



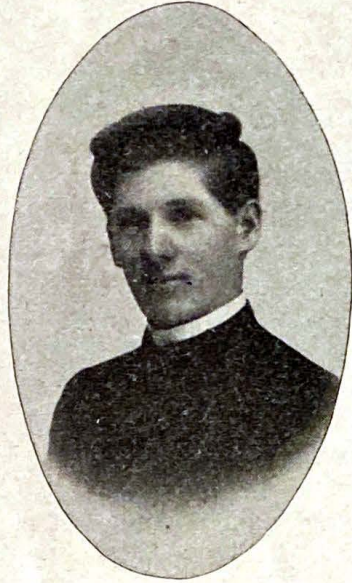
ELICE LAYCOOK

The "Lady" of the class. Delights in Art; especially Literary Art; more especially Nature's Art; but most especially the Art of Society. "The Highest of Arts is the Art of Love."

TO THE BOY'S OF '13.

Tho' you are only a few,
You'll surely put things thru,
The girls are only one,
You, boy's can have the fun.
In the class before the last,
I guess you are cast
All out for the run
The boy's can make the fun.
We are the class of seven,
And yet we may be eleven
When the race is run
And you boy's have made the fun.
Boys so strong in knowledge
I wish you well in College.
When your race is run
And you have made the fun.

"The girl of '13."



ERNEST DAVIS

Class President, "Boy Preacher," and Master of College Yells. Enjoys "The Reveries of a Bachelor," and often thinks aloud. Is filled with Vim and that Inner Fire which kindles earnest words in his mouth, beams in his eyes and color in his hair. "Man is but half himself; the other half is his expression."



PHILIP DANNER

"Phil," Editor of Junior Educator. Small of stature, but spruce withal. Ambitious toward journalism. Chief theme, "The Baker." "A drop of ink makes millions think."



PROF. VANIMAN

Short and slim, yet always trim, he comes to class each day,

A preacher by calling and a teacher by choice of the Junior class.

He has tasks by the score and must work evermore,
Yet "when duty whispers low thou must, Prof. replies:
I can."



LESTER MILLER

The "Jolly Joker" and songster of the class. First Philomathean Society President. Earnest in speech and gesture. Chief delight is songs of love and devotion. "Music is the Language of the Soul."



PAUL DRESHER

Class treasurer and honored athlete. "Straight as a Stick" and "Strong as an Ox." Straight in business, school and athletics. Recognized at sight by his clear, joyous laugh and shout. Always jolly. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."



RAYMOND EVANS

The philosopher of the class. Always busy about his his business. Greets you with a smile as long as a mile. Aspirant for the "King"-ship. Of quiet mien and thoughtful brow. "Speech is silver, but silence is golden."

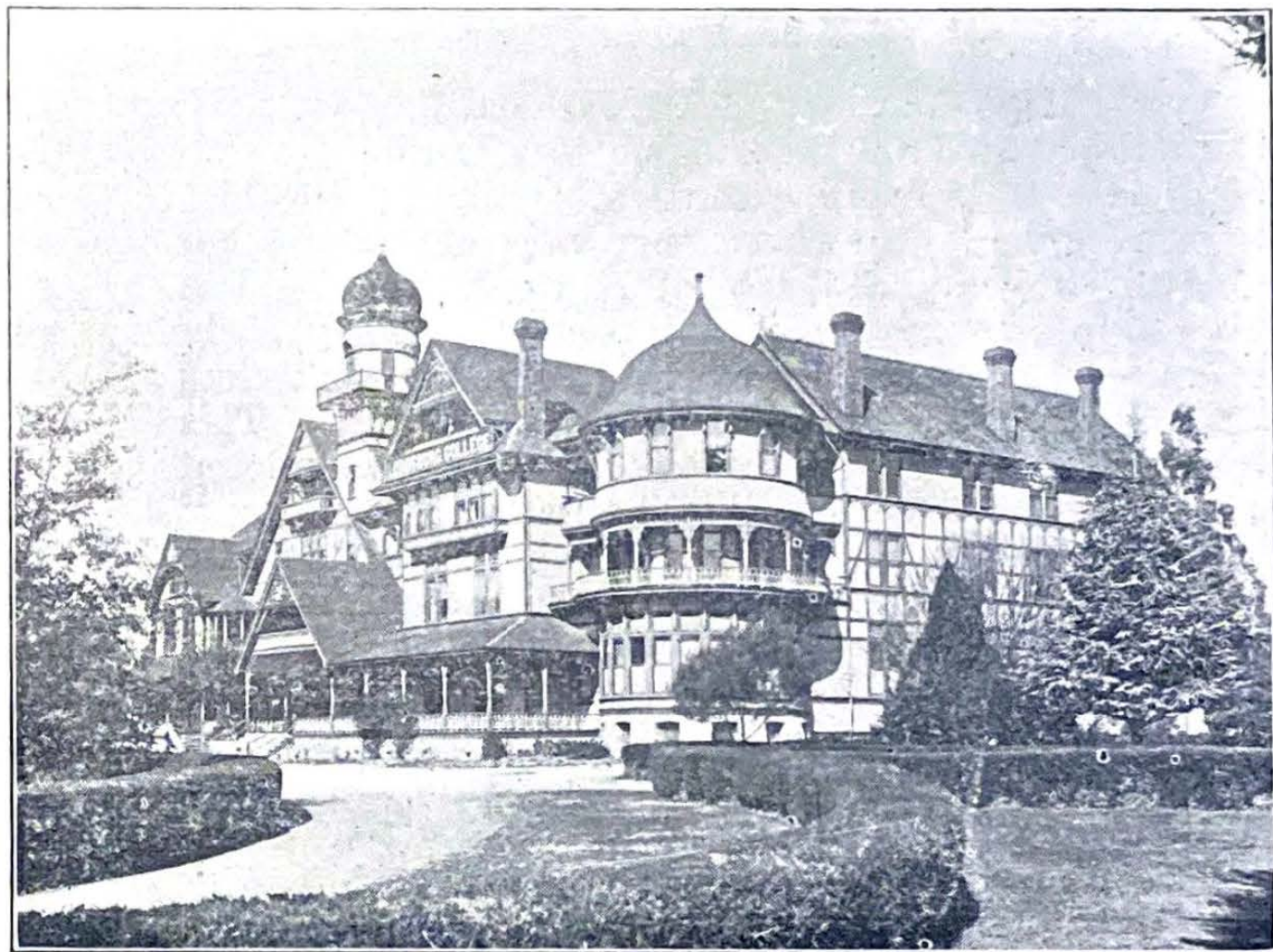
OUR COLLEGE.

There stands the college.—E. B. L.

