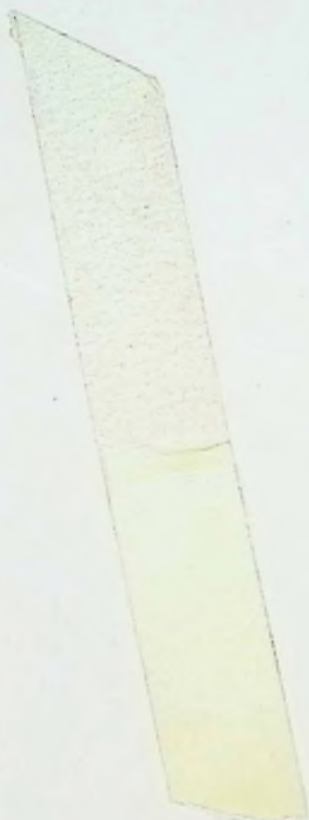


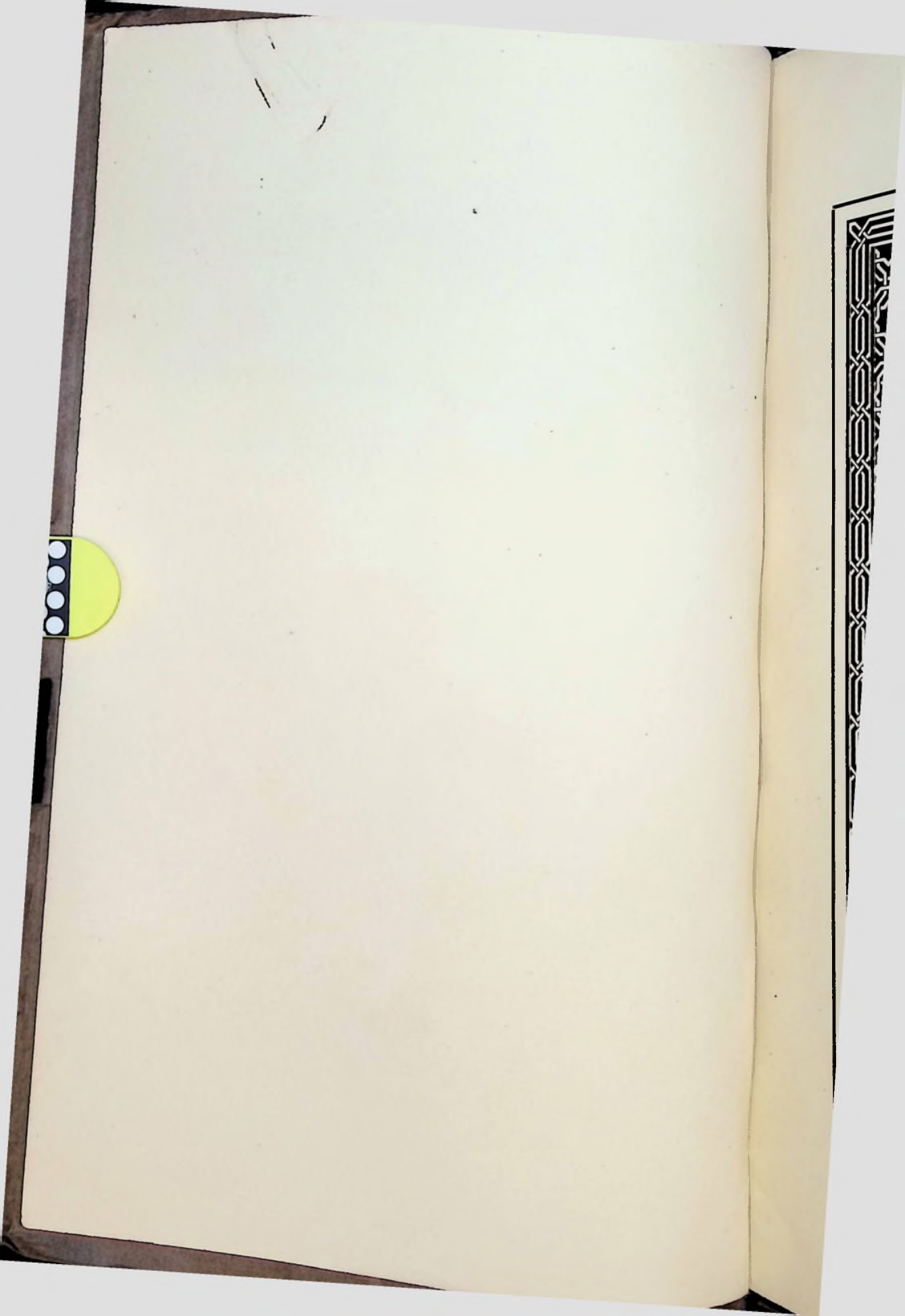
THE
ALHAMBRA
1913





Thomas S Vanasek





THE
ALHAMBRA
PUBLISHED
BY THE
STUDENTS
OF
ALHAMBRA
CITY HIGH
SCHOOL

THOS S VANASEK

To Our Superintendent

Mr. Nathan Franklin Smith

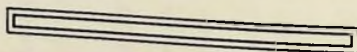
Whose steadfast devotion to the realization of his ideals for this school has been an inspiration, and whose kindly encouragement and affectionate sympathy have been a benediction, we dedicate The Alhambran.



NATHAN F. SMITH

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Business Manager.....	Malcolm Keith
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Faculty Representative.....	Miss Flora Jones



THE ALHAMBRA
PUBLISHED BY THE
STUDENTS OF A.H.S.

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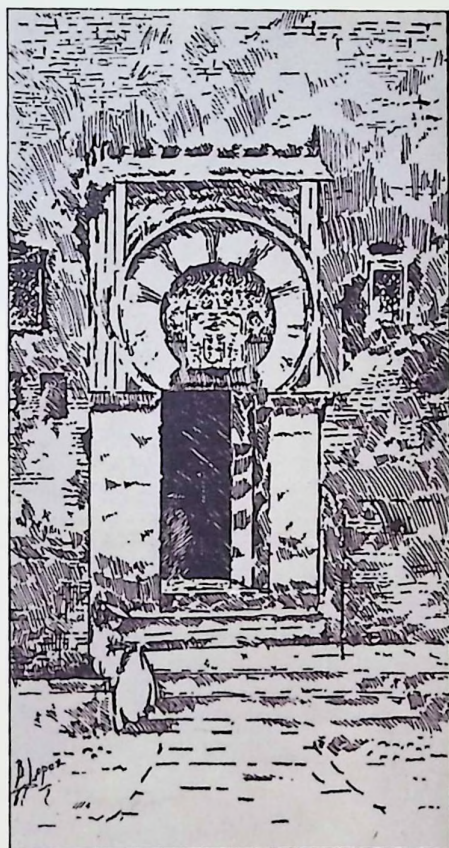
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CLASSES



SENIORS

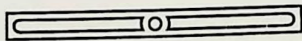
We are nearing the end of our high school course. Our remaining days in A. H. S. are numbered, and soon we will be going out into the world, not as children, not as high school students, but as men and women, and expected to do our duty in the world. But why argue, why think of such worldly things; why look ahead into the future, which none can truthfully foretell. Instead let us think of some of the things which have gone by. Let us remind ourselves of our happy days in Alhambra. We came here on September 13, 1909, as only Freshmen can come—meek and innocent as lambs, but after the first week things changed and our eyes were gradually opened. We elected our class president, Miss Bessie Rose. We selected our class colors, red and black. We made our debut into school society at the Senior-Freshmen reception given by the class of 1910. We had a few class parties during the year, the most notable being the trips to Eastlake Park and to the Cawston Ostrich Farm. Little did we do in athletics because our time was taken up in seeing new things and studying. We had discovered at the end of our Freshman year that we had been presented with a gift which was priceless, and that gift was our loving class teacher, Miss Blount.

Before we realized it our eyes were opened wider and wider and we were Sophomores. We elected Albert Amis class president. A Sophomore's life is supposed to be full of hardships, but ours was not, due, perhaps, to the encouragement received from Miss Blount. We ranked high in scholarship in our Sophomore year. We played an active part in school athletics, won the attendance banner, and had the honor of having twelve new members join us during our Sophomore year. We had many class parties and enjoyed every one. The Sophomore year will be cherished by the class of 1913.

Of course, when we were Juniors we thought we were about "it" until the Senior board of control was formed. Clarence Davidson was elected class president. We were busy and worked hard in our Junior days. We did not have as many parties as before, but when we did have one it was enjoyed by all. We certainly took the palm

when it came to Morning Talks in our Junior year. We had representatives on the school teams and we won the first inter-class track meet by the overwhelming score of 64-27 and received a box of apples and a box of candy, given by Mr. Taylor. The girls of the class showed their appreciation of the male endeavors and gave a 6 o'clock dinner at the home of Miss Nairne. The banquet we gave the Seniors was a fitting climax for our Junior year.

Now we are Seniors—forty-three of us. Time has certainly snatched the four years away and now we are on the home stretch. We have tried to do our duties as Seniors and hope we have succeeded. Our Class President for the Senior year is Don Raybourn. The Student-body president, Clarence Davidson, '13; Captain of basket-ball team, B. Batz; Manager of baseball team, T. Kirkpatrick; Editor-in-chief of the Annual, F. Supple. We had four men on the basket-ball squad and five on the baseball team. You can readily see that we have representatives in all student and athletic activities. The number of class parties has been limited, as we had to uphold our standard in scholarship. A skating party was given us by the juniors and a pleasant evening spent. We won the inter-class track meet by a large margin. The girls gave the gentlemen a "spread" at the home of Lois Dunbar and every Senior boy will say without hesitation that the Domestic Science course has certainly worked wonders. Taking the four years in A. H. S. as a whole, they surely have been enjoyable, and Miss Blount certainly has done her share in making our years pleasant. Farewell, A. H. S.; we shall be gone, but you shall not be forgotten.





Don Raybourn
President



Edyth Roath
Vice-President



Orma Travis
Secretary



William Graham
Treasurer



Rudolph Prince
Sergeant at Arms



Marie Thielmann



Margaret White



Hazel Fox



Nellie Boyce



Albert Amis
Executive Committee



Tom Kirkpatrick



Margaret Sharpe



Leone Prichard



George Wirth
Yell Leader



Lois Dunbar



Marguerite Arostegui



Clarence Davidson
Pres. Student Body



Catherine Wichman



Malvina Lopez



Clarence Hatch



Viola Roath
Vice-Pres. Senior
Control



Fred Supple
Editor-in-Chief
Annual



Baptiste Batz
Pres. Senior Control



Mildred Schaer



Olive Wingit



Orena Hoyle



Louise Sexton



Earle Hendriksen



John Lansford



Esther Ekholm



Linnie Shull
Helen Wilson
Thos. Vanasek

William Jackson

Ruth Brownson

Ruth Webber

Mabel Stewart

Joyce Kline

Howard Pease

Walker Abbey
Gertie Waters
Ethel Johnson

JUNIORS

Our class has also grown in size this year. We came back to work in September with fifty-seven members. Mr. Taylor has proved himself to be an able class teacher, for members of the other classes are planning to come into our class next year. We have proven ourselves worthy in all respects. In athletics, we have the best baseball players in the high school, and although we were not well represented in the track meet we have had a reliable player on the basket-ball team, and if it were not for the Juniors, baseball in A. H. S. wouldn't be. In literary work we are rapidly forging ahead. Did you notice in last year's Annual that the best stories were written by Juniors? This year we expect to keep up the same record, if it is possible, though we would hate to have a monopoly on any one thing. Ask our teachers who the best students in the school are and generally they will answer "THE JUNIORS." We are well represented on the staff of the school paper, which is another mark of our literary ability. In Morning Talks, we have set the record for the school. Our class is also very sociable, though we do not believe in taking the needed time from our studies by frivolous parties. We have a very interesting class in many other ways, also. Mr. Harriman is always talking Socialism, Mr. Gillies will always argue any question if you give him half a chance, Miss McLain will defend The Right on every occasion; several of the members are good singers, and we have several representatives in the orchestra. Mr. Overton, our class president, is well fitted for his position, for he is not only popular with the girls, but he has the knack of saying the right thing at the right time.

M. FULTON.



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SOPHOMORES

Well, another year has passed away, leaving us wiser (?) and gayer than ever.

We certainly made the other classes "sit up and take notice" this year, for the "Century Class" has been represented in every school activity.

We were well represented on the basket-ball and baseball squads, and we made a good showing in the inter-class track meet.

Our class party, held at Walhalla skating rink, was a decided success. The members of the faculty were given an invitation to attend and several of them were present. The attendance was good (and so was the punch!)

Nearly everyone present "got on a skate;" in fact, a pair of skates, and skated or tried to skate.

