B. H. S.

ANNUAL

1913

DEDICATION

To The Old School and its Alumni the Senior Class of 1913 respectfully dedicate this volume. . . . . .

The FACULTY

SUPERINTENDENT E. C. MEREDITH

PRINCIPAL C. D. DONALDSON

MARY CRUIKSHANK, English *GRACE BALL, German* *ALICE HARTMAN, Music* *MARY ETHELWYN HAND, Latin*

G. G. GUDMUNDSON, Commercial *LYDIA J. ROLSTON, Algebra* *LEE E. EASTER, Science*

JOSEPHINE WESTON, *History* LOUISE ROWE, *Domestic Science* EDNA THOREEN, *Commercial* LUCILE THOMPSON, *Commercial*
ELIZABETH CAMERON WHITEMAN, *English* FERDINAND DAEHLER, *Manual Training* CHRISTINE A. BROWN, *Geometry*
ELIZABETH D. JONES, *Science*

Board of Education

James McMechan ..... *President*

J. J. Snell ..... *Secretary*

C. E. Rice ..... *Treasurer*

O. A. Nelson — Duncan Grant

E. O. Montgomery — J. H. Goeppinger

Staff

WALTER MOORE, *Editor-in-Chief* — JOS. B. WELLS, *Business Manager*

STAFF EDITORS

SARA WADDELL ..... *Literary*
LEO MEREDITH ..... *Class*
MARGARET CARSTENSEN ..... *Exchange*
DE WAYNE SILLIMAN ..... *School Activities*
THOMAS OTIS ..... *Alumni*

REPORTERS

ROY MILLS, THIRZA CARTWRIGHT ..... *Senior*

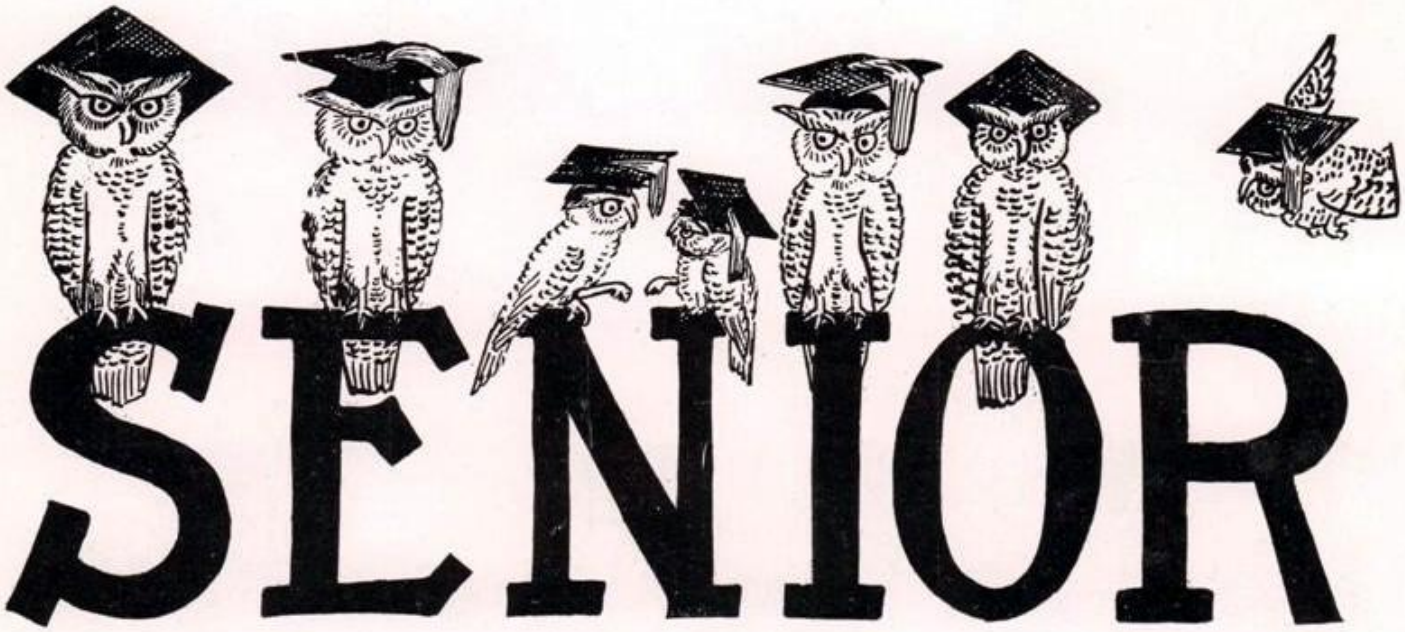
EDGAR FOGLER, EDNA JOHNSON ..... *Junior*

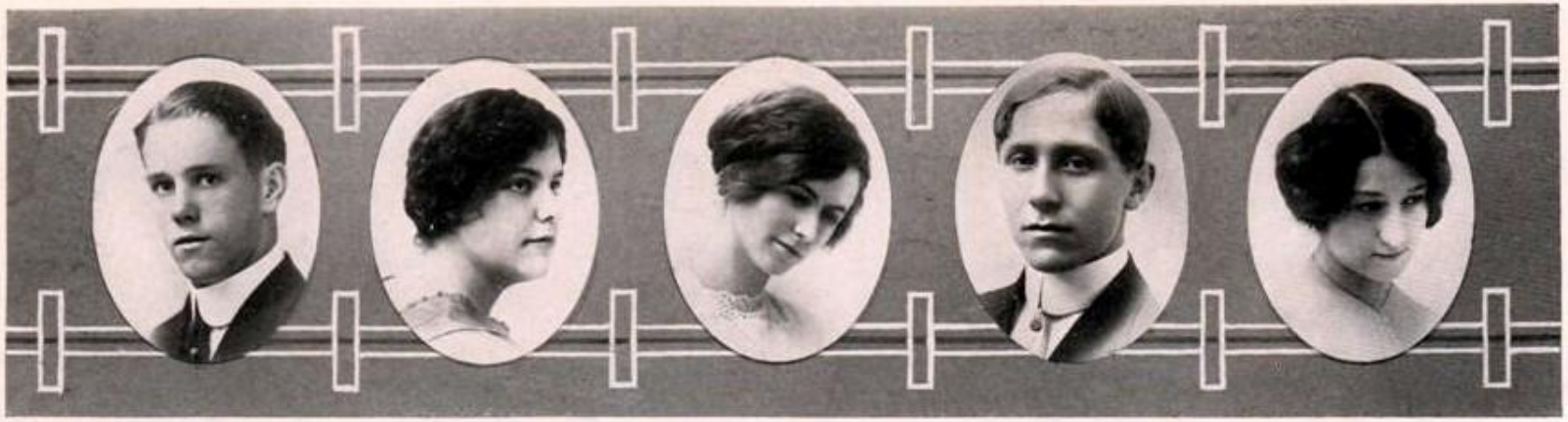
PAUL MCCREA, SARA WATKINS ..... *Sophomore*

ALICE CRARY, ALLAN HICKS ..... *Freshman*

ELMER FEHLEISEN ..... *Debate and Oratory*
MAURICE STANDLEY ..... *Athletic*
HOPE NUNAMAKER ..... *Moore Literary Society*
LOIS MEREDITH ..... Music
ESTHER LATHAM ..... *Eutrophian Literary Society*
OPAL MORGAN ..... *Stenography Club*
J. DUFFY ..... *Assistant Business Manager*

MARY CRUIKSHANK, *Faculty Adviser*


SENIOR



PETER T. CRANMER
Commercial Course
"PETE"

Class President
Football '10-'11-'12 Capt. '12
Basketball '11-'12, Manager '12
Baseball '11-'12-'13, Manager '12
Class Play
Moore Literary Society
Stenography Club
High School Chorus '12-'13

MARY LOUISE INGERSOLL
Latin
"LOU"

Class Vice-President
Moore Literary Society
Girls' Glee Club '11-'12-'13
Declamatory Contest '11-'12
High School Chorus '12-'13

NELLIE L. McLEOD
Normal Training
"NELL"

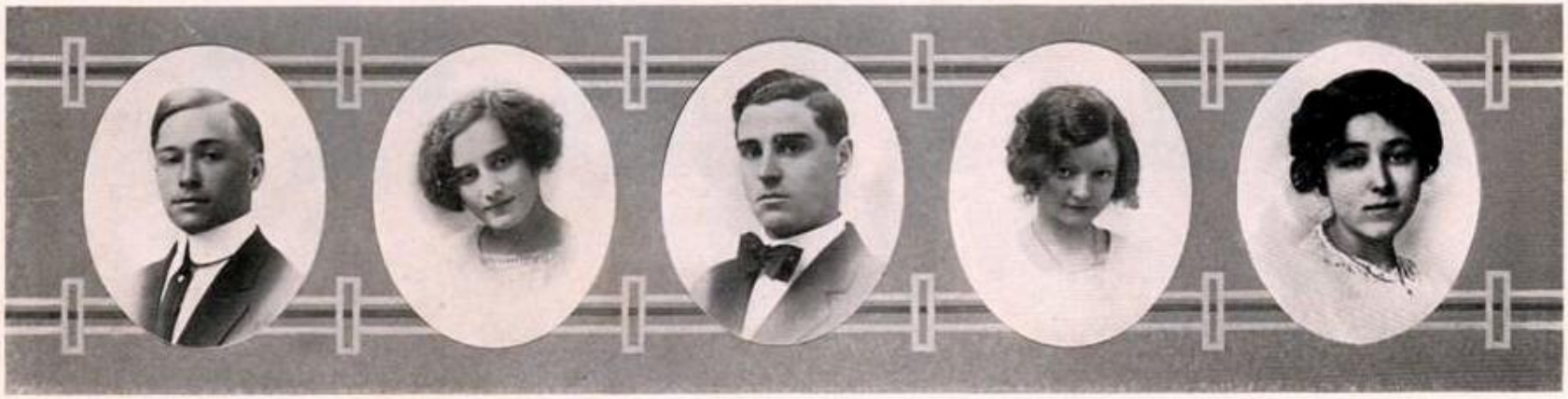
Class Secretary
Moore Literary Society
Girls' Glee Club '12
High School Chorus '12-'13

JOS. B. WELLS
History Course
"J. B."

