

High School Chorus



High School Chorus

The High School Chorus this year is planning to give the Cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and three or four other choruses. One feature different from all preceding cantatas, is the fact that all of the soloists will be Boone people. They are Elizabeth Ertz, Mary Johnson, Joel Carlson and Le Roy Gustafson. The Chorus this year is unusually large, and accompanied by a fourteen-piece Orchestra. This promises to be the best ever given in the history of our High School.

Sylvia

The scene of the pretty little Operetta, "Sylvia", is laid in an English hay-field. The plot centers around Sylvia who, tired of her betrothed, overhears Betty wishing she were engaged to marry a nobleman instead of honest William. They each envy the other her lot, and exchange places for the rest of the day. Betty tells of a flower called "Cupid's Eye" which would blind the poet and the farmer to the fact that such an exchange has been made, and the two girls set off to find the magic flower and change costumes.

Sylvia and Betty return, dressed in each other's clothes. Betty fools DeLacey and Sylvia fools William. DeLacey and Betty set forth to stroll, and William drags Sylvia off to help him weed the potato patch.

Sylvia, worn out with her experience, returns to the field, and Betty rushes in, having run away from DeLacey and a bull. Each girl declares that hereafter she will be content with her own lot. They retire to change dresses. Unfortunately, Lady Arabella saw Sylvia carried over the brook by a farmer, and the Lady Araminta saw DeLacey and Betty. This news is imparted to Prince Tobbytum, who resolves to expose the Lady Sylvia. William is searching for Betty, and runs into DeLacey who is looking for Sylvia. The two men are about to come to blows when Sylvia and Betty separate them. The Ladies Arabella and Araminta, thinking it possible they may have been mistaken, ask the prince not to mention what they have told him. A song of greeting to the harvest moon ends the evening.

"Sylvia" was given by the two Glee Clubs of the High School under the direction of Miss Alice Hartman. The auditorium and balcony of the New High School building were crowded, and about one thousand people witnessed the performance. The choruses, "Oh, Will You Meet Us at the Stile?" and "Once a Little Bluebell," were greatly appreciated, but the most popular was the music and moonlight effect in the finale chorus, "See the Harvest Moon is Shining."

Sylvia



CAST

Sir Bertram DeLacey, The Court Poet	SIDNEY BOGGS	Arabella, a Lady in Waiting	CORRINE DELANY
Prince Tobbytum, a Man of Consequence	ROYAL DUCKWORTH	Araminta, Her Sister	ALICE CRARY
William, an Honest Farmer	PAUL RANDOLPH	Farmers' Daughters, Friends of Betty:	
Sylvia, Betrothed to DeLacey	HENRY FRIEDLY	Polly	OPAL DuBOIS
Robin, a Country Lad	VERA HANSON	Molly	IDA NATHAN
Betty, Betrothed to William	ADAH ALLEN	Dolly	DOROTHY WATT

Girls' Glee Club



TOP ROW: Nelson, Johnston, Sunstrom, Clark, Watt, Nathan, Hartman, instructor; Davitt,
Creveling, Mellish, Roberts, Carson, DeLany,
BOTTOM ROW: Stanfield, Slaughter, Stoneburner, Beck, Kinch, DuBois, Johnson, Hanson, Buel,
Condon, Crary.

Boys' Glee Club



TOP ROW: Montgomery, Boyd, Holm, Welln, Hartman, instructor; Swanson, Duckworth, Jones
Snell.
BOTTOM ROW: Friedley, Pangborn, Roberts, Alk, Valentine, Randolph, Stevens, Marsh.

The Haunted House

BY ALLEN HICKS '16

My friend and I, having heard of a house in the mountains of eastern Tennessee which was supposed to be haunted, determined to visit the place during our summer vacation. Therefore, one evening in July, we found ourselves in the little village of Hampton, about seven miles from the object of our visit.

We found lodgings for the night and the next day soon after dinner we set out for the place of the Haunted House. During the morning hours, we had talked to some of the older men of the village, all of whom told practically the same story about the Haunted House. No one knew who had been the builder but each declared that every inmate of the house had died in some unexplained manner.

About forty years before, a white-haired old man told us, a family of five had been found dead in the house and, as there were no marks of violence or evidence of sickness, the mystery of their death had never been fathomed. But this was not all. A few days after the tragedy a man named Carter came to investigate the cause of their deaths. He had gone alone to the house one afternoon and when he failed to return that night or the next day the people became alarmed. A party was sent in search of him and to their surprise and horror found Carter in the house—dead. Not only that, but his face bore such a look of cringing fear that some of the searching party shuddered and recoiled with horror from the loathsome sight. Carter had been buried near the house and from that time no one had gone near the place. For, as one man declared, a spirit of evil had taken up its abode there. We were told weird tales of white-robed figures appearing about the place and of ghostly sounds heard in the night. Although not a believer in ghosts, I was greatly impressed by the vividness of the stories and I must admit that I somewhat dreaded our visit to the place.

That afternoon, in accordance with the directions given us by the people of the village, we followed the course of a stream for several miles back in the mountains. We had been told that the haunted house was near the source of this stream.

For some time we made our way with ease but as we gradually left the region of civilization behind us the path became more difficult. The trees which lined the bank became more and more dense. We were shut in on every hand by the deep solitude of the measureless forest. A forest wild and primeval; untouched by the hand of man. Broken limbs, huge rocks, dense undergrowth and sharp ravines impeded our progress, as the stream became smaller and smaller.

We lost the stream among the rocks and undergrowth and began the search for the haunted house. We had gone but a short distance into the dense woods when we lost all sense of direction. Aimlessly we floundered about, the haunted house forgotten, our one thought being to find the stream. For an age, it seemed to me, we pushed our way through the matted bushes. Slowly the shadows of night began to fall. We were almost exhausted when suddenly we came upon a small clearing.

"The Haunted House!" exclaimed my friend.

In wonder and a sort of awesome fear we stopped. There stood the object of our quest. An old brick house, whose walls had long since begun to crumble and fall away with age.

I was struck at once by the dreary, forlorn aspect of the place and its surroundings, and I clutched my friend's arm, half-afraid. The wind moaned through the tree-tops with a mournful sound. The leaves of the cottonwoods rustled drearily. Suddenly from the depths of the shadowy woods about us came a weird cry. An icy chill gripped my heart and I looked about me, half-expecting some monster to reveal himself.

Suddenly my friend exclaimed in a trembling, frightened tone, "What's in that window?"

What it was we can never know, but I will swear that moving in and about the old ruins was a white-clad figure holding in its hands a fiery skeleton.

We trembled and looked with fear about us. Again came that awful cry. Unable to endure the suspense longer, we turned and fled wildly. How we reached the town I do not know but the next day, scratched and bruised and with our nerves shattered, we left for home. The mystery remains unexplained and no power on earth could induce me to return to that grewsome place.

The Haunted House Explained

PAUL MCCREA '15

I think that Dick, my companion in the journey to the Haunted House, has written a short account of our trip to that place and now I shall attempt to tell how we visited it again and how the mystery was finally explained.

When we returned home from our visit to the Haunted House we were the objects of ridicule of the neighborhood. Of course no one believed our story. They put it down as the tale of a pair of badly-scared and imaginative boys, or as the fiction of two sight-seers who had seen nothing and hated to admit it. However, to us it was horribly true and many times in the night have I wakened trembling with that awful scream echoing in my ears.

Although we were the subjects of many coarse jests by some flippant young upstarts who made life miserable for us by demanding every time they saw us if we had seen any "spooks" lately, there was one old gentleman in the ward who never laughed at us.

Mr. Williams, which by the way is not his name, was a millionaire about fifty years of age. He had a sharp, pointed moustache, a fine disposition and a great love for the mysterious, so I was not surprised when I received a letter from him bidding me to bring my friend and come to see him.

We found the millionaire seated in a huge, leather chair in a large but cozy living room. After we were seated he demanded if our story were true. We assured him that it was.

"Then", he said, "I'll give you a hundred dollars apiece if you will visit it again with me."

My friend displayed little desire to revisit the place but finally accepted the proposal and, as for me,—well, I needed the money.

So it was that, in a few days, we again found ourselves in the village of Hampton and again occupied rooms in the little frame hotel. The villagers expressed great surprise at our return as they had never expected to see us again.