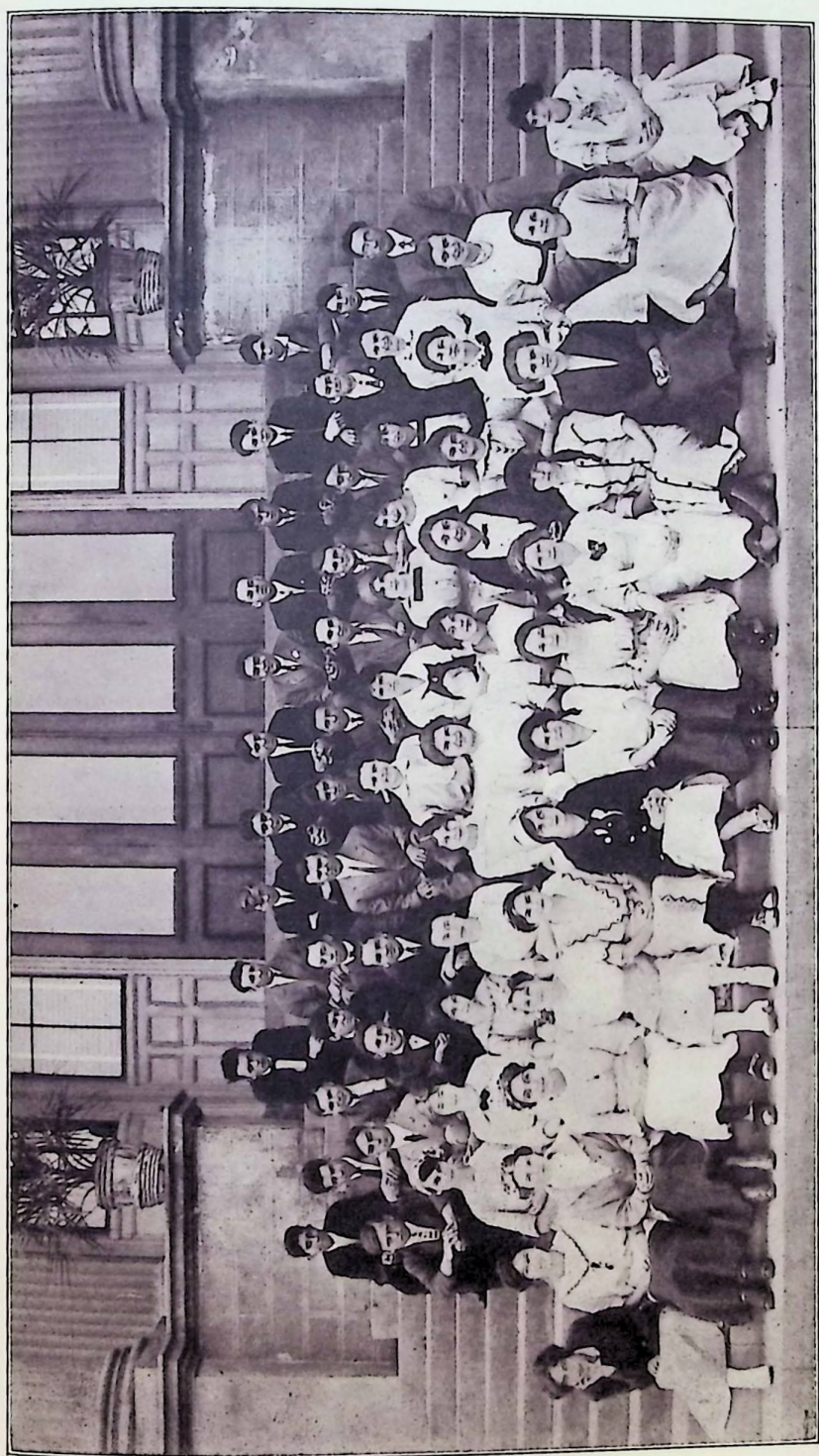
Mr. Gross, as well as some of the others present, found the evening's enjoyment "full of ups and downs."

We were well represented in the operetta, "A Nautical Knot," given April 11, by the Glee Club and Chorus, having six members of our class in speaking roles and also quite a number in the chorus.

We had the honor of providing the "Queen of the May" for the May Festival held on the 16th of May. About thirty of the girls of the "Century Class" took part in the exercises, dancing the "Highland Fling" and the "Sunflower Dance," and also taking part in some of the other dances and drills.

We wish to thank Mr. Gross, our class teacher, for the interest he has taken in all our activities during the two years we have been with him.

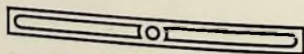
W. RIOS



FRESHMEN

A Freshman should worry like a trombone player and blow his own horn. Therefore, we will begin by announcing with a flourish of trumpets—or trombones—that we are the largest Freshman class in the history of Alhambra High School. At the very beginning of our career we were Routted, but our progress has been carefully Fostered and Swift. These were not the only factors in our Freshman year. Miss Gleason, Mrs. Severance and Mrs. Richardson also helped us on our way. So did Miss McDill, Miss Shropshire and Miss Bainbridge; and we owe a portion of our debt, too, to Miss Jones, Miss Mitchell and Miss Haig. Strange influences worked upon us. Mr. Taylor and Miss Berryman helped us to lay the foundation of sound bodies that we are told should accompany sound minds, and Mr. Bjurman and Mr. Barnett added the element of manual training for our boys. We are grateful to them all. During the year we had two class parties that we think were a little the best that any Freshman class ever had. There has been a fine spirit of fellowship in our class that we are proud of, and a proper spirit of loyalty to our school. Our average attendance has been good and the individual records excellent. We entered school with hopes high and close our Freshman year with ardor undiminished and with cheerfulness and confidence for the future. Good luck to the Sophomores to be, good luck to the Freshmen to follow.

MILDRED LEWIS, '16.





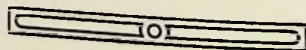
STUDENT BODY

The Associated Student Body of the Alhambra High School is about to complete its third successful year's work. The principal duties of this organization are to promote school spirit and to care for all athletic activities.

At the close of last school year we held an election, the following officers being elected: Clarence Davidson, President; Norton Silverthorn, Vice-president; Marvin Thomas, Treasurer; Thomas Kirkpatrick, Baseball Manager; William Graham, Basket-ball Manager; Thomas Vanasek, Tennis Manager; Norah Sweet, Secretary.

These officers have faithfully and willingly performed their various duties, with the result that this has been a very successful year for Alhambra High. Our President is a very good speaker and conducts the meetings in a business-like manner. He has on several occasions secured interesting and instructive speakers to talk to the school.

All of the members of the school who are assisting in this work are receiving training, in a business way, which will be valuable to them when they leave school.





CLARENCE L. DAVIDSON
President of the Associated Students

THE FACULTY

Forrest V. Routt.....	Principal
University of California.	
Charles E. Taylor.....	Vice Principal, Physical Director
University of California.	
Helen R. Bainbridge.....	Drawing
Syracuse University.	
I. W. Barnett.....	Manual Training
Purdue University.	
Clara M. Berryman.....	Physical Director
University of Wisconsin.	Sargent Normal School.
Andrew Bjurman.....	Woodwork, Clay Modeling
Technical Schools, Sweden.	Sloyd Training School, Boston.
Effie P. Blount.....	German, English
University of Indiana.	
Florence M. Foster.....	English
University of Chicago.	Cornell University.
Nancy M. Gleason.....	English, Latin
Oberlin College.	
Paul E. Gross.....	History
Moravian College.	Yale University.
F. Bertha Haig.....	Mathematics, French
Stanford University.	
Flora J. Jones.....	Oral Expression
University of California.	Boston University.
Marian C. Lucas.....	Domestic Science
University of Ohio.	
Alice McDill	Latin
University of Nebraska.	
Caroline Mitchell.....	Commercial Subjects
University of Kansas.	
Alpha P. Rasor.....	Chemistry, General Science
University of Nashville.	University of California.
University of Chicago.	
Mrs. Mary E. S. Richardson.....	English, Latin
University of Michigan.	
Mrs. Maude M. Severance.....	Spanish
Middlebury College, Vt.	
Georgia E. Shropshire.....	Music
Thomas Training School, Detroit.	
Susan G. Stokes.....	Chemistry, Botany, Physiology
Stanford University.	
Bessie M. Strange.....	Mathematics
Stanford University.	
Emeline A. Swift.....	Domestic Art
Stanford University.	
Helen F. Weeks.....	Mathematics, Physics
University of California.	



DEPARTMENTS

ORATORY

We have all entered upon the highway to fame as orators, for this year every member of the English classes was required to take a course in Public Speaking.

We quaked and trembled the first time we were called to the platform, despite the assuring smile of our teacher, and the distance seemed interminable from our seats to the elevation of the rostrum. Our time to speak came so often, however, that we became used to it in class work. But there still remained that "goblin that gets you" if you are an Alhambra student. It is known as A Morning Talk. This strange something pushes you up against your will to the platform "before the whole school," glues you to the spot and forces you to talk steadily for about five minutes while your heart makes frantic efforts to get into your mouth. It is something everyone enjoys but the one who is the victim; and even he has a peculiar sense of satisfaction as the applause of his fellow students marks the conclusion of the ordeal.

Stories of the great operas have been the most popular theme of The Morning Talks, and the operas were always illustrated with the phonograph records by the great singers, Caruso, Farrar, Calve, Homer and Nordica. We will not forget the morning last fall when Marjorie Fulton read from "Sesame and Lillies," and Esther Sharpe sang Rubenstein's "Thou Art Like Unto a Flower;" a Freshman's story of King Lear made us all anxious to see the drama; Norton Silverthorn's classy Thanksgiving Day Oration, and Clarence Davidson's great speech when the Peace Flag was presented, should go on the High School Records.

Norah Sweet distinguished herself by a wonderful talk on "Immortality," and Thomas Vanasek gave a scientific account of the "Ascent of Man."

Impromptu speaking has been a popular feature of the course, and Gray Harriman has become the "star performer." He gave the Memorial Day address before the school. It was an eloquent speech, entitled "Lest We Forget."

Class debating has been a part of the course and several students have shown themselves good material for a debating team. Here's hoping our High School will enter the Interscholastic League another year.



ART DEPARTMENT.

We have had a most interesting year of work under the direction of Miss Bainbridge. We have done some things that were very pretty in our study of color work, and crayon drawings especially. However, the creative spirit has been encouraged by the opportunity for doing original designs. We designed and "did" stenciling on linens for cushions, table covers and curtains. Book plates were designed and carved and our principal was given an original wood cut for his library. Posters have been designed for "The Nautical Knot," the operetta, the Senior play, and other affairs during the year.

The most important work of the Art department has been the designing and executing of the art work in the Annual. Mr. Vanasek deserves great credit for his careful and painstaking work on the title page, Mr. Gillies for the letter designing and contents page, and the other students who contributed good drawings for the Annual. Edwin Westberg and Belen Lopez, the art editors, are both students of the Art department.

MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

The work commenced in the Manual Training department one year ago has greatly increased. In fact, it has reached such proportions that the present quarter (which might be termed the "Mystic Maze") will allow no further growth or development. This year the boys began furnishing a model flat for the girls of the Domestic Science department. The dining room and living room furniture is to be mission style in fumed oak. The bedroom is to be furnished in myrtle, tinted a light orange. To the joinery and cabinet making that was started last year, two other important and highly instructive courses, wood carving and clay modeling have been added this year. The favor and interest with which all these branches of work have been received in the high school is shown by the number that have enrolled in the classes. To appreciate their value one must study the quality of the finished products, and watch the interest. Our greatest need is more room. The quality, quantity and interest have been raised to a very high standard. It only remains for us to broaden into other departments to make us second to no other school in the state.



GLEE CLUBS.

The Glee Clubs have been doing excellent work this year under the leadership of Miss Shropshire. The students have not been merely singing easy music, but they have also taken up selections from the masters and have rendered them well. The Girls' Glee Club sang once during the year, but the boys have evidently been a little bashful for they have not appeared on the stage at all. The crowning point in the year's work, however, was the production of "The Nautical Knot." The members of the combined Glee Clubs gave the entire performance. They proved themselves not only good singers, but also good actors, and the school was very proud of them. Mr. Rios deserves special praise. He took the part of the old sea captain and seemed perfectly at home. Often the audience was convulsed with laughter when he had some little puzzling episode and when he proposed to the "Belle of Barnstapole" everyone was delighted. Miss Shropshire has not only been giving the pupils instruction in sight reading, but she has also been giving them instruction in the fundamental principles of the beginning of music.

ALHAMBRA HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

We are glad to say that our high school now has a permanent orchestra, and are proud to have Miss Shropshire as our director. She has been untiring in her efforts and we all appreciate them and her direction. The work has been both enjoyable and profitable. During the year we have helped out at the Randall benefit, at a civics club meeting, helped furnish the music for May Day, for the "Nautical Knot" and the Senior class play.

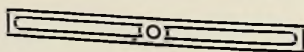


GARDENING

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow,
Silver Bells and Cockle Shells,
And Pretty Maids all in a row."

If Mary had gone to Alhambra High School her garden would have grown corn and beans. We grow things that pay most here. Each of the Freshmen taking the course has a plot of ground for his own use. After visiting several truck gardeners about Alhambra the boys decided what vegetables would pay best and each strenuously devoted himself to raising prize beans, cabbage, corn, or whatever seemed best to him. The vegetables are now being sold at market prices to grocerymen, and the school cafeteria; and he who earns the greatest profit will also win first prize in the school garden contest. The boys are working hard, and if you see a Freshman with a mammoth cabbage head in his hands be sure he's on his way to market.

The upper classmen have gardens, too; but they grow flowers as well as vegetables, and study plant structure, grafting and budding. They are more interested in how things grow than what they will sell for. At any rate, there are several students that promise to become experts at scientific farming.



HOME MAKING

COOKING.

The Domestic Science department of the Alhambra City High School is, like everything else in, connection with that splendid institution, of the highest excellency.

The laboratory is not a dark, damp room under the main building of the school, but is a two-story bungalow. It was originally a family residence, and when purchased by the School Board, looked very promising for its present purpose. It is within close range of the main building, has a pretty green lawn in front, and is surrounded by many beautiful trees. At the back and side is a charming rose garden.

On the main floor of the building is the laboratory, kitchen and pantry. A class of twenty girls can work together at the same time without any difficulty. Each girl is provided with a desk, containing all the equipment necessary for cooking, and a "two burner" gas plate.

The laboratory is so well supplied with light and fresh air that all work there becomes a pleasure.

The members of the Domestic Science class this year, under the guidance of their talented teacher, Miss Marion C. Lucas, have become both dainty and thrifty cooks. The class served a number of dinners, suppers, etc., prepared by the members themselves, which were a great success.

