



ROSEDALE

HIGH

SCHOOL

RHS

VOL 8

ANNUAL

Bell Phone 72 Rosedale

J. R. Kaufman

Dealer in

**Groceries, Meats, Fruits
and Vegetables**

at the Lowest Possible Prices

**All Kinds of Bulk Garden Seeds, Hay, Grain
and Millstuff**

Also a Good Line of Poultry Food

1629 Dodd Street

Rosedale, Kansas

E. R. SLATER, Jr. The Square Deal Grocer

Groceries, Meats, Fruits and Vegetables,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES

Bell Phone 81 Rosedale

1637 Southwest Blvd., Rosedale, Kansas

Gray-Johnson Hardware Company

GENERAL HARDWARE

Kitchen Supplies, Stoves, Pumps, Paints, Glass, Electrical Goods and Bicycle Supplies

39th and Bell Streets

BOTH PHONES

Kansas City, Missouri

NORTH ROSEDALE PHARMACY

J. D. PEEPLES, Prop.

You will always find here a full supply of Family
Medicines and Druggist Sundries. Also an up-
to-date Soda Fountain. Popular Prices.

650 S. W. Blvd.

Bell Phone, 41 Rosedale

The Rosedale State Bank

Capital and Surplus \$42,000.00

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

It isn't genius that wins in the long run—it isn't superior brains or superior brawn—it's the bulldog grip—it's the staying quality—it is a firm determination to start a thing and keep it up. Make your deposits with us regularly, watch the account grow and feel your own strength and security increase.

The State Guaranty Law in addition to our Safety Plan gives you absolute protection.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

A. J. Poor, Pres.
E. S. McAnany, Vice Pres.

Geo. Gerner,
Dr. O. M. Longenecker,

Bert Chronister, Cashier.

CLYDE LEAVENGOOD

Druggist

The Rexall Store

We Deliver Anything, Any Time
Anywhere

"Rexall Remedies"

AGENCY {
Harmony Toilet Articles
Hess Stock and Poultry Remedies
Eastman Kodaks
Chinamel
Devoe Paint
Kansas School Text Books

Bell 131 Rosedale, Home 6845 Main
1324 Southwest Blvd.

Bell 236 Rosedale, Home 9836 Main
912 Southwest Blvd.

SECURITY STATE BANK

Deposits Guaranteed

Depository State of Kansas

39th Street and State Line

ROSEDALE, KANSAS

Capital - - - - \$25,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits 7,000

Let Our Facilities be of Service to You.
Let OUR BANK be YOUR BANK.

OFFICERS

L. A. SHARRARD, President
C. O. PROCTOR, Vice-President

O. H. CARVER, Cashier
W. H. KNIGHT, Asst. Cashier

Home, 3919 Main PHONES Bell, 12 Rosedale

GO TO

Clasen's

FOR

CLOTHING
SHOES and
NOTIONS ::

GENT'S FURNISHINGS

We Give Surety Coupons

704-706 S. W. Blvd. ROSEDALE, KANS.

Union Hall Drug Co.

A. D. S. STORE

School Supplies
Lowney's Candies
Conklin's Fountain Pens
Kodaks, Kodak Supplies

Fountain Drinks Par Excellence

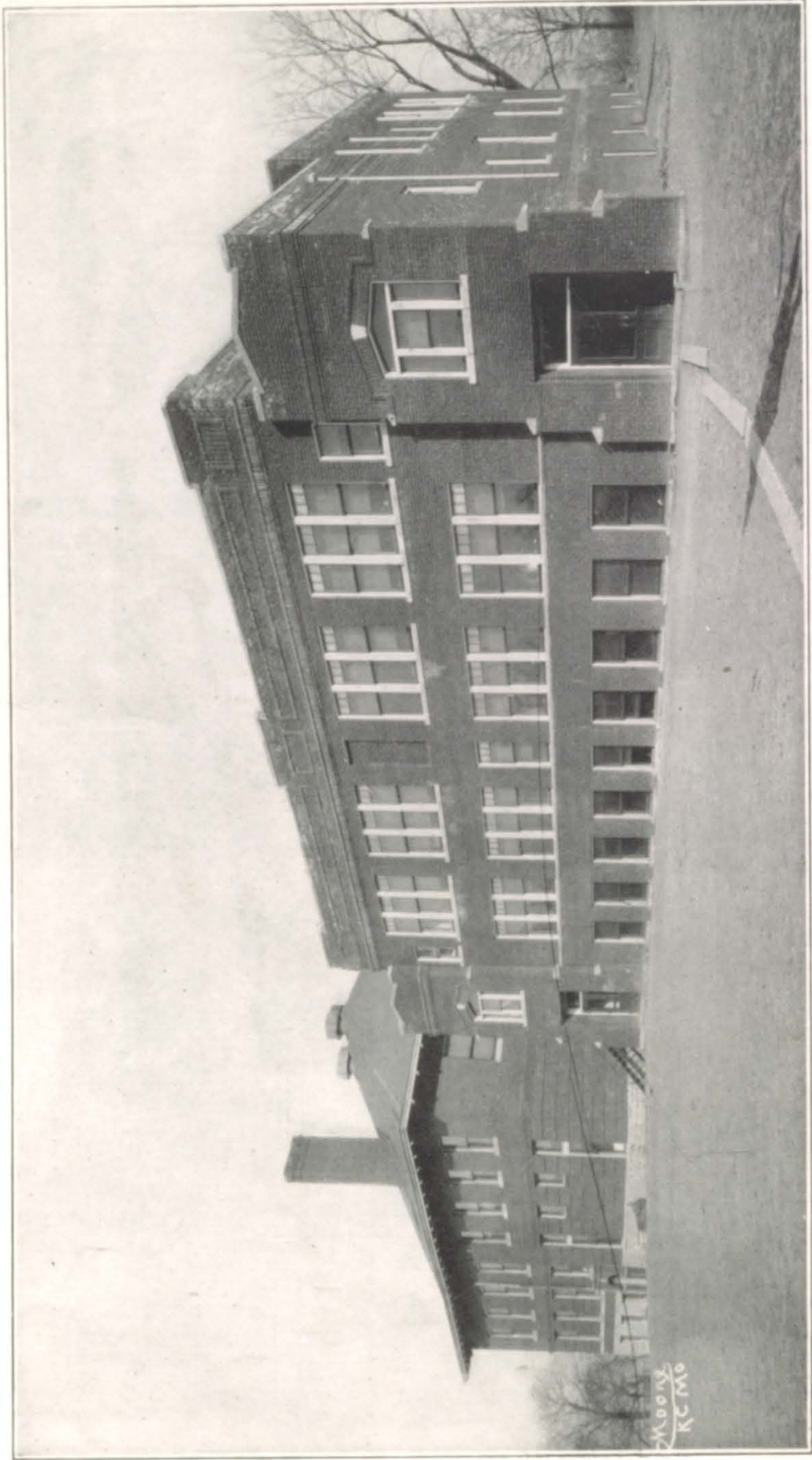
Best Materials Only

Special Attention to Our
PRESCRIPTION TRADE

Bell Phone **27**
Rosedale

520 Southwest Boulevard

The
Advertisers
Make
The
Annual
Go.
Show
Your
Appreciation
By
Patronizing
Them.
Nor
Will
You
Fail
to
Get
Satisfaction.
The
Best
Business
People
in
the
City
Advertise
in
the
MOUNT
MARTY
ANNUAL



ROSEDALE HIGH SCHOOL

Mooney
K.C. Mo

HIGH SCHOOL SONG.

Echoes from the craggy hillside
Yonder in the mist
Tell us of the moon and desert
Ever keeping tryst.

Far above the winding valley
With its vistas wide
Stands aloft our dear old high school
Ever in her pride;

Should Orion's bands be loosened
May we none the less
Seek to have our ties unbroken
Those of R. H. S.

Chorus.

Lift the chorus ever onward
Ne'er regard it less
Hail to thee our dear old high school
Hail to R. H. S.



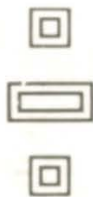
DOES
Quality
COUNT
With You?

All the Best of the Wheat
 is Used

There is nothing better for
 the growing school child

TWO OF THE BEST
FLOURS MADE

Ask Your Grocer
for a
Trial Sack



We Guarantee the
QUALITY





High School
High School Song.....
Faculty.
Board of Education.....
Staff.
Editorials.

Societies—

Beta Betas.
Seniors.
Seniors, Past, Present and Future.....
Juniors.
Sophomores.
Freshmen.
Sub-Freshmen.

Literature—

The Mascot.
The Great Eye.
Distinction.
Face Value
Coventry



W. J. NEUMANN
Principal



CHAS. K. HARRIS
Manual Training

∴ *STAFF* ∴



MARVIN ALLEN, Editor in Chief



DOROTHY MARTIN, Asst. Editor



WILL SULLIVAN, Business Mgr.



HUGH DAUGHERTY, Asst. Bus. Mgr.



DORIS REEDS, Society



WILL SWARNER, Society



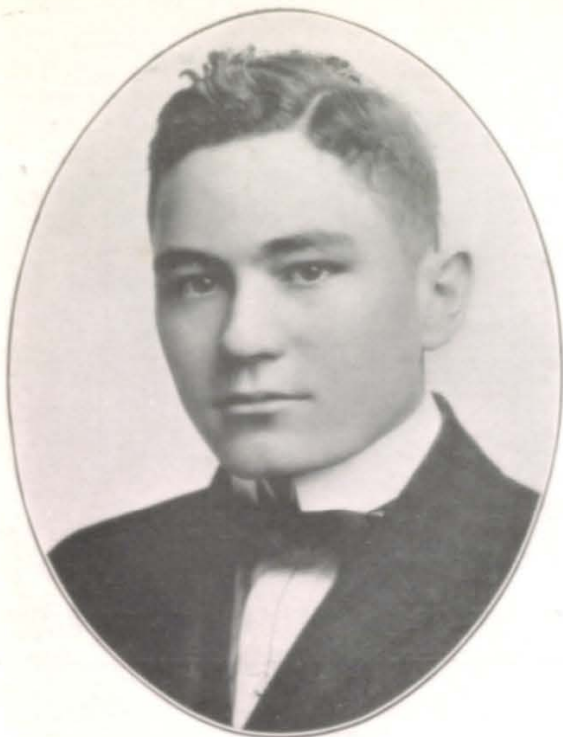
RUTH McCALL, Art



DORTHEA DYER, Literature



JAMES BURKE, Literature



FRANK McDONALD, Athletics



HAZEL KELSEY Athletics



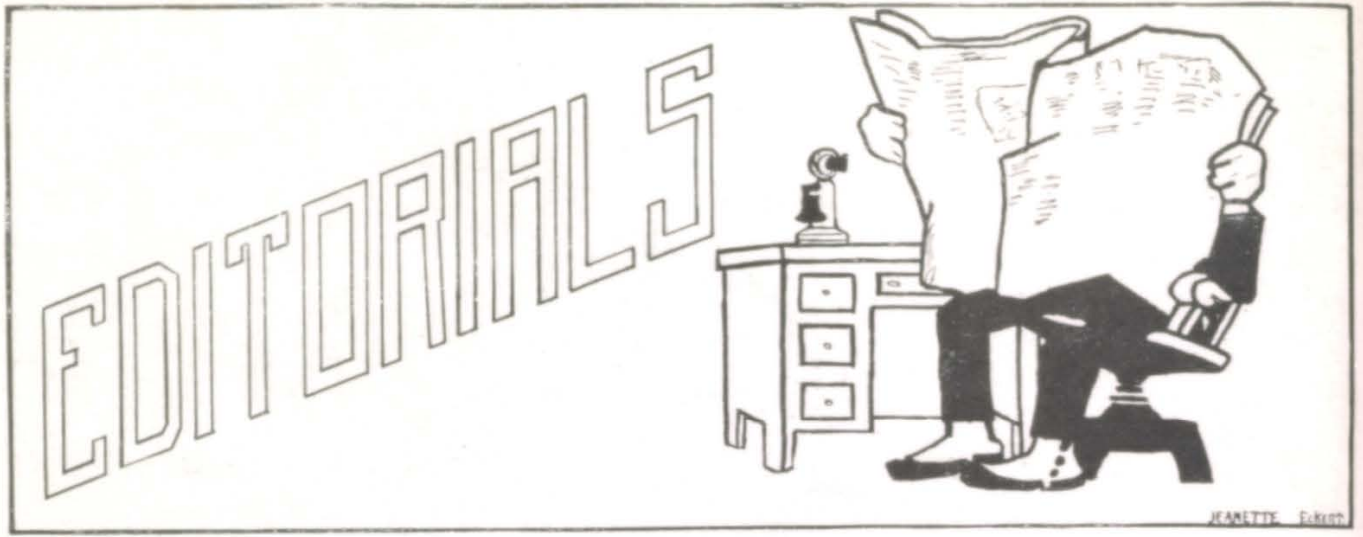
MARION DeWOLF, Art



WILLIS WINSLOW, Locals and Exchanges



LEE McGEE, Locals and Exchanges



VOLUME 8

ROSEDALE, KANSAS

1915

EDITORIALS.

Although the slogan for the Annual this year has been "Retrench," and although we have reduced the size of the departments to a minimum and have even entirely omitted some departments, we could not de-

crease the editorials either in size or number, for the writers fondly hope that this department might just as appropriately be termed "Student Opinion."

ATHLETICS.

Any student in "The School" would most willingly make known his opinions on Athletics. If it were so written, one could start with the first word in the first column on the first page, and read clear through to and including the last word in the last column on the last page of this volume, and still there would be more to learn about our basket ball team. Sufficeth it to say that our boys have won ten games out of fifteen, and have ended the season eighteen points ahead of their opponents as an aggregate. But while the boys have been doing this, the girls

also have met with great success. They have won eight games out of eleven, and have finished twenty points ahead of their opponents. But let us not lull ourselves into sweet dreams of self-praise by our basket ball success. Where is Rosedale in track work? Why does Rosedale always fall behind in track and field athletics, among which baseball might be classed? Mr. Harris, our coach, answers us, saying that we have no field on which to play. Very simple, isn't it? Let us all get busy, and work for a field for baseball and out-of-doors track

work, this coming year. Without a doubt, I predict that we shall succeed. We got the "Gym," when we worked for it. We got the tennis

courts when we worked for them. Can we not also get an athletic field, if we work for it?