The next day about two o'clock we started for the Haunted House. The sight of the village and the nearness of that awful place had somewhat cooled my enthusiasm and I would gladly have remained behind, but I hated to turn back and, as I said before, I needed the money.

Although we went at as good a pace as the irregularity of the ground permitted, it was growing dark when we reached the clearing. We halted. Before us stood the house. In the twilight the stumps and stones appeared dim, monstrous and uncanny. The stream running behind us laughed and chattered in a hideous way. The branches of the trees swayed and whispered in the wind. The shadows of the wood might hold any number of ghosts or other immortal monsters.

Then it came. Rising in the darkness of the forest a shrill, shrieking scream. Louder and ever louder it rose, seeming to approach us. Then, as suddenly as it came, it was gone and silence again closed upon the mysterious clearing.

Cold, clammy shivers ran up and down my spine, my heart leaped in my throat and I would have fled but for the trembling of my knees. I glanced at the others. My friend was white enough to be a spectre himself and even Mr. Williams appeared shaken.

For some time,—hours it seemed to me—we stood motionless. Above our heads the wind screamed and whistled in the branches. Weird rustlings and sighing moans came from the wood. I looked toward the house.

The ruins appeared dim, shadowy and unreal, but *that was not all*. There moving in and out of the window was a skeleton. The gathering darkness threw shimmering shadows across it and its dangling arms seemed to beckon us to enter.

Then, squarely in the middle of the back, something struck me.

With a cry, I whirled around. Behind me nothing. Absolutely nothing.

I had had enough. I wished I had never left my good old Iowa home and I swore that if I ever reached it again I would remain there.

"Let's get out," begged my friend.

Mr. Williams laughed.

"We're going in," he said and started forward.

I refused but my friend followed him. I considered. Was it better to beard the lion in his den with company or wait outside alone for the lion to come out? I decided to die in company and pursued them as fast as my trembling limbs would permit.

On nearer view the house appeared more horrible and forbidding than at a distance. The crumbling walls, the shattered windows and the gaping doors made it seem an excellent abode for spectres. At the door we paused. Inside all was dark. The shadowy corners seemed crowded with uncouth monsters ready to spring upon these intruders upon their solitude. Mr. Williams carried a flash-light and he threw a thin pencil of light about us.

In a corner stood a rusty stove whose chimney had long since fallen to the warped and time-worn floor. A table with a couple of broken chairs stood in the center of the room.

Mr. Williams turned and, as the light fell in the opposite direction, a cry broke from our lips. There, not ten feet away and advancing rapidly, its horrid mouth grinning hideously, its long arms swaying, was a fiery human skeleton. And at the same time, from the outer darkness, came that blood-curdling cry. Mr. Williams trembled and the light went out.

For a minute we stood there in the darkness, afraid to remain, yet fearful of turning our backs upon the fiery thing before us. We watched it, fascinated. A yard from us it stopped, then, slowly and quietly—it vanished.

A silence followed, broken only by our quick, short breathing. Then, somewhere within the ruins, came a crash, followed by another, and then—footsteps.

Miles and miles they seemed to walk, coming closer and closer. Mysterious, awful, they sounded as they echoed and re-echoed hollowly in the empty building.

Suddenly there appeared silhouetted in the uncertain light of the window a form, huge, black and towering.

Mr. Williams lost his composure. He whipped out a revolver and levelled it at the spectre.

"Be you man or devil," he cried, "Speak out or I'll fire!"

A voice that was human enough came from the darkness.

I drew an easy breath, the first since I had entered the clearing.

"Don't shoot," it said, "I'm all right."

The light displayed a small, dried-up little man with a forest of matted whiskers covering the lower part of his face.

"Now, Sir, explain yourself," said Mr. Williams.

The little man's story, in short, was this:

About fifty years before our visit the house had been built by a man named Campbell. This Campbell had been a miser and was said to have amassed great sums of money. Suddenly he disappeared. Five years before our visit this man—I will call him Jenkins—had visited the house and found the skeleton of Campbell suspended from the ceiling with a rope around his neck. Jenkins immediately took advantage of this as an opportunity to find and appropriate Campbell's wealth.

But he figured this would take some time and he must keep others from coming to the house and disturbing him. So he had circulated the ghost stories and the theory of the haunted house.

This served very well for the superstitious people of the village but when he heard that we were coming to investigate the place he had decided to fix up a more substantial method.

Accordingly he had dug up the skeleton of Campbell and, having rubbed it well with phosphorus, he had hung it so that it could be seen through the window. He had also rigged up a sheet as a sort of a sail which caused the skeleton to swing with the least breeze and which at the same time would swing so as to hide it, causing the thing to vanish and reappear in a most mysterious manner.

As for the weird cries we had heard, they were nothing but the nightly calls of a sort of screech owl which frequents that region. The blow upon my back was caused by the spectre bird which uses that method to drive intruders from its nest. Having struck them in the back, it falls to the ground and so escapes notice. The falling sound which had so startled us on our former visit was merely a portion of the roof falling in.

The first rays of the morning sun were falling on the Haunted House when Jenkins finished his tale. I looked about me with new interest. Then something tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and faced the skeleton.

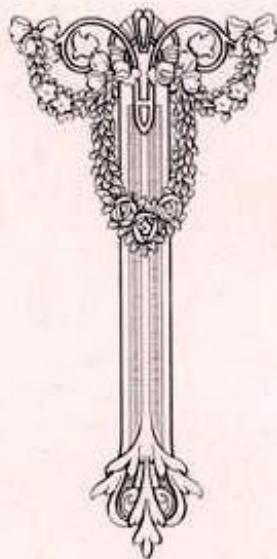
That was too much. My shattered nerves would not stand the extra strain. I seized Williams' revolver and aimed at the shining skull. My shot cut the cord and the hideous thing crashed to the floor. The bullet buried itself in the opposite wall with a metallic thud. Something round and yellow tinkled on the floor.

"The fortune," cried Jenkins and leaped across the room.

The Campbell fortune when divided among the three of us,—Williams refused to share it, gave us each a good round sum so that the hundred dollars he had promised us was but a small portion of the proceeds of our journey.

However I would not undergo the horrors of that night for twice the money.

THE END



Domestic Science



Social Affairs

MOORE PARTY

Saturday night, November 1, the Moores gathered in the Old High School for their annual party. The rooms were appropriately decorated for Hallowe'en. Several members of the faculty told fortunes.

GLEE CLUB SPREAD

On January 29th, the Glee Clubs met after school in the music room, where preparations for supper were begun at once. Meanwhile Mr. Ball was busily engaged downstairs assisting Miss Hartman in the making of the coffee. At length luncheon was served and all had a delightful time.

FRESHMAN PARTY

The Freshmen were the first to enter into society. They held their party in the Gym February 14, and the decorations were mostly of hearts. All had a fine time, since programs for the evening had been previously arranged.

ANNUAL SPREAD

It was on March 23, in the Domestic Science rooms. Miss Cruikshank prepared the chocolate malted milk, and creamed chicken in her chafing dish. There

were also two kinds of sandwiches, pickles, olives, and grapefruit sherbet. After a few thoughts on Annuals they departed for home in very high spirits.

DEBATER'S SPREAD

On March 13, the Moore and Eutrophian debaters, critics and presidents met at the home of Irene Johnson. After a field meet, guessing contest, and music, the hostess served a delicious luncheon.

SENIOR PARTY

The Senior party was in the "Gym" on the night of March 20th. We were all kids together except Miss Rolston who preferred to act as Aunt Charity and Mr. Ball who retained his dignity as Sunday School Superintendent for this was a Sunday School Picnic. There were swings, hammocks and teeter-totters. Sandwiches, pickles, lemonade, ice-cream cones and stick candy were served in the balcony.

Commencement Plans

SPEAKERS FOR COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Jessie Beck	Valedictorian
Charlotte Beach	Salutatorian
Royal Duckworth	
Esther Johnson	
Clarence Holm	
Lloyd Kendall	

CLASS PLAY

"The Russian Honeymoon," to be given Commencement week.

CAST

Alexis Petrovitch	NORMAN WILSON
(A journeyman, afterwards Gustave, Count Woraffsk)	
Poleska, his wife	ODETTE BUEL
Baroness Valdimier, his sister	IDA NATHAN
Ivan, a master shoemaker	SIDNEY BOGGS
Micheline, his daughter	OPAL DuBOIS
Koulikoff Demetiovitich, intendent of Chateau Woraffski	EARL AIK
Osip, a young peasant	HOWARD STOUT
Guards, Peasants, Ladies, etc.	



