

Seniors Choose The Class Play

"The Tailor Made Man"
is Selected

The "topic o' the day" among the Seniors, and the lower classmen as well, is "The Tailor Made Man." The Senior committee assisted by the faculty advisors have decided upon this play as the one to be presented this year by the graduating class. Misses Lillian Getty and Minnie Crooks, both members of the high school faculty, have been appointed as coaches.

The Senior play is an annual affair in Boone High and it is always something to look forward to. "Come Out of the Kitchen," a three-act comedy was the choice of last year's graduating class. "The Tailor Made Man" has an exceptionally large cast of 26 members. This play will make use of much of the talent which the Senior class possesses.

For this play the following cast was selected:

John Paul Bart	Cecil Canady
Huber	Harry Lewis
Tanya	Frances McMahon
Peter	John Crary
Dr. Sonntag	Earl Canady
Rowlands	Harold Davis
Jellicot	Archie Pohl
Pomeroy	Willis Standley
Mr. Stanlow	Randall Ewalt
Mrs. Stanlow	Lois Cobb
Corinne	Lenora Hoyer
Wheatling	Addison McDonald
Mr. Fitzmorris	

Birchard Ashenfelter
Mrs. Fitzmorris
Bobby Westlake
Carroll
Crane
Mrs. Dupoy
Bessie
Abraham Nathan
Grayson
Miss Shayne
Mr. Whitcomb
Mr. Russell
Mr. Flynn
Mr. Cain
Bernard Christenson

CHANGES NEXT YEAR

Gymnasium Classes

Next year there will be in our high school gymnasium classes from the seventh grade to the twelfth. Everyone will have a chance to learn how to swim. The gymnasium class periods will be divided into gymnastics and swimming. In this way two classes may be held in one period, that is, while the boys are in the pool the girls will be in the gym.

Recitation Periods

Six periods will complete the day. There will be four class periods with supervised study, and two study periods. The length of the supervised study depends on the type of the subject. The study hall in the Senior High will be conducted as the library periods are. The time will be spent largely in reference work.

Biology

More Bugology? No, just the former subjects combined. Zoology and Botany will be studied together under one name, Biology. Those who have dropped either Zoology or Botany, should take it next year, as we are informed that it will be simplified and much more interesting. New books covering a year's work will be introduced with this change.

HOBODAY NEXT FRIDAY

Boone High Wins Second In Declam

Triangular Contest at Ames

Tuesday, April 15, the annual triangular declamatory contest including Ames, Newton, and Boone, was held at Ames. Boone second, and Ames third. The three contestants from Boone High were De Lancey Silliman, who won first in the Oratorical, Pauline Quinn, who won second in the Dramatic, and Marguerite Clotfelter, who won third in the Humorous class. Mr. Joseph Gifford, head of the Dramatic Department at Drake University was the critic judge.

The entire program follows:

Music	High School Glee Club
Oratorical	
"The New South"	Kenneth Brown (A)
"Mob and Law"	Julian Hoen (N)
"The Industrial Paradox"	De Lancey Silliman (B)
Dramatic	
"The Man and the Song"	Pauline Quinn (B)
"The Reprisal"	Irene McClellan (N)
"Madame X"	Lois Robinson (A)
Humorous	
"Bill Smith"	Grace Browning (A)
"Naughty Zell"	Marguerite Clotfelter (B)
"The Funeral That Flashed in the Pan"	William Smith (N)
Music	Double Quartet

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION PLANS STARTED

How time does fly! Committees are already being selected for the Junior-Senior Reception, the biggest social school event of the year. The reception is held every year with the Junior class acting as hosts to the Senior Class. This function will probably be held about May 23.

The decoration committee has Bill Hannum as Chairman with John Driscoll, Eric Walsh, Maretta Holmes, Howard Sandell, Howard Wilson, John Burnside, Ralph Hewitt, Dick Conn, Buell Herman, Leona Steffy, Iona Keenan, Zola Payne, Josephine Wenzel, and Helen Hannum helping him. They will transform the bare gymnasium into a place of beauty.

A real time is anticipated with Esther Stillson as Chairman and Roland Erickson, Milo Ellik, Audrey Doby, Marlowe Williams, Mildred Myerman, Ruth Ehman, Olga Erbe, and Gladys Nuth serving on the program committee.

And last but not least comes the "eats" committee which promises to be one of the most popular committees. Thelma Edwards heads this committee with Dwight Bowes, Elizabeth Tucker, Charline McDonald, Clarence Green, Linn Mathews, Mary Fick, Pauline Quinn, Avenelle Heaps, Kathryn Zimbeck, Helen Higbee, Helen Goepfinger, and Walter Wilson assisting her.

The reception this year promises to be one of the biggest successes the affair has ever been, as the class of 1925 will be hosts. This class lays claim to the best organization and co-operation of any class in high school.

Dan: "Cleo told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Thelma: "It's beastly of her to have told you that, I told her not to."

Dan: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me so don't tell her."

Masque and Buskin Give "Mr. Bob"

Second Assembly Play is Given

Friday morning, April 25, the Masque and Buskin Dramatic Club presented "Mr. Bob," our second assembly play given this year.

The play was very clever and well presented; the plot centering around a mistaken identity. Miss Rebecca, her niece, and nephew, all were expecting company, so when Mr. Brown, an agent comes, each one mistakes him for one of the other's guests. Many complications arise but finally, of course, everything is straightened out and everyone is happy.

"Stuey" Anstrom made a very bewildered agent and he, with Randall Ewalt as Jenkins and Lucille Higbee as Patty, afforded the audience a great deal of amusement. The rest too, were all very well fitted for their parts.

Phillip Roysan	Arthur Nelson
Robert Brown, agent	Stuart Anstrom
Jenkins, the butler	Randall Ewalt
Patty, the maid	Lucille Higbee
Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady	Jeanette Lloyd
Kathleen Rogers, her niece	Margaret Weaver
Marian Bryant, Kathleen's friend	Dorothea Arringdale
Kitty	A cat
The coaches	Miss Linderblood and Miss Crooks.

HI-Y CABINET FOR NEXT YEAR INSTALLED

The Hi-Y meeting held Tuesday, April 22, was given over to installing the new cabinet by a new installation ceremony. The cabinet is as follows:

President	Marlowe Williams
Vice-President	Buell Herman
Secretary	Clyde Paxton
Treasurer	Dwight Bowes
Meetings Committee Chairman	Lyle Quinn
Social Committee Chairman	Arthur Nelson
Membership and Finance Committee Chairman	Russell Madden
Service Committee Chairman	William Hannum

After the installation services were over, the regular Bible study discussion was taken up. This was the last one of the Bible study meetings for this year, there having been six of these, held every other week.