In the land where the sun always shines,
In the dear, soft, sunny climes
Where the birds love to sing,
And the bells seem to ring
There stands our college.

In the south where the roses always climb
And the breezes waft their fragrance all the time,
There the bees always work
And their labor never shirk
There stands our college.

In the place where the orange trees grow
The people of the country ought to know
Where you see the mountains topped with snow,



THE JUNIOR CLASS

PresidentC. Ernest Davis
Secretary and TreasurerPhilip S. Donner
Colors—Red and White.
Flower—Red Rose.

HISTORY OF THE JUNIORS.

In the year 1909 there came into Lordsburg College a class of aspiring Freshmen. Like all Freshies they were green. However, they were not color blind and after a years diligent effort their greenish hue was softened to a considerable extent. They early manifested their good by electing Miss Laycook class president and Mr. Philip Danner, secretary. This important work of Freshman life being completed they started out to "climb" "The Ladder of Success." Since that time the followers of the Red and White have ever been struggling toward the top and making progress too.

One other important event occurred during the year. The class gave a reception to the Sophomores. The Junior and Senior classes, thinking to have some fun, tried to create a disturbance, but the plucky little Freshies, aided by their guests, stood their ground. Never since that time has any one dared to molest a Freshman-Sophomore reception.

At the beginning of the next year Mr. Galen Hockenberry was elected class president and Philip Danner, secretary. Before the year was ended Mr. Hockenberry unfortunately had to leave off his school

work, and Mr. Ernest Davis, at that time a new member of the class was elected to fill his place. He has held the office ever since being re-elected at the beginning of the Junior Year.

During their Sophomore year the class of '13 (they don't believe in unlucky numbers) was one of the leading classes in school, earning the title of the thirsty Sophomores, of which they were justly proud. During this year their banner was captured by the enemy, but like the Ark of the Covenant in the hands of the Philistines, old Red and White brought them bad luck and they returned it in a very humble and respectful manner.

At the close of the Sophomore year they were sorry to lose their faithful class teacher, Miss Blanche Young. At the beginning of the Junior year they elected Professor Earnest Vaniman to fill that office.

The Junior year has been spent in quiet preparation for future success. Nothing very startling has occurred. Things have moved along on a calm surface. They have not been dead, however, but simply laying low. Their glove is always in the lists and any aspiring knight may have the honor of a friendly encounter.

Of the large class that started with them only two, Miss Eliee Laycook and Mr. Philip Danner, remain. The class has been re-enforced with new members however, and is still moving on. No need to say that they are proud of their one girl; yes doubly proud of her for what would a class be without a girl?

There is no doubt in the minds of the historian

that the future holds great things in store for the members of the Class of '13. They have talents which if properly developed, will make of them useful men and women. If I may be allowed to turn from the task of a historian to that of a prophet, judging the future by the past I will say that the world will hear much of the class which shall go out from L. C. in 1913.—C. E. D. '13.

CALENDAR.

August 29. Opening address by President Frantz.
September 25. Faculty reception.
October 10. Sophomore-Freshman reception.
October 17. See President Taft at Pomona.
October 21. Fowler flies over on transcontinental flight.
October 21. Slumber party in girls dormitory.
October 27. Ricketts Entertainment Co. here.
October 31. Halloween Husking Bee.
November 4. Advised to eat sand.
November 17. Lost Bonita basketball game 14-16.
November 27. Music and Expression recital.
November 30. Won I. O. G. T. basketball game 26-9.
December 2. Popcorn party at Miss Helen Feslers.
December 7. Won Covina basketball game 11-8.
December 7. Lecture by Count Col. John Sobieski.
December 15. Miss Mumert entertains.
December 31. 12 o'clock midnight Occidental Literary Society dies.
January 1. New Year resolutions.
January 9. Won Pomona basketball game 23-17.

January 11. Won second Pomona basketball game 24-22.
January 11. Lecture "Old Days in Dixieland," Miss Belle Kearney.
January 13. Prof. Dredge treats basketball team.
January 26. Hail storm.
January 28. Matron hears ghosts on third floor.
January 30-February 10. Special bible term.
February 3. Entertainment by James R. Barkley.
February 16. Hear Gipsy Smith in Pomona.
February 17. Menely Quartette here.
February 27. Egg the Seniors.
February 27. Lost Bonita basketball game 3-6.
March 1. '12's disappear.
March 3. Christian Workers Union program in Lordsburg.
March 4. Girls' Leap Year party.
March 6. Meeting of Methaphysical Research Society.
March 9. Boys program.
March 13. Elder Andrew Hutchinson visits chapel.
March 15. Basketball team presented with letters.
March 21. Hopkins Orchestra gives entertainment.
March 25. Freshman-Sophomore reception.
April 5 and 6. Farm Folks.
April 15. Music and Expression recital.
April 26. Oratorical contest.
April 27. School picnic at Stoddard's canyon.
May 5. Baccalaureate sermon.
May 6 and 7. Final exams.
May 8. Track and Field meet.
May 9. Class Day and Commencement Exercises.

Lordsburg College Educator

Vol. 3 Lordsburg, Cal., May, 1912 No. 9

JUNIOR EDUCATOR STAFF

Editor in Chief	Philip S. Danner
Poetess	Elsie B. Laycook
Society Notes	J. Raymond Evans
Locals	C. Ernest Davis
Athletics	Paul F. Dresher
Organization and Jokes	J. Lester Miller
Critic	Prof. Ernest Vaniman

EDITORIAL

One more school year has now linked itself with the past and has added another page to the history of Lordsburg College. At the top, at the bottom, between the lines and on both sides of this new page may be seen the word Success.

Four years ago a small band of boys and girls mounted the steps of the college. They saw far in the distance that thing which should be the aim and prayer of every man, woman, boy or girl: Success. They started at once to "dig" and after working faithfully for four long years, they this spring receive in

their diplomas a recognition of one step taken toward their goal. The class of '13 now extend their most sincere wishes that the members of the class of '12 may take many more as great and even greater steps toward Success in after life.

The people of the city of Los Angeles are boasting for a "Greater Los Angeles" in the year 1920 and why should the people of Lordsburg and of all of Southern California refrain from boasting for a "Greater Lordsburg College." The college is to the Church of the Brethren even a greater issue than the great Southern Metropolis is to the state of California.

The world at large, the ministry and the missionary field all need men and women that can do work. And how can a man or woman direct his or her talents in the proper channel and to the best advantage without a thorough knowledge of the field, and the steady firm, irrisistable step of "Education." Education is the cry of the millions today and what better place to obtain it than at Lordsburg College, which is accredited throughout with the University of California at Berkeley.

