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THE REST OF THE FIZZZZZZ

Howard Hoff	Bevo
Rose Landis	Whistle
Lola Shirk	Root Beer
Harvey Brubaker	Belch
Velma Vaniman	The Cork
Frances Arnold	Owl
Velma Noll	Phosphate
Mrs. Mae Miller	Light Wine
Florence Landis	Tipsy

A sheet of paper first we took
And colored orange around it,
Printed large, "The Pop Bottle,"
And thought how fine it sounded.

And then we chose a gallant Staff,
With two big men to guide it,
Finished it on April First
And wrote this verse inside it:

"We made this all our very selves;
And such a lot of grief
We wouldn't take for anyone
Owl 'cept our chief."

THE WHY OF IT

In view of the fact that "The Campus Times" has been a complete failure this year and all years heretofore, we the Freshmen of this High-monkey-monk do herewith dedicate this edition "The Pop Bottle" to the faculty and students of LaVerne College, as well as to the ignorant public, and may its yellow sheet be preserved and held in high esteem by future editors. We will not be seriously offended if it is kept as a model for "The Campus Times" and, in fact, it is our suggestion that just such a thing be done. We admit that it is an excellent example of the most refined and highest type of literature. Its contents might well be classed with the works of such men as Shakespeare, Lamb, Dickens, and even that of Ernest Landis himself. You will find it well worth your while to read and re-read it from end to beginning.

We were with our Commissioner of Finance in his masterful statement when he said, "Give me whisky or give me death." Amen.

It is not our intention that you should read this paper to make light of it, but on the contrary it is our earnest desire that you read it in a very devotional and pious state of mind. E pluribus Unum. Et Tu, Brute, n'est pas. CHIEF.

HORRORS!!!

There are a few things which are going on around this institution which are contrary to all rules of discipline and order, and which we feel must be stopped. It seems that some people have no appreciation of conduct. A few days ago in chapel the students were utterly humiliated and mortified beyond exasperation to see Dr. Hoover sitting with his legs crossed in the presence of a distinguished visitor. Once he smiled outright, and to the horror and condemnation of all he drew forth a large red bandana and blew his nose most violently, thereof. Now some folks may think this is funny, but it is not. It simply will not be tolerated, and we are here to inform you that anyone committing such an act at any other insignificant dump would not be hibernated, but would be smuggled out of the institution with undue ceremony.

Last Wednesday, students in the classrooms were wakened from their maniacal dreams by the rattle of carriage wheels, the pounding of heavily-shod hoofs, and the invisible notes of "The Old Gray Mare" ushering forth from the lower regions of the gazook. An immediate investigation was made, and to the unintangible disintegrated unmanageable triangular tripod of a bugbearer, Prof. Brandt was found pacing up and down the floor behind a baby carriage in desperate efforts to put the baby to sleep. Symptoms of hydrophobia were in evidence.

It has also been rumored that certain fiends of the poker game have been burning the midnight oil behind tightly drawn shades. This explains the intelligent batting of the eyes at chapel hour each morning.

These things are degrading to the school and will not be phosphiliated any longer. We appeal to your sense of mustard plaster to make it impossible for such things to deteriorate, and as a last word we wish to impress upon your Adam's apple that anyone caught participating in such felony at any time in the future will be dragged before the suffering commissary appendix for further research on the theory of bughouse fables.

O CUPID!

The moon was glowing as it glows
On maiden young and tender;
The feeling growing as it grows
On gallant, tall and slender.
He took her hand, drew nearer still,
Words from his grasp were flowing.

He said it, though against his will:
"Tis time I must be going."
"Will you be back next week," she asked,
As girls are always doing.
"Oh, yes, I'll come next week," he said,
"But—I must be going—"

The moon is beautiful tonight—
I'll bet you that you're growing—
You're almost to my shoulder now—
But—I must be going.