Although so much has been accomplished in this department, it still has greater hopes for the future. The upper story of this building is a five-room apartment, with hardwood flooring throughout; all that is lacking is the furniture. The furniture is being constructed this year in the Manual Training department, and next year we hope to have a "model flat."

N. M. S., '14.

SEWING.

The Sewing students have this year done the best work in the history of the department. Studies in designing, color combinations, and artistic "lines" have been made a specialty by our teacher, Miss Swift. The upper class students made winter dresses and summer dresses that were most becoming.

Costumes for all the school dramas have been made and designed by the sewing classes. Our department had the honor of designing and constructing the International Peace Flag which was presented to the school on Memorial Day.



THE MAY FESTIVAL.

One of the most interesting events of this year was the May Festival, given on the high school green on Friday, May 16. The beautiful lawn and the rose gardens were at their best and the true spirit of May made this day a real festival.

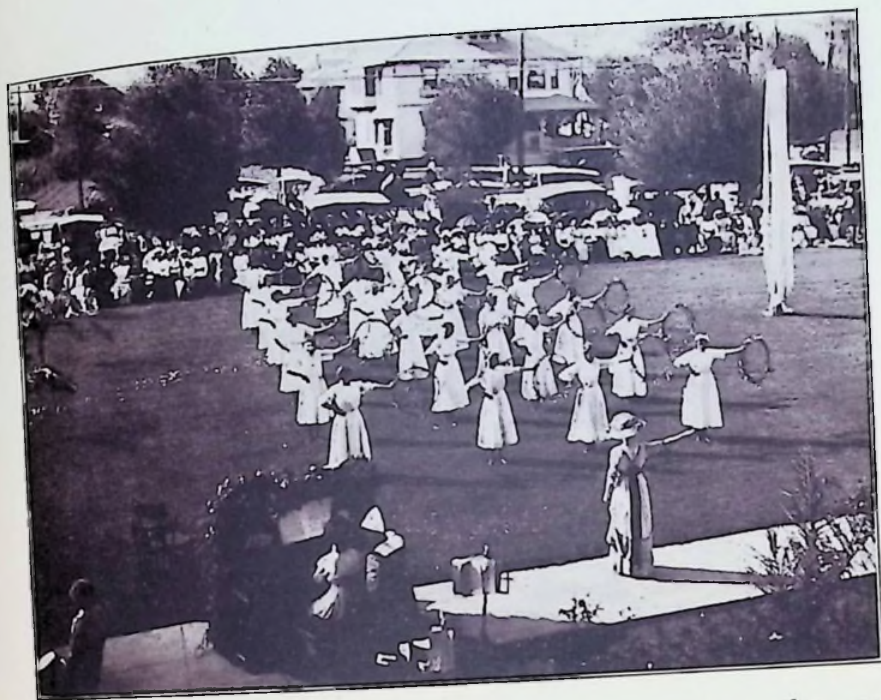
The gymnasium girls, led by Miss Berryman, were assisted by Miss Shropshire and the High School Orchestra and Miss Harriet Dunbar. Several hundred people occupied the bleachers and benches which had been arranged for the day.

After the overture by the orchestra, Miss Shropshire sang "May Morning" by Denza, which was heartily encored. A bugle sounded a call to the May and was responded to by the Festival March, led by three Seniors typifying the Wind, the Rain and the Sun, the three influences which bring May Day. The Wind was represented by Linnie Shull, dressed in white flowing robe with a white wreath on her dark hair; the Rain by Esther Ekholm, wearing a soft green robe and a green veil over her light hair, and the Sun by Orma Travis, wearing a yellow robe and yellow roses in her auburn hair.

Following the heralds came two little flower girls, dressed in white with pink sashes, ribbons and stockings, carrying baskets of rose petals on their arms. Behind the flower girls came the Queen's attendants, dressed in white, holding the streamers of the Queen's canopy; and finally the Queen herself, Eleanor Lowell, in her coach, sheltered by a canopy made of Cecil Bruner roses and ferns, and the crown bearer, Heloise Lysle, and the canopy bearer, Catherine Campbell. The coach was made of sixteen girls dressed in white, the corner girls carrying white parasols trimmed with bands of pink, which they slowly turned at the sides of the coach as they marched, "to make the wheels go round."

Following the coach, by twos, marched the girls in Dutch, Norwegian and Scotch costumes, interspersed with girls in white dresses carrying grace hoops, scarfs and bar bells trimmed with ferns and pink sweet peas and roses.

When the coach reached a point in front of the throne, the Queen descended and her attendants followed her to the throne, where they danced a simple Queen's dance, to which she replied and pirouetting was crowned Queen of May by Heloise Lysle, who placed a beautiful crown of white sweet peas upon her head. The Queen then ascended



to her chair, which was decorated with pink roses and ferns, the canopy was held over her and from this point she viewed the Festival of the day which was given in her honor. The programme included a Wreath Drill, Scarf Drill, Wand Drill and Hoop March by the Freshman girls in white dresses and Folk Dances by the Sophomore and Junior girls in Dutch, Norwegian and Scotch costumes. The Wooden Shoe dance seemed to give special pleasure, possibly because the costumes including the wooden shoes helped the girls to enter fully into the spirit of the dance.

Miss Berryman had two other surprises for us besides Miss Shropshire's solo; these were the Flower Dance by Leone and Thelma Prichard, which was very beautiful and graceful, and the Sunflower stunt by Theresa Weeks, Myrna Northrup, Aletha Allen, Martha Stransky and Clara Sanford, who were costumed like sunflowers and imitated the only motions of which a sunflower is capable.

The enthusiasm with which the High School boys and girls sang the Flower Song, by Geo. E. Oliver, and co-operated in all the preparations was evidence that the May Festival was a school affair.

Three May Pole dances, two by Freshman classes and the last by fifty girls, with orchestra accompaniment, completed the programme. Then followed a social time, during which the faculty entertained our guests and Miss Lucas and her assistant served punch.

The appreciation of our guests was so cordial that many expressed the wish that the May Festival might become an annual Alhambra affair.

A FRESHMAN SYMPOSIUM.

EDITORIAL

Never before in the history of the High School has there been such real school spirit shown as this year. School spirit has been evident not only at athletic games, but in intellectual departments as well. School spirit in athletics, school spirit in scholarship and harmonious class spirit—these constitute the Alhambra spirit.

Through the untiring efforts of Mr. Smith and with the approval of the Trustees, we have at last obtained a long-felt need, that is a school cafeteria. For such a new project the service has been excellent and the prices low. The students have responded from the opening day and supported it well financially. Let us hope they continue to do so, as only with their hearty co-operation can it exist. The opening of the cafeteria only goes to show the consideration the Trustees have and their desire to provide the best for Alhambra students. We appreciate it.

Our labors on the "Alhambran" are over. Every member on the staff has worked faithfully. You, the students, contributors, advertisers and faculty have enabled the publication by giving us your support. We have endeavored to make the Annual representative of Alhambra High. We hope you will find in this paper the spirit of high ideals and earnest endeavors; of loyalty and honor that characterize the student body and faculty of Alhambra.

The resignation of Mr. Smith came as a dark cloud into the clear sky. We never entertained the thought and consequently the retirement came as a complete surprise to all. Prof. Smith came to Alhambra unheralded, but soon made himself dear to all who had the pleasure to know him. He came here when the Alhambra school system was in its infancy and through his own endeavors and clear foresight has given us today a model school system of which Alhambra is justly proud. The community at large will surely miss Mr. Smith, but his loss will be felt most keenly by the students of the Alhambra schools and those connected with school work. Good-bye, Mr. Smith; your jovial disposition, your high ideals, your ability and last of all but not least, your "Good Morning Folks" leaves a big gap to fill. We wish you the best of luck in whatever fields you may enter, and may happiness attend you.

وَلَا إِلٰهَ إِلَّا هُوَ

CHRONICLES

OF

ALHAMBRA

HIGH SCHOOL

FOR

THE YEAR

NINETEEN

THIRTEEN

وَلَا إِلٰهَ إِلَّا هُوَ

Don G. G. G.



Society for the year in Alhambra High School has taken the form of class parties. Class spirit is strong in our high school, and the joy of revelry has led our classmates to the "Wall halla's", to the groves for the out-of-door picnics, and to the homes of students and teachers in more than one memorable event.

SENIOR "WEENIE" BAKE.

The first party of the year was held October the third in the Arroyo near the homes of Marjorie Nairne and Clarence Hatch. Nearly the whole class were present to enjoy the potatoes baked in the ashes, "weenies," marshmallows and apples. The great feature of the evening was the new game introduced by Margaret Sharpe.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY.

The second party of the Senior class was held at the home of Lois Dunbar, Saturday evening, December the fourteenth. All of the class were dressed as children, with the exception of Miss Blount, who was dressed as the old woman in the shoe. George Wirth made a very impressive Santa Claus and distributed toys to everyone from the large Christmas tree.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

Miss Viola Roath's engagement to Mr. Russell Gillman of Pasadena was announced at the Wednesday Afternoon Club House December the seventh. The club house was decorated very appropriately, and delightful refreshments were served. Miss Roath's youngest brother made a very charming Cupid.

SURPRISED FRIENDS.

Miss Gladys Sikes of the Junior class and Mr. Karl Hovey of '11 surprised their many friends and were quietly married December 21, at the home of Miss Sike's parents on South Third street.

RUMORS.

There are rumors of several more engagements among the Senior class members. Miss Margaret White and Miss Mable Stewart are among those mentioned, although their engagements have not been formally announced.

MEMBER OF FACULTY ENGAGED.

It appears that also the teachers are getting the habit, for Miss Lucas' engagement was announced at a very delightful affair at her home on Commonwealth avenue January 8th. Mr. Charles R. Garvin is the fortunate young man. The lady members of the faculty and friends of the bride-elect were present.

JUNIOR CLASS PARTY.

We rejoice to say that the Juniors have started a more social time, and do not study quite(?) so hard as they did at the first of the year. December 17th the Juniors held their first class party of the year. All those present were in fancy costume, and progressive dominos were played during the evening, for which prizes were awarded. Miss Weeks, Mr. Bjurman and Mr. Taylor represented the faculty.

FRESHMAN CLASS PARTY.

The Freshmen held their first class party in the gymnasium January 31st. Eighty-five of the 106 were present besides Mrs. Severance, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Strange, Miss Swift, Mr. Smith, Mr. Routt and Mr. Taylor. Progressive games were played throughout the evening. Ernest Supple won the first prize.

SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY.

Friday, April 11th, the Sophomores held their first class party at the Wallahalla skating rink. We found Mr. and Mrs. Gross, Mrs. Severance, Miss Haig, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Bjurman were all expert skaters.

JUNIOR ENTERTAINMENT FOR SENIORS.

The Juniors entertained the Seniors April 17th at the Wallahalla skating rink. It was one of the merriest parties of the year, showing the good spirit between the two upper classes after the pennant affair. The representatives of the faculty were Miss Haig, Miss Blount and Mr. Taylor.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY.

The Seniors held a party at the Wallahalla skating rink March 28th. Even the Seniors lost their dignity and were noticed limping for several days afterwards—Even Miss Blount.

JUNIOR CLASS PARTY.

On May 17th Mr. Taylor entertained his class at his home on South Garfield. Progressive games were played. Norton Silverthorne won the first prize and Bertha McKay the second. After the games a short musical program followed. Miss Shropshire gave three vocal solos, Bertha McKay and Mrs. Heney gave piano solos, and Miss Marjorie Fulton gave a recitation.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY.

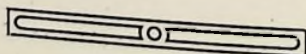
May 17th the girls of class '13 entertained the boys of '13 at a banquet at Lois Dunbar's home, in honor of the winning of the annual track meet. Don Raybourn, the class president, acted as toastmaster. Toasts were given by Miss Nellie Boyse, Miss Viola Roath, Miss Leone Prichard and Mr. Baptiste Batz, Clarence Davidson, Albert Amis, George Wirth and William Graham. Decorations were in the class colors.

FRESHMAN CLASS PARTY.

The Freshmen held a party in the gymnasium May 30th. About sixty from the two Freshman classes were there besides Miss Gleason, Miss Strange, Miss Blount, Miss Lucas and Mr. and Mrs. Routt. Various games were played and delightful refreshments were served.

FACULTY PARTY.

The women faculty members formed an impromptu organization at the beginning of the year which some one of their number christened the "Lafalots." A jolly college spirit characterized the "spreads" of these professionally dignified people. The "red letter" days of the club include evenings at the homes of Miss Gleason, Mrs. Severance and Mrs. Richardson, and a Valentine dinner at the Domestic Science dining room.



The operetta, entitled "The Nautical Knot," was given by the Music department early in the spring. Miss Sexton made a charming "Belle" and her beautiful voice was heard to advantage in the pretty lyrics of the operetta. Mr. Havener, Mr. Cooper and Miss Prichard also did some very pleasing solo work. Waldo Rios made a hit as "Bill Salt," a jolly tar from the ship the "Bounding Billows"—a ship with the merriest crew that ever came safe into port. The operetta was based on a clever little plot whose main interest centered about Julia, the Belle of Barnstapole, and other maidens of the port, with artists rivalling sailors for the affection of the fickle maidens.

The operetta was given April 11th in the Auditorium. The following is the cast of characters:

CAST OF CHARACTERS (OPERETTA).