You ask how you can boost the college? Well, that is easy to answer. There are three very good ways that come to my mind just now. They are:

First, by sending your boy or girl to help build up the student body. Secondly, by an endorsement of a few thousands of dollars. Thirdly, by giving your life-work to the institution either in the class-room or in the field.—P. S. D. '13.

LITERARY

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY.

By Ruth Frantz, former Educator Editor.

TUESDAY.

A limousine glided noiselessly up an elm-shaded avenue, and came to a gentle standstill in front of a stately mansion. Mrs. Wallingford and Mrs. Martin, returning from an afternoon bridge party, gathered up their silk skirts and costly furs preparatory to alighting. The manner in which the alighting was accomplished is worthy of notice. Also the way in which the ladies moved up the walk. Very dignified, very graceful, it showed long years of training in the hard school of becoming a successful society matron. You would not notice any particular movement, but would be impressed with the ease and aristocratic air of it all. You could feel "society" radiating from their persons.

A little boy, playing near, felt the oppressiveness of the atmosphere and ran away to a place where he could breathe more freely.

"What an odd-looking child!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Wallingford flushed slightly and tactfully changed the subject, for she was ashamed of this, her own child. The great door of the mansion opened and the ladies disappeared inside.

WEDNESDAY.

A boy was running swiftly down a back alley, and nearly bumped into two Mexicans talking earnestly together.

"We'd hate to hurt the kid," he overheard distinctly, in Spanish, but he understood.

"Why, hello, Pedro!" said the boy. Pedro looked up, confused. The boy noticed this as he went by, also that this man to whom Pedro was talking was a heavy-set, swarthy, blackbearded, suspicious-looking fellow. This happened early Wednesday afternoon. During the whole afternoon the boy explored new portions of the city in search of new experience and adventures.

Let us leave him doing this, and listen to me while I tell you something about the boy himself. His name, at least the one by which he was known, was Spindles, probably first suggested by his spindle legs. The rest of his body corresponded and did not seem to have accomplished much in the line of growing during the fourteen years of his existence. His real name was James Arthur Wallingford, but that was seldom used, so we will call him Spindles. His face was freckled, his nose was pug, his eyes were small and black and bright. Spindles was well acquainted with everything

within a radius of three miles of his home, including people, streets, alleys, policemen, Mexicans who worked for his father, and dogs. Out of school hours he wandered almost everywhere. His parents were aware that he was alive, enough to see that he had tutors for his schooling, but they left the rest to the servants and Spindles' own sweet will (only it wasn't always sweet). Usually, however, they tried to forget him. He was ugly and didn't seem to belong to the family, both because he was ugly and wouldn't do for a ball room ornament, and because he was so much younger than his brothers and sisters. His mother didn't want to bother with him. She was ashamed of him. Now I'm afraid you will pity Spindles, but please don't; he enjoyed life far more than his brothers and sisters who lived in a world of receptions, dances and week-end parties at country houses. He really lived.

Spindles' father was a wealthy capitalist who had gotten his fortune by the get-rich-quick-Wallingford methods. Thus he and that fictitious character J. Rufus Wallingford had both name (the last part) and methods in common. He was now the head of a great syndicate and was intensely hated by the laboring classes, especially by the Mexicans. Spindles sympathized with the Mexicans because he knew their point of view even better than that of his father.

For the past week he had noticed that groups of Mexicans absorbed in earnest conversation would immediately stop talking and look queer whenever he came near, as he had happened that very Wednesday

afternoon. He wondered what it all meant. It scented of something exciting.

Coming home that evening at dusk, he was wondering if there was any possible connection between the remark he had overheard, "we'd hate to hurt the kid," the groups of talking Mexicans and their intense hatred of his father. A dark figure ahead attracted his attention. It was short and heavy-set, with a peculiarly familiar look about it. "Where have I seen it?" Spindles tho't. It stepped swiftly, steadily, stealthily. All this was rather suggestive to the alert and nimble mind of Spindles, but he dismissed the possibility of this man having anything to do with what he had been thinking about, simply because the man looked too much like the villains of books of older times, who told their habits of life by their dress and appearance. Spindles was watching for unsuspecting-looking figures, because modern villains are very respectable looking people and their crimes are well concealed under the polished crust of civilization. Spindles had almost lost hope of being an impromptu detective, when the object of his interest suddenly turned in at

"Ah! the plot thickens!" dramatically thot Spindles the back of the Wallingford premises. quickly enough to see Spindles' spindle legs carry him swiftly behind a neatly trimmed cedar, from which place he noticed for the first time that the man was carrying a bundle. The man moved on and carefully deposited the bundle on the veranda. By the flare of a match which he struck, Spindles saw the swarthy, bearded, desperate face of the man whom he had

caught talking to Pedro that afternoon. The match touched a string and the man turned and disappeared in the darkness.

"Dynamite!" flashed thru Spindles' brain. "That's it! Dynamite!" Now it would be very convenient and make a dramatic climax to say that Spindles thot first of his mother and that his love for her prompted him to risk his life and rush up just in time to put out the fuse, but Spindles had no such affection for his mother to have such noble motives. It is not in human nature to love an iceberg, even tho it does dazzle you with a thousand diamonds when the sun of wealth shines on it. Spindles thot not once of his mother, who was then being hostess to a ball in the other part of the house, quite oblivious to danger, and secretly rejoicing that not one of her guests knew she had so ugly and eccentric a son as Spindles.

The audacity and crudeness of the man's methods were almost unbelievable, but Spindles could actually see the fuse burning, inch by inch nearer the death-dealing dynamite. For a fleeting second Spindles was tempted to run away and see the excitement of a great explosion, but thot better. The flame was nearly there. He walked to the porch and out of pure love of thwarting another's plans, he calmly pinched out the fire. From out the darkness flashed a bullet cutting a furrow in Spindles cheek and crashing thru a plate glass window.

Intense silence for a moment. Then a chambermaid, who happened to be near; came out, and seeing the bloody face of the unconscious boy, she screamed.

Soon the guests and all the inmates of the house hurried out and the place was all excitement.

THURSDAY

A boy with pipe-stem legs and a band aged head, reclined easily in an invalid chair on the veranda of a palatial house. A limousine glided up the avenue and stopped. Two ladies alighted.

