

THE BUMBLE "B"

Volume X

BOONE, IOWA, MARCH 4, 1924

No. 9

B.H.S. Wins The State Wrestling Title

Boone Wins
A Place In
Declam.

Sub-district Meet at Carroll

The sub-district declamatory contest was held at Carroll, Iowa, Thursday, February 28th. Pauline Quinn and De Lancy Silliman, who won first places in their respective classes at the preliminaries to the sub-district contest, which was held here a short time ago, represented Boone High at Carroll. There were nine schools represented in this contest. Again Boone High was victorious as Pauline received first place in the dramatic class with "The Man and the Song." Fort Dodge won first in the oratorical class and Rockwell City won first in humorous. The district contest will be held in about two weeks, place to be announced later.

JUNIOR GIRL RESERVES

The Junior Girl Reserves held a food sale, Saturday 16, at the Johnson Hardware Co. A neat sum was realized. The proceeds will go toward sending a delegate to Lake Okoboji.

A special meeting of the Girl Reserves was held Thursday, February 21, at 4:00 o'clock in Room 26. Miss Opal Briley took charge of the meeting.

Announcements were made about the proceeds of the food sale and also of the Recognition Services.

New members were recognized in the Recognition Services held by the Girl Reserves on February 27th.

HI-Y-ETTE NOTES

The Hi-Y-Ettes met in the Y. W. Rooms Thursday, February 21, to perfect the plans made for the carnival.

Rev. Mr. Frost of the Christian Church gave a very interesting talk on "Life." After this, plans and more plans were made for the carnival which is to be held March 1, in the High School Gymnasium.

If you have never been to a carnival, or even if you have, come to this one, because we won't get your money and then give you no entertainment for it. Come and see the smallest person in the world—the most beautiful garden in the world—the one and only Bluebeard and his eight wives, and many other things in the side shows. And besides all the side shows there is to be a grand parade and a band, dancing, and stunts. Come and enjoy yourself for a few cents. Empty the baby's bank—you will be glad you did after it's all over.

BOONE HIGH TO HAVE
STANDARDIZED
PIN

The question of standardized pins for Boone High was brought before the student body at an assembly held Monday, February 18th. Lyle Quinn and Vera Forbes, representatives of the student council explained the matter in detail.

The results of the vote taken the following Wednesday were six hundred "yes"; twelve "no."

Artist Wanted
To Design The
Standard Pins

Every Student Will Have the Chance to Submit Designs

Since Boone High has voted almost unanimously to adopt a standard pin and ring, the problem now before the school is to select a design.

There are advantages of having a standard pin designed by a member of the student body. It would be distinctive of Boone High. The pin would seem to belong more to the school. The cost would be considerably lessened.

In order to give every student an opportunity to submit a design, the committee has adopted the following rules:

1. Any pupil in school is eligible.
2. Drawing may be any size to show plainly the idea that is intended, but design must be simple enough that it may be reduced to the proper size.
3. Do not write on paper on which drawing is made. Put it on a separate slip.
4. Submit design to room twenty-seven not later than midnight, Monday, March 10, 1924.

If an original design is accepted for the Boone High School standard, the designer will be awarded a prize of a 1924 Scroll. If a Scroll has already been subscribed for, satisfactory arrangement will be made.

There is talent in our student body. If you have it do your bit for the school by submitting a design.

HI-Y-ETTES STAGE BIG
CARNIVAL

Saturday night, March 1st, the Hi-Y-Ettes held a big indoor carnival in the high school gymnasium.

The gymnasium was a regular rip-roaring carnival scene, filled with strange animals, silk-hatted announcers, performers, and crowds of sightseers. Some of the main attractions were: "Bluebeard and his Eight Wives" (a killing scene), "The World's Biggest (?) Baby," and "Alma, the Snake Charmer," with her spotted companions. Brightly dressed vendors sold peanuts, gum, crackerjack, confetti, and gay colored balloons.

Later in the evening, after everyone had had his fortune told by "The Greatest Gypsy (?) Fortune Teller," and seen the "One and Only Siamese Twins," a program was announced by the chief announcer, Lois Cobb. It was as follows:

Spanish Dance ----- Mary Merrick
Egyptain Dance ----- Lulubelle Sheetz
Clown Dance -----

Pauline Quinn and Lillian Allen
Tight Rope Walker ----- Marian Yerkes
Performing Elephants -----

Their Trainer ----- Nobody Knows
Vanities of 1924 ----- Mary Canfield
Helen Douglass ----- Helen Wells
Helen Higbee ----- Nancy Walker
Vanities of 1924 -----

Mary Merrick and Ethel Wester
Minstrel Program -----

The carnival was altogether quite a success; about forty dollars being cleared. This money will be used to send delegates to the Okoboji Conference next summer.

The faculty advisors were Miss Edna Blancke and Miss Cable.

"His Majesty
Bunker Bean"
Coming Soon

Public Play To Be Put On By
B. H. S. Players

The next event of importance will be the play "His Majesty Bunker Bean" given before the public by the B. H. S. Players Dramatic Club in the High School, Tuesday, March 18th.

Doesn't this sound interesting? The hero, Bunker Bean, is a clerk in the office of J. N. Breede, prominent business man about town. He does not seem to have any confidence in his business ability but with the aid of Ram-Tah he is able to forget his shyness, winning from his boss a great deal of money and his daughter, besides arranging another love affair.

The following comprise the cast:

Pops ----- Birchard Ashenfelter
Bugler ----- Walter Wilson
Larabee ----- Howard Sandell
The Flapper ----- Maretta Holmes
Mason ----- Addison McDonald
Bunker Bean ----- James Clapp
The Waster ----- Walter Dutton
Mops ----- Mary Merrick
The Big Sister ----- Elizabeth Tucker
Grandma, the Demon ----- Pauline Quinn
The Countess ----- Zola Payne
Maid ----- Betty Reed
Balthazer ----- Francis Nelson
The Greatest Left-handed Pitcher the World Has Ever Known, ----- Edward Torrey

Janitor ----- George Killion
The Lizzie Boy ----- Archie Pohl
Louis ----- Ralph Hewitt
The Very Young Minister, ----- Marlowe Williams

Synopsis:

Act I.—Pop's office.

Act II.

Scene 1.—That night in the Psychic parlor of the Countess.
Scene 2.—One month later in Bunker's apartment.

Act III.—Same day in living room of Pop's country home.

Act IV.—A few hours later in Bunker's apartment.

GRANTED

That the library is a place for all; the books and magazines for the use of all students of B. H. S.:

Therefore

I will remember that others follow me, and leave all books and papers where they belong;

I will in no way mar or deface any book or magazine, but will use it carefully;

I will move and work quietly, attending to my own affairs;

I will refrain from the unsightly, nerve-tiring habit of gum chewing;

Furthermore

I will show that I have the real B. H. S. spirit by being courteous at all times, then I shall be sure of having done my share in making and keeping the atmosphere of the library one of quiet industry and concentrated study.

