columns of write-up.

It was the day after the ceremony that Thomas entered his lawyer's office.

"Congratulate me," he laughed and extended his hand.

The lawyer clasped it unenthusiastically.

"I don't mind telling you that I consider you a very foolish young man. I suppose now I'll have to find this Ethyl Byron."

"That's just what I came about," Thomas said, sitting down. "Don't waste your time hunting for the young lady. There is no such person."

"Sir," cried the lawyer, "you are mistaken. I have seen and spoken to the young lady."

"Oh, that may be," Thomas assured him easily, "there used to be an Ethyl Byron but there is no more. She became Mrs. Thomas Danton yesterday evening at nine o'clock.

—SCOOP.

Alumni Letters

Boone, Iowa.
March 13, 1915

Mr. Oscar N. Holmberg,
Boone, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter relative to an article for the April number of the Bumble "B" at hand.

Owing to sickness in my home, I fear it will be impossible for me to help you out.

I am sincerely sorry but this is an exceedingly busy time of year in the office and with the added burdens at home it seems that I can not find the time for much outside work. Respectfully,

GRACIA E. TUCKER,
Co. Supt of Schools.

* * * *

Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

I received your communication some time ago stating that you intend to put out the April number of the Bumble "B" as an Alumni number. It certainly is commendable and hope that the Alumni will respond in general and make it a rousing success and at the same time well representative of the Alumni of Boone High School. I, for one, am mighty proud of being an alumnus of B. H. S. I have been kept so busy lately so that I do not find the time to contribute. You state you wish something of personal interest possibly. There is nothing special only I secured a place in the Wennerberg (College Glee Club) which makes extensive tours every year throuout the country. This year our tour covers Iowa, Minn., Wis., Michigan and Illinois. We, by the way, sing at Boone March 26.

Wishing you and the staff the greatest success in this project, I remain as ever,

PAUL RANDOLPH, '14.

* * * *

East Moline, Ill.

Dear Mr. Holmberg:—

When your letter of March 6th reached me I fully expected to write an article of some sort, which, I hoped, would be acceptable. But my little daughter has been ill for three weeks and demanded my close attention, and all of my thoughts. So at the last moment I find myself "stumped" for something to say, (not a normal condition for me) and beg to be excused.

However, I have hunted up an ancient copy of the High School Review of '99 and am sending it to you under separate cover, with an article from the American Magazine. If your response from other Alumni has been good you will not need these, but if not, they may help to make "copy," and my experience with a college paper taught me that there are times when a little more copy is badly needed.

The Bumble "B" is splendid. With best wishes for the student body, and for the editors and staff of a big, buzzing Bumble "B," I am,
Yours sincerely,
MAUDE ENSIGN VAN METER.

Waterbury, Conn.

My Dear Sir:—

Am in receipt of your favor forwarded to me by my father from Le Mars, Iowa.

I enclose a clipping from a Worcester, Mass., paper you might use. I recall very pleasantly my connection with "The High School Review. Wishing you all success, I am very sincerely,

FRANK WILCOX.

Tribute to Frank Wilcox—Editor of the Evening Post:—Through the columns of the Post we learned with genuine regret of Mr. Wilcox's departure from the Grand Theater. That he will be missed is expressing it mildly. Mr. Wilcox has been with us nearly two years now, and during his stay has given us many diverse roles, all artistic and convincing. He is one of those actors who places the proper stress upon the finest details of his art, proper enunciation, refinement of manner and general culture. His methods are those associated with the higher class of stage work, and his quiet, gentlemanly and genial personality have endeared him to play-goers. We are loath to part with him and only wish that an inducement great enough might be offered to keep him here, yet realize that an actor of his ability is destined for bigger things than stock.—Playgoers."

* * * *

Ames, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—

I received your letter of March the sixth requesting an article for publication in "The Bumble B". I regret to state that I will be unable to comply with your request. I am sure that I could say nothing which would be of interest to the present student body at Boone high school.

I have received the first issue of "The Bumble B" and consider it exceptionally good for a first attempt. I have always felt that Boone high should be represented by some sort of a publication and think that "The Bumble B" is a step in the right direction.

I wish the "Bumble B" measureless success and thru it and with the success of Boone high school, yours truly,

WALTER L. MOORE.

* * * *

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—

The Boone crowd at Coe extend greetings to Boone high school faculty, students and alumni. We wish to congratulate you upon the success of your publication and upon the fine results of your athletic season.

One scarcely realizes until out of school the interest that is taken by outsiders in school activities. While the high school basket ball tournament was being held at Coe, the news arrived that Boone had defeated Spirit Lake at the Ames tournament. Spirit Lake had been picked by many in this section as the probable winner but when the results of the game were published, the name of Boone high school became immediately prominent. The time will probably come when the name of Boone high school as well as its athletics and coaches will be as familiar to everyone as are the names connected with such schools as Davenport, Clinton, West High, Oak Park and Cedar Rapids. First, the students must realize that good teams must result from good support. The athletes themselves must realize that "training" is a necessary element. Second, the alumni and citizens of Boone must stand behind the school and provide coaches capable of turning out first class teams. Many good athletes have gone out from B. H. S. partially or wholly undeveloped, because of poor coaching facilities.