Class Treasurer
Football '09
Debate '11-'12-'13, Capt. '12-'13
Moore Literary Society
Stenography Club
Declamatory Contest '11-'13
Class Play
High School Chorus '12-'13
Business Manager Annual

RUTH McFARLANE NELSON
Scientific
"STUB"

Class Reporter
Moore Literary Society
Girls' Glee Club '12-'13
High School Chorus '12



HARVEY A. STARKS
Commercial
"SOX"

Eutrophian Literary Society
Stenography Club
High School Chorus '12-'13
Business Manager Class Play

TILLIE I. SUMBERG
English
"DEBBY"

Eutrophian Literary Society

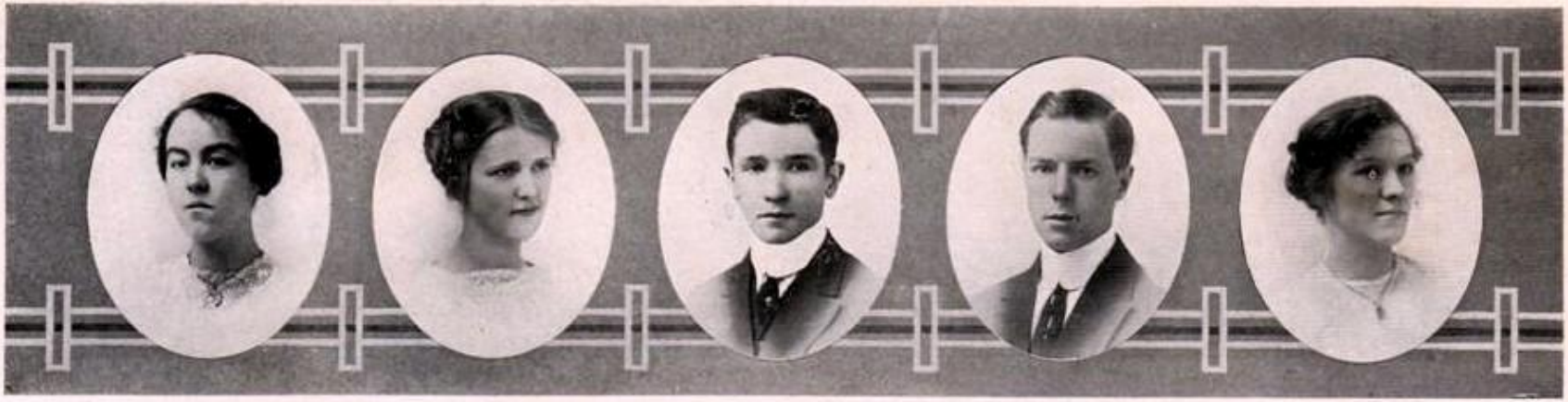
GLENN SAYRE
English
"REVEREND"

HOPE L. NUNAMAKER
Normal Training

Moore Literary Society
Girls' Glee Club '12-'13
High School Chorus '12-'13

MARIE EVELYN SHERMAN
Scientific

High School Chorus '12-'13



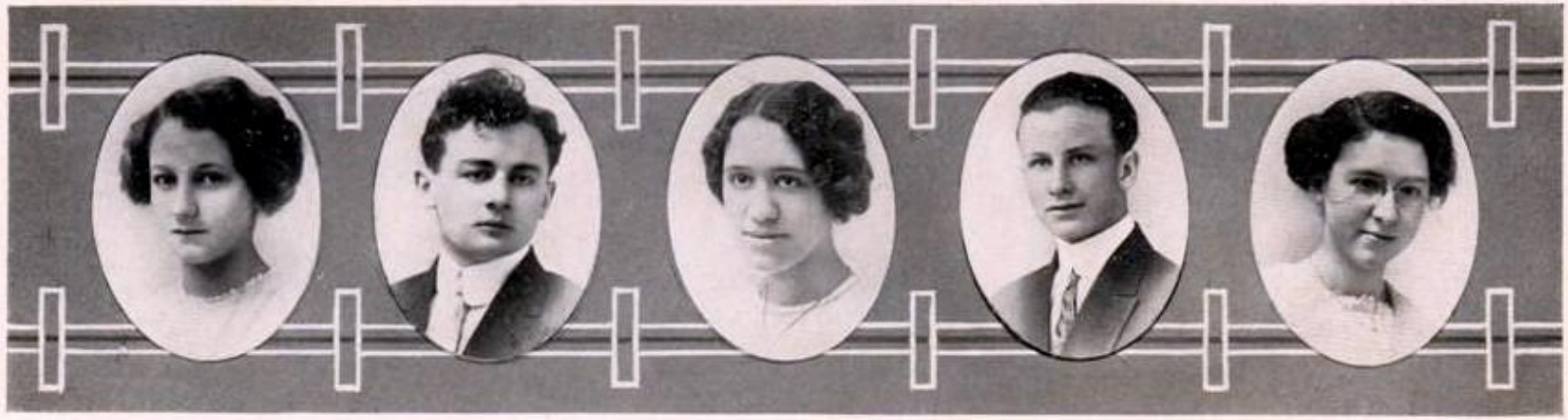
MIRIAM FARNHAM
Scientific
High School Chorus '12-'13

FRANCES GUSTAFSON
Normal Training
High School Chorus '12-'13

JOHN W. DUFFY
Commercial
"IRISH"
Football '10
Debate '13
Moore Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13
Declamatory Contest '13
Stenography Club
Annual Board

ARTHUR A. ANDERSON
Latin
"ART"
Moore Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13
Football '12

NAOMI M. CURRY
Scientific
High School Chorus '12-'13



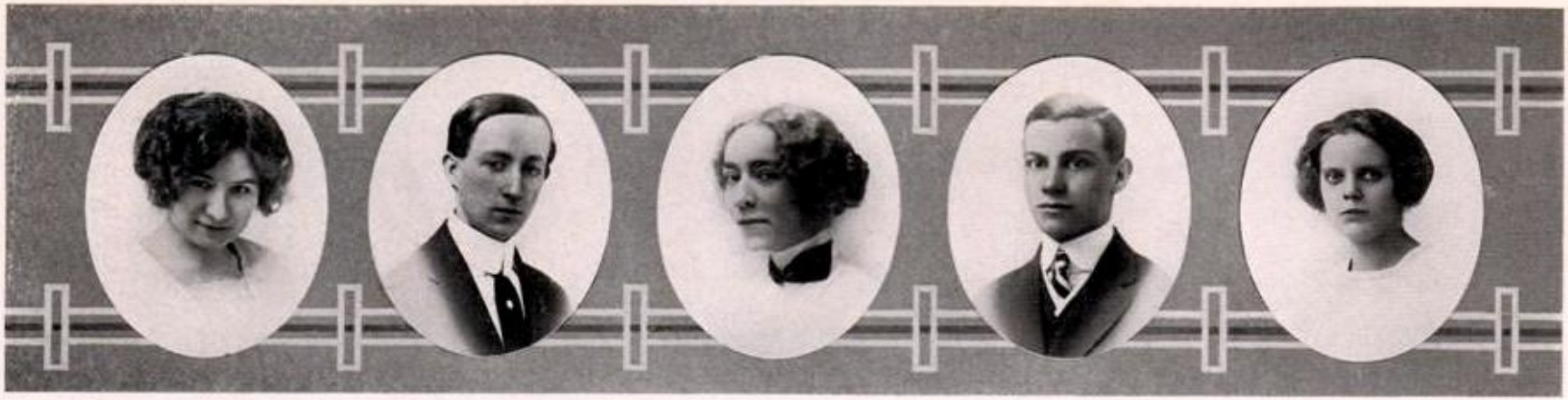
MABEL E. COATES
Latin
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13

LEO MEREDITH
Latin
Annual Board
Football '12
Debate '12-'13
Moore Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13
Senior Play

WATHA E. CORDELL
Latin
High School Chorus '12-'13

ELMER FEHLEISEN
Commercial
"FELIX"
Football '12
Declamatory Contest '12-'13
Debate '12-'13
Moore Literary Society
Stenography Club

ELIZABETH W. CHAMBERLAIN
Latin
Moore Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13



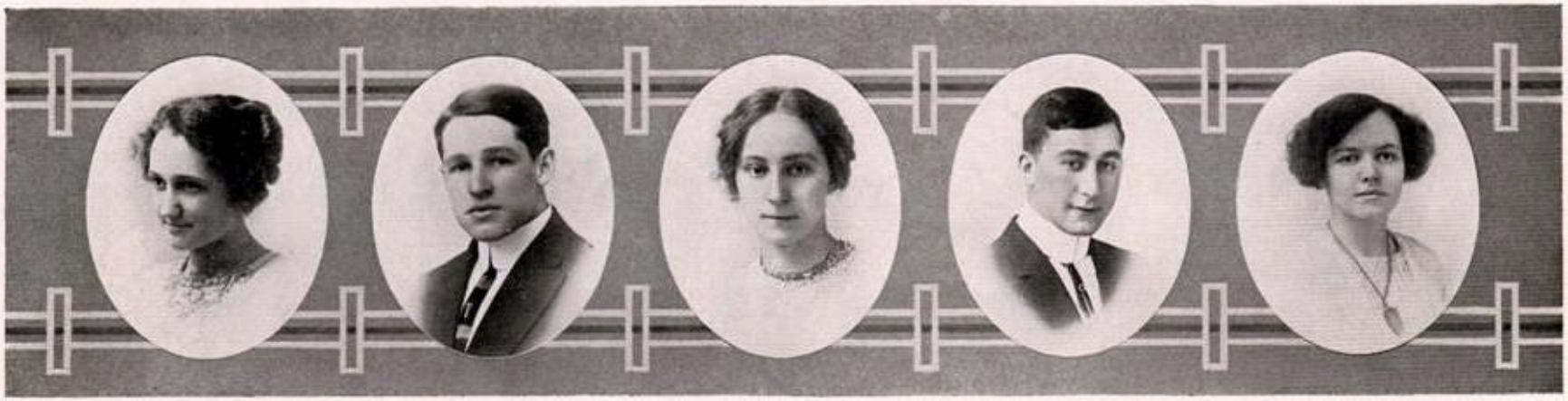
THIRZA CARTWRIGHT
Latin
"TURKEY"
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13
Class Play

CARROLL G. WATT
Scientific
Moore Literary Society

MARGARET CARSTENSEN
Normal Training
"BLONDY"
Annual Board
Moore Literary Society
Girls' Glee Club '12-'13
High School Chorus '12-'13
Class Play

BLAINE W. CULVER
English
Moore Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13
Class Play

GLADYS THOMPSON
Latin
"GLAD"
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13
Girls' Glee Club '13



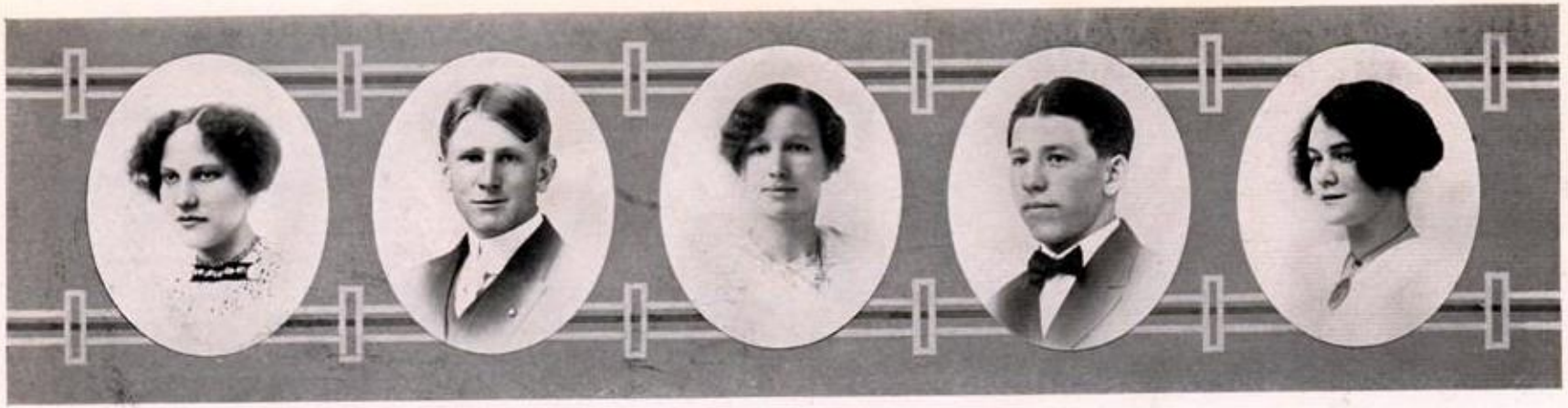
FERN C. TEMPLE
Latin
"DUTCHY"
Moore Literary Society
Girls' Glee Club '12-'13
High School Chorus '12-'13

MAURICE L. STANDLEY
Scientific
"MOSE"
Baseball '11-'12-'13
Football '11-'12
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus
Class Play

MYRTLE WILSON
Commercial
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13
Stenography Club