"The Individual"

Wilson, Ewalt
and Standley
Are Winners

Team Scores 27 Points

Saturday, February 23rd, the B. H. S. wrestling team won the state championship at I. S. C. Although the victory was certain Saturday morning when seven of the Red and Green entries went into the finals, the team won by a larger margin than was anticipated.

Marshalltown the nearest rival piled up eleven points while the Boone team took twenty-seven.

Clarion -----	10
Cherokee -----	8
Iowa Falls -----	8
Fort Dodge -----	6
Ottumwa -----	6
Mason City -----	6
Eldora Training -----	5
Fonda -----	3
Glidden -----	2

Two falls and one decision were taken by Boone wrestlers. Capt. Lyle Wilson won over the Iowa Falls man with a fall in the third extra period. Willis Standley won by a fall from his Iowa Falls man in 1:49.

Randall Ewalt got a decision over the Marshalltown man by an advantage of 37 seconds in the first extra period.

The main feature of the tournament was the match between Erick and his man from Clarion. The match went to four overtime periods, finally the Clarion man won the decision. Erick scored second place. Bernard Johnson and Lyle Jones also scored second places.

Yegge, our heavyweight, lost by decision to his Clarion man in a hard fought match. Fox and Sinclair were eliminated in the second round.

The Boone men brought home the silver cup and medals which were presented to the winners by the I. S. C. authorities.

INTERESTING PROGRAM AT
MASQUE AND BUSKIN
MEETING

The members of the Masque and Buskin Club enjoyed an interesting program Thursday, February 21st, in Room 39.

The program was composed of the following members:

Piano solo, Mary Elizabeth Johnston

Saxophone duet,

Stewart Anstrom and John Jones, accompanied on the piano by Marguerite Clotfelter.

Reading of a story—Lucille Higbee

At this meeting four new members were taken into the club, namely, Simon Osgood, Charlotte Osgood, Irma Goeppinger, and Clara Crouse.

JUST IMAGINE

Fridolf Nelson—being dumb.

"Lizan" Tucker—carrying a tune.

"Bricky" Johnstone—without any gum.

Miss Crooks—with long hair.

Buell Herman—being quiet.

Marguerite Clotfelter—not playing jazz.

"Cec" Canady—without Myra.

Miss Rolston—with bobbed hair.

Helen Higbee—being immodest.

Ruth Williams—teasing someone.

THE BUMBLE "B"

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Standard Printing Co.



INCREASE THE HONOR ROLL

What could be a better motto for us on our home stretch than "Increase the Honor Roll?" There are only two six-weeks periods left and we must make the best of the time.

Our honor roll is growing proportionately with the enrollment of the school, but the percentage of excellent students hasn't developed beyond the limit as yet. Some of you will ask, "How can we do any more, we haven't time to eat or sleep as it is?" The trouble lies in the fact that the students of Boone High are not able to concentrate on, or carry out one line of thought no matter how conscientiously they may begin. Step into the study hall during the day or into the library any night after school and observe how spasmodically the pupils study. At the start they are seriously bent over their books studying for dear life, then someone interrupts, and off come their thinking caps. They may work on and off until 5:30 or 6:00 o'clock but they probably didn't get very far because they failed to think straight to the end.

We must do something to decrease the absences and tardinesses which are increasing rapidly in the past few weeks. The guilty ones are not always late to school, but they are negligent in getting their books and hastening to their classes. Perhaps if they took more interest and realized that the work they do is for their own good, they would be more careful in making use of every opportunity. One is an extremely bad thief if he steals from himself.

In this day and age when those with an education, gained in school or otherwise, are the only ones who get anywhere, it behooves everyone of us to pay more attention to those things that count, and less time to those things which only take up time.

In the future, let us aim for the "Honor Roll." Do not try to do more than you can, because many obstacles will rise up then, but just concentrate on what you are doing and keep on until the job is done. You are sure to win.

1st Pupil: "Who wrote, 'To a Waterfowl!'"

2nd Pupil: "Some goose, I s'pose."

Tragedy

The other day a woman had her eye on a seat and a man came and sat on it.

WHAT THE WOMEN ARE DOING

"They say that we women, we ain't got no capability."

Facts disprove theories, however, the women of to-day have shown that they can do things. The fair sex have representatives in almost every activity of this modern age; scientists, politicians, newspaper editors, authoresses, actresses, opera singers, station mistresses and so on.

Some famous women in the lime light at present are: Madam Currie, the discoverer of radium; Carrie Chapman Catt, a very able politician; Lady Astor, the first woman to sit in British Parliament, an American; Mary Roberts Rinehart, the popular American novelist; Zona Gale, a brilliant newspaper writer and author.

"SWAPPING" CLOTHES!

"Mary! Oh! Pardon me, I thought you were—. But you are half of her!"

This is the exclamation that is heard when a boy of B. H. S. thinks he sees his "O. A. O." going down the hall, and then discovers it is just her dress on another girl!

Talk about changing styles! They certainly change quickly around Boone High! Although sometimes the changes don't exactly fit, it's fun. One day it's a dress that fits too soon, the next, one that looks like it should have been pleated.

Changing jewelry, ties, coats, hats, and gloves—it's all great if you don't turn out to be the loser! But if you do change. Girls take warning—hold on to them! Some around B. H. S. are wailing, now that they have to raise ninety-five cents or one dollar and a half as a result of losing. It's fun, girls—but sometimes it's dangerous fun!

The girls of The Bumble "B" staff assisted by the following committee are responsible for this issue, Gladys Nutt, Josephine Wenzel, Mary Shull, Irma Goeppinger, Ruth Williams, Higbee, Mildred Myermann and Helen Maretta Holmes, Vera Forbes, Helen Douglass.

Once a year the so-called "fair" sex get together and plan a "very best" issue for the year. Then they take a rest and give the boys a chance to show their newspaper abilities in the following issue.

B. H. S. Play—March 18th

"GATHERED SWEETS"

Since this is the Girls' Issue of The Bumble "B", we thought it would be of especial interest to publish a list of our exchanges that have girl editors-in-chief. The South Side Times of Fort Wayne, Ind., edited by a girl, was given the Central Interscholastic Press Association award in 1922-23, and 1923-24 as the best high school paper in the United States.

The Clintonian ---- Clinton, Iowa.
Red and Blue ---- Kokomo, Ind.
Budget ---- Galesburg, Ill.
The Focus Mascot,

Sioux Falls, S. D.
Inter Nos ---- Clyde, Kans.
The Record ---- Sioux City, Iowa.
The Skyrocket ---- Lowell, Ind.
The Junto ---- Easton, Pa.
The Mirror ---- Birmingham, Ala.
X-Ray ---- Anderson, Ind.
Black and Gold, Greenfield, Iowa.
The Broadcaster, Lake View, Iowa.
Red and White ---- Iowa City, Iowa.
Purple and White, Stanton, Iowa.
Durflee Hilltop, Fall River, Mass.
The Lantern ---- Pendleton, Ore.
The Watch Tower,

Rock Island, Ind.
U-Hi Life ---- Iowa City, Iowa.
Fauntonian ---- Fauntun, Mass.
The West High Tatler,

Des Moines, Iowa
The Stephens Standard,

Columbia, Mo.
The Pebbler ---- Estherville, Iowa.
The Maroon and White, Belleville, Ill.