"And so this is the boy who saved his father's life and at least fifty other lives, and about whom the newspapers had so much to say this morning!" said Mrs. Martin. "Well, you ought to be proud of him, Mrs. Wallingford. I didn't know you had a child that age."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Wallingford proudly, "he is my own brave son "

"THE LOST TREASURE OF THE BUCKSKINS"

(A True Story)

Curley Graham was a grizzled old prospector who had spent the most of his days in the mountains of the great big West. His "perfeession," as he called it, was "diggin' fer dust," and though he had never made any great "stake," he had managed to collect enough of that "dust" to grub-stake him for the rest of his life and had settled down in a small Colorado town. It was in this small town, sitting with his feet on the stove in the general store, that I heard him tell the following story:

"'Long about forty years ago I was workin' a claim over in Utah. In them days a feller had to stick right with it if he found anything good, so I had put

up a shack near my diggin's and was livin' in a kind of breathless suspense caused by a natural desire to retain that mop of hair and patch of skin so necessary to the satisfaction of a blood-thirsty Indian. Several times I had been besieged by them and only managed to save my scalp by buying them off with a little "spirits" or something of the kind.

One night after I had been in bed for some time I heard someone calling outside my cabin door. At first I did not answer, but at last thinking it might be some poor feller in distress I went to the door. There on the very door step lay a man half frozen and so weak he could hardly speak. I took him in and fixed him up the best I could. He had been shot thru the shoulder and had lost a lot of blood. He could not talk so I put him to bed after applying what few remedies I could. The next day, after a good breakfast, he told me his story. He, too, was a prospector and had been down in the southern end of the state with four other men looking for gold. On their road back north, they had stopped over night in a small ravine at the base of a cliff, over which poured a mountain freshet caused by the heavy rains of a few days before. In the morning one of the men happened to walk out on a small sand bar that stretched out into a pool, when looking down he saw something shiny in the sand. It was a gold nugget, and on looking round and kicking the sand with the toe of his boot he found it to be full of them. He called to his companions to bring the pans and they went to work. They worked like mad men for probably two hours, when, without the least warning a rifle

bullet splashed in the water beside them. In an instant the whole valley seemed to be alive with Indians or rather with rifles that sent a shower of lead. "Shorty," for that is the only name I ever learned for him, and one of the other men grabbed the gold that had already been panned out and jumped behind some nearby rocks. They succeeded after many hardships in again getting started for the North.

Their companions had been killed and they themselves were by no means out of danger, for towards evening of the same day they were again attacked. But this time only by a couple of scouts who, after firing their first volley, were seen no more. Shorty's companion was killed on the spot and he himself received the hole in his back. After stopping his own wound as best he could, Shorty managed to drag his mate into a shallow gully and cover him up with a little dirt and a few stones and again set out northward.

He traveled for three days, at the end of which time he reached the place where the Green and Grand rivers meet. He then changed his course a little to the East, and at the end of the fourth day reached my cabin in the condition already mentioned. He still had with him the gold which we found to be nearly five thousand dollars' worth.

Shorty's shoulder was slow in healing, and it was nearly a year before he could use it at all. Just one year and a half from the night I first saw him, we had a party of nine men besides ourselves and were on our way to search for the treasure. We traveled in the same trail, as near as he could remember that Shorty

had returned by over a year before. We found where he had buried his companion and we found a place near where the attack had been made, but hunt as we would we could not even find the cliff over which the torrent rushed, and after three months of fruitless searching we gave up in despair. P. S. D.—'13.

HOW A HIDDEN TALENT WAS FOUND

One winter, in one of those cold northern States, Violet Cray, a girl of seventeen summers, stood gazing out of her window at the snow sparkling in the sunshine. It was a beautiful sight, but she had always had a longing desire to see something very different. She was tired of level, snow-covered plains and she longed for the sight of lofty mountains, deep canyons, rippling streams, birds, flowers and bees. She had often read of such things and had a burning desire to see a place that possessed such beauties. Violet had a nice home and seemingly all that a girl could desire, but cared little for school. She had three sisters who were very clever and accomplished, but she, herself, was only a dreamer. She was not very strong and her parents were not much surprised that she preferred a quiet home, rather than school or social life. Neither were they much surprised at their daughter when she spent most of her time in her pretty attic room, supposing that she wished to be more alone. She was fond of donning an old dress and going out to the barn and feeding the horses, chickens and pigs, which plagued her sisters immensely. She often slipped out when it was raining or snowing to go on some little "wild-goose

chase," which alarmed her parents exceedingly. Violet was indeed a mystery to her sisters and also to her loving father and mother, but there was a secret in her daily actions that they little realized.

The quiet hours spent alone in her room were not idled away. She was a natural born artist, and from her early childhood she had made a practice of stealing away by herself to draw, and as she grew older, to paint. She secretly procured materials; for the very thought of letting her sisters know about this work made her afraid. She stopped up the key hole of her room and did many other things to keep anyone from finding out what she was doing. The only person who knew anything whatever of her work was a young artist from whom she bought some materials, and even he was bound over to secrecy.

One day something very strange, surprising and pleasing happened to Violet. She had grandparents living out West, where, as her mother told her, there was eternal summer; where mountains stood as an inspiration to all who gazed upon them, and where Penelope painted beautiful skies in the evening. This was not all that her mother told her, but Violet was told that she might go to visit her grandparents if she liked.

"Violet," said her mother, "they want you to come, and your father and I have planned for you to go if you want to."

"Oh, mother! how could you have known"—and here Violet was forced to stop.

She felt great lumps rise in her throat and big tears streamed from her beautiful eyes. When she

spoke again she asked a great many questions, and before the day passed away it was fully decided that she would leave a week from that day. Violet left her old home with a few regrets, but, nevertheless, she was happier than she had ever been for some time. Her parents hoped the trip would benefit her health, for they thought she had been shut up so long on account of ill health.

Violet was welcomed heartily, and her grandparents fell in love with her immediately. She admired the beauties of nature incessantly and almost lived out in the fresh, pure air. She told her grandfather of her paintings, and he at once began to persuade her to take up a special art course in the college which was only a few miles from his home. This was certainly not in her plans, but it was finally agreed that she should follow out her grandfather's suggestions, and that her people at home should be kept in complete ignorance of her actions.

They would certainly have been surprised to have seen Violet a happy, jolly, hearty school girl. Jolly! Yes, but she was quiet and dreamy still. After she went to the girls' dormitory to live, she kept every one guessing to know what trick she was going to play next, but with all her fun, many times she grew very homesick. Although she was brave when she thought of Home and Mother, she became sad and lonely, but this she would not tell, even to her dear old grandfather to whom she told almost everything.

One day Violet had been painting on one of her best pieces for several hours, when she rose leisurely,

went a little distance away and seated herself on one end of a long table to view her work which was almost complete. There was no one else in the art room. She was tired and lay down on the table and presently was fast asleep.

Violet was still asleep when, half an hour later, her teacher and a great artist friend of hers from a large art school in Chicago, came softly into the room. The latter seized the opportunity to sketch the sleeping beauty without another word. He worked intently for some time, but suddenly remembered that his train left in a few minutes. His sketch was done. He arose, gave one glance at the work Violet had been working on, hurriedly said good-bye to his friend and left, carrying the sketch of the girl with him.