THE DEBATES.

Second to only—(word deleted by censor) comes debating. Rosedale should be proud, well, to tell the truth, she is, of the showing she has made in debating this year. Her teams have won not only the championship of the Second Congressional District, but also the best cup in our trophy case. To do this we had to defeat Kansas City, which we did, much to the big school's sur-

prise. But beware! They will come back with all of their fifteen hundred, next year, and they will come "fighting mad." But I am sure that Rosedale will be prepared to roll back their invasion. True enough, we have lost our first inter-district contest, but the debaters show by their spirit that they are by no means discouraged.

A COMMUNITY CENTER.

Let us all try to get the people of Rosedale more interested in the High School. They should be deeply interested in our doings up here, for they not only defray our expenses, which is enough in itself, but also most of them claim some relationship or other to us. (Or is it the other way?) Students of the High School, try to entice your parents up here, once in a while. Certainly they will enjoy our Friday chapel programs. If we wear the cap and bells ourselves, they will delight in our agonies. If we have someone else up here to talk to us, remember, and tell your friends also, that our speakers are always

worth listening to.

And you people in the valley, we have an excellent remedy for the blues, up here. Leave your cares once a week, and come up on Mount Marty, above the toil and stress, the grime and smoke, of the town. And when you go back, we guarantee that the word "blues" will no longer be a part of your vocabulary. We especially extend this invitation to "Old Grads." Come back and be one of us, again. Our chapel services are held every Friday, at eleven-thirty. The climb up the steps? Pshaw! That's good for your health.

MAY FETE.

The Rosedale public schools held their annual May Fete on Mt. Marty the last day of school. Probably no other feature of school work is looked forward to with such interest, as that in which the little folks partake—the May Fete. The May Queen and Lord of May are selected from the Senior class of the high school. Miss Edna Odam and Mr. Thomas Sperry held the throne last year. The High School supplies the court attendants and some sort

of amusement. The grade children come with their various folk dances. The Lord of May and the May Queen led a procession of all the children of the schools.

After the crowning of the queen the entertainment follows. With grace and ease the little people keep step to the music. The people are expecting another May Fete this year and it would be only just that there should be one better than ever before.

OPERETTA.

This year the pupils of the high school presented the operetta, Bulbul. The work was under the supervision of Miss Duncan.

Iamit, the king, taken by Marvin Allen, showed an air of superiority. The princess Bulbul, his only child, is betrothed to the Prince Caspian, who is on his way to the wedding. Miss Edith Mathias, as Bulbul and Frank McDonald as Prince Caspian acted their parts admirably well. Each wishes to see the other before the wedding. The prince disguises himself as a peddler and with his companions goes to the palace.

The maids of honor, Persis Brewster, Marian Anderson, Hazel Yeamans, Dorothy Martin, Helen Colver, Jeanette Eckert and Gilberta

Burns greet them. The peddlers were Will Swarner, Will Sullivan, Arthur Jensen, Russell Davis, Irwin Russell, Louis Althoff and George Johnson. After much persuasion the prince is allowed to search for Bulbul. At once he wins her affections and tries to persuade her to give up the prince and elope with him. The princess refuses. She bids him goodbye in the ballroom.

Later they both were missing and when the peddler comes back as a prince there is much rejoicing. Miss Hazel Kelsey, as court chaperon, though very busy found time to win the affection of the king. Hugh Daugherty, as keeper of the cash box and John Wilhite, keeper of the specs were the king's right hand men. Alain, a friend of prince Cas-



From Left to Right—Bottom Row—Hazel Yeaman, Frank McDonald, Joe Schimmel, Mabel Nohden, Oscar Anderson
Second Row—Persis Brewster, Edith Mathias, Mattie Williams, William Sullivan, Dorothy Martin
Third Row—Eva Schoeller, John Wilhite, Lida Blackledge, Willis Winslow
Top Row—Arthur Davis, Hugh Daugherty, Esther Mitchell, Grace Hampton.



FRESHMEN.

The Freshman Class of 1912-13 is not the largest, but one of the most enthusiastic, classes ever initiated into the mysteries of Greek history and Latin.

The students of this class have taken a lively interest in all the events of the season. About one-half of the chorus of the operetta, "Pauline," was made up of Freshmen, and the part of the Messenger in the cast was taken by Russell Davis.

Three of the girls belong to the Girls' Basket Ball squad and Emily Davis is one of the best players on the team.

Four of our girls are in the Beta Beta Literary Society, Hazel Kelsey being the librarian.

Two of our boys belong to the Debaters' Society, Herbert Chapman being Sargeant at Arms.

There are several talented musicians in the class.

The class has had one party this season, which was held on the Friday evening before Hallowe'en in the attic of the school building. It was a Hobos' Convention. Some of the other classes made the remark that they wanted to initiate the attic for class parties, but the Freshmen "put one over them."

Now, you have heard from us as Freshmen and when you next hear from us we will be in a higher class and we will have more history to relate.

Colors—Cherry and White.

OFFICERS.

President.....Kathleen LaMasney
Vice-President.Marvin Allen

Secretary-Treasurer....Doris Reeds
Sponsor.Miss Miller

MEMBERS.

Frank Palmer
Edith Wheatley

pian was well acted by Forest Liddle. Grace Hanna, as Lilla, a friend of Bulbul, won the audience. There was a grand finale, the king and the court chaperon, Alain and Lilla, Cas-

pian and Bulbul all deciding to get married.

The chorus rendered their parts splendidly, and showed that there is talent in Rosedale High School.

SENIOR PLAY.

The Senior class is preparing a comedy, "The Village Lawyer," to be given in the near future. There are all expectations of success. The following are the characters, Seth Barrett, the lawyer, Will Sullivan; Angie Barrett, his sister, Dorothy Martin; Mrs. Dill, Persis Brewster; Mr. Dill, John Wilhite; David Conant, the lawyer's opponent, Hugh Daugherty; Helen Conant, his

daughter and Barrett's fiance, Edith Mathias; James Ferguson, Conant's right hand man, Oscar Anderson; Isabel Underwood, Hazel Yeamans; Lobelia, woman at house of Barrett, Esther Mitchell; Dan, the office boy, Joe Schimmel; and Alan Spencer, friend of Angie, Willis Winslow.

The class expects to keep up the standard set by former seniors of Rosedale High.

IN GRATITUDE.

The staff of the Mount Marty wish to thank the faculty for the indispensable aid given us.



SOCIETY

SOCIETIES OF R. H. S.

The societies of Rosedale High School, outside of the classes, are few this year, but nevertheless they have the quality, if not the quantity, and it is the quality that counts, you know.

Instead of the Rosedale Society of Debate, Mr. Neumann has organized a debating squad. This squad consists of the debating teams and others, who will take the place of those on the teams, who graduate this year. Through the efforts of

this squad, Rosedale High School holds for the second time the district championship in debate. The teams debated Kansas City, Kansas, High School, the negative staying at home and getting a unanimous decision, and the affirmative went to Kansas City, Kansas, getting one of the necessary votes which won for us a trophy besides the district championship.

WILL SWARNER, '17.

EPITAPH OF BETA BETAS.

A story sad I have to tell,
About the Beta Betas.
They did their work and did it well,
To make some good debators.

But now from us they all have fled,
No more we see their faces.
Too bad! Too bad! the club is dead,
Who now will take their places?

H. DAUGHERTY.

SENIORS.

At one time there were a number of people, who grouped together and called themselves a class. The

members of this class, when they grew up wished to obtain more knowledge than they already had, so

they decided to go where they could obtain it. They had for a trysting place a small mountain called Mt. Marty. They possessed themselves of many worthy sages called teachers. Here they worked very, very hard, and every day brought them nearer that which they sought. They tried to get to do what they wished, but each had certain things to do before he was qualified to go out into the world.

Finally everyone was tired and decided to take a vacation. They went to various places, but being very homesick they had to return to the old trysting place in less than three months. Then a rule was made by the class that every year they might go on a vacation for three months but must be back at Mt. Marty by the first week in September. So they met every September to talk over the lovely times they had had, and the things they had seen, as well as to begin their work anew.

In September, 1914, the class met for their usual work. They were all rather tired of this mountain home and were yearning for a wider field. This time they called themselves Seniors. They had nearly reached their goal. Therefore, there was time to have some fun. Three of the

boys and one of the girls decided in favor of basket ball, and became great rivals of Hercules in both power and efficiency. One of the boys liked debate and in the district contest helped to win a great silver wassail bowl. Others liked different pleasures. Several of the people had been emitting inarticulate sounds from their throats. They had discovered, to their great joy, that they could sing, so when an operetta was given three of the leading parts were given to these Seniors.

Thus until May of 1915, the Seniors lorded it over everyone, showing their excellent skill in everything they undertook. It was nearly time to adjourn for the vacation. All through the year there had been several neighboring hostile tribes trying to usurp the throne of the mighty Seniors but they had been vanquished. At the head of this army were the Juniors. So finally taking pity upon them, the Seniors bade farewell to their mountain home and moved to a broader field, called the world. They left in charge the Juniors, who decided to imitate their friends, the worthy Seniors, even to taking their name on their return to Mt. Marty in September, 1915.

DORIS REEDS, '15.



JUNIORS.

It has been said in times of yore, and the saying has come down to us, almost accepted as a proverb, that Junior classes are failures in respect to class organization, accomplishments, and all the other things which go to make a success. But this is an age in which traditions are never safe from the spoiling hand of those who can, and do, break them; or perhaps it is because there is an exception to all rules, and that the class of '16, Rosedale High School, is the exception in this case. Be that as it may, the fact remains, that the Junior class is by no means a failure, in any respect. If it were, the whole school would be a failure, for the Juniors are the "headliners" in all of the school's activities.

Take basket ball, for instance. The Juniors have furnished six of the players on Rosedale's teams, this year. Moreover, they have played in a manner which is envied by the other upper class, and which is an example we need not be ashamed to set for the underclassmen.

Take debating, the Juniors have

three on the teams which have already won the district championship, and two on the team which has set for its goal the state championship.

As to the operetta, what didn't we do in that? Why, most of the principals were Juniors, and the chorus would never have succeeded, if it had not had several Juniors. The Juniors' vocal and theatrical powers won the plaudits of the audience.

True enough, the inter-class track meet is yet to come, but I'll wager my chances of being a Senior next year, that the Juniors will win it, and not by a narrow margin, either.

Take the Juniors out of school, and what have you left? The Seniors, the Sophomores, and the Freshmen, a rather lonesome looking collection of students. My, wouldn't the halls be empty, and wouldn't the class rooms be lonesome; wouldn't the school lack vim and spirit, with the Juniors gone! Why, what would become of Rosedale High School if the Jun—, but I must close, and leave some space for the other classes.

MARVIN ALLEN.



SOPHOMORE POEM.

Now in the halls of R. H. S.,
There is one class, you must confess,
Which does in everything surpass.
This is the brilliant Sophomore class.

In history we can't be beat,
Our English themes are always neat,
In language, math, and science, too,
We always do what we're to do.

Our girls won out in basket ball;
Their trophy stands in Library Hall,
And in debate we hold our own.
In fact you cannot find a drone.

Teachers praise us in all our work;
They see we never try to shirk.
And when our sheepskins we have
won,
They'll say to us, "Well done, well
done."

MARY CALLAHAN, '17.



THE FRESHMAN.

The grammar school was closed, and the pupils departed and went their way. Many followed a path that led to a large place called High School. And lo, as they neared this great place they saw that it was inhabited. First they saw what appeared to be a great army. They also heard a great noise like the roaring of thunder. As they approached the army it grew larger and larger. They saw many huge individuals, who had very large heads, across which were written seven letters, and the children read them aloud: S-e-n-i-o-r-s. Then they did wonder at them. Soon they understood that the great noise came from the lips of these Seniors, who were saying: "Behold, we are the great Seniors. Make way for us." Now it came to pass that when the children heard this they were sorely afraid, and they said unto one another: "We must hide ourselves quickly." So they stepped from out the path, and the Seniors passed them without even knowing that such small beings existed.

The children went on, and when they had come unto a river they beheld another army, which was not quite so large as the first. When this second army saw the children they cried: "Behold, here are the Freshmen." And there was much laughing and rejoicing among this army, whose name was Juniors. Yet it came to pass that the Juniors, too, passed on, and the children said: "Our name shall be Freshmen."

Then they clambered up the great hill, always nearing the great build-

ing. When they had reached it they met more inhabitants who looked like the Freshmen themselves. This last army which was named Sophomores said, "Welcome brother Freshman, we have long kept this place for you, for we now go on to fill a new rank."

The Freshmen took their place in the school, and every day for many days, they heard the Seniors talking of the verdancy of the Freshmen, and the Freshmen knew not what they meant. But after awhile the Seniors ceased to talk thus, for the Freshmen learned to take a mighty ball and throw it with more skill and accuracy than any of the Seniors.

Then the Seniors and Juniors said, "We will give an operetta," and the Freshmen heard this and did wonder at it. Every day they were taken into a large room, where before them, stood a great and noble lady carrying in her right hand a stick and in her left hand a book. She taught them how to lift their voices in song. So time passed on and when the night of the operetta appeared, the Freshmen were to be seen in some of the foremost ranks. And lo, when they had finished the multitude said, "What a grand chorus they had."

Thus lived the Freshmen for six and thirty weeks. Then they were given the mighty name of Sophomores, and as they went to their new ranks, the great and mighty Faculty said, "No such wonderful class as that of one thousand nine hundred and eighteen has ever entered or left Rosedale High School."

ETHEL MARTIN.

SUB-FRESHMEN.

The ringing of the bell in the study hall of Rosedale High School, January 18, 1915, began the history of the liveliest Sub-Freshman class that ever entered the school.

When we left the Annex there were twenty-two pupils in the class, but only fifteen of us saw that High School education was necessary. The majority of these have remained faithful to their studies. Each pupil was initiated in his new line of work, which consisted of Algebra, Ancient History, Commercial Geography and English.