WILLIAM SUMBERG
Commercial
"BILL"
Moore Literary Society
Football '11-'12
Basketball '12

SARA WADDELL
Latin
"SADIE"
Annual Board
Moore Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13



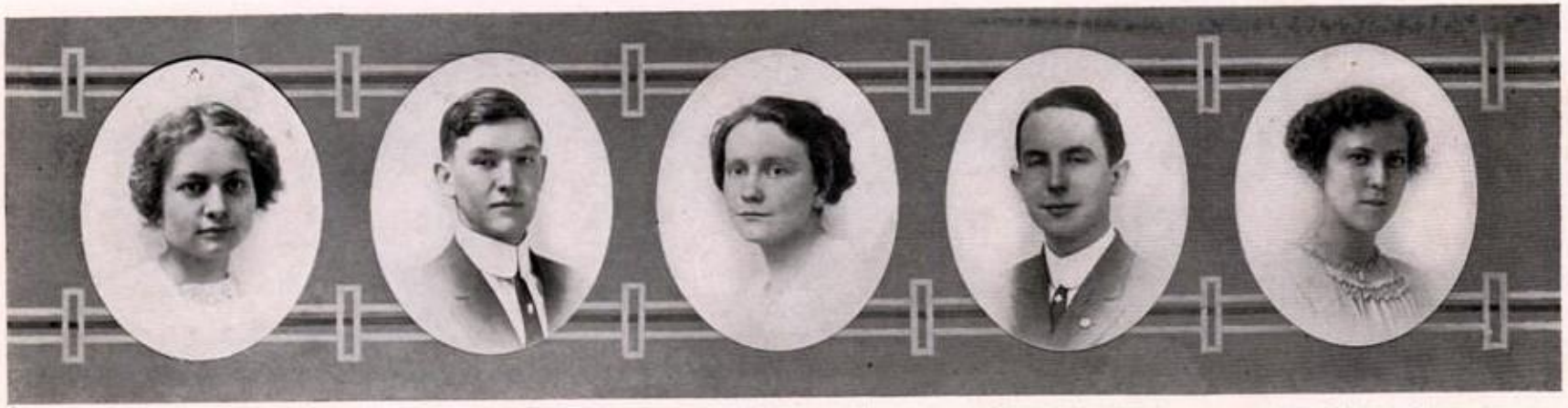
FLORENCE L. OSTRAND
English
Stenography Club
High School Chorus '12-'13

OTTO A. SNEDEKOR
English
"SNAKE"
Eutrophian Literary Society
Football '12
Baseball '11-'12-'13

BEULAH S. SPURGIN
Latin
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13

ROY S. MILLS
English
"DAGO"
Moore Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-13
Senior Play

EVA I. ROYSTER
Normal Training
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13



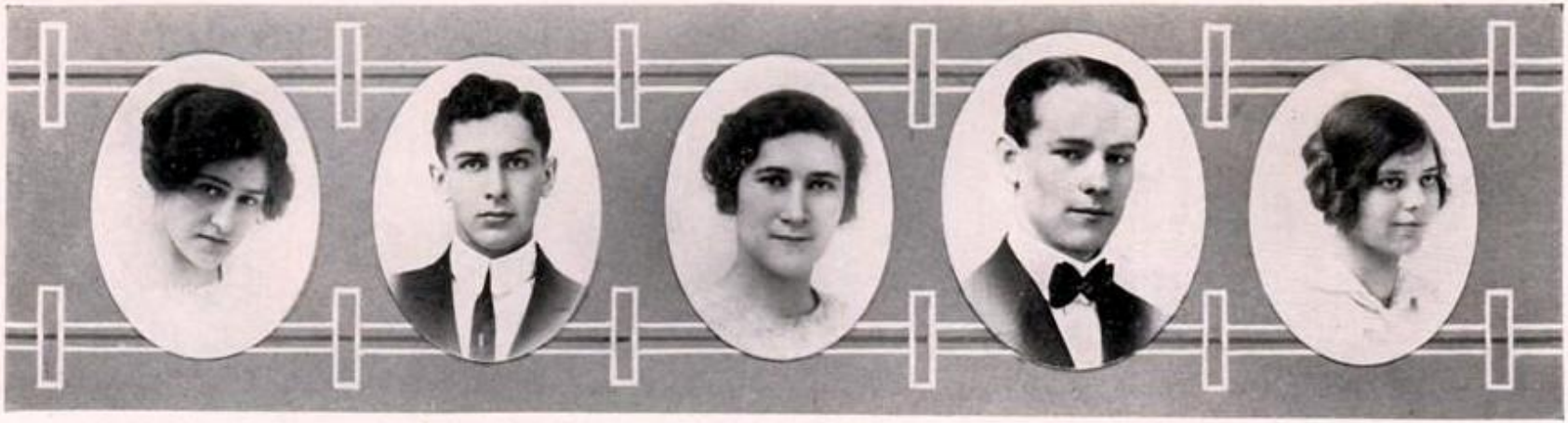
EFFIE M. NELSON
Scientific
Valedictorian
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13

WALTER L. MOORE
Scientific
"WALT"
Eutrophian Literary Society
Football '11-'12
Basketball '12
Editor-in-Chief of Annual

NAEMI JOHNSON
Normal Training Course

VERNE B. SMITH
Latin
Moore Literary Society
Class Play

RUTH FERN GUY
Latin
"TRIX"
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13



ESTHER LATHAM
Normal Training
"Pickles"
Eutrophian Literary Society
Girls' Glee Club '12-'13
High School Chorus '12-'13

HARRY PAUL LEES
Scientific
"Shorty"
Football '10-'11-'12
Baseball '11-'12-'13, Capt. '12-'13
Debate '13
Moore Literary Society
Class Play

OPAL TEXA MORGAN
Commercial
Eutrophian Literary Society
Stenography Club
High School Chorus '12-'13
Class Play

THOMAS F. OTIS
Commercial
"Tommy"
Annual Board
Football '11-'12
Basketball '12
Debate '13
Moore Literary Society
Stenography Club
High School Chorus '12-'13
Class Play

MARY ELIZABETH GASTON
Normal Training
"Betty"
Moore Literary Society
Girls' Glee Club '13
High School Chorus '12-'13
Class Play

ORA LEONE FRAMPTON
Normal Training
Eutrophian Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13

DE WAYNE SILLIMAN
Latin
"Senator"
Debate '11-'12-'13
Moore Literary Society
Stenography Club
Annual Board
Declamatory Contest '12-'13
High School Chorus '12-'13

LOIS MUNN
Latin
Moore Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13

VIRGIL ISABELLE NELSON
Scientific
High School Chorus '12-'13

RAYMOND A. VEALE
Scientific
Baseball '12-'13
Football '12
Eutrophian Literary Society

ELIZABETH EUNICE BATES
Latin
"Betty"
Moore Literary Society
High School Chorus '12-'13

SUNSET ON THE DES MOINES RIVER

Once upon a time there were little twin sisters born. The father and mother were not poor, neither were they rich. The family was just a common one and the babies just ordinary babies such as are seen every day. But the babies were not alike even though they were both given old-fashioned names and were twins. Mary and Jane were altogether different. The first thing that Jane did on arriving in this world was to set up a great howl, bringing consternation to the whole family. Mary on the other hand greeted her new existence with a smile. Babyhood actions seldom are an indication of future character but in this case the development of the babies physically and mentally only seemed to increase the ill-nature of one and the graciousness of the other.

Several years passed and the children were old enough to go to school. Jane cried and sulked for a whole day, her father at last being compelled to carry her there forcibly, but Mary went willingly and immediately made friends with her companions and her studies. Jane failed to agree with anything except a few other children who also disliked school. Misery likes company so there was soon a little bunch of girls and boys who stuck together and opposed everything that didn't just suit them.

Things went on in much the same way for several years—the children were in the seventh grade of the public school. Both children had changed much. They had grown both in size and wisdom. Mary had changed little in temperament, Jane had either changed or had become able to conceal her thoughts. Which was it?

They passed into the eighth grade and then into high school. Many of Jane's "bunch" dropped out, leaving a discouraged feeling among the remainder. They had never cultivated the friendship of their fellow schoolmates outside their own "bunch," they were very lonely, and disgusted with school life. They began to neglect their studies and to spend much of their time on the street when they met their old companions who told them what a glorious thing it was to be free and to earn money for themselves.

About the middle of the spring semester of their Freshman year, Jane and all her companions left school for good, only those remaining who were forced to do so. They went to work, they earned their own money and were their own bosses, a thing which to their minds was most desirable.

Three years more and Mary is graduating with her class. It is a class made up of individuals but united through the long companionship and work together. Commencement comes, Jane goes to see Mary graduate, and not until then does she realize her mistake, but she says to herself, "It's too late now," and continues in the same old way, while Mary and her classmates go on to greater and better things.

This story of Mary and Jane is typical of the life of children in every community. Jane was wrong when she said it was too late, it is never too late to do what is best. Every year is the recurrence of this tragedy at commencement, a tragedy which might be prevented.

We, the class of Thirteen, having successfully played the part of Mary for twelve years, having "finished the course," and having done commendable work, extend to all who may chance to read herein the heartiest of greetings.

CLASS STORY

Class History

In the fall of 1909, we entered the Boone High School, a barbaric tribe, known as the "Freshmen." The upper classmen took great sport in getting us initiated into this great institution of learning. They thought it great fun to put the boys over the cannon or immerse them in the fountain for a delightful bath on those hot September days. They also boosted some of the unfortunate ones to the mail box and made them sing sweet melodies for their entertainment.

On this memorable morning on which we entered this great school, we wandered about the halls, not knowing where to go, but Miss Rolston, who always takes care of the poor little Freshmen, came to our rescue and within a short time we were comfortably seated in Room VIII. But this feeling of relief lasted only a short time, for we were told to go to the assembly to study. And oh! the terrors of that assembly room! As we passed through the wide threshold into the spacious apartment, the eye of every senior was upon us, and how we trembled beneath their fierce taunting look. We were quite confused at first as to where we should sit, but Mr. Marshall, our good principal, found seats for us and again we breathed a sigh of relief. But to find Room VII was another great difficulty to be surmounted. We marched down from the assembly room and at the foot of the stairs we met Miss Warner, and we sought her advice as to the way we should go. Much to our dismay, she led us into Room V, where the big Juniors sat and for a short time we were subject to their ridicule. We departed as hastily as we could, however, and in the hall we met the faithful janitor who conducted us down another flight of stairs, into what seemed the underworld, Room VII, where the teacher had been patiently waiting for us. Luckily for us, there were no more mishaps on that first day. On the next day we felt more at ease and imbibed some knowledge of the school. As the days passed, we grew accustomed to our new life and soon were enjoying ourselves as much as the other classmen.

The next year we were a little more civilized, and were known as the Sophomores. We, too, enjoyed the hazing of the Freshmen, as much as the Juniors and Seniors. In that year, there was a debate with Ames and we were proud of two of our class who were on the team. During the fall of this year, we had a merry time at a reception for the football boys of Lake City. During the course of the evening a farce, "A Box of Monkeys," was given and it was a decided success. This reception was greatly appreciated by the Lake City boys in whose honor it was given. At the close of the year, Mr. Marshall, who had been our beloved teacher and adviser for two years, left us for other fields of work. We were much grieved at his departure, for we felt that his fatherly influence and devotion to us had been very tender indeed over the first years of our high school career.