Julia, Belle of Barnstapole.....	Louise Sexton
Nance	Leone Prichard
Barnabas Lee, an Artist.....	Charles Cooper
Joe Stout, Mate of Bounding Billow.....	Lee Havener
Bill Salt, Sailor.....	Waldo Rios
Jim Spray, Sailor.....	Don Raybourn
Ned Bluff, Sailor.....	Irving Rhoades
Jack Brace, Sailor.....	Thomas Kirkpatrick
Delia	Marjory Fulton
Daisy	Myrna Northrup
Dora	Bonnie Ferguson
1st Artist.....	Smith Lee
2nd Artist.....	Emmitt Varney
3rd Artist.....	Albert Amis

SPANISH PLAY.

The Spanish play, "Zaragueta," had its performance June 13. The play is the first Spanish play given by the Spanish department of this High School, and was a great success.

The program was augmented by Spanish dances by Leone and Thelma Prichard, and by vocal solos in the pretty Spanish music.

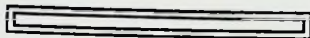
RESUME.

The Spanish comedy, "Zaragueta," is the story of a young man who goes to Madrid to college, begins to gamble, and borrows a large sum of a money-lender. This money-lender is Zaragueta. Carlos, the young student, is afraid to tell his people about his debt. He returns home, pretends to be very ill, and says that he must have money for

an operation. Zaragueta arrives on the scene and there is a laughable mix-up in which Zaragueta gets a shower bath which is intended for Carlos.

CAST.

1. Zaragueta, the Money Lender.....Joseph Jones
2. Don Indalecio, a Well-to-do Farmer.....Robert Johnson
3. Dona Dolores, His Wife.....Berniece Edwards
4. Carlos, the Nephew of Indalecio and Dolores, Who Has Fallen in
Debt Harry Slack
5. Maruja, the Niece Who Is Fond of Carlos.....Leone Prichard
6. Don Saturio, the Family Doctor.....Rafael Martinez
7. Pio, a Young Man.....Lester Moffet
8. Gregorio, a Servant.....Thelma Prichard
9. Perico, a Servant.....Claude Elsey



GREAT EVENTS

- Dec. 25—I received a diary book for Christmas, so I shall have to keep a record of what I do now.
- Jan. 4—Mr. Routt announced this morning in assembly that the combined Glee Clubs are going to give "A Nautical Knot." I just feel that it will be a success as it is the first big thing that the Glee Clubs have attempted.
- Jan. 6—Mr. Smith talked to us this morning on self-control.
- Jan. 8—Miss Lucas is engaged! Now I know why all the girls were crying this morning. We are going to lose a teacher this summer.
- Jan. 17—Mr. Bartlett talked on "New Social Professions" this morning.
- Jan. 20—Mr. Smith has a new Ford. I'm going to find out what his favorite flowers are and maybe his pet brand of candy.
- Jan. 27—Marian Davidson came to school with bangs this morning. I really believe the boys were right when they called her "Cutie."
- Jan. 30—Mr. Johnson sang "Mother O' Mine" this morning. I hope he sings again soon.
- Feb. 4—We had some of last year's Seniors back visiting today. They are not such a bad looking bunch after all.
- Feb. 7—The county secretary of the Y. M. C. A. spoke to us this morning and he promised the boys a Y. M. C. A. room in the new library.
- Feb. 10—A lady from the W. C. T. U. gave us an interesting talk this morning. The main point of her talk was this—"When the world has finished with the lunacy of alcohol it will also have finished with the lunacy of war."
- Feb. 11—Dr. Allan from Denver told us how to turn defeat into victory. "Dig!"
- Feb. 13—The next to the fastest typist in the world gave us an exhibition this morning.
- Feb. 14—Our girls' quartet sang for us this morning. One of the boys said afterwards that they are not only good singers, but are swell lookers. Wish I was a member of a quartet.

Feb. 20—Mr. Routt's baby took two steps this morning. Did you notice that two of the buttons were off the front of his coat? I did. I wonder if Mr. Routt wears the dollar-a-dozen kind of buttons. If he does it will be kind of expensive for the baby to walk.

Feb. 28—Miss Shropshire gave us an interesting and instructive talk on music this morning.

March 4—Miss Westcott was back visiting this morning. I don't see why so many people that come back have to keep reminding us that there are classes just ahead. Weren't they ever pupils?

March 13—Mr. Bjurman is married! Anybody else ready?

March 20—Dr. Hudson talked on "The Doing of the Hard Tasks" this morning.

March 19—What do you suppose I did? I went away and forgot to take my diary with me. I heard a fine lecture on "Our Forest Preserves" day before yesterday. It was illustrated, too.

March 27—We had a big rally for the game and Mr. Taylor promised us a whole week vacation if we won the game. We won and we get the vacation.

April 8—Mr. Routt sang for us this morning. Don't you just love to hear him sing. I do, I am sure, and I wish that he would sing every day.

April 11—The "Nautical Knot" is to be tied tonight. The scenery is just fine and I peeked in once and saw them practice, but don't you tell.

April 14—Just to show us how great a success the play was, Mr. Routt wrote words to one of the Nautical Knot's songs and sang it to us. The play was really fine, and we are so proud of Miss Shropshire that if anyone looks at her let them beware.

April 14—Mr. Routt read a petition in assembly this morning. About one hundred and fifty pupils had signed it. The pupils wanted the teachers to give a program for them and I really think that the teachers are afraid to get up on the platform.

April 18—The teachers tabled the petition. I knew that they were afraid of us after all. I bet they couldn't get up on the stage and talk if they had to.

April 23—We had the regular faculty ball this afternoon. I didn't like my card at all. But at such affairs one has to grin and bear it for it isn't polite to object to your marks.

April 24—Mr. Routt led the singing this morning. It seemed like old times to have him give out the number and lead us, but I hope Miss Shropshire will not stay away long.

April 28—We had a big assembly this morning. Mr. Taylor presented the boxes of candy to the classes for their work in the track meet. The Seniors got the big box of apples, though, but you know as it was their last year we felt as if we ought to let them win the prize. I never saw anything so funny in all my life as the boys appeared in their track suits. I cry still when I think of Mr. Obrikat. I didn't have a camera so I tried to draw the best picture of him I could. Miss Weeks, instead of having algebra the first period, let us listen to Mr. Harriman tell about the tennis tournament, and to Mr. Silverthorne tell about the ball game. I hope she does it again.

May 5—Mr. Routt gave Mr. Vanasek his medal which he won in the tennis tournament. Mr. Harriman wasn't at school today.

May 5—Mr. Batz asked the school for the support of the Senior play. I feel it in my bones that it is going to be a grand success.

May 6—The boys received their medals the other day for the Y. M. C. A. relay race. One of the boys ran several laps and Mr. Routt said he wished he had several medals to give him.

May 9—We had a fine talk about Immortality this morning, by Miss Sweet. She certainly has set the standard for speeches in public. Mr. Harriman received his medal for tennis this morning. Speaking of Mr. Harriman makes me laugh. One of the girls has become socialist since she met him and he doesn't care for her. Poor girl.

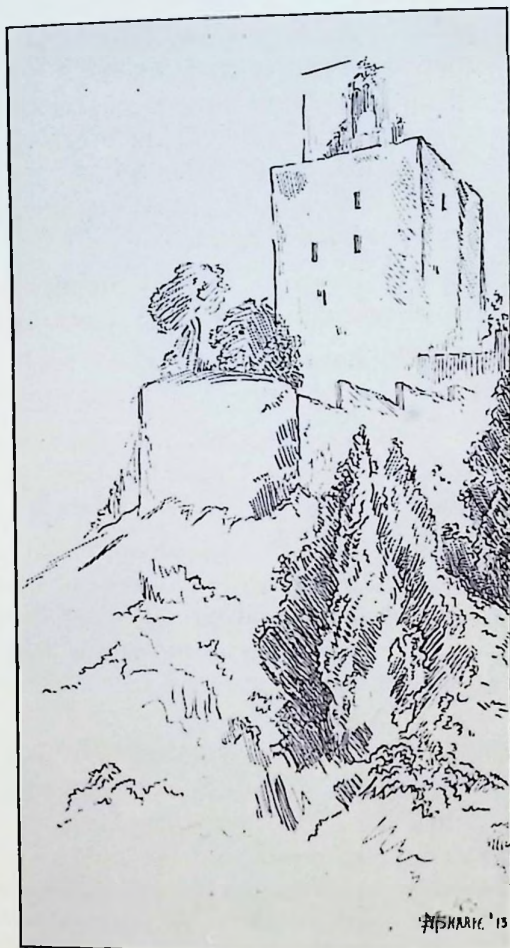
May 12—Mr. Routt praised all the Seniors this morning for the Senior play. It was fine; I laughed at Mr. Preston and his bride until I cried, and then I saw Hawkins and Molly and I cried some more. Mr. Routt said the Seniors are the only ones who have cleaned up after a play and it's no wonder. Every one of the Senior girls is going to get married, it looks like, and Dame Rumor says even the class teacher is engaged. No wonder they are neat.

May 13—How do you like the Russian blouses the girls have been wearing for the last month? I think they are too cute for words. I told mama I was going to have one and she said she thought I would look cute indeed, in one.

May 15—Have you tried the new cafeteria yet? They are serving fine soup. As soon as the line commences to form you hear some one yelling for hash or "spuds."

May 21—Mr. Routt promised the boys a handball court if they have the ambition to build it themselves. I think they are too lazy to do it, but maybe I am mistaken.

May 22—Olga Steeb is to play for us tonight.



TOURNAMENTS

BASKET BALL

Our Basket Ball record is a story of great achievements from small beginnings. The season opened with only one boy playing upon the team who had played the previous year. The rest were novices—in other words, raw recruits; they needed yet to become seasoned veterans through a series of hard conflicts. The team was the lightest in the league. We lost often, it is true; but more than winning or losing we established for ourselves a reputation of playing clean basket ball.

Coach Taylor—Mr. Taylor was not exactly a player, but anyone who worked so hard and so steadily endeavoring to make a winning team ought to be ranked in the hall of fame with the heroes. Owing to his steady coaching and daily practicing he wrought one of the roughest bunches of basket ball players into one of the best and fastest teams, so we all look forward with expectation to the coming year when we will have not to deal entirely with new material, but can begin with a few who know the game.

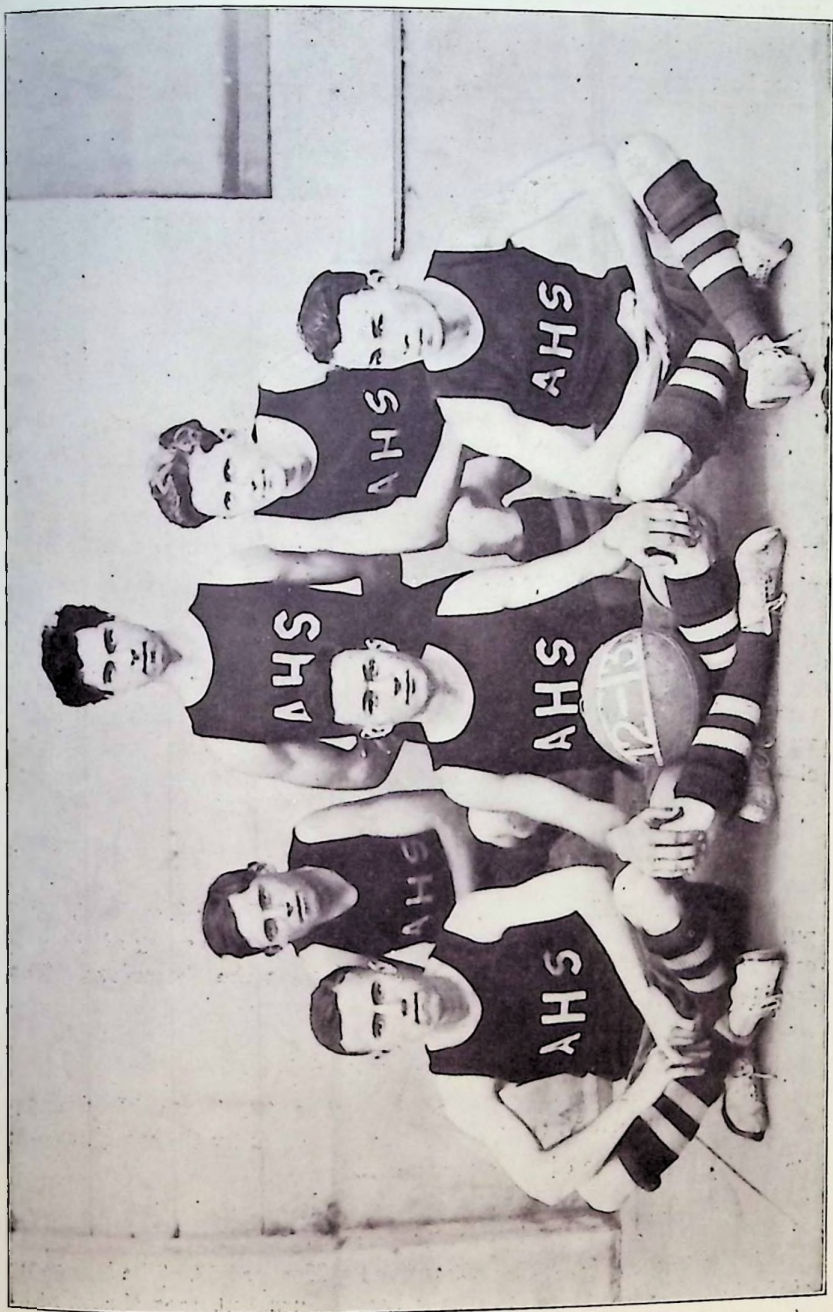
Captain Batz—He alone is the only one who played for the Lavender and White the previous year. A great deal must be said for his steady head and never-failing nerve wherever it was required. Batz was not only a captain in name, but a captain in reality.