Your eyes are pretty by moonlight—

Dad says that you're a wonder—
I'm glad you bobbed your hair all right,

But the ends are curling under—
It's getting colder all the time
It soon will be snowing—
Well, anyway, I wouldn't care—
Well—I must be going."

Poor fellow—well, his time had come,
He said, as day grew nigher,
"Er—may I kiss your hand?" She said,
"Aim higher, man, aim higher."

Happy—Is the editor particular?
Dale—I'll say he is! He raves if he finds a period upside down.

Druggist to Frosh—"Well, did you kill those moths with the moth balls I gave you?"

Frosh—"No, I sat up all night and didn't hit a one."

MEMORIES 9:30

There is only one feature about the musical program rendered by Prof. Haugh and his voice students that we did not understand. What made the knees of the second bass shake so violently? Perhaps they had an affectionate feeling toward each other.

Our coach's spouse is a real sport. She gave the students an exceptionally rare treat in chapel on Tuesday, March 11. No, it wasn't candy, ice cream or any such thing (that would not do in chapel). After Scripture and prayer she said, "That is all." The accustomed, "Now you ought to be more quiet," and "The Lion Tamers may return to chapel in usual fashion," were conspicuous for their absence.

If blue eyes were as dangerous in America as they are in Thibet, what would become of the brown-eyed folks? Demons have blue eyes.

What a lot of American women would be minus a nose, if they lived in Thibet! Women in Thibet are not divorced until their husbands bite off their noses.

What would happen if the woman were queen of the household in America as she is in Thibet? Some poor man would be in the same "fix" as Jiggs when he wanted to go out at night.

The story is told of a large Thibetan woman who married a small Chinaman. As the custom is in China when a man becomes angry with his wife, the husband picked up a chair and started to break it over the head of his wife. Instantly she picked up the table and broke it into splinters over his head. He learned that his wife was queen of THAT household. Boys, that's one disadvantage of having a wife bigger than yourself. Little fellows, beware of the size of the woman with whom you are casting your lot.

"If there is anything that gets on a person's nerves more than moving, it is preparing a chapel talk," says Coach Arnett. He believes in using "big clocks" instead of "small watches." One day the coach was moving his furniture. Since his clock was too frail for the dray wagon, he decided to carry it. It was such a short distance—only ten blocks. The weather was uncomfortably warm and he tottered under the heavy load. Looking around while stopping to rest, he noticed a man who had evidently been drinking something stronger than water, following him. Presently he caught up with the coach and exclaimed, "Why in the mischief don't you get yourself a watch?"

The auditorium has never been decorated as rarely as it was on March 17, St. Patrick's Day, as you all know. Greenery, from ferns and pepper boughs to Academy Freshmen's faces and outward array, flooded the room. Even the dignified (?) Seniors' faces showed some traces of green. Perhaps it was the reflection of the Frosh's faces who sat on the green carpeted stage. Nothing was more fitting for the occasion than the song, "From Greenland's Icy Mt." led by the greenest of greenhorns, unless it was the speech on "Why Green Peas Are Green."

Prof. Brandt (explaining a problem)—"Now, watch the board while I run through it once more."

Howard—What do you mean by telling Mary that I'm a fool?
Modena—Heavens, I'm sorry! I didn't know it was a secret.

While waiting in a railroad station I noticed Modena Minnich go up to the window, and say to the agent:

"Can you inform me if the 4:20 train has gone?"

"The 4:20 train went fifteen minutes ago."

"And when will the 5:30 be along, do you think?"

"That train will not be along for some time."

"Are there any express trains before then?"

"No."

"Any trains at all?"

"None."

"Are you sure?"
"Of course I am, or I wouldn't have told you so," yelled the agent.
"Then I guess," said Dena, "I can cross the tracks."

THE OWL FESTIVAL

The old midnight owl, such an elegant fowl,
Had a party one night you may know.
He gave his low call to the green freshies all
To come and partake of his row.