After he had seated himself on the fast train which was bound for Chicago, he took the picture, unrolled it and gazed at it long and earnestly. He had a vivid picture of the sleeping girl before his mind. "Who was she?" "Why, he had not even asked." He knew he must have seen her before, but he knew not where. Violet was still asleep as his train sped away, and even after she awoke, she was ignorant of all that had happened.

Harry Warner, the young gentleman who had taken the sketch of Violet, reached Chicago in a few days, and was showing the sketch to one of his students, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, that's my sister Violet." They began to talk about Violet and soon Harry found out that he had seen her before. He had sold art materials to her when he was staying for

a short time near her old home. He had not known her name, however, nor had he even realized that he would know it.

Meantime, Violet had finished her last piece of work, and had received her Diploma. Her grandfather was called to Chicago on business, and as he was getting old, he asked Violet if she would accompany him. She felt it her duty to go, for he had been very good to her. They journeyed toward the East very soon, and not many days passed before their train entered the Chicago depot.

Just as they stepped off the train Violet slipped and fell, a young man tried to help her up, but she was unable to walk. He and her grandfather assisted her until she was seated in the depot. The young man had a ticket in his pocket which would have taken him out West, where he had drawn the picture of a sleeping girl, but as she was now sitting near him with a sprained ankle, his ticket was of no value to him. Violet's grandfather stood a little apart thanking the young gentleman, when Violet suddenly recognized him as the young man from whom she had procured her art materials near her old home. Just at that moment she saw a look of friendship pass over Harry's face and also her grandfather's who took him by the arm and ushered him over to where Violet sat.

"Violet, this is Harry Warner," said the old gentleman, "the son of an old friend of mine. He wishes us to go to his home at once, and as I am anxious to see his father we will go directly, and then we will have the doctor to examine your ankle."

An hour later Violet was resting and soon fell asleep; after she was fast asleep, Harry stole into the room and was comparing the picture he had once sketched with the sleeping girl. "Yes, she looked just the same as she did before." But just then she opened her eyes and smiled. Harry took this opportunity to explain the mystery, and it was then and there that they became friends, never to part.

As soon as Violet could walk again she was offered the position as assistant art teacher in a great art school in Chicago. We can hardly imagine the surprise of her parents when they were told of her wonderful success and how she, herself, had found her own talent and developed it so wonderfully, when they little realized that she had any other talent than that of dreaming.

E. B. L.—'13.

THE TRUSTS

We are living in a day of great things, in a superlative age, in an age when great forces and mighty powers are being used for the accomplishment of the world's work. Never before in the history of man have things moved upon such a grand scale. Never before have such mighty undertakings been so successfully accomplished.

Since this is an age of great tasks we must work with mighty forces. The tendency everywhere is to combine. Little forces are put together and a great power is the result. Capital has kept pace with the

march of events and has combined until today we do not find enterprises whose backing is measured by the thousands, but by the millions of dollars. We find combinations, trusts, and monopolies everywhere. Indeed, their prevalence is greater than the average individual supposes. True, they are not all as great as the American Steel Trust or the Standard Oil Co., but they are trusts just the same. Look about you in your home city and see the mutual agreements as to prices, time of closing, etc., that exist between the various business men. Are not these trusts a restraint of trade?

This system of combination has gone on until today the industrial, commercial and financial worlds are under control of giant corporations. These trusts are the logical outcome of the tendencies of this age. They have performed a part of the world's work. Inasmuch as they have rendered acceptable public services they are entitled to the respect of every citizen. But this is not all; they have not been performing their duties as well as they should. They have become powerful, and realizing their strength they have begun to oppress. They have restrained trade and squeezed out their smaller competitors. In this they have done wrong and are to be held responsible to an outraged citizenship.

There has lately swept over this country a great wave of indignation against corporations of all kinds. People have become alarmed and have denounced the trusts and all their workings. Much of this is one-sided. These people forget the excellent public serv-

ices rendered by these same corporations and think only of their faults. Combinations of capital are entitled to a square deal the same as anything else. Let us give them credit for what they have contributed to the onward march of progress, and blame them only for the unjust things they have done.

More than twenty-one years ago the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was placed upon the statute books. This law provided that all acts of restraint of trade were illegal. For many years it was never enforced, was indeed almost forgotten. Great corporations were built up, and they did things, which they never dreamed were unlawful. Now we are trying to enforce the Sherman law. Our courts have handed down decisions against the trusts, notably the Standard Oil company, and the American Tobacco company. They have in fact dissolved these combines into their many subsidiary companies. But after all what good has it done? No Supreme court decision can prevent business men from making confidential agreements. Prices have been kept up the same as before. Oil is now higher than ever. The Standard Oil company has not suffered and neither has the American Tobacco company. In fact it is said that some of their schemes can be carried out more successfully if they are seemingly dissolved back into their subsidiary companies, when in reality they are upon practically the same basis as before.

It is a generally admitted fact that the Sherman law does not solve the problem. It does not reach the case. Indeed, our best lawyers profess to be un-

able even to say just what the law means. Our business men are in a quandary as to how to proceed, and thus we have the question "What's the Matter with Big Business?" And thus it is that the United States is seeking for a solution to the trust problem.

Various plans have been suggested. We have some people who believe that the trusts should be reconstructed upon a new basis. They say that the employees should be admitted to partnership, that a part of the profits should be divided among them, or that some plan should be adopted, whereby the workman would become personally interested in the growth of the business. This plan is of too elysian a nature. It is a fanciful Utopian dream that cannot be successfully carried out under existing conditions.

We have those who advocate the dismembering of the trusts, but the futility of this plan has already been shown by the results following the dissolution of the Standard Oil company and the American Tobacco company. Besides we have need of the benefits, which we derive from the trusts. They render services which smaller concerns could not give. Hence we must preserve their force and direct it if we wish the fruits of their labors.

Government ownership is another suggested solution. But when we look out into the industrial world and see the vast amount of things the government would have to own, the immense amount of responsibility it would have to assume, as well as the great lot of work it would throw upon our already busy officials, we are made to see that government owner-

ship could not very easily extend out so far as to take in all of our corporations. Again the first cost would be enormous; add to this the fact that the government is noted for its losses in the P. O. department and other departments of public service and we have good strong argument against this solution of the problem.