"Chaffeur"



Love me-Love my dog



Gee-but I'm tough!



We go together



Just One's



The smile that won't
come off



This is Maery Thomas



On her way



Comin' and Goin'

SENIORS



Interrupted—



Caught



Clarence loves 'em all



"Sparticus"



Doggs & Co.



A Winter Scene



Where y' pullin'



SENIOR OFFICERS



President
BOGGS



Vice President
RANDOLPH



Secretary
NATHAN



Treasurer
SPENCER



Reporter
BECK

JUNIOR



President
THOMPSON



Vice President
MC CREA



Secretary-Treasurer
VALENTINE



Reporter
ALLEN

OFFICERS

SOPHOMORE



President
HICKS



Vice President
CRARY



Secretary-Treasurer
CONDON



Reporter
DUNCAN

OFFICERS

FRESHMAN



President
FITCH



Vice President
WYLIE



Secretary-Treasurer
COULSTON



PREWITT
Reporter

OFFICERS





E. Hand

E. C. Mendenhall

Christine A. Brown

E. D. Jones

L. L. Portner

Pearle Ann Taylor

Grace Boies

Vera Fleck

G. H. Mendenhall

Mary Chickland

C. C. Ball

Grace L. Ball

Lee O. Easter

Ferdinand Dabber

E. F. Dickenson

Louise Rowe

Alice E. Hartman

Lydia J. Rolston

THINGS WE WERE PAID TO TELL

That Mary Lee Carson is not a Mexican.

That Sid Boggs is 5 ft. 7 in. tall.

That Earl Spencer was seriously ill when he was absent for a few days in March.

"Dick" likes boys.

G. G. G. says, "Every little youngster has a holler all its own."

THINGS WE WERE PAID NOT TO TELL

That the pin Miss Taylor wears is not a sorority pin.

Why Mr. Dickensheets shaved his mustache off.

What Mary Lee wrote in Spanish to "Skee" Rule.

How much Jessie Beck weighs.

About Esther Waldman and the street car.

Why Miss Jones doesn't want her picture alone.

Why Ida wears that wienerwurst on top of her head.

That "Dick" likes "Boies."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Get your bids in early for the Junior Reception.

Will every B. H. S. boy who is going to buy a new spring suit, please buy an "English."

By special request of a Senior.

The E. L. S. will exchange Irene Johnson, and Margaret Means for Irene Creveling, and Alice Crary. A fair exchange is no robbery. How about it?

Carrol O'Connell will render a little solo entitled "See What Mellen's Baby Food Did For Me."

The highest ambition of every Junior and Senior girl is to get a bid from Walter Thompson to the Junior Reception.

THE GERM IN GERMAN VIII

In German VIII,
A German ate
A Germ, an' it
Did Germinate.
The German ate
The Germ an' eight
More Germs, then
Joined the Germ an' ate,
An' ate, an' ate,
An' ate, an' ate,
Until his life
Did terminate.
Then, all who sate
In German VIII,
Did agitate
This strange debate
Now, had the Germ
The German ate?
Or, had the Germ
The German ate?

WILHELM WEBER

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE!

PERPENDICULAR TAKES FEARFUL DROP! SAID TO HAVE COMPLETELY BIASECTED A LINE!

President of the Line says all traffic is abandoned.

Yesterday afternoon at 3:30 at Wentworth's Construction Works, a heavy perpendicular crashed down upon a line, and completely bisected it. All traffic on the line was stopped at once. The operators were busy locating a point equidistant from the extremities of the line when the awful catastrophe occurred.

The president of the line says the arcs described by the operators were of the usual kind. However they are said to have completely intersected, thus making the point intended by the operator.

The accident was of a very peculiar nature and no one has been able to explain the exact cause. However it is thought that if the line and point had not been in the same plane, there would have been no trouble.

The president of the line is not ready as yet to locate the blame, but it is rumored that the chief operator was off on a tangent and not tending strictly to business. All possible means and extremes will be employed to discover the exact cause and to avert another such accident.

Sunny

A Tragedy
by

PAUL McCREA

Characters.

SUNNY	A Pitcher in the scout base ball team
PREWITT	Captain of the team
WESTER	Third base man on the team
MR. BEAR	Scout-master
WILLIAM	A boy, in love with Dorothy
DOROTHY	Crushed on Sunny
LUCIE	Stuck on Prewitt
SARA	Crazy over Wester
EDNA	Sensible girl

Witches, Ball-players, men, women, etc.

Time

1914, Summer.

Scene, in and around Boone, Iowa.

ACT I.

Scene One. An Alley—About five o'clock.

Scene Two. A street—Half hour later.

ACT II.

Scene One. Room in Sunstrom Home—Evening of same day.

ACT III.

Scene One. Same as scene two, act one—Same evening.

Scene Two. Same as scene one—Next afternoon.

SUNNY

ACT I

Scene, An Alley.

(Enter Three Witches)

First Witch:

When again shall we three meet,
In alley, by-way or in street?

Second Witch:

When the last put-out is made;
When the game has all been played.

Third Witch:

Sunny Sunstrom we will take,
On his ears our news we'll break.

All:

Everywhere that witches go
They will tell whate'er they know.
Alivevo, vivo, yum!
Good go out, let evil come.
Now the magic words we say.
Hush, the charm's made up.
Hurray.

(Curtain)

Scene two, A Street.

Enter Mr. Bear, Sunny, Wester, Prewitt, Ball-players, and others.

Mr. Bear:

Ah, it has been a most successful day.
At last we are the champions of the town.
Our boys have played as only vet'rans play,
And through this game have won them great renown.

Prewitt:

A team we have, sir, that is sure a team,
Our players all are fast and bright and bold.
The team-work which we have is something that
All other teams may envy.

Mr. Bear:

Rightly told.

But though you played as only you can play;
Although you worked with all your might and main;
You never would have won the victory
Without the help of one man.

Wester:

What's his name?

Mr. Bear:

Ah, there he stands, a youth who may be proud
Of all the things which he this day has done.
His playing was the comment of the crowd
And 'twas through him the hard-fought game was won.

Prewitt:

Oh, Sunny, yes, his playing sure was fine,
And we admit 'twas he that won the game.

Wester:

Come, Sunny, let me take you by the hand,
Your playing made the rest of us look tame.

Sunny:

Kind friends, I swear you honor me too much.
I did no more than any one of you.

Mr. Bear:

Why, boy, you're modest, that is what you are;
A modest boy, but always good and true.

Prewitt:
What? Sunny Sunstrom modest? Sir, you jest.
I swear, sir, that you do the boy a wrong.

Wester:
Your saying he is modest, Mr. Bear,
Just goes to prove you have not known him long.

Mr. Bear:
Boys will be boys, so have your little fun.
Of course the honor each of you has shared.
Each one of you has lived up to our motto;
Each one of you this day was well prepared.
(Exit all but Sunny and Prewitt.)

Prewitt:
Well, Sunny, you've fulfilled my expectations;
You played today a wondrous game of ball.

Sunny:
Forget it, kid, and please cut out the kidding,
I can't play well; I'm lucky, that is all.
(Enter three Witches.)

First Witch:
Rah!

Second Witch:
Rah!

Third Witch:
Rah!

All:
Sunny Sunstrom, Rah!

Prewitt:
What have we here? A band of evil spirits?

Sara:
A group of Janes from Hades, I should think.

Prewitt:
'Tis such a bunch as I am told you notice,
Whene'er you chance to take an extra drink.

First Witch:
Sunny Sunstrom won the game.

Second Witch:
Sunny Sunstrom won him fame.

Third Witch:
Sunny made himself a name.

All:
Sunny, though, will come to shame,
To-morrow.

First Witch:
Soon his joy will fade a lot.

Second Witch:
Peace is not so easy bought.

Third Witch:

Friend you have who should be shot.

All:

She you love will love you not,
To-morrow.

(Witches vanish.)

Prewitt:

They're gone. Methinks 'twas but a vision.

Sunny:

But whither vanished? In the empty air?

Prewitt:

'Tis not the time of day to answer riddles;
I know not where they've gone and I don't care.

Sunny:

But did you not hear what it was they shouted,
That she who loves you now will love you not?

Prewitt:

Forget it, kid, it never pays to worry.
You're really jealous, boy, I believe, of Dot.

(Exeunt.)