Manager Graham—It can be said to his credit that he did more than any other individual to get the support of the whole school behind the team. It has always been a question to my mind whether he wore out the knee caps with which he was wont to adorn himself more at playing basket ball or begging for school support.

Ernest Supple—The youngest of the two famous brothers can certainly deem it an honor to wear the "A" seeing that he is but a Freshman. We must not forget the part he played in making baskets and it is to be hoped that he makes more of them next year.

Fred Supple—The big brother certainly sustained his family reputation and between him and his brother there was a constant rivalry.

Clark—Certainly deserved his letter if for no other reason than that play he made in the game with Gardena High when he threw a basket while lying upon his back. We regret very much that he will not be with us next year.



Amis—Certainly did his best and kept up to that high-water mark that his class has established in athletics this year.

Don Keith—Well, it was Don; words fails me. You all know Don; he was there everywhere, heart and soul.

1st Game—Dec. 7.

Alhambra vs. Pasadena—Alhambra 33, Pasadena 18; first game of season; good team work and fine support by the school.

2nd Game—Dec. 14.

Alhambra vs. Monrovia—Alhambra 15, Monrovia 17. As the score indicates, it was close. We had the first half, but were beaten in the last half.

3rd Game—Jan. 15.

Alhambra vs. South Pasadena—Alhambra 12, South Pasadena 42. We were rather unmercifully handled. Considering where we were playing, we had good backing.

4th Game—Jan. 18.

Alhambra vs. Glendale—Alhambra 33, Glendale 26. Whole school turned out to see game. Our boys covered themselves with glory; it was by far the best game of the league. Glendale beat Burbank, the champions of the Suburban League, twice; Glendale also secured second in this league.

5th Game—Jan. 25.

Alhambra vs. Long Beach—Alhambra 24, Long Beach 57. We put up a good fight the first half, but the steady team work of the veteran team soon obtained a lead and we lost to the champions. The largest crowd of the year turned out.

6th Game—Feb. 1.

Alhambra vs. Santa Monica—Alhambra 27, Santa Monica 44. Again our team fought well, but were outclassed by the weight, team work and experience of their opponents.

7th Game—Feb. 8.

Alhambra vs. Harvard—Alhambra 24, Harvard 27. The last game of the league. It was close and really was ours, but upon the point of victory it slipped from our grasp.

TRACK

We did not do much in track this year outside of inter-class meets. But it must not be forgotten that we did more than our part in the Y. M. C. A. cross country relay. A few of the boys received medals there.

There was a great deal of interest displayed in the inter-class meets. Much good material was discovered. If we decide to enter into track activities, and it is to be hoped that we do, with a little coaching no one could be able to tell what might develop from the material which we now have. Havener, Waring, Ned Overton, Ensworth, Don Raybourn, Striffler and many others made good. The Seniors won the inter-class meet.



In tennis we have made an excellent showing this year, winning in practically every tournament we have entered. Mr. Harriman held first place at the beginning of the term and Mr. Vanasek the latter part.

The most important meet of the season was held at Ojai. Alhambra was one of the four out of the thirty-two schools that played in the semi-finals.

The County Tournament was held at Long Beach May 4th and completed at Pasadena May 14th, in which Vanasek and Harriman carried off the medals for second place in the men's doubles.

Mr. Vanasek's excellent work will be missed next year, but Mr. Harriman undoubtedly will fill his place most capably. There were no girls representing A. H. S. until the latter part of the year; then Miss Schaer and Miss Allen played in the County Tournament at Long Beach. The big tournaments of the year were:

OJAI TENNIS TOURNAMENT, APRIL 23-27, 1913.

Doubles.

Harriman and Vanasek won from: L. A. Polytechnic H. S., 6-4, 5-7, 6-3; Harvard Military Academy, 6-1, 6-1; Y. M. C. A., L. A., 6-3, 6-2.

Harriman and Vanasek lost to Santa Monica in the semi-finals, 1-6, 7-9.

Singles.

Vanasek lost to Barber of L. A. H. S., 1-6, 1-6.

Harriman won from Oxnard, 9-7, 6-0.

Harriman lost to McCormick, L. A. H. S., 0-6, 4-6.

L. A. COUNTY TENNIS TOURNAMENT, MAY 3, 1913.

Men's Doubles.

Harriman and Vanasek won from: Pasadena H. S., 9-7, 7-5; Brendle Inst., 6-2, 6-3; L. A. M. A., 6-1, 6-3.

Harriman and Vanasek lost to: Barber and McCormick, L. A. H. S., State Champions, 1-6, 4-6.

Harriman and Vanasek won two silver medals at Long Beach in this Tournament.



Men's Singles.

Vanasek won from Manual Arts, 2-6, 6-2, 8-6.
Vanasek defaulted to McCormick, L. A. H. S.

Girls' Singles.

Miss Schaer lost to L. A. H. S., 6-3, 5-7, 4-6.

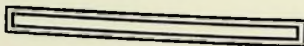
Girls' Doubles.

Miss Schaer and Miss Allen won from Hollywood, 6-4, 6-2.
Miss Schaer and Miss Allen lost to L. A. H. S., 0-6, 2-6.

Mixed Doubles.

Mr. Harriman and Miss Allen lost to P. H. S., 3-6, 3-6.

In Ojai Tennis Tournament we came in among four schools out of the thirty-two that had entered, in men's doubles. In the County Tennis Tournament we came in second out of fourteen high schools that had entered in men's doubles.



BASE BALL

As we look back over the year in baseball it appears that the Fates did not grace us with their good will. In the slang term of the diamond, the line-up was swell, but it was not doped out right. Of course, we are sorry we lost, but the boys played good ball and they deserve all of our praise. The school also gave good support. Let us now turn our eyes to the future. We regret very much for baseball reasons that three of the team graduate, but we all agree in giving them the glad hand at their own victory and hope that they make good plays in the great game that they are about to enter.

Coach Taylor—As he has done in basket ball he also did in baseball, and that was to make himself a credit to Alhambra. We all appreciate his perseverance in driving the boys to practice. Anyone who knows Mr. Taylor (alias "Prof.") know that what he believes worth doing is worth doing well; for example, he gave us our team.

Captain Silverthorne—Has ably fulfilled his position as captain of the team and more than done his duty in the box, but we all expect this of "Nort," and humanlike that we are, we shall continue to expect more next year.

Manager Kirkpatrick—Speaking of high finance, why do you know that it takes a financier to manage a ball team? But Alhambra has one of them of which she may justly be proud and that is Tom. He has proved that you can place baseball upon a business basis.

Don Raybourn—He has caught good ball this year. He is one of the lucky three, therefore he will not be with us next year.

Ed. Westberg—I guess we had better call him phenomenal. Who ever thought Ed. could play ball? Well, he really does, and this year as a Junior he makes his letter. He very materially helped the battery, and next year we have a right to expect big things from him.

Don Keith—Has been keeping first base under his arm this year and he appears to have a hunch that he is going to hold onto it next year. You know he is rather stubborn like a donkey in many things.

Overton—Has been batting with that war club of his like a very Indian. He also has ably held down second.

John Lansford—Sometimes known as Jerry, has been playing excellent ball. Baseball seems to agree with him; perhaps it is because this is his last year.

R. Prince—The name certainly is fitting for he is more than a crown prince at ball, especially at short. But alas, Ruddy also leaves us for new conquests and may he be a prince among men as he has been a prince among us and as he is a prince in name.

Fred Supple—How the great expectations of many a man have been crushed as Fred's iron grasp clenched the leathern sphere. He has done great work in the field and may he do greater work in the new field which he will enter next year.

Frank Simons—Has played great in the fly department this year and has ably supported his team in those undecided moments when everyone is holding their breath and crying will he get it? Of course he will.

Francis Pease—Has made good this year and it took him only a year to do it in, so we expect a great deal from him next year.

Maynard Reynolds—Has been aiding the team by his steady fielding and it is from men of his caliber that we hope to make a winning team next year.

We were in the A Division of the County League. There were sixteen high schools in the league and these were divided into two divisions, A and B.

Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	March 29	U. S. C. Preps.	Alhambra
3		1	

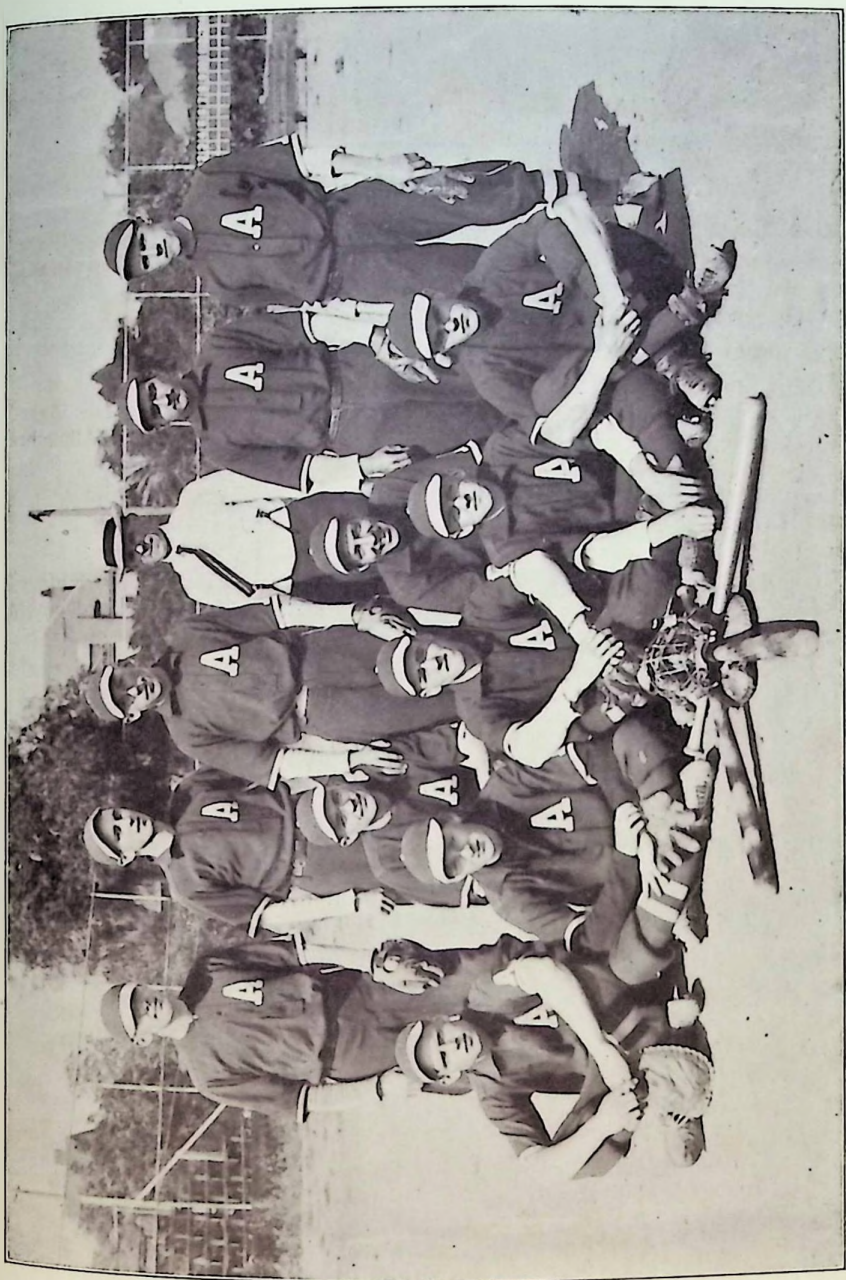
First League game of the season. We had nine hits to their four. Norton pitched.

Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	April 5	Harvard M. A.	Harvard
6		4	

Westberg made good. We made twelve hits. They received 6 hits; Fred Supple made three of our hits.

Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	April 12	Pasadena	Pasadena
5		6	

Nort pitched a fast game; it was ours until the sixth inning, then they took the lead and we could not break through them, so they pulled out ahead of us by one run.



Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	April 19	Glendale	Alhambra
2		7	

Westberg pitched a good game, but they were too fast for us.

Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	April 26	S. Pasadena	S. Pasadena
14		7	

Norton pitched a superb game. We outclassed them in every way. They tried three pitchers, but could not stop our slugging.

Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	May 3	U. S. C. Preps.	U. S. C.
1		3	

Nort pitched. Their pitcher struck out fourteen of our men. He was a demon.

Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	May 10	Harvard	Alhambra
8		5	

Nort pitched. We knocked their pitcher out of the box in the first inning.

Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	May 15	Pasadena	Alhambra
6		9	

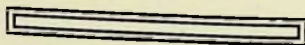
We played at their request upon Thursday after school. Was a fast game and we had good school support.

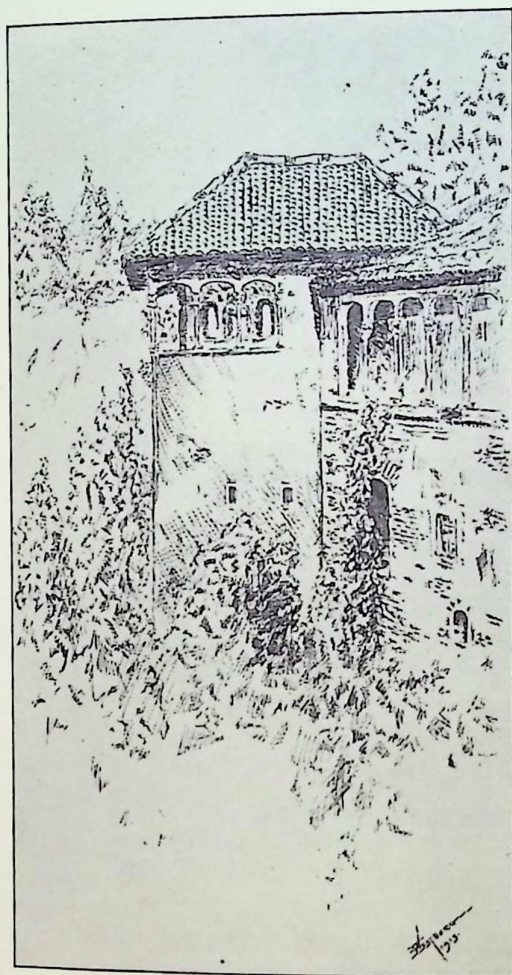
Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	May 24	Glendale	Glendale
4		5	

This put us out of the running and dimmed our hopes for a place. It was by far the best game of the season. A battle of pitchers. We knocked their pitcher out of the box.

