

DRAMATIC CLUBS RE-ORGANIZE

The October
Drive

Iowa Falls Seniors Visit B. H. S.

It is not every Senior class that has the privilege of "Seeing Iowa First" that the Iowa Falls Seniors have.

A strange cavalcade drove into our city (to-day) October 9th. Cars all bedecked with black and orange, the colors of the Senior class of the Iowa Falls High School. They were touring this part of the state on what is known to them as "The October Drive." The drive this year brought them to Boone via Webster City. The class had a delightful luncheon served them by the ladies of the Christian Church during the noon hour. As they were finishing their repast, two representatives of the B. H. S. arrived and welcomed them in the name of the Bumble "B" and the school as a whole. Hearty response was given this welcome by Prof. Tahlman, the principal of the Iowa Falls High School and leader of the drive. The yell leaders then took charge and rousing yells for Boone High were given. Prof. Tahlman, then suggested a trip to the High Bridge. This suggestion was readily made the most of, and soon five cars were wending their way to one of the things that makes Boone famous, namely, the High Bridge. Several snap shots were taken of the structure and the caravan moved back toward Boone passing through some beautiful October woods, and over some mud roads, not quite so beautiful. The ruts were so deep that in one instance a jack had to be employed to lift one of the cars up on terra firma again.

The next object of interest of course, was our High School. After inspecting our building many favorable comments for Boone High were heard. Desiring to reach home as early as possible the Iowa Falls Seniors departed, going by the way of Ames and Nevada.

The Iowa Falls High School has an enrollment of three hundred. The Senior Class this year boasted of seventy members, and, what a peppy lot they were. To hear them yell would make one think that there was thrice seventy in all.

The Bumble "B" extends a hearty, "Come Again, Iowa Falls, Come Again."

P. T. A. MEETS AT HIGH
SCHOOL

General Parent Teachers Meeting

The general parent teachers association met on the 3rd of October in the assembly hall of Boone High.

Miss Hoover called the meeting to order. The Glee Club from Grammar School sang two songs and then they led the audience in singing "America."

Miss Hoover then introduced Mrs. Beyea who talked on "Better Citizens." All the teachers seem to have heard was that all the blame of raising better citizens didn't lie on the teachers but on the parents. The mothers heard only that, "You should win your child's confidence." It was an interesting parent-teachers meeting, especially appreciated were the most delicious refreshments served by a domestic science class.

CALENDAR

Thursday and Friday, November 1 and 2—State Meeting at Des Moines

Friday, November 9—Football—Sioux City, there

Saturday, November 17—Football—Fort Dodge, here

Saturday, November 24—Football—Ames, here

Thursday, November 29—Football—Marshalltown, there

Friday, December 7—Dual Debate at Newton at Boone

Friday, December 14—S. L. Moore Contest

MRS. BEYEA LIKES
"SPIRIT OF PEP"

"Be Americans Always"

"You want me to give you a message for the Bumble 'B' and I'm always scared to death when I am interviewed; for once in my life I am dumb," said Mrs. Beyea when approached by the reporter last Wednesday. However here's what she said.

"I certainly enjoyed talking to all of you. I liked your 'spirit of pep.' Don't be a brake, be a propeller. Don't forget the only time a brake is needed is when there is danger. Be Americans always and all the time, but never put a fence around America so high that you can't see under or over it, in other words don't practice jingoism. Don't be narrow minded. Remember that we can learn something from everybody and every country."

"Don't forget that when you are abroad you are representing an American man or an American woman, and act accordingly."

"Good luck to you all. I like boys and girls with life and pep, be as full of mischief as you want to be, only don't let it master you."

JUNIOR PARTY PLANS

"What are you going to wear?"

"I don't know yet, do you?"

This is something of the conversation that we hear in the halls these days. What is going to happen? Are the Juniors planning a Halloween party? Yea bo! There are going to be lots of spooks and witches around B. H. S. on the night of October 27th. Yes, perhaps, even the Clarion football men will be there.

The committees were chosen last week by the Junior officers and the class advisors. The following were decided upon:

Decoration

Maretta Holmes, Chairman
John Curry Esther Stillson
Sylvester Halleen Avenelle Heaps
William Hannum Grace Jones

Feed

Helen Higbee, Chairman
Walter Wilson Nancy Walker
Lois Pulver

Invitation

Josephine Wenzel, Chairman
Helen Wells Thelma Edwards

Entertainment

Marlowe Williams, Chairman
Helen Hannum James Clapp
Audrey Duby Lawrence Preston

Finance

Dan Goodykoontz, Chairman
Mary Fick

CONSTRUCTION PROCESSES

Confusion in Back Yard
Beauty in Front Yard

Things are happening in our back yard which are well worth our notice. Since the rains have discontinued, the contractors have no fear of floods and cave-ins and the addition is rapidly advancing. The casual observer has a hard time figuring out just what is going on but so far the footings have been completed, the plenum chambers are under construction and the molds are ready to receive the concrete. Anyone with a vivid imagination can pick out the place, in the south part, which will be the swimming pool, the dimensions of which are 60x20 with the filters in the east end.

The progress in the construction is interesting to watch though it is hard to see beyond the present state of confusion, but the front yard in all its Autumn glory is restful to our eyes. Never has the grass been so green, the shrubs more flourishing, and the crimson of the vines more beautiful.

DEBATE

The "City Manager Plan" will be the question discussed when the B. H. S. debating teams clash with Newton, December 7th.

Work in the debate class is progressing nicely, with the largest class that this subject has yet had.

Four of last years debaters are back, together with many of those who were in last year's debate class. On the whole the prospects for the coming year are very bright for debate.

THE JUNIOR GIRLS' RE-
SERVES ORGANIZE

Last Wednesday evening after school, a large number of Freshmen girls met at the Y. W. C. A. Rooms for the purpose of electing the officers of the Junior Girls' Reserves for this semester.

Alene Havens was chosen as leader of the club, Charlotte Osgood as Vice-President, Irma Goepfinger as Secretary and Treasurer, and Carrie Scott as Reporter.

The girls plan to have some kind of peppy meeting each Wednesday night after school. All the Freshmen girls who wish to join this organization, go to the Y. W. C. A. over McNeil's Clothing Store some Wednesday night, and see if you don't enjoy it. Every Freshie girl is welcome.