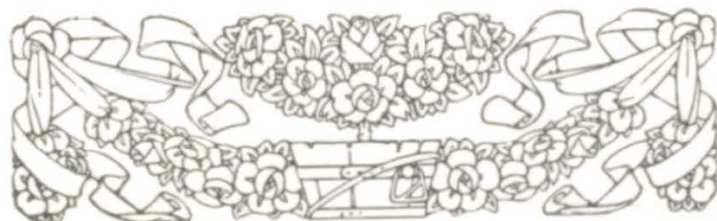
We received many slighting remarks, but after all we were told by a member of a higher class that as a whole we were a pretty bright class, that is if we would invite them to our first party. We might look green, but we were not green enough to understand this.

We have a promising number of basket ball players in our class, but we came in too late to have a team. We know that next year they will be on the teams, and we feel that Rosedale will not lose a single game then.

Some one spoke of the study hall. Well, what about it? Our class has had a smaller number in it, than any other class.

This is, indeed, a brief summary of the first part of our work. We expect in the rest of our course to do justice to our excellent beginning. We are going to hold our share of honors in all of the Rosedale High School activities. With this record behind us, we stand at the first stepping stone of our journey, looking forward to great success.

LILLIE GLISAR.



19  15

SENIORS

OFFICERS.

President.....	Persis Brewster	Secretary.....	Willis Winslow
Vice-President.....	Will Sullivan	Treasurer.....	Hugh Daugherty
Sponsor.....	Miss Edna Holsinger		

Class Colors—Gold and White.

CLASS YELL.

“Rickety! Rackety!
 Always a fuss,
 Nobody here can
 Run over us.
 Are we in it?
 Well I guess!
 Seniors! Seniors!
 R. H. S.



Persis Brewster

Who is this that glides about
 Like on some mission sent?
 The business man of her class, she is,
 And Senior president.



Joe Schimmel

Little Joe Schimmel went up the hill
 'Cause he had a thirst for knowledge.
 His studies were hard but he tamed
 them down,
 And now he's prepared for college.



Helen Trader

There was a little girl, and she had a
 little curl,
 And it hung down the middle of her
 back.
 She was pretty; she was sweet;
 She was good, and she was neat,
 And not a good trait did she lack.



Oscar Anderson

Oscar, Oscar, where are you going,
 Carrying so proudly your books and
 papers?
 "I'm going to school, so I won't be a
 fool.
 If you're wise you will follow my
 capers."



Mattie Williams

They say that Mat is fond of cats
 And has poetic views,
 And so betwixt the two, you see,
 She cultivates the "Mews."



John Wilhite

John found one fine morning,
To his great surprise,
An "I" on his quiz paper,
Which he earned, I surmise.



Dorothy Martin

"Dorothy, Dorothy, will you be mine?"
Thus spake a little lad once on a time.
"Yes, yes, yes, most certain-lee
And you're the only one who my
beau will be."



Hugh Daugherty

When Basket Ball is started
Hugh begins to score,
And if we need another point,
He's sure to make one more.



Anna Thies

She always had a smile, you know,
For everyone she saw,
But not as if compelled to smile,
Or bound by any law.



Edith Carson

There was a young lady who came to
our school;
A studious and faithful girl was she;
Why she was coming could plainly be
seen;
For determined to graduate this maid
seemed to be.



Willis Winslow

Sing a song of athletes,
So big and fat and strong.
Willis Winslow in this class
Surely does belong.



Doris Reeds

Doris had a Liddle lamb,
His hair was white as snow.
This Forest stately could be found
Where'er the Reeds did go.



Hazel Yeamans

Hickory, Dickory, Dunn,
She's always full of fun.
She is pretty;
She is witty;
Hickory ,Dickory, Dunn.



Edith Mathias

"Little girl, little girl, where do you go?"

"I go to pick roses to give to my beau."

"Little girl, little girl, what gave he you?"

"He gave me a diamond as big as my shoe."

Will Sullivan

There was a little lad, and his name was Will;

And he could learn his lessons if he would, would, would.

He went into Debate and learned it in a week,

And thus showed us all that he could, could, could.

Esther Mitchell

She dwells beside untrodden ways

Where there are few to see

But all the Seniors love her

For her sweet humility.

Fred Anderson

Fred, Fred, the dairyman's son,

Stole some milk and away he ran.

His father caught him behind the shed,

And sent poor Fred up-stairs to bed.

**To Seniors Past, Present
and Future.**

I.

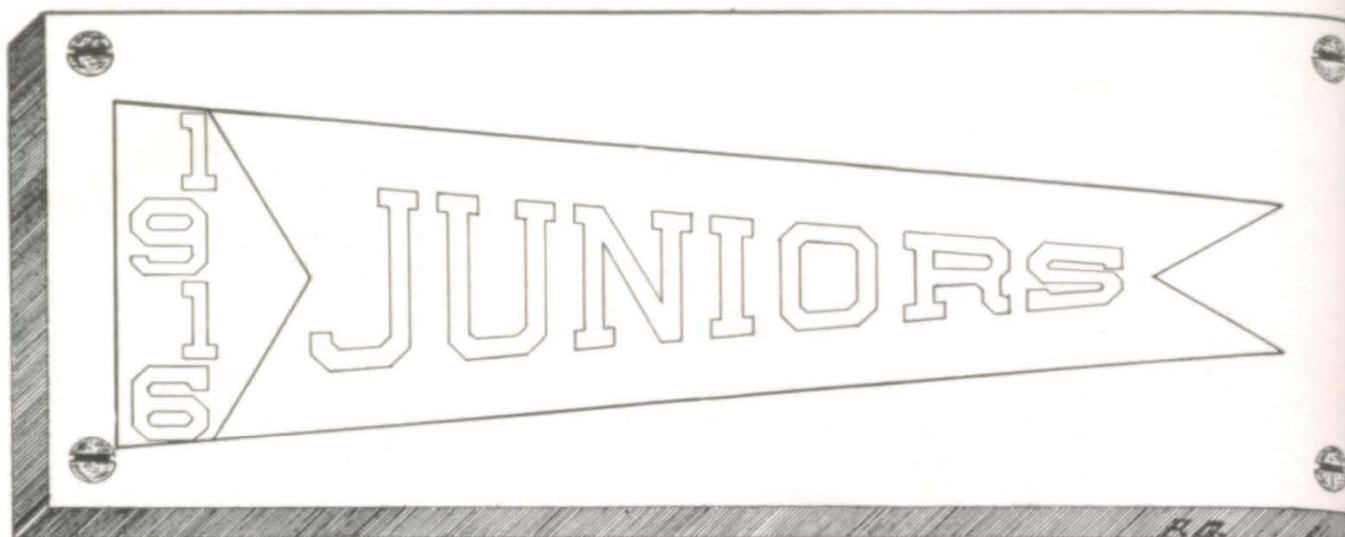
The Senior Class of all the schools
Has quite the place of fame;
They obey laws and teachers' rules,
In manner, speech and name.

II.

Since first our school was built, 'twas true,
The path in which they tread;
Was marked with truth and honesty,
As on the class has sped.

III.

The years may come, the years may go,
They will prosper ever;
If they their oats they reap and sow,
In fair and not foul weather.



OFFICERS.

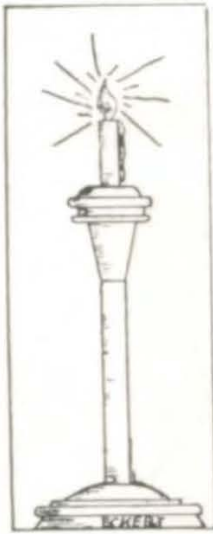
President.....Clara Buck
Vice-President.....Marvin Allen
Secy.-Treas....Bernardine O'Brien
Sponsor.....Miss Laura Miller
Class Colors—Cherry and White.

MEMBERS.

Forest Liddle
Russell Davis
Roy Hagstrom
Fred Reese
Louis Althoff
Kirk Wood
Paul Grabske
Marvin Allen
Frank McDonald
Clara Buck
Grace Hampton
Hazel Kelsey
Bernardine O'Brien
Edith Wheatley
Grace Hanna



JUNIORS



JOHNMARIES



CLASS OFFICERS.

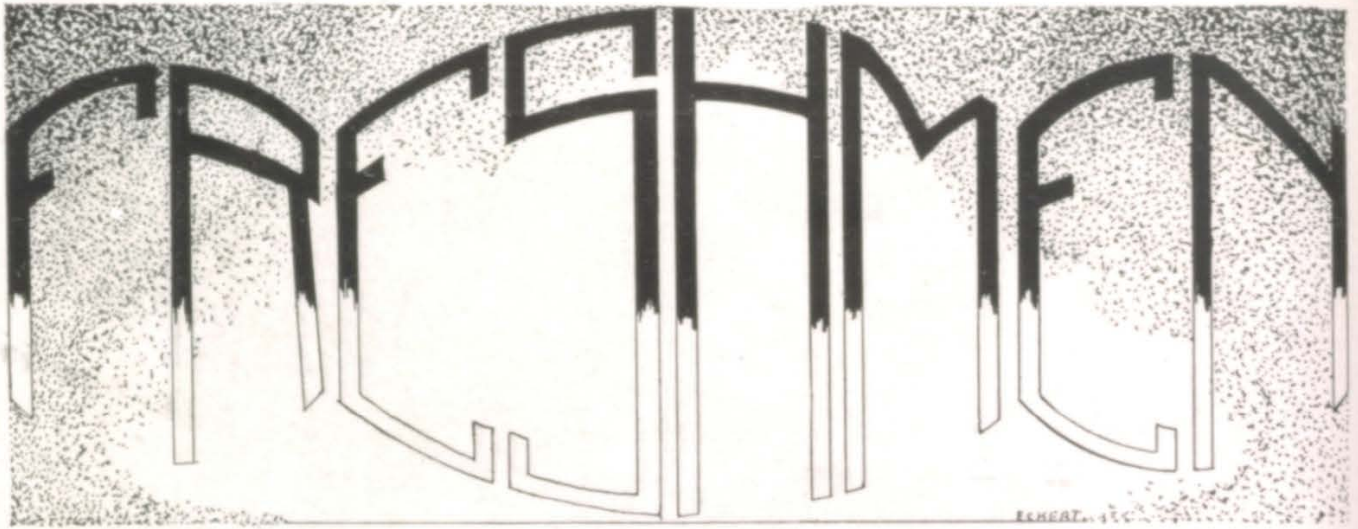
President Mary Callahan
Vice-President. Lucile Streeter
Treasurer Ethel Johnston
Secretary Jeanette Eckert
Sponsor Miss Grace Minich
Colors—Royal purple and white.

CLASS ROLL.

Harvey Galloway	Jeanette Eckert
Oliver Howells	Leona Frank
John Nolan	Grace Isles
Grace Angus	Annabeth Vaughn
Helen Barnett	Marie O'Connell
Mary Callahan	George Matthews
Mabel Grabske	Will Hervey
Ethel Johnston	Theo. Medisheck
Bertha Johns	Mae McAdams
Helen Colver	Pauline Thomas
Hazel McGee	Will Swarner
Lucile Streeter	Marian Anderson
Caroline Anschutz	George Brazier
Agnes Bennett	Clinton Sayers
Dorothea Dyer	



SOPHOMORES



OFFICERS.

President. Bert Belchamber
Vice-Pres. Edmund Cheeseman
Secy. Ruth McCall

Treasurer Edmund Rose
Sponsor Miss Ruth Kenney
Class colors—blue and white.

MEMBERS.

John Brazier
Dewey Belinder
Walter Buck
William Buck
William Connolly
John Chase
James Burke
Bert Belchamber
Edmund Cheeseman
Hobart Haling
Verne Holt
George Johnston
Oscar Johnson
Harold Jones
Frank Kampschmidt
Russell Moyer
Irwin Russell
Edmund Rose
Virgil Smith
Carl Adams
Bernice Allen

Florence Coughlin
Mabel Covey
Ethel Craine
Anna Cunningham
Lottie Davis
Pearl Humphrees
Constance Johnson
Ruth Markham
Ethel Martin
Ruth McCall
Lucile Niehaus
Alma Reese
Mary Reese
Leona Rennick
Gladys Schoolfield
Racheal Strong
Lucile Thomas
Maurice Wycoff
Blanche Heckman
Josephine Kaufman



Moore
K.C. Me.

FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN 1919

LEE MCGEE

OFFICERS.

President Louis Helmreich
Vice-President Marian DeWolf
Treasurer Clarence Allen
Secretary Frank Stewart

CLASS ROLL.

Clarence Allen
Ethel Craine
Louis Helmreich
Marian DeWolf
Thomas Leachman
Lillie Glisar
Roy Maring
Gladys Huntington
Lee McGee
Mary Keppler
Eugene Phillips
Stadie Kitchen
Mildred Nohden
Frank Stewart
Ethel Schoeller
Margaret Sperry



SUB-FRESHMEN



THE MASCOT.

A beautiful April day was nearing its close. All nature seemed to be breathing forth its joys at the awakened spring. The slow blowing breezes scattered the perfumed odors of the blossomed fruit trees. Here and there came the evening song of a bird to its mate.

The setting sun cast a golden glow over a young man, just returning from his day's work in the fields. His whole being radiated with health and happiness. He lived here alone, for this was his first actual experience in farming. Handsome as a "Greek God," with a song on his lips, he came through the barn yard. His song suddenly ceased, and a surprised and startled look appeared in his brown eyes. Coming around the house toward him, was a beautiful girl with a large ugly gray rooster under her arm. Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes sparkled like diamonds, and her brown curls were in a charming disorder.

"At last," she exclaimed, sitting

down on an old box near him, and patting the old rooster affectionately. "I suppose we're safe this time."

Looking at the astonished youth, she continued, "I think I can trust you. Will you please do me a great favor? You appear kind and patient, and your farm is not too far away."

"All right, little lady," he said, "provided that it's not too difficult."

"Well, she went on, looking around to see that no one heard, "I want you to take care of this dear old rooster for me. Give him the very best of care, and above all, I want you to solemnly promise to show it to no one. I will pay you well, and I want him whenever I come for him. When I do, which will be often, I want him quickly."

"All right, Miss, give him to me," he said laughing. "I will guard him with my life, and you may have him any time."

Thanking him, she went whence she came. Watching her as she dis-

appeared in the distance, the young man thought, "Poor girl, it's too bad. I wonder who she is. She is undoubtedly the prettiest girl I ever saw. Most probably demented." He fed the rooster, and put him in the barn for the night.

One rainy day not long after, the youth sat musing at the window, and watching the rain splashing down the window pane. He was thinking of the old gray rooster down at the barn, and wondering if the little maid would ever come back. He had tried several times to find out who she was, but no one knew anybody of her description.