When we came back to school in the fall of 1911, we welcomed into our midst a new principal, Mr. C. D. Donaldson, who will take care of us now until we depart from this High School life. We had reason to be proud when we were jolly Juniors for we were well represented in both athletics and debate. Some of the strongest players in the field were Juniors and helped win many

games. In this year we defeated Ames in football for the first time in seven years. On the state debating team, two of the members were Juniors and we won the state championship and were presented with a beautiful loving cup. The presentation of the cup to the school was made by Joseph B. Wells, captain of the team, and accepted by Wm. D. Johnson, then president of the Senior class. Near Christmas time of this year, Miss Jeanette Warner, our Latin teacher, decided to have some one to care for her and share her troubles and worries for the rest of her life. She departed from us in December, 1911, to enter into the so-called state of blissful matrimony. On December 11, 1911, the Junior and Senior girls gave a banquet in honor of the football boys. The banquet was given in the parlors of the Universalist Church. The parlors were decorated in the High School colors and a large football was suspended over the table where the team sat. The banquet was followed by a program of toasts given by the football boys and enjoyed by all present, after which we adjourned to the High School where a program was given by the High School students, and the football boys were presented with sweaters and monograms. On May 3rd, 1912, the Juniors tendered to the Seniors a most delightful reception which was held in the B. of R. T. Hall. During the reception hour, a "Welcome" was given by the Junior president, Peter Cranmer, and a response by the Senior president, Wm. Johnson. After the refreshments were served, a program of toasts was given, after which the evening was spent in dancing. At a late hour we departed for our homes, but we had enjoyed ourselves to our "hearts' content."

At the close of the year, we much regretted the fact that Miss Ramsey, our Latin teacher, was to leave us, but she had decided that she could endure single blessedness no longer, so she departed from us to embark upon the rough and stormy sea of matrimony. We left our Junior year with fond memories of a year well and happily spent and the first good year of our High School course.

In the fall of 1912, at the ringing of the dear old school bell, we marched back into school again. We are now grave and dignified Seniors, and the world has a more serious aspect for us. We organized as a class in January, 1913. There are fifty-one in our class, the largest ever graduated from the Boone High School. We adopted as the class colors black and yellow, and the yellow rose as the flower.

The Seniors have been conspicuous in both athletics and debate this year. Most of the football players were Seniors, and won many games for us by their hard playing and thorough knowledge of the game. During our Senior year, inter-class games were held, one between the Freshmen and Sophomores, in which the Sophomores won, one between the Juniors and Seniors, in which the Seniors won. The Sophomores and Seniors clashed for the championship of the school, and the Seniors captured the honors. Inter-class games of basketball were played in like manner, in which we gave the championship honors to the Juniors, and our hopes that they may retain their reputation next year also.

All three of the members on the state debating team are Seniors. We again won the State Championship on April 25, 1913. Another beautiful loving cup was added as a permanent trophy to the High School, and both cups will be handsome decorations to the new school.

The cup was presented to the school by DeWayne Silliman, a member of the team, and accepted by the alternate, Thomas Otis.

The Seniors have had two delightful parties this year and expect to enjoy many more. The first party was a Lyric party, with refreshments at Richardson's and an after session at the Armory, where the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. The second party was in the High School, and a field meet was enjoyed by the Seniors and faculty. Supper was served in Room VI, which was prettily decorated in the Senior colors, black and gold. While the Seniors were enjoying themselves upstairs at the field meet, the Juniors slipped in and took the ice cream. When the Seniors were ready for it, great consternation arose, for the cream was nowhere to be found. Search as we might, it could not be discovered. Two of the boys rushed up town and procured three gallons more, and so the evening ended most happily. We sincerely hope that the Juniors had a good feed even if it was at our expense.

We are now nearing the close of our High School life. In a short time the Class of '13 will depart. But as we stand on the threshold of life, we look back at the dear faces, and hear the loving voices in the dear old school, and we bid them all a fond farewell.

S. W.

The Future

The Future

One evening, a short time ago, two of the Senior girls were spending the evening together with their Latin. As they ceased their studying for a moment, one exclaimed, "How interesting it would be if we could visit the Sibyl now, and learn the future of all our friends and classmates."

And suddenly to one of them appeared a vast cave, cut from the rock. Strange murmuring was heard in the distance, and gradually these words were formed, "What would you of the Sibyl?" The astonished girl immediately replied, "To know the fate of my classmates of 1913."

Instantly the gates flew open, and the prophetess of Apollo was seen seated on a tripod over a fissure in the earth. The vapor overpowered her, and she spoke thus:

"I foresee for the members of the Class of 1913 unusual success. Your noted president, Peter Cranmer, is destined to become a great orator, filling important places on Chautauqua platforms.

"Louise Ingersoll, your vice-president, will command a fine salary as instructor of music in the public schools of Des Moines.

"I see your secretary, Nellie McLeod, happily married, and Joseph Wells, the treasurer, a most successful barker for William Weaver's circus.

"On a conspicuous corner in a large city, I have a vision of a prosperous department store, over the doorway of which is the sign, 'E. Fehleisen, V. Smith & Co.'

"You may not be surprised to learn that DeWayne Silliman will become editor of the Appeal to Reason. Perhaps even greater honors await him.

"Through the combined efforts of the suffragist leaders, Naome Johnson, Lois Munn, Eva Royster, and Florence Ostrand, Sarah Waddell will be elected President of the United States.

"William Sumberg, with his genial smile and courteous manner, will make a big success as a traveling salesman.

"There is marked musical talent in the Class of 1913, and I can hear the compositions of Elizabeth Gaston, with words by Fern Temple, presented to enthusiastic audiences by the "Nelson Trio," Effie, Virgil, and Ruth, with Edith Chamberlain as accompanist. Francis Gustafson and Naomi Curry will also become great musicians.

"Nor is the class lacking in literary genius, for among the celebrated writers of verse will appear the name of Beulah Spurgin, while those of Ora Frampton and Tillie Sumberg in romance, will be no less important. Their writings will be made more attractive by beautiful illustrations from the pens of Myrtle Wilson and Marie Sherman.

"As the years roll past, the name of Blaine Culver will be linked with that of Mark Twain, and blessings be showered upon him for dispelling many a heartache. Not many years shall elapse ere Harvey Starkes is to be connected with vast newspaper interests.

"Raymond Veale is destined to fill the office of Post Master

General, through the influence of the wealthy politician, Maurice Standley.

"For Carroll Watt, I prophesy a responsible position, which he will fill with great ability—that of chief engineer on a newly built railroad, of which Leo Meredith is president.

"You have among you a future baseball star, Harry Lees, whose team with their pranks, will greatly disturb the dignified constable, Roy Mills.

"No doubt you will be greatly surprised to learn that Walter Moore will be very successful as superintendent of a large Orphan's asylum.

"Opal Morgan will quietly pursue her course as a foreign missionary, while Thomas Otis will become principal of one of the Chicago High Schools.

"Hope Nunamaker and Margaret Carstenson I behold conducting a select dancing academy.

"Esther Latham will become successor to Jane Addams.

"Arthur Anderson is to be professor of Latin in one of the leading colleges and Glen Sayre will devote his life to the church and greatly loved by his parishioners.

"Suffering humanity will bless the name of John Duffy, whose skill as a dentist is sure to make him famous.

"Among the attractive signs to be seen in New York, will appear one bearing this inscription: 'Miss Elizabeth Bates, Miss Mabel Coates, Modistes,' and they will become artists in their line.

"Among the teachers of the near future none will excel Miriam Farnham and Watha Cordell.

"Thirza Cartwright, Ruth Guy, and Gladys Thompson, I behold in spotless linen, ministering to the sick, in one of the best hospitals in the United States.

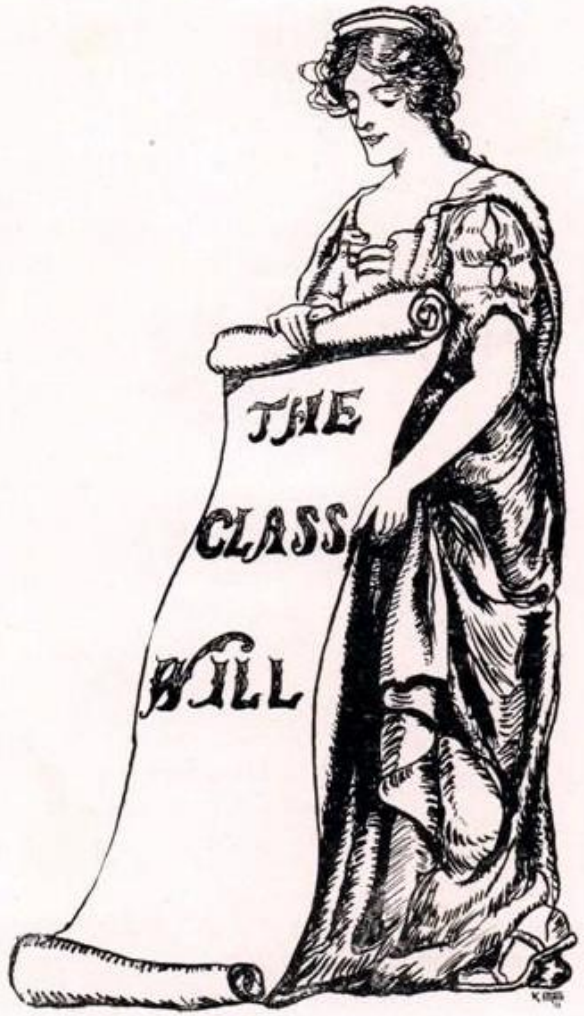
"Lastly, I see the Class of 1913 assembled at a grand class picnic on the beautiful farm owned by Otto Snedekor."

She ceased, and as suddenly as the vision had appeared, so it was rudely interrupted by the announcement, "Well, I have finished the lesson, have you finished your nap?" To which her companion replied, "Yes, and I have learned many wonderful things, which may interest the members of the Class of 1913."

G. T.
T. C.


13


CLASS
SENIORS
13


THE
CLASS
BILL

Class Will

We, *The Class of 1913*, being of sound mind and memory, and mindful of the uncertainties of this life, hereby make and declare and publish the following to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all wills heretofore made by us, the intention being to make the following as our last will and testament, and to have the administration of our estate governed thereby.

ITEM I

We give and bequeath to the School Board, Volume XI of Epicurus containing, "Essays on Dancing."

ITEM II

We leave to our old High School building many happy memories and promises of everlasting loyalty, together with present Senior decorations.

ITEM III

We leave to our new High School building two debating trophies and wishes for many more. Also a horde of Freshmen.

ITEM IV

We give and bequeath to our superintendent a new office with possibilities of securing a good stenographer.

ITEM V

We give and bequeath to the faculty our undying sympathy, in token whereof we present them Whittier's poem on "Filial Love and Duty," and a copy of "Trials of a Modern Teacher, by One Who Knows."

ITEM VI

We leave to our most honored principal fourteen (14) shares in The Fitch Hair Tonic Company, recently purchased by the Senior Class, and a book entitled "Modern Ideas in Pedagogy." Privilege of use of this book is also extended to the rest of the faculty.

ITEM VII

We leave to Miss Rolston a pair of eye glasses to be used in the inspection of Freshmen, and a life contract to teach in the Boone High School.

ITEM VIII

We give and bequeath to Miss Cruikshank sole right of settling all disputes arising in the U. S. on the suffrage question, also a copy of Sarah Bernhardt's latest article on "How to Choose a Cast for a Play."

ITEM IX

We give and bequeath to Mr. Gudmundson a Shorthand Manual with instructions "How to Teach Shorthand," one case of advertising pencils and the subscription agency for the American Penman.

ITEM X

We bequeath to Miss Weston an Egyptian mummy to be thoroughly studied by all Juniors with a view to bettering their present condition.

ITEM XI

We leave to Miss Ball one piece of latest music, "The Bridal Chorus," also a new German grammar.