(Enter William.)

William:

I've asked her now. If she will but accept me
I'll beat his time, what's more, I'll beat it bad.
Ah, Mark, 'tis best you watch your little sweetheart,
I fear the game is up with you, my lad.
If she will but accept my invitation,
If she will but attend me to the dance,
I'll win her from him in a single evening,
I'll win her from him if I get the chance.

(Curtain)

ACT II.

Scene 1. Room in Sunstrom Home.

(Enter Lucile, Sara, Edna, Dorothy.)

Sara:

And so you let him take you to the party?

Dorothy:

I do. I like to dance so I shall go.

Edna:

It seems to me that you forget of Sunny.

Dorothy:

Now what care I for him, I'd like to know.

Edna:

But, honest, Dot, a lovely boy is Sunny.
You really should not ditch him as you do.

Sara: Why, Sunny's not as nice as is my Virgil.

Lucile: And Prunes is nicer than is Sunny, too.

Dorothy: Why, Peggy, Sunny Sunstrom is your brother.
You ought to be more careful what you say.

Lucile: It is because he is my brother, Dolly,
That is the reason why I talk that way.

Edna: But, girls, I pray you look what time 'tis getting,
And see how dark and deep the shadows grow.

Sara: Yes, Edna's right, the darkness now is coming,
And really, Peggy, we have got to go.

Lucile: Well, if you must, you must, so if you're going,
I bid you one and all a kind good-day.

Dorothy: Good-bye, Lucile.

Edna: Good-bye, Lucile, we're going.

Sara: Good-bye, Lucile. We'll come some time and stay.
(Exeunt all but Lucile.)

Lucile: I wonder if she really means to ditch him.
I do not think she can, and yet she may.
Well, if she does, the kid will sure go crazy.
He loves her in a most emphatic way.
(Enter Sunny.)

Sunny: She you love will love you not, I wonder,
I wonder what it means, but who can say?

Lucile: Well, Sunny, I have heard that you're a hero.
I hear that you defeated—

Sunny: Oh, go 'way.

Lucile: Go 'way? Why, Mark, why Sunny, what's the matter?

Sunny: Oh, nothing, only kindly let me be.

Lucile: But, Sunny, you forget that I'm your sister.
You ought to tell your troubles all to me.

Sunny:

I have no troubles, Sis, I have no troubles.

Lucile:

You have, you can not keep the truth from me.
You're jealous.

Sunny:

I'm not jealous.

Lucile:

You are jealous.
You're jealous and you have a right to be.
(Enter Prewitt.)

Prewitt:

Oh, Sunny, I have just received a challenge
From the captain of the first ward team and he
Says our team can not claim to win the pennant
Until they beat his team two out of three.

Sunny:

A friend you have who should be shot, I wonder,
I wonder just who is my faithless friend.

Prewitt:

And when we beat the first ward aggregation
The baseball season then is at an end.

Lucile:

What means he when he says his friends are faithless?
That she who loves him now will love him not?

Prewitt:

He listened to a bunch of crazy witches
And now he thinks some one will steal his Dot.

Lucile:

He's right, for Dot already has betrayed him,
She's going to a dance to-night with Bill.

Sunny:

So he's the friend who has betrayed my friendship.

Prewitt:

That helps the witches raving to fulfill.

Sunny:

I'll follow him and if I ever find him,
I'll see to it the villain shall be brained.
I'll follow him forever 'till I find him.
(Exit.)

Lucile:

The quality of mercy is not strained.

Prewitt:

Not strained, Lucile, but what Mark got was skimmed,
And watered same as Nelson's milk or more.

Lucile:

I do not know what ails the fellow.

Prewitt:

Each day he grows more crazy than before.

(Curtain)

ACT III.

Scene 1. Same as Scene 2, Act 1.

(Enter Prewitt, Sunny, Wester.)

Wester:

Now, Sunny, tell us what it is that bothers
And maybe we can help you to be glad.

Sunny:

'Tis useless, friends, and if you keep on asking,
I fear the two of you will drive me mad.

(Enter three Witches.)

First Witch:

Hail!

Second Witch:

Hail!

Third Witch:

Hail!

All:

Sunny Sunstrom, Hail!

Prewitt:

Avaunt, thou evil spirits, beat it, scatter,
Disperse, disband, and get thee from our sight.

Wester:

Good-gracious, why I thought I was too aged,
Too old to be a-seeing things at night.

First Witch:

Hero that was.

Second Witch:

Pitcher that is.

Third Witch:

Traitor that shall be.

All:

Rah, rah, rah.

First Witch:

Win the game, her love you lose.

Second Witch:

Lose the game, your name you lose.

Third Witch:

Think about it ere you choose.

All:

Rah, rah, rah.

(Witches vanish.)

Wester:

They're gone, but whither have they vanished?

Prewitt: Who knows? There is no man alive can tell.
Wester: Such things as they are don't belong on earth.
They either come from heaven or from Ames.
Sunny: You lose the game you win her love, they tell me.
You lose the game your name and honor fall.
Ah, well, a girl's love surely must be greater
Than one poor, short and useless game of ball.
I'll lose the game, 'twill win her back, they tell me.
To lose the game with all my might I'll try.
I'll lose the game no matter what it costs me,
Although my name and honor both must die.
(Curtain)

Scene 2. Same as before.
(Enter Mr. Bear, Prewitt, and others.)

Mr. Bear: Our championship is lost; our name is lost.
Prewitt: We have defeat where victory should have been.
Wester: I do not care so much about the game,
My money's lost; I bet that we would win.
Mr. Bear: The man we thought would win it lost the game.
Prewitt: He failed us in the pinch, I feared he might.
Wester: I swear that I will never bet again,
I can't take Sara to the show tonight.
(Enter Sunny.)
Prewitt: Now here he comes. What reasons can you offer?
Wester: Excuses are in order; spit them out.
Sunny: Why, friends, I pray you tell me what's the matter.
Mr. Bear: Oh, you know well enough what it's about.
Prewitt: You lost the game.
Wester: You lost my cash, my money.
Mr. Bear: You boobed the game and lost it, did you not?
Sunny: Now what care I for baseball games and money,
For now, at last, I believe I'm square with Dot.

Wester: You win the game, her love you lose. I have it.
Oh, Mr. Bear; Oh, Prewitt. Listen, Kid.
That fellow lost the game for us on purpose.

Mr. Bear: Did you do that, now tell us?

Sunny: Yes, I did.

Prewitt: He lost it and admits it. Oh, the traitor.

Mr. Bear: The villain. Oh, the rascal. Such disgrace.

Prewitt: Let's lynch him.

Mr. Bear: Let us kill him.

Wester: That's the idea.

Sunny: Before you do it, though, there'll be a race.
(Exit Sunny. Others in pursuit.)
(Enter Dorothy, Edna, Lucile, Sara.)

Edna: Mark lost the game.

Sara: Of course he did, the villain.

Dorothy: I know it and I hate him through and through.

Dorothy: Now Lester did his best to win a victory.
I know it and my Virgil played well, too.
(Enter Sunny.)

Sunny: Ah, Dorothy.

Dorothy: Go 'way, you boob, I hate you.

Sunny: You hate me? What? Why, Dorothy, I say.

Dorothy: Don't ever speak to me again, I tell you.
I hate you 'cause you threw the game away.

Sunny: You lose the game, you win her love, they told me.

Dorothy: You don't, though, for I hoped that we would win.

Sunny: Well, there is nothing in this life for Sunny,
I'm going to the river and jump in.
(Curtain)



Calendar

Monday, Jan. 19.—We entered the new High School.

Tuesday, Jan. 20.—Miss Ralston has commenced her "beat" in the halls to show the Freshmen which way to go. Also to show some of the Seniors the way to the office.

Basket ball game between the H. S. and the Y. M. C. A. in the new "gym."

Wednesday, Jan. 21.—Glee club practice.

Thursday, Jan. 22.—Opal and Swede went to the Virginia.

Friday, Jan. 23.—Mass Meeting to stir up pep.

Basket ball game with Marshalltown.

Saturday, Jan. 24.—Lewis Amme took two girls to the Lyric.