Home Team	Date	Visiting Team	Place Played
Alhambra	May 31	S. Pasadena	Alhambra
3		10	

Westberg pitched. Our team was badly crippled owing to the absence of two of our players. This concluded the season.





SONG & STORY

Calm, Storm and Calm



WE started about three o'clock in the morning from our hotel at Lucern to visit the opposite side of the lake. Expecting to be gone about three days, we each had our sleeping bag and parcel of food. Few people were awake in town as we passed through the gate and crossed the bridge. This bridge, so well known by its carvings of the dance of death, was truly awe-inspiring. More than once I found myself unconsciously moving to the other side of the bridge as the grotesque arm of some carved monster seemed almost to reach out in warning toward me. It was indeed with a sigh of relief, that I at last came out of the dark bridge.

We were now well started on our tramp, and as we expected to reach the top of the first ridge by sunrise, we did little talking and much walking. Just as we reached the top of the ridge, the sun rose in all its splendor above the mountains. Never had I seen before, and never do I expect to see again on this earth, such a glorious sight. The sun rose, not as a powerful god, but rather as a dainty, sparkling fairy. Above the mountain, long, flashing streamers of rich color heralded the sun's arrival. These streamers gradually melted into a harmonious blending of all the colors of the rainbow and then a rosy golden glow seemed to suffuse the heavens. Again streamers appeared, but this time they were darting swords of fire and then—slowly creeping above the horizon came the golden sun. Not fiery red, as I have seen it in other countries, but a great, flashing, golden ball. We all held our breath as we saw the sun mount higher and higher, and the colors fade away; then we turned and started on. Words were not needed.

As we walked through the cool, green forests, the animals frequently crossed our path, for it was still early enough that the wild folk were not yet hidden. Now a hare would bound across our path; now a bunch of frightened partridges would spring up from a clump of bushes just ahead of us. Once we saw several chamois on the high crags opposite us.

At noon we stopped in a little glen, and while one of us gathered wood, the other whipped a near-by stream for trout. I firmly believe that this is the only region where one can always be sure of trout for a meal, if a stream is near.

After a slight rest we started on and reached our camping place a little before night. Little time was spent before the fire that night.

We were only too glad to roll up in our bags and get to sleep. To those who are not accustomed to sleeping out in the open, a night in the mountains of Switzerland would indeed be full of unseen terrors. For some time a deathlike stillness that is more terrible than sounds haunts the night, then the wild ducks are heard crying to each other as they fly over the lake. Then a deer is heard cautiously moving around the camp.

In the early morning we started for a short expedition down the shore of the lake. It was a difficult walk, and many a time we were forced to pick a careful way down steep cliffs of lime stones. Every now and then we felt a hot puff of wind from the southwest. As these intervals became shorter we noticed that our guide became nervous. He said nothing to us, but merely went along a little faster. By noon the sky had become gray and the puffs of wind had ceased. After our hurried lunch the guide pushed forward with great speed. After an hour's walk or so a sudden strong wind started from the northwest. Walking became very difficult and our positions were often perilous. Now and then deafening peals of thunder shook the rocks and we were forced to stop, and cling like leeches to the cliffs. The sky became so dark that we could hardly see, but the guide would not stop. Fitful gusts of rain fell and our progress became painfully slow. At last the storm burst in all its fury. Thunder crashed incessantly and the darkness was illuminated by glaring flashes of lightning. The rain fell in torrents, and below our feet we could hear the wild dashing of the waves on the cliff. In mortal terror, we clung to the cliffs but our guide would not stop. Just as we gave up all hope of surviving the tempest we came to the end of the narrow ledge on which we had been creeping. Expecting to be dashed against the rocks by the breakers, imagine my surprise to step on the sandy beach. The guide knelt down, and crept through a small hole under the ledge on which we had been walking. What a pleasant relief indeed it was to be shut out of the wind, the stinging rain, and to feel a sense of security. Our guide produced a candle from somewhere and lighted it, revealing to us a low, narrow cave. At every crash of the thunder we would see the candle flicker and almost expect the roof of the cave to fall upon us. The terrifying nearness of the waves and yet their distance, appalled us all. For more than an hour we sat huddled in the cave holding our breath at each peal of thunder and turning pale when an exceptionally loud crash deafened us. The roar of the waves sounded closer, and suddenly the guide sprang up with a muttered exclamation. Water was pouring in the little entrance! Taking the candle we crawled farther back in the cave. At last we were stopped by a strong draft of wind which extinguished the candle. All attempt at relighting it were futile. The wind was too strong. How long we sat here expecting to feel the cold lap of the water, I do not know. All at once

we were able to see each other clearly, and just ahead of us was a wide entrance into the world again. We carefully came out of the entrance and looked around. We were evidently on the side of a mountain. Everywhere were seen the effects of the storm. A river of water was cutting a channel for itself in its mad rush toward the valley. Over to one side was a tree blackened and cut in twain by lightning. A rumbling noise was heard, and we turned apprehensively to see what was causing it. A huge boulder, loosened by the rain, came crashing down, taking all before it. We looked up. The sun was shining as brightly as in the early morning and the only signs of the storm were a few gray clouds which were hastening toward the south.

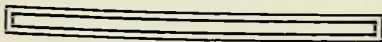
We were only too ready to follow our guide when he suggested that we return to our camp and see if anything was left. The descent was indeed precarious, and more than once a firmly rooted tree or shrub prevented a long slide over rocks and in mud. With a sigh of relief we reached the trail once more, but nothing was seen of our camp or provisions. There was little rest for us that night, and in the morning roast ducks were our only food. We did not look forward to our return trip with the pleasure, which we had, when we started out. Few of Nature's folk were seen or heard except a few ducks. In one place the trail was obstructed by fallen trees and huge boulders. It took an hour's hard climbing to regain the trail again.

We were nearing the top of the hill from which we had seen the sun rise only two days before, when I seemed to slip. I tried to catch myself, but instead I slid all the faster. I came up with a bump against the top of a tree. Sitting up I was much surprised to see my guide rising beside me. It took several minutes for me to realize where I was, as the wind was blowing so hard that I could hardly open my eyes. I felt as if an earthquake were tearing down the mountain under me. Mud rained apparently from the sky. Sharp stones cut my face and bruised my body. I saw a mountain moving and then I realized that I was the one who was moving. I tried to stand up, to stop myself, but all to no avail. The noise around me was deafening, but even above this mysterious sound I could hear the steady pound of the waves. Where I was rushing with such rapidity I did not dare to think. My feet hit something which refused to move and instead of stopping, I turned somersaults down that rolling, rushing, slippery mass of earth and stones. The roar was increasing every moment and I saw huge boulders come so near to me that I almost felt them crush me. Where were my friend and guide in that awful descent? Like a shot from a gun I was suddenly flung out into space. Then I dropped with terrifying rapidity. I shut my eyes expecting to be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Instead I kept dropping, dropping, dropping. Then icy water closed over me, but I did not seem to stop falling. The next I remember is coming up splashing and spluttering from my icy

bath. I was caught in the limbs of a tree and hindered from swimming in that cold water! I knew I would soon freeze if I did not move, but try hard as I could I was not able to free myself. My legs felt numb and I was unable to move my arms, when I heard a shout. I opened my eyes and saw a boat approaching me. I was drawn up into the boat though I felt it not. Kind hands rubbed me and slapped me to restore circulation. We reached the shore and I was lifted out of the boat, and found my friend and guide waiting for me. They had been more fortunate. The great slide had thrown them on top of trees, rather than under them, and they had been rescued sooner.

Never did any other town look so lovely to me as Lucern did that afternoon. The gray, broken-down walls seemed havens of rest and comfort; the tall sentinel-like towers were indeed a protection to me. The carvings in the bridge seemed to be dancing with joy at my safe return, and the sight of the shining vineyards and farmhouses nestling on the side hills brought great peace to my soul.

MARJORIE FULTON.



Handsome Is as Handsome Does



HE Cutest Girl kicked her Mary-Janes against the leg of the table on which she was perched.

"But I tell you I haven't got a case on him," she cried peevishly (for the Cutest Girl does not like to be crossed in anything.)

"Well," said I, "If it's not a case, please tell me what it is. You've stung poor old Bob about once a day ever since the Athlete took you to the Senior play. First thing you know he'll quit coming back for more."

"Don't care if he does," answered the Cutest Girl; which provoked me because she is an under classman and consequently young and foolish.

"I suppose," I said sarcastically, "that the Athlete does not want you to go anywhere with anyone else—Bob, for instance—while you're going with him."

Here the Cutest Girl colored and I saw that I had guessed right.

"W-e-ll," she said slowly, "I don't think it looks very well for a girl to go with different fellows all the time. I—"

"Oh! so that's the kind of talk he's been handing you, is it? Do you think that he confines himself just to you? Just because he's a Senior he's turned your head completely; oh he—"

But the Cutest Girl became angry and denied all of this.

"I guess if I don't want to go places with Bob it's my affair!" she ended, with a wilful little toss of her dark curly head.

"But after you and Bob have been such good friends for so long, to drop him in this way—why, what I can't see is, how you can think more of a fellow like the Athlete than you do of Bob. When did Bob ever try to monopolize you, and not even let you play tennis with the other boys? To be sure, Bob doesn't play first team and he's only a Sophomore, but he knows how to do all the little things that really count, as you'll have to admit. And, my dear, I know the Athlete as well as you do, and he's as self-centered as all-get-out. I should think you would know that by now—while Bob is a perfect dear."

"Of course Bob is all right," she admitted reluctantly, "but he's not classy like the Athlete. O, you just can't know what a keen fellow he really is. I—I like him better than any fellow I ever knew."

"You don't!" I cried. Then because she is at least a year younger than I, I took her by the shoulders and shook her. But because she

is still quite a baby, she told me that she thought I was "as mean," and ran out leaving me to fume away alone.

It really is enough to make anyone fume when you see a big handsome Senior chap making a fool of a silly little thing of a Sophomore; especially when the Sophomore is the prettiest (to say nothing of the dearest) girlie in the school.

I know the Athlete well enough to see through the hero glamour that clings about his handsome person. Of course he has a lovely yellow pomp, blue eyes, and the handsomest shoulders and nose in school; but I have always had a habit of sizing people up for what is underneath. The Athlete for all his polished tones in the school room and his agile grace on the field is not only selfish, but he has some cruel little ways, and, even to me, has said thoughtless, unkind things which he hardly meant but hurt just the same. And although the Cutest Girl, as the one favored by his attention, was quite the envy of every other girl in school, I didn't like to watch the way he patronized her. I'm so fond of her and of Bob also, but I haven't told you a thing about Bob. He is just the dandiest youngster in school; he's not nearly so nifty-looking as the Athlete is; but he is the sort of chap who is never too busy to help the next fellow. He has played second team in every branch of athletics since he came to school; for he is always a little too light or a little too slow for the 'varsity. But there is something so attractive about Bob that things like this can make no difference to those who really know him. I have known him nearly all my life, and I have often seen him be just as nice to an old lady or to a little child as he is to the Cutest Girl.

As I said before, Bob and I are old friends; but he is quite a youngster, being barely seventeen, while I will be eighteen before September. So I called him in one day (to get some fudge) and told him that he ought not stand being treated so. But he only grinned ruefully and said that he—didn't "care much."

"You do, too!" I said, "and what's more, the Athlete is spoiling the Cutest Girl. She's beginning to think the under classmen are 'way beneath her. If you'd watch your chance you'd get to show her how much nicer you can be than the Athlete; for she notices little things and remembers them, as I happen to know."

"Well, Heck," grumbled Bob, as he prepared to take his leave, "it seems to me I've been nice to her ever since; but all the thanks I get are—well, maybe you know. Of course, I think a lot of the Cutest Girl; but I'll be hanged if I keep turning the other cheek forever, especially while she's being queened all over the campus by another fellow. That's too much!"

Bob rode down the street with his pockets full of my fudge and his mind full of a resolve not to take my advice. But because he had

such a nice grin and such frank grey eyes I was not so much out of patience with him as I might have been.

So Bob began to leave the Cutest Girl entirely alone and worked himself thin trying to make the baseball team. The Athlete purchased a beautiful suit of steel grey with a Norfolk coat and lovely English trousers, and also won everything in sight at the inter-class track meet. The Cutest Girl spent much time in study hall either composing or reading long epistles which she exchanged with the Athlete at the foot of the stairs. And I—well, I was quite busy, but I'm writing this story so my affairs aren't so important.

Then—and this was very near the end of the school year, in fact scarcely a week before a big baseball jollyup—one day the Cutest Girl gave a Morning Talk. It was an ordinary Morning Talk (I forget whether it was the life of some genius or news about the Balkan war) different only in that the Cutest Girl was so much more frightened than most people are. I happened to be tardy but slipped in and sat down in the Sophomore section just in time to see the Cutest Girl shakily mount the platform, and to hear her chum gasp, "O, she's forgotten her notes!" "But," I said, "no matter," because she had told me that she could actually say it backwards. She did start out bravely enough, clenching her fists and trying to keep her bright eyes on the empty aisles; I was very sorry for the Cutest Girl but she reeled off sentence after sentence until her worst fright had passed—and then she forgot! I'm not quite sure about the order of what happened next but the Cutest Girl searched frantically in her sweater pockets for the paper her chum was holding then cast one wild appealing look about the room.

