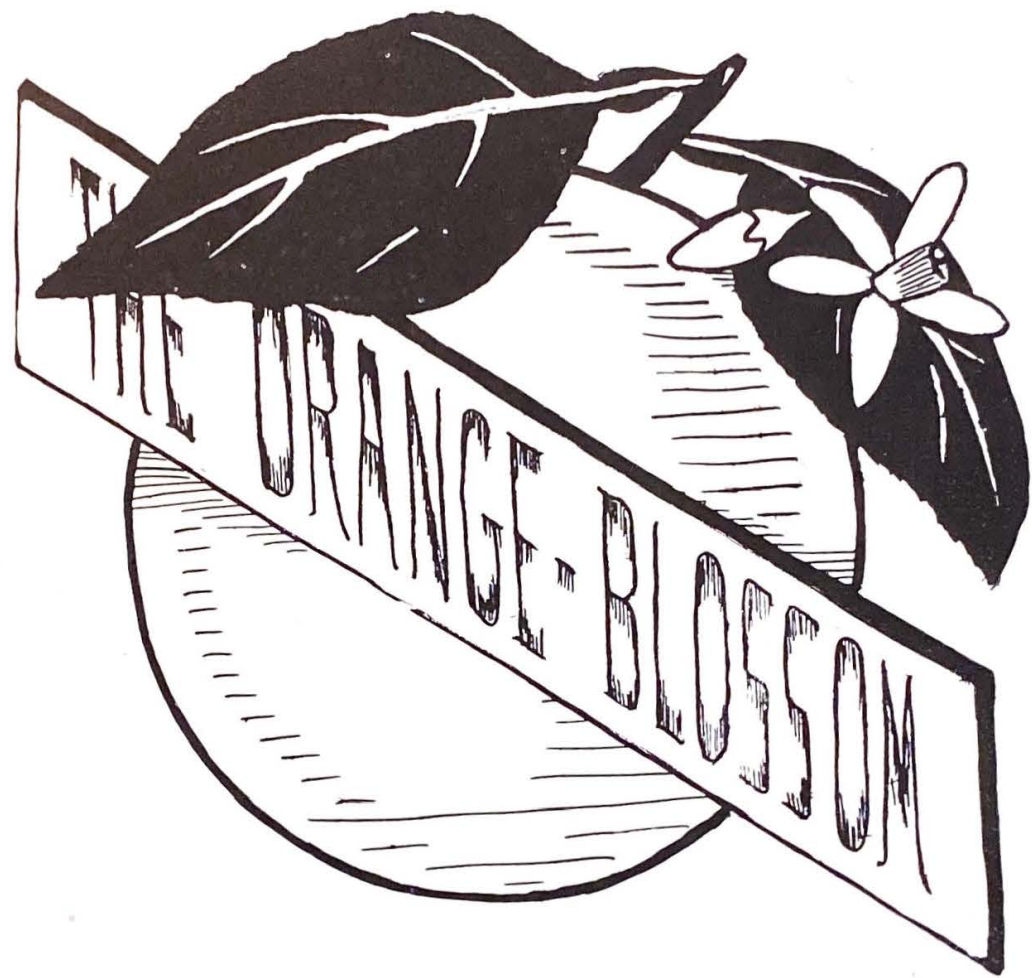


The
Orange
Blossom

.VERA .(HOOVER) .STRIETZEL .

1914



To our beloved Dr. Hooper,
who has always stood by us
because he believes in us,
and whom we respect
because we believe in him,
we, the students of Lordsburg College,
dedicate our annual,
"The Orange Blossom."

183650



W. I. T. HOOVER, PH. D.
Dean of Lordsburg College

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LORDSBURG COLLEGE

Lordsburg College



IN the year 1891 Lordsburg College was founded. Four men, David Kuns, Henry Kuns, Daniel Houser and Samuel Overholtzer had chosen this place as a suitable one in which to establish an institution of learning. Since that time the school has climbed upward and onward. Many students have come and gone, and always have the students of Lordsburg College been thankful to the founders of the institution for their choice of location.