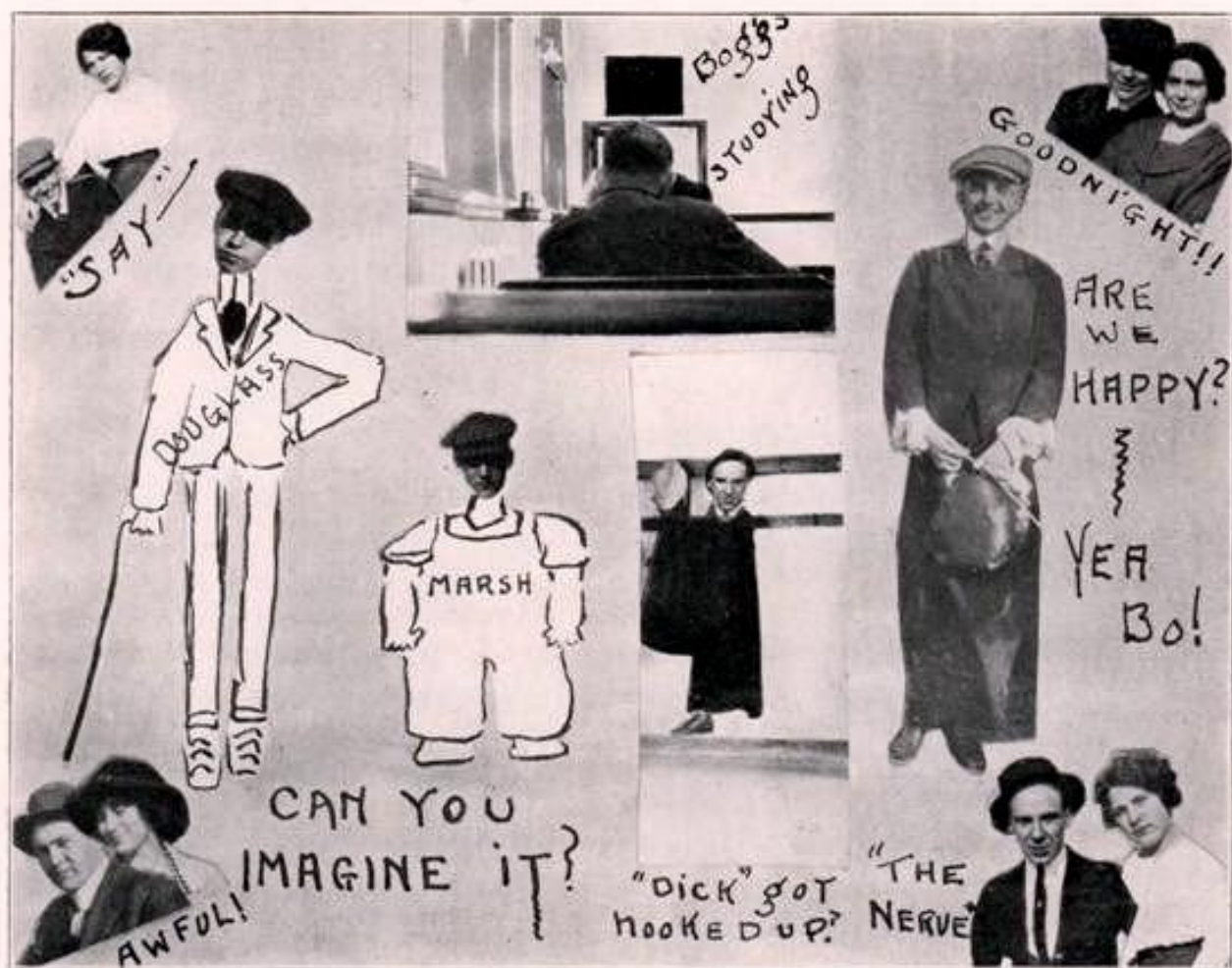
Sunday, Jan. 25.—Hank and Vera bury the hatchet.

Monday, Jan. 26.—Glee Club practice.

Tuesday, Jan. 27.—All the girls went to see the Volley Ball game at the Y. M. C. A. game at H. S. We beat!

Wednesday, Jan. 28.—Maudie Heffler quit school.

Thursday, Jan. 29.—Glee Club decides to have a spread in the music room.



1917

Rock a bye Freshie
 Upon the tree top,
 As long as you study
 The cradle will rock;
 But when you stop digging,
 The cradle will fall
 And down will come Freshies
 Swelled head and all.

EVERY BODY'S SINGIN' IT.

The latest song hit in B. H. S. is
 "If you're tardy go back home."
 Sung to the tune of "I didn't Want To Do It"
 Words arranged by C. C. Ball.

HILLS AND HISTORY

Mr. Easter, (in Physical Geography): "What kind of hills do we find around Boston?"

Sara Clarke, (anxiously): "Bunker hills, I suppose."

Friday, Jan. 30.—Senior meeting. Officers elected.
Basket ball game. We beat Ogden!

Saturday, Jan. 31.—Boarding School at the Virginia.

Sunday, Feb. 1.—Howard Stout and Nettie Getty went out walking.

Monday, Feb. 2.—Volley Ball practice for the first time.
Ground Hog sees his shadow.

Tuesday, Feb. 3.—Eppel's Junior Orchestra gave a program under the auspices of the Moore Literary Society.
Another game with the Y. M. C. A.

Wednesday, Feb. 4.—Carl Roberts tries to put runners on his car.

Thursday, Feb. 5.—Sidney Boggs is happy. She was here for a couple of periods.

Friday, Feb. 6.—Sidney is still happier. She stayed all day. They attended the Basket Ball game in the evening. It was with Webster City. We beat!

Saturday, Feb. 7.—M. L. S. debating team met in the library.

Sunday, Feb. 8.—Zella Rogers had a date.

Monday, Feb. 9.—"Jonah" turned up his trousers another inch.

Tuesday, Feb. 10.—Volley Ball practice. Hank Friedley desires to go to the Virginia but after asking three girls and each time receiving a refusal, he decides that the world is cruel—he also stays home.

Wednesday, Feb. 11.—Annual Board editors chosen and a meeting afterwards.

Thursday, Feb. 12.—Senior meeting.
Volley Ball practice.
Glee Club.

OH SHUX!

Ida Nathan, (referring to Senior Party): "Oh! wouldn't it be fun to have a hammock. I think we ought to have one."

Miss Cruikshank, (questioningly): "Why, Ida, what would you want with a hammock?"

WHERE WAS MUDD?

Vera Hanson, (in Sylvia): "Oh! I am so tired. I have been dragged over Boggs and Marshes all day."

ILLUMINATION!

Edna Meehan, (in Algebra): "You illuminate X and that leaves Y."

MODES OF EXPRESSION

Senior girl, (describing a picture): "Oh! isn't she sweet!"

Senior boy, (same picture): "Some doll!"

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Ida Nathan: "Miss Cruikshank, is love a pleasant or an unpleasant emotion?"

Sid Boggs (aside): "It all depends on who you're lovin'."

TRUE BUT STALE

Edgar Rule, (at annual feed): "What do you do when you get ice cream in your tooth ache?"

Clarence Holm, (sweetly): "I scream."

"Outside Help"

H. S. PRINTING TO IOWA CITY

ANNUAL GIVEN TO OUT OF
TOWN FIRM.

CLASS PINS GO TO THE
MARSH JEWELRY STORE

Some of the Local Offices Given Opportunity of Bidding on the Annual, Which is to be Published by the Seniors.

The Annual, which is to be published by the Seniors of the Boone high school this spring, is to be printed and bound in Iowa City, the contract having been let to an Iowa City firm for this work. Some of the local print shops were given an opportunity of bidding on the work.

The class pins were awarded to E. J. Marsh and will come through this local house.

GOING OUT OF TOWN

High School Seniors Give Contract for
Printing and Binding of Annual
This Year to Iowa City
House.

The seniors of the Boone high school have awarded the contract for the printing and the binding of the annual which they are issuing this spring to an Iowa City house; and that without giving many of the local printers at least, even a chance to bid on the work. That is some way of boosting Boone. But what do our school pupils, or even the officials or teachers care about boosting Boone, except when they want the taxpayers to vote them money for some alleged necessary improvement.

The class did purchase their pins through the local jewelry houses of E. J. Marsh, thanks for so much.

The printing of the high school annual is being sent to Iowa City. Sears, Roebuck & Co. couldn't do it.

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION

There is no doubt about there being some very bright Eutrophians. Recently they sent one of their number for a pitcher. When the boy returned he was carrying a landscape.

RUSHING THE SEASON

Mr. Ball: "Tell one way they went to California in 1849 during the gold rush."