But athletics are not all important. Many will question the value of athletics, but few will doubt that forensics have a place in school activity. Boone should send a representative to the State Oratorical contest. There should be an annual Moore-Eutrophian debate. The Pomeroy debating team which defeated Boone received coaching from three different men. They even received coaching thru the mail. The Iowa High School Debating League will next year debate the question "Resolved: That minimum wage scales should be adopted by the several states." Here's hoping for the championship next year.

There is scarcely a day in Cedar Rapids that we do not see someone from home. There are eight of us in Coe from Boone. We hope there will be twice that many next year. Coe offers every advantage. We head the list in everything! Come down and see. Sincerely.

DE WAYNE SILLIMAN, B. H. S. '13.

* * * *

Iowa City, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter asking me for a short contribution to the Bumble "B" found me as usual, very busy. However, I will be very glad to lend a helping hand for the sake of the old school. To be remembered as one of her Alumnus, is to me a real pleasure. I am not able at this time to write an article of the exact nature that you asked for. But I like to speak of our State University. Being a member of the student body of that institution, I am naturally, very much interested in her welfare, and long to see her better known and more fully appreciated. Perhaps this is an opportune time to speak briefly of our State University, through the columns of the Bumble "B."

I don't know whether you will want to use the enclosed article or not. If you think you can, I would greatly appreciate your doing so. I am sure it represents a cause worthy of consideration.

The copy of the Bumble "B" I received was very good work and I wish to congratulate those responsible for its production. I am sending you under separate cover a copy of our magazine. Perhaps you may be able to get a few ideas from it. If I can be of any further help to you along these lines I would be glad to do so. Hoping that I may hear from you again on these matters, I remain, yours truly,

F. L. MACKEY.

Phi Alpha Delta House, Iowa City, Iowa.

Our University

By F. L. Mackey

The day has come when High School education is no longer sufficient, to properly prepare one for a successful solution of the modern problems of life. Broader and better trained men and women are necessary to compete successfully against the multiple complexities of our civilization. Today, the Universities and Colleges of this country furnish the best opportunities to secure this necessary training. High school students should be confronted with this important truth and constantly bear it in mind.

The most difficult question which confronts the average high school student is, that of choosing which college or university to attend. This is indeed an important question and should be determined according to the

(Continued on page 26)

College Life After High School

When I was asked to contribute an article to this issue of the Bumble "B" I was entirely at loss as to the nature of the subject that I should take for the writing. I thought perhaps that one of my high school experiences would be appropriate and yet it seemed to me that such a subject would fail somehow to be of interest to the readers of the Bumble "B."

So I decided to try and set in this article my conception of college life as it appeared to me after the first few months of my Freshman year in Grinnell College. Probably many of the members of Boone high school are intending to go on to college after finishing their high school course, and if I can convey to them a conception of the life in a typical western college as it appears to the average Freshman who is just out of high school, the purpose of this article will be fulfilled.

When I came to Grinnell college I had but three months before received my high school diploma, and as a usual result had a fairly good opinion of my own ability to succeed in college activities. I had entered into a varied number of activities in high school and had arrived at a rather decided conclusion that a large number of outside activities was necessary in order that the fullest benefit from school life should be gained.

But it was not long before I began to get a new view point in regard to this situation. I found that college activities took much more time and effort in proportion to the amount necessary to be devoted to such work in high school and that the exactions of the leaders in these activities were much more demanding. This view point was forcibly emphasized when I got mixed up in four or five activities and found that I was deriving benefit from none of them. So my conclusion was that a few well chosen outside activities are necessary for the development of the average college student, but that few can afford to let their activities become too numerous.

In choosing his activities the college man is confronted with an extensive field to select from and it is practically impossible to make a definite choice during the Freshman year. Practically every activity in college life, if entered into with the right spirit, is sure to benefit the college student and develop him in his relations with other students in those lines. Athletics, debating, Y. M. C. A. work, and literary societies are the most important of the college student activities. Each one of these occupies a much more important place in college than similar activities do in high school and the man who is a leader in such an activity holds an important position among his fellow students. It may be safely stated that with no exceptions there is a seriousness of purpose which marks the organization of these activities and stamps it with success.

Another marked difference between high school and college life which was soon brought to my realization was in regard to the matter of associations and friendships. In high school associations come as a matter of course and the student thinks little about them. Especially in a small school the student is intimately acquainted with everyone in all classes and friendships come with little or no effort on the part of the individual.

But in college it is different. The new man finds himself pressed with a bewildering number of new acquaintances during the first week of school, but after that everyone settles down and he is suddenly left to his own resources. If he has an upper-class acquaintance he is more fortunate than those who have not, but nevertheless he soon begins to realize that he must seek his friends for himself. If he expects to graduate from college

the forming of friendships is of vital importance for they will have an important part in shaping his life throughout his college career.

No college man has a large number of personal friends. If you were to ask a college senior in regard to this matter he would probably tell you that he had not more than half a dozen friends with whom he would feel at liberty to confide in a personal matter.

But this condition comes as a natural result of the independence which a man enjoys in college that is never found in the high school. The college student is left for a large part on his own resources. He takes his own time in doing his work; he may study consistently or he may not. It is a fact however,—and no student can go through two years of college without realizing it—that a person who does not do his school work with at least fair efficiency possesses a lower standing among his fellow students than the one who does.