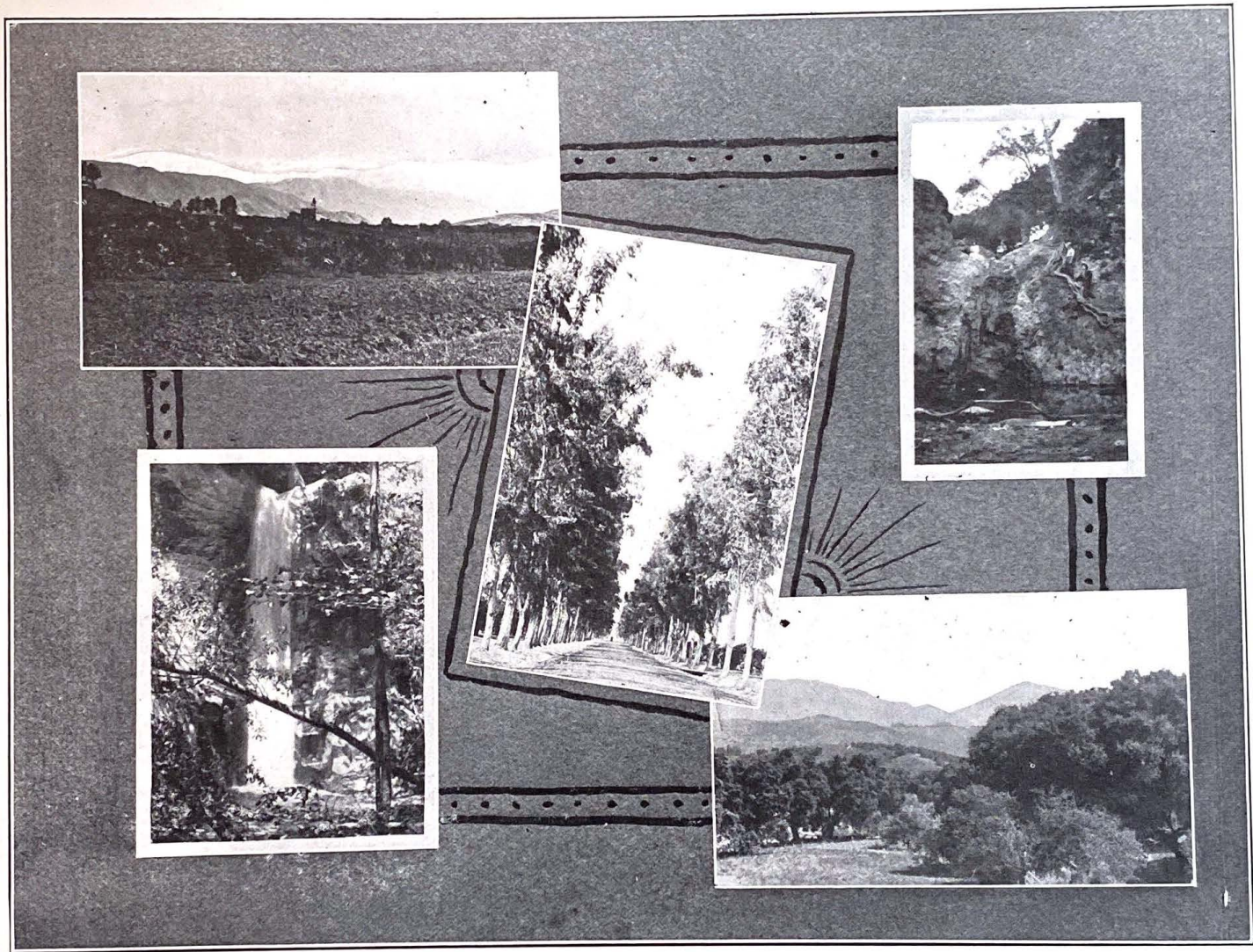
Southern California is proverbially known as a land of sunshine and flowers. Lordsburg College is situated in the heart of it, in the midst of the famous La Verne orange district. On its campus are pines and palms, cedar hedges, eucalyptus and umbrella trees, besides the luxurious abundance of flowers and vines of semi-tropic climes. Just west of the building is a small orange grove, of which free use is made by the students.

To the south and west, half a mile or more away, are "the hills," well known to everyone who attends L. C. From early spring to mid-summer, they are carpeted with green, in which the yellow of violets, the scarlet of Indian paintbrush, and the blue of cluster lilies form a brilliant mosaic. In evenings, the hills offer splendid opportunities for good times in impromptu weeny-roasts, and the like.

Three miles north of the college, the mountain lines of the San Gabriel range form an irregular skyline, stretching away into the dim distance to the west, and outlining the Cucamonga peaks toward the east. Just behind the first range, towers Old Baldy, the snows of whose hoary head can be seen whirling and blowing in the wind, while down here in the valley the breeze is warm and weighted with the fragrance of orange-blossoms.

Such are the beauties of the mountains visible from the college library windows—an inspiring sight for busy students. But to enjoy more of the wealth of mountain beauty, one must visit the canyons. San Dimas cayon, three miles distant, offers its cool stream and shaded paths for the pleasure of picnickers. After tramping five miles from its mouth, one is rewarded by the sight of "Third Falls" tumbling precipitously over a cliff ninety or more feet in height. Stoddard's, San Antonio, and San Gabriel canyons are other beautiful canyons, accessible for picnics and camping parties, but are a little more distant, about twelve miles.