"Cy" Douglass: "Through the Panama Canal."

A DISCUSSION

Mr. Dickensheets, (in Modern History): "Will some one please discuss the downfall of Metternich?"

Lois Brewster, (raising her hand eagerly): "He had to leave!"

ISH KA BIBBLE

Miss Boies (in English Class): "Adam Menzies! I'm not going to speak to you again today!"

Adam: "I don't care."



SOON



INDUCEMENTS



THE EUTROPHIANS COP THE BACON



HERE IS A PIG
HIS NAME IS SPOT
SEE WHAT A FUNNY
LITTLE TAIL HE HAS GOT



SQUELCHED!

Clarence Holm, (at annual meeting on night of eclipse): "Let's go out and see how the moon looks now."

Odette Buell, (disgustedly): "Go out and look at it yourself if you want to know."

NO HOPE FOR BILL

William Weaver, (when asked to tell the theme of a certain story): "It seems to me to mean about the same as that old proverb—I guess it's in the Bible—about coveting thy neighbor's house, and, well, other things."

Miss Cruikshank: "I shouldn't be surprised, William, if that was one of the ten commandments."

JUST AS GOOD

Miss Hartman, (in music): "Have you boys two Lamplighters?"

Edgar Rule: "No but I've got three matches."

TOO BAD

Mr. Dickensheets: "I have to call the roll to get one recitation in this class!"

MR. BALL DIDN'T GET THIS ONE

Mr. Ball, (in Am. History): "When they went down the river how did they get back?"

Norman Wilson: "Horse-back."

Friday, Feb. 13.—Annual Board meeting.

Skee Rule and Ida Nathan have to stay for the eighth period.

Saturday, Feb. 14.—Freshmen Party.

Sunday, Feb. 15.—Wells Munn had a date.

Monday, Feb. 16.—Glee Club.

Tuesday, Feb. 17.—Volley Ball. Jim Whitaker took Louise Moffat home.

Wednesday, Feb. 18.—Private party at the rink. Mr. Dickensheets fell down.

Thursday, Feb. 19.—Eutrophian program. Exam. in Modern History.

Friday, Feb. 20.—Continued exam. in Modern History.

Lois Brewster recited in English.

Mr. Waldman unfurled the flag.

Speakers for Washington's Birthday.

Basket Ball. We beat Carroll!

Saturday, Feb. 21.—Moore-Eutrophian debate in the Old High School. E. L. S. victory.

Sunday, Feb. 22.—Jim Whitaker went to Sunday School.

Monday, Feb. 23.—Mr. Ball and Mr. Dickensheets both got a hair cut.
Glee Club.

Tuesday, Feb. 24.—Exam. in English, VIII.

"Star" Smith was late.

Wednesday, Feb. 25.—The White Sox completed their tour of the world and arrived in Boone today. (The girls wore 'em.)

Thursday, Feb. 26.—Moore Program.

Friday, Feb. 27.—Irene and Edna Johnson both had on new dresses today—preparatory to going to Des Moines.

A crowd went to Grand Junction to witness the Basket Ball game.

A special reel of moving pictures had been secured for their entertainment at the "Eagle."

Jessie Beck actually made a mistake in Am. History.

Mr. Dickensheets wears yellow glasses now.

Saturday, Feb. 28.—Basket Ball in the "gym" at 3:30 with Council Bluffs. There was a large crowd and the score was 27 to 25 in favor of Boone. Mr. Dickensheets gave a Banquet at the Holst and then took the boys to the Virginia.

Glee Club practice.

Sunday, Mar. 1.—Everybody went to church!

Monday, Mar. 2.—Mass meeting at 11:30 to celebrate the Basket Ball victory. Speeches by Mr. Ball, Mr. Dickensheets and the Captain.

Mr. Dickensheets said that he had paralysis but when "Mary" threw the last basket it turned into Saint Vitus Dance.

The boys wore red and green socks today.

William Marsh returned from his forced vacation today.

Glee Club.

Tuesday, Mar. 3.—Glee Club at 3:30 and 7:00.

Miss Spencer the coach arrived.

Wednesday, Mar. 4.—Catherine Dale was late to English class.

Thursday, Mar. 5.—Glee Club Dress Rehearsal.



This is not Earl Auld's wheel



Priscillas



Oh how coy



At the first of the season



On the sidelines



24-47-73-19



Miss Hand



The price of Folly



When will he come?



Going Down



On top



Active



A Gallant Soldier



A Day corner



Tribe



Friday, Mar. 6.—Basket Ball game at Marshalltown.

Sylvia was given and the hay was left out.

Lewis Amme went to Carroll.

Saturday, Mar. 7.—School house was cleaned up.

Sunday, Mar. 8.—Mr. Ball was elected Sunday School superintendent of the Presbyterian church.

Monday, Mar. 9.—Basket Ball at Ames. Crowd went along.

School out at 2:45.

Tuesday, Mar. 10.—Senior meeting. Pins selected. William Marsh has decided to wear his "old blue serge suit, pressed up," for graduation.

Wednesday, Mar. 11.—Still having a discussion over caps and gowns.

Meeting of Senior Social Committee.

Meeting of the Flower, Motto, and Pennant Committee.

Thursday, Mar. 12.—Catherine Dale, Marie Sas, LaVeta Auld, Josephine Conklin, and Lillian McMahon were late. Spent afternoon in assembly room and also stayed eighth period for three nights.

Lois Childs stepped on a bug in Modern History.

Friday, Mar. 13.—Picture of Assembly taken.

Tournament at Ames.

Senior meeting, Caps and Gowns.

Mr. Dickensheets left on the one o'clock car instead of 11:50 as he wished to have his dinner in Boone.

Debaters had a party at home of Irene Johnson.

Mr. Easter poses for his picture.

Miss Jones positively refuses to pose.

Saturday, Mar. 14.—Mr. Dickensheets left Ames for Des Moines to "drown his sorrows."

Orbs X had a kid party.

Novem O'Kays had a party at Agnes Heap's home. Virgil Wester acted as chaperon for Dorothy Watt and Mark Sunstrom on the way home. "Sunny" says "he stuck like a porous plaster."

Catherine Dale had a birthday.

Sunday, Mar. 15.—Clarence Pangborn attended Sunday School.

Lois Brewster went to Ames.

A good many spring hats were "sprung."

Monday, Mar. 16.—"Beat Ames" tickets out.

Coach for Declamatory contest arrives.

Volley Ball practice.

Domestic Science girls serve a banquet for the School Board.

Tuesday, Mar. 17.—Everybody is wearing green.

Eutrophan picture taken.

Basket ball boys picture wasn't taken.

Volley Ball girls picture taken.

Junior Class picture taken.

The Commercial Enterprise is distributed.

Basket Ball boys wore green sweaters.