Suddenly a little dark object appeared in the distance.

"Ah, the little maid!" he said, going out to meet her.

"Give him to me, quick, I have no time to explain," she gasped, and took him. Without a moment's delay she sped down the road, with the rooster under her arm. In about three hours she returned.

"Here, take him, I'm late." With these hurried words she was gone.

These mysterious comings and goings happened about a dozen times in the last two months. Sometimes she lingered and talked a little. He often asked her name, and where she came from, but she would not say. There was an asylum not far off, and he thought that she must have come from there. A great sorrow filled his soul as he thought of

her. "So young and beautiful, "for the young man had fallen in love with her.

One day in early June, a day rivaling that day of April, when the little lady of mystery appeared on the scene, the young man was feeding his rooster. He was suddenly startled by a voice saying, "Come, hide me quickly. They're after me."

Thinking they were the authorities of the asylum, who had detected her and were following her, he picked her up and carried her into the house.

Soon he heard a number of girlish voices shouting, "I think she's here."

He turned to her and said, "Who are they?"

"Why don't you know? They're the Seniors. They want our dear old MASCOT, the gray rooster."

"Great Scot, the seminary!" he exclaimed. "So that's it. I certainly am dense. Well, they won't find you here. I'll go out and see them."

Soon he came in, "They're gone. I told them I saw you turn down the road to the left."

Going to the door, she said, "This is the last time I want the rooster. I was his keeper, and we had him at all our feasts. School closes Friday, and the Junior's mascot is safe."

Taking the rooster, she disappeared down the road.

It is said letters were exchanged, but I don't know for sure. I do know, however, that several years later the young man appeared on his

farm with a bride, who was very fond of a gray rooster.

BERNADINE O'BRIEN, '16.

THE GREAT EYE.

Georgia sat by her window, looking out upon the same scenery that she had seen for three long years. She was very sure that there was not a single tree, stone wall, or road that she hadn't surveyed.

Three years ago, Georgia had awakened to find herself an orphan. Her parents, rather than desert the religion of her grandfathers, had forfeited their lives. Georgia, left upon the community, was adopted by the master of the clan, who, although the possessor of five wives, wished also to claim her.

Georgia was now seventeen years old. Three years had made a noticeable change in her. She was no longer the timid little girl of fourteen, who on account of her danger, had a mind of her own.

She had heard from her father about the great eye, which guarded the only pass out of that land of misery. She had heard of the many who had tried to leave, but who, before going half way across, had retraced their steps.

All afternoon Georgia pondered, with a firm resolution to wait no longer than that night; night whose misty black veil should not only

cover evil but, for once in the history of Utah, cover, and perhaps shield, good.

When the whole house was asleep, she silently and stealthily, yet unafraid, descended the broad stairway that led to the road. Why not take the peril of the night? Rather that, than to marry the master in the morning.

It was only two miles to the pass. After this was gained, she knew all would be well, for she had heard that the Christians differed greatly from the Mormons. How happy she was as she plodded down the dusty road! How nice it felt to be free!

All at once she came to an abrupt turn in the road, and directly before her stood the Great Eye of the Desert. No wonder many men had retraced their steps rather than have this staring, piercing eye glare at them above the pass.

For just one moment she hesitated, then turning, she retraced her steps. As she turned the corner of the great rock which intruded into the road, she paused. For behind the rock stood a man, holding by the bridle, a blind-folded horse. Georgia recognized him at once, as

Pedro an old servant of her father's, who had always been on the lookout for her safety.

Silently he helped her on the horse. Georgia, thinking he had discerned her intentions, and had followed her for the purpose of taking her home, sat perfectly still.

Pedro drew his old handkerchief from his pocket, and tied it over her eyes. Georgia, who had always been used to these odd, sly actions, did not object. Pedro turned the horse's

head toward the East, and raising the thin whip, struck the animal a stinging blow. With one spring the horse with its rider were beyond the reach of the Great Eye, while Pedro returned to the house without the horse or his mistress.

The next day at sunrise Pedro died with a smile on his face, for things are always discovered in Utah, and his crime was unpardonable.

GRACE HANNA.

DISTINCTION.

You can always tell a Senior

By his grand and stately looks.

You can always tell a Junior.

By his yearning for his books.

You can always tell a Sophomore

By his simple looks and such.

You can always tell a Freshman,

But you cannot tell him much.

VIRGIL SMITH, '18.

FACE VALUE.

Where had he seen that face? It certainly was as familiar to him as the face of his own landlady, Mrs. O'Rourke. The bright countenance belonged to a young man of perhaps twenty-six years. Rosy, alert, with honest gray eyes, and a fine mouth, which at this moment gave a half-smile to Royal as he hurried down the aisle of the great department store.

The thing puzzled him all morning as he bent over his ledgers. He

didn't know why. Usually he remembered names quite well, but this time his memory refused to serve him, and this face was as strikingly familiar as it was attractive. Finally he decided that it must have been one of the fellows he knew slightly at college, or, more probable still, he was a customer of the store in whose office Royal was employed. This must be it, but what a nice face the fellow had, a face one could trust to the utmost, a born comrade

and a friend through "thick and thin." "I'd like to know that man," Royal reiterated to himself for the hundredth time. "Unless I get in with a crowd of fast fellows, this life is pretty lonesome."

He had been thinking so earnestly and gesturing to himself so emphatically that he suddenly wondered in an ashamed way if anyone had noticed it. Perhaps Miss George, the pretty stenographer, had seen him, and as he looked around stealthily, his gaze encountered the little

mirror which Miss George had fastened over his desk. To his utmost amazement the eyes which looked into his, were the same honest gray eyes of the attractive young man. The rosy complexion was the same. The clean clean cut mouth gave back to his startled gaze the little half-smile of the morning's greeting, and Royal realized that it was his own reflection which he had seen in a mirror covered pillar.

DOROTHEA DYER.

COVENTRY.

"Fellows, I've found a new mile runner for you." The speaker, Albert Hale, was captain of the Parkham College track team. He spoke to a crowd of his schoolmates, whom he found lounging, as usual, in his room.

"Who is he?"

"What's his name?"

"Lead forth the dark horse!"

"Well, give me a chance and I'll tell you who he is. His name is Channing."

"Channing? That queer grind that lives in Meyers Hall?"

"Yes, Howard Channing. You're right when you say that he's a grind, but you would be equally right if you would say that he's a runner."

"Go hide yourself!" How do you know?"

"I met him this morning, running to get to his eight o'clock class on time. And say, talk about your stride! His was one to do sore eyes good. At first I thought that Clements was back. I hurried and caught up with him, and asked him where he had learned to run. He said that he had not learned any place, because he couldn't run. To tell the truth, I don't know where in the world he got it. He's a confirmed grind, you know. But, anyway, he promised to try the mile if he could find time. I'll see that he finds the time. He's too good to lose."

Channing did find the time to come out and run. It took him several weeks to get in training, but when he did get "his running legs" (as Harris, the trainer, termed it) he easily showed that he could run

the mile even better than Clements had ever done it.

Winter passed away, and spring came. This was attested to not only by the signs which poets always attribute to spring, but also by the ending of indoor training and the beginning of work on the cinder track. Channing ran better outside than in the gymnasium. He broke the school's record for the mile in one of his time trials. He delighted in running and was the most enthusiastic member of the track squad.

But an event happened that effectually marred his happy existence. Things had begun to disappear in the dressing room. One boy named Ward was especially unfortunate. He lost several things, all of which were valuable. First, a check from his folks at home was lost. Ward was positive that he had left the check in his locker. Then, one day, his meal ticket was missing. To cap the climax, a ten dollar bill disappeared. The school was demoralized; the faculty was frantic; everybody distrusted everybody else. All were under the ban of suspicion.

"Fellows, I've found the thief! When I went into the dressing room, awhile ago, I found Channing standing in front of my opened locker. He blushed and stammered around that he had made a mistake because his locker and mine are next to each other. I'm sure he's guilty of taking those things. What shall

we do about it?" Ward, who had literally bursted into Hale's room, gave his news all in one panting breath to the usual assemblage. A chorus of exclamations greeted his startling announcement.

"Channing?"

"I thought so! He always did act queerly."

"Blood will show."

"We'll have to put him in Coventry, I guess. Shall we tell the faculty?"

"No, it isn't necessary. He'll leave, because he can't stand Coventry."

It seemed to be the universal opinion that Channing was guilty, and that he should be punished. But there was one dissenting voice, and that one was Hale's.

"I tell you, fellows, we shouldn't be so hasty. Maybe Channing did make a mistake. Anyway," thoughts of the track team were always uppermost in Hale's mind, "we'll lose our only miler, if he goes."

"Piffle! Do you want a thief?"

So into Coventry, the collegiate St. Helena, Channing went without even a trial. The morning after the episode of the lockers, he walked up to a group of friends, or such, at least, he supposed them to be, and started to join their conversation. Imagine his surprise when they all ceased talking abruptly, turned their backs to him and walked off in va-

rious directions.

In the dining hall, at breakfast, no one sat nearer him than two seats, and even the third seat did not seem desirable. No one helped him to the dishes; no one spoke to him; no one even deigned to glance in his direction.

Going to his first recitation, he met Hale, who still evidenced some covert signs of recognition. Hale had taken a most despicable stand. He feared to be seen talking to the exile, lest he, too, should be exiled.

"Hale, what's wrong with me? Why does everyone avoid me?" Channing asked.

Hale looked around carefully, and then answered: "I'm awfully sorry, old fellow, but they've put you into Coventry. What did you break into Ward's locker—."

"I didn't—" Channing interrupted. But he, too, was interrupted by Hale's departure. Hale had seen someone coming and had, in his own parlance, "beat it."

"Coventry," thought Channing, "I'm in Coventry."

"Coventry — Coventry — Coventry." His heels seemed to click out the word, all the way to his classroom. The professor's words formed themselves into the dread refrain: "Coventry — Coventry — Coventry." He tried to think on the lesson, but could not. All he could think was: "I'm in Coventry. I'll be shunned by everyone, and left

strictly alone. No one believes me innocent. Even Hale has been swayed by public opinion. I must go home."

Channing "cut" his other classes and turned towards Meyers Hall with a heavy heart. Everyone he met on the way stared straight ahead; no one spoke; no one seemed to recognize him. His heels started out again on the unending chorus: "Coventry—Coventry — Coventry." After entering his room, he locked the door and threw himself on the bed. As he bounced up and down from the impact, the spring creaked in measured cadence: "Coventry—Coventry—Coventry."

He tried to think, but that awful stinging word rang in his ears. How he resented their actions. The mental anguish through which he passed, was almost unbearable. How quick they had been to pass judgment, and how perfectly unjust they all were. But at last he cooled down and calmly thought what he should do. He mentally fought it out. One second, he decided to stay; the next, to go home. In contrasting the two actions, he reasoned that to stay would be more to his credit than to leave, and being conscious in his own mind that he had done no wrong, he finally decided to stay and pursue the even tenor of his ways; to stay and attempt to live down the mistake.

He did not drop his training, as

some might have done. It was a part of his plan to show the students that they had made a mistake. He was greatly pleased when Harris acted as though nothing had happened. Channing saw a side of the trainer, never known before, when that worthy told him that some of the boys had attempted to get him dropped from the track squad and had even threatened to quit unless their request was granted.

"But I told them to shut their mouths, and leave my business alone; that you didn't take that stuff any more than I did."

Tears stood in Channing's eyes as he replied: "I didn't, Harris, I didn't."

Time passed slowly for Channing, with the barrier of Coventry between him and his fellows; but, nevertheless, the "Big Day" approached—the day of the annual meet between Parkham and Central.

As the day before the meet was a rest day for the athletes, the janitor took advantage of their absence to clean up the dressing room

for the use of the visitors. So he and his helpers got busy with broom and mop. They moved the lockers out from the wall, in order to clean behind them. Behold! and what did they find but a mouse nest gaily lined with bits of paper of various hues. Near the top of the tier of old fashioned wooden lockers, they discovered a tiny mouse hole which led into Ward's locker. Ward was called, and he identified the lining of the nest as his check, meal ticket and ten dollar bill. The real culprit was found.

Of course, apologies and much cheering were in order; and with such encouragement, what miler could fail to win his run? Channing had now justified Harris' belief in his integrity. The next day he proceeded to justify Harris' training by breasting the taut tape fully twenty yards ahead of Central's man. Channing was satisfied, for he had won not only the mile event, but also a new standing in the hearts of his schoolfellows.

MARVIN ALLEN.



TO THE DAISY.

Oh, Daisy, with your lovely yellow
 hue,
 You make the meads a golden carpet
 seem,
 There in the summer I oft love to
 dream
 And shut all worldly pleasures from
 my view.

Oh, many a day have I thus sought
 to turn
 My mind from that which all around
 I see.
 Then happier I could not help but be.
 Oh! for those days my heart does
 sadly yearn.

And many a year has passed since
 those sweet days,
 And all the joys they held for me
 are fled.
 But shall I sit and mourn for days
 long dead?
 No, rather trod these new but pleas-
 ant ways.

Since gone these days, of them I
 will not think
 But to thee, Daisy, I this health do
 drink.

DORIS REEDS, '15.

A LITTLE ADVICE.

Kind friend, please listen to my plea,
 And try to pay good heed to it;
 It is not oft you hear from me,
 Attend me through my little bit.

Into the world you're now to go,
 Shirk not the work you'll have to
 do;
 When things go wrong, they will,
 you know,
 Just think of true friends who
 love you.

Let not your pride or foolish ways,
 Force you to do what you should
 not;
 But recollect it sometimes pays,
 To say you're wrong, right on the
 spot.

HUGH DAUGHERTY.

THEIR PUNISHMENT.

"O, girls! Have you seen the new pupil?"

"New pupil? What new pupil?"

"Why the new pupil that started in today. You ought to have seen her. So queer. Her hair was just as straight and red. It was slicked back straight, and wadded into a little knot at the back of her head. She's a peach!

"She must be beautiful if she's as nice as all that."

"Oh, she is! I just can't keep from laughing every time I see her. Here she comes."