We gathered by two's, by three's, and by four's,
Till all had assembled quite well,
When deep in the wood, a great noise was heard
Which scattered us all thru the dell.

At last we returned and the party began;
We played, and we danced, and we sang,
Till the town clock struck one; Oh, boy, we had fun!
And we quit when the dinner bell rang.

We ate, and we ate, and we ate, and we ate
Till we could not have eaten much more,
Of nice juicy pies made from eagles left eyes,
And sandwiches right off the floor.

And then we adjourned, never more to return
To the owl's favorite sport in the wood.
With hearts light and gay we all strolled away,
And the moon beaming down as it could.

But now as you know all this is not so,
Prof. Miller was raving full blast,
For the freshies awoke and found it a joke,
They had snoozed in the English class.

—Owl.

Pat was a stranger to American dishes and had just been introduced to corn on the cob. After having eagerly devoured one ear, he passed the despoiled cob to his hostess with the quite natural request:

"Will ye please put some more peas on me stick, mum?"

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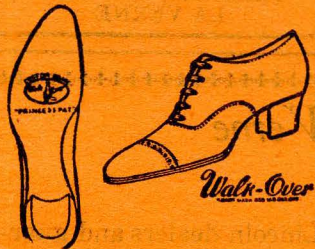
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FRESHMAN BARN PARTY

As barn parties have been rather few in this neck of the woods, the College Freshies thought that it ought not so to be. A time was decided upon, and Dale made a date in the office. So the favorable night arrived all decked with moon and stars, and the Freshies dressed in their keenest overalls and kippiest aprons made their appearance at the famous and antique barn of the College, which is located on the corner of Tin Can Alley and Bug Avenue.

This barn is the abiding place of the College goat, and as most of the class have hailed from large cities, only a few had ever seen such an animal. So straightway the procession was led to the pen wherein "Arathuza" was kept. Rose screamed and was frightfully afraid, but Dale, our brave president, opened the gate, walked in and seemed to feel quite at home.

Then came the ascension to the hay loft, where there was a large swing, and all took turns leaping into the air and lighting on their ignorant domes in the soft alfalfa hay. Auntie Mae was the star at this stunt, as she said she had practiced considerable in the days of her childhood.

Several bales of hay had been dragged across the floor, which made it slick (rather slippery, in fact). Then everyone put on imaginary skates and kept the floor hot, by the many and frequent tumbles. Lloyd Studie took the prize in this, as never in all his young life had he attempted the dangerous feat of skating.

As there beamed forth only one small light, the place was really quite spooky, so Howdy began to tell ghost stories. The barn creaked and many queer noises were heard, as Howard's spooky whispering voice gave forth the terrible stories. In fact, Ora Weddle became so frightened that he stuck his head in the hay. Ah! the poor goblins, they knew not where to find him.

The time for departure came all

too soon, so the eats were served; which consisted of barn-door salad served in wasp-nests, goatmeat sandwiches and bug juice, which was sipped thru alfalfa straws.

The party of Freshies descended the ladder and went their way two-by-two, hoping for more barn parties in the future.

POP CORN BALL

The grand evening of the desperate Lion Tamers was unmercifully interrupted the other evening when some miscreant turned two white mice loose among them. Such a wailing and pitiful crying as issued forth from poor frightened souls would bring tears to the eyes of a potato. The fiesta became, instead of the planned "Pop Corn Ball," more of a "Bawl for Mamma."

SUMMER MID-NIGHTS DREAM

We have been terribly molested of late by persons who are mightily destructive. Small matters like the desolation of our city, much as we love it, would be little beside another for which we mourn. At regular but frequent times there comes from somewhere a being of some type who has no regard for homes. Many has been the complaint from someone who has had his "happy home" destroyed and his "dishes ground into the dirt," as it were. Much do we bewail the awful work of this sheik who is called Galen Hartman and none of us know when our hopes will be nulled next. We have heard of the growth of a company of Lion Tamers and to those of that august body we appeal for the taming of this society lion. Also, with your envied power will you defend us against these bobbed-haired girls?