Exchange Comments

A Boone High alumnus, Clyde Lamb, coaches the Nashua High School basket-ball team. In the Bumbler from Nashua, there is an account of the game with Osage, last year's champions. Osage won by but one point.

The Blue and White from Princeton, Mo., a "pocket size" exchange, contained a very good article on

DO YOU KNOW ALL YOUR CLASSMATES?

How many students in Boone High do you know? I suppose you would say, "Well, I know all our crowd, and almost everybody else by sight." That's the point I want to make, exactly. You know their names you say, then you do not actually know them.

So it is in B. H. S. and in every other school to my knowledge. Students do not take advantage of their opportunities and make friends with those outside their own cliques.

There are many boys and girls right here in our own school who have talent and ability, but, being shy, have never come to the foreground. B. H. S. needs the co-operation of these people. It is up to us to get it. Let us add to our education by coming into contact with these unknown persons more than we have been doing.

Have you ever thought how interesting it is to make new acquaintances? Get into the game and see what you think of it.

Woodrow Wilson. Also there was a motto that might apply well to Boone High students: "Work eight hours and sleep eight, but don't sleep the same eight you work."

The Maroon and White," the Belleville, Ill., paper gives an account of the first meeting of a new school organization, the Hi-Y Club. We hope their Hi-Y will be as successful as ours has been.

The Focus Mascot from "All Saints" School, Sioux Falls, S. D., possesses a very capable exchange editor. Said editor attended Boone High last year and is none other than Marjorie Peacock, whom we all knew so well. Marjorie is also president of the Senior Class of "All Saints."

We have just received a new lot of KNITTED SUITS

All colors at \$12.50 to \$18

The new SWEATERS are here
at from \$3.50 to \$10

American Dry Goods Co.

804-806 Story Street, Boone, Iowa

SNAPPY SPRING SUITS

for Young Men

H. T. COOK

A TALE OF TAILS



"What shall the story be to-night?" asks Father, with a glance at the clock.

"Fairies, animals, beautiful ladies, disagree

the three children.

"Please tell of fairies, Father."

"No, animals, please."

"Why not both?" suggests the story-teller tactfully, "and have beautiful ladies too?"

Chairs are drawn closer and eyes turned upward.

"Out in the green woods, in one of the largest and highest of all the homes on Oak Lane, lived the Chatterer family. There were Father and Mother Chatterer and their three children, just like you.

"Now these young squirrels had very beautiful tails, and for this reason they were envied by all the other small squirrels in the neighborhood. In fact, Peter Rabbit said one day that he'd rather have Tommy Chatterer's tail than his own round white one, and he even wanted to trade with him."

"But Father, how could he?"

"Suppose we try it with Omar and one of the goldfish and see?" (Omar in this case being the orange kitty.)

The suggestion was so heartily disapproved that the story was quickly continued.

"One morning Mrs. Chatterer noticed that the beautiful tails of her three children seemed very much thinner. She was also surprised to see them curled up asleep all morning long when they usually played hide and seek with the Blue-jays or Chipmunks.

"That evening Mother Chatterer combed and brushed at least times as long as usual to keep the family pride from disappearing altogether.

"Upon awakening the next morning their tails were even smaller than the day before and worse, their backs were scratched, and one of Tim's ears was swollen. And what was more alarming to their mother, they slept all morning and afternoon too.

"When questioned, the young chatterers were just as surprised as their parents, although Tam said he'd had the most beautiful dreams the last two or three nights. He thought he had been strangely carried away to a beautiful place where there were flowers and birds, yes—even fairies. Then the two others remembered having had dreams like Tam's, but as to the disappearance of the fur on their tails and their scratched backs and sleepiness, they wondered and wondered.

"Finally, Mother Chatterer decided to stay awake and watch through the night, but she soon fell asleep and the next morning the tails were thinner than ever, and they drowsed longer.

"By this time, the affair was the subject for all the animal gossip, and the daily newspaper, edited by Mr. Beaver, even had a picture of Tom, Tim, and Tam Chatterer's tails.

"Prof. W. Owl kindly offered his skill in solving the mystery, and as soon as the squirrels had crept into bed, he seated himself on a branch in the next tree, from which he could easily watch them. He hadn't waited very long when he heard a slight rustling and looking up saw the three young Chatterers quietly descending the old oak tree.

"Aha!" thought Mr. Owl, "they're running away. I'll just follow and see where they go."

"Straight down the Lane they hurried with Prof. Owl flying right above them, and straight toward the big rock by the side of the brook they ran. When they had come nearer the big rock, Mr. Owl saw a hundred little lights gleaming like stars through little holes that looked like windows, and a brighter light shining near the ground where there seemed to be a large door. Then Tom, Tim, and Tam walked right into the old rock and Wise Owl followed them.

"What do you suppose he saw

within that big old rock where the wood-folk sit and watch Grand father Frog catch flies? Why, the most wonderful palace you could ever imagine, filled with glittering fairies and a lovely queen with a crown of mist and a golden wand. The Bird Orchestra was playing and all the fairies were dancing on their toes, and the little forest elves and gnomes were dancing too. Mr. Owl sat down in a corner and stared. He saw those three Chatterer children walk right up and shake hands with the beautiful queen and though he secretly envied them he felt angry because they hadn't washed their paws before doing so. Mr. Owl watched them dance with the prettiest fays, and later, when the attendants brought in the refreshments of honey and ambrosia they were the first, after the queen, to be served. All too soon the lights were dimmed until the water in the fountain looked really silver. All the fairies began to ascend the spiral stairway and the queen was nowhere to be seen. The last note of the music softly sounded and Mr. Wise Owl saw the Chatterers turn toward the door. Alas! Just as on all the other nights, those naughty squirrels had stayed too late, and the brier bush, used by the fairies instead of a lock, was placed before the door. The children jumped through the thorny bush, and Mr. Owl did likewise, leaving several wing feathers with the fur of the squirrels' tails.

"Outside the marvelous place the Chatterers scurried home as fast as they could, Prof. Owl, when reaching his own door resolved to visit the Fairy Palace the very next night. He also resolved to leave earlier so he would not arouse any suspicions by losing his feathers."



SHINGLED HAIR

First it was to bob or not to bob, and now the question that worried Mariana was whether she should have her hair shingled or not. She was sure it would be very becoming, but somehow her parents didn't think so.

"Oh," said her Freshman brother, "Might better cut all your hair off than shingle it. That's the silliest fad I ever heard of."

"Your jealous, Bumpy," she replied angrily as she started for school. Upon her arrival she met her chum, Lois, who had just had her hair shingled.

"Doesn't it look a fright!" she exclaimed. "Oh! Why did I ever do it? I will be a beautiful sight at the 'prom' to-night."

Mariana felt her courage wavering. "Well—it does look rather odd. Perhaps I'll have mine shingled to-night after school."

"Don't you ever do it," cried Lois. "I'm going to though no matter what anyone says," she promised herself.