The girls of the Glenwood School were talking together during lunch period. The girl they were talking about had started to school that day. Their leader, Helen Anderson, was telling the girls what she looked like. "I know I will have to laugh if I see her. Isn't that a perfectly lovely dress she has on? I wonder if she paid ninety-eight or ninety-nine cents for it?"

Just then the girl came up. She was dressed plainly but neatly. She looked as if she would be glad to make friends with the girls, but they did not pay any attention to her. Soon she passed on, and went into the school.

Then the conversation started again; "My! didn't she look pale? I bet she'd be afraid of her own grandmother if she met her in the

dark."

"I have an idea," said Helen.

"What is it?" a chorus of voices asked. Whenever Helen had an idea, they generally listened.

"Why not have a hazing party? The teachers will never find it out. She'll be so afraid, she won't even dare to tell them."

All of the girls seemed to be in favor of this party, so they started to plan for it.

"Why not have it tonight?" asked one.

"No, tomorrow night would be better. We would have more time to think about it."

"What can we do to scare her?" asked one.

"We want something real scary, like a ghost or a robber," answered another one.

It was finally decided that some of the girls should knock on the window, and make her think it was a robber. Then she would run out into the hall. Just as she opened the door, a girl dressed as a ghost would come down the hall.

All plans seemed to work well. The new pupil went to bed early on the eventful night. About ten o'clock, if anyone had been watching, he might have seen the girls creep carefully down the hall.

Ethel, the new girl, awoke about half past ten. She thought she

heard someone trying to open the window. She got out of bed, and started to go into the hall. Just as she opened her door, a ghost came walking down the hall, and stopping, looked at her.

Ethel rushed back into the room and locked the door. The girls who were hiding in the hall to see the fun, heard a heavy fall, then all was quiet. They knew she had fainted, but what should they do?

"My goodness! What shall we do? We can't call the teachers. What would they think? Who would have thought such a little thing would have frightened her, anyway?"

One of the girls happened to remember that there was a door between Ethel's room and the adjoining room. They opened the door, and there on the floor lay Ethel in a faint.

They decided that they would have to call one of the teachers.

She came, and sent one of the girls to call the doctor.

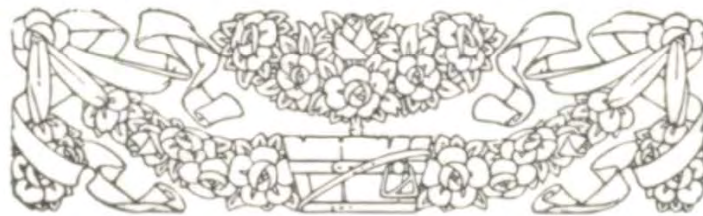
The girls waited expectantly while the doctor was in with Ethel. When he came out, he told them she had a severe case of brain fever, and it was doubtful if she could live.

They did not tell anyone what they had done, but they were always wanting to do something for Ethel. For several days they were not allowed to go into her room. During these days they stayed in the hall outside her door. When Ethel was better, the girls had some little token, such as fruit or flowers, to bring to her every day.

The girls were very penitent, and after having told the teachers what they had done, they asked Ethel to forgive them, which she readily did.

After Ethel had recovered from her illness, she was the most beloved girl in the school.

EDITH WHEATLEY.



A WOLF HUNT.

Coming down a narrow road through a dense, snow-covered Russian forest was a sleigh drawn by four horses and carrying four occupants. Two of these were of the peasant class of Russia, while the other two were English. The two Britons were scarcely more than boys, while the peasants were in their prime, active and fearless, as they must be to hunt wolves in Russia. When they had driven about four miles into the forest, one of the peasants got out and tied a piece of a horse which had been shot that day to the back of the sleigh with a long rope. The other peasant blindfolded the horses, a precaution they must take, for the horses try to bolt as soon as the wolves come in sight. They then turned the horses heads towards home and drove for a mile back in the direction of the edge of the forest. Here the peasant stopped the horses and loaded all the guns, of which these were so many that the sleigh looked like an arsenal to the British lads. In fact one of them remarked that there were enough guns to kill all the wolves in the whole country of Russia.

Just then the driver motioned for silence, and the whole party waited breathlessly for some sound to tell them of the wolves which were closing in on them. Down the road about four hundred yards in back of them a dark mass suddenly shot

out into the road. With a great howl the wolves started for the sleigh. Ivan, the driver, tried to control his horses, but as the wolves came into range the other three poured a volley into them. A few stopped to devour the ones that had fallen, while the remainder swept on after the sleigh which now was going as fast as four terror-stricken horses could take it. The heavy charges of the guns almost knocked the boys down but as the peasant lad loaded the guns, they emptied them.

As they swept around a small bend in the road they saw another bunch of wolves in front of them, and transferring their attention from the wolves in back to those in front, they cleared a path for the horses by shooting along the flanks of the horses. When they were right in the midst of this pack, one wolf jumped on one of the horses; Paul, dropping the gun which he was loading, drew a long knife, and, springing over the side of the sleigh, plunged the knife into the wolf, and then as the sleigh swept past him he swung himself over the side onto it.

Then as they were nearing a small clearing and had out-distanced the wolves a little, Paul again climbed over the side and tore the bandages from the horses eyes. They waited for the wolves to catch up with them and giving them a parting volley, the driver gave the horses their heads, and they soon left the wolves far behind. One of the boys was heard to remark, "You Russians may call that hunting wolves, but I call it being hunted by the wolves."

JOHN R. WILHITE, '15.



WILLIAM SULLIVAN

CLARA BUCK
AFFIRMATIVE TEAM

PAUL GRABSKE

Resolved — That the Municipalities of Kansas Should Adopt the City Manager Plan of Government.



OLIVER HOWELLS

HELEN BARNETT
NEGATIVE TEAM

MARVIN ALLEN

THOSE VANDERMYER TWINS.

Mrs. Vandermyer was trying her hardest to entertain her caller, the new mayor's wife. Ever since Mrs. Hoggart had come to the village she had been looked upon with awe by the other women, as she came to church in costly clothes or whirled through the town in a limousine. Like all her neighbors, Mrs. Vandermyer was trying to make a favorable impression on Mrs. Hoggart upon that lady's first call; but all the time she was afraid the twins would come banging in the front door.

"The children were invited to Louise Irwin's birthday party, and, as it was such a nice day, I let them go. They will probably be home in a few minutes," said Mrs. Vandermyer. Then to herself, "Oh, I hope they'll come in the back door.

"Children? Why, I thought they were nearly grown up," said Mrs. Hoggart, in surprise.

"Oh, I meant the twins," Mrs. Vandermyer replied.

"Twins? How nice! I like nothing better than twin girls. I thought you just had the two older children. I'm so glad they aren't twin boys, for what is worse than having a pair of little hoodlums banging about the house? Now girls can help—"

"But they aren't girls! They're just a pair of four year old boys. And really, I think that if you knew them you would think them the dearest babies you ever saw."

The mother of these extraordinary twins went on to tell what geniuses they were and that she thought they took after her—all except their noses, which they got from their father, because they were so flat.

"And they have such nice manners for such little folks. Now most children—"

She was cut off short by a bang as the front door was pushed open and then slammed shut. There was a great stamping of feet in the hall and cries of, "Oh Mamma! I ate free big dishes of ice cream," and "Oh! an' I just about busted, 'cause—." They saw Mrs. Hoggart and stopped short. Benny's thumb went into his mouth as he stood in the middle of the floor and gazed at that strange person. But Billy, who had more presence of mind, pulled off his cap and knocked Benny's over one eye in an attempt to remind him to take his off.

"Sit down, babies," said Mrs. Vandermyer, turning as red as Benny's belt at the thought of what she had just told Mrs. Hoggart about the twins' manners.

Billy and Benny promptly went over and sat on the extreme edge of their respective chairs.

"Well, sonnies, did you have a nice time at the party?" asked Mamma.

"Uh huh," responded Billy.

"Uh huh," said Benny, taking his thumb out of his mouth and wiping it on his sleeve.

"Now tell Mamma's caller what you did at the party," urged Mamma.

"Frowed up," promptly replied Benny.

"Tissed 'ittle Dotty Smiff," said Billy, with satisfaction.

"Oh, babies! Go out to the barn now and you can give Dobbin some hay. Bob threw some down this morning so you could get it," said their distracted mother, trying to think of anything that would take them out of the house until Mrs. Hoggart left.

"Yes'm. I know he did. But it ain't there now, 'cause I held it over the bonfire to see if it would burn," said Billy.

"An' it did," finished Benny.

"Mrs. Hoggart, you mustn't listen to what they say. Now, babies, go upstairs at once and have Bess put your rompers on you," entreated Mrs. Vandermyer, hoping to keep them from making another break.

"Bess ain't here," said Billy.

"We'll just stay here," decided Benny.

"Then sit quietly," ordered their much embarassed mother.

The young hopefuls proceeded to sit stiffly on the edges of their chairs, and to gaze at Mrs. Hoggart, who now rose and started toward the door, her skirts rustling loudly.

"W'y, that lady squeaks when she walks, Benny!" came to that refined lady's ears.

She wheeled around and glared at the scared looking Billy. "I haven't changed my opinion of boys," she flung at the confused Mrs. Vandermyer, and then swept out of the house.

As soon as the door was closed, Mrs. Vandermyer turned to the two young mischiefs at her side. It was more than she could stand to be treated so by the leading woman of the town. So she hustled the startled twins up to her bed room. When she reached for her hair brush a howl was set up that nearly raised the roof.

"Come here, Billy," said Mamma in her sternest voice.

But Billy only howled louder.

"Here! here! what's all this noise about?" came a voice from the doorway.

Both twins were quiet at once, as they saw their big brother, Bob, for he always took their part.

"Aw, don't spank 'em, Mamma. Come here, Bubs, let me show you something." Then to his mother, "I guess I'll want a clean collar and shirt this evening, Mamma. I'm going out after supper."

"Why, where are you going?" asked Mamma. "Oh!" she added with a smile, as she saw a box of chocolates sticking out of his coat pocket.

The twins followed Bob to his room where he showed them a new tennis ball and racket. They thought Bob seemed happier than usual this evening, for he went about singing, and took extra care as to his appearance. Billy and Benny wondered what could be in that pretty box he had taken out of his pocket and put on the chiffonier. They meant to find out as soon as Bob went out of the room. But it seemed as if he never would get his tie or his hair fixed just right. When he finally left, he seemed to be thinking of something else, and forgot the twins. As soon as the door was shut, Billy pulled a chair up to the chiffonier. Benny climbed upon it, reached the box, and handed it to Billy.

"Oh, isn't it pretty?" breathed Billy.

"Le's open it," said Benny in a hushed voice.

Benny proceeded to untie the ribbon and carefully lifted the lid.

"W'y, it's choc'lates!" exclaimed Billy.

"Le's taste 'em," ventured Benny.

"Gee! Ain't they good? Le's eat all of 'em. Maybe Bob forgot 'em," and Benny dived in with both hands.

"Dibs on the box when its empty," Billy managed to say between gulps.

"Dibs on the ribbon," gulped Benny.

Just as they were starting on the second layer, they heard Mamma call-

ing from the foot of the stairs.

"Frow 'em under the bed," whispered Billy.

Benny promptly obeyed.

"Come, babies, supper's ready," called Mamma again.

"We's comin'," shouted both twins.

When they came into the dining room they were greeted by, "Why, Billy, Benny, what in the world is on your faces?"

"Nuffin," answered Benny. But they both began to wipe their mouths on their sleeves.

"Oh, the Dickens!" exclaimed Bob, jumping up and starting upstairs two steps at a time.

When he got up to his room he first looked on his chiffonier, and, as he supposed, the box of chocolates were gone. Seeing a piece of red ribbon showing under the edge of the bed, he looked under, and there saw the scattered chocolates.

While he was doing this, the twins were having a hard time down stairs.

"What have you been into, sons?" demanded Papa.

"Nuffin," replied both sons, still wiping their mouths.

"Have you been in those chocolates?" asked Mamma.

"No'm," said Billy, innocently.

"I haven't," said Benny.

"You certainly have, you little imps!" roared Bob, coming into the room.

When the twins saw that Bob was

not going to take their part, they gave up hope. Benny's upper lip began to tremble.

"We didn't neither taken 'em. I saw Bess go up there an' she ate ever' one of 'em," lied Billy.

"Billy! How can you tell such a story?" exclaimed Bess.

"An' then Dobbin ate all the rest of 'em, 'cause we burnt his hay all up," said Benny, gaining courage.

"Benny! Billy! go upstairs at once! Will you please put them to bed, Mamma?" commanded Papa.

"Well, we didn't eat 'em. I saw that lady goin' upstairs an' she ate ever' one of 'em. Didn't she Billy?"

"Yessir, an' then she threwed all the rest of 'em under the bed. An' she just squeaked when she walked," said Billy, with conviction.

When they were undressed Mamma told them to say their prayers and ask God to forgive them for telling such lies about the candy.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," started both twins. When they had finished Billy went on,

"An' bless Papa, an' Mamma, an' Bess, an' Bob, but don't bless that lady that squeaks, 'cause she eats Bob's choc'lates, an' she does squeak," finished Benny.

"Oh, my babies, my twins, what is going to become of you?" asked Mamma in distress.

"I'm goin' to be a cowboy," said Benny.

"I'm goin' to be a garbage man," said Billy stoutly.

LEONA FRANK.

THE FATE OF AN EASTER BONNET.

"James, can you spare me a few dollars this moning? I want a new Easter hat."

Mr. Grabber looked over the top of his newspaper at his wife, who in a dark red wrapper and pink cap (the easiest way of concealing her kid curlers) was lazily eating her morning grape fruit.

"Hey?" He sat up straight, pushed his spectacles far down on his nose, and then knitted his brows thoughtfully.

"I said, I wanted a new hat. Mrs.

Jones got hers fully two weeks ago, and I even saw Maria Blevins buying a new one yesterday, and I won't be outdone by her."

"Why! It can't be more than a month since you bought a new bonnet. A foolish thing it was, too! Stuck straight up in back, and right down in front, and had a string of sompthin' that looked just like pine combs around it."

"Why, James, it's been more than three months since I got that hat, and it was right in style then, too.

You men have no more knowledge of the styles than a pig has of Easter Sunday."

"Haven't, eh? Well, let's just see if we haven't. I'll go down to a shop this morning, and pick out a hat that I like, and you can wear it to that Ladies' Aid business this afternoon."