The college professor takes much less personal interest in his proteges than does the high school teacher. The professor never fails to be interested in his student's work, but the larger number of people under him and also varied interests which he has outside the class room makes it impossible for him to give absolute personal attention to the student.

So the college man is left in a large degree to make his progress without personal assistance. This is a good thing, provided he can go through the first year successfully, for it gives him the independence and self-reliance which assures his success throughout the remainder of his course.

LEO MEREDITH, '13.

A High School By-Product

High school days are interesting ones, always. It is at this period we first begin to realize that we are but one of the throng about us, all eager for the same thing,—knowledge: a knowledge not to be found in books alone, (for this forms but a small part of our education) but that general awakening of our senses for sympathy and feeling toward each other.

Once learned, this accomplishment of making sacrifices, of mingling agreeably with everyone with whom we come in contact, however unsuitable he may seem as our companion becomes at once an art.

Were we to dwell apart from people, and venture seldom from our seclusion, we should find upon mingling, some mutual concession would be necessary.

Not long since, I heard one friend say of another, "he means well, but is a diamond in the rough". A rough diamond is valuable, of course, but its value is greatly increased when the tool of the cunning workman has brought out its beautiful possibilities. As Chesterfield says: "manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world." Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value; but it will never be worn, nor shine, if it is not polished.

Do we not find in high school the opportunity for developing our possibilities. These days come to us like friends in disguise, bringing priceless gifts; but, if we do not use them, they are borne away silently, never to return. What shall we think of one who has had the advantage of a high school education, who lets his talents go unemployed? The graduate who has not acquired the right attitude toward life this thing that stamps him, misses the best thing that a high school education can impart.

Irene Larson '12.

A Night in Grand Junction

Being recently asked to sing at a home talent play, brought back to my mind a stunt of that kind I once tried in Grand Junction and when the leader insisted I told the story of that noisy night, which proved a sufficient excuse.

The football team had been over to Perry to play and Boone had won the game 11 to 12. We dropped off the M. & St. L. train in Grand Junction between nine and ten P. M. and of course looked for some method to kill time until we could get a C. & N. W. train to home. The operator got a stop order for one of the fast trains so we were sure of getting on home that night. The entire squad including the coach invaded the pool hall and kept the tables busy, and in fact bought nearly the entire stock of candies, gum, peanuts and ice cream. At closing time, midnight, we were turned out with nothing to do until train time, so we waxed musical. If we couldn't raise the dead we at least awakened the sleeping, for very shortly some one opened a window in the hotel and shot into the air several times, evidently trying to frighten us, then two of the boys who had found a battered baby buggy in a scrap heap thought it would be fun to push one another up and down the platform beneath the hotel windows, and for their pains, they received a pail of water emptied squarely upon them. After that and another chorus we lined up on the curbing to tell stories.

A few minutes before train time we noticed two men coming down the street but that nothing of it until one of them stopped at one end of the line while the other stepped out in front of us and walked to the other end and then quite dramatically declared us all under arrest. Thinking it all a joke we scattered and gathered up our suit cases and then bunched up again to await his nibs, the constable's pleasure, who with drawn gun and club, with us ahead of him, we went toward the city bastille.

After we had gone about a block, one of the boys who had just found his suit case, called after us to wait, that he would go along. Well, we waited, and when he caught up we were again started on our way.

After locking us up (in a band box) he, the marshall, proceeded to inform his honor, the mayor, of his great capture, and very shortly returned to lead us before the dispenser of justice (?) who very promptly found us each and every one guilty of disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace, and fixed our fines at one dollar and costs, and added fifty cents a head for himself, the marshall and deputy, making it two-fifty apiece, and then dismissed us.

The marshall accompanied us to the railroad yards to bid us goodbye as we pulled out on a stock train.

I've often thought of that incident of my high school life and have had many a good laugh over it, but have resolved never to try the same stunt again.

"LEGS" '12.

* * * *

Solon Springs, Wis.

Dear Sir:—

While the above may not be just what you want for the Bumble "B", it is my best effort at the time for I am very busy, getting ready for the spring work, and it you have ever been on a farm in the spring or are familiar with it in the least, you know what that means.

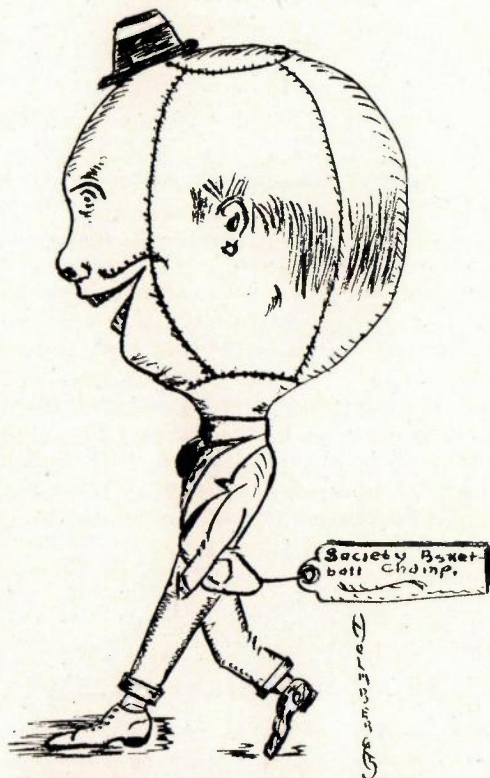
It is with the greatest of pleasure that I receive, read and put away my Bumble "B." While in Boone a short time ago I was told that you planned to make this year's annual an enlarged copy of the Bumble "B."