That day in the library while looking up a report, she heard boys' voices on the other side of the partition and recognized that of Bob, her willing escort on every occasion.

"Bob," said a voice teasingly, "I hear Mariana is going to have her hair shingled. Won't she look wonderful?"

"Don't believe a word of it," replied Bob. "I give her credit for having more sense than that. Why its the silliest fad I ever heard of."

Mariana crept away unheard. A few minutes later Bob met her in the hall. "Mariana, are you going to have your hair shingled?" he demanded.

"Why of course not Bob, it's the silliest fad I ever heard of."

Notice in a Hotel Room

1. There is no running water in the room, but there are several springs in the bed.
2. In case of fire ring the towel.

Snake Charmer: "Joe Larry, how did you find out you could swallow knives?"

Sword Swallower: "A guy hit my elbow once when I was eating mashed potatoes."

THE LEAP YEAR "IDEA"

It seems altogether fitting and proper to commemorate Leap Year with a Girls' Issue of The Bumble "B." For isn't every fourth year "The Girls' Year?" And of course One-Nine-Two-Four is no exception! The boys have their chances all the rest of the time, but in Leap Year, the girls have it all "over" the "mail-(male)men." They can ask them for dates, take 'em out riding, propose n'everything, and so no one dares object. Surely, if a girl doesn't get a date during Leap Year, it is all her own fault. Why a boy can only have three hundred and sixty-five dates a year, and a girl, (if she is fast enough) can have three hundred and sixty-six. Personally, I think this Leap Year "theory" is a snap except for one thing—the girls have to foot the bills!

And that's where the rub comes in. Nufsed!

BOONE HIGH SCHOOL

(Parody to song "Iowa")

You ask what school I love the best,
B. H. S. 'tis B. H. S.
The best high school of all the West,
B. H. S. 'tis B. H. S.
From yonder Jordan's boundary-line,
To where Des Moines' bright waters shine,
They come from East, they come from West,
B. H. S. to B. H. S.

And she has maids with laughing eyes,
B. H. S. O! B. H. S.
And lads whose fame shall ever rise,
B. H. S. O! B. H. S.
O! Happiest fate that e'er was known,
A fine school right here at home,
To call Boone High School all our own,
B. H. S. O! B. H. S.

Go read the story of thy past,
B. H. S. O! B. H. S.
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast,
B. H. S. O! B. H. S.
So long as Time's great cycle runs,
Or high schools honor famous sons,
Thou'lt not forget thy chosen ones.
B. H. S. in B. H. S.

Lizzie (at the Prom): "Jim, why do they put corn meal on the gym floor?"
Jim: "Oh, so the chickens will feel at home."

The height of every Ford owner's ambition is to get a summons for speeding.

The best way to stop a flat roof from leaking is to take it off and stand it on edge during a rain.

"Some hair nets, please."

"What strength?"

"Two dances and a car ride."

When'er I see a fish, I think,
The thing I most admire,
However much the exercise
He never can perspire.

You know this Cream-o-Wheat Nigger? He's gone into the movies. Really?
Yeah, I've seen him in lots of cereal pictures.

Marsh's Dissolution Sale

Featuring fashionable
spring jewelry at remarkable prices.

Bracelets, 35c,
65c and up.

Beads, 65c and
up.

Compacts and
Vanity Cases,
95c and up.

TELEPHONE NO. 540

P. T. NELSON'S SONS Lumber

"If it could be better we'd have it"

Fine Stationery and Memory Books



Hewitt's Book Store

FACULTY FROLICS

Mrs. Umbreit entertained some of the faculty Saturday, February 23rd, at a Kensington in honor of the February birthdays.

Miss Ashton spent Thursday and Friday at Iowa City attending a conference for Iowa English teachers. She reports that there was a splendid program.

Miss Garrett spent the week-end at her home in Lorimer. She went home a-la-Ford but after the storm it was necessary to come back via Interurban.

Tuesday night Miss Rolston went to Des Moines to see Marlowe and Sothern play "Hamlet."

Miss Ford writes from Oregon that Spring has come and sends Spring flowers to prove it.

Mr. Coulson's sister spent Thursday in Boone visiting him.

SENIOR SALLIES

The Invitation Committee met Friday, February 22nd in room twenty-seven. Three styles were selected from which the class will choose the final one.

We hear that Harry Lewis is taking music lessons. Quite an idea. We're sure he'll make a fine "accompanist."

Here's some real "noos"—Stuey Anstrom's got a gurrul!

Kenneth McIlvain and Darrell Dahlien have left for parts unknown.

If some other accommodating Seniors will please contract the measles or do something else unusual to make our news column as long as the underclassmen's, we'll at least send them a dozen roses and a note of thanks.

JUNIOR JABBER

If you see a Junior VI walking around mumbling to himself, don't be frightened, he's only preparing tomorrow's speech for English. It's just speech, speech, and more speech these days.

Did you know it's the Junior Class who've been treating(?) you to popcorn and hot dogs during all these basket-ball games? Let's pat ourselves on the back! We certainly are the most ambitious Juniors Boone High has ever had. We already have over \$100 in the bank. Oh boy! Just wait until the reception.

"Cynth" Crary has at last "come to it" and had her hair bobbed.

Ray Morris got tired of school life so he quit and is now working for his father.

SOPHOMORE SENSATIONS

Edna Stockig has been ill for the past few days. We wonder if she had one too many hot dogs at the game.

The Ke-Wa-Na Camp Fire met at the home of Mrs. Henry Friedley on Thursday, February 21, after school. They elected officers for this year.

Bundy suggested that we Sophomores revise our spelling, and change the name Fred Noland to N-U-T.

Sylvia H. received a scratch on her face while playing basket-ball.

Swede A. found out that he couldn't get very much over on Miss L. Blancke the other day in Botany, when he wrote down notes for a test on a piece of paper and put it on a backless chair under the table.

Say, did you see that negro band at the Hi-Y-Ette Carnival. Well they were all Sophomore girls. Wouldn't a thought it, would you?

Gladys P. certainly must have some reason for going to all the debates. We haven't found out yet but it looks suspicious.

FRESHMAN FUN

Miss Louise Lilyard delightfully entertained a number of her friends at a six o'clock dinner given in the Y. W. C. A. Rooms in honor of her birthday, Saturday, February 16th. After a delicious dinner the party departed for the High School gym to top off the evening by enjoying the Marshall-town-Boone basket-ball game.

Misses Betty Hindorff and Bertha Ripley delightfully entertained a number of guests Saturday evening, February 23rd, at the home of the latter, 721 Thirteenth Street. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing. Later refreshments were served.

The Ke-ne-han Campfire "got together" at Skeet's for a "regular" time, on Tuesday, February 19th.

The table was prettily decorated with lavender nutcups, place cards and a center piece, an angel food cake with lavender candles. Two larger candles, tied with chiffon to match, guarded the cake till desert time or it would never have stayed there.