Masque & Buskin
B. H. S. Players
Start Work AgainCecil Canady President of
Masque and Buskin

Once more rolls around the time for the organization of the Boone Hi Dramatic Clubs. The members of the Masque and Buskin Club met fifth period, Thursday, October 4th, in Room 39, for the purpose of electing officers for the semester. The advisors for the club are Miss Crooks and Miss Linderblood. The latter took charge of the meeting until the new president, Cecil Canady had been elected. The rest of the officers are:

Vice-President Mildred Getty
Secretary Helen Houghton
Treasurer Mary Foster
Reporter Willis Standley

The following committees were also appointed:

Program Committee
Louise Shafer, Chairman
Lenora Hoyer Helen Hill
Pins Committee
Dorothea Arringdale, Chairman
Jeanette Lloyd Dick Canier

At present the club has thirty-two members and expect to vote in many more at the next meeting.

The club is to meet fifth period every other Thursday in Room 39.

B. H. S. Players Have Twenty-One
New Members

The first meeting of the B. H. S. Players was held Monday fourth period in Room 39. Lois Cobb, last year's president, presided until the new president was elected.

The officers elected for the semester are:

President Ted Ashford
Vice-President Maxine Morgan
Secretary Helen Higbee
Treasurer Lois Cobb

A reporter has not been elected yet as they are waiting until the new members come in so they can elect one from the Bumble "B" staff.

Twenty-one new members were voted in, as only fourteen charter members remained, most of last year's club having graduated.

The advisors for this year are Miss Dorothy Wilson and Miss Vesta Weaver.

The club as yet has no very definite plans, except that they will give their assembly play this semester and their public play next semester, and that they will have no outside coaching this year.

NEWS FROM RADIO CLUB

B. C. L. Elect Officers

The B. C. L. section of the Radio Club met in Room 24, Tuesday, October 2nd, to elect officers for the coming year. No other business was taken up at this meeting. This section will study the simple receiving sets. It was decided to have another business meeting, when they would charter all members and draw up the Constitution. There were about fifteen, who attended the meeting.

The following officers were elected:
President Vere McEntaffer
Vice-President Ed. Torrey
Secretary Howard Giff
Treasurer Lyman Fisk

THE BUMBLE "B"

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BIG "I" AND LITTLE "u"

"I don't think she will make a good president. She has the ability but not the personality. You know, one of these big "I" and little "u" people." Such was the remark of one girl to her chum when they were discussing a few possible persons for the leader of their class.

How offended the subject of their remarks would have been had she overheard them. But wouldn't it have been a good thing for her after all? Perhaps it would have been just the lesson she needed since these girls weren't worshippers of the little green God, jealousy, and weren't in the habit of sanderling the successful. They were just broad-minded, democratic young citizens thinking how successful their class might be under a good leader.

Their class needed a president who would take others into consideration at all times, who would do the big things, not for the reward alone, and who would practice, constantly, service and self-forgetfulness.

Some day that big "I" girl will learn that "me, myself, and mine," aren't the only words she must know in order to be successful in life but that lesson may be the hardest she ever learned.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as ithers see us!

It wad frae mony a blunder frie us,
An foolish notion;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,

An' ev'n devotion!"

—Burns.

TESTS!

"Test! Test! Test! Oh, how I hate the word!" These are the kind of exclamations heard around Boone High's halls, as the end of the six weeks is near at hand. Our fate is to be decided next Tuesday, when our six weeks' record is to be delivered home, to our dear parents, by our own hands. Here's hoping that father will be able to write his name with his eyes closed. That's what some of you may think. However your fate has already been decided for the last six weeks, and as our dear teachers say, "If you get a one, get another one next six weeks, and if you get a five work harder and get a three."

If you don't want to be laughed at by others, laugh at yourself.

If you don't want to be criticized by others, criticize yourself.

If you don't want others to take you seriously, don't take yourself too seriously.—Success.

"PEP"

Not tar and feathers and the Ku Klux Klan, but just whitewash and some mysterious "gang," presumably high school students, literally whitewashed the town before the West Hi game. During the week before, a sign "Beat West High" was mysteriously hung on the front of the building. Who did it? Was it Garland and his "Howling Hundred" who were together at the High School Friday night, purpose unknown? Was it they who organized at the "Y" the week before and made the bank rattle with the echo? Suppose it was, they did no damage; it is no crime to create school spirit. The girls, regular "Red and Green Peppers," paraded, and then attended Eagle Grove game in a body, some came in decorated autos after parading through town. At least Boone High is creating school spirit.

Let's each one attend the pep meeting and put "pep" into the team, then afterwards boost them the best we can, whitewash not tar and feathers—and then be at the game and yell—yell—yell! And come away, win or lose, being able to say that our team did their best and played a good game.

NEWS STRIKES

New York is news hungry. The strikes consumed two thousand five hundred pressmen which reduced the familiar sheets to a fraction of their former size. It was almost a news famine.

This strike was caused partly by the lack of advertisers and supporters.

Imagine Boone High without a Bumble "B" and the Bumble "B" could fail. Everyone would feel awful if our team deserted us, but it would be even worse if our Bumble "B" should fail.

There would be no news not even a joke floating around here. Nor would there be anything to let the other schools know we were still on this planet.

The Bumble "B" helps to keep Boone High on the map.

So fellow citizens, advertise in the Bumble "B" of Boone High, and supporters keep on supporting!

ON THE QUESTION OF JOKES

I suppose you think the Bumble "B" is deficient when it comes to jokes but did you ever stop to think how the Joke Editors get those funny little paragraphs? They read the laugh-getter columns of the exchanges and by the process of elimination pick out those which are new to them. A few of these may have been original in the school which printed them, but a great many have just been passed around from paper to paper. Therefore, you may have read them before and we all realize how stale a bewhiskered joke sounds. Many funny things are said in our classes and it won't take much time to write them down and drop them in the Bumble "B" box in the North hall thus helping the staff to keep the stale jokes out of the Bumble "B."

Artists & Authors

WANTED

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Literary

THE "WILL" IN WILLIAM

Oh! If he could only get into the game to-morrow. He just knew he could do something! Of course he didn't expect to make a touch down but—well he could at least fall on someone.

So thought William Johnson, generally known as "Bill,"—on his way home from final practice. Bill was a sub on Gardner's team and as to-morrow's game was important, besides being stiff, he didn't expect a place in the line up. He just had to get into that game to-morrow though. Hadn't Marjorie told him, last night that "she just adored those big hero fellows?" If he didn't do something heroic pretty soon he stood a very good chance of losing her. Now, Bill didn't care much for football (he'd rather read than play) but of course he'd do anything for her and so he had signed up for football "to make a hero of himself." And he would do it, too!