Again it is proposed that the trust be placed under the regulation of the government. This seems to be the most feasible plan of all. It is suggested that there be a National Incorporation Act, providing for the incorporation of great enterprises. Furthermore, we would have a board to exercise an oversight over the trusts, the same as the Interstate Commerce Commission regulates matters. Again it is suggested along with this plan that a certain amount of publicity be given to the affairs and workings of our corporations. It is believed that this plan would be the most satisfactory and practical of all those suggested.

The incorporation of trusts under a National law would place them under the supervision of the nation and give it a chance to exercise the needed control. There are three kinds of corporations, financial, transportational, and industrial. Our banking system and the railroads are already under government control by bureaus. This control has brought great benefits to the public and is satisfactory. It has insured a square deal to both the public and the corporation. Since we have these precedents, we should feel safe in placing our industrial corporations under a system that has worked so well with financial and transportational enterprises.

We also need a certain degree of publicity as to the inside workings of our great combines. The public should know about their different kinds of stock, their system of dividends, and etc. This would eliminate much of that vast amount of trickery that goes on today. Of course this publicity idea should not be carried to far. It would not be right and proper to probe too far into the business secrets of any lawful enterprise, but a certain degree of publicity would cause a healthy clean up on the inside of the cup.

Since this system of trust regulation could be put in force, and since it would relieve the present situation and place business upon a firmer basis, it should be advocated by everyone who is interested in the industrial welfare of our nation.

Let us get out of our heads the idea that the trusts are our enemies. Remember the benefits we derive from them, remember the other nations that have solved the problem, and then join the movement to put business upon a basis that will give a square deal to all concerned.—C. E. D. '13.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

PHILOMATHEAN NOTES.

The Philos are proud and justly proud of the first epoch in their history. Since the rendition of their last program for the school year they can take a backward glance and retrace their course step by step and round by round to the success that every one knows

is theirs. If any of the readers of this article ever had anything to do with the organization and building of a literary society they will agree with us in saying that it is no small task. They will also join with us in the statement that success is a stamp that would never be known without first the experience of hard work. The Philomatheans have worked hard and have so far stayed by their motto *Semper Fidelis* (always faithful). Programs such as have been rendered and heard and appreciated by the students and citizens of Lordsburg are a result of many hours of diligent labor. The Philos ever extend their thanks to the students and friends for their attendance and attention. It is an inspiration to see a large hall filled to running over with eager listeners. The citizens in turn express their appreciation and thanks to the Philos for their earnest efforts which resulted in the rendition of several well balanced programs.

It is an easy matter to gather up a bunch of ordinary material and take up the ordinary length of time. This kind of work may be and is very beneficial to the participants, but on account of its sameness would grow dull were it not for the spices. We have listened to some fine readings, some good papers, essays, orations and some warm debating. These things are fine, but would we be satisfied with these alone? Sandwiched nicely between these were the things that made people relax those weary muscles and even give way to hearty laughter.

The music presented by Philo has won for her a warm place in the heart of every one. The instru-

mental is especially deserving of praise. Piano solos and duetts always tickle the ears, the girls' sextet won the hearts of the hearers, but the clarinet, violin and orchestra selections grasped the soul of every music lover.

All these things have been instrumental in bringing happiness and pleasure, but does this measure the success? The success can not be measured. Every participant in this work realizes that it has added to his life a something that he otherwise would not have, a something that will be a part of himself and a mutual blessing both to him and to his fellow men.

The Philos have in their early experience placed their literary standard high and the coming year promises an opportunity for the keeping of this high standard. A welcome hand is extended to all those who wish to join her ranks and participate in the joy of furthering a good work.—J. L. M. '13.

THE ALPHIAN SOCIETY.

The Occidental Literary society served its time, and through it much good was accomplished, but it died a natural death, and the remains were laid away in the silent coffin, however in its place rose two strong societies, "The Alphan," and "The Philomathean."

I shall speak only of the Alphan society. Organizing with Ray Ebersole as president and Elice Laycook as secretary, the society was soon in working order and since then several good programmes have been rendered and many profitable meetings have been spent in developing, not only our oratorical, musical,

and expression talent, but many interesting songs, essays and talks have been given. Our motto, "Labor Conquers All," has been proven true so far, and we hope to put the test further.—E. B. L. '13.

ATHLETICS

Do the students of L. C. have the athletic spirit? You bet they have.

At the beginning of the school last fall an Athletic Club known as the "Spartan Athletic Club" was formed, and under the supervision of this club the sub-organizations were able to work better and obtain better equipment.

The tennis spirit which was exceedingly high at the first of the term is now reviving again. One match game of "doubles" was played with Bonita, in which our boys were successful. An inter-class match will be held on field day.

Many honors were won this year on the basketball court, the team being successful against the I. O. G. T. of Lordsburg, Pomona High, and Covina High. One game was played with Bonita in the beginning of the season, in which our boys were unsuccessful; but this was our first game and the team was not yet in good working order. The many successes were due largely to the loyal support of the students, who by their presence at the games and their "yells," brought the team home with victory. As a reward for their labors the members of the team were each presented with a

letter (L) by the faculty, the presentation speech being given by Pres. Frantz one morning in Chapel.

The baseball spirit was also high this year. A fine diamond was made and things were gaining a good foundation for a successful season, but other things sprang up which took too many men from the diamond and as a result the spirit has practically all died down.

Great interest was shown lately in track work, jumping, pole vaulting, shot put, discus throwing, etc. Many preparations are being made for inter-class field meet which will be held Wednesday May 8, 1912. This promises to be the best meet ever held at L. C.

Count up the Athletes of L. C.

Count up their victories true,
And see if by another year

You can't be with them too.—P. F. D. '13.

PERSONALS

On Sunday April 14, all the young people in the San Dimas Sunday School, including the workers from Lordsburg, were invited to the home of Bro. R. Brubaker. All had a pleasant time and went away happy.

W. C. Hanawalt, former president of Lordsburg College, visited our Chapel services recently. He

seemed pleased to be with us and brought a good message with him.

The Volunteer Mission Band gave a program at Glendora on Sunday evening, April 21.

Through the efforts of Prof Vaniman, a weather vane has been placed upon the college flag-staff. Also an improvement has been made in the method of hoisting pennants.

The oratorical contest, held on April 26, was hotly contested by fine orators. Miss Bessie Holsinger won first prize and Miss Ruth Frantz won second prize. Miss Holsinger's subject was "Today," and Miss Frantz's was "Within the Walls."

On April 27, books were flung aside while students went to Stoddard's canyon on their annual picnic. Everybody had a fine time and a big dinner.

Miss Elizabeth Weiler and Miss Edna Schrock came from Pasadena and enjoyed the school picnic.

Miss Rose Metzler has lately been introducing her sister into college circles.