If you can use this and if at any time you think I can be of any assistance I want you to feel perfectly free to call upon me.

Wishing the Bumble "B" the best of success, I am respectfully,

FRED W. SHAFER.

ATHLETICS



Some Moore!!

Moore's Defeat Eutrophians

The last "big" game of the season took place in the local "gym" between the teams representing the Eutrophian and Moore literary societies. The game had been advertised as a scrap that would rival anything taking place in Europe today. Certainly none in the enthusiastic crowd that witnessed the game can take exception to that statement. The representatives of the high school squad on either team being equally divided. Truly it was a battle royal between the two ancient rivals. The Moores due to excellent teamwork and close guarding led throught the game. The score at the end of the first half was 16—10 in their favor and at the close of the game they had totalled 28 points to the Eutrophians 17.

Those who represented the two societies were, Eutrophians—Rule and Valentine forwards, Leutjen center, Thompson and Moore guards, Lamb and Boyd substitutes.

Moore—Weline and Meredith forwards, Hicks center, Pangborn and LeVelle guards, McCrea, E. Garrison, L. Garrison and Jones substitutes.

Baskets.

LeVelle 2, Weline 2, Pangborn 1, Hicks 4, Meredith 4, Lamb 1, Leutjen 3, Rule 1, Valentine 2, Foul throws McCrea 2, Valentine 1, Moore 1.

Tournament

The Ames tournament is past. The team failed to win the right to go to Iowa City but made a name for themselves. They finished third among a field of twenty-four contestants, upsetting the "dope" by defeating Spirit Lake, heralded as one of the strongest teams at the tournament and losing to Jefferson only after a hard fight.

The success this year should fill the school with a determination to accomplish still greater things next year. When we consider that Boone has engaged in interschool basketball contests, but two years the work of the team this year seems remarkable.

Boone's first opponent at the tournament was Eagle Grove, whom they had previously played two games winning one and losing the other. Boone won 15—8 although Eagle Grove showed the fight that all teams led by Coach Todd have.

On the next round Boone met Spirit Lake and here showed their real ability. Both teams held the lead at different times never by more than three points, but by a strong finish Boone won 24—21. Moore playing guard secured five field baskets and Welin shot eight fouls in nine chances. This game was one of the fastest at the tournament.

In the semifinals Boone was then defeated by Jefferson 23—20. Dunlap forfeited and Boone was declared the winner of third place.

Shall we win the tournament next year? Why not?

Shall We Make Good?

Boone has practically completed arrangements for a triangular track meet with Ames and Marshalltown. This is our first attempt in interscholastic contests of this kind. Shall we make it a good beginning? It is up to the student body. The football and basketball seasons were highly successful. It would seriously mar our record to fail now. Ames and Marshalltown are Boone's strongest opponents in athletic contests. Let us prove that we are strong in track as well as other activities.

To make this meet a success students must get out and boost. Everyone is especially adapted to some line of track work. Develop your ability in that particular line. Don't be a "donothing". Show the "pep" that Boone has developed this year. Put on a track suit and help defeat Ames and Marshalltown.



The Bumble "B"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE BOONE HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. I.

BOONE, IOWA, APRIL, 1915

No. 5

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CRITICS—Miss Cruikshank, Miss Ball

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Then and Now

This coming month of May marks a quarter of a century of time since the graduation of a class of twelve from the Boone High School, one of them being the writer of this article, and, having been requested to contribute a few words to the "Alumni Number" of the Bumble "B," I will endeavor to recall some of the events and conditions of our school days which might be of interest to those now attending.

To begin with, one naturally wishes to compare the advantages of our present school system with those of days gone by and this leads me to make reference to the present High School building which was constructed while the writer was a member of the Board and little did he think, in his school days, that such a duty would fall upon him. Buildings of this type, in his time, were not often found, excepting possibly those occupied by higher colleges. Our gymnasium (?) was located in the basement of the "Old High," with a ceiling barely high enough to swing an Indian Club. Our shower baths were located under the blue sky and were in working order, when not wanted, from April to November—towels furnished at home.

Basket Ball was unknown, at least to me, and Foot Ball, when played, was not a scientific game, everybody run and kick and the side making the most goals won the game. Had we ever suggested going to Le Mars for a game, the Board undoubtedly would have secured permanent rooms for us at Cherokee or Independence—but how times have changed.

Possibly the present day Athletic Contests have their good for a limited few, at best, and the weaker students who really needs physical development most of all does not get it. He gets his in voice culture, developed by rooting for the team. Thinking along these lines leads me to suggest that with the beginning of a new school year it would be well to introduce some physical exercises in which all students could take part, such as drills of various kinds, dumb bells, Indian Clubs, etc.

Our course of study has undergone a few changes, such as Chemistry, Astronomy, Zoology, Physical Geography, Mental Science and Word Analysis being eliminated, but undoubtedly some of these are included in branches now taught.