The next day came eventually, as all great days do and the school was simply on tiptoe. This was to be their game! It just had to be! Long before the game was called the great stadium was filled to overflowing and the rooters were cheering their teams. When the home eleven trotted out onto the field, Gardner rooters simply went mad. Nothing could hinder them, this was their game! Didn't their team look splendid out there? Just watch them go!

"Gardner! Gardner! Rah! Ra!

"Gardner! Gardner! Rah! Ra!

"Who-rah! Who-rah!"

"Gardner! Gardner! Rah! Ra!

The game was on, the boys were preparing for the kick-off.

The first two quarters were merely a series of runs and blocks. Nothing happened! What a game! First half, third quarter, then fourth! Now was the time! Something had to happen! And it did! The first thing Gardner knew one of their players was being carried off the field. Oh! It was "Jack" the star! Now they knew the day was as good as lost. But they were game! They would stay by the ship until it went down! But who was that going in as sub? Bill Johnson? Marjorie nearly fell off her seat on the top of the bleacher. As for Bill he was in a tumult. Here was his chance! Watch him use it!

The first few minutes of play were a repetition of the last three quarters. And then! Bill standing in his position at left end muddy and dirty, looked up during the sudden tense silence, to see sailing in the air towards him, the pigskin! At first he thought he couldn't get it, but he remembered that he had to catch it if he didn't want to lose Marge and he didn't want to lose her so he caught it. So dazed was he that for a minute he stood rooted to the spot while the crowd shouted, "Go on! Go on!" And go he did! Down that field tore Bill, spurred on by the thought of Marge. It seemed that nothing could stop him. With the pigskin tucked under his arm he ran and dodged and twist-

ed. It was all over but kicking goal and their star kicker sent the ball flying over the bar. Just then the final whistle blew. Gardner had won! Seven to nothing!

The first game in three years! And won by a sub! Marge was struck speechless. To think that her Bill had been a hero all the time and she hadn't known it! It seemed a Pandemonian had broken loose. One old gentleman remarked that "you would think the winning of this game was a matter of life and death to them."

A student sitting next to him an-

swered, between cheers, "Well, after three years, it is pretty much a matter of life and death to us."

Marge didn't have a chance to see Bill after the game, for he was borne off on the shoulders of his fellow team mates, but she managed to send him an invitation to an informal reception to be given at her home in honor of the victory. Of course Bill accepted and needless to say he was made toast master of the evening, (ably assisted by Marge because of Bill's bashfulness and weak knees). Finally it was all over and Bill came to the full realization of what the victory meant to him when he saw the admiration in Marge's eyes.

Bill is now a star player on the team, but he always counts that spectacular run as the beginning of his career. As for Marge, well she certainly is proud of her "big fellow" and Bill stands in no immediate danger of losing her.

—Thelma Edwards.

ALONE AT NIGHT

Phil and Patricia Condon lived with their father in the upper flat of a New York building.

On a particular night in September, Mr. Condon and Phil were called away on business. Patricia, or "Pat" as she was fondly called, on being left alone thought she would answer a few letters and read awhile.

After the letters were written, Pat looked at the clock and it said ten-thirty. "They are unusually late to-night," thought Pat, as she walked toward the bookcase, and began to finger the books. Noticing a book of mystery stories that Phil had brought home recently, Pat picked it up and walked toward her chair. It was not long until she was deeply interested in one of the mysteries. All was quiet, as a room can be quiet when only one person occupies it, and she is reading.

Suddenly Pat, laid her book on her lap and lifted her head as though listening to something. A gentle scratching was heard, as though a file was being slowly pulled across the edge of a piece of glass. Pat quickly glanced at each window, and seeing nothing became frightened. Hearing nothing for a while she sat upright in her chair and her book slid to the floor, making a noise, which visibly added to her fright. The scraping was back again and it sounded as if it came from the skylight. Glancing up Pat saw a slight shadow on the edge of the glass. "It's a man trying to get in," whispered the panic stricken girl, to herself. "I wish dad would hurry home."

The hands of the clock pointed ten minutes to twelve, when Phil's footsteps were heard coming up the stair. "It's Phil!" cried Pat and rushed to the door, "He's up there, Phil come quick! Oh hurry!"

"Who's up there?" asked the surprised Phil.

"It's a man trying to get in! Oh hurry!"

Phil hurriedly climbed the stairs and opened the skylight. Great was the relief of Pat, when she heard his merry laugh and saw him descending the stairs with a kitten in his hands.

"It was trying to get in through the Skylight. It belongs to the little girl across the hall, and evidently she forgot to take him in this afternoon," explained Phil.

Solicitude
Undertaking
Consistency
Capability
Effort
Spell
Success

THE NEW BOY

John Roberts was the newest arrival of East High. He was about fourteen or fifteen years of age, just at the time when his clothes did not fit him properly. His ears stuck out a little more prominently than usual. His hair seemed to be possessed and would stand straight up. So altogether he did look queer, and it was only a few minutes until he became the laughing stock of the school. There seemed to be nothing he could do to make them believe he wasn't a comedy, so he asked, as a resort, if he could be on the football team, as he had been a good player on his home town team. The coach did not think he would make good but consented to let him try out after their first game which was to be Saturday.

Saturday finally came, the day when East High would play West. There had been much rivalry between the two teams in the years gone by so this promised to be an exciting game.

The whistle blew and the game started. It was East High's kick-off. They fumbled the ball and lost it. . . . It was nearly the end of the first half the score was six to six, with East's best player out of the game with a sprained ankle. Moans came from the grandstand.

The second half began and West started strong. A swift series of forward passes, line plunges, and end runs carried the ball quickly down the field while the hopes of East High sank lower and lower. A last final rush and the ball crossed the goal line. A few seconds later West kicked goal and the score stood thirteen to six, as the third quarter ended.

The last quarter started as the third had when suddenly time was called and the coach for East sent in Roberts for left end. The signals were called and the ball passed to Roberts who whirled like a demon down the field for thirty-yards and a touchdown.

Only a few minutes were left to play and the score stood at a tie. Roberts again received the ball and seemed to slide by the men like an eel to within ten yards of the line. After two more plays East made the touchdown. A cheer came up from the sidelines.

"What's the matter with Roberts?" "He's all right."

"Who's all right?" "Roberts! Roberts! Roberts!"