Dr. Hager, a returned missionary from China, gave an illustrated lecture on Chinese Mission Work on the evening of April 29. This lecture, which was given under the auspices of the College Mission Band

was very interesting and should prove an inspiration to all.

As the end of school draws nigh we hear much talk about going home, vacation plans and such. Several parties are being made up to journey homeward together. "The Educator" wishes a pleasant journey, and a safe arrival to all.

Miss Edith Brubaker is visiting her sister, Miss Mary Brubaker, at present. She seems pleased to be in Lordsburg again.

According to Madame Rumor we may expect to hear the wedding bells chiming merrily soon after school is out. The high contracting parties are—Sh-h-h-h!, it would take too much space to name them all.

With this issue the work of the Local Editor closes. No longer will he have to bother his head about keeping a faithful and accurate account of all that occurs. How nice that will be! Hurrah! Glorious vacation days are coming.—C. E. D. '13.

WHO THEY ARE:

SolomonOliver Brubaker
Le Renard SubtilIra Fox

Corn CrustHomer Norcross
Sounding Brass.....Annie Keim
Tinkling CymbalKatie Bowman
Le Gros Serpent.....Dennis Nine
SageErnest Davis
ConkeyGuy Conrad
SisElice Laycook
Snake.....Dee Whistler
Uncle FunnyTruman Funderburgh
DaddyIsaac Funderburgh
BrainyLeon England
Baby Rose.....Rose Metzler
Granpa.....Prof W. F. England

SOCIETY

The social events of the year have been a source of delightful experiences for the students and faculty, as they always are to a high class of agreeable people. Lordsburg College has been very fortunate this year in having the best body of students in its history. This is why the important affairs of the past year are so pleasant to recall, and will loom up as bright spots in the memories of all, after the school days are past.

The reception given the students by the faculty on the evening of September 25, ushered in the beginning of the social events of the year. This took place in the College Auditorium, which was beautifully decorated. The faculty certainly did their part to make everyone feel like being sociable and "at home".

General handshaking was first on the program; then the contest for the "pie", which took the attention of all, followed. "Pie" seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the entire evening for "pie" was in evidence everywhere. It secured partners for the boys and girls and still further served in the form of refreshments.

Closely following this on the evening of the 29th of September, the local W.C.T.U. entertained the parents and teachers of the students of Lordsburg and La Verne public schools, Bonita High School and the College.

The first entertainment given one class by another took place October 10th, when the Sophomore class gave the Freshmen a pleasant evening. The Sophomore colors, black and gold, were used in the decorations.

The Hallowe'en reception in the College Auditorium will not be soon forgotten. The Chamber of Honors with its delightful sensations was appreciated by all, but especially the girls if judging by the sounds proceeding from it were any indication of that fact. The boys did their best to entertain the girls in a novel way as the evening was planned by them for the pleasure of the ladies. The Husking Bee afforded those with a surplus energy a way to dispose of it. The products of the farm were used in decoration, pumpkins and corn-shocks were everywhere. The supply of wiener sandwiches was sufficient for the crowd, where appetite belonged to country lads and lassies. After more fun and another course of refresh-

ments the happy throng went home.

December 15th Miss Mumert entertained some of the students and faculty in the Art room. All had a jolly good time playing games.

The most important event of the school year came on March 4th, when the girls invited the boys to a leap year party. The boys had the time of their lives. First they were put through the interesting stunt of primping, and after this process had given them the proper charms they were taken to the auditorium by the ladies and given paper hearts and mittens. The supply of these melted fast, for Cupid did a rushing business. Many other interesting incidents took place which made the occasion very pleasant. It certainly is too bad that leap year does not come more often.

On the evening of March 25th, the Freshmen gave a reception to the Sophomores. No efforts were spared in the matter of decorations for this occasion. Everyone present enjoyed themselves to the limit. All went home later in the best of spirits.

This concludes the social affairs of the year, however, some very important events are still to happen for Cupid is never idle. The Oregonians have delayed their departure for the North for a few days after school closes. Do you know why? Ask Ira Fox and Rose Dunlap. Besides this, Elmer Redmon and Maude Moore have an open secret. How many more are contemplating we do not know, but we congratulate all, and wish you the best in life.

—J. R. E., '13.

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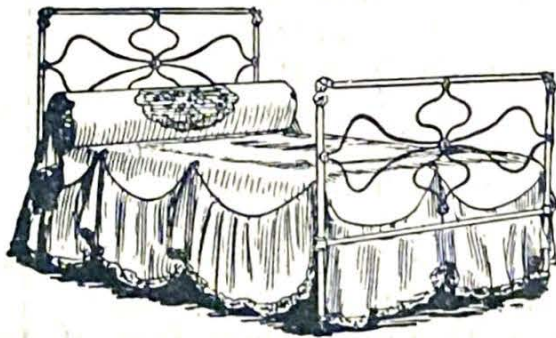
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GEMS OF LITERATURE

Literature is one of the important arts. The literary men of the past are great and

“They have made their lives sublime,
leaving footprints on the sand of time.”

in the form of precious gems.

Nerly all of the great poets have written something about friendship, as Charles Lamb has said:

“If words came as readily as ideas, and ideas as feeling, I could say ten hundred kindly things.”

Horace Walpole has written of true friendship in these words:

“Old friends are great blessings of ones later years. Half a word conveys ones meaning, they have a memory of the same events and have the same mode of thinking.”

Perhaps we do not value friendship like Cicero did for this was his feeling:

“It is like taking the sun out of the world to bereave human life of friendship.”

One morning many years ago, as our poet Emerson awoke, he said:

“I wake this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new.”

Again he tells us that

“A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature. The essence of friendship is entireness and total magnanimity and trust.”

Emerson certainly had a great many deep thoughts about friends and friendship, and he wrote not only poems, but also a great deal of prose on this subject.

But we may ask: Who have these men called friends? Well, Channing said:

“A friend is he who sets his heart upon us, is happy with us, delights in us, and does for us what we want; is willing and fully engaged to do all he can for us, one on whom we can rely upon in all cases.”

“A friend is rather to be chosen than great riches.”

But as George Washington said:

“True friendship is a plant of slow growth and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the name.”

Let us have, as Pope has expressed it so beautifully,

“A generous friendship and no cold medium know,
which burns with aglow of love.”

Life is indeed noble, but it is rich in proportion to the real friendship, we are able to realize, and let us appreciate our friends like Fitz-Greene Halleck appreciated his:

“Green be the turf above thee,

Friend of my better days.

None knew thee but to love thee,

Nor named thee but to praise.”

Dryden has left us words that mean volumes:

“Friendship itself is a holy tie,

Is made more sacred by adversity.”

In one of Shakespear's writings are these words:

“How far a little candle throws its beams!”