After the discussion ended an announcement was made which was of interest and cause of rejoicing for some, and a disappointment to others. The announcement was that the Junior group would be hosts to the Senior group at the picnic on the next meeting. This is a result of a contest between the Junior and Senior groups which has been on since the discussion began. The final count was 57 to 55 in favor of the Seniors.

PRELIMINARY CONTEST TO BE HELD

Real school spirit is being registered in Boone High with the signing up for the Extemporaneous Contest, sponsored by Miss Frances Mason, to be staged Tuesday, April 29. Fifty-one girls and boys have signed up making separate contests possible and a preliminary try-out will be held the evening of Monday, April 28.

HOBODAY NEXT FRIDAY

The Pied Piper Appears Here

Operetta Given by the
Grade Schools

Rats! Rats! Rats! What is this plague of vermin which has descended upon our venerable school? Investigation reveals that it is only the operetta, the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," which was given by the grade schools, Friday and Saturday, April 18 and 19, in the high school auditorium. Every one who saw it thoroughly enjoyed every bit of it from the clever gray rats to the arrogant mayor and corporation.

The scenes were very attractive because of the charming color scheme and costumes. Much skill was exhibited in the songs and dances which were quaint and unique. James Marsh as the Pied Piper, Harold Warren as the Little Lame Boy, and Elizabeth Ann McAlpin as the Little Girl who ran away from home surprised and charmed the audience by the unusual amount of talent they displayed in their singing. The audience was no less charmed by Annabelle Baird and Gretchen Barnard in a ballet dance. The comedy was furnished by the rats, who were very life like and caused much amusement.

Excellent training was shown by all the cast which was as follows:

Pied Piper	James Marsh
Lame Boy	Harold Warren
Little Girl	Elizabeth Ann McAlpin
Seer	Howard Grimm
Toy Mann	James Dawdy
Flower Girls	Girls from Page Mayor and Corporation
Boys from Franklin Villagers	Lowell, Boys and Girls
Children	Bryant, Boys and Girls
Rats	Boys from Lincoln
Mothers	Girls from Garfield
Chorus	Grammar, Boys and Girls
Dancers	Annabelle Baird and Gretchen Barnard

Between Acts IV and V prizes for the Music Memory Contest were awarded by Mr. Wooten. Grammar school received first prize of \$15, and Lowell the second prize of \$10. The money is to be spent for a picture for the school buildings that received the prizes.

Congratulations for the success of the operetta are extended to Mrs. Ruth C. Keleher and the numerous teachers.

B. H. S. PLAYERS CONVENE

On Monday, April 14, the Boone High Players held a belated and much-wished-for meeting in room 39 during the fourth period. After the meeting was called to order and the roll taken the program committee took charge and entertained the members with a little playette entitled "Fancy Free" consisting of the following cast:

Fancy	Helen Higbee
Alfred	James Clapp
Ethelbert, Fancy's Husband	James Lockard

Deila

Following the play Marguerite Clotfelter read "Minnie at the Movies" in which was demonstrated etiquette at the theatre.

The program committee composed of Sylvester Haleen, Marguerite Clotfelter, and Maxine Morgan will be responsible for the entertainment at the next meeting.

Mary Lu: "Miss Rhodes said we'd have a test to-day, rain or shine. Oh! Boy!"

Lyle: "Well?"

Mary Lu: "It's snowing."

THE BUMBLE "B"

Entered at Postoffice at Boone, Iowa, as second class mail matter.
Issued semi-monthly by the students of Boone High School.
Subscription rate \$1.40 per year.

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Standard Printing Co.



PAYING OUR DEBTS

Is it carelessness that we do not pay our debts? It ought not to be, for we should have learned our lesson. In early English history debtors were thrown into prison and in very early Egyptian times, were cast into slavery.

Is it lack of money? Again the answer is "no." Mr. Umbreit has frequently suggested in general assembly, that some of our students give up two or three "movies" or not attend the weekly "hop" to obtain the necessary "cash." One can always get what he wants if he goes after it industriously enough.

The Bumble "B" staff was even forced to issue duns and to distribute them among those who were slow about making their payments, and even yet many have not paid. It seems as though many members of our student body take for their motto the parody of an old proverb: "Never do to-day, that which can be put off until to-morrow," while it should be like Longfellow's, "The Village Blacksmith":

"He looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man."

EXCHANGE

Doings of the Seniors of Other Schools

The play the Seniors of Colchester, Ill., are giving is called "The Joker."

Down in Nashua so the "Bubber" says, great plans are being made for the Junior-Senior Banquet.

They're going to have a Senior play in Easton, Pa., and the name is "Tweedles," sounds like a Freshman.

In Newton the Seniors are wondering what to leave as a memorial. Their opinions are divided between a mem-

ONLY A SENIOR

In this day and age of bobbed hair it seems very strange to see a girl in curls. It is like an oasis in a desert. It was almost unbelievable but there she sat.

You might explain the fact if she were a Freshman but she was a Senior. She was a pretty, slim little thing. She must be happy for she is always laughing. At present an English notebook, due to-morrow seems to be occupying her time. But even then she looks up and smiles.

She is musically inclined I think. She plays a piano quite well and also plays a violin. Judging from the piano music she usually plays, which is very good, the listener would think that she danced or if not that she loved popular music.

She used to drive a Ford but now she drives a cute little Chevrolet. In conclusion I would say that she was very interesting even though she does think Hydrogen Carbonate is Carbolic Acid.

FOUND—A new place to do your sparking. Namely, the cemetery. Harry Ringland found it.

orial to Emerson Hough or an athletic bronze tablet.

In Stanton, Iowa, they've finally decided to get a name for their annual "The Breeze."

The Seniors of West High, Des Moines have chosen their May Queen. We're slow.

The Senior class play at Two Harbors, Minn., is going to be "Miss Bob White."

"Seniors vote to wear cap and gown one night only" is the heading of an article in the "Philo Phonograph" from Sac City, Ia.

"SHALL I GO TO COLLEGE?"

At this time of year, as graduation approaches, high school Seniors are especially interested in the pros and cons of higher education. Many have already made the decision which will materially affect their future lives. There are some students who still remain undecided as to which course they shall pursue—acceptance of a position which will promise immediate recompense, or a continuance of their studies in some institution. Perhaps the latter course will mean certain sacrifices, and one hesitates because he is wondering whether it is worth it.

University and college education has been a favorite subject of attack by editorial writers and critics. There has been much misrepresentation that it deserves a fair explanation. A direct quotation from one of Newman's famous Dublin Lectures seems appropriate here as an admirable exposition on the university idea.

"A university training is the great, ordinary means to a great but ordinary end: it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life.