After a delicious dinner the girls played campfire games, gave stunts and danced.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER BANQUET

Annual Affair in Parlors of M. E. Church

The annual mother and daughter banquet was held Tuesday, February 26th, in the parlors of the M. E. Church. About three hundred mothers and daughters attended. A committee from the Y. M. C. A. served. A short song service immediately followed the dinner. Miss Leola Preston directed, assisted by Miss Opal Briley on the piano. The theme of the toast program which followed was "The Road to Womanhood" with Mrs. N. M. Whitehill presiding hostess.

The program follows:
Piano solo ---- Miss Angeline Noland
Our Guides ---- Miss Helen Hannum
Sign Posts ---- Mrs. Geo. S. Wooten
Wayfarers ---- Miss Lucille Higbee
Our Goal ---- Miss Laura McClary,
Des Moines Y. W. C. A.

Vocal solo ---- Miss Olive Dolk accompanied by Miss Angeline Noland.

Mrs. A. W. Merrick had charge of the program.

This annual function was one of the best put on by the Y. W. C. A. Representatives from nearly every church in the city gathered for the evening. The big parlor of the First M. E. Church was filled and tables were placed in one of the Sunday School rooms.

Some of the Sophomore boys can't grow up, anyway Jerry thinks so, for someone throw a mud ball instead of a snow ball at her.

"Syl" Halleen: "Hello, where did you get that green stuff sticking out all over you?"

Ethel Wester: "I rubbed it off your coat when I brushed by you a moment ago."

Who is the lovers best friend?
The guy that invented the footfeed.

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713 STORY STREET

UNIFORM DRESS

Do you believe in uniform dress for the High School girls?

Principal Umbreit said, "I'm not prepared to express my opinions on such a matter."

Mary Merrick, President of the Student Council, said, "You bet I'm for it, gee! think of how it would simplify the clothes matter and you would have so much extra time in the morning to sleep."

"Sherm" Crary, President of the Senior class said, "No! Silly things!" Mildred Ray, President of the Sophomore class said, "Nope, I think it is silly."

The teachers are all against it because they don't like to look at the same things.

The mothers are divided in their opinion, one says, "Yes, it would be so simple." Another says, "No, dresses show so much personality."

But the real test lies with the opinion of the girls and the majority of the girls are for it.

Out in Long Beach Calif., there are six hundred girls all wearing white middies and dark skirts. Think of the new line of talk—instead of hearing, "Oh! What a good looking dress, I want one like it." They hear, "How 'do you tie your tie?" or "I like the way your middie fits."

FORT DODGE PEP MEETING

"From attic to cellar" or perhaps better "from assembly to gym" may be appropriately applied to the Boone High's pep meeting.

Thursday before the Fort Dodge game at three-forty-five the seven hundred and eighty-five students (more or less) descended to the gym where, to the rhythm of Garland and Walt's swaying movements everybody yelled until there was almost danger of the balcony falling.

Mr. Umbreit announced a few "necessaries" and after another roaring "Beat Fort Dodge," the seven hundred and eighty-five (more or less) ascended until Friday at seven-thirty p.m.

SPRING

How will it be when the snow melts away?

And Springtime is here and also May?

When the fresh purple hue of the violet wild,
That hides in the woods like a bashful child,
Comes at last to greet the glorious Spring.

When the hillside nooks are not empty and cold,
And the wind in not being so terribly bold,
And in our ear Spring will say
"To the sleeping flowers, I'll find my way."

—Marcella H. Bean.

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TACT VERSUS FLATTERY

Betty, aged six, and Donald, aged seven, were playing in the yard. Betty was a fairy-like child with flashing black eyes that danced with mischief. Donald was sturdy and not so quick witted.

Her father had told Betty that if she would pile all the wood up in a nice pile, he would give her a nickel for each row. Betty meant to have those nickels.

"Donald," said Betty, "You're very strong aren't you?" Donald smiled and looked self-conscious. "Ever so much stronger than me. I'll bet you could do most anything and not get one bit tired."

Donald straightened and tried to look strong and tireless.

"Girls are so useless," she went on, "can't do anything without getting all tired out. I've been trying all day to pile that wood in a nice pile, but it's awful heavy and once I dropped a big piece on my toe."

Donald did just what Betty had intended that he should.

"Huh! Gee! Girls cant do nothin'. Why, I bet I could pile that whole pile in a jiffy and not get tired a bit."

Betty clapped her hands and looked at him admiringly, "Could you?" Then doubtfully, "I don't believe you could, Donald. It's an awful big pile and awful heavy. You couldn't pile half of it without hurting yourself."

"I guess I'll show you! Get out of the way. Girls are such babies."

And Donald set to work with a will just as Betty had meant he should.

Every few minutes Betty inquired anxiously if he were not tired or if he hadn't better stop, or if he didn't want her to help. Donald's only answer was to work harder than ever. In an hour the wood was all piled. Betty looked at the ten neat, solid rows with satisfaction and then gazed at Donald with awe.

"Oh, Donald," she breathed, "You are so strong. Lots stronger than Billy Bly."

Donald smiled a little wearily, yet triumphantly. "I guess I showed you. But I guess I'd better be goin', Mamma'll probably be wantin' me for somethin'. I ain't a bit tired, though." And he trudged wearily home. Betty smiled wisely after him.

That night she collected fifty cents from her father and mystified him by saying, "Men are so easy."

—Isadora Thrasher.

PLEASURES OF A VANITY CASE

I think the life of a high school girl is not complete unless at some time she has been the possessor of a vanity case. The term vanity case may mean any kind, Three Flower, Caro Nome, double, single, mirrorless and nearly powderless, just so it's a vanity case.

The reason every girl should have one is because of the pleasures that can be gotten from them. Think of the boys who go through the effort of swiping them (always original), or go through the same motions as you do, as though they were powdering their noses. And most of all the joy of dropping them in class, (and find out you have seven years' bad luck coming to you,) so everyone can turn around to look at you. A good way to attract attention!

Another thing which is worth having one for is: think of the gossip you can cause, especially among the older female members who "didn't do such a thing in their day."

Think of the friends you make by letting them use your vanity, and then why bother about the mirror in the cloakroom when you have one of your own; that is, if you have one?

Vanity cases are especially good for boys, because they think of something to buy for Christmas or other occasions instead of boxes of candy. Vanity cases are cheaper, and last longer.

If you have one that rattles, it's nice to carry it in your pocket so your friends will think it's money and envy you.

So, summing it up, I think everyone will agree that vanity cases are essential in every high school girl's education.

—Beatrice Young.

"ON BEING SENT"

The proper title of this essay ought to be "On walking through the assembly during a period" and I might add, "after everyone is ready to study and the teacher has even taken the roll," but I think "On Being Sent" sounds much better, and besides, you usually are sent or you never go.

The curious thing about this journey is that it always "happens" (you're absolutely powerless) when you least expect it; it always happens on the day when everyone seems to be there; and, likewise, it always happens on the day when your shoes squeak the worst, and your hair is tousled, and maybe you wore your hated clothes that day!