Miss Lucile Beckner, aided by her mother and father, plans to elope on the first of April. Mr. Root, as yet, has not been informed of the plan.

Otis (after trip to city)—"Gosh! I feel like a million rubles."
Miriam—"How's that?"
Otis—"Thirty cents."

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A FAR-FETCHED TALE

In the year of our Lord 1924, I did, in my many wanderings over the earth with my parrot and my pet cat, visit a school in which there was a most peculiar circumstance. Now I recollect how in most Christian schools the Mission Band is a most pious group of upright students—the very flower of manhood and womanhood, as so it should be. Also in most such like institutions of higher learning the Mission Band does some very constructive work along missionary lines, such as mending the torn garments of the poor and afflicted in the community. Why it just did my poor eyes good to see the young fellows gathered together for the purpose of mending said torn garments and to see their mighty struggles against awkwardness and clumsiness in handling the needle and thread and for such a noble cause!

As I was saying, that was my idea of a Mission Band when I chanced to visit LaVerne College where all was different.

I was met at the door by the President, who kindly took in charge my precious Polly and my adorable cat Sarah. Then, out of the generosity of his noble heart, he ceased his arduous tasks for fully five minutes to personally conduct me through every department and phase of the school. At first I felt a little nervous for he kept eying my corkscrew curls, but afterwards I found it was just his way. As I neared the Mission Band, giggling, laughter, and loud talking was wafted to my sensitive auditory organs. The President introduced me thusly: "My worthy Missionaries To Be, we have with us today Miss Z. B. Spookum of the Ozarks who has traveled around the world ten times in the interest of aged cats." With that he seated me on a stool in the corner from which vantage I eyed the worthy "Missionaries To Be." And indeed they looked like "Missionaries To Be!" Very deliberately was I looked over from head to foot by a set of bobbed haired, rouged, and faddishly dressed misses. One young upstart who looked as if he had no fetchin' up had the audacity to wink at me. This being an outrage of the third degree, I gathered my skirts about me in righteous indignation and poised my long, but withal artistic, nose high in the air putting up with the whole affair as best I could.

The first thing done was to plan their work for the coming semester. It consists of a general campaign to add Flappers to their ranks, an added effort on the part of the girls to increase their toll of men victims vamped by the said girls' charms or otherwise, and of an enthusiastic campaign on the part of the young men to "steer clear," whatever that means. Some very interesting courses of study were discussed, and the Band finally deciding on the book, "How to Increase the Weight" by Miss Muir and Professor V. Brooks; Z. I. P. being the one bestowed with the honor of teaching the worthy flappers and flapperettes. It was also decided to have a course of lectures on the following subjects: "Why Worry?" "The Art of Dancing," and "History of Womankind."

A report of committees showed that there was a deficit of common cents in the treasury, that six plaid shirts had been given to the cause of the negroes in the South, and that two missionaries had been sent out during the past year to convert the heathen in Chicago, where a mission had been established in the main lobby of the Hotel De Luxe.

Next, refreshments were served which consisted of dates and rain water, during which time soft enchanting music was heard which inspired many to float dreamily away in the strains of a waltz with a date in one hands and a champagne glass of rain

water in the other. Thus the Mission Band closed.

On the verge of tears I steered my way out of this unwholesome environment, unheeding of the President's entreaties to stay longer. As if that was not enough for one day!

To tell a funny story
Is something of an art.
Most stories are not funny
And that's the funny part.

SHOWERS, SHOWERS and More Showers

Of course you must prepare for the many "showers" which are due this season. "Shower" invitations, "Shower" announcements—gifts for "Showers" and shower gift-enclosure cards, "Shower" decorations, surprise dinner and party favors—in fact, everything, of course, in "FRASHER'S Party Dept., Mezzanine Floor.