How peculiarly this thought comes true if we apply it to friendship. One friend means a great deal,

how much more should many mean?

Friendship is noble and Samuel Johnson realized it was:

“A peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble minds delight and pride,
To men and angels only given
To all the lower world denied.”

These are only a very few gem thoughts of some of our writers, but let us realize the value of literature as William Wordsworth did when he wrote:

“Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler lives and nobler cares?
The poets! who on earth have made us heirs
Of truths and pure delight by heavenly lays.”

E. B. L.—'13.

JOKES

- No. 1. If Prof. Vaniman likes to sing.
No. 2. If the seniors like wenies.
No. 3. Just how many college people are going to married soon.
No. 4. If the hash will be as good next year as it has been this.
No. 5. What the faculty says in those mysterious meetings.
No. 6. How much it would cost to paint the college.
No. 7. Why the boys like girls who live out side the dorm.
No. 8.
Prof.—What insect requires the least nourishment?
Student—The moth. It eats holes.
-

He—Well I'll be hanged.
She—Why?
He—I am suspended.

TALKED IN HIS SLEEP
Stern Father—Young man you were out after 1

last night. Were you not?

Abused Son—No Sir. I was only after one.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

“Thou shalt not graft.”

Librarian—Nothing but silence and little of that.

Some how or another a number of the students have what is generally known as the hook-worm. They are especially adapted to Spring weather.

Wanted—A woman to sew a shirt on a button.
Mr. Evans.

Freshman—Irresponsible.
Sophomore—Irrepressible.
Junior—Irresistible
Senior—Irremediable

Man wants but little here below
And isn't hard to please,
But woman, bless her soul
Wants all she sees.

CLASS FAVORITES

Earnest Davis—“Well how are you this morning
Mr. Evans—“Love's Labors Lost”
Paul Dresher—“My First Girl.”
Philip Danner—“I cacilate I will.”
Miss Lacock—When I walk I always walk with Willie.
Prof. Vaniman—Now watch the accent on that last
measure.

IN LATIN CLASS

Teacher—“Give the meaning of Amatium ire.”
Freshie—“To be about to be loved.”
Teacher—“How about that?”
Student—“Oh it's great.”

Here's to our President Davis
Who always applies Robberts' Rules.
With the dames he's a shark,
And with them he'll spark
On the shady porch just after school.

Here's to the Juniors, who dare to do,
Here's to the Juniors, though they be few,
Here's to the Juniors, who stand for right,
Here's to the Juniors, who fear no fight,
Here's to the Juniors, with all our might.

Some rules to follow in school life :

Aim at concentration.

Be original and self dependent.

Cultivate the art of thoroughness.

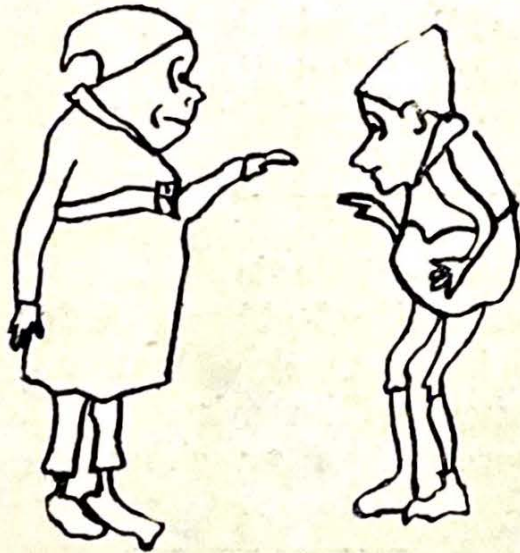
Develop the power of assimilation.

Go and work by system and established order.

Don't engage in too many activities at a time.

Maintain physical efficiency by exercising regularly.

Some things we would like to know.



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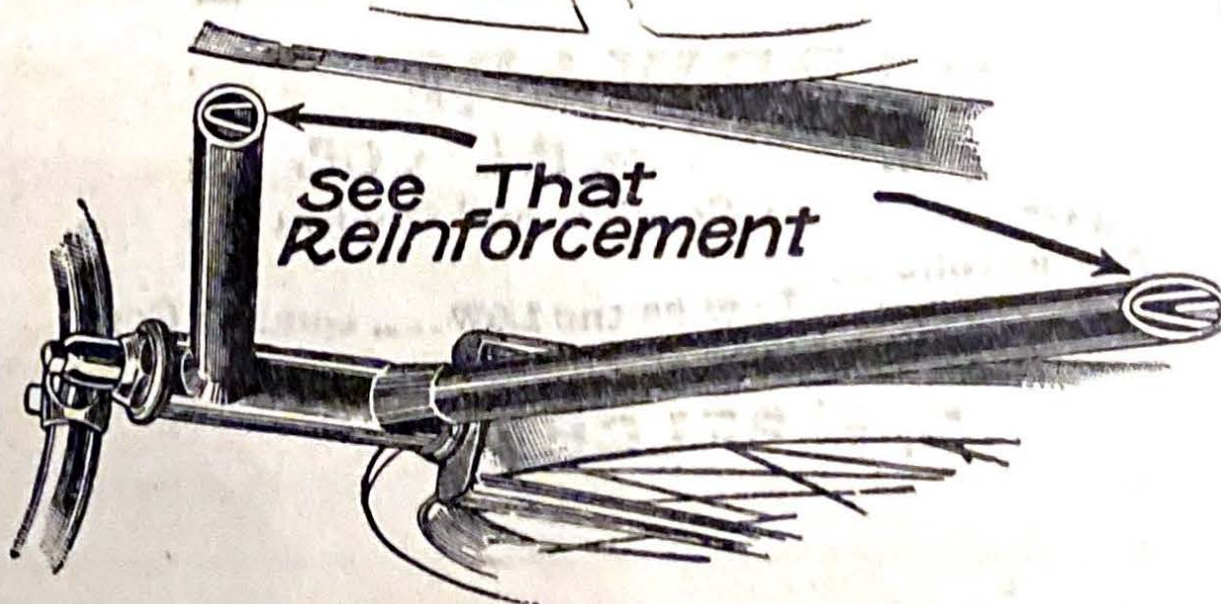
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31.

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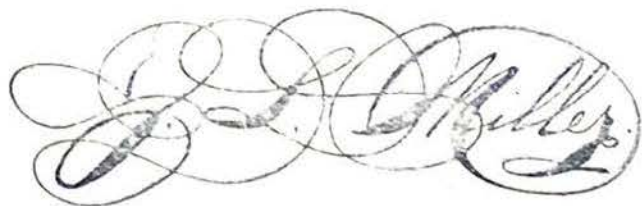
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