OCTOBER 12, 1492

Can we, as people of this century
Let our imaginations turn away
Four hundred thirty years ago to-day,
When after sailing o'er the shoreless
sea,
At last, land sighted, anchored the
ships three;
And with their leader, sailors knelt
to pray,
Thanksgiving for their life and this
calm bay,

And for the world that they'd set out
to see.

Meanwhile the natives of this lonely
isle

In little groups beheld with baffled
eyes

The wonder of those men in garments
rare;

They little knew what courage and
denial

Had bro't them 'neath these sunny
southern skies,

The truth to prove to future ages
there.

C. C. Ball former Principal of Boone High is now Principal of a Junior High in San Antonio, Texas. For some years Mr. Ball has been connected with educational work for disabled soldiers. His present position means a promotion and work in a big school system.

Mr. Lander: "Do you want this picture large or small?"

Butch: "Small, please."

Mr. Lander: "Well close your mouth then."

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MRS. BEYEA SPEAKS ON "BEING BETTER CITIZEN"

100% American Inside and Out

At general assembly, Wednesday, October 3rd, we greatly enjoyed a talk by Mrs. Perie Beyea, sent out by the Colgate Co., on the subject of "Being Better Citizens." "You can never be a responsible citizen of any country, unless you are first responsible to yourself," said Mrs. Beyea.

She is Scotch by birth, but now a naturalized citizen of America. She has lived in all parts of the world, China, Japan, Russia, Egypt, France, Alaska, the West Indies, etc., and served in the World War from 1914-1919. She illustrated her talk with stories of the War; she spoke about drill, the mess that indeed was "mess" and about the hospitals in France. In connection with hospitals, she told a story about an American boy in one of these. No English was spoken there, and all the while the boy raved and muttered in English, but no one could understand. When Mrs. Beyea came, she found all he had wanted was water and when he died in her arms he said, "Thank God for an American Woman." After the war Mrs. Beyea went to see his folks, who lived on a farm in Kansas. She found he had never been absent or tardy for four years at High School, had never been ill, and had, in short, been the real kind of an American boy—the kind the American girls should "stand behind."

She said, "America gives you the opportunity to make yourself live for the country you love, the God you reverence, and the principals you respect; be 100% American inside and outside and the way to do this is to be healthy and natural."

She also said, in connection with Colgate's slogan that one way to keep healthy was to be clean and quoted, "As the early bird catches the worm, so, the early brush catches the germ."

WEST HIGH GIRLS ARE ENTERTAINED IN BOONE

"Y" Campers Come Up for Game

Saturday and Sunday, October 6th and 7th, some of the Boone "Y" campers of 1922 and 1923 successfully entertained about sixteen West Hi Camp Girls, who came up from Des Moines for the Boone-West Hi game.

The girls came Saturday morning with colors flying and spirits high, and were met by the Boone girls, with cars decorated in red and green and spirits just as high or higher. After driving around town for a while the girls were entertained at luncheon by Mary Merrick and Margetta Holmes at their respective homes. Of course the big thing in the afternoon was the game, after which the girls had a picnic supper at Elizabeth Tucker's with toasts and everything. Then they went to the Princess Theatre to "Table Top Ranch" sat in the front row, read the titles aloud, made comments on the picture and had a general good time.

Next came the slumber party at the Y. W.—slumber in name only, but party—oh yes! The girls entertained themselves all night with singing, pillow fights, poetry, gymnastics, etc.

Ask one of the girls about "Bells, bells, bells" or what they found when three of them went out to get something to eat, or what caused the shortage in pillows, mattresses, blankets, etc.

After a restful (?) night, the girls prepared a breakfast of bacon, eggs, cocoa, and toast, at the cafeteria.

Then they all went to church and Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church and then again came "eats." After dinner most of the girls went to Riveria, again to see "our dear old Y camp" and then went home on the five o'clock interurban.

Among the guests were Dorothy and Margaret Griffith, cousins of Cynthia Cray, Dorothy Smith, twin sister of West's star quarter back, Dora Smith, and Miss Tennant, assistant head leader at Y camp this year.

HI-Y-ETTES ENJOY HIKE

The H-Y-Ettes met at the east door of the High School at four p.m., Thursday, October 4th and proceeded to take their first hike of the season. The first part of the hike was unusually exciting.

The girls were walking briskly towards Herman Park when suddenly the fire engine roared by them and stopped in front of a house about a block further on. Hurrying to the scene of the fire, the hikers were just in time to see the brave fireman demolish a door in the top story and rescue a burning mattress. The hose was turned on and in a short time the danger was over.

Although everyone was stirred by this event, the girls resumed their walk and another stop was made only when a tree of red haws was found in the park. After eating until they could eat no more, hiking was again thought of and the hikers started down the Milwaukee tracks.

Immediately in front of them walked a man dressed in hunting costume and carrying a gun. He appeared to be giving directions to something, and suddenly a dog shot from among the bushes and raced down the track. Simultaneously the man began to run. Thinking they were going to see no less than a deer or rabbit the girls also started running.

Bang! Bang! Man, dog, and girls stopped at the same instant.

"Just trying to wake up my dog!" explained Harry Lewis, for it was he. "Oh" breathed the breathless and disappointed hikers.

"When do we—" someone began but before she had finished half the crowd was over the fence and the eats were diminished with great rapidity. The girls returned to town soon after, and it was unanimously agreed that another hike would be on the program for the near future.

HI-Y-ETTES HAVE PRO- GRAM CARDS MADE

This year the Hi-Y-Ettes decided to have program cards printed. Miss Crawford kindly consented to have her typewriting classes print them. Three cheers for Miss Crawford! Her classes certainly did good work. Following is the program for the year:

September 27th ----- Informal Tea
Leader—Mary Merrick
October 4th ----- Hike
October 11th ----- Conference Reports
Leader—Vera Forbes
October 18th ----- Recognition
Leader—Mary Fick
November 1st ----- Health Discussion
November 8th ----- Fun Meeting
Leader—Gladys Nutt
November 16th ----- World Fellowship
Leader—Mary Foster
November 22nd ----- Talent Meeting
Leader—Helen Douglass
December 6th ----- Bible Discussion
Helen Higbee
December 13th ----- Skating Party
December 20th ----- Christmas Meeting
Leader—Marguerite Clotfelter
January 10th ----- Health Meeting
Leader—Lois Cobb
January 17th ----- Story Hour
Leader—Maxine Morgan

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ASSEMBLY ROOM CUR- TAINS REPAIRED

Observing ones in study periods, during the first week in October, were mystified by the absence of the large, red, velvet curtains that hang so beautifully in front of the assembly room. But there was really no mystery. They were removed, by the janitors, to the Scroll room for repairs, which they needed badly.