HURRY UP

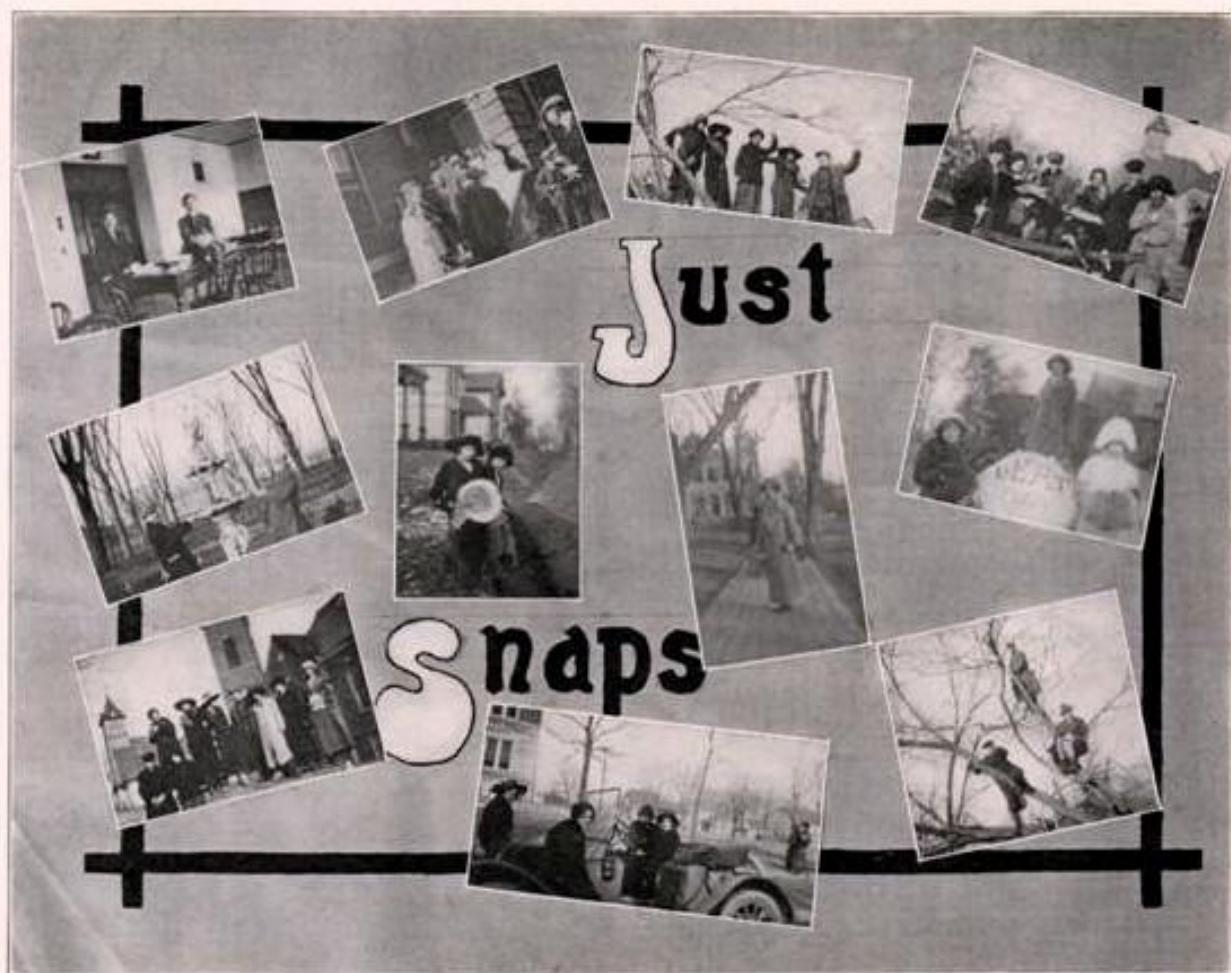
Do not loiter on the way
Hurry up.
Do not stop a while and play.
Hurry up.
For your friends don't stop and wait,
If you do, then sure as fate,
You will certainly be late.
Hurry up.
Not a second can you lose.
Hurry up.
You can get here if you choose.
Hurry up.
For the number that is late
Forty-five is much too great,
Things have reached an awful state.
Hurry up.

ADDITIONS

"Haste makes waste," said a wise old sage;
But he didn't live in the Gasoline Age.
"He who 'Hesitates' may be lost;"
But the Tango's all right—if your fingers are crossed.
"A rolling stone will gather no moss;"
But the wonderful view compensates for the loss.
"Brag is a good dog but Holdfast is better;"
And never by any means copy the "Setter."
"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;"
But you can't apply that to the lark or the thrush.
"Thou shalt not lie, kill, covet or steal,"
Or, modernized, "Don't buy an automobile."
"A stitch in time will save you nine,"
Provided you sew with the right sort of twine.
"Virtue," they say, "Is its own reward;"
But the landlady seldom accepts such for board.
"Give that ye may receive;"
Doubt that ye may believe.
"Look before you leap;"
Go to bed, if you want to sleep.

WM. WEAVER

P. S.
The period endeth the sentence
Old Grammars are wont to relate;
But now it both starteth and endeth
The sentence, (see, per. VIII).



Wednesday, Mar. 18.—Mass meeting at 3:15. Ames team arrives on scene and Mr. Ball's speech is eliminated.

Basket Ball game at 3:45. Did we beat Ames? Yea Bo!

Senior meeting at 12:50. Class decides to have party Friday instead of Saturday night.

Thursday, Mar. 19.—Meeting of Senior Social Committee at 12:50.

The principal of the Indianola H. S. visited us today.

The Sophomore picture was taken.

"Skee" Rule cut a new tooth.

Friday, Mar. 20.—"Skee" wore his new tooth to school for the first time.

Seniors have a party in the Gym. Ida Nathan brought her hammock and Bill Marsh knows what happened to it. The only accident which occurred was when Jessie Beck's doll came in contact with the floor and sustained a fractured skull. The Juniors were present for a few minutes but the last seen of them was when they were going out of the northeast window of the gym-headfirst and empty handed.

Saturday, Mar. 21.—The Social Committee cleaned up the H. S.

Sid Boggs returned Ida Nathan's sandals which he had borrowed the previous evening.

Sunday, Mar. 22.—Sara Clark wore her new Spring hat.

Earl Spencer was a caller at the Johnson home.

Monday, Mar. 23.—Mr. Dickensheets makes his wishes known. He desires to have "all the stopping talked at the back of the room."

Glee Club practiced after school.

Annual Board has a swell feed. Oh, you grapefruit sherbet!

Tuesday, Mar. 24.—Flower, Motto, and Color Committee met at 12:50.

Mass meeting at 11:40 for the Senior Annual.

Earl Aik had a birthday. Yes—he was seventeen.

Wednesday, Mar. 25.—All the kodaks in Boone are in use snapping "Seniors"
No music today.

The Juniors have decided to entertain the Seniors with checkers and drop the handkerchief at the reception.

Meeting of E. L. S. social committee.

Howard Stout is promoted to foreman of the Janitors.

Thursday, Mar. 26.—M. L. S. Program Committee meeting.

Chorus picture taken.

Freshmen picture "retaken" so the girls will get in.

Wright Waterman has the giggles.

The Seniors came to the conclusion today that they prefer to take the exams this year. It seems to be satisfactory with the Faculty and up to the present writing we have had no complaint from the School Board. Lester Prewitt is going to Onawa tomorrow. Edna Meehan has her letter to him all written and ready to send. Lester has an answer all ready and will mail it just as soon as he arrives in Onawa.

Friday, Mar. 27.—The class in Arithmetic VIII had a test today.

To All Those Concerned:—

There will be a continuation of this same test on April 6, one week from next Monday.

Glee Club at 7:10.

Declamatory Contest.

Saturday, Mar. 28.—Holm had his money spent by noon.

Sunday, Mar. 29.—Harry Lees was out to see Edna Johnson.

Monday, Mar. 30.—Bill Marsh worked in his father's store.

Tuesday, Mar. 31.—Edgar Rule was "kicked out" of the school house by Mr. Johnson.

Bill Marsh worked in the Jewelry Store.

Wednesday, Apr. 1.—Sid Boggs went to school.

Bill Marsh worked on Watches.

Thursday, Apr. 2.—Bill worked in Marsh's store.

Friday, Apr. 3.—Bill Marsh worked for his father.

Saturday, Apr. 4.—Bill repaired rings today.

Alice Crary and Odette Buel went auto riding with Clifford Near and Verne Smith. Among those they passed were a crowd of girls out buggy riding with Dortha Herman.

Sunday, Apr. 5.—Lewis Amme telephoned to Alice Crary.

Odette Buel had a caller this morning.

Monday, Apr. 6.—Senior meeting at 11:50.

Lewis and Clyde Amme returned to school after a pleasant vacation of three weeks.

Senior pins and rings arrived.

Moore program committee meeting.

Tuesday, Apr. 7.—Basket Ball and Football pictures taken.

Moore program.

Lois Brewster and Alice Davitt were absent.

Herbert Lynch was sent to the office.

Vere Moen visited school.

Hope Nunamaker was a visitor.

Wednesday, Apr. 8.—All the boys who could get seats went to "September Morn."

Thursday, Apr. 9.—Miss Hand had a busy day.

REALLY; HOW SHOULD SIDNEY KNOW?

Jessie Beck (at Senior Meeting): "Mr. President, how many dresses does a girl need for graduation?"

Sidney Boggs: "Well—er—er—really—Why I'm not an authority on such matters."

THE REASON

Leonard Cramblit says: "The reason we didn't beat Grand Junction was because they made us play in a closet and we were used to a gym."

WHAT THEY HAD

Mr. Ball, (in Am. History): "What did they have to do as soon as they found out who was elected president?"

Mabel Swanson: "They had to have a procession."

USUALLY THE CHEAPEST

ALWAYS THE BEST

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offered—The kind that have the
snap and go to them—The kind that
Young Men like—WE are always
glad to show you, whether you buy
or not—Come in any time.