As you make your way to the assembly through lonely halls—which only add to your discomfort—you try and figure out which door to enter. You consider the front door; steps to go down, and instantly to your somewhat confused brain comes the thought "I'd be sure to fall!" The only choice, then, is the rear door. As you go through, the door slams. You are met by a roomful of interested people. This you are sure of. You try not to show your embarrassment and proceed bravely forward—down the side up to the teacher, and thereby raise your courage. Maybe it's luck that no one else sees your feeble efforts. By the time you turn around to go, you again realize, but with added forcefulness, that you have everyone's attention; you begin to feel panicky inside. "My goodness! Why does the floor slant? I'll stumble sure! I mustn't look at my feet!" And many other thoughts flash through your mind. You anxiously think of glancing at the clock, and immediately congratulate yourself. The very thing. That will seem as if you are not thinking about how you feel. You glance upward—you've barely time to locate the hands before you glance hastily away. Somehow, the clock has no attraction just now—but you feel better, even if you didn't see the time. Your eyes begin to wander—you see someone with a "If you smile I will" expression, you can feel your mouth twitch. Then you see someone you do know. It's your eye that twitches now. You suddenly and overwhelmingly realize what an absurd habit it is! You blush and grin confusedly. Your feet feel like clubs of wood as you try to walk faster. At last you're out of the way of some stares—save those who think you're very interesting. A great calm settles down upon you. "Nothing lasts—why worry?" comes to your mind. "Wasn't so bad after all. Was it?" And you stop and dwell upon the thought. Really, why does it affect a person like that?

—Mildred Anderson.

M. H.: "You were born to be a writer."
"Sheeney": "Howsee?"
M. H.: "You have a splendid ear for carrying a pen."

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THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN STAR

It was not like the other stars. Grand, majestic, and inspiring, it hung like a giant light on Broadway, suspended by an invisible thread among a myriad of common stars in the Milky Way.

The Indian children of the Wahoo tribe were delighted. They sat in a little group apart from the campfire discussing it. As they watched, it began to twinkle more brightly than before, and then like a streak of fire, fell through the air, leaving a path of gold dust behind which fell slowly, lingeringly, as if loath to leave its home in the sky.

Where was the star? Where had it gone? The children looked in vain for the giant lantern. It seemed gone forever.

"Perhaps we shall see it tomorrow night," said one of the children.

"Maybe it has come to live with us," said the oldest lad. "Old Taboa told me a story today of a star which fell to the top of a pine tree on a distant mountain. It wasn't happy there so it came to the pond down there in the forest, and is now a white lily with a golden center. This star might be a yellow water lily. We will look in the morning."

The children arose next morning eager for the hunt. They ran across the space which had been cleared by the white settlers but long since deserted. There in the meadow was a glorious carpet of gold dust.

Golden dandelions were everywhere. The children were delighted with the flowers and tried to find the giant star among them but it could not be found. Where had it gone? The children never answered the question. Can you?—Jeanne Showers.

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Judge (rapping for order)— "Gentlemen, you forget that I am here."

Miss Maytag (in Latin): "Translate 'Forte dux in ero'."

Harry Short: "Forty ducks in a row."

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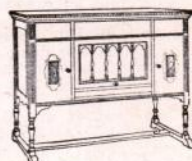
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SPRING IS COMING! MEET MR. PARK BENCH

"Well I'm just a common old park bench, but I do seem popular, even though my coat is a dull green, and this park is not at all well kept. For I have no small number of visitors. Well here's hoping that the wear and tear of this season will not be quite so strenuous as last year's."

"One morning I woke with the first sunshine, and happily remarked to myself how well I was feeling. I felt as if I was King of all Benchtown."

"My happiness however was not long to be enjoyed. I felt someone of two hundred pounds (more or less) in the form of a middle aged spinster bearing down upon me. I was afraid my poor backbone would break, though I heard her remark, 'Oh deah, if I ever was going to reduce, I certainly should be by now. Here I have walked for ten blocks each morning for a week, and have not reduced an ounce. I'm so tired and exhausted.'"

"Poor soul, I should think she would be. Just think what she must be carrying around each day. Finally she left and I can tell you I surely felt as if I had been ironed."

"Along about nine o'clock a little urchin stopped, laid his books on my lap and started in pursuit of a squirrel. Of course he was late for school. How I longed to spank that naughty little child, but 'twas beyond my poor power."

"Oh! How I do hate those dirty tramps and loafers who hang around. Why yesterday two of them had nerve to sit on me. Oh! Well they got it, for a large fat copper soon showed them the way out of the park and once more I breathed a sigh of relief."

"At noons some silly tittering school girls would find their way to my secluded corner. Of all the silly chatter I ever heard, that was just it, I couldn't hear quite all they said, but it was something like this, 'What are you going to wear Wednesday night? Oh are you? Isn't that sweet? Oh yes, I'm going with Jimmy. Don't you think he is a perfect darling? Harold took me home last night and told me good night. How? You know. Don't tell anyone what he said, will you? Hasn't Jean the most dearest hats you ever saw?' After that they whispered something between them, giggled, and kicked my legs, then ran off."

"Well that's not all. In the afternoon a couple of ladies, (I'm not mentioning any names) would meet in the park and stop to gossip. Well I would hear all the latest. I never knew before that this world was so in a whirl. One said, 'Poor Adeline was not at all to blame. Just because she would neither cook, wash dishes, clean house, wash, iron, sew, and get along on three hundred and fifty dollars a month. Henry got a divorce. The beast!' Soon after they left."

"Things were pretty quiet then till evening and when it was dark I had company then. You see I was not supposed to be in on this, but I played the part of an eavesdropper then. I listened. Harry Tillin and Betty O'Neal began chattering away. I can't begin to tell you all they had to say, or did. But, oh my they said the evening was way too short. For it certainly must have been morning before they got home."

"I have only told you the happenings of one day, but then the rest are somewhat the same. I've been so tired, and lonesome all Winter but now Spring is on the way I'll probably be happy again."

How did you come out with your "exams?"

Oh, I knocked 'em cold.

Howzat.

Got zero.

Miss Weaver: "What makes you think that the ancient Greeks practiced disarmament?"

Jack Jones: "Just look at poor Venus."

My car's in the spring,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew pearled,
My chassis is bent and the body is torn,
And I'm in the snow drift in which I was hurled.

ON FACES

Did you ever sit and watch the people in some public place, trying to associate their faces with some animal or inanimate object? It is a favorite past-time of mine and now I almost unconsciously tag a face, mentally of course, and as a rule the person's character resembles the object his face is like.

The first, I find, is that large group of people who remind us of dogs, but this group is made up of two very different types of faces; one division is of those kindly, trusting folks who remind us of the faithful, dumb collies; the other resembles the great, surly bull dogs, with their huge, muscular jaws and overhanging brows that make the eyes seem cruel.

One class is especially repulsive to me. It is made up of those beings whose small, glittering, greedy eyes set in great mounds of fat, brings to mind so vividly that disgusting glutton, the hog.

Then of course there is that group that we all recognize, the round protruding eyes, receding chin and forehead, and open mouth labels anyone as being a member of the great class Pisces, or in common term, Fish.