One of the good features now almost forgotten was the memorizing of familiar and useful quotations given in answer to morning roll call, the students having been previously requested to come prepared with one upon a designated subject, failure to comply meaning a de-merit mark. One morning Superintendent Miller addressed the Assembly, saying he had a quotation which he wanted all to memorize, and as it is a very good one, I herewith give it to you as I recall it:

"He who gives good advice builds with one hand,
He who gives good advice and good example builds with both hands,
He who gives good advice and poor example builds with one hand and tears down with the other."

The foregoing quotation appealed to me very forcibly at the time and consequently made an impression not easily forgotten, and also illustrates the fact that young people should be very careful of the quality of material they put into their minds, for that which is once well learned, is not easily forgotten.

Some of the valuable additions to our present course of study since our day is an excellent Commercial Department, fitting young men and women to make a livelihood or preparing them well to make good in a chosen trade.

Another one of our recently introduced branches is the Domestic Science and Normal Training Departments, which will undoubtedly aid materially in assisting young women to become good home makers, or fit them for that very important work of teaching.

Public Speaking, while not really in our present course, should be, and I hope to see the time when it will be compulsory, especially in advanced classes, as there is nothing more humiliating to a business man or even a tradesman than to be unable to express himself forcibly in public when called upon. Mr. Moore, in fostering the Literary Societies, is doing the community a permanent good, and many a young man in the future will be under lasting obligations to him for such encouragement.

Comparison of advantages of our present school system with those of years ago show that the student of today should enter life better prepared than those preceding him and if they do not make good, the fault can not be laid to lack of educational advantages.

Allow me to give you an appropriate quotation which I trust will encourage our students to better work: "To whom much is given much shall be required."

I hope that the Bumble "B" will be published uninterruptedly for many years and that each number will improve over those preceding and that future Alumni will be able to report much progress and honorable distinction of many of its members.

J. H. G., Class of 1890.



High School Concert

Friday evening, April 16, a varied program was given in the High School auditorium by the Glee Clubs and Orchestra under the leadership of Miss Alice Hartman and Miss Caryl Cook.

The program ranged from heavy classical music to the simpler pieces and all was done equally well. One of the best numbers was Gounod's "Sanctus," by the Girls' Club and Miss Ertz, who sang the solo part. Clyde Lamb and Dorothy Seifert each gave a humorous reading. The violin trios by the Orchestra girls were exceptionally good. The "Southern Lullaby" by the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs, Vera Hanson taking the solo part, was very well done, and every one enjoyed the song "Way Down South" by little La Rue Rollins of the Bryant school. The rythm work by Miss Renne's pupils should certainly not pass unmentioned. The little folks did their part creditably and well deserved the applause they won from the audience.

The whole program was given so well that it is indeed hard to say which numbers were the best. It shows the progress Boone High School has made along musical lines in the past four years, under Miss Hartman's direction. The orchestra especially has advanced rapidly, for it was organized just last fall.

L. A. M.



Second Graders

The Accounting

By "Scrap"

Oh, thou of glad and care-free ways,
Upon whose face a sweet smile plays,
Your actions more and more amaze.
Why do you sit and sit and gaze
Off into space and never smile
But sit a-frowning all the while?
Most laughter-loving, joyous youth,
I think that I can guess the truth,
It is a simple cause, forsooth,
'Tis just because the cards came out
You sit and stare and frown and pout;
It is your marks you frown about.
For there upon your card 'tis said,
Are bloody, gory marks of red,
Where there had been black marks instead,
If you had worked.
And now you're filled with awful dread,
What was it that your father said
That he would do if marks of red
Adorned your card; if he should find,
When home you took it to be signed,
That you had shirked?
Alas, alas, who would have thought
That one small card such damage wrought?
Who would have thought that crimson lines
Could bring such fears to playful minds,
And make one erstwhile filled with joy
A cringing, fearing, trembling boy,
Who feared his loving gentle dad?
Alas, alas, it is too bad.
And round about your cars revolve
With sneering sound the old resolve:
I will not spend my time in play
But study hard both night and day,
And I will work in such a way
That my next card will bear no red,
But will be filled with black instead.
You stick to this.
And then when home your card you bear
No red will be a-lurking there.
And that is bliss.

Organizations

Moore

"We have met the enemy and they are ours. The Moores are revenged. March 30th they met the Eutrophians in the gym and defeated them .. to ... Anything that is said about last years game is "stoneage stuff".

We congratulate the annual board on their good judgement.

The Moore picture was first taken for the annual. This shows that they felt sure that there would be no bad effects on the camera.

Whoever comes at the very last, well, we'll know why.

A program is being prepared for Tuesday April 20th.

We regret the sickness of our president,—so does his column in the Bumble B.

Stenography Club

On Wednesday, March 25, a closed program was given by the Stenography Club. The entire program was enjoyed by the club members. The typewriting contest was especially enjoyed. In this contest Ray Lamb was awarded first place and Marie Cooper brought up the rear. Both were awarded handsome prizes. Ask them about it.

The program was followed by a business meeting and brief addresses by Marie Cooper and Ray Lamb, also a short talk on "The Business World" by Mr. Gudmundson.

THE PROGRAM.

Piano Solo Marjorie Hanson.
Reading Marjorie Kornegor.