Some evil looking holes had worn through near the center where the ropes for raising and lowering were attached, presumably from too much use, but we think it was from peeking through too much. The janitors were called upon to patch them and were seen during different times each day, working very hard to get it done. They surely did a good job—for men.

Mr. Umbreit tells us that the curtains were inverted in order to place the patches on the outside where they will not be seen so readily. Of course, we would never have noticed this had he not told us(?)

But anyway they're up again, are looking very much better, and we're all glad to have our bright, and cheerful curtains back once more.

THE BUMBLE "B" PICNIC

Did you know why it was so cloudy Thursday? The Bumble "B" Staff had planned a picnic for Friday and so naturally it was getting ready to rain. The staff were to meet promptly at four-twenty to go to Herman's South Park. The eats committee planned an elaborate feed with beef-steak, ice cream n'everything.

The committees for the picnic are as follows:

Transportation
Addison McDonald Walter Wilson
Marguerite Clotfelter
Fuel
Birchard Ashenfelter Mary Fick
Sylvester Haleen
"Eats"
Maxine Morgan Thelma Edwards
Faye McIntyre Linn Mathews
Grace Jones

SENIORS MEETING IN ASSEMBLY

The Seniors had a meeting Wednesday, October 10th in the assembly to take up some business pertaining to the Scroll. You'll know more about that next Spring. Several announcements were made by Mr. Umbreit. A letter from Mr. Wooten in appreciation of the flowers sent, was read by the president.

A motion was made that we have a party sometime before Christmas and of course everyone agreed.

Angry teacher (catching "Bundy" by collar): "I believe the devil has got hold of you."
"Bundy": "I believe he has too."

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HUGHES STUDIO

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NOTABLE BIOGRAPHIES

In this and following issues we wish to acquaint you with a few of our many students, famous or otherwise. Let us introduce to you—

Sherman Leonard Crary, President of the Class of '24. He was born on May 9, 1907 in Boone, Iowa and died

By the way, Sherm is quarterback on the team and a very good one at that. Perhaps this is because in his younger days he took lessons from "Barney" Holst and his sister Martha. If you ask him about his childhood he will blush and probably remark that "he has always been grown up." He's about five feet six and sixteen. Really grown up, don't you think? Perhaps it is because of this great age and his wisdom, that he is so popular, for, besides being President of the Senior Class and quarterback on the team, he is President of the Hi-Y.

If you do not know him yet, go to Room 26 and look for a little boy on the inside (sometimes) of a red "B" sweater, anytime between the hours of eight and five.

Helen Louise Hannum

Helen Louise Buckwheat Hannum, was born in a house one summer morn.,—to be exact, January 18, 1908. She is very fond of running around, that's why she was elected Circulation Manager of the Bumble "B".

For years she has wanted a nick name and now she has one—Captain Kidd. Why? Because she is Captain of the Pirate volley ball team. She used to have long hair but one day last summer she got desperate and now "her hair's cut short and her ear's cut long." For one thing she has done, Helen will go down in the halls of undying fame and that is, originating that most popular word, "thump-bump." It is a great favorite with all the girls and according to Helen's definition is to be used when certain cars go by. Of course other girls have other definitions.

As to her character, she is a right jolly good pal, popular with everyone who knows her.

Clyde Paxton

Clyde Paxton, "Packy IV" also known as "Little Packy" "Packy" is trying very hard, and though only a Sophomore, is succeeding already in upholding the good name and fame of the other "Packys": namely: Roy, "Packy Sr.," Ralph, "Packy Jr.," who played on our basketball team, and Clarence, "Packy III" a gridiron hero and B. H. S. actor "Packy IV" is President of the Sophomores, Secretary of the Student Council and a dandy little basketball player.

We could not get much of his life sketch as "Packy" is very shy and quiet, and whenever spoken to, especially by a girl, he will turn all shades of red, show two adorable dimples and get away as quickly as possible. The girls all term him "cute" and the boys—well we haven't the space to tell you, how very nice they think he is.

Helen Louise Gunn

Helen Louise Gunn, the Junior's infant prodigy, who, for her class is the youngest girl in Boone High. She was only thirteen on July 31, and is a Junior V. Going some isn't it? Makes the rest of us fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen year old Juniors feel so "old and dumb." Helen has gone to school in the South, in Minnesota and once before in Iowa.

When she was seven she started to school in the second grade but, seeing what a remarkable child little Helen was, the teacher passed her on to the third grade, after only one month's work. Then in succession came fourth, fifth, and sixth grades, to the seventh. At this time Helen was living in the South and there the

seventh and eighth grades are together. Thus at the bright age of eleven, Helen started to high school in Hibbing, Minnesota. Then last year she came to Boone to astonish us with her youth and wisdom, for not only is Helen very young but also very bright. So at the age of fourteen, Helen will graduate from high school.

We surely hope it will be from Boone Hi as it would be such a great honor to have a really, truly, extraordinary alumni for once.

When asked if she didn't feel rather young among us, she said, "Oh, yes, I suppose I would feel frightfully young, if it wasn't for the Freshie I's, though sometimes I do feel that way among a group of Juniors."

Mary Merrick

Mary Cornelia (she says its Constance but we prefer Cornelia) Merrick, was born sixteen minutes after five, on the sixteenth day of the fifth month (May) in the year sixteen and five. She is now sweet sixteen and five months. Such a number of coincidents.

Mary is very noted for her talkativeness, and for the way her bones crack when she walks. Growing too fast we suppose. Anyway her height is her pet peeve and she always envies a short person. When asked about her greatest ambition, she thoughtfully stroked her chin a moment and then answered that she couldn't decide whether to get her name in the Joke column, or to have her hair curl at the bottom, as well as on top. As for us, we say she doesn't need her name in the Joke column because everybody knows she's too big a joke to print, and then about her hair—we like it just that way.

Because of her talkativeness, Mary is President of the Student Council and also of the Hi-Y-Ettes. Reason—she would have the floor anyway, so why not give it to her? She is also Literary Editor of the Bumble "B" and Senior Editor of the Scroll.