There was silence for a moment. Then somebody laughed—a hard cruel laugh. It was the Athlete. Lots of other people joined him; but at the same instant I heard a voice say, "Gimme those notes!" and Bob sprang down the aisle. He handed her the paper, silenced the tittering Freshmen with one look and returned to his seat. Of course everybody stopped laughing. I hadn't laughed myself. I was much too busy watching Bob and the Athlete.

After assembly, the Cutest Girl cried in the locker room and it took quite a number of us to comfort her; but all she would say, was, "O—wasn't that—just—classy—of—old Bob."

* * *

The Cutest Girl kicked her brogans against my porch railing. Her tennis racquet was broken and she had dropped in to borrow mine; also to tell me all about the new dress she wore to the baseball jollyup—"a perfect dream you know, white with a Nell rose drape—don't it sound adorable?" Bob lounged on the steps and chewed "Spearmint."

When they started off together with racquets swinging, I smiled to myself; perhaps because she looked so pretty in her middy blouse, with a careless braid of curly brown hair hanging nearly to her waist.

Suddenly Bob ran back for his ball and, pausing, grinned at me wickedly.

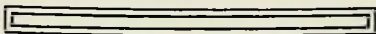
"Say, kid," he said, "it kind of strikes me that you overdid yourself a little trying to mend matters between me and the Cutest Girl."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," I answered, and rose to go in; because I scented something and although Bob is a dear boy he can tease better than anyone else in the world I think.

"Don't be in such a rush, Miss Peacemaker," he laughed, "all I wanted to ask you is—who is the Athlete going to take to the baseball stunt?"

"Oh," I murmured thoughtfully, (it would never do to let Bob think I was fussed) "the Athlete,—why—" and I opened the screen door. "Why—come to think of it, Bob—the Athlete is going to take me."

MARGARET SHARPE.



The Capture of Big Bill



AY, Bertie, come here; I wants to show yuh somethin!" Johnny beckoned impatiently with his short, stubby finger to a little boy who was watching a span of mules struggling wearily up the dusty road which led from the mines to the railroad.

The child turned slowly toward Johnny, who was eagerly studying a dirty, torn paper.

"Say, do yuh see that picture?"

"Whew!"

"Well, that's a prisoner tha's escaped from the prison, and if yuh catch him it says yuh get \$200.00."

Bertie's blue eyes grew big and round as he looked up from the paper to the older boy.

"Did he shoot anybody?" he asked in a whisper.

"I don't know what he did," answered Johnny, wrinkling up his forehead in the effort to read the crumpled page. "Anyway, wouldn't yuh jest like to ketch him?"

Bertie's eyes grew bigger still at this unlooked for proposal. "Wouldn't he—he—sh—shoot us?" he faltered.

"'Course not! Yuh ain't scared, are yuh? Because o'course—"

"No, I guess I ain't scared—I ain't scared o' nothin."

"All right then, come on. I know where your pa's gun is. 'Course we'll have to have a gun."

They ran into John Moore's shack, seized the heavy Winchester that stood behind the door, and set out down the steep mountainside. No one interrupted them, for the men were all at the mine; and Bertie's mother had gone to town, two miles away.

"John-ny," said Bertie slowly, after they had trudged up and down hill for more than half an hour, "ain't we ever goin' to find that ma-an?"

But the boy, who was quite a little distance ahead of Bertie, was dragging his gun along over the rough pebbles and did not hear him.

Bertie stumbled after his leader, along the dry, pebbly bed of a stream. Johnny walked wearily but doggedly on ahead, though his face was painfully red with the heat and climbing up the steep pathway.

The hills seemed to close in around the two little adventurers, and the gray, lowering clouds made the air more suffocating. There was not a sound in the dry scorched gulf, save the far away rumbling of the thunder, and the crunching of pebbles under the boys' feet.

"John-ny! Le's stop a while!" Bertie's voice was tearful. He made a spurt forward to catch up with his sturdy little companion; but his foot slipped on a rock, and down he went with a faint little cry.

Johnny turned and dropped the gun, which went off with a loud report. For a moment he stopped, then ran back to where Bertie lay.

"Oh, Bertie! Bertie!" he cried, "are you hurt? What is the matter?"

"I can't stand, oh!—ouch! my foot!" Bertie screamed as Johnny tried to pull him to his feet.

"What the—," growled a rough voice, and then it stopped.

The boys looked up frightened to see a tall, dark man in the rough dress of a mountaineer, looking down at them from a sharp cliff.

Bertie started up in terror, but sank back again. Just then there was a loud clap of thunder followed by a blinding flash of lightning. The tall man leaped over the rocks toward the children. He quickly picked up the smallest boy and grasping the other by the hand, he stumbled up the steep side of the gulch. Johnny, frightened by the thunder and lightning, and the rain, which now came down in torrents, felt himself half dragged up the steep way until they came to the top of the cliff. Here they were partly sheltered, and the man, releasing Johnny's hand, stooped to put Bertie down. But the child only clasped his arms more tightly about his rescuer's neck.

"Don't leave me alone! Don't leave me alone!" he cried, his voice rising higher as a brighter flash of lightning lit up the sky for a moment.

The man's frown cleared and his face softened, as he left the pressure of the small arms. He bent over and in a more gentle voice said, "It's all right, sonny. Just let me get my hoss out of the rain and I'll come right back."

He set the child down where he would best be protected. He had hardly stepped out from the shelter of the rock, before he heard the whinnying of his horse. He tied the shivering animal to a sapling and turned back again to the children, who were huddled together against the rock.

"Yes, he has the same big blue eyes, and yellah hair," he said softly, as he looked at Bertie.

"Who has?" asked Johnny, who by this time had somewhat recovered from his fear of the storm, and the strange man.

"My little boy," the voice was low and gruff.

He bent over Bertie. "How's the foot, sonny?" lingering over the last word.

"It's—it don't hurt—much." But he ended with a sob.

Another whinny from the horse. The big man started up, but Bertie's hand seized his.

"Where is your little boy?" he asked.

"At home," the man answered.

Suddenly voices and hoof-beats sounded above the stream. From around the bend of the narrow trail came two men, Bertie's father and a miner, carrying a large wet hat.

John Moore jumped from his horse, hardly seemed to see the man, but caught the little boy in his arms.

"Bertie! My boy!"

"Stand still!" The voice of the miner caused Mr. Moore to turn abruptly, with Bertie in his arms. He saw the tall mountaineer withdraw his hand from his belt, empty.

"Now, Big Bill," said the miner, only slightly lowering his gun, "your game is up!"

"Sam, what is this?" asked Mr. Moore.

"I knew him at first sight, sir; its Big Bill."

"Big Bill!" cried Johnny, staring, "why, then, we caught him after all!"

"But, papa, he ain't a bad man." Bertie looked earnestly into his father's face. "He tooked us up from the creek where the water came, and—and he's got a little boy like me."

His father looked from the white, set face of the man to the child in his arms. Then his eyes fell on the wet, torn hat in the miner's hand. It was Bertie's hat, where he had found it in the stream a few minutes before; he had wondered how he could take it back to the child's mother. Then the whinnying of the horse had led them here. He looked away for a moment in silence and then turned back to the man who stood like a statue, a grim smile fixed about the corners of his mouth. Mr. Moore held out his hand.

"Will you tell your little boy that his daddy saved another father's little boy?" he asked brokenly. "Of course, I can not repay you, but if you should ever wish to see me, I am John Moore, manager of the Rawhide Mine."

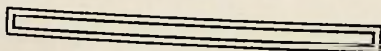
The miner glanced uncertainly at Mr. Moore, then stuck his gun inside his coat. The big mountaineer was silent for a moment, but his brown face worked as he grasped the hand that Moore held out to him.

"I have heard that the upper trail to Martin Corners is watched," Mr. Moore said. "If you go at once, the lower trail to Six Points is still open by the way of the Big Rock.

The man crushed Bertie's hand in his. He walked quickly over to his horse and leaped upon its back; then turning in his saddle he said, "Good-bye, sonny."

The group silently watched the man and horse disappear into the wet, gray shadow of the trees, far down the trail.

CATHERINE CAMPBELL.



Sir Roger at the Beach



URING Sir Roger's stay with me I realized the necessity of his seeing that great melting pot of the American people, a sea-side pleasure resort. So accordingly I determined on Venice as being both typical and easily accessible.

The next Saturday afternoon we walked up to La Senda station and caught an Oak Knoll car into town.

The experience of riding in a street car was exceedingly novel and enjoyable to the old gentleman. "Truly this vehicle moves with damnable celerity." "Delightful," and "What agent maketh it to progress?" were some of his frequent ejaculations.

He would stare fascinated at the rails when the car would round a curve and would be as pleased as a child with a new toy when the motorman, by shifting his controller, would vary the speed. Soon his eyes caught the signs overhead.

"Ivory 99 9-10 per cent. pure." "Let the Gold-Dust Twins Do Your Work." "El Camino Real Toilet Preparations." "Silverwood's, The Store With a Conscience." "Holeproof Sox," all had to be explained to him.

When we reached Los Angeles we went directly to the P. E. Station on Hill Street.

Sir Roger conceived a very great respect for the city police, upon seeing a policeman stop the entire traffic by merely blowing a whistle. Ever afterwards he always gave a salutation to every blue-coat we met.

We boarded the Venice car and got a seat in the open portion. Sir Roger, the novelty not yet having worn off, still commented on its strange devices.

Personally I was very much entertained by a woman who sat in back of me. She was evidently from New York, and was making the most of it. Her criticisms of Californians were very general and included our dress, manners, and morals.

"Really dont-cher-know, I wouldn't dare to wear this rag of a suit in little old New Yawk. It only cost forty-five dollahs." "Why just imagine, I saw a woman in the Alexandria grill in evening dress without gloves, fawncy now. Why dont-cher-know, some of these plays out here wouldn't be allowed in a New Yawk theatah?"

Sir Roger turned to me and said in a low, intense whisper, "The very spirit and image of the widow, such spirit, such modesty."

By this time we had reached the first of Venice's amazing canals, and Sir Roger's attention was again taken up by a motor boat going under the bridge. "The puffings and snortings of yonder craft, like those of some men are most unseemly," he remarked.

In a little while we reached the station. As soon as we got off the car I suggested that we go down to the beach while it was still warm so that we might see the bathers. He agreed and so we walked down the Plaza. Soon we came to a bright and cheerful place of business with the sign "Thirst Parlor" in front.

There were a great many men standing in front of it, so Sir Roger said the water must be of a good quality, and come to think of it, his throat was somewhat parched. I steered him away from the parlor however by saying that the drug store on the corner of the Plaza was famous for a certain cooling liquid. We went into the store and I treated him to a phosphate. This modern style of drink was most refreshing to Sir Roger and we continued on our way.

Sir Roger was very enthusiastic over the plunge and said that it made him feel a boy again to see the people disporting themselves. We walked to the beach and sat down. Sir Roger was very delighted with the ocean. He made various comments on the bathers. "There is a buxom lass." "Observe that forward wench." "There goes a well-built stripling." Seeing an exceptionally pretty girl, he began to recite some verses about Diana, but I changed the subject before he could get well under way.

Sir Roger sat here half an hour and then asked if there were any further curiosity.

I took him gently by the hand and lead him to the "Pike" again. "I will now show you a typical American institution," I said. We crossed over to the Neptune. "The Outlaw's Daughter," "Bobbie's Burglar," "The Lieutenant's Last Fight," glared at us from screaming prints. "By all means let us enter," said Sir Roger excitedly. I shoved two dimes to the presiding goddess and we were ushered to some empty seats.

The machine began to run and "The Outlaw's Daughter," passed by the National Board of Censorship, swept on the screen. This was whisked to one side and a man faced us on the screen. Sir Roger gave a startled "Oh" and stared with all his might. I have never seen a man so completely and thoroughly absorbed in anything as Sir Roger was in those films.

He smiled in rapture when the Outlaw's Daughter completely restored the interest in life which Jack Hart, the miner-sheriff had lost. He clutched my knee in an agony of fear, lest the Lieutenant

might not reach the pleasure-party in time to prevent the colonel's daughter from being massacred by the Indians. When the gallant Lieutenant had saved the day, but in saving it had died "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," I saw two big tears roll down his cheeks. When we rose to go he did not say anything but heaved a sigh far more expressive than words.

To liven him up I took him to a shooting gallery. He immediately became more cheerful, saying that he was considered the best shot in the shire. The guns delighted him but he couldn't for the life of him understand what made them repeat.

Walking on a little further we came to the dance hall. Here, probably more than any other place, you may find the different types of people. As we came in the band was playing, "To You Beautiful Lady," and playing it rather well. It was dark by this time and all the lights were turned on, making a pretty scene. Sir Roger crowded up close to the railing and watched the dancers intently. After a while he remarked that he had almost decided to give a side of bacon to the best dancer. Seeing that bacon was forty cents a pound I thought to myself that this wasn't as funny as it seemed. The next two-step the band played, "Oh, Mr. Dream Man," and Sir Roger stepping tentatively about on his toes remarked that he had always loved dancing, in truth always took a hand in it at home. After the band played, "I Want To Be In Dixie," he said that he believed that he would ask some lass to dance a step or two with him, pointing out two or three the looks of whom he especially liked. I gently, but firmly, informed him that it wasn't considered quite the thing, whereupon he replied that he could see no harm in it.