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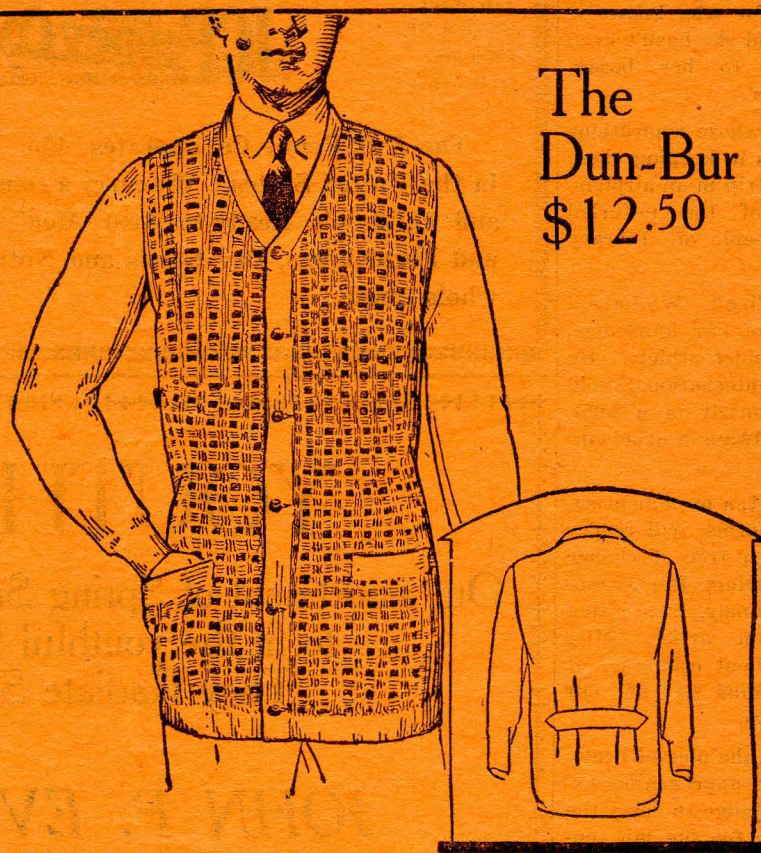
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SPRING NEAR SIXTH



A KIND ACT

In her hurry, for she was always late, she caught the first car, which happened to be the most crowded. Tightly clutching her precious bundle, she stopped at the door and fumbled awkwardly for her carfare. A light flush began to creep into her cheeks, growing brighter and brighter. It seemed impossible to get her money from the obscure pocket of her middy while holding her package. A thousand eyes were turned her way as the street car conductor waited impatiently. The crowd back of her swayed as the car lurched forward, throwing her against the curious bystanders, nearly making her drop the package.

"Fare, please," called the conductor, eyeing her as if she were a criminal. Where could she put the bundle that had to be kept so perfectly straight?

One pair of eyes out of the thousand turned in her direction, saw the real situation, and the owner offered to take the package. At first she hesitated, then, "Oh, thank you so much," and she gingerly placed it on Lochinvar's knees.

Lochinvar thought little of the incident, except to congratulate himself on one kind deed done, until a very few seconds later his knees grew very warm. He felt of the precious object more carefully, and was more or less puzzled to decide as to the warm contents therein. He shifted it from one knee to the other, but it did little good. The package grew warmer and warmer, until it became unbearable. What should he do? He put it on his arm and still the heat penetrated, so he spread his paper under it. It seemed to have a chronic case of growing hot, hotter, hottest, no matter what he did.

At this moment the girl returned through the crowd with a somewhat relieved expression on her face. "You were so kind," she said, and then at his inquiring glance, "It has to be kept just so or it will spill through the paper. You see," she laughed, "It's a dish of hot scalloped potatoes for our progressive supper."

"I did not see—I felt," muttered young Lochinvar.