Mary loves all sorts of athletics, from exercising her lungs to golf and swimming. She is very jolly, witty, and sweet and one of our leading Seniors.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE GIRLS SERVE

Mothers and Teachers Served After Lecture Wednesday, Afternoon

After listening to Mrs. Beyea's splendid talk on "Future Citizens," Wednesday afternoon, October 3, the mothers and teachers were invited to the Domestic Science Rooms where a delicious lunch consisting of fruit loaf, whipped cream, cake and coffee, was served. Girls! Girls! You should be careful. Too much success with toothsome dainties like that and you will be doing the family cooking.

SUPT. G. S. WOOTEN UNDERGOES OPERATION

Supt. G. S. Wooten was expected to leave the hospital for home either Tuesday evening or Wednesday evening, October 10th. He was taken to the hospital after a short illness at home on Saturday, September 29th, and was operated on for appendicitis. His condition was not serious and he is steadily improving.

We will be glad to see him back again.

Garland H.: "What was the original sheet music?"
Dan Waterman: "Snoring."

LANDER
Photographer

HERE AND THERE

Miss Ford, one of our former teachers visited in Boone over the week end, September 28th and 29th. She was over at school all day Friday, with flocks of boys and girls around her all the time. It seemed just like old times, didn't it?

We just found out that the reason Miss Wilson went to Rockwell City with the team, was to see that no one strayed away with reformatory girls.

Saturday evening, September 29th, after the game, the football squad had a big feed at "Jennies." All they did was eat, eat, and eat. No wonder since they had had nothing to eat since ten o'clock that morning.

Wednesday evening, October 3rd, the members of the Hi-Y-Ette cabinet had supper at the Y, after which the monthly cabinet meeting was held.

Already four bronze medals for efficiency in typewriting have been given out. The four lucky ones are: Mina Moxley, Georgiana Keenan, Nadine Suthern and Carrie Gibbons and they received the honor for being able to type forty words per minute. Some speed to those girls!

Ed. McDormott has followed "the call of the wild" and gone West to be a cowboy. He left Boone, October 2nd, and is now in Cheyenne, Wyoming, working on a ranch.

Last week, October 7th-13th, was fire-prevention week and Tuesday, October 9th was fire prevention day. The Governor's Proclamation hung on the Library bulletin board, though otherwise the week was not observed by fireproof Boone High, until our learned Senior, Ted Ashford began mentioning "fire" whenever he thought of it. Just to remind us, you know.

Even Garland was interested enough to ask, "why does fire put out water?" to which he received the following bright answer: "Because it is wet."

Goodness gracious! Have you noticed how the girls' sweaters are stretching and how their dresses are wearing out, on the left side, just around the region of the heart? Evidently, there is too much "thump-bumping" and too many "thrills and heart throbs." Better stop it, girls!

There are 120 tuition students attending B. H. S. this year, more than ever before, in the history of the school.

We are all very glad to hear that "Walt" Chapman '24 former Boone High football and basketball star, is playing quarterback on the West Hi team in Minneapolis, Minn. In the first game of the season September 29th, "Walt" played a dandy game, one time running sixty-five yards, but had the bad luck to wrench his knee, which will put him out of the game for a while.

Congratulations from old Boone Hi "Walt!"

"A Cobweb Tale"

Mr. Cobb recently married Miss Webb. He knew that they were intended for each other as soon as he spider.

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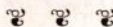
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ALUMNI

WHO'S WHERE?

Oh! Graduates seem to scatter all over this continent without telling us where they're going or what they're going to do. But we've been able to watch a few more of 'em.

Lorenzo Silliman has been made the assistant yell leader at Coe. We know that Lorenzo has an extra supply of pep!

Ted Beck is President of Cornell College. Oh! That's a mistake I mean of the Freshmen class.

Wilbur Grant and Robert Jones have been pledged to the Delta Upsilon Frat.

Charles Hartford is going to Ames and has been pledged to the Phi Kappa Si.

Harold Sparks of the class of '17 has just passed the state bar examination. Boone High should be proud of their graduates.

Miss Olive Hewitt "21" and John Stephenson were married at the M. E. Church in Ames, the 3rd of October.

The Lambs are at Coe this year and the following article was taken from the Coe College Cosmos:

"We understand that two more Lamb brothers have registered. Wonder if it would be safe to call them the little Lambs. And how about the older Lambs? You know they got their sheep-skins last Spring."

Lois Standley has been made Secretary and Treasurer of the Freshmen class at Cedar Falls.

"Barney" has gone out for the Freshmen football team at Drake.

Glenn Jones '18, Annapolis '22, who is now on the U. S. S. Huron with the Asiatic Fleet writes of thrilling experiences in Yokohama since the earthquake. The Asiatic Fleet was sent at once to the scene of disaster and to the American Navy is given the credit of the swift relief work. The Huron is Admiral Anderson's Flag Ship, from which the maneuvers of the whole squadron are controlled.

Marie Hinman of the class of '18 has had a most exciting time. Miss Hinman has been in Tokio and Yokohama during the terrible earthquake and fire.

EXCHANGES

Thirty-five states, thirteen original colonies, Cuba and Hawaii! Such exchanges!

In Red Wing, Minn., the Purple Parrot informs us that a new debate club is being organized. A debate club is an advantage to your school, Red Wing!

From Waxahachie, Tex., the Waxa Beacon brings us news of a good scholarship club, organized in W. H. S. This is evidently made up of honor students and is something worth the considering.

Bible courses are being offered in Anderson, Ind. These are taught in the churches, by their pastors, the classes meeting every day third and fourth periods.

We learn from the Cornelian that Theodore Beck, a graduate of B. H. S. in '23 has been elected president of the Freshmen class. Good luck from your old school, Ted!

In Northward, Iowa, the high school has the largest enrollment in the history—we are also in the same class.

The Passamaquaddy Oracle, from Eastport, Maine, has a section called Minute Biographies. It is a section corresponding somewhat to our Who's Who—I'm sure some in the Shead Memorial High School, have worthy ambitions.

The Philo Phonograph from Sac City, Iowa, has a department called the Inquiring Reporter. This is a fine way to get student opinions, if they will express their views. How do you do it?

We see by the X-Ray from Anderson, Indiana, that girls are making purses out of inner tubes—show us how—we're gullible.

At Rock Island we find that "The Keep" gave Miss Esthena Randolph, a graduate of B. H. S. in '16 and Augustana College in '22, a miscellaneous shower. Sounds suspicious, doesn't it?

Amine P.: "Do you wear glasses when bathing?"

Louise S.: "No, I wear a bathing suit."