"It is the education which gives a man a clear, conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, and an influence in expressing them, and a force in urging them.

"It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence and come to an understanding with them He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm."

Newman's assertions are as true now as the day they were uttered. Surely you will agree that every high school graduate should avail himself of the opportunities which are in store for him at a college or university.

I married a moonshiner's daughter and I love her still.

KEEP SMILING

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E

If ever you're in trouble
It will vanish like a bubble
If you'll only take the trouble
Just to S-M-I-L-E.

It isn't any trouble, usually, is it? For it takes more muscles to frown and who wants to use any more muscles than they have to this nice Spring weather with track and tennis making you so stiff you can hardly negotiate as it is?

But don't get the wrong impression and give your "smile" muscles a rest just because you have the Spring fever and feel like "go in a transom" from tip to toe. You've heard of that little boy who whimpered all the time until his face froze? I don't believe you'll find that trouble to frown about if the sun keeps on shining but we are getting older each day and there are such troubles as wrinkles which must not be frowned about though they can stand any amount of smiling.

Perhaps you think you are as jolly as can be, always extending the "glad hand" to your friends. But your friends are probably those who have hosts of other friends and are not those whose day is made by your friendly smile or indifferent glances. Next time you pass down the hall smile and speak to that shy Sophomore who doesn't know whether to speak or not for fear you will pass her by. For what makes a fellow feel more cheap than an unanswered greeting whether it is a smile or a "hello."

WHY NOT?

If music is the remedy for an ill natured person, why not furnish a piano or some such musical instrument for each teacher? Oh! Of course I don't mean the teachers are ill natured but well, you know how they sometimes feel. The said idea is a piano for the teacher to play, and by doing so remove the desire to shake some unruly student. We wonder what kind of music would come from the office when about twenty-five students come in one minute late.

Ed. Nelson: "It must be tough to live in France.

Bob Duncan: "Why?"

Ed. N.: "It says here that there is a French syntax."

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THE SOUL OF DON JUAN

Men say that I am queer, maybe I am. Others say that I am odd and cranky. I am neither. Twenty-five years ago I was a young man, a very young man. Like others of that day I heard my country call me. While I didn't come from the workshop or mine, I came from the schoolroom, and offered my all as freely as any.

We embarked at Tampa. Every mother's son of us felt like saviors of a race—when our overcrowded boat swung clear of the harbor bound for Cuban shores. For months papers had been full of pictures of starving Cubans, and in the breasts of every man aboard there burned the fire of vengeance and the desire to avenge centuries of wrong doing, by striking the Spanish yoke from the Cuban neck.

Those transports! Stuff, hot and filthy. Our convoys held proudly aloof while we wallowed along at three knots per hour. After two hot nights on deck we saw outlined against the early sun the fair shores of the "Isle de Cuba." The rail was crowded with eager soldiers, many looking for the first time on the land where they would find fame or death or both, Roosevelt's Rough Riders were there, so were Wheeler's men. Here and there was a sprinkling of "Leather Necks," for this army of deliverance was composed of men from all walks of life. The War Board thought it advisable to perfect the military moral of this citizen's army, by scattering through it a few regulars and marines. This was done, such an army as this disembarked at the little village of Montre del Rey on the north coast of Cuba on April 28, 1898.

I was of that number, and with my company we rushed down the gang plank as happy as school boys on a vacation.

Then began that terrible march overland. It is all over now, but to see raw troops sweltering under a tropic sun was piteous. Knapsacks were discarded, tents thrown into the brush; by noon that once military array was an army in "shirt sleeves," having nothing but what was necessary to protect the body from the fierce heat of the sun and from the prickly cacti. Canteens, shell belts and rifles were religiously retained, for these men had come down to fight and not as some expressed it, "on dress parade."

I need not take your time to tell what followed, you all heard of Don Juan and El Caney. They were but steps in our progress toward Santiago the lair of the Spaniard. The city of Santiago is located on a bay of the same name and is surrounded by hills. On these hills we were entrenched, "dug in" we called it, and waited for the command to take the city. Out at sea, just beyond the bay, lay the grim grey sea dogs of Samson. Vigilant day and night, they kept the proud Spanish fleet bottled up in the harbor of Santiago. These were the hosts of Spain caught between the Army and the Navy of the "Americanos."

What happened on that bright May morning is a matter of history. You all know how well the avenging American Jackie placed his shots, and how Cervera's fleet, once the pride of old Spain, was left a mess of smoking wreckage on the shores of Cuba. A few shells now began to plunge into the city from the batteries on the hills. Hordes of refugees passed through our lines in search of shelter among the hills. Santiago was a doomed city.

My friend, I was never intended to be a soldier. The discipline isn't half bad. The food was bad, but I survived that. But the killing, ugh! You wonder perhaps why I am considered queer? You wonder how a few years could have changed my hair from raven black to silver. There is only one answer. The soul of Don Juan.

I see you regard me furtively, you, no doubt, share the views of others toward me, but Don Juan knows.

One day, as the fate of Santiago became a sealed thing, my company was ordered on a scouting expedition. The Spaniard was a funny fellow, even when he knew that his doom was settled, he still held off. Shafter, in command of the thin line of troops on the hills would send a few shells into the city and then would demand

surrender. The fiery Spanish claimed that to surrender in such a condition would endanger their "national honor." To be concise, they wanted to sham a fight. It was to satisfy the "national honor" of Spain, who had starved the Cubans, and enslaved their children, that I, with my company were sent.

As we marched from our camp in the hills, down the gentle slopes to the city under the morning sun our thoughts were far from war and carnage. It had rained the night before and we all felt refreshed by the cool morning breeze.

Down the slope before us arose a dust cloud. As it came nearer we could see floating jauntily in the morning air, the flag of Spain. Here was our foe! Here were they whom we had come to slay that freedom might live.

I shall never forget that day! As the foe came nearer we fixed bayonets and charged. Down the slope we ran. Nearer and nearer we came, rushing down the road to meet, perhaps—death. As we drew very near we picked out our individual adversary and with wild shouts we plunged at full tilt among them. It was soon over. The right wing of our force had smashed through their ranks and were hacking their way back again. The Spaniards turned to flee. Madened at the thought of their escape we ran after them. The older men of our company stopped for they could see no further use of killing, but we young bloods, feeling the flush of victory, kept on.