ITEM XII

We leave to Miss Thompson our heartiest wishes for a long and joyous life on the farm, and desire some day to see her native city receive a place on the county map.

ITEM XIII

We order and direct that Miss Jones be plentifully supplied with a large collection of bugs and snakes.

ITEM XIV

We give and bequeath to Miss Rowe a pamphlet entitled "Up to Date Cooking," to be used in Domestic Science classes else she forfeit all rights to same.

ITEM XV

We bequeath to Miss Hand a mitten.

ITEM XVI

We leave to Miss Whiteman our cheerful disposition, with instructions how to make use of it.

ITEM XVII

We give and bequeath to Miss Thoreen three months vacation, and a trip to Illinois.

ITEM XVIII

We give and bequeath to Mr. Easter a new hat, along with advice on how to watch a ball game without getting soaked.

ITEM XIX

We leave to Miss Brown the old library, where she may reign supreme without fear of being disturbed.

ITEM XX

We order and direct that Mr. Daehler be given a new manual training headquarters, where he may train the future architects of the world.

ITEM XXI

We leave Mr. Waldman a new broom, and a great deal of chewing gum which he shall remove from beneath the desks of female students.

ITEM XXII

We give and bequeath to the Junior Class in loving remembrance a book called "The Heights of Fame or What it Means to be a Senior," containing several lengthy articles on Brotherly Love. We also bequeath them three gallons of ice cream, several neckties and a dummy.

ITEM XXIV

We leave to the Sophomores our good will and advice, which we hope they will profit by and become wise

ITEM XXV

We leave to the Freshmen four years of hard work. In case four years is not enough we will permit them to remain six. We will, however, insert an amendment to this, providing for an additional six years to be given the pupil in cases such as Ben Abel's and William Weaver's. We order and direct that all Freshmen have their hair bobbed as a mark of respect to the upper classmen.

ITEM XXVI

We leave to the Moore Literary Society an empty treasury, many bright prospects, and remembrances of many good programs, picnics and parties, and we herewith pledge our enduring fidelity to above society.

ITEM XXVII

We leave to the Eutrophian Literary Society a new president and wishes for its everlasting prosperity.

ITEM XXVIII

We give and bequeath to the Stenography Club an order for several Remington typewriters, and also leave some speed sharks such as Star Clyde Smith and Frank Mudd.

ITEM XXIX

We leave to the Glee Club an amount of money to be used in the training of those in the Boone High School who aspire to grand opera.

ITEM XXX

We leave to Edgar Fogler a large number of unfortunate Juniors, and a book which gives instructions on how to avoid stage fright and how to become an orator, written by Jos. B. Wells.

ITEM XXXI

We give and bequeath to William Weaver a Bulgarian necktie.

ITEM XXXII

We give and bequeath to all students of questionable behavior an article named "How to Become a Model Student," written by Russell Conrad and Clifford McQuillen.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand at Boone, Iowa, this 13th day of May, A. D., 1913.

BENN ABEL.

ATTESTATION CLAUSE

The above and foregoing instrument, being the last will and testament of Class of 1913, deceased, and consisting of four sheets of typewriting paper, was by the said class duly subscribed as their last will and testament in our presence, and we, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, and at their request, have hereby signed our names as the subscribing witnesses on the date last above named.

HOWARD STOUT,
MAERIE STEPHENSON.

The Senior Farewell

The Senior Farewell

It is said that the number thirteen is an ill omen. We do not believe it. We believe that the year 1913 will be long remembered by the present students of Boone High School, as a symbol of achievement.

The activities of the class of 1913 have been many and varied. In athletics we have more than held our own, both on the school teams and in the inter-class contests; in our midst are found the champion debaters of the state of Iowa, and last but not least our grades as a class are far above those of many previous classes. We have for the first time in the history of the school published an annual, which project we hope will not end with us but will be continued by the lower and coming classes.

But we do not take the credit for these things unto ourselves. First of all, we must recognize those who give us the chance to show what we can do, who supply the buildings and equipment that we may acquire knowledge,—the taxpayers. And then the school board whose efficient management maintains the schools of Boone in the front rank, and last, nearest to us, and most important, the faculty, whose constant efforts especially in behalf of the Seniors are appreciated by few.

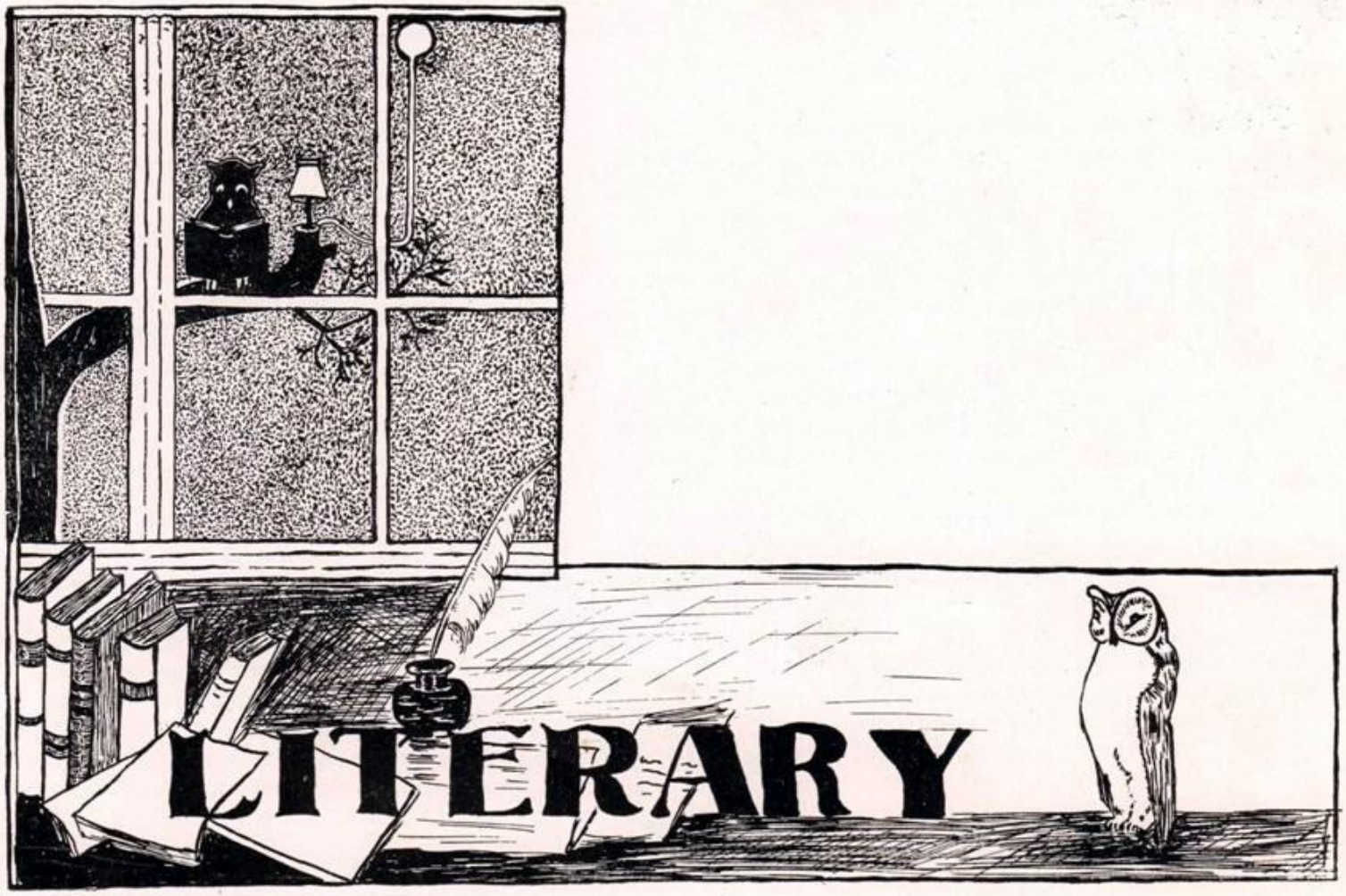
Youth is ever hopeful. Every member of the Senior class is hopeful; hopeful for himself, his prospects and his future; hopeful for the betterment of the city of Boone and its schools, and particularly hopeful for the success of the new High School in the process of construction, hopeful that, while it is not the largest it may become the best, the strongest and the most efficient institution of its kind in the state.

Moderate success, success that gives pleasure to our friends, as well as ourselves, not success that intrudes itself and says, "Behold how great am I," but success that appeals to others as being a measure of true worth, such has been our aim during our High School course and such we hope it will continue to be. We feel that our labors have not been in vain, that we have accomplished something and even though we may not have done great things, that we have at least done our best.

The class of this year 1913 is a great class, the largest since the school was founded. Each member is proud of the fact that he is a member, that he has the privilege of graduating with such a class and from such a school.

And now we must bid the old school good-bye. Pleasant memories and acquaintances must be left behind and the serious problems of life faced with a vigor equal to that which has enabled us to complete our High School course. Many of us will go directly into the business world and various other pursuits while others will continue their education in an attempt to make the best possible use of their abilities. But whatever the Class of 1913 may do, wherever they may go, they will never forget the Boone High School and the day on which the final farewell was spoken, the day on which the foundation of their lives rests, the day which the members of this class will always remember as the first important event and the most unforgettable of their lives.

W. M.


LITERARY

The Palace of Peace

In one of the southern states, on an unfrequented country road, stood a beautiful mansion, in the midst of what once had been splendid formal grounds. But now all was changed. What had previously been a beautiful highway was only a crooked country lane, overgrown with weeds. The wall which surrounded the grounds was massive, high and forbidding, but was in a better condition than the rest of the place.

The great gateway, which was once a fit entrance to such a mansion, was almost hidden by the rank vegetation. On either side of the gates, which were securely barred, were two large bronze lions. They were crouched in a threatening attitude, as if to guard the place from intruders, and protect it from the outside world.

As we entered the grounds, our first impression was of sadness at the complete desolation of the place. At first the silence was almost unbearable. Then, as one looked, it seemed to cry out to him in a thousand voices. The cruel hand of time had not yet completely obliterated the old beauty of the grounds. On all sides were seen hints of the classic lines of the old garden. They became so intense that one passed on in haste, over the neglected drives, past ill-kept lawns and overgrown hedges; past dry basins which, in former years, had reflected from their dazzling depth the deep blue of the southern skies. On every side was seen rare shrubbery, many pieces of which had been brought from foreign tropics at fabulous expense.

One could not perceive the full grandeur of the place until he had reached the center of the grounds. There stood the fountain, the principal part of which was a beautiful statue. It was a perfect centerpiece for its setting. It did not only equal its surroundings, but seemed to shed upon them a certain peace, which consoled him to their present fate, as if they had hopes of better days.

In the days when this garden was new, the statue was made by an Italian sculptor, who seemed to put into it his very heart and soul, even so much that no one could look upon it without feeling its influence. It was chiseled of white marble, and represented an old man in a simple attitude, with bowed head and hands crossed upon his breast. It seemed that the artist had, by his divine art, put into the one word, which was inscribed upon its pedestal, an infinite meaning, and that word was "Peace."

No sound of gently splashing waters was heard. The fountain was still, and the basin was cracked by the hot sun, which beat upon it without mercy.

As one turned to go on his way, he saw the house, a fit mansion for its surroundings. It seems as if in modern times the architectural art has been lost, for nothing is seen to compare with that magnificent mansion. Throughout its massive proportions are seen the simple lines of classic beauty, in which its owner sought to find peace, and failed.

Time had also been gentle with it, and like the wall, it was in better preservation than the grounds.

The interior of the mansion was in the same magnificent pro-

portions but sadly in need of repairs. Some single articles of the antique furniture would now be worth a fortune.