"But, James," she protested, "you don't know what color becomes me, or what shape to get, or anything."

Mr. Grabber flung down his paper, and brought his feet to the floor with a bang.

"Pure stubbornness! I knew it! You wouldn't wear a hat I picked out, even if it was so new it would be in style ten years from now. You don't give one rap for my opinion. I might as well be in Jerusalem for all you care. You don't—"

"James! James! I do, too. You never said anything about my hats before. You just get me a hat and see if I don't wear it. I won't care if it is the worst thing out, if you like it. I don't care what other people think about it."

"All right, Mrs. Grabber, we'll see, we'll see," and he snatched his hat and ran from the place.

"Now, I've got a job on my hands," he muttered as he tore down the street. I reckon I should have let her get it. My land! What kind of hats are they wearing now, anyhow?"

About ten o'clock, he left the of-

fice, and strolled calmly down Main Street, stopping before several shops, gazing at the hats in the windows, and trying to decide what to buy.

At the corner of Main and Eleventh Streets, he met Casey Steward, one of his "pals."

"There's a fight on down at Page's," he yelled and caught Grabber. "Come on down!"

"Go on Casey, I'll be there in a minute," and he dashed around the corner and in the nearest millinery shop.

"Here, send a hat suitable for a lady about forty, with taffy eyes and blue hair, out to this address. Something gay and not too plain," and he thrust some money into the saleslady's hand, and made a dash for Page's.

The bewildered girl watched him go, then mischief began to twinkle in her eyes. She caught up a bright green frame that lay on the bargain table, strung a wreath of red roses around the crown, wired a large red and green bow in the front and balancing it on her finger, admired the effect.

That afternoon, Mrs. Grabber sat in the parlor, all ready for the Ladies' Aid Social and waiting for her hat. At two-fifteen o'clock the doorbell rang, and a maid (Grabber's boasted of only two) took the box.

"Your hat, ma'am," she began,

but Mrs. Grabber grabbed the box, opened it, looked at the hat, and then fainted promptly as any other good lady would have done.

That evening, Mr. Grabber found his wife in bed with a splitting head-

ache (which accounted for her not being at the social), and well—after that Mrs. Grabber bought her own hats.

ANNABETH VAUGHN.



ATHLETICS



Athletics call for courage—steadiness of nerve, quickness of apprehension, self-knowledge, coolness, and self-reliance, these qualities are used in any profession. As you know about three-fourths of the news items concerning student life deals with sport. The boy who makes his mark in athletics stands forth as the most popular and influential boy in his class.

There is no need of telling how Rosedale High School has advanced in athletics this year, no one could realize what training and development the students have received, especially in basket ball. This is due perhaps to the well-equipped gymnasium and also to the excellent training of the two coaches, Mr.

Harris and Miss David. Each pupil took part whenever he had time, played like a gentleman, not for the sake of victory but for the sake of the game, and he won like a gentleman—or lost like a gentleman. Taking this attitude athletics could not help but be a benefit.

The boys have had during the past year regular gym work each day, at the seventh period; this consisted of games, such as volley ball, indoor baseball, tennis, besides the regular exercises, and had basket ball practice after school two times a week.

The girls, under the supervision of Miss David, have had various kinds of dances and all kinds of gymnasium work.





BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Top—Forest Liddle Edmund Cheesman Oscar Johnson Charles K. Harris, (Coach)
Bottom—John Wilhite Irwin Russell Hugh Daugherty, (Captain) Willis Winslow Frank McDonald

HUGH DAUGHERTY.

Center—Guard.

There are few fellows that have the opportunity of leading a team to victory successively. Hugh, as captain this year has been afforded this pleasure and has been fair to the members of his team and has encouraged clean sportsmanlike, conduct both on, and off the floor, and thus has won the good will of all his mates. May he play as fairly and consistently in the game of life.

WILLIS WINSLOW.

Guard—Forward.

Willis played the game from start to finish. Never did he sacrifice team work for the possibility of increasing his own individual score. His consistent guarding made him a valuable asset for the team. At no time was there any question as to his eligibility and never was he known to dispute a decision. Some say he was a little partial to a certain spectator.

EDMUND CHEESMAN.

Center.

"Cheese" was the least experienced of the bunch. However, the possession of considerable altitude made it possible for him to outtip most centers played against. He is acquiring a tendency to put the ball through the ring at every chance. Then too, he will fill one position next year.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Guard.

"Earnie" has developed into a consistent player. He plays his man and possesses the capability of breaking up opponent's plays. His foot-work and clever passing made it possible for him to advance the ball whenever he got his hands on it. He will be back next year and promises that nothing will prevent him from playing in every game.

OSCAR JOHNSON.

Center—Forward.

No matter what the rest say let us play ball. There is no use arguing or hollering, pass the ball and keep going. Oscar played forward and center and was never known to lose the ball when once he got his hands on it. His own work never showed up to the detriment of the team as a whole. He will be back next year.

JOHN WILHITE.

Forward.

Though John did not play as much as some of the other members of the team he managed to drop in quite a number of goals. He was very consistent in training and always manages to keep in condition, as basket ball is not the only form of athletics that John participates in. He did much to make this a successful season.

FRANK McDONALD.

Forward.

Frank broke into the game as a regular this year and has developed into a good player. He has acquired the habit of making goals. In the Leavenworth game he "copped" 11, managing to set an individual record for the year. Though light, his speed and accuracy made him a great forward. Frank will be back next year and will help to make an "all" victorious team possible. He likes the Irish and their color.

FOREST LIDDLE.

Guard.

Yes, "Little," but in size only. Always in the right spot, ready to intercept a pass or break up a play. He will be back next year to help make a better record. Works his southpaw very advantageously. Some say he is slender with tendencies toward a "Reed."





Edith Wheatley

Mabel Covey

Edith Mathias

Clara Buck

Blanche Heckman

Hazel Kelsey

Helen Colver

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

CLARA BUCK (Captain).

Jumping Center.

As captain and jumping center of the team, we claim she has no equal. Though shorter than some of the opposing centers, she managed to get the tip on all of them. Her unassuming attitude and her determination to play hard made her one of the idols of the spectators. Clara will be back next year to fill her place at center.

EDITH WHEATLEY.

Forward—Guard.

Edith made good in every game she played. A good passer and goal shooter. She was as consistent in training for basket ball as in her studies. She will be in the game next season.

HELEN COLVER.

Forward.

Helen went into the game determined to make good. Her good goal shooting and ready passing helped pile up the score. She was quick to start, making it possible for her to get the ball often. Helen will be back next year.

HAZEL KELSEY.

Forward.

Hazel possesses just enough "Irish" to make her a good basket ball player. She was determined to score, yet sought not personal glory

at the expense of success to the team. Next year she will show us again that R. H. S. can win.

BLANCHE HECKMAN.

Guard.

Blanche is one of the best guards that played on the home court this year. She committed but few fouls yet prevented her opponent from scoring. She was fast on her feet and clever in passing. Time after time she would send the ball on its journey to the opposite goal. Blanche will be back.

EDITH MATHIAS.

Guard.

Edith played hard in every game and did much in breaking up plays and bringing the ball back down the field. Her left-handed passing puzzled her opponents. She is the only member of the team who will not be back next year.

MABEL COVEY.

Side Center.

Mabel as side center, outplayed every opponent. She was sure to receive the tip and never failed to pass it to the right person. Though inexperienced in High School basket ball she soon won the confidence of her teammates and the coach. Mabel will help defend the honors of R. H. S. for three more years.

SEASON'S AVERAGE.

Boys' Record:

Name of Player	Games Played	Goals	Free Throws	Trials	Fouls
Daugherty	15	28	50	127	73
Winslow	14	21	13	37	44
Johnson	15	45	7	15	53
McDonald	14	61	11	45	15
Russell	11	13	8	16	52
Wilhite	7	7	6	16	9
Liddle	8	2	0	0	10
Cheesman	7	0	0	0	5

Girls' Record:

Kelsey	9	36	22	70	22
Colver	11	37	30	91	23
Buck	12	0	0	0	10
Covey	11	0	0	0	17
Heckman	12	0	0	0	21
Mathias	12	0	0	0	22
Wheatley	7	8	2	16	3

FOLLOWING IS THE SCHEDULE FOR THE ENTIRE SEASON.

Teams	Boys' Record:			Score			Per Cent.
	Date	Where Played	Home	Score	Opponents	Per Cent.	
1. Edwardsville	Nov. 27, '14	R. H. S.	28	20	1.000		
2. Argentine	Dec. 4, '14	R. H. S.	28	22	1.000		
3. Paola	Dec. 18, '14	Paola	35	34	1.000		
4. Alumni	Jan. 2, '15	R. H. S.	35	33	1.000		
5. Leavenworth	Jan. 8, '15	Leavenworth	24	49	.800		
6. Lawrence	Jan. 15, '15	Lawrence	15	60	.666		
7. Edwardsville	Jan. 16, '15	Edwardsville	26	29	.571		
8. Lawrence	Jan. 23, '15	R. H. S.	35	19	.625		
9. Bonner	Jan. 29, '15	Bonner	32	24	.666		
10. Paola	Feb. 6, '15	R. H. S.	33	28	.700		
11. Bonner	Feb. 13, '15	R. H. S.	58	16	.727		
12. Leavenworth	Feb. 20, '15	R. H. S.	40	21	.750		
13. Fort Scott	Mar. 13, '15	R. H. S.	41	36	.769		
14. K. C. K.	Mar. 20, '15	R. H. S.	14	17	.714		
15. Newton	Mar. 26, '15	(Tour.) Lawrence	11	29	.666		

Teams	Girls' Record:			Score			Per Cent.
	Date	Where Played	Home	Score	Opponents	Per Cent.	
1. Edwardsville	Nov. 27, '14	R. H. S.	15	12	1.000		
2. Merriam	Dec. 4, '14	R. H. S.	27	14	1.000		
3. Paola	Dec. 18, '14	Paola	13	15	.666		
4. Alumni	Jan. 2, '15	R. H. S.	17	12	.750		
5. Loretto	Jan. 8, '15	Loretto	13	29	.600		
6. Edwardsville	Jan. 16, '15	Edwardsville	15	17	.500		
7. Merriam	Jan. 23, '15	R. H. S.	25	20	.571		
8. Bonner	Jan. 29, '15	Bonner	30	19	.625		
9. Paola	Feb. 6, '15	R. H. S.	19	12	.666		
10. Bonner	Feb. 13, '15	R. H. S.	25	14	.700		
11. Leavenworth	Mar. 5, '15	Leavenworth	19	14	.727		
12. Arkansas City	Mar. 26, '15	(Tour.) Lawrence	14	10	...		

TRACK.

On the evening of April 18, 1914, we held our First Annual In-Door Inter-Class Track Meet. This was won by the Seniors with a total of 69 points, the Sophomores were second with 23, the Freshmen third with 19, and the Juniors fourth with 14. Smith was the individual point maker with a total of 24 points, Stubbs was second with 21, and Russell was third with 14. We expect to soon have our second meet and it promises to be a bigger success than the first. The Juniors are doped to win the meet as they have the same bunch that won second place last year, but the Freshmen have a fine chance with a lot of new material. The Seniors also have a couple of men who may be depended upon to carry away a few firsts. Following is a list of events and the winners.

First event: 15 yard dash, won by Smith, second Stubbs, third Liddle. Time, $2 \frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

Second event: Running high jump, won by Stubbs; second, Wilhite; third, Smith. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.

Third event: 880 yard run, won by Sperry; second, Daugherty; third, Althoff. Time, 2 min. 19 sec.

Fourth event: 100 yd. dash, first

place; Tie Smith-Russell; third, Grabske. Time, $12 \frac{1}{5}$ sec.

Fifth event: 15 yd. low hurdle, won by Stubbs; second, Russell, third, Liddle. Time, $2 \frac{3}{5}$ sec.

Sixth event: 15 yd. high hurdle, won by Liddle; second, Stubbs; third, Russell. Time, $2 \frac{4}{5}$ sec.

Seventh event: 440 yard dash, won by Johnson; second, Grabske; third, Russell. Time, 1 min. 3 sec.

Eighth event: 8 lb. shot put, won by Smith; second, Daugherty; third, Wilhite. Distance, 39 ft. 3 in.

Ninth event: Pole vault, won by Stubbs; second, Wilhite; third, Smith. Height, 9 ft.

Tenth event: 220 yd. dash, won by McCall; second, Smith; third, Grabske. Time, $27 \frac{3}{5}$ sec.

Eleventh event: Broad jump, won by Russell; second, Smith; third, McCall. Distance, 15 ft. $7 \frac{1}{2}$ in.

Twelfth event: Mile run, won by Sperry; second, Allen; third, Daugherty. Time, 5 min. 56 sec.

Thirteenth event: Won by McCall; second, Tie Liddle-Smith. Time, 6 sec.

Fourteenth event: 8 Lap Relay, won by Sophomores; second, Seniors.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

After having lived through last season the school board again consented to allow the students to have charge of their Athletics in the form of the Athletic Association, and it seems they have done wisely as we have just closed a very successful basket ball season. At the beginning of the school year we met for our first meeting and chose the following officers:

President, William Sullivan.
 Vice-president, Willis Winslow.
 Secretary, Doris Reeds.
 Treasurer, Marvin Allen.