Thus it is evident that Lordsburg College students have excellent chances for having good times, together with their studies, and if it is this combination that gives spice to an education, the students of this institution have a splendid opportunity to make theirs well seasoned.



SCENES AROUND AND ABOUT LORDSBURG

Board of Trustees

JOHN S. KUNS, President

ELD W. F. ENGLAND, V. Pres.

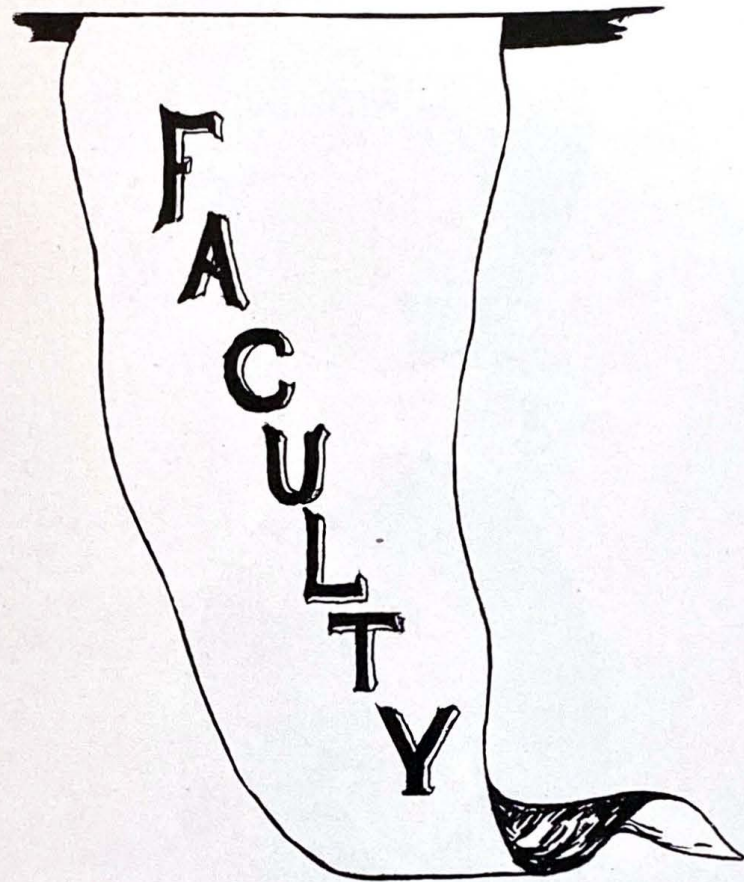
ELD. W. E. TROSTLE, Sec'y

L. C. KLINZMAN, Treas.

ELD. S. W. FUNK

J. H. BRUBAKER

ELD. J. W. CLINE





W. I. T. HOOVER, A. M., Ph. D.
Dean of the College
History and Philosophy



GEO. W. KIEFFABER, B. A.
Mathematics and German



WALTER R. HEPNER, B. A.
Science



ELSIE WARNOCK, B. A., M. A.
English



ELD. J. F. SOUDERS
Bible



MARGARET DICKSON, B. A.
Latin and Spanish



HOMER K. NORCROSS, M. Accts.
Bookkeeping and Stenography



I. V. FUNDERBURGH, B. S. L.
O. T. Greek



MRS. LAURA E. HAUGH
Expression



BENJAMIN S. HAUGH
Voice, Ear-training and Harmony
Piano



MRS. I. V. FUNDERBURGH
Matron

Alma Mater

I.

In sun's bright rays through all the year,
Our college stands inspiring;
Her busy men and women here
Are Nature's truth acquiring;
Though verdure is so beautiful
And valleys happy, free,
We turn to labors dutiful,
At dear old Lordsburg C.

II.

The near-by mountains tower above,
Their snow white caps are shining,
The vales inspire joy, peace, and love,
Which crush out all repining.
The mockingbird sings without fear
To comrades at his side,
'Tis 'midst these scenes, at L. C. dear,
Our thoughts will e'er abide.

III.

When time takes all our days but few,
And life seems long and deary,
We'll come for strength and fire anew,
Where no hearts can be weary,
And find still standing, true and strong,
Still fanned by breezes free,
A school where men of nations throng,
Our dear old Lordsburg C.

WALTER HEPNER.





P. J. WIEBE
The man to whom L. C. first gives
the B. A. degree

Senior Class

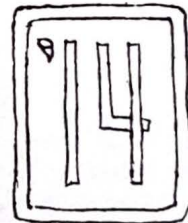
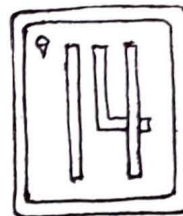
College Senior Class! Think of that when this is the first year that a full college course has been offered. Good beginning? Well, I guess! This is certainly encouraging, for it points to increased development and growth of the institution. A good beginning is half the battle.