RECONCILIATION

He brought her the letters she wrote him.

He brought back the lock of her hair,

The ribbons, the gloves and the kerchiefs

That he had filched unaware.

She gave him the gift of his giving,
His picture, the letters he wrote,
And though her red lips were smiling,
There was a sob in her throat.

He turned to her sadly and murmured,
"That's about all I can do,
Unless you would also be having
Me give back your kisses to you."

"Why not?" she said in a whisper
As soft as the breath of the dawn.
Then he leaned to her lips and he
kissed her,
And lo, all their troubles were gone.

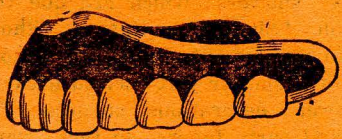


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PUPPY LOVE

An affliction which sometimes lays hold of a youth in his early teens is frequently termed puppy love. Some of its symptoms are: a digging out of hitherto unknown cavities in the ears of said youth; thoughtful scrutiny of the chin and upper lip as he stands before the mirror; a brave effort to keep his hair tidy which heretofore had blown where it listeth; violent flashes of heat which light up his face like a flame, followed by a sudden cooling which leaves the face pale; short barking answers—truly masculine—to his fond mother's inquiries concerning his health. It does not give him peace and contentment, as one would suppose, but it causes him to be erratic and nervous; it does not give him the courage to face boldly the object of his love in order that he might tell her of his predicament, but it makes him shy and causes him to slink away from said object. It might be compared with a fever which rises and falls in quick succession; or with a certain flower which is so sensitive that it closes quickly when touched; or again, with a summer shower which falls so briskly for a few moments and then is gone. It might well be compared with the proverbial case of seasickness, in which the victim, in the early stages, fears he will die, and then, as the sickness increases he fears he will not die. It is also like seasickness in that it is very severe while it lasts, but fortunately, it is usually of short duration. It is, in short, the emotion that seizes the youth when he first realizes that a certain girl is of the feminine sex.

"Jim, I see that your mule has U. S. branded on his right hind leg. I suppose he was an army mule and belonged to Uncle Sam?"

"No, suh—dat U. S. don't mean nothin' 'bout Uncle Samuel. Dat's jess a warnin'. Dat U. S. stand fo' Un Safe—'at's all."

HINTS TO FRESHMEN

When entering school be sure that you understand perfectly that when you have paid your tuition, you have bought the institution. Be sure to tell the classifying committee that you were a person of great note in your high school, otherwise it may never be known. Take yourself thru the halls as fast as it is possible, don't get out of anybody's way nor beg his pardon, give the college yell continually while trying to find your class room.

Talk on every occasion whether you have any knowledge on the subject or not, it matters little.

Do not fail to go to chapel on the trot; don't quiet down until you can think of nothing else to say, then stamp your feet and clap your hands.

Always be a sport. Wear the loudest clothes possible, green accepted. If you are not mathematically inclined and cannot determine the year in which you will graduate, ask a Senior. In order to attract the attention due you, kick over a few chairs and whisper out loud in the library, or ask one of the young ladies of the faculty for a date. Pretend you are a person at leisure. Study is a bad habit, weakens the intellect, deprives you of a good time. In short, do not let your studies interfere with your education.

When you go to the dining hall, eat as fast as possible. The food might get all gone before you have finished. Don't flirt with the men; they might be married. It is bad etiquette to change your girl. Two can live cheaper than one. Marry her and live in the place prepared for those who love and serve their wives.

In the event that it is in the year of leap, it is exceedingly bad manners for a young lady to covet affections from a young man.

Selah.

My Business

It is impossible to know the secret of becoming thin, for who knows it but Pearl Bailey, and she hasn't even revealed her secret to her bosom friend, Edythe Miller.