I picked out one, a youthful figure who, hatless, was fleeing down the slope at a terrific pace. I gained on him, he turned, I never shall forget the expression that came over his handsome countenance, through the grime and dust of battle I could see in his youthful face the feeling of absolute resignation to the fate. Such a look now would have stayed my hand, but then in the heat of battle I thought only of "getting my man." He swung his musket to knock my bayonet from his breast. He was too late, I lunged. The boy coughed and whirled. Dazed, he started back in the direction he had come. He held his head between his hands and staggered pitifully. Nausea seized me. I realized what I had done! Dropping my rifle I rushed up to the boy, caught him in my arms and eased him to the ground. He was bleeding only a trifle. This was a bad sign for I knew that his wound was grievous. Looking about me I saw only my comrades assisting our wounded, so I picked up the boy and started back to our camp with him. As, burdened with the wounded boy I went back up the hill, down which we had so recently come, I poured out my soul to Him who knoweth all things, for I had slain without cause.

Through super-human efforts it seemed, I finally got the boy to the base hospital. Sick with remorse. I knelt by his side while the surgeons examined him. With anxiety I watched their faces for signs of a final decision. It came. The surgeon in charge looked at his assistant and shook his head. It would be over soon!

That evening the boy rallied. I learned his name was Don Juan, the rest doesn't matter. With a contrite heart I begged his forgiveness, while the tears of genuine remorse poured down my cheeks. Don Juan forgave me with all the warmth of his Spanish heart. He told me of his home, of his old father and mother. He spoke softly of a black-eyed senorita in Seville. As he spoke of her his swarthy hand sought mine and he

placed in it a locket with a request spoken only with his eyes.

I sat with the boy all through the night. He had an aunt in New Orleans and had often visited her there. While his command of English was faulty I could easily understand him because of his simple style, and those eyes! I shall never forget them. My heart seemed to go out to him and as the night drew to a close I felt that I had found a long lost friend among the Dons of Spain. It was clear that the boy was getting weaker as the night progressed. As morning drew apace he began to sink rapidly. I gave him water when he feebly called for it, but Don Juan was dying. I knew it, and I think he knew it, for when the first hint of dawn showed in the east, he reached for my hand, and with a grip that made my arm ache he called a name that sounded like Marie. I turned my eyes. My soul had already gone through the tortures of purgatory and this last was too much. I couldn't flee. I prayed that I might die also. When the first streak of dawn appeared in the east Don Juan gasped once, struggled to rise but panting for breath he fell back dead. The great soul of Don Juan had fled.

As you know the war was soon over, but not for me. I came home but my mind is ever on a little green mound on the hills of Cuba. Yes, that's the bayonet. I keep it, that every time I look at it, I purge my soul of all hatred and malice. In the evenings I sit and watch the firelight there flicker on its blade. I don't see the fire nor the blade but only the face of Don Juan.

Yes, I believe in world peace. I don't care how it's brought about, but before I go, (men say I'm old) I want to see the nations welded into a friendship that will stop all war, all killing. I feel the soul of Don Juan pleading for peace and with that cry I will try to "carry on," until the end, that other souls may find peace.

—Harry Lewis.

If the people of Mars
Should see us
Racing around in cars
They would no doubt say,
"Although without oxygen,
Gravity or heat
To go skipping gayly about
From rings one to seven
Up here in heaven
Has dodging cars down there. all
beat."

—English VIII.

THREE BELLS

On Friday morning at 11:20 three bells called us together to hear some more general announcements. This time they were very delightful. Three cheers for Mr. Umbreit! He never goes back on his word. We are going to have our Hobo Day picnic May 2. Loads of fun has been planned including a baseball game and several other games. To further the plans and entertainment the Student Council met last Monday at 3:30 o'clock. Let's all help them to get a lot of clever ideas.

Not quite so pleasant was an announcement about "careless housekeepers in the park," shame on us. Sh! Ladies only. How exciting!! The boys are next.

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THE BUSY "B's"

The journalism class has prepared a style book which is being "published" by the second period business training class. This book is to be presented to the 1924 Bumble "B" Staff. It contains rules for correct use of the English language which will be of aid to the future Bumble "B" staffs, not only in writing news articles etc. correctly, but also in proof reading. The examples that are given for each rule include local names and this will make it of special value to the local staff.

Rev. W. Peterson of the Augustana Lutheran Church was chosen by the Senior class to deliver the baccalaureate sermon on June 1. The rest of the services, aside from the music, will be in charge of the Rev. Mr. Higbee, President of the Ministerial Union. The music by the high school Glee Clubs will be in charge of Mrs. Umbreit.

Boone High's Radio Club was represented at the Radio Convention and Short Course held at Ames during the week of April 14-19. Forest McHose attended the sessions all week and Harold Clark, James Clapp, John Burnside, Francis Nelson, Eric Walsh, Archie Pohl, De Lancy Silliman, and Eugene Slater attended the sessions on Friday and Saturday.

Have you seen the last issue of "The Drake Alumnus?" If you have not, be sure and look on page four and see the fine picture of our glorious debaters with their coach. This photo was taken after they finished second in the debating tournament at the university auditorium. The picture of the Marshalltown team is also shown.

NORMAL TRAINING CLUB

The Normal Training Club meeting postponed from last week was held Thursday night April 10 in room four. After a short business meeting the program committee gave their program:

Report on Opening Exercises for Rural Schools Marjorie Davis
Recitations Adalene Bean
Vocal Trio Marjorie Davis,
Adalene Bean, and Bessie Dornan
The hostess committee served luncheon after the program. After luncheon some new games were introduced. They were enjoyed very much by the prospective teachers.

At the meeting of the Normal Training Club, Thursday evening, April 17, plans for a reception to mothers were made and committees appointed to carry them out. The girls planned also a picnic at Herman Park for their next meeting.

The program followed the business meeting.

Play—"Teacher's Dress"
Mable Wingo Ruth Wallace
Doris Bailey Glada Wilson
Vocal Solo Elsie Young

The dinner which was served after the program was delicious. The table was decorated with rabbits, chickens, and Easter eggs.

The remainder of the evening was spent in singing, and playing games.

DEATH CLAIMS TWO

Early Wednesday morning, April 16, occurred the death of two of the inhabitants of Boone High—from the aquarium in room 32.

For days these two had been afflicted with gill disease and their death was not altogether a shock to their many friends. During the past few days they grew so weak that it became necessary for executioner, Vincent Dake, to hasten their demise. The execution was witnessed by inspector, Lillian E. Blanche.

Gill disease is very contagious and it is thought that some of the other fish may have caught the disease but, at any rate they have not yet become seriously ill. We hope the rest have escaped the epidemic, and will go on flourishing their tails, at least, till the end of the semester.

HOBBO DAY NEXT FRIDAY

HERE AND THERE

Six weeks tests are over! Let's celebrate!

Ray and "Hap" Morris had the mumps. Nufsed!!!

Spring fever has struck Vera Forbes and Margaret Weaver. They have had their hair bobbed!

Monday evening, April 21, a number of boys and girls had a surprise party for "Jo" Wenzel.