After a while we left the dance hall and continued our sight-seeing tour. Seeing a large ship-like structure he inquired what might be the name of the vessel. Whereupon I informed him that it was not a ship but of somewhat the same nature as a coffee-house.

As we were standing here a peculiarly husky and penetrating voice declaimed with singular emphasis, "The R-r-r-ide of all-l-l R-r-rides, The Vir-r-r-ginia R-r-real, R-r-r-right this way. Only ten cents." I decided that "The Ride of all Rides" was cheap at the price and invested. We were ushered into a large tub running on wheels and then were taken up a long incline by means of cogs. Then we started down. At this point my definite comprehension of things ceased and became simply a blurred impression of being bumped and pulled and jerked and beaten about in that confounded tub. Sir Roger didn't say anything audible until we had walked some ways up the pier. "Gadzooks," he said in a somewhat dazed fashion.

Nearly out to the end of the pier we came to a photographer's booth which had a various and sundry collection of photographs in

front of it. Sir Roger was much interested and insisted on being taken in Wild West Costume. He was mightily pleased with the effect his startling attire created and so expressed himself. He exclaimed "I shall certainly present this miniature to the widow."

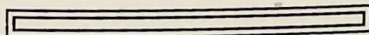
About this time Sir Roger began to experience a certain vacuity of feeling in the region of his waist coat and so I suggested dinner. Nearly opposite the dance hall we had observed an establishment whose sign informed us that it was "A Rendezvous for Nice People. Drinks With and Without Meals." Deciding that the first fact fitted us precisely we hied ourselves thereunto. Sir Roger ordered a large slice of roast beef and a pint of ale, and seemed himself more than he had before during the day. His conversation took on a delightfully reminiscent turn.

After dinner we strolled out to the wireless station. Sir Roger was mightily interested in the affair. The operator obligingly translated a few messages for us and Sir Roger was delighted.

By the time we had finished the rounds of the town the band had started up its evening concert. America was played with a great flourish of horns and Sir Rogers removed his hat and stood with bowed head. "God save the king," he murmured, not realizing that we had adopted the music to express our feelings of patriotism.

Sir Roger expressed the greatest appreciation of the pleasures he had experienced during the day. "I have had a most enjoyable day thank you sir," he said. He was too weary on his homeward trip to be curious about car lines or ways of travel, but dozed peacefully at my side till we reached the station.

MAYNARD REYNOLDS





THE KING'S



JESTER

COMEDY

With apologies to Mary's Lamb.

Lee Havener had a little "Case,"
He met her in the Hall;
She had to wear her Mary Janes
Because he wasn't tall.

And Scotty had a small moustache,
He wore it in the play,
And was so 'fraid he'd lose it
He quite forgot his "say."

Prof. Gross he had a History Class,
Their brains were very punk;
So every time he gave an Ex.
That class was sure to flunk.

Gray always had "impromptu spiels"
He dearly loved to say;
He used to write them up at night
And orate them next day.

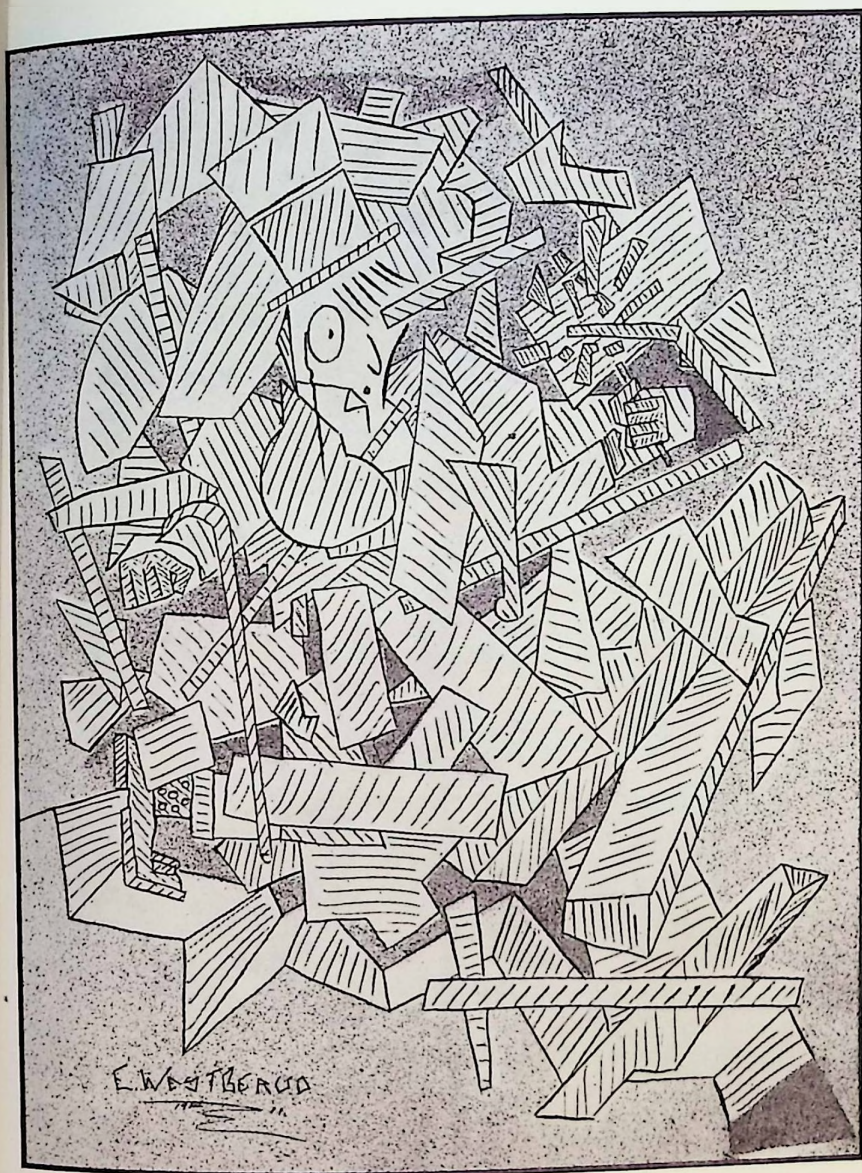
I had a great big hat,
'Twas much too big for me,
But I put on a Soph's big head
Where it fitted easily.

We had a skinny Junior,
As slim as any gun;
We took him to the track meet
And tried to make him run.

We stripped him, we rubbed him,
We got him all in shape,
But when he come to run that race,
He hardly reached the tape.

Alhambra, Alhambra,
We never did know it,
That our great school
Was minus a poet.

O come Muse in 1914.



DUDE DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE.

Owing to the great interest taken in the new and astonishing form of art known as the Cubist Art, and especially because of the interest taken in that most wonderful work of the cubists, Picasso's "Nude Descending the Staircase," we have at great expense (and boldness) on our part, persuaded our own cubist artist, Westberg, to paint a picture especially for this magazine. His attempt is crowned with success in a masterpiece entitled "A Dude Descending the Staircase."

This picture is full of feeling (likewise blocks). This picture (?) has been exhibited in all the leading salons of Paris, London, Berlin, New York and Alhambra. Therefore we take pleasure in submitting this masterpiece for your approval.

THE EDITORS.

Note.—This picture has been passed by the National Board of Censorship.

A Freshman who was a novice,
Dared to enter the office,
With grouches too many to mention;
This novice so bold,
Is now, I am told,
Doing Time in the hall of Detention.

Teacher: "What are the three words used most in the Junior class?"

Pupil: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Correct."

Miss Shropshire: "Why don't you come in on your note when I tell you to?"

D. Raybourn: "How can a fellow come in when he's lost his key?"

V. O.: "Say Don, see that girl coming down the street in that Balkan blouse?"

D. G.: "She isn't coming, she's going. Can't you tell the front of those things yet?"

A. H. S. Student at the Golden Gate:

St. Peter: "My boy, did you buy your school Annual?"

A. H. S. Student: "Yes."

St. Peter (half opening the gate): "And did you patronize the advertisers?"

A. H. S. Student: "No—I forgot."

St. Peter: "Go below, this is no place for you."

Scene, Staff Meeting.

Kieth: "I tell you what, we fellows must patronize our advertisers, or they won't advertise."

Silverthorn (under his breath): "Gee, I hope they don't have to patronize the Alhambra Undertaking Company."

"I got zero in Algebra today."

"That's nothing."

"What?"

"Zero."

—[Debating Annual.]

In Physics.

Miss Weeks: "If 32 is freezing point—"

B. B. (in whisper): "What is squeezing point?"

T. V.: "Two in the shade."

Wouldn't it seem queer:
If Mr. Smith should forget to say, "Good Morning Folks?"
If Mr. Routt never put his hands in his pockets?
If Mr. Taylor never moralized?
If Miss Weeks cut out slang?
If Miss Razor never said "Didn'tchu?" "Can'tchu?"
If Miss Gleason let you whisper in Study Hall?
If Mr. Gross should forget that he went to Yale?
If Miss Shropshire should give the number of the song loud
enough to be heard?

Cooper: "Say, how long can a man live without brains?"
Clifford: "How old are you?"

Elsworth: "Gee, this wind goes right through me."
Gordon: "Well, it doesn't have far to go."

Heinie (translating): "He took her in his arms—I didn't do
that, Miss Blount." (Meaning, of course, that he hadn't translated
that part.)

Sophomore (at noon): "Are you going up town?"
Freshman: "After a bit."
Sophomore: "I am going after a bite."

Scene: U. S. History class.

Mr. Gross: "The Congress meets on the first Monday in De-
cember."

Ruddy: "What if it came on Sunday?"

When the farmer caught the weasels,
"Got you safe," I heard him shout.
But the weasels took the measles
And they all broke out.

Optimist: "I am a great believer in the magic number of seven.
You will notice the word 'Success' has just seven letters."
Pessimist: "How about 'Failure'?"—[Ex.

An extract from one of Bill Graham's Freshman English papers:
"Without an education, you can't get rich nor go to heaven when
you die."

J. W. A. calls Miss Weeks "mama," but hastily corrects himself.



HEB STEERING
A HOT ONE BY SECOND



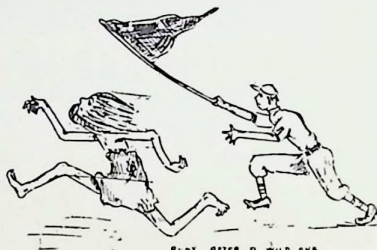
JURNEY RECEIVING BY
A TEEPE DRUGER



SUPPLY STEERING HOME



PORTER FISHES HIS HANDS OUT



BODY AFTER A WILD ONE



PORTER HAS A HIGH STANDER



PORTER 3-MONTHS AFTER
A FIGHT ONE



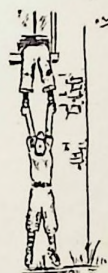
MAYNARD GETTING
A BURN ONE



TOM: IF
HARDLY THE
CAPTAIN
PERFECTLY



PORTER SAGGON CA
DOWN THIRD



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Miss Effine P. Blount—Seniors.
 Mr. Charles E. Taylor—Juniors.
 Mr. Paul E. Gross—Sophomores.
 Miss Nancy Gleason—"A to M" Freshmen.
 Miss Bessie Strange—"M to Z" Freshmen.

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Brownson, Ruth	Lopez, Malvina	Sexton, Louise	Waters, Gertrude
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Ekholm, Esther	Nairne, Marjorie	Sharpe, Margaret	Wichman, Katherine
Fox, Hazel	Prichard, Leone	Shull, Linnie B.	Wilson, Helen
Hoyle, Orena	Roath, Edyth	Stewart, Mabel	Wingit, Olive
			Webber, Ruth

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Crabb, Ione	Holden, Vera	McKay, Bertha	Todd, Glenna
Davidson, Marian	Hooker, Alta	McLain, Pearl	Walitzek, Marguerite
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Ferguson, Bonnie	Lillie, Gladys	Prichard, Thelma	Winget, Amy
Fulton, Marjorie	Macfie, Elizabeth	Shull, Florence	Wolford, Sarah
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Edwards, Bernice	Johnson, Greta	Page, Mabel	Wood, Florence
			Zak, Emily V.

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GIRLS.

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Anderson, Belle	Dessieux, Elsie	Leedy, Josephine	Sloop, Bertie
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Bell, Mary	Gauger, Della	McCawley, Ellen	Southworth, Ruth
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We desire to express our appreciation of the generous patronage given us by the business men of Alhambra. We believe that in representing the High School the Annual represents the best interests of the town and hope that the publication may always receive the support of Alhambra citizens.

THE EDITORS.

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H. Slack: "With his arms off."

Miss B. in Junior English (study, "Sir Roger de Coverly Papers"): "Who were the Mohawks?"

Mr. Raybourn: "They were Indians, weren't they?"

Beatrice M., to Clerk: "I would like to see some dresses that would fit me."

Clerk: "I would too."

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Pupil: "Sarcasm."

S. S. Teacher: "Now can anyone tell me what kind of people go to heaven?"

Pupil: "Yes'm, dead ones."

Mr. Gross: "What makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

B. M.: "It was built in the time of famine."

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Miss Weeks, in Geometry: "Can anyone give me a figure with two sides?"

E. L.: "A circle."

Miss Weeks: "What are the sides?"

E. L.: "Inside and outside."

Her father (as clock strikes 1:30): "Isn't that boy ever going home?"

Her mother: "Oh, I think so; he always has before."

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He: "Darling!"

She: "But you won't get it."

"Where did Andrew Carnegie get all his money?"

"Steel'n Iron."

Teacher: "Give me an example of artificial cooling."

Pupil: "Holding a Freshie under the hydrant."

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When he can say "nay."

"There was a lot of smuggling in the fur trade."
"What a skin game."

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