Mac: "I had a nightmare last night."

Eric: "Yes, I saw her, who was she?"

Mary Lou P.: "Do you know why I won't marry you?"

Dave: "I can't think."

Mary Lou P.: "You guessed it."

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DID YOU KNOW THAT—

On a day when public schools are in session, more than fifteen per cent of the entire population of the United States is attending school?

Talk about love for a dog!

Did you know that—

In honor of his dog, just dead and buried, the Governor of Maine ordered the American flag displayed at half-mast over the state house at Bangor?

Did you know that—

Cars of railroad trains in Burma are painted different colors? One is painted white for first class passengers, the next painted green for second class and the third brown for third class passengers. Perhaps we ought to try painting the different chairs in the classrooms of B. H. S. We might have green for the Freshmen, yellow for lazy people, black and blue for the football team, etc.

Did you know that—

Even canaries have to go to school, and singing school at that? In various parts of England, there are established schools where young birds are taught to sing. Wonder how they punish them when they wander off the tune—make 'em stay after school I suppose.

You whose name is Smith take heed! The Cohens are ahead of the Smiths in the New York directory, just issued. The book contains 1,981 pages and there are approximately 6,800 Cohens and only 5,800 Smiths and Smyths. There are 223 Abraham Cohens and I don't know how many John Smiths.

CAMBREA ARTISTS ENTERTAIN

The opening number of the Community Lecture Course was given Thursday evening, October 4th at the First Methodist Church. The Cambrea Concert Company furnished the entertaining program of the evening.

The Cambrea artists gave a very enjoyable program, including sacred numbers, grand and light operatic numbers, and some old ballads. There were both solo and ensemble numbers.

Each member of the company of five was very pleasing and responded to encores graciously. The artists were enthusiastically received by the audience.

Buell H.: "Have you any brown ties to match my eyes?"

Vera F.: "No, but we have soft collars to match your head."

E. Tucker: "What have you in shape of cucumbers?"

Mary F.: "Nothing but bananas."



We suppose some of you have wondered what kind of a new sign language the girls are using, if you have seen one of

them put up two fingers on each side of her head, and wiggle them back and forth like this, well, don't get excited people, she isn't insulting you. She is simply using some expression which is not original with her, and putting quotation marks around it.

Some of these new expressions are "isn't that acid?" "Scandalous," "My mother will be turning cartwheels down the front sidewalk" and "How dumb!" These are always to be put in quotation marks, lest some one think you yourself were bright enough to originate them.

"I don't care to keep that school girl complexion," remarked Lawrence Erickson as he brushed his coat lapel.

STOP!

Get your hair-cut and shave, or hair bobbed, also your shoes shined at the

Hotel Holst Barber Shop Service Our Motto

You have started into school, so we would suggest that you start going to the

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SPORTS

BOONE 7—WEST HIGH 26

Hardest Fought Game in Years

Boone suffered a third defeat last Saturday from West High. Although they received the small end of the score, the home team won in hard fighting and clean playing. It did not seem that the same team that played Eagle Grove was the one that played West High Saturday.

In the first half it looked as if it would be an easy victory for West High, when they made the first touchdown in the first few minutes of play and the second soon after. But in the second half the Red and Green players stiffened their line and got away with some passes that made West Hi look surprised and gave Boone their only touchdown.

Twice during this half it looked as if Boone would score but the breaks of the game were with West Hi and the ball was carried back for touchdowns by intercepted passes. The aerial game was the ground gainer for Boone though Morris went through their line at will for five and six yards.

It was one of the hardest fought games Boone has witnessed for some years and we felt as if some credit should go to the rooters who backed the team to the last second.

Smith of West High played stellar ball while Erickson's, Morris', and the Crarys' work are not to go unmentioned.

The line-ups follow:

West Hi—26	Boone—7
Linn	R. E. J. Crary
Van Voorhes	R. T. Dutton
Harden	R. G. Quinn
Kauffman	C. Ewalt
Severson (c)	L. G. Torrey
Streitler	L. T. Yegge
Bames	L. E. Caldwell
D. Smith	Q. B. S. Crary
Gibson	R. H. (c) Erickson
Horrigan	L. H. Curtis
Cordaro	F. Mickle

Substitutions—Boone: E. Canady for Ewalt, Pollard for Caldwell, C. Canady for Erickson, Morris for Curtis, Caldwell for Pollard. West High: Haynes for Kauffman, Romana for Streitler, Ramsey for Bames.

Touchdowns: Smith 3, Horrigan 1, Caldwell.

Goals after touchdowns: Bames 3, J. Crary 1.

Officials: Referee—Ferkins, Ames; Umpire—Liddle, Ohio State; Headlinesman—Mererith, Swartmore.

PEP MEETING

Your pep!
Your pep!
You've got it!
Now keep it!
Don't lose it!
But use it!
Your pep!
Pep! Pep!

On Friday, October 5th, at one o'clock we had the first real pep meeting. It started out quite mild with some good songs from the "A" Glee Club, but before they had finished everyone was singing, "We're Loyal to You B. H. S." to the best of his ability! When the Glee Club left the platform whom did we find sitting down behind but the team. Just how they got there is unknown.

When "Sherm" Crary stood up, we thought we were going to have a fine speech but to our disappointment he said that he wasn't going to speak 'cause speeches were always written and he didn't have anything written. After he had finished, he led some of us to wonder what he would have said if he had had a written speech, because most of us were ashamed of ourselves (?) Then, in rushed Ted Ashford "pell-mell" and we were held breathless for a few minutes, but the mystery was revealed—a telegram from Barney with his famous speech a "stiff schedule" and "we are going to win, etc." Then everyone burst out

with a snappy "Yea Barney" just like old times. It almost seemed as if Barney was really on the platform.

Ted introduced some mummies, which he said had been excavated from King Tut's Tomb, (perhaps the one west of the school building). They came down the aisle singing, and parking themselves on the front of the stage and sang, "Ain't they sweet! Ha! Ha!"—to the team just like regular Romeo's!

The leader of the mummies, we found out to be Helen Hannum, (Garland the II), who told us how rotten our pep was. She also gave the "Red and Greep Peppers" some pointers on how to show the "Hollering 100" how to yell.

Next we were favored by one of the "wonders of the world," so called for various reasons. Different songs with music of their own were sung by the wandering trio. "Garlic" (derived from Garland) the lightweight, Truman Caldwell (comes from Trubadors') and "Snipe" Lilyard, who wandered from low "C" to "high C."