Kathryn Zimbeck entertained a party of boys and girls at her home Friday evening, April 18.

And if the reporter hadn't had Spring fever—there would be more news written up here Thass all!

Grace V. Jones '25 has been ill for the past few weeks. We hardly know when to expect her back to school, but we hope it's soon.

Saturday evening, April 19, Helen Douglass and "Jo" Wenzel entertained at a six-thirty dinner party in honor of "Jo's" seventeenth (?) birthday.

Mrs. John Herman's Sunday School class of the First Presbyterian Church entertained Mr. Almsted's ditto at a dinner party at Herman's, Wednesday, April 23.

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

They say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. If that is so then some of the boys around school should be careful because the girls of the domestic science classes have been making wonderful things to eat lately. We have already noticed several young gentlemen loitering about room five.

One week was spent in learning the delicate art of pie making with very "good" results. Almost every kind of a pie was made and the girls were very proud of themselves. Last week was "bread week" and as Miss Garret said every cook should know how to make good bread, the girls all tried their best to make the best. In the end it was hard to decide whose bread really did deserve first place.

Of course there have been a few dishes broken and not a little flour and other materials spilled, but these accidents happen to anyone and we are proud to say that very few things have been burned during this semester. But best of all, Miss Garret says the girls show signs of becoming very good cooks and we think this is a fitting reward for all our labor.

The girls are planning to serve a luncheon for their mothers a little later and we are sure it will be a success.

Teacher: "Name the three kinds of courts."

Student: "Supreme, district, and tennis courts."

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713 STORY STREET

CAMPFIRE GIRLS ENJOY HIKE

Thursday, after school, most of the Hi-ni-han Campfire girls went for a hike. They certainly did look wild as they ran through the woods. The little Osgood girl actually broke down a tree with her great strength and Lu Betty found a bear hole. Donna claims she discovered Robinson Crusoe's hut and Helen swears that she saw a Bushman pop out of a shed covered with sod.

In about forty minutes the little ones were all worn out from running, laughing, and the "Bushman" so they all sat down to eat their lunch by the cutest little brook. Charlotte and Mary "forgot" their lunches so the other girls pitied them and gave each a "hand out." "Short" had only fallen into the water once and she thought it her duty to try it again. The brook was about five feet wide and six inches deep. Over this jumped "Short" but as fate had it she landed safely on the other side. Then all the other girls tried it. Not one got wet though, so they had a "safe" but we doubt whether "sane" hike. After so much exercise their little legs were so tired that they had to depart for their trundle beds.

Clerk: "This book will do half your work."

Ralph H.: "Give me two quick."

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JOURNALISTS TO HAVE A PICNIC

The Bumble "B" and Scroll Staffs have decided that unless they held a joint picnic, the all-school holiday wouldn't be nearly so successful. So, boys, Juniors especially, don't pull too hard in the tug of war, that you won't be able to be present for we don't want this joint affair to turn out to be a Ladies' Aid meeting. Maxine Morgan and Mary Merrick are Chairmen of the two committees, and are planning to have scrumptious things to eat and that ought to be, for those eligible, "the end of a perfect day."

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THE STORY OF MY GRANDFATHER

(Continued from last issue)

In the fall of 1856 the settlers suffered severely from a prairie fire supposed to have been set by Indians in the northwest part of the state as there was little broken prairie in this section of the state at that time, the fire swept southeast unimpeded, consuming everything in its path. Much feed and many head of stock were lost in this fire.

The Indians continued to be troublesome through the new part of the state and a few months later occurred the Spirit Lake Massacre of which we have all read. In the fall of the same year of the massacre there was a rumor circulated throughout Grandfather's neighborhood that a band of Indians were working down the Racoon river to attack the settlers. This was very alarming to the little band and they at once prepared to defend themselves.

The settlers on the east side of the river gathered at Grandfather's home and sat all one night with guns in readiness in case of an attack. However no Indians appeared and the coming of a new day was a welcome sight. Naturally the settlers were very uneasy for several days following, fearing that Indians were lurking in the dense timber watching an opportunity to make a surprise attack.

Grandfather, then a lad of nine or ten years, still remembers the fear he experienced one evening when he went with his father through the timber in search of the cows which had failed to come home at milking time. After some little time the cows were located and brought home in safety but the memory of the terrifying period is still fresh in Grandfather's mind.

Settlers in those days had to contend with many hardships and losses of which the farmers to-day know little. Many of us, the younger people have never seen a prairie chicken. My Grandfather relates seeing flocks of these wild fowl so dense that as they flew over the grain fields the sun would be almost obscured. The grain eaten by these prairie chickens constituted a serious loss to the farmers. It would be great sport for the present day hunter to visit a place where the game is as plentiful as it was then.

It was not until Grandfather was twelve years old that he had an opportunity to attend school and then under considerable difficulty. The new log house was located on the opposite side of the river from his home, the seats consisted of puncheons or slabs split from logs and with holes bored into which pegs were driven for legs. As there were no desks we can imagine something of the difficulty of writing or printing the lesson.

There were no bridges across the river at that time so that a canoe was used to cross over to the school house. These canoes were very crude affairs being made by hollowing out a log. It required considerable practice to handle one with safety. An uncle of Grandfather's rowed him to and from the school. Grandfather recalls an incident which nearly resulted in the loss of his life as well as those of his uncle and a cousin. On this particular day when they crossed the river in the morning it was normal but when they returned after school the water had risen to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet. It covered the entire river bottom lands and before the shore was reached the rapid current caught the boat and swung it against a tree with such force that water ran over its side. With the skill born of experience, the uncle threw his weight to the opposite side, saved the craft from upsetting, and made a safe landing with his young passengers.

These courageous pioneers endured many trials and discomforts while engaged in building up a new country. But as a rule they were happy and contented in the companionship of their families and their few but true loyal neighbors.

Slowly but surely with increasing numbers of settlers came, better schools, railroads, telegraph, and telephone. We of 1924 are privileged to look back and survey the progress that has been made during these

seven decades and as I try to peer into the future years to see what they hold for our country there again rises before me the picture of a little train of covered wagons toiling across the trackless prairies — an emblem of courage—the spirit of '54—that must not pass away.

—Linn Mathews.

HISTORY ALIAS NONSENSE

I'd like to study the men of fame If they didn't have such awful names They're hard enough to learn to read them Remembering them is worse indeed.

There's Lyncrues and Darius, Virginius and Arminius, Leonidas and Bericles, Cicero and Demosthenes;

Pompey and Palissy, Charlemagne and Raleigh, Ferdinand and Isabella, Frederick and Barbarossa;

Cato and Argicola, Cromwell and Layola, Clavis and Richelieu, Caesar and Pompey, too.