We Sell Spalding's Sweaters

H. T. COOK

THE CLASS OF 1914

We know the Royal class of 1914 has many Foes but we believe we can hold our own. We do not need to worry about clothes for we have a Weaver among us. We also have our own meat market. You ask: "What is a Duckworth?" We do not know but we have a large "Kow." We are thoughtful of others. We always obey the Janitor's Rule and do not make him unnecessary work by tracking in Mudd from the Marsh for we evade all the Boggs. We never have an Aik or pain for we spend the Winter on the Beach. We are a Stout and healthy class for we drink Coffey. We are rich for we not only have an immensely valuable Opal but we also have a guiding "Star." We follow its Beck and call and are led away from the Wahl and each is safely conducted Holm.

O. L. B.

*Fancy China, Queensware, Stoneware, Glassware, Lamps,
Wall Paper, Paints, Toilet Soaps, Woodware, Toys,
Hammocks, Sporting Goods, Gas Mantles, Suit Cases,
Trunks, Tinware, Express Wagons, Enameled
Ware, Aluminum Ware, Shelf Hardware,
Lawn Mowers, Candles, Jewelry,
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A Little of each is
Good and Sufficient

The Answer

SCHOOL and CLEAN SHOWS

VIRGINIA THEATRE

J. Jolly Jones, Lessee and Manager

Good Wholesome Entertainment

"Et tu Brutus"

Friday, Apr. 10.—Eutrophan program.

Saturday, Apr. 11.—Jessie Beck walked seventy-four blocks and she's not taking Anti-Fat treatment either.

Sunday, Apr. 12.—Easter. Everyone dressed up.

Monday, Apr. 18.—Dorthea Herman, Alice Crary, and Odette Buel went auto riding at noon with "Babe" McCall, Roy Duncan, and Mr. Ball.

Tuesday, Apr. 14.—Tennis shoes are very popular.

Wednesday, Apr. 15.—Forty-five were late. They remained in the Am. History room all the afternoon and were not allowed to study, whisper, or smile.

Thursday, Apr. 16.—No one was late!

Friday, Apr. 17.—Roy Duncan and Alice Crary went to the Virginia. Dorthea Herman acted as chaperon. Yes, John Bolitho was in Des Moines.

Saturday, Apr. 18.—Nothing doin'!

Sunday, Apr. 19.—T'was a very cold day.

Monday, Apr. 20.—Senior meeting at 3:30.

Tuesday, Apr. 21.—Moore program.

All kinds of excitement.

"Try Outs" for class play.

Wednesday, Apr. 22.—"Sid" Boggs wins a box of candy on the class play.

Novem-o-Kays went walking down the track after school.

Thursday, Apr. 23.—Some more "tardies."

The "Annual" goes to print; even the weather is sad!

EVERY SEASON IS KODAK SEASON

We have the full line of Kodaks and Premos.

Several new ones this year---Come in and see them.

**Our Kodak finishing department is up to the minute
and the work is done in a scientific method.**

HUGHES STUDIO

805 Eighth Street

USE THE HOUSTON FOUNTAIN PEN

For writing use a balanced pen,
Let policemen use the club,
Politely say, "No, thank you," when
They offer you a sub.

Get the "HOUSTON".

No more leak or sweat or drop,
Their patented feed cuts all that out,
If you ever use one you'll never swap;
It's the best pen made, without a doubt.

Get the "HOUSTON".

The safety chain is a feature grand,
No more loss or pens misplaced,
Always within reach of the busy hand,
On the coat or vest or lady's shirtwaist.

Get the "HOUSTON".

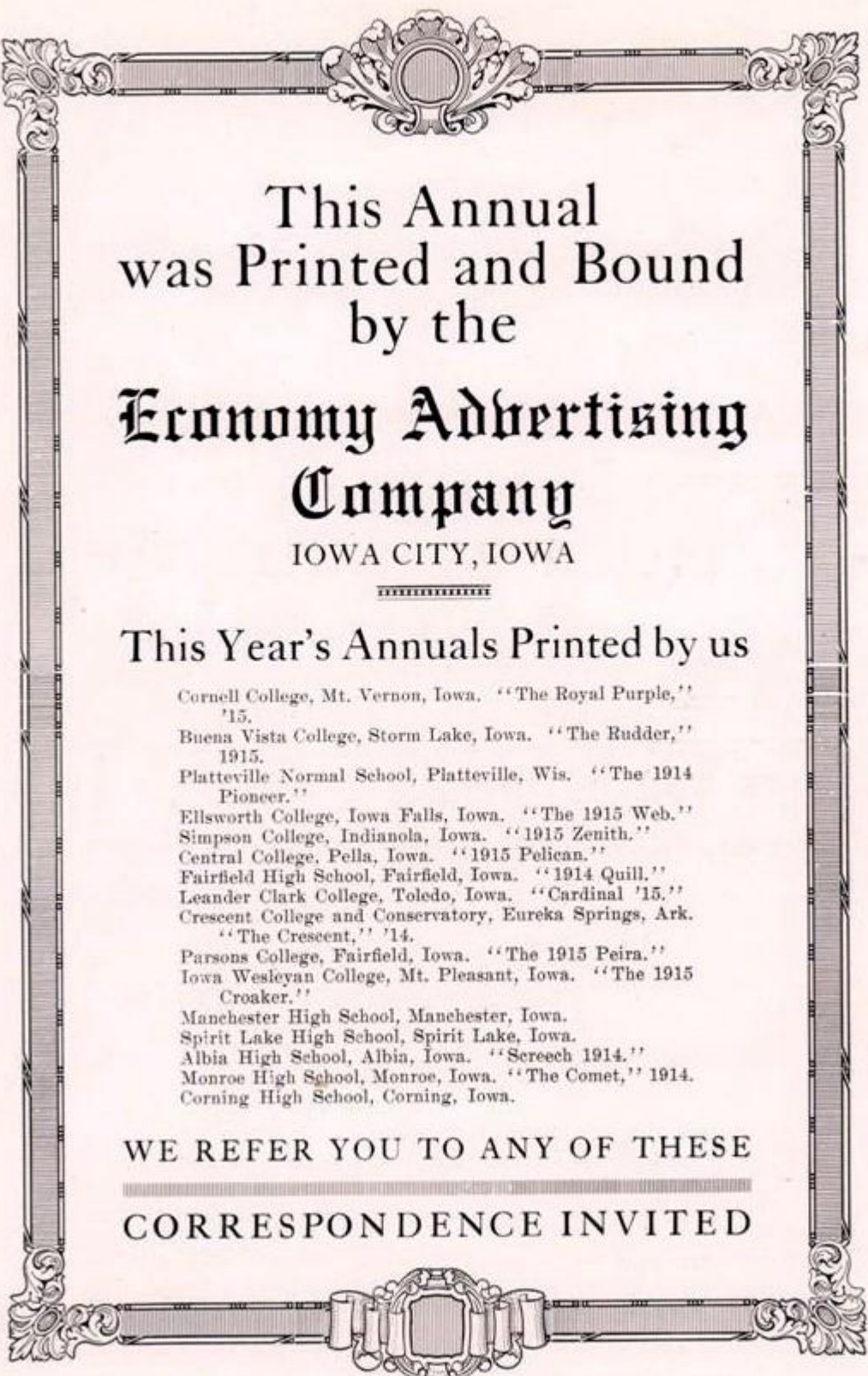
All these improvements in one combined,
Makes a pen both serviceable and pretty,
Test as you will none will outshine,
The pen that's made in Sioux City.

Get the "HOUSTON".

(A USER) (G. W. T.)

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Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. "The Royal Purple,"
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Buena Vista College, Storm Lake, Iowa. "The Rudder,"
1915.

Platteville Normal School, Platteville, Wis. "The 1914
Pioneer."

Ellsworth College, Iowa Falls, Iowa. "The 1915 Web."

Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa. "1915 Zenith."

Central College, Pella, Iowa. "1915 Pelican."

Fairfield High School, Fairfield, Iowa. "1914 Quill."

Leander Clark College, Toledo, Iowa. "Cardinal '15."

Crescent College and Conservatory, Eureka Springs, Ark.
"The Crescent," '14.

Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa. "The 1915 Peira."

Iowa Wesleyan College, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. "The 1915
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Manchester High School, Manchester, Iowa.

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