Typewriting Contest:

Lamb 34 net.
Cooper 16 net.
Pangborn 27 net.
Waldman 27 net.
Wheeler 26 net.
Swanson 29 net.
Vocal Solo Marie Mellish.
Piano Duet..... Marie Cooper, Vera Dornan.

Reception of New Members.

Awarding of prizes..... Mr Gudmundson.

Eutrophian

On April 15th the Eutrophians held the following Irish program:

Irish Songs—Herbert Lynch, Kenneth Valentine, Edward Jordan, Lee J. Boyd, Arnold Ward, Rudolph Swanson.

Mr. Dooley on the "Grip"—Herbert Lynch.

Irish Lilt.—Lenore Osgood, Leona Kennedy.

Larry O'Dee.—Marjorie Kornoger.

Irish Songs.—Edward Jordan.

After the program a business meeting was held.

Exchanges

The Spectator, West High School, Waterloo:—Your honor roll is something original, a quality not often found in an exchange department.

* * *

The Quill, East High School, Des Moines:—All that could be desired in a paper.

* * *

The "O", Oskaloosa:—Your literary department is good.

* * *

Pebbles, Marshalltown:—Long on jokes but short on literary material.

* * *

The Philo Phonograph, Sac City:—Another one of those small packages.

* * *

The Comment, Keokuk:—Your editorials are good and your "Comics" are plentiful.

* * *

The "I" High, Independence:—Your paper is good and your printing class is to be complimented on its industry. Why not use a better grade of paper?

The Echo, Dubuque:—Strong on jokes and poetry.

* * *

The Pep, Red Oak:—Your "What's Doing" department is good and indicates a life school. Ditto "Athletics."

* * *

Echoes, Council Bluffs:—A neat little paper.

* * *

The Barb, Paullina:—You have made a good start but why not continue the good work and enlarge your publication a little?

* * *

The Tatler, West High School, Des Moines:—A neat well arranged paper. A credit to any school.

* * *

The Oracle, North High School, Des Moines:—We have received only one copy of the "Oracle". Your paper is very good and would like to have you call again.



SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.

—"The First Assistant."

CLASSES

Senior

The Seniors have been very busy the past few weeks and although they have accomplished a great deal, there is still much to be done. At a meeting on Tuesday the thirteenth, the class flower and the class colors were selected. The flower is the yellow rose and the colors are purple and gold. After a great deal of excitement and several separate ballots, the class pins were satisfactorily decided upon and have arrived.

The motto is yet to be chosen but it will be a good one.

The annual board is working hard and, listen, you, if you've got any snaps or poetry or jokes—or anything, for cats sake hand it in. We got a late start and have to hurry pretty fast but just the same we will have SOME annual if everybody will help us. Boost now, you can knock after it comes out.

NO, Mabel, that man is not a burglar. He sneaks down the alley like that because he is so ashamed he is a Junior. SCOOP.

Junior

A meeting of the Junior class was held March 29 when the pins and rings were decided upon. These are ordered through E. E. Chandler.

The Junior picture was taken Wednesday after school in the park.

Plans for the Junior reception have been begun by the social committee. It is planned to hold the reception in about a month during the early part of May.

Physics research work has brought to light a new couple. Elizabeth Blakely and Herbert Grabau.

An enthusiastic Moore girl, whose "dearly beloved" is a supporter of the E. L. S. remained absolutely neutral during the Moore-Eutrophan basket ball game because he asked her to. She didn't even say "I told you so at the end of the game. A long, happy and peaceful life is predicted for such a pair.

Miss Hand (in Latin VI): "Class, we have an allusion to Medea in the lesson. Can you tell me something of her."

"Why, she was an enchantress who fled with Jason from the land of the golden fleece, wasn't she?"

Emma Balcer: "Is that history or in the bible?"

Sophomore

The Sophomore girls held a meeting, Friday, March 26, 1915, to choose a yell mistress. But as the one receiving the choice was running for the team, no definite decision was made.

The Sophomore class is well represented in the Declamatory Contest, with Clyde Lamb in the orotanical, Dorothy Seifert and Agnes Heaps in the dramatic and Isobel Douglas and Carrol O'Connell in the humorous class.

Dorothy Watt and Sara Clark were absent from school on Friday afternoon, April 2nd.. The cause is not generally known.

At this writing Mary Francis Means is out of school with tonsilitis.

Genevieve Jones has taken upon herself to raise two chameleons from New Orleans. We wish her success in her undertaking. They are sometimes green, like freshmen, but they are brown like well—sometimes overdone seniors.

Freshman Class

After a week's vacation the Freshman Class is ready to settle down to some good hard work for the rest of the semester.

Jeanne Stevens has returned to school after a two weeks' absence caused by sickness.

William Alsin has resumed his school duties. He has been absent for about four weeks.

Louise Otis has returned from a trip to California. While there she went to the Exposition and other places of interest.



The Daily Grind

By Wilbur D. Nesbitt

My son, when you speak of the work you do, there's something to keep in mind;

No matter how little it pleases you, don't call it "the daily grind."

Don't tell of the tasks that you dislike, nor grumble at sorry fate—

There never was work set to our hands that we had a right to hate;

It isn't the work; it isn't the hire; nor toiling from sun to sun

That counts in the eyes of them who see—it's "how is the labor done?"