That's one thing I cannot see, They knew we'd study history; Why didn't they name their men Common Harry, Tom or Ben?

—English VIII.

GETTIN' SKEERED

Don't cha git awful skeered when yer gonna give a speech? Don't yer heart jist wiggle an' go skiddin' down to yer heels? Don't yer lips kinda tremble 'til you can't even screech? Mine do! Don't yours?

Don'tcha comb yer hair agin and wipe yer forehead dry? Then git another panicky feelin' an' look fer a place to hide? Then come thoughts of Cicero and his fame and you want to try, But I can't! Can you?

That awful moment, when you shrivel up inside and then creep out! Oh! Those million faces! What'll they think of me! Poor little me! That's not so bad! Why I do believe I'm gonna make 'em shout! Gee! I think it's great! Don't you?

—English VIII.

BOTANY DEPARTMENT CHANGES PLAN OF HERBARIA

It is planned in the Botany department this year that each individual will contribute a few specimens toward his class herbarium. In past years each pupil has made an individual herbarium. Even in the ward buildings some of the classes have made collections and together with four or five classes in high school the supply is rapidly becoming depleted. This condition necessitates a change and under the new plan each pupil is expected to classify and record fifteen plants and to bring in a few specimens for his classmates to study and press. This will make only four herbariums in high school to formerly over seventy-five. It is expected that growing specimens will be brought in and those will be planted around the athletic field. Here future classes may see the plants without long trips into the woods. With the adoption of this plan much pleasure will be given for future generations, and the Botany department will continue.

HOBO DAY NEXT FRIDAY

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NEW METHOD OF CHOOSING THE BUMBLE "B" STAFF

The method of choosing The Bumble "B" Staff through the process of elimination is now underway. Names of possible candidates have been handed to Miss Cruikshank, and each of these persons will be given a chance to show what he can do.

The requirements call for a news story, feature story, editorial or some article to be handed to Miss Cruikshank and judged. The best articles are printed in this issue of The Bumble "B."

This plan, thus provides for the selection of the staff and many students who are modest or shy will have an equal chance with their classmates to help edit the school paper.

DEBATES IN ENGLISH VI CLASS

A series of debates is being held in Miss Maytag's English VI class period two. Such questions as the Immigration Problem, Child Labor, Philippine Independence, and the Bonus question are being debated.

Some very interesting arguments were presented by both teams which resulted in a close decision of the judges. However the negative teams were successful throughout. The judges consisted of some of the members of the class who were not taking part in the debate.

Questions that were not settled as some of the debators wished them to be were again discussed at the end of the debate each day.

However we are sure that this English class has a bunch of fine debaters.

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Betty Botter bought some butter, "But" she said, "this butter's bitter."

If I put it in my batter, It will make my batter bitter; But a bit of better butter Will not make my batter bitter." So she bought a bit of butter, Better than the bitter butter, And made her bitter butter better. So 'twas better Betty Botter Bought a bit of better butter.

Harry S.: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?" Vernie N.: "I'd shine 'em."

Miss Melhaus, a former teacher of Social Science at Boone High has been elected County Superintendent of Benton County.

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DEBATING SEASON GREAT SUCCESS

Five Out of Seven Debate Victories for Boone High

Under an entirely new schedule and with a decided increase in membership the debating class started the past school year under the efficient tutelage of our teacher and coach Miss Minnie B. Ashton. The season has been a wonderful success in training and study as well as in the winning of debates by our representative teams.

The City Manager Plan was the first subject studied this year. It was on this question that Boone won from Ames in '23. Several veterans were back at the old fight again and there were but two places open on one team. After the try-outs, Fridolph Nelson and Birchard Ashenfelter claimed these. Along with Ashford they made up the team which accompanied by Coach Ashton went to Newton on December 7, losing by a 2 to 1 decision. The negative team consisting of Quinn, Lundberg, and Lewis won unanimously at home from the Newton affirmative. By percentage of vote Boone took this dual 4 to 2.

Then came the invitation to Drake and in lieu of their past stellar performances Quinn, Lundberg, and Lewis were selected to represent us in this meet. The question was on World Court and each team entered was prepared to defend either side of the question. To give our team some practice two "scrub" teams were chosen from the class (to give the "regulars" some severe drubbings). These "scrub" teams did some mighty fine work. The affirmative scrubs were Ashenfelter, Lockard, and Fridolph Nelson, while the negative scrubs consisted of Pohl, McDonald, and Francis Nelson. The big event came off March 14 and 15 at Drake University. Boone drew a bye first round, second round defeated Newton upholding the negative, third round or semi-finals defeated North High of Des Moines upholding the affirmative, but only to be in turn defeated in the finals by our old enemy Marshalltown.

On returning home work was started on the Immigration question with but three weeks to prepare for the annual triangle with Ames and Waterloo. Our affirmative team of Ashenfelter, McDonald, and Wheeler won at Ames by a 2 to 1 vote and our negative team of Quinn, Lundberg, and Lewis won at home over Waterloo by a vote of 2 to 1 also, thus the triangular was ours.

All the time was not taken with hard work however. The class got a "kick" out of some personal letters from such men as Ex-President Woodrow Wilson, Senator Borah, and Representative Dickenson. Also some of our fair city's able men acted as judges and critics on several practice debates. Some of these were Rev. Mr. Higbee and Rev. Mr. Simpson, and practicing lawyers Doran, Mackey, Judge Fry, Hollingsworth, Mahoney, Goodykoontz, and Canady. Mr. Wooten our Superintendent of Schools also gave the class a few pointers.

Not only were the men ready and helpful but the ladies of the city also. These three, Mrs. Goodykoontz, Mrs. Douglass, and Mrs. A. J. Barkley acted as judges in some practice work.

Entertainment was given the teams at different times during the year by the Rotary Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Civics Section of the Women's Club, at each of these places the prevailing question was talked upon by some of our team members and some fine compliments were handed the teams and their coach, Miss Ashton, for their excellent work.

Two assemblies were held during the year to give our teams a rousing send-off. The first one was before the Boone-Newton dual and the second was before the Ames, Boone, Waterloo triangular.

Out of seven debates this year five were victories. This indeed is an admirable record for the teams, Coach Ashton, and the class in general. We are proud of their achievements and know that they will keep up the good work and next year and the years following will bring more victories to good old Boone High.

ATHLETES ENTERTAINED BY ELKS CLUB

The basket-ball and wrestling squads, Mr. Umbreit, and Coaches Williams and Page were guests at a banquet given by the Elks Club, Thursday, April 17, at the Elks dining room.