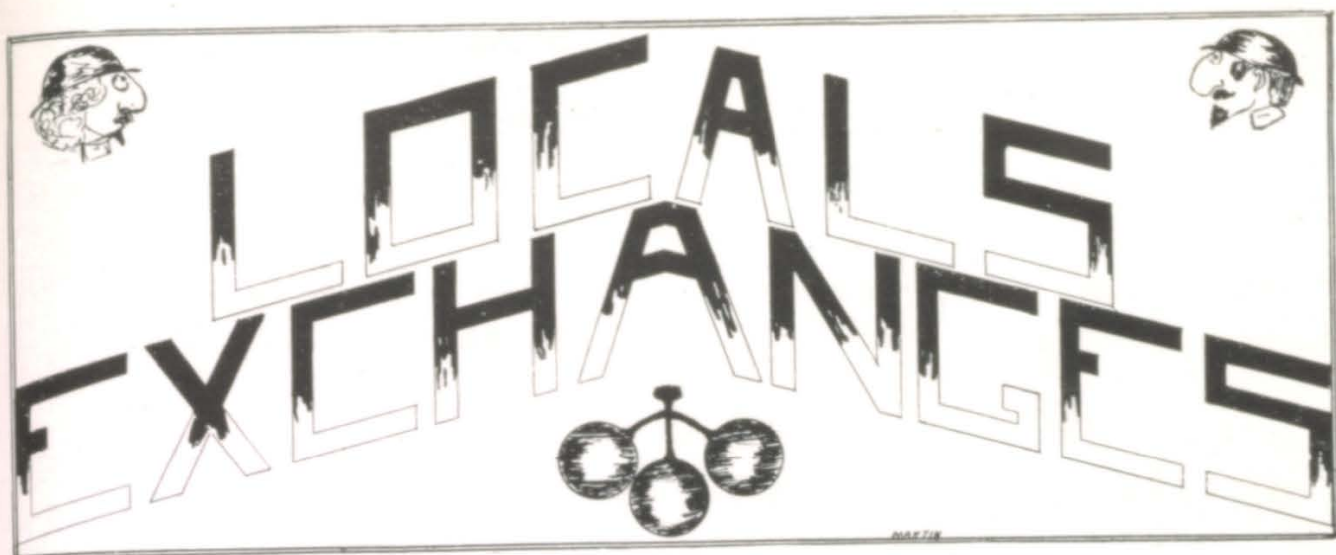
The Athletic Association has made it possible for us to arrange basket ball games with towns quite a distance from our own. We have sent both the boys' and girls' teams to Lawrence and intend to send a track team to the same place.

TENNIS.

Quite a large amount of interest has been taken in Tennis since we have had the court on Mt. Marty. Last year we had a tournament which was entered by about twenty

boys and it proved to be such a success that we have started another one this year. Last year's tournament was won by Stubbs who eliminated Davis in the finals.





To Miss Miller: "Why do you feed all the tramps who come along?"

"Why it is quite a satisfaction to see a man eat without complaining about the cooking."

When the sweaters were ordered for the basket ball team, by some mishap Willis got one several sizes too large. "Say," he growled, "who said I wanted a kimona?"

Hugh (at Lawrence): "Is Irwin sleeping peacefully?"

Mr. Harris: "No, it sounds like a battle."

FRESHMAN POEM.

A cautious look around he stole,
His bag of chink he chunk;
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

Miss Smith: "Russell, what are you doing back there? Are you learning anything?"

Russell D.: "No, I'm just listening to you."

Miss Holsinger (in Med. Hist.): "Can't you remember two dates at once?"

Frank McD.: "Not if they both come on the same night."

N. B. See Bernardine.

Mr. Neumann (in German 4): "What tense are you using?"

She: "Pretense."

HEARD IN CIVICS.

"If the president should die, who would officiate until the Vice-President took oath?"

"The undertaker."

Teacher: What does Milton mean in L'Allegio by saying that, "Mab was pinched and pulled?"

Student: "He meant that she was arrested."

Teacher to John B.: "How many sexes are there?"

John: "Three."

Teacher: "Name them."

John: "The male sex, the female sex and the insects."

Miss Smith: "Roy, who drove the vandals out of southern Germany?"

Roy R.: "I think it was the Turkeys."

Does Roy Hagstrom still think that DeQuincey was "constipated?"

Frank (calling up B.): "Will you go to the show?"

Bernadine: "I will if you ask me."

Frank: "Well, I'm asking you."

She went.

IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY THAT—

John and Dorothy walk home together.

Someone doesn't have their lessons.

Mr. Neumann gives us a lecture.

One of the team is down and can't play.

One of the teachers forgot to assign the lesson. ? ! * *

Someone has to stay till 3 o'clock for talking.

Someone has lost their books (accidentally?).

Hugh D. starts some sort of an argument.

Someone wants to join the Yellow Dogs.

Will H. sits by a certain girl in study period.

A LITTLE ADVICE.

If B. O. B. would paint all clothes props, trees, etc., in her back yard

white she would not be so apt to run into them and scratch her face.

It would be a wise thing for J. W. and F. McD. if they would not whistle at girls in the dark until they find out who the girls are. You know teachers sometimes roam around after dark.

The next time F. L. goes to Bonner Springs he had better take someone for a chaperon.

John B.: "I saw a dog commit suicide yesterday."

Frank K.: "How did he do it?"

John B.: "He took his tail in his mouth and said "This is the end of me."

In reporting on current topics one day Willis said that three counties of Kansas had the foot and mouth disease. Here's hoping that the counties won't have to be shot.

Did you notice the black and blue spot just below Edith M's. mouth? I wonder what caused it.

Miss Smith: "Anna, on what was Keat's last operation?"

Anna T.: "On a certain man's arterilleries (arteries)."

Mr. Neumann (in Physics): "What is the velocity of a train?"

Willis: "Two miles an hour."

Mr. N.: "That might be true of the Katy."

Mr. Vaughn rushed into the Physics class one day exclaiming to Mr. Neumann.

"I am going off—" Before he could finish, the fire alarm sounded.

The class wishes to thank Mr. Vaughn for his timely information.

"Don't you think Mr. Neumann would make a good Politician?"

"Yes, for he can certainly give lectures."

Mr. Neumann (getting up play): "Ethel, will you be Mrs. Leek?"

Ethel: "Why, I don't know. Who's Mr. Leek?"

Helen Colver: "What good will debating do a girl after she is married?"

Mary C.: "It will help her to argue with her husband."

Doris accidentally touched Mr. Neumann while he was operating an electrical machine.

"O, Mr. Neumann," she said, "You're shocking."

In study hall from two to three o'clock.

Harvey: "Do I have to be here tomorrow?"

Teacher: "Yes, Harvey, I've got you left over from yesterday."

While the debating team was eating breakfast at a restaurant in Atchison a yellow street car went by. Marvin exclaimed, "Oh! there goes a Merriam car." We wonder why Marvin thinks so much about the Merriam car.

To be or not to be was by Hamlet once "thunk."

But the question that confronts us is to flunk or not to flunk.

What legal document does Persis B. like best?

Why a "Will," of course.

In spite of the fact that the Seniors always took up for the Freshmen, the Freshies throw slurs at the Seniors at every chance.

Grace Hanna is interested in "Fords." I wonder which system she will take up. "Jitney service" or "matrimonial."

Grace Hanna is helping the Belgians. She has saved enough (face) powder to make six bullets. She sent them to the czar.

Why does Harold Jones like a house better than a bungalow?

Answer: Because it is a (Lucille) Niehouse.

What kind of a flower does Josephine Kaufman think the sweetest?

Answer: A "Rose."

Miss Minich: "Willis, what will be the effect of the war in Europe?"

Willis: "Decrease in the population."

Miss Smith: "Kirk, how did Lord Byron end his days?"

Kirk: "He died."

Edith (returning from Edwardsville): "Well, Roy, aren't you ever going to get off?"

Roy: "No, I'm going to take you home."

Edith: "Aw get off of here."

Since the new hot water heating system in the building has proven a failure, let us put in the old hot air system and install Irwin Russell in the basement.

Miss Fincke in Latin: "And they were speechless and voiceless."

Miss Minich (in Com. Geo.): "Soap stone is a soft stone." Bernadine: "Is it soft enough to 'squash'?"

Mr. N. (in Physics): "What is a horse power?"

Edith C.: "A horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour."

Miss H.: "Edith spell Washington."

Edith M.: "What kind?"

I wonder why A. P. V. doesn't grow a pompadour?

Miss Smith: "Kirk, spell De Quincey."

Kirk: "D-e K-i-q-e-r-z-n." I don't believe I know exactly what that means.



WE SPECIALIZE ON THE
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TRADE

AND OFFER THEM SPECIAL DISCOUNTS

We carry a full line of all Athletic Goods and fill orders the same day received. Write for catalogue.

GEO. C. **LOWE & CAMPBELL** D. KEEDY

ATHLETIC AND SPORTING GOODS

1113 GRAND AVE.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Miss Kenney (in study hall):

"Wm. haven't you anything to do?"

Will: "No'm."

Miss K. to Grace H.: "Haven't you?"

Grace (in a dreamy attitude):
"I'm thinking of an oral theme.

George Matthews still insists that
Pisa, Italy, is in South America.

IN GEOGRAPHY.

Edith M. (talking about seal fish-
ing): "They catch the seals and
sell the fur—do you call it fur Miss
Holsinger?"

Mr. Neumann: "Edmund, is
John here?"

Edmund: "Yes, but he hasn't
come yet."

Oliver: "Russell, have you read
Gareth and Lynette?"

Russell D. (day-dreaming):
"You bet I do know the merits of
Jeanette."

Miss Smith: "Now, Frank, men-
tion one Christmas custom."

Frank K.: "Running in debt."

We all hope Mr. Neumann will
have better success next time in
magnetizing his hair needles.

DREAM OF A SUB-FRESHMAN.

I want to be a German
And shoot a big Krupp gun,
To fire upon the Frenchman,
And see the English run.
I'd like to be an Uhlan
With wienie wurst and beer;
On prancing steed to ride upon
And hear the fraulien cheer.
I'd like to be the Kaiser
To command the army,
To drink good old Budweiser
And make the Cossacks flee.
I want to be Von Tirpitz
And of the fleet be boss
To throw the English into fits
And win the iron cross.

MARVIN ALLEN, '16.

Willis (looking up Spanish Ex-
plorers): Ponce de Leon discovered
Florida. Balboa crossed the Pan-
ama canal and discovered the Pacific
Ocean.

What kind of mornings do all
girls like best?

"Dewey," of course.

Sullie (at Lawrence): "I suppose
we can't get a train for over an
hour."

Station Agent: "Oh, yes, your
train leaves in five minutes."

Sullie: "Good! That's a great
wait (weight) off my mind."

Mr. N. (In Physics): "Now, who can tell me which travels faster, heat or cold?"

Joe S.: "Heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold."

Teacher: "Louis, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar."

Louis A.: "All right."

Teacher: "If, I gave you this sentence, 'The pupil loves his teacher, what is that?'"

Louis: "Sarcasm."

Helen: "She took lots of pains with her cake."

Oliver: "So did I when I ate it."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Personal: If Clinton Sayers will send me his book entitled "Growing a Pompadour Over Night," he will be adequately rewarded.—J. R. W.

Lost: One dozen hairneedles.—(Inform W. J. N.)

Wanted: A device calculated to regulate the flow of hot air. Write to Irwin Russell, care of eighth hour study hall.

Wanted: Lunch period a little bit sooner.—(Students.)

Wanted: A hundred thousand more candidates for the Yellow Dog Society.—(Committee.)

Wanted: A mirror that won't reflect imperfections.—(Hazel Y.)

Wanted: Some good food for

"chickens."—(Edith M.)

Wanted: Some "pep."—(Oscar J.)

Wanted: Some teachers that will always sign our slips.—(Teams.)

Wanted: A real nice girl.—(Fred A.)

Waiting patiently: "To hear Mr. Vaughn go off.—(Physics class.)"

Wanted: To sell or give away one perfectly good singing period. It is run down at present but can be rebuilt with a few months' training.—(Students.)

Hugh Daugherty, "Eli," rather swelled in the upper story.

Esther Mitchell, "Essie," business only.

Mattie Williams, "Mat," quiet and reserved.

Joe Schimmel, "Joey," great partiality for loud perfume.

Oscar Anderson, "Os," Joe's pet.
Edith Mathias, "chick," human talking machine.

Anna Theis, "Aunty," Doris' future aunt.

Doris Reeds, "Dorie," very fickle.
Hazel Yeamans, "Pud," likes motorcycles.

William Sullivan, "Sullie," second Charles Chaplain.

Persis Brewster, "Pasis," lessons first, Sullie last.

Dorothy Martin, "Coats," prefers mackinaws.

John Wilhite, "Jack," has a preference for brown hair and eyes.

Edith Carson, "Edie," oh so studious.

Helen Trader, "Curlie," oh so mischievous.

Fred Anderson, "Freddie," a hard working man.

Willis Winslow, "Lessons," he always has them.

Teacher: "I shall not keep you after school Johnnie. You may go home now."

Johnnie: "I don't want ter go home. There's a baby that just came to our house."

Teacher: You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby—

Johnnie (vehemently): "I aint glad. Pa'll blame me. He blames me for everything."—Exch.

"I'm introducing a brand-new invention—a combined talking machine, letter opener, and a carpet sweeper," said the agent stepping briskly into the office.

"Got one already," answered the proprietor. "I am married!"—Exch.

Wife: "Oh, George, do order a rat trap to be sent home today."

George: "But you bought one last week."

Wife: "Yes, dear, but there's a rat in that."—Exch.

Mother: "Johnnie, you said you'd been to Sunday-school."

Johnnie (with a far away look): "Yes, mamma."

Mother: How does it happen that your hands smell of fish?"

Johnnie: "I carried home the Sunday-school magazine, an' the out-side page is all about Jonah and the whale."—Exch.

Mrs. DeSour: "I want you to keep your dog out of my house. It's full of fleas."

Mrs. DeSmart: "Mercy on me! Fido! Come here, sir! Don't you go into that house again, it is full of fleas."—Exch.

"Why," said the teacher, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered she explained: "White," said she, "stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous day of a woman's life."

A small boy queried, "Why do the men all wear black?"—Exch.

Mr. Johnson (in evening dress talking to the colored maid in the hall): "Mandy, do you know anythink of my wife's whereabouts?"

Mandy: No, sah, not fur certain, but I tink dey am in de wash."—Exch.

Husband: "Are you aware, my dear, that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills?"

Wife: "Good gracious! What do you do with the rest of your money."—Exch.

Johnny (In Physics): "Isn't electricity a liquid.

Teacher: No, why?

Johnny: You are always a talking about the juice.—Exch.

Mary had a little clock,
 She wound it up each day
 And then when e'er she left it,
 The clock would run away.
 —Tahoma.

Tom Small: "That Kinsy is a regular gink if there ever was one."

James: "Why so?"

Tom Small: "I told him that I did the bossing at my house, and he went and told my wife."