One class has earned the name of Fox for all its members, not only because of the face but because the personality so resembles that crafty citizen of the woods. All persons belonging to this class have the sharp nose that seems to be forever scenting danger or burrowing into another person's business. The eyes are close together, small, and have a greedy gleam that makes them seem to be only waiting for something to give them the advantage.

All of us, of course, know that sheepish group who look as though they never had a thought of their own in the world, but always followed others and let someone else do the thinking. These are the persons from whom propagandists find their followers, for they have the sheepish, foolish desire, only to follow, never to do anything for themselves.

Then there is that type of person whose whole face seems to be trying to make itself disagreeable. The nose is hooked and long, and the pointed chin seems to be trying to meet the nose. The forehead is high and the eyes are small and piercing. The whole face is covered with a leathery skin that completes the comparison to the noble but ugly bird that is the emblem of our country.

Perhaps you think this is rather a stretch of the imagination, but to me these comparisons come without conscious thought or effort. They are so evident that I am sure you will recognize them if you but think of it.

—Virginia Ruth Brown.

Howard W.: "See this chalk on my shoulder?"

Roy: "Yeah."

Howard: "Well it ain't chalk."

BOXHOLM WINS COUNTY TOURNAMENT

The Boxholm basket-ball team outplayed all the teams entered in the county tournament in the Boone High gymnasium.

The silver cup, which was won by Pilot Mound in 1923, and in the year 1922 by Ogden, went to Boxholm. Last year Boxholm held out until the finals only to be defeated by Pilot Mound.

The teams entered this year were: Madrid, Beaver, Pilot Mound, Napier, Ogden, Boxholm, and Jordan. In the first round of the tournament Napier, Pilot Mound, and Jordan were eliminated. In the semi-finals Ogden lost to Boxholm and Madrid lost to Beaver.

The final game was very peppy. Boxholm worked hard for the silver cup. The Boone High Athletic Association awarded a banner to the winner also.

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SPORTS

LARGEST CROWD OF THE
SEASON AT FRIDAY
NIGHT'S GAMESBoone Defeats Fort Dodge—County
Tournament Reports

Friday 22nd, marked the opening of the annual county basket-ball tournament. The first round of games was between Boxholm, Ogden, Beaver, Madrid, Napier, Pilot Mound, Luther, and Jordan.

Of the eight schools entered in this contest Napier was the first to lose. Boxholm, the opponent of Napier, won an easy victory with a score of 43-10.

The other afternoon games were Ogden vs. Pilot Mound, won by Ogden 24 to 18, and Madrid vs. Luther, won by Madrid, 18 to 2.

The evening game, a curtain raiser to the Boone-Fort Dodge game was between Beaver and Jordan, Jordan lost to Beaver with a 30 to 15 score.

Napier vs. Boxholm

Boxholm had very little difficulty in taking the game from Napier in the first round of the tournament. Captain Stark starred for Boxholm making ten field baskets and one free throw.

The line-ups:

Napier—10	Boxholm—43
Judge	F. Thorngreen
Tripp	F. Sevanson
Coffman	C. V. Stark (c)
Brooks (c)	G. R. Stark
Rex	G. M. Sevanson

Substitutions: Napier—Sheehi for Brooks. Boxholm—Johnson for V. Stark, Stark for Sevanson (f).

Field goals: Judge 2, Tripp 1, Coffman 2, Thorngreen 6, Sevanson (f) 2, V. Stark 10, Larson 6.

Free throws: Coffman 0 out of 1, Thorngreen 2 out of 2, Sevanson (f) 1 out of 2, Stark 1 out of 2, V. Stark 1 out of 2, M. Sevanson 0 out of 1.

Officials: Referee—Sherman, Des Moines; Umpire—G. Lamb, Boone; Scorer—J. Brunton, Boone; Time-keeper—Greene, Boone.

Length of quarters—10 minutes.

Ogden Takes Second Game

The tightest game of the first round was between Ogden and Pilot Mound. Pilot Mound was last year's champions. This game was a snappy, one and needed an extra period to determine the victor. At the end of the game, the score stood 16 to 16. In the final period Ogden's team made four field goals to one for the Pilot Mound, making the final score 24 to 18.

The line-ups:

Ogden—24	Pilot Mound—18
B. Councilman	F. W. Carlson
Case	F. L. Carlson
R. Councilman	C. Witcraft
Lark	G. Linn
Rose (c)	G. Hinman

Substitutions: Rundberg for Case, Smith for Rundberg, Case for R. Councilman.

Field goals: B. Councilman 6, Case 1, Lark 2, Smith 1, Rundberg 1, L. Carlson 3, Witcraft 3.

Free throws: B. Councilman 2 out of 8, L. Carlson 4 out of 5, Witcraft 0 out of 2, Hinman 2 out of 2.

Officials: Referee—G. Lamb, Boone; Umpire—Sherman, Des Moines; Scorer—J. Brunton, Boone; Time-keeper—Greene, Boone.

Length of quarters—10 minutes.

Easy Victory for Madrid

Madrid "took it easy" in the game with the Luther quintet; winning the game with a score of 18 to 2. Captain Westerstrom and Leafgren were the leading scorers for the winners.

The line-ups:

Madrid—18	Luther—2
Lucas	F. Smith
Leafgren	F. Johnson (c)
Westerstrom (c)	C. McLaron
Kinsey	G. Knox
Sexauer	G. Olsop

Substitutions: Madrid—Ashley for Sexauer, Sexauer for Lucas, Watson for Sexauer, Luther—Goodrich for Johnson.

Field goals: Lucas 1, Leafgren 4, Westerstrom 3, Johnson 1.

Free throws: Lucas 0 out of 5, Westerstrom 2 out of 3.

Officials: Referee—Sherman, Des Moines; Umpire—G. Lamb, Boone; Scorer—J. Brunton, Boone; Time-keeper—Greene, Boone.

Length of quarter—7 minutes.

"Jordan Fights"

Although outclassed Jordan put up a game fight with the fast Beaver quintet. Jordan led during the first half but Beaver forged ahead, winning the game by 30 to 15. This battle was a hard fought one and the losers were game to the end.

The line-ups:

Beaver—30	Jordan—15
G. Doran	F. Sawyer
T. Doran	F. Saddoris
D. Shadle (c)	C. Samuelson (c)
Sparks	G. Tyler
Sullivan	G. Pohl

Field goals: G. Doran 4, T. Doran 2, D. Shadle 5, Sparks 1, Sullivan 2, Sawyer 3, Saddoris 1, Samuelson 2.

Free throws: G. Doran 2 out of 4, T. Doran 0 out of 2, Saddoris 3 out of 8.

BOONE DEFEATS VALLEY
JUNCTION 26—16

The Boone High basket-ball team defeated the Valley Junction quintet with a score of 26-16. At the start it looked as if the game was going to be extremely exciting for the players seemed to be evenly matched. The first quarter ended 4-1 in Boone's favor. In the second quarter Valley staged some close guarding and smooth passes with the score 6-9 in their favor.

Then the Boone boys started in strong. In this, one of the snappiest games of the season it would be hard to pick out one as a star for all had the "Old Boone Fight." Though as far as high scoring goes the honors went to "Steuy" and "Syl" followed with six points a-piece and Sherm caged two baskets.