Only one set of rooms was cared for, and that most scrupulously. In a front room, near a long window which opened out upon a cool balcony, sat an old lady. She was dressed in soft gray, and sat watching the gateway, as if she was expecting someone to return. Always watching, but never rewarded for her long vigil.

Her sweet old face, framed with its halo of white hair, showed that she had sought and failed to find the one thing for which this magnificent home was reared: "Peace."

She could not count her wealth, but she cared nothing for that. Ten years before, her husband had died, leaving her practically alone in the world, with no one upon whom she could depend.

He was one of the great financial powers of the world. But he became tired of his way of living, doing nothing but going through the ceaseless grind for money. Money, his one and only aim in life, in fact, his very life itself, had become his curse.

He built this beautiful mansion, for once with no thought of money, and in it he sought to find peace.

He had the greatest sculptor of his time make his likeness in an attitude of peace, which he could not assume. The artist, deeply touched by the tragedy of this man's life, made for him his masterpiece. It was placed in the center of the garden. Daily he went and meditated upon it, trying to become like it. But that was impossible.

Too long he had thought only of money, until he had grown into a money-making machine, which was incapable of anything else. He found this out too late. And one dark and stormy night, in the dim light of his magnificent apartments, he lay and thought of the failure of his life. This night was typical of the life he had led. Outside the angry storm beat upon his retreat, but he was secure in his power to defy it, and it could do no more than howl down the chimney of the great fireplace.

In the midst of his turbulent surroundings, he seemed to forget his power and to be carried away from the great strain and worry of his life. A sense of peace seemed to sweep over him from head to foot, and in the roar of the storm he crossed the dark river of death, leaving all his cares behind.

His wife was not left entirely alone in the world, for they had a son who, in his younger days, was the one great joy of their life.

But as the son grew older, and his father began to realize more and more the curse of wealth, his father urged him to go out into the world and make his own way, as it was the only way to be happy.

When he went he took his father's heart with him, and with him went all his hopes of future happiness. But his mother never gave up hopes of his returning.

Now she sat there, surrounded by the ruined splendor of her home, watching, always watching and waiting, but in vain. She knew how badly her surroundings needed her attention, but she paid no heed to it. Like her husband she had let her mind dwell upon one subject so long, that she could think of nothing else, and could find no rest.

As she sat there, her mind traveled back over the dreary years of waiting, back to the time when she and her husband had come there with their small son. For a time everything was happy, and the tense strain of their former life seemed to be broken.

She seemed again to move in the brilliant social life they had

led. The halls again echoed the light tread of their merry guests, the rippling laughter of the beautiful women, and the deep vibrant tones of the cultured gentlemen. But all this was only a sham. No one had any heart in it. It was nothing but acting, and sometimes very poor acting at that.

As the day grew to a close, and the twilight came on, she could hear the gleeful laughter of her innocent little son, all unmindful of the impending tragedy, as he played by the splashing fountain, which sprang from the foot of the statue of peace.

Her husband was there watching his son and his ideal. As he sat there, surrounded by his wonderful garden, and watched this perfect picture, he realized more and more the gap between him and the real things of life that count.

What was all his wealth to him if he had to remain a thing isolated in the center of his own home? He resolved that, before his son should imbibe the fatal craze for wealth, he would send him from all this, until he should learn how to live, and what to do with the great fortune that would be his.

The old lady lived over again the scene of parting, and, as she saw her boy being taken from her, she stretched forth her hands as if to hold him, but they touched only a cold marble pillar, bringing back with startling vividness the utter hopelessness of it all.

She felt now that he would never return and, as the days wore on, she grew weaker and weaker, until, one evening, the doctors said it was but a question of a few hours until she would join her husband.

Just as the sun was setting, the distant purr of an automobile was heard. Presently, in between the two bronze lions who had so faithfully guarded their secret, rolled a gray touring car.

In the rear seat was a woman and two children, a boy and a girl, who went into ecstacies at their beautiful surroundings. They wanted to get out and play at the fountain, even before the car stopped.

In the front seat by the side of the driver sat a man. His face showed that he appreciated his surroundings, and felt their influence.

In a silent room of the great house lay the old lady. Her life was slowly passing, but, unlike her husband, she found no peace.

Outside, the stars came out one by one, and seemed to blink at the dazzling splendor which they beheld, little knowing the dreary unrest of the lone soul within. The moonbeams shed their soft radiance on the velvet rug, which seemed to vie with them in its oriental splendor.

While she lay there waiting, not for her son, but for a more stern and silent guest, she heard a soft but heavy tread over the marble floor of the hall. It stopped at the door of her apartment. She looked up and beheld the one for whom she had given up all hopes of ever seeing.

With the strength of the dying she sat erect, and stretching her arms toward him, cried: "My son, after all these years!" and sank back exhausted.

With one bound, he was kneeling by her side, with his arms around her neck, passionately crying: "My own dear mother! Why did you not tell me? I never dreamed it was like this, I thought that you did not want me to return. I have come, with my wife and children, to live with you and brighten your declining years. I have amassed a wealth equal to your own; but I have not become a slave to it. While earning it I have learned the art of living as God intended it should be. And now when

we have come back to enjoy this mansion with you, you must--Mother!'' Her lifeless body fell back upon the bed, but on her face was a look of peace, such as had never been there before.

Three months later, on a beautiful summer evening, the son and his wife sat on the cool balcony watching the children, as they played with merry shouts around the splashing fountain. On all sides stretched the restored garden, its beautiful lines no longer crying out for release. The mansion again showed the loving care of a housewife.

As the man took his wife in his arms, she whispered: ''My husband, this is perfect.'' And he replied, ''Love, let us christen it 'The Palace of Peace.' ''

LLOYD KENDALL '14.

The Consequences of Mrs. Butterball's Accident

When Mrs. Butterball stepped from the street car, before it had come to a complete halt, with her eyes upon the people passing by, she violated the laws of gravity, and the rules of the company, and the advice of her adopted daughter, Nellie. The first violation was the most important, however, as it stretched Mrs. Butterball in the dust of the street for a few moments, wrenched her shoulder, and brought her the chance to ride home in an ambulance.

She felt so disgraced at the moment, that she would not give her name and address to the conductor, who was very nervous about Mrs. Butterball's injuries. He was also putting down the names of witnesses who were standing near.

Mrs. Butterball was propped in a dusty heap against the lamp post. The indignant conductor said to her very sharply, "You either give me your name and address, or I'll call a policeman and have him ask you, for I am not going to run risks of losing my job, when you sue the company for damages."

At first, Mrs. Butterball did not know what to think or say, but at length she said, "I am not going to sue the company, Mr. Man. All I want is to get home and into bed. My shoulder hurts." The conductor grumbled and said, "That is what they all say, but I've seen too much of it in my time. Come now, give me your address."

At last Mrs. Butterball tremblingly gave him the information he wanted, and as a thoughtful person from the crowd had telephoned for an ambulance, it came up just then. The patient was carefully assisted to a seat, after the doctor had decided that she could be taken home. Great crowds of people were thronging the place, and Mrs. Butterball surveyed the assemblage with no little pride through the window of the ambulance.

"I suppose most of them think I am killed," she said to the surgeon politely. "Land's sake! Won't there be a crowd when we drive into Webster Street!"

Mrs. Butterball's forecast of the excitement which her arrival would arouse in Webster Street, among her neighbors, was not greatly overdrawn, and when the ambulance drove up before the Butterball cottage, the shrill screams of Nellie, standing on the porch, with her apron thrown over her head to shut out what horrid sight might be revealed, gave the one alarm needed to vacate every house in the neighborhood. There was disappointment, however, among the spectators, when Mrs. Butterball descended from the ambulance on her own sturdy limbs, instead of being lifted out by the surgeon; but as she hobbled into the house, her hat twisted to one side, her clothes dusty and crumpled, she bore every outward evidence of having been in an accident.

"What on earth?" demanded Mrs. Smith, coming slowly from the adjoining cottage.

"Oh, I fell when I was stepping from the street car," replied Mrs. Butterball. Immediately Nellie began to scold, "I have told you fifty-eleven times about getting off backward, but you will keep on trying it! Are you badly hurt?"

"Land sakes, Nell!" Mrs. Smith protested, "she didn't try to fall down. How you do talk!"

Mrs. Smith and the surgeon were helping Mrs. Butterball, so there was no need of Nell's helping. But the frightened daughter came down the steps to join the little party, and the neighbors began to drift back to their homes, as a crowd breaks up when the fire engines start back to their quarters.

The doctor said that she was not badly hurt, and her shoulder would be well in a short time. All she needed was good care and a few days of rest.

Mrs. Smith paused at the door and said, "You will be all right now, Mrs. Butterball. Nell will take care of you and I will be right handy if you need me."

"Thank you, Mrs. Smith, but I guess Nell can do everything I want to be done. I don't believe I am badly hurt. Won't you come in?"

"O, I haven't a minute to spare for visiting, Mrs. Butterball, my bread is in the oven." But as she said this she came in behind Nell.

Mrs. Butterball was comfortably placed in an easy chair and her shoulder bandaged. The doctor gave a few instructions as to the care of the injured shoulder. When the ambulance drove away, and the last of the staring children had gone to play, the excitement in Webster Street was over.

"However did it happen, Mrs. Butterball?" asked Mrs. Smith, when Nell had hurried to bring her mother a glass of water.

"Land sakes! We aren't safe any more these days, between their automobiles and trolleys, a person had better stay at home."

Mrs. Butterball told everything in detail, and answered all the questions she was asked, when a knock at the door was heard.

Nell hastened to open it and found a well dressed young man standing there, with his hat raised respectfully.

"I would like to see Mrs. Butterball, if you please," he said.

Nell looked back over her shoulder and announced to her mother who was propped in a nest of pillows in a large easy chair. "Somebody to see you, mother." Mrs. Butterball started to rise in her excitement but the sharp pain through her injured shoulder sent her back among the pillows.

"Ask him to come in," she said," though goodness knows I am not fit to see anybody just now."

The young man at the door did not wait for a definite invitation from Nell. He gently pushed his way past her, bowed to Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Butterball, as he placed his hat on the table, and began drawing off his gloves. Nell slowly closed the door and stood near it, staring at him.

"Mrs. Butterball, I have been sent by the street car company to call on you, to find out the extent of your injuries, and to assure you that the company regrets this unfortunate accident very much."

Mrs. Butterball greeted this remarkable and unexpected announcement with a pleased and gratified smile, but Mrs. Smith rose to the occasion. With her plump arms folded, her chin thrust out toward the stranger, she tossed her head impatiently before she replied.

"Well, I should think they would!" she declared. "An' it's little enough for them to do! With their cars breaking people's backs an' cutting people's legs off every day, it must keep you pretty busy apologizing."

The young man smiled and said, "Quite so, madam. It is the least the company can do. It is part of my business here to learn what damage has been done; what real loss you may have sus-

tained; and to see in what way the company can make it up to you."

Turning again to Mrs. Butterball he said, "I came here as soon as the report of the accident was received at the office."

"Oh, it doesn't amount to anything, thank you," Mrs. Butterball answered, "it's only my shoulder, and the doctor said it would be all right in a few days——."

She raised her eyes, and, to her amazement, beheld Mrs. Smith making violent signals of distress behind the stranger. Her frown was terrible and she shook her head in violent negation of Mrs. Butterball's pacific attitude, and waved her hands in despair. These unexplained actions struck such quick dismay into Mrs. Butterball's soul that her voice trailed off into silence. The stranger took up the burden of conversation, while Nell, completely bewildered, stared helplessly from one to another of the group.