As soon as you say it's a daily grind, that moment you hate your work,
That moment the imp of indolence shows you how you well may shirk;
That moment you lose all your good intent; that moment you ought to quit,
For the work that you do is a friend to you while you are a friend to it.
And once you have called it a slavish task and named it "the daily grind,"
Your work is a snare that will catch your feet and cause you to fall behind.

My son, when you work you must finish your task: you must finish that task alone,

And work that is done with a friendly hand will change to a stepping stone,
Will carry you over the barring stream or out of the clinging slough

And lift you to where you may put your hand on the work that you want to do.

It will help you along to the heights you seek, will bring you unto your goal—

But when you declare it's "the daily grind," it will grind you both heart and soul.

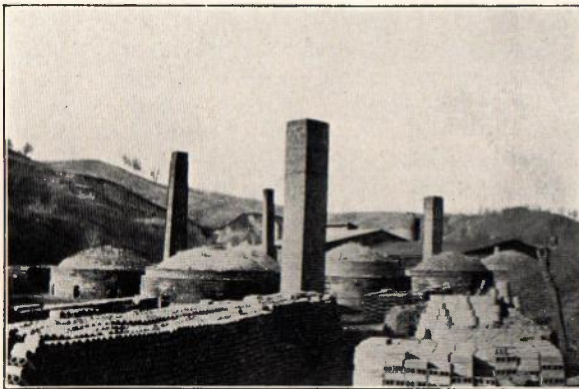




"Pang" taking his semi-annual



Ye Editor



Keystone Plant

Our University--continued from page 11

needs, the desires, and the character of the individual student. For it is very true that an institution fitted for one person may not be suitable for the needs of another. In every case it is well to consider three things.

First: The quality and character of the institution. Is it an institution of recognized standing? If you were to tell a person in Boston or one in San Francisco that you were a graduate of a particular college or university, would that person be apt to know that such an institution was in existence? Is it an institution that stands for training broad minded men and women, for free thinking, for culture, development and progress, or is it narrow in its conception, confining and old fashioned in its methods? Is the instruction exact, comprehensive, scholarly, inspiring and modern, or is it loose, narrow and deadening.

SECOND Facilities. Is the institution well provided for financially. Has it a sufficient number of well equipped laboratories; a large and well chosen library; beautiful, comfortable modern buildings and other equipment necessary to enable it to give an efficient training to its students? Has it a sufficiently large and efficient corps of Professors and Instructors? The existence of these things are vitally important and should not be overlooked.

THIRD: Size of the institution. In general it may be said that the larger institution, because of its better facilities, trains the student more thoroughly in every way. Because of the presence of the large professional colleges the students of the large institutions are on the average older and more serious in their work. By the force of numbers the larger institution is more cosmopolitan in character. Thrown in contact with hundreds of students from all parts of the state, the nation, and the world the individual student of the larger institution is forced to develop his own personality along broad, natural and practical lines. The attraction of living mind upon living mind is a mighty force to use in character building.

In view of the foregoing, which I believe are the true facts, I want to call the readers attention to the state University of Iowa. An institution known through out the United States and recognized as being among the leading institutions of higher learning. One which has a high reputation in all its many different departments. An institution standing for high ideals and better men and women. When you stop and consider its many large, modern buildings all fully and properly equipped, which comprise property worth \$2,896,500, a staff of some 150 competent Professors and Instructors and libraries of some 90,000 volumes. Then you can see for yourself the advantages offered, and some 2,900 students will voice the same opinion.

Being a State University one would think that all Iowans would endeavor to better support her. So many disparage and condemn the institution on very slim grounds. No institution is perfect, nor is any man or woman. This being so should we allow ourselves to become blinded to the many good qualities of a man or an institution because of a few detrimental ones? When an institution is founded and supported by the State for the benefit of its citizens, should it be condemned and looked upon with horror simply because of an unfounded belief that certain evils exist in its environment? Yet that is exactly what is done. High school students a duty rest upon you, as future citizens of Iowa, to support this institution and defend it against undue criticism.

Readers get in touch with your State University. Familiarize yourself with the true facts concerning it, help to make it still more famous and efficient. Carefully think it over and you will say to yourself, "I have chosen my University"

Commercial Notes

Eleven members of shorthand VII and VIII recently took the test for membership in the Order of Gregg Artists and last week Miss Winkler received a letter from the chief examiner stating that nine out of the eleven had been successful. This is an unusually good average as the standard required for membership is very high. Those receiving certificates were Emmett La Velle, Rudolph Swanson, Clifford Near, Gwendoline Wheeler, Dorothy Shafer, Marie Murphy, Pearl Erickson, Marjorie Kornegor, Marjorie Hanson.

In our last issue the name of Emmett La Velle was erroneously mentioned as having been awarded a Remington typewriting certificate, when, as a matter of fact, the fortunate student was Kenneth Valentine. We promised Kenneth an apology in this issue and here it is.

Clarence Pangborn is having a most delightful time every day after school making up the three weeks of Shorthand which he missed during his recent vacation.

Oscar Holmberg is now Mr. Meredith's right hand man, spending his afternoons and most of his forenoons doing stenographic work for our superintendent.