Along came an object wrapped in a football blanket. But we were fooled; it was Garland on a pedestal, and not on a Mellon's Food baby after all. His statue was erected in honor of the "Howling 100."

After all this "Ted" and Garland led us in some peppy yells, and they can't say our pep was rotten that time. Here's to good old fighting spirit of Boone High!

LIONS

Helen Douglass, Helen Hannum, Helen Higbee, and Nancy Walker, four of the Mummy Chorus, which successfully entertained us at the West High pep meeting, sang a few peppy numbers for the Lions Club Tuesday evening, October 9th. These certainly took well and the Lions declared that some real lively mummies had been excavated.

Don't forget Ted Ashford's announcement. After this, four bells mean pep meeting, and then everyone is to sit down stairs, two in a seat, the boys in section B, and the girls in section A. Glee Clubs, "Howling 100" and "Red and Green Peppers," down in front.

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QUIPS AND CRANKS

A sad looking woman of mature years appeared on the street pushing a baby carriage, in which was a fine, healthy infant howling lustily. A friend approached.

"Why, Mrs. Lufkins," she ejaculated. "What a darling baby; but you haven't any children. Whose is it?"

"You're wrong my dear," replied the sad-faced one. "This is my husband. He went too far with the gland cure."

"Darling do you know it is twenty-four hours since we became engaged?"

"Twenty-four hours, so it is, sweetheart."

"Yes, twenty-four hours ago you asked me to be your wife."

"Darling, and it seems only yesterday."

He: "Would you accept a pet monkey?"

She: "Oh, I'm too young to get married."

"That's a load off of my mind," said the boy as he stepped out of the barber chair.

To-night the final showing of the wonderful drama "Hamlet and Egglet," will be given by Ted Ashford. Last night the play was given excellently, except for the lunch room scene, which unfortunately was hashed.

Teacher (in geography): "Now you have in front of you, the East; on your right the South, and on your left the North. Now Willis what have you behind you?"

Willis S. (in tears): "A patch on my trousers, and I told mother you'd see it."

A young woman whose pretended knowledge of trees and flowers was greater than her real knowledge was being shown through an estate by the owner. The young woman wanted to be agreeable, and as they came to a superb old tree looked up at it, and, laying her hand on the trunk said:

"Superb old oak, I wonder what it would say to me if it could speak?"

"Well," said the owner, "it might say: I beg your pardon miss, but I am a beech tree?"

"Susy, dear, sing that song the French professor charged \$50 an hour to teach you."

Young wife: "If this is all wool, why is labeled 'Cotton'?"

Milo Ellik: "That's to deceive the moths."

What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?

A noisy noise annoys an oyster.

Lang: "I think the street car has just passed here."

Jim: "What makes you think so?"

Dot: "I can see its tracks."

Teacher: "There is only one way to learn in the world young man, and that is to begin at the bottom."

Ed. Torrey: "How about when you're learning to swim?"

C. Crouse: "Did you ever have a proposal?"

Helen H.: "A boy proposed over the telephone once, but he had the wrong number."

Stewart A.: "I see you have a shine what did they charge you for it?"

Earl C.: "A dime."

Stewart A.: "I bet they'd paint a barn for two bits."

Jim Jones: "Did you know it took 145 nuts to make a Ford?"

Butch Davis: "Yes and one to drive it."

Patient: "How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

Doc.: "Don't let them turn in."

UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Listen, my children and you shall hear

Of Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

'Twas the night before Christmas in '75—

Hardly a man is now alive

Who remembers the house where I was born,

The little window where the sun same peeping in

At midnight, in his guarded tent,

The Turk was dreaming of the hour

When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent,

Should tremble at his power.

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue—

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,

Bowed with her fourscore years and ten.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,

Her cheeks like the dawn of day,

And I would that my tongue could utter

"Have you heard of the wonderful one horse shay

That was built in such a logical way

It ran a hundred years to a day?

And then of a sudden it—ah, but stay

I'll tell you what happened without delay."

The boy stood on the burning deck,

Whence all but him had fled.

The flames rolled on; he would not go!

And this is what he said:

"Oh father, I see a gleaming light

Oh, say, what may it be!"

But the father answered never a word

A frozen corpse was he.

Then out spake brave Horatius,

The Captain of the Gate:

"To every man upon this earth

Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds?

For I'm to be the Queen of May,

Mother,

And Wynken and Blynken and Nod."

So he spake, and speaking, sheathed

The good sword by his side,

And with John Gilpin on his back

Plunged headlong in the tide.

"Cec" Canady: "Myra, you are the breath of life to me."

Myra S.: "Did you ever try holding your breath?"

Lots of us will get places in the "Hall of Fame," but will never see the "Hall of Fame."

Marriage licenses to-day cost \$1.50 but Adam's sweet mama cost him just one "bone."

Examiner questioning applicant for life-saving job:

Ex.—"What would you do if you saw a woman being washed out to sea?"

Appl.—"I'd send a cake of soap."

Ex.—"Why a cake of soap?"

Appl.—"To wash 'er back."

Brilliant Offspring: "How old is that lamp, Ma?"

Proud Mama: "About three years old, why?"

Brilliant Offspring: "Turn it down, it's too young to smoke."

THE LATEST FAD

The girls may start unusual styles, but they certainly cannot out do the boys. Have you noticed the latest contraption? The boys are rolling their hose. At first a murmur was heard in the halls that probably a boy had forgotten his—er—well; something was lacking, but when the second and the third and finally a whole string seemed to have adopted this fad, that idea was instantly banished. Don't you think our stately ancestors would just turn cartwheels down the golden street of heaven if they could see their beloved descendants so carelessly attired?

Here's something later boys—why wear them at all? The Des Moines fellows don't.

Football Fans!

Follow up these out-of-town games. You can by using

The Fort Dodge Line



No dirt! No dust! No cinders

Cars every two hours to Ames, Fort Dodge, and Des Moines.

F. M. Steele, General Freight & Pass. Agent

MIDDIES for SCHOOL WEAR

Just received a large shipment of Jack Tar Middies of wool flannel in navy, red, or green. Yoke front and back, slash pocket, collars and cuffs on navy gold braided; on red and green, black braided. Embroidered designs, sizes 8 to 22 years.



Cotton Middies

In white, some with wool collars
\$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50

Wool Middies

\$4.95, \$5.50, \$6.75, \$7.50

J. H. Riekenberg Co.

School Outfitting Headquarters