"Yes, I was glad to learn from the report of our conductor that your personal injury was probably slight," he said, "but there are damages, of course, that must be met. Your gown was doubtless damaged, if not ruined. Although the surgeon assured you that your shoulder would be better in a week or so, you will probably call in your family physician to set your mind at rest—there will be a fee for that also."

"Yes, an' there'll be no little nursing," Mrs. Smith interposed, "This sort of thing doesn't heal itself. This poor woman is liable to be disabled for the next couple of weeks."

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Butterball began to protest, "I'll be well in a day or so."

"You are quite right," he observed quietly, "and the street car company gladly takes upon itself to meet such extraordinary expenses, such as was caused by this unfortunate affair. Now what amount, Mrs. Butterball, would cover all the damages?"

Mrs. Butterball did not know what to answer. She was looking at the stranger now, and then she looked at Mrs. Smith, whose face was all smiles, and nodding waves of encouragement to Mrs. Butterball. At last she asked timidly, "Were you — were you speaking of paying me money for being hurt by the trolley?"

"Certainly, Madam," he said, thrusting his hand into his pocket, "and in order that you might not be bothered about cashing a check, which is quite a nuisance, I have brought the money right here with me to settle for everything. Now, how much would you say?"

He brought out a roll of bills as he spoke. Mrs. Smith's eyes followed it as he idly bestowed it in his waistcoat pocket for the moment.

"Why, — I hardly know what to say," Mrs. Butterball stammered, "I hadn't thought of such a thing."

"Do you think eighty-five dollars would cover all the damage to your clothing and the other expenses?" the stranger asked.

"I think it would come nearer a hundred," Mrs. Smith hastily interposed, "with the doctor and everything else."

This time the visitor did not bow to Mrs. Smith, but continued to deal with Mrs. Butterball.

"Why, I can't see that I've been injured very much," Mrs. Butterball finally stammered, "but, of course, I did get an awful bump, and my dress is a sight to behold."

"I guess eighty-five dollars is enough, and that will settle things on a friendly basis. Our company doesn't want trouble with any one, you know."

He counted out the money under the watchful eyes of Mrs.

Smith, and was extending it to Mrs. Butterball, when he paused and restored it to his pocket. Nell's heart sank from her mouth into her shoes. The stranger presented the receipt for Mrs. Butterball to sign, with Mrs. Smith as a witness.

"I am sure it's very kind and thoughtful of the company," she declared, as she affixed a trembling signature to the bottom of the receipt.

"It's no more than what's due you," asserted Mrs. Smith, as she signed the paper, "and it will be a miracle if you get through on this much."

The visitor folded his receipt and handed Mrs. Butterball the little roll of bills. Taking his hat from the table, he departed with a courteous bow toward the ladies and said, "I hope, Mrs. Butterball, that your injury will prove no more serious than we anticipate. Good afternoon."

He was gone before Nell had aroused herself to open the door.

"It's a windfall," declared Mrs. Smith with emphasis. "It's like getting money out of a mine, that's what it is."

Suddenly she sprang up and clasped her hands to her head, and exclaimed, "My bread! It'll be burnt to cinders. I forgot all about it." And she tramped out of the cottage to her neglected household tasks.

Mrs. Butterball sat fingering the bills, and said, "Now I can get those parlor curtains and the green velour set of furniture."

"Taxes are only a month away, mother," Nell suggested.

Mrs. Butterball's fond hopes vanished, but then she replied, "That's so, but if we hadn't this money, we would have to meet it some way. I don't intend to be cheated out of that set, when it falls on me like this." She moved slowly into the bedroom to put the money away.

Mrs. Smith was by no means a silent witness, for half of the town knew about the accident and the money, and Nell was looked upon as an heiress.

"I suppose your mother will be getting the house painted," Mrs. Smith remarked to Nell one day, "but I wouldn't waste money on that, if I was she. It'll show more on the inside, and that is where you need it. If you fix your parlor up, you might be married next year at this time. You think I don't know what's going on, you're not different from the other girls."

Nell giggled and looked down. "We were talking about getting some furniture, but I don't know what mother is going to do yet. There is a lot of things needed, and it isn't so much money after all."

The Butterball's parlor was repaired before the week was out. Close upon the arrival of the new furniture followed the timid arrival of Mr. Paul Patterson, to make solicitous inquiry as to the progress of Mrs. Butterball toward recovery.

"Mother wanted me to stop and ask how you were getting along," he explained. "She would have come herself, only her rheumatism is so bad again."

"Why, I'm getting along fine, and I am sorry to hear your mother isn't well. Tell her I'll be over to see her soon. My shoulder is nearly well. Paul, you have not been here for a long time. Why, I don't remember when you were here last."

Paul did not make much of a reply for he was noticing how much better looking Nell had grown to be, and that she had shot up past the pigtail stage into a good looking woman, since he was here last.

"You're fixed up pretty fine here," he remarked, with another

glance around the room. "You have been getting a new outfit, haven't you?"

Mrs. Butterball smiled and so did Nell, but Paul noticed Nell, and he was sure she had never smiled at him like that before.

"O, we try to keep up with the times a little bit," Mrs. Butterball answered.

From this time on the Patterson visits became frequent, and a new lamp was also bought for the parlor. After three months of ardent wooing, it was announced that there was going to be a wedding at the Butterballs.

Mrs. Smith came to congratulate Mrs. Butterball on her son-in-law, and as she left she said complacently, "You know it was me who put the idea into Nellie's head. Everybody seems to be satisfied."

But Mrs. Butterball said, "It seems sort of too bad, just when I got the house all fixed up nice this way I am going to lose my little girl."

Mrs. Smith shook her massive shoulders impatiently.

"Don't be foolish," she replied, "that's not the way to look at it. Paul Patterson is a steady young fellow. It's worth every dollar it cost you."

FLORENCE OSTRAND, '13.

A Matter of Education

James Wood, Tennessee mountaineer, let the old horse take its own gait down the mountain side. It was not a pleasant picture, no rain had fallen for weeks and a thick layer of dust covered the scanty vegetation like a blanket. The road itself was sandy and the wheels of the wagon sank deep into the soil. It was a study in gray; the sun beating fiercely down upon the rock-strewn slope, the decrepit, flea-bitten nag, the gray whiskered man in colorless homespun, in an open wagon that had never known paint. He puffed absently on a stubby corn-cob pipe and gazed unseeingly at his boot toes.

The old man's scanty knowledge of arithmetic never quite enabled him to ascertain his exact financial standing. Upon coming to the mountain he had taken out a claim on a great stretch of apparently worthless land and for ten years had eked out an existence from the hunting his forests provided. Then one day, all unexpectedly, a stranger had dropped in to talk lumber. Thenceforward Jim Wood prospered. The trees that he had never had time to clear away now sold for undreamed-of prices and him retired. In less than a year his wife, who had shared his hardships for ten years, passed away and left him alone with Tom, his nine-year old boy. Then one day another stranger came, a missionary, who talked unintelligibly about education as an aid to civilization, and the duty of parents to their children. The result was that Tom went away with him to be educated. After that the old man became practically recluse. His only interests in life were the feud with Andrew Long, his nearest neighbor, and his absent boy.

And today Tom was coming home. Home for the first time in nine years. The old mountaineer's heart felt strangely unreliable; he felt ashamed of himself for what he thought was weakness. What would the boy be like? How would he look? How would he act? "Well," thought he, "the train'll soon be here," and rousing himself he clucked to his horse and began to whistle for the first time in years.

Soon he reached the station of the little narrow-gauge road that daily stopped a train at Hull City. The entire population, grouped about the depot, looked wonder at him when he tied his horse behind the baggage platform. Silently he found a seat and began to whistle.

Presently amid such a hurly-burly as is only possible in a small town, the train pulled in and a sturdy well-dressed young man stepped off. There was nothing of the Rah! Rah! style about him. His plain black suit, derby hat and black shoes made him look more like a city business man than a freshly graduated collegian. As he stood for a moment, at a loss to know what to do next, old Jim rose and approached him.

"Be you-all Tom Wood?" he asked a bit shakily. " 'Caus' ef yer be, I'm yer dad."

"Why—why—it is you, isn't it, father?" the boy seemed bewildered.

Then followed a scene that touched the hearts of the hardened

mountain-folks. Father and son clasped themselves in each other's arm and good strong tears filled the eyes of both. After a time the boy picked up his suit case and looked questioningly at his father.

"Well," said his father huskily, "I reckon as how we might's well drive right back home. I spect you're right anxious to see the old place."

Silently they climbed into the buck-board and started up the wagon trail. Gradually they began to talk, asking questions each about the other and getting re-acquainted. By the time home was reached, both were supremely happy. The old man busied himself getting supper and the boy doing his best to help.

Supper over, they went out in front of the house, and, sitting comfortably with their chairs tilted against the cabin, watched the twilight fade as they smoked and talked. Such a host of things as there were to be said. Finally when the old man intimated that his son was to live at home and manage his affairs for him, Tom quickly broke in, "Why, father, I can't do that. My ambition must be considered. I have secured a place in the office of Davidson & Davidson, the prominent lawyers of Memphis, and I am to report a week from tomorrow."

The old man was stunned. He could not conceive of anyone giving up a life of plenty and idleness for a strenuous pursuit of a career. His hopes of declining years cheered by a faithful son were shaken. The dreams he had built about this boy were shattered.

"But Tom," he stammered, "I—I—wanted ye to jest stay around the old home here and sort of—of—ease a few of the knocks offen yer dad. I'm gettin' kinda old now—an' I ben't as spry es I was once. Then besides I can't shoot very straight any more and—and I was kind of savin' you the honor of plantin' that old varmint Long."

"Father!" spoke the boy sternly. "I had nearly forgotten that feud. Civilization doesn't countenance that heathenish custom any more. Society has pronounced it criminal. And to think, my father practicing it and wanting me to help. You must stop it at once. We will go over to Long's in the morning and settle it peaceably. But pshaw! Surely you were joking, dad."

The old man was choked. This, from a son of his, was unbelievable. But the old Yankee blood flowed quickly through his veins and his temper was uncontrollable.

"Forgotten it, had ye? Fine talk fer a Wood to give his father! Civilization and society indeed! When did they say that a son could run his father? Why don't they make old Long give me back that strip of land he stole? There ain't no society in these here hills and there ain't but pesky little civilization. It's every man for hisself; and ef a son can't help his dad, what in thunderation is he good for? Ef I'd a knowed that college was goin' to make a weak-kneed spouter out of ye, I'd a never let ye leave this shack. But I'm yer dad and by the eternal I'll make a man of ye. See yer old rifle there in the corner? I've kept it clean and oiled all these years fer ye an' now, by Jehosaphat, ye'll use it. Ye could shoot a squirrel's eye out when ye was nine, an' I guess ye can hit a man yet."

"But, father,—" interrupted Tom.

"Shut up! Be ye a son of mine er ben't ye? Old Andy Long has went home through Donkey's-back pass at one o'clock ev'ry night fer a year. I could a planted him but I was savin' the chance fer you. Now ye'r goin' to take that 'ere gun an' hide

behind the rocks and plug him when he goes by. D'ye hear?''

Tom started to protest but thought better of it. He realized that his father was a little bit turned on their subject and decided it would be best to humor him. Accordingly he took the rifle and started off toward the pass.

''I knowed ye'd be sensible,'' said his father. ''It's just them dern fool notions the college put into yer head. Git him with the first bullet if yer can.''

Finally the boy reached the pass and sat down on a boulder. He sought vainly for a way to cure his father. Certainly he would not commit murder. After a while he gave it up and decided to walk to town, take the train next day for Nashville. Later he could return and his father would have had time to change his mind. Reasoning thus he started through the pass on his way to Hull City.