The third quarter brought the score 16-12 and getting stronger all the time Boone snatched the laurels at the end with the score 26-16.

The line-ups:

Boone 26	Valley Jct.—16
Caldwell	F. Norton
Johnstone	F. Crosson
Anderson	C. Scott
Anstrom	G. Sherod
Hannum	G. Knox

We will now sing the latest boarding house quartette melody, "How Can the Flies See Their Way About When They Leave Their Specs Behind?"

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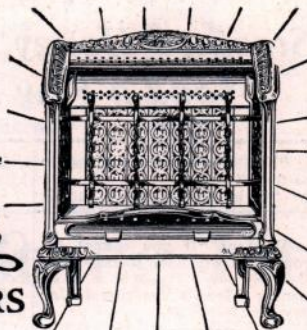
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There is a complete line of heaters for both portable and fire-place use. Come in today and see our line of Welsbach Heaters.



BOONE GAS CO.

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'T was said:

Two negroes were lying behind a packing case on the docks at Brest taking the labor out of the alleged Labor Battalion. Said one boastfully:

"Boy, Ah comes fum a tough breed. Mah ole ntan done cut his nails wif a ax an' brash his teef wif a file."

"Huh, ain't so tough. Mah ole man am a plumber, an' twice a week he done shave himself wif a blow torch."

And when it comes to the right tools for the right purpose, all joking aside, you can judge the character of work a man will do by the kind of tools he has. Better tools make better work, and the tools we carry are better made or we will not stock them. For superior tools and hardware for every purpose you can depend upon—

Crary Hardware Co.

Radio Station KFGQ

Seventh & Story Streets Boone, Iowa

"Strained Honey, Empty Comb, and a Few Stings"

Pete: "You dance divinely, I hardly feel the floor."
Ruth: "It is the truth you speak sir, 'tis why my toes are sore."

Miss Weston: "If you cannot behave yourself I will have to take your name."

Scheeney: "Gee, is she threatening to marry me?"

Le Roy A.: "Going to have dinner anywhere to-night?"

Mary C. (eagerly): "Why, no, not that I know of."

Le Roy A.: "Gee, you'll be awfully hungry by morning."

G. V. J.: "But I can't marry you, you are penniless."

Dick Dutton: "Yes, but the Czar of Russia was Nicolas."

There was a young lady named Helen Who was proficient in spellin'

She never wrote "knows"

When it should have been "nose"

The kind that is used in smellin'.

Miss Weaver: "Jane, did you take a shower?"

Jane Pendarvis: "No, is there one missing?"

Teacher: "Define quadruped."

John Crary: "Anything with four legs."

Teacher: "Give example."

J. C.: "Elephant."

Teacher: "Now a feathered one."

J. C.: "Feather bed."

Dick D.: "I wish I could revise the alphabet."

Helen D.: "Why?"

Dick D.: "I would put 'U' and 'T' closer together."

Alice Ingles: "I want a dress to put on around the house."

Bill H.: "How large is your house, madam?"

"THE ANCESTRY OF MODERN PHRASES"

(Wichita Beacon)

Night riders, attention: Tarring and feathering was invented by Richard Coeur-de-Lion, king of England, about seven hundred and fifty years ago.

He ordered that any sailor convicted of theft should "have his head clipped and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft."

You use the expression, "That's a feather in his cap."

Do you know what it means?

Some five hundred years or more ago the Hungarians had a custom by which a man couldn't wear a feather in his cap unless he had killed a Turk.

A feather for every Turk, like notches on a gun.

In 1791, French slangsters coined an expression, "What will the frog say to this?"

Spread like wildfire, the public applying it to all ridiculous or absurd proposals.

That's the origin of calling the French "Frogs."

In olden times when a man lost his right arm in battle he was so incapacitated that he had to have a servant accompany him to take the place of the lost hand.

This originated the saying, "He's my right-hand man."

Heels were put on shoes to prevent a horseman's foot slipping in the stirrup.

Buttons on the coat cuff date back to Frederick the Great, who put sharp buttons there to stop soldiers using their cuffs as handkerchiefs.

The wedding ring originally symbolized a chain.

So it goes.

Thousands of the things we use and things we do and say are remnants of a long-forgotten past.

—The Omaha World Herald.

Bob Garske: "Those two girls bet a kiss about something."

Clyde S.: "What's that to you?"

Bob G.: "I'm holding the stakes."

"Mid" Deering: "I want a leave of absence to visit my sister in St. Louis."

Prof. U. (quickly): "How long have you known her?"

"Mid" (absent minded): "About two weeks."

Gladys Patrick: "Are you goin' to the masquerade?"

B. Ashenfelter: "Yes."

G. P.: "But why the two suits?"

B. A.: "I'm going to be twins."

S. Rhodes: "And who was the king at this time?"

Walt Wilson: "Louis the cross-eyed."

S. A.: "Who?"

W. W.: "That's what it said in my book, Louis XI."

L. Blancke: "Give example of a collective noun."

Willard Nelson: "A garbage can."

LEAP YEAR

My L is for Leap Year, when the maiden proposes,

And girls are like thorns among many roses.

Now here is a line of them, I think are shies,

They run down the halls like—

My E is for Ewalt, the wrestler you know,

Who's very good looking and makes a good show.

My A is for Albert so tall and sedate

Speeding around at about seventy eight.

My P is for "Packy"—blushing and shy

Who smiles at the girls as they all pass by.

My Y is for Youth, the best time we know,

'Specially when Leap Year gives the bashful a show.

My E is for Everett, the freshie so small.

Who nearly is lost going down the hall.

My A is for Ashenfelter, who never will stop

For a pretty girl, an ugly girl or a janitors mop.

My R is for better than all—Romance,

Just a minute here girls, give someone else a chance.

—V. M. F.

BOONE—FORT DODGE GAME

Fort Dodge, conqueror of Council Bluffs and the team who forced

Sioux City's five to an extra period

game was defeated in the final game

of the evening Friday, by Boone's

team by a score of 14 to 15. Anstrom

was the star for the evening, standing

out for the way in which he fought

during the game. He was high score

man for the contest making six points.

The line-ups:

Fort Dodge—14 Boone—15

Fagan F. Johnstone (c)

Andrus F. Caldwell

Cronenberger C. Halleen

Haugen G. Anstrom

Tullar (c) G. Canady

Substitutions: Hannum for Canady,

Crory for Caldwell, Caldwell for

Crory, Brown for Fagan.

Field goals: Andrus 2, Johnstone 1,

Caldwell 1, Halleen 1, Anstrom 1.

Free throws: Andrus 1, Cronen-

berger 0 out of 2, Haugen 0 out of 1,

Johnstone 0 out of 1, Caldwell 2 out

of 3, Halleen 0 out of 1, Anstrom 4

out of 6.

Officials: Referee—Sherman, Des

Moines; Timekeeper—Greene, Boone;

Scorer—J. Brunton, Boone.

Basketball Fans!

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

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

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

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