Miss Winkler's efforts in the teaching of business English have not been wholly in vain as her students have at least learned how to write a successful petition. Witness the following recently presented to Miss Portner by the pupils of the General Exchange office:

We, the undersigned, do solemnly swear that records of these books are correct, clean, unsoiled and kept to the best of our knowledge and ability and that we do hereby deserve a promotion to duties not requiring toil after school hours. Signed this second day of April, 1915 A. D.

Marie Cooper, Doris White.

The Ten Commandments for a Stenographer

Thou shall not be an ornamental stenographer.

Thou shalt be merry; for verily an office should be delivered from a maid with a frown.

Thou shalt not forget that the best advertisement is neat, correct, and speedy work.

Thou shalt have the moral courage to decline thy employers invitations to dinner parties and the theater.

Thou shalt not permit a dictator to mumble his words together unchallenged; for verily thou shalt not be afraid to ask him to repeat.

Thou shalt not mistake courtesy on the part of the masculine employees of the office for a deeper interest, least thou shalt find to thy sorrow, that thou hast made a fool of thyself.

Thou shalt not cherish any illusions in regard to the man in whose employ thou art; for verily every employer is prone to take it out on his stenographer when things go wrong.

Thou shalt not deceive thyself with the false impression that thou art wiser than the boss.

Thou shalt not hesitate to invent a device for removing the presence of undesirable callers from the inner sanctum of thy employer.

Thou shalt not adorn thyself with fine clothes nor beautify thy face with cosmetics and courtplasters.



In Ancient History III.

Mr. D.: "Have any of you noticed any pillar up town?"

Johnnie B: "There's a large granite one at the entrance of Seiling's, I think it is of the Ionic order."

Mr. D: I had not noticed that."

Another Pupil: (In an under-tone.) "What was the matter with him."

* * *

Don't run after a boy or a street car. There'll be another one along in twenty minutes.

* * *

"Come on there Dutch. Get Moore baskets. You're not so Slim, that when they Peg the ball to you it jims your shooting apparatus, are you?" Omega.

* * *

The Love of a Butcher Boy.

DEER HEART, I am in an awful STEW

How I'll re-VEAL my heart to you,
I'm such a MUTTON-head, I fear—
I feel so SHEEP-ish when you're near.

I know it's only COW-ardice
That makes these LAMB-entations rise.

A single ROAST would give me pain.

I should not like to get the HOOKS
And dare not STEAK my hopes on looks.

I never SAUSAGE eyes as thine,
If you would BUT-CHER hand in mine—

And LIVE-R round me every day,
We'd seek some HAM-let far away;
We'd meet life's frowns with love's caress,

And CLEAV-ER road to happiness.

* * *

Miss Hand (in Latin III). What is an English derivative from celeriter?

Peg: Celery.

The World's Seven Wonders.

I wonder how she can afford such clothes.

I wonder where he gets his money.

I wonder it he is really in earnest.

I wonder if she will be setting up for me.

I wonder if he thinks nobody suspects him.

I wonder if she thinks the powder doesn't show.

I wonder if he will ever propose.

* * *

Too Eager.

There is a lady in Richmond who has in her employ a darky servant of a most curious disposition.

"Did the postman leave any letters, Lilly?" the mistress asked on one occasion on returning from a call in the neighborhood.

"There ain't nuthin' but a postal card, ma'am," said Lilly.

"Who is it from?" asked the mistress craftily.

"Deed I don't know, ma'am," said Lilly with an air of entire innocence.

"Well, anyone that sends me a message on a postal card is either very stupid or impertinent," suggested the lady of the house.

"Scuse me, ma'am," said Lilly, "but that ain't no way to talk 'bout yo' own mother!"

* * *

Fate of the Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb—

But that was long ago;

Where and how it disappeared

The next verse will show.

It followed her to school one day,

'Twas the last trip it took.

For in the school where Mary went

The girls learned how to cook.

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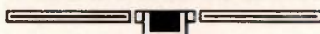
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IOWA.

First Girl: "Do you know Herbert Lynch?"

Second Girl: "Sure! He's that rosy-cheeked cherub, who does the janitor work at McCune's Shoe Store."

* * *

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed impatiently, "we'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied, rather tartly.

"Ours?" she cried joyfully. "Oh, George, this is so sudden."

* * *

"There seems to be a strange affinity between a darky and a chicken. I wonder why?" said Jones.

"Naturally enough," replied Brown. "One is descended from ham and the other from Eggs."

* * *

"There was a terrific explosion west of here last night."

"What was it?"

"The wind blew up the river."

Lenore Osgood: "I used to be a Jake."

Helen McMahon: "You USED to be?"

* * *

Teacher: "What do we call the animals that eat vegetables?"

Girl: "Vegetarians."

Teacher: "Yes, that's right—human animals."

* * *

Lang: "Let me tell you a secret."

Pang: "What is it?"

Lang: "Loan me a dime."

Pang: "Your secret's safe. I never heard a word."

* * *

Ray Lamb: (absent-minded) "May I go up to Miss Bookler and get a wink?"

Miss Ball: (Horried) "Yes."

* * *

Miss Winkles (in Bus. Eng.) "Class where does the postage stamp on envelopes go?"

Gerald L.: (getting funny) "On the outside."

Miss W.: "Smart boy."

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