The father, left alone, sat down to listen for the shot. His mind, now somewhat cooled, ran back on his son's words. ''Society has pronounced it criminal.'' If his son believed that, then to him it was truth, and his own father was making him a murderer. Slowly, he realized the justice of his son's stand and finally resolved to undo the harm if he could. Picking up his gun, from force of habit, for he now had no thought of murder, he hurried out in pursuit of Tom.

In a few moments he rounded a turn in the road and the pass appeared, like a notch outlined against the moonlit sky. As he looked, the form of a man showed in the silhouette in the notch. Good resolutions vanished. The sight of his old enemy, such a tempting mark, proved irresistible. He raised his gun and fired. The figure crumpled like a rag. Impelled by the inherent desire of a hunter to view his prey, he ran to the corpse. Kneeling down, he struck a match and looked at the face.

''My God!'' he cried. ''Tom!''

''Crack!'' Another shot rang out and the body of the father pitched across that of the son.

Andrew Long had been late but now he came up to the fallen men. With the toe of his boot he kicked Jim's body to one side and looked at the son.

''The dern fool,'' he muttered, ''he must a spent nigh a thousand dollars edicatin' that 'ere boy.''

WILLIAM WEAVER.

When Father Consented

Richard Barry was young, handsome and popular. He had no social prestige among the wealthy set, however, as he was comparatively poor. He regretted this fact exceedingly, as he was in love with a very rich girl, a certain Evelyn Newcome. Her father was as snappy and cranky as a grizzly bear, and Richard, otherwise known as Dick, stood considerably in awe of him. Nevertheless, he was going to propose, of that he had fully made up his mind. He was reasonably sure of Evelyn, but of papa he had his doubts.

As a preparation for the ordeal, he secured a book on "How to Propose," and committed delicate passages of it to memory. On that memorable evening he dressed with unusual care, and made his way to Evelyn's home. He was ushered into a large and beautiful room, and was told to wait until she came down. When she entered he was all ready, so he thought; but when she sat down beside him, somehow or other he forgot his little speech, and became very bewildered indeed.

He had come there for a purpose, however, and he determined to let nothing turn him aside. He afterwards said that he could not remember how he passed through the ordeal; but it was evident that it was not a trying one to Evelyn. His words were received very favorably, and they came to an agreement which was satisfactory to both.

The fact which he most dreaded, however, was yet to come, the interview with father. Evelyn gave him some coaching, and told him what to say, and then led him into the library where her father reclined in his Morris chair, enjoying one of his best Havanas. Dick went up behind the chair and coughed suggestively. No move from the occupant of the chair. Dick arranged his tie, fumbled his watch chain, and cleared his throat. This had the desired effect.

"Well, what's wanted?" growled Mr. Newcome.

"Er—well—you see,—" here Dick cleared his throat again.

"Er—well—you know—I wanted to ask you—" Here he broke down altogether and was tempted to flee.

"Well, what is it?" impatiently questioned father.

Dick made an heroic effort and blurted out, "I wanted to tell you,—er—that is—I wanted to ask you if I can have your daughter."

Upon hearing this, father sat up very straight and looked Dick over; but he did not seem to be very favorably impressed for he called the butler and said, "Here, Jim, show this gentleman the door."

Dick was shown, and went home feeling that life was not worth living at all.

Evelyn tried by tears, prayers, and entreaties to change her father's decision; but he would not listen, so she abandoned the thought of changing his mind and determined to await further developments.

Soon after this time her father made a discovery. He found that the cook had been treating her gentlemen callers with his best cigars. As he had not yet learned to control his temper

there was a great disturbance which terminated in the cook's discharge. He advertised for a new one; and in the meantime he and Evelyn planned to prepare their own meals.

Along towards the middle of the afternoon the operation of getting dinner was commenced. Evelyn's father had a high regard for his own opinions on such matters and acted as though he had been a cook all his life. The first thing worthy of note which he did was to cut his finger in an attempt to peel a potato. He executed a very clever war dance and managed to fall over a pail of water. After recovering from this shock he tried to complete his dance and finished by sitting down on the stove. This was too much for his angelic disposition and he stormed out of the kitchen muttering something about idiots and cooks.

Just then there was a knock on the door and Evelyn met a lady who applied for the position which was waiting. As she looked fairly intelligent, Evelyn told her to go to work, being glad to be relieved of the task of preparing dinner.

On the next morning, after her father had gone to his business, Evelyn decided to see how the new cook appeared. She found her in the kitchen with her feet cocked up on the table and there was a suspicious odor of tobacco smoke in the room. Evelyn kept her suspicions to herself, however, and started a friendly conversation. They were talking together, when the iceman came into the room, his feet covered with mud, which left its mark all over the kitchen. He seemed to be under the influence of something stronger than water, and when Evelyn admonished him to be more careful he answered her in an insolent manner and kicked some mud across the room.

The new cook took offense at this and she attacked him with the rolling pin. Immediately the two were involved in a whirling mass, in which the cook appeared to be having decidedly the best of it.

Evelyn screamed and ran to the phone to call her father, "O father! come home quick, the iceman is killing the cook!"

When he came she met him at the door and excitedly tried to tell him what had happened. They cautiously made their way out to the kitchen. The iceman was not in sight, and the cook—well, they had to stand and look at the cook. Her clothes were torn and her hair was gone from her head, not her head either, for it was a man's face that looked at them.

"Oh! it's Dick!" cried Evelyn. "It's Dick, father! and he saved our house from that horrid iceman."

As the father viewed the wretched kitchen he might have thought differently, but when Evelyn rushed into Dick's open arms he saw what was best for him to do.

"Well, Mr. Barry," he said, "I guess I won't say 'No' to you this time."

With that, winking slyly at Dick, he turned from the kitchen and left the two alone.

LEO MEREDITH '13.

Every Thirty Minutes

McCarty and Burleigh were co-workers on the "Globe"; the former conducting the comic supplement, while the latter wrote editorials and special Sunday articles.

The natures of both men were characteristic of their work. Burleigh was of the staid, dignified, thinking type and McCarty lived the life of his comic supplement characters, but in spite of this difference of temperament—or maybe because of it—the two men were the best of friends, and inseparable companions.

Both were optimists, but of different types. Burleigh was consciously one, having adopted that view after a thorough, logical study of life as he met it. McCarty, as his friend put it, "laughed with the world and at it," his spontaneous wit and light spirits permitting nothing else.

One afternoon, when the sheet had gone to press, they lounged comfortably in a corner of their club. It was Indian summer and the windows were open wide to admit the welcome air of a second springtime. Being on the fourth floor, they had a good view of the four corners, and, in one of those unstrained pauses that occur between understanding friends, they watched the street scene with languid interest.

The bustle of traffic seemed less noisy than usual as though hushed lest it might mar the perfection of the day. Long lines of lady shoppers paraded the streets displaying their summer finery for what might prove to be the last time. The usual group of loafers clung lovingly to the railing in front of the basement barber shop on the corner, and today they were reinforced by many non-habitues, seeking to enjoy to the utmost the reprieve granted by winter.

On the same corner, seated on a camp-stool, with his back to a lamp-post, a ragged blind man, bent with age, played ceaselessly upon a battered violin. The spirit of the day, the delicious softness of the atmosphere, or something, made him forsake the purposely pleading strain of "Home Sweet Home" and "S'wanee River" and play light classical airs, with a touch of mastery which suggested a time before the light of day had faded and hope had died.

However, it was lost on his listeners and the tin cup before him suffered accordingly. They would pay ridiculous prices at the Y. M. C. A. lecture course to hear a mediocre artist of greater repute than talent but they could not recognize art on the street corner.

Only the two men in the window heard, appreciated, and wondered. After some moments of attention, McCarty remarked:

"A fallen star, eh Bob?"

"Material for a Sunday article," replied the other.

"Going to interview him?" asked the cartoonist.

"No, that might spoil it, I would rather imagine the thing and not be hindered by too commonplace facts. They often knock the romance out of things. Rather too bad, though, the way people neglect to contribute, isn't it?"

"He's playing over their heads," slowly replied McCarty. "Mr. and Mrs. Public are really low-brows, you know."

"I can't say that I agree with you there, old man. Mr. and Mrs. Public are merely absent minded. All they need is a leader to show them the way. Now if that old lady with the crutches yonder were to drop a penny in his cup you would see how quickly the others would follow. I wonder if she will."

As they watched, an old lady in rusty black, with a red checkered shawl about her shoulders and an old-fashioned black bonnet held in place by a ribbon tied beneath her chin, hobbled slowly and painfully across the street on a pair of crutches. She stopped in front of the blind man and thoughtfully contemplated the contents of a knit hand-bag she carried. After what seemed to be a hasty mental calculation, she took a coin from the purse and dropped it into the beggar's cup. Then becoming conscious of the attention she was attracting, she hobbled hurriedly on.

A wave of unrest seemed to pass through the crowd of idlers. Avoiding the eyes of their companions, they, one by one, straightened their chronically dropping spines, and, mumbling something about an engagement, moved up the street, dropping something in the cup as they passed.

The violinist, apparently surprised by the increased frequency of the donations, played more vigorously. To the watchers in the window, a note of thanks seemed to creep into the music of his bow. But soon the railing was deserted and the merry jingle of coins dropping into the cup ceased altogether. The old man stopped long enough to transfer the money to his pocket, then resumed playing, once more as in reverie.

"What did I tell you?" asked Burleigh, with the air of a man who has proven his point.

"Marvelous Holmes, marvelous!" quoth his companion.

"I shall put that incident in the article and call the thing the Sleep of Charity." Then as the story took definite shape in his mind, Burleigh began to unfold it to his friend.

"Nix on the 'shop'," cried McCarty. "I'll read it in the complete, if you please. There's another crowd forming and your friend is again neglected."

Burleigh sat back busily planning his story and McCarty gazed silently out of the window. Presently an expression of interest lighted his face, this quickly developed into wonder, surprise, and finally amusement. Turning, he called:

"More material, Bob."

His friend raised himself and followed with his eyes the direction of his friend's pointing finger.

As they watched, an old lady in rusty black, with a red checkered shawl about her shoulders and on old-fashioned black bonnet held in place by a ribbon tied beneath her chin, hobbled slowly and painfully across the street on a pair of crutches. She stopped in front of the blind man and thoughtfully contemplated the contents of a knit hand-bag she carried. After what seemed to be a hasty mental calculation, she took a coin from the purse and dropped it into the beggar's cup. Then, becoming conscious of the attention she was attracting, she hobbled hurriedly on.

A wave of unrest seemed to pass through the crowd of idlers. Avoiding the eyes of their companions, they, one by one, straightened their chronically drooping spines, and muttering something about an engagement, moved up the street, dropping something into the cup as they passed.

"What did you say you would call the article?" asked McCarty.

"Psychological Graft; or Commercializing the Emotions," replied his friend.

WILLIAM WEAVER.

Senior Cast

Class Play Cast

Marcus Aurelius Gaskill ..... Harry Paul Lees
Frank Harley ..... Thomas Otis
Bullock Eggleston ..... Jos. B. Wells
Percy Wilkins ..... Blaine Culver
Olaf Nielson ..... Maurice Standley
Brown ..... Verne Smith
Tin Star Shine ..... Roy Mills
Mr. Fish Forgotson ..... Peter Cranmer
Cairus ..... Wm. Sumberg
Hope ..... Raymond Veale
Olcott ..... Leo Meredith
Minerva Hope ..... Opal Morgan
Ethel Wilkins ..... Margaret Carstensen
Mrs. Poore ..... Thirza Cartwright
Jane Hampton ..... Elizabeth Gaston
Mary Madden ..... Hope Nunamaker