Mr. Ora Weddle, whose aspirations are so high, believes in keeping them dry. Therefore his trip in an airplane and the depositing of the unfurled umbrella on the steeple of Library Dome.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Virgil. We have a right to be proud of our handsome, tall and far too slender athlete. He has just won the international gold medal for tying himself in a knot. Slenderness is not always a disadvantage.

Miss Ramah Maust, a prominent soloist on opera platforms, will render a delightful program free of charge in the college auditorium. Her accompanist, Mr. R. Mahoney, is a rising (and bowing) young artist. Miss Maust has an excellent collection of songs that will remind us of our grammar school days.

Frank Gillette, on the plea of heavy school work for the approaching exams, persuaded the judge to delay the trial. He is hoping for the jail sentence in preference to a fine. Quoting from Mr. Gillette himself, he says, "I could with greater accuracy write my paper in Social Science from personal experience than by hearsay. The judge realizes that I am a diligent student."

At a special meeting of the Faculty, Dean Hoover brought up and recommended for adoption three wise rules that would revolutionize the school.

1. Play at all hours.
2. If you attend chapel at all, do it noisily.
3. Abolish examinations.

The Faculty voted for the measure unanimously, but it was not passed, due to the uproarious objections raised by the student body.

All of the friends and acquaintance of Miss Ethel Winslow and Granville Brubaker will be delighted to know that their application to join the movies at the Goldwin Studios has been accepted.

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Leave April 3rd or 4th open for the College Junior Play

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"

An evening full of fun and entertainment.

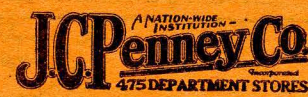
College auditorium 8 p. m.

Admission 50c

Reservations Herr's Drug Store

Impersonations Mr. Meneley. Hawaiian Music, Stringed Trio

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An Extra Bark



Happy B.—“There is something dovelike about you.”
Beulah S.—“No, really?”
Happy—“Yes, you’re pigeon-toed.”

* * *
Granville B.—In tones solemn and masterful: “I live and will live by brains alone!”

Frosh—“Alas, why should you have to die so young.”

* * *
Minister (taking small boy by the collar)—“My boy, I think the devil has hold of you.”

Boy—“Yes, I think so, too.”

* * *
Cohen—Oh, my clothes tore!—oh, my clothes tore!

Mike—Wat’s the matter with your clothes store, did it burn down?

Cohen—No, I sat on a nail.

* * *
Loyd E.—What can a man going to India sleep on at night, wash his teeth with, and sit on to eat his meals?

Zip H. (thoughtfully)—Search me.

Loyd E.—A bed, tooth brush and a chair.

* * *
Prof. Franzt (in chemistry)—Any liquid is poisonous if it contains chimethy-ediphengl-hexahydrateragine!
Loyd S.—Eh—er—ah—certainly!

* * *
Dale G.—I’m only a pebble in your life.

Florence L.—Well, why don’t you try being a little boulder?

* * *
Grocer—“Did you say Ivory soap?”
Howard H.—“Yess, I want to wash my head.”

* * *
The motorist telephoned frantically for assistance. “I’ve turned turtle,” he shouted.

“Wrong place. Apply at the aquarium,” was the cool answer.

* * *
Galen—Oh, Minnie, I dream of you day and night!

Minnie—No wonder you look so sleepy.

* * *
Dr. Miller in English Class.
“He was keeping company with a certain young lady—”

Much whispering and blank expressions.

Finally Howard Hoff has the courage to ask:

“Do you mean he stepped with a certain young lady?”

WORDS HEARD AROUND THE DORM

Hamburger—Kathryn.
Oh, Heck!—Vessie.
Onct when I was in Kansas—Mildred.

For the love of—oh, kid—Ruth E.
Well, use some discretion—Pearl W.

Oh, My stars—Velta.
Go to tra-la-la—Vestal.
In the meantime gowan—Nova.
Both with one accord—Wanda.
Oh, Sugar!—Mother Carol.
Well, goodnight—Thelma K.
My child!—Miss Muir.



Parson