After a delightful dinner a splendid program was enjoyed. Joel Carlson, accompanied by Ted Olson sang two solo, (much against their will). The Elks "Saxophone Sextette" a part of the Elk's Band then played a "jazzy" tune. Rev. Mr. Simpson of the First Methodist Church of this city gave a short talk, congratulating the Elks for showing their loyalty to the school in such a fine manner and also commending the citizens of Boone for having such a fine school. Mr. Umbreit, Principal of Boone High, was then called upon to give an extemporaneous speech. Robert McBirnie, presiding at the banquet next introduced Mr. Page, Coach of the wrestling squad, who gave a few remarks concerning the records of the wrestling team. Coach Page then introduced Lyle Wilson, Captain of the wrestling team and state champ for two years. Captain Wilson in turn introduced the members of the wrestling squad. This plan was carried out also in the basket-ball squad, Coach Williams introduced Captain Stuart Anstrom, and he introduced the rest of the squad. Some of the other members of the club called upon were Mr. H. T. Cook, Mr. Irve Hannum, and Mr. Daehler. As a closing number the "Saxophone Sextette" were again called upon to do their best.

HI-Y HOLDS BANQUET

Miss Russell is Speaker

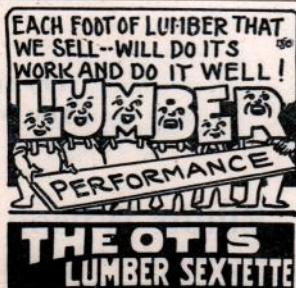
The Hi-Y Club, instead of having the regular Tuesday night meeting, had the pleasure and honor of sharing a banquet with several feminine members of Boone High, in the Y. M. C. A. parlors.

After the important preliminary, namely the dinner, had been enjoyed, a splendid program was given. All present were given a chance to show their musical capabilities in singing several songs in unison. The song which was most liked by the boys was "S-M-I-L-E," especially when the girls were asked to do the "smile" part in action. The singing was led by Nathan L. Mack, local Y. M. C. A. Secretary. After all the voices had been strained to their utmost, everyone was given a chance to recuperate and at the same time enjoy some real music. Harry Ringland was then called upon to sing a couple of songs. Harry was accompanied by Arthur Nelson at the piano.

The feature of the program was the talk given by Miss Russell, leader of the Y. W. C. A. of this city. She used as her subject an "Offspring of Friendship," namely "Friendliness" and applied it to the school life in Boone High. Sherman Cray, President of the Hi-Y Club presided at the meeting.

BUDDING SPRING POETS

Fifty-two of our dignified Seniors are desperately trying to become poets. Miss Cruikshank put the brilliant idea into their heads through an assignment in her English VIII classes. Do you suppose we do have some really honest-to-goodness poets in Boone High? You never can tell you know! This and the next issue of The Bumble "B" will probably be full of poems—just wait!



THE SCROLL

The members of the staff are making one mad rush to gather and compile the remaining copy for the annual issue of the Scroll, to be completed and ready for distribution the last week in May.

This year, so they tell us, they are featuring especially "Spring Athletics," and no doubt many will be surprised or perhaps astounded to gaze upon their lovely (?) countenances in the snap-shot section. This is all the information we were able to get, but that is surely enough to arouse our curiosity, eh?

Yes, I am going to name my dog "Bananas" because I haven't any.

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APRIL

Oh April! Come stay with us, Stay with us, April, with Your flowers and bursting trees, With your sudden showers And white floating clouds; Come—keep your beauty— And stay with us Forever!

—English VIII.

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SPORTS

SENIORS WIN CLASS TRACK MEET

The annual class track meet was held at the Goepfinger Field Wednesday afternoon following school. The day's program was a combined meet of both boys' and girls' events. The Seniors won the meet by a score of 64 while the Juniors were second with 51 points to their credit. The Sophomores put up a game fight and placed third with 40 points. The Freshman class was up held by the girls who took 7 points.

For the boys Lilyard of the Junior class was high point man with 18 points. Ewalt, a Senior, was second with 17 points and Anderson of the Sophomores placed third with 11 points. Kathleen King of the Sophomores was high point winner for the girls with 10 points, Mina Moxley was second with 7 points, and Minnie Kemmerer, Pearl Owens, and Fay Southers each won 6 points. The boys' events are as follows:

Boys' Events

100 yard dash—Lilyard (J), first; Ewalt (S), second; Elliott (J), third. Time—11:2.
220 yard dash—Lilyard (J), first; Ewalt (S), second; Elliott (J), third. Time—24:3.
440 yard dash—Hannum (J), first; Kemble (So), second; Neff (J), third.
Half mile run—Canfield (S), first; Madden (J), second; Grant (So), third. Time—2:21.
Mile run—Bowes (J), first; Canfield (S), second; Madden (J), third. Time—5:5.
High jump—Anderson (So), first; Lilyard (J), and Ringland (J), second. Height—5 feet 2 inches.
Broad jump—Lilyard (J), first; Ewalt (S), second; Grimm (J), third. Distance—17 feet 7 inches.
Shot put—Anderson (So), first; Ewalt (S), second; Yegge (S), third. Distance—38 feet 6 inches.
Discus throw — Ewalt (S), first; Yegge (S), second; Anderson (So), third. Distance 100 feet 4 inches.
Pole vault — Dutton (S), first; C. Canady (S), second; Lilyard (J), third. Height—8 feet 4 inches.
Half mile relay—Juniors first; Seniors second; Sophomores third.

Girls' Events

50 yard dash—M. Kemmerer (S), first; M. Moxley (S), second; L. Schroeder (J), third.
Baseball throw—P. Owens (J), first; M. Moxley (S), second; P. Southers (So), third. Distance—148 feet 7 inches.
Basket-ball throw — F. Southers (So), first E. Carlson (S), second; P. Owens (J), third. Distance—80 ft.
High jump—K. King (So), first; L. Merrick (F), second; M. Moxley (S), third. Height—4 feet and 1 inch.
Broad jump—K. King (So), first; D. Henry (F), second; M. Kemmerer (S), third. Distance—13 feet 3 inches.
Shuttle relay—Seniors first; Sophomores second; Freshmen third.
1,000 foot relay—Sophomores first; Seniors second; Juniors third.
This is the first year that the scores of the boys' and girls' events have been combined in the total score. Had this method not been followed the Junior boys would have taken their section since they had 43 points to the Seniors boys' 40. This plan also gives the girls an equal chance to bring honors to the class. The class of '24 have the girls to thank for their victory.

O! Violets blue,
Come tell me true,
With all your heads a-bobbing;
Is this chill Spring
The one you sing,
Upon this Easter morning?
—English VIII.

Captain: "If anything moves you shoot."
Private: "Yes, sah; and if anything shoots, ah moves."