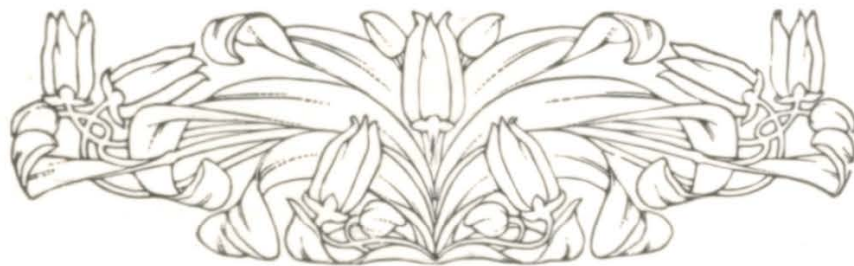
"We're in a pickle," said one man in the crowd.

"A regular jam," said another.

"Heaven preserve us," said an old lady.—Tahoma.

Teacher: "Who was the greatest inventor?"

Little Oscar: "Pat. Pending, I guess. I see his name on more inventions than any other name."—Tahoma.



BELL PHONE NO. 2 ROSEDALE

HOME PHONE 5138 MAIN

C. W. FINCKE

Groceries and Meats, Coal and Feed

726-28 S. W. BLVD.

ROSEDALE, KANSAS

Stadler's Restaurant

Cigars, Tobacco, Cold Drinks and Candies

On your way home from School drop in and see me

I. BAILEY FANCY GROCERIES AND MEATS

Agency Faultless Laundry

Bell Phone Rosedale 524

Bell's Hall 75 S. W. Boulevard

Bell Phone 61 Rosedale

Get off the car at Rosedale Lumber Yard

Mrs. E. Bunyar

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs, also Flowering Plants

636 Southwest Boulevard

Rosedale, Kansas

ARGENTINE GARAGE

A. I. RABB, Prop.

We repair all makes of cars and guarantee satisfaction.

2115 Metropolitan Avenue

Bell Phone 539 Argentine

You can improve your tennis
game 90 per cent by using the

\$8 Thunderbolt \$8

The Racket with the rawhide reinforced frame

R. S. ELLIOTT ARMS CO., 1416 Grand Avenue

Home Phone 5612 Main

Bell Phone 303 Rosedale

NASCHOLD'S BAKERY

Manufacturers of

HIGH GRADE BREAD

804 S. W. Boulevard

Rosedale, Kansas

GRACE A. WALLAGE


Printing
Engraving
Designing

COMMERCIAL
PRINTING

Letter Heads
Note Heads
Business Cards
Calling Cards
Books
Pamphlets
Folders, Etc.

Telephone
Bell 99
Rosedale

17 N. WYANDOTTE ST.
ROSEDALE : KANSAS



TEACHENOR-
BARTBERGER
ENGRAVING ©
INCORPORATED
DESIGNERS, ILLUSTRATORS, HALFTONE
AND PHOTO-ZINC ETCHERS.

MAKERS OF THE
ENGRAVINGS USED
IN THIS BOOK

7TH & CENTRAL KANSAS CITY, MO.

PHOTOGRAPHS

HENRY
MOORE

Eleventh and McGee Streets

Maker of PHOTOGRAPHS That Please



Eleventh Street Scene Showing Location of our Studio

This Studio makes any style or size Photographs. If you have any kind of work in this line don't overlook this firm.

HENRY MOORE, Photographer

Eleventh & McGee Sts.

Home Phone Main 8815

Kansas City, Mo.

Bell Phone Main 4531

THEO. LIEBEN

807 Main St.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Manufacturer of all kinds of Theatrical, Carnival, Masquerade and Lodge Costumes, Wigs, Beards, made to order and for rent. Can properly costume any play or opera ever written. Will personally attend all masquerades and carnivals when desired. Country calls given prompt attention.

H. W. & MRS. M. L. GATES

Funeral Directors

27 and 29 S. W. Boulevard

Rosedale, Kansas

CHAPEL FREE

Auto Livery Furnished for Weddings, Parties and Pleasure Drives
Ambulance Service for the Sick Day or Night

Home Phone 1580 Main

Bell Phone 24 Rosedale

O. C. McKEE

McKEE & EWING

C. A. EWING

HARDWARE, PAINTS AND GLASS, GROCERIES, ETC.
"QUALITY FIRST ALWAYS"

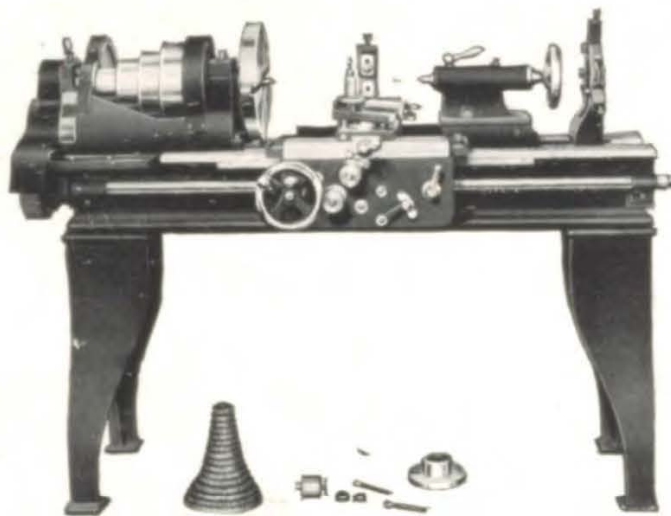
1501 Southwest Boulevard

Bell Phone Rosedale 619

Rosedale, Kansas

The English Tool and Supply Company

We Furnish Complete Manual Training School Equipment



Wood Turning Lathes, Band Saws, Etc., Machine Shop Tools,
Blacksmith Forges, Etc., Bench and Hand Tools

Full Information Furnished on Request

The English Tool and Supply Company

410-418 West 5th Street

Kansas City, Missouri

GEO. GERNER

Groceries and Meats

Choice Fruit and Vegetables

Bell Phones, 96 Rosedale and 496 Rosedale

900 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kans.



Gerner & Slater

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
AND SHOES

Bell Phones, Rosedale 96 and 496

902 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale Kans.



OWEN & PAYSON, ARCHITECTS
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

ARISTOS FLOUR

The Flour With a Flavor



The High Quality Gluten
Makes Aristos

**A Brain Food
and
Muscle Builder**

The Southwest Milling Company
Kansas City, Missouri

JACCARD'S

Exclusive Jewelers

School and Society

STATIONERS

CLASS PINS
CLASS RINGS

INVITATIONS
PROGRAMS

MEDALS
TROPHIES

Samples, with prices, furnished
upon request

Jaccard Jewelry Company

Kansas City, Missouri

IF YOU ARE PARTICULAR EAT

RUSHTON'S

BREAD AND PIES

☐ BOTH PHONES ☐

LUNCH ROOM

FREE PHONE

MRS. L. G. GEARY,

END OF ROSEDALE CAR LINE

CONFECTIONERY

BELL PHONE, 414w ROSEDALE

Bell Phone, 130 Rosedale

ROSEDALE CLEANERS

E. C. WYCKOFF, Prop.

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

7 Rosedale Avenue

Rosedale, Kansas

JOHNSTON BROS.

TRANSFER COMPANY

Moving, Shipping and Baggage

Ice, Coal and Feed

Bell Phone Rosedale 53

1112 Southwest Boulevard

ROSEDALE, KANSAS

Home 5609 Main Phones Bell 4 Rosedale

B. M. Barnett, M. D.

Office Hours
11 a. m. to 2 p. m.
5:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m.

819 Southwest, Boulevard
ROSEDALE, KANSAS

Bell Phone 97 Rosedale Home Phone 6471 Main

O. M. Longenecker, M. D.

Specializing on the Eye, Ear and
Anaesthetics

1324 Southwest Blvd.
ROSEDALE, KANSAS

Bell Phone 90 Rsdle. Home 6245 Main

C. E. SANDERS, M. D.

Office Hours 2 to 4
1401 Southwest Blvd.

ROSEDALE, KANSAS

Office 648 S. W. Blvd.

Hours: 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.
5:00 to 7:30 P. M.

DR. P. J. O'CONNELL
Physician and Surgeon

Office and Residence, 43d and Lloyd Ave.
Over Lloyd Avenue Pharmacy
Bell Phone 49 Rosedale
ROSEDALE, KANSAS

BUY YOUR
Groceries and Meats

at the

C. O. D. Store

401 Oak Street
J. F. BRICK, Proprietor

DAVE BIVENS
BARBER SHOP and BATH

Everything Strictly Sanitary

1425 Southwest Boulevard
ROSEDALE, KANSAS

CHAS. A. MORGAN,
Office Phone 47 Rosedale

WILL L. MORGAN
Res. Phone 216 Rosedale

American Cleaners & Dyers

MORGAN BROS., Props.

1517 DODD STREET

ROSEDALE, KANSAS

In Connection With Our Dyeing and Cleaning

I MAKE A SPECIALITY OF MAKING PANTS

I Cut, Make and *Guarantee* Fit, Style and Quality. Abundance of Patterns to Select From.

CHARLES A. MORGAN, WITH

AMERICAN CLEANERS & DYERS

1517 DODD STREET

PHONE, 47 ROSEDALE

ROSEDALE, KANSAS

P. J. BYRNE & SON

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

LUMBER

PHONES } Bell, Rosedale 18
 } Home, Main 5980

1263 SOUTHWEST BOULEVARD

BELL PHONE 606 ROSEDALE

HOME PHONE 2552 MAIN

THE FAR FAMED MEAT AND SAUSAGE CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

High Grade Meats and Sausages,
741-743 Southwest Boulevard

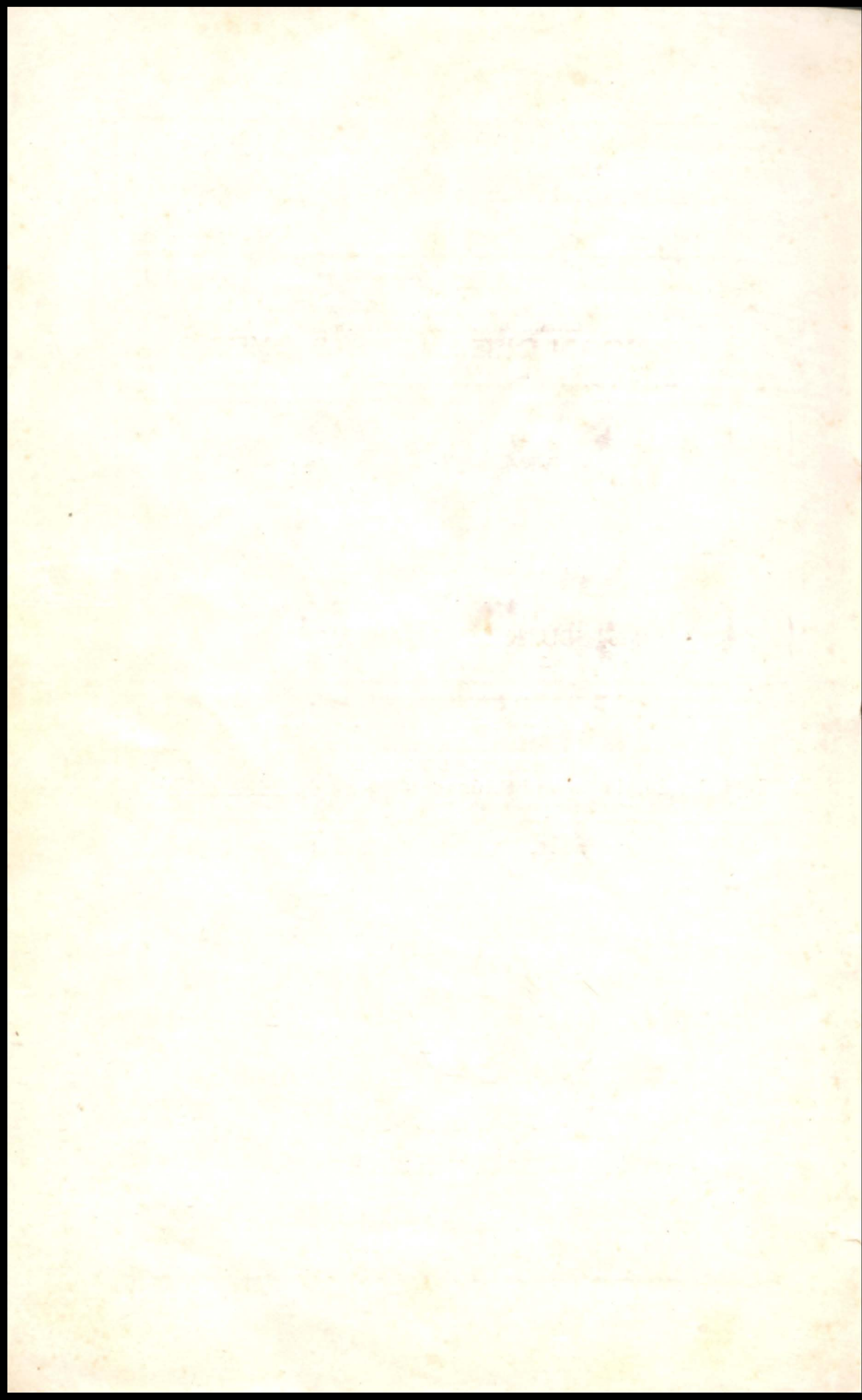
At Wholesale Prices
Rosedale, Kansas

GIVE US
A TRIAL



--and see if it don't pay to Advertise
in the

Mt. Marty Annual





A Trade Mark

That is a Guarantee of Quality
and Satisfaction on all

Athletic and Sporting

Goods

You Know it's RIGHT if it
Comes from

Schmelzer's

The Most Interesting Store in Kansas City
1214-16-18 GRAND AVE.

Telephones: Home 6272 Main, Bell 1069 Main

Kansas City Book Exchange

BOOKS

Bought
Sold
and
Exchanged

715 Main Street

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Commercial State Bank

ROSEDALE, KANSAS

Capital and Surplus, - - \$23,100.00

LOANS \$100,000 DEPOSITS \$125,000.00

3 per cent on Time Deposits. Your account is Invited

OFFICERS.

MRS. M. Y. TRICKEY, President

B. M. BARNETT, Vice-President

E. W. SANDERS, Cashier

Bell, Rosedale 28 = PHONES — Home, Main 5610

SAMUEL CLINTON MARTY

Rosedale
LUMBER
Company

Dealer in Lumber, Shingles
Paints and all Building
Material



ROSEDALE, KANSAS
RALPH W. HAYS, *Manager*