John D.: "What's that scraping sound?"
Budd P.: "That must be the Glee Club girls filing off the stage."

CUBS LEAD IN BASEBALL LEAGUE

Baseball is on in full sway now with a game almost every evening after school. Many players are showing ability that was unknown before. As we go to press the Cubs and Giants are leading with the Cyclones in the cellar position. The percentage is as follows:

	W	L	Pct.
Cubs	3	0	1000
Giants	2	1	666
Lucky Strikes	1	2	333
Cyclones	0	3	000

The following is the list of players on each team:

Giants	
Caldwell (capt.)	Moore
McCartney	Lamb
Cutler	Lembke
Elliott	Reid
Potts	Smith
Stumbo	Avery
Eckstein	Giltner
Cubs	
Lendt (capt.)	Winter
R. McVicker	R. Erickson
North	Engells
Neff	Anderson
Herron	Sinclair
Clark	Fox
Lucky Strikes	
E. Canady (capt.)	Torrey
W. Wilson	Canfield
Hockensmith	Burke
Schaeffer	Pulver
Giff	Pratt
Halleen	Lindstrom
Dornan	Crary
Cyclones	
Anstrom (capt.)	Nutt
Campbell	Eppert
Driscoll	Snider
Castor	Kramer
L. Wilson	Johnstone
Flockhart	Garske

MAY FETE TRY-OUTS

An exceptionally good May Fete is expected this year as a result of the new plan which was tried out, giving the girls an equal chance for the star parts and stimulating interest with a little competition.

So many signed up that it was necessary to have a preliminary try-out making a real contest out of it. Those who were best fitted for the feature parts, about thirty-five in number, were chosen from the group. In the past years the girls who had been in the limelight as far as dancing was concerned were the lucky ones but the new plan gave them all a glimmering hope and an opportunity for a little glory in a new line.

The participants in the May Fete including the gymnasium class groups will soon be heard practicing their "lines."

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INSPIRATION IN RAGGED VERSE

As I sit in my seat thinking of a poem
to write,
I wonder if my teacher thinks I'm a
poet by right.
She goes up the aisle at a pretty fast
pace,
And never a smile do I see on her
face.
Just cause I asked "Red" to give me
some help,
She looked as if to say, "I'll get your
scalp."
But just you wait, dear teacher of
mine,
Be patient and give me my own sweet
time.
Some day you'll be sorry you looked
with a frown
At a boy who seemed too much like a
clown.

A little iron, a little curl
A box of powder, a pretty girl,
A little rain—away she goes,
A homely girl with a freckled nose.

Willie: "Dad, there's an awful rum-
bling in my stomach like a wagon
going over a street car track."
Father: "Hm, probably that truck
you ate last night."

He went into the office,
The picture of despair;
He came back smiling broadly,
The principal wasn't there.

'Twas the night before pay day,
And all through my purse
I'd hunted in vain, with almost a
curse.

Not a quarter was stirring, not
even a jit,
The kale was off duty, the green-
backs had quit.
Forward, turn forward, O time
In thy flight,
And make it to-morrow,
Just for to-night.

Favorite Sayings

The Flivver Owner—"Wouldn't
that jar you?"
The Radio Orator—"I'll tell the
world."
The Murderer—"Well, I'll be
hanged."
The Judge—"Fine."
The Flapper—"No one has any-
thing on me."
The Telephone Girl—"I got your
number."
The Sausage Maker—"Dog-gone!"
The Fisherman—"I'll drop a line."
The Author—"All write."
The Seamstress—"Darn it!"
The Hydro-electric Engineer—"Dam
it!"

133 Cleopatra Ave.,
Pyramidville, Egypt,
July 5, 4000, B. C.

My Dear Tut:

I am sending you this letter to tell
you what happened to me yesterday
and who was to blame. Your chief
foreman Hector was to blame. While
building the fourth pyramid here yester-
day one of the men could not carry
a 2 (two) ton piece of granite to the
top, so Hector who thinks he is a
second Samson proceeded to show
him how. Well, he got up to the top
with it and then it slipped. I was
standing below and I was its victim.
You probably can tell about what I
look like.

Hector is one of these fellows who
thinks he runs it all. He is forever
exhibiting his strength and showing
his monstrous arms. He bosses all the
others around and uses profane lan-
guage all the time. As a man of
brains he is a worthless specimen. He
is jealous when he finds anybody that
can lift half as much as he. If I were
you I would get someone else for that
job, for because of his bossing the
other workmen, the pyramid is going
up very slowly.

Yours till you lose your teeth,
Brutus Sphinx.

HEARD ON TRIP TO COURT HOUSE

Oh! Is this the court room? Where's
the prisoner? What? There isn't any
prisoner? Give me a stick of gum.
Who are those two guys? Lawyers?
Gosh, one of 'em looks like a preacher
and the other like a coalman. Oh, is
that the prisoner? Oh, I forgot there
isn't any prisoner. So that's a bailiff.
What's a bailiff? Were you ever a
bailiff? What's the judge's name? Is
he handsome? What's Dick Canier
sitting up in front for? Is he a
lawyer? Oh, I know he is so small he
has to sit up in front. What, you don't
mean it? They make him sit up there
so he won't do anything. Oh, I see the
judge has to keep his eye on him.
Why don't they lock him up if he is
so bad? I wish that woman would
take off her hat. Some of the people
have box seats, haven't they? What!
Are they the jury? Oh, I thought the
jury was a lot of men with shell-
rimmed glasses. Look! There's the
guy that goes with my sister. How
did they let him on the jury? Keep
still! Everybody is looking at us. Oh
boy! Fifth period is over. Let's take
our time going back and then we'll
get out of class. Aw! What do you
care. Well c'mon lets enjoy ourselves
while we are here any way. Oh look!
That woman is crying. I don't see how
she can cry when everybody else is
laughing. Why don't that bailiff talk
to himself some more? You say you
got stalled in the elevator! How come?
Gee, this is getting interesting. Of
course the poor little girl didn't mean
to do anything. Galloping submarines!
We have to go back to the school
house. Oh shoot! Shucks!!!

"Doc": "Do you like Cod fish balls?"
"Lemon" F.: "Dunno, never at-
tended one."

Pete: "What became of that gate
you and your girl used to swing on?"
Mid: "She gave it to me."

She: "What makes you think Jones
is tired of his wife?"
He: "Sign in front of his house
says, 'Honey For Sale.'"

Boarding-house lady: "Do you want
a room?"

Stude: "No, I want to disguise my-
self as a banana and seep in the fruit
dish."

Harry R.: "May I hold your hand?"
Helen H.: "Of course not! This isn't
Palm Sunday."

Harry R.: "Well, it isn't Independ-
ence Day either."

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