Lordsburg College is proud of her first graduating class. Though composed of but one member, yet it is quite large. Mr. Wiebe is a very important personage, judging from the fact that he leads the school in size, age, and learning. Jolly and good-natured, he livens school life in general with witty humor and droll remarks.

Class colors—Blue and white.

Class flower—Sunflower.

Class motto—Know thyself.



College Juniors



L. R. Y. HOOVER

A Hoover born in a Hoosier state;
Has lived in Virginia and Maryland great.
Once before was in Lordsburg town;
Read the first reader in a school of renown.
This young man gives and takes a joke,
But has a strong aversion to a thing called "poison oak."
A grand success he's sure to make
At whatever thing he may undertake.
He may be a journalist,—a farmer may be,
But his fame will spread far o'er land and sea.

Motto—Root Hog or Die
Emblem—Skull and Crossbones
Colors—Black and White
Flower—Century Plant



I. W. FUNDERBURGH

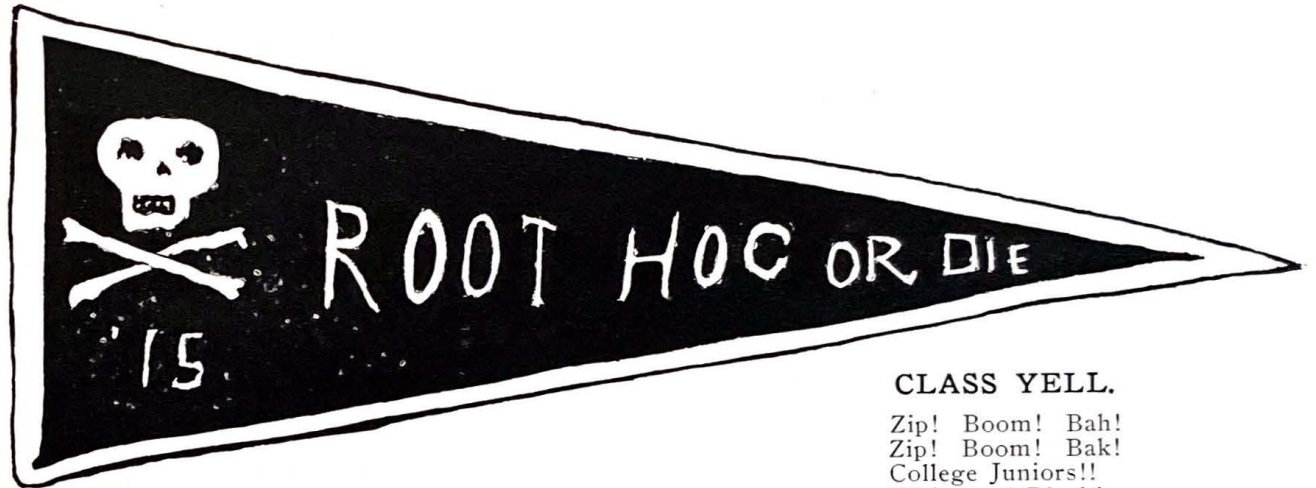
Here is one in this fair land
Whenever wanted, is near at hand.
He's a strong support of his Alma Mater;
Of his life's success you'll hear more later.

He's Ed. in Chief of the Palmerian now;
If you want to run a paper, just ask him how.

As President of the Junior class
He holds a job which none can surpass.
If you haven't subscribed for the ANNUAL yet,
He'll get you ere long I'll venture to bet.

OFFICERS

President, Funderburgh.
Vice-President, Hoover.
Treasurer, Funderburgh.
Secretary, Hoover.
Night Watchman, Funderburgh.
S. at A., Hoover.
Tellers, Funderburgh and Hoover.



CLASS YELL.

Zip! Boom! Bah!
Zip! Boom! Bak!
College Juniors!!
White and Black!

The College Junior class was born on a bright September afternoon, under the most auspicious conditions. The members of the class had met before, but not in the capacity in which they, for the past few months, have endeavored to labor. It was not long after the regular routine of school-work was thoroughly established until the College Juniors called a meeting. Organization was duly effected and plans for a brilliant career were discussed.

The class has had several meetings during the year, and very important some of them have been. In proof of this read the following extract from the Secretary's book: "The first item of business was the appointment by the President of a member to fill the vacancy in the office of Night Watchman. Motion then prevailed that the stove-pipe be cleaned and varnished. The Sergeant at Arms was appointed to oversee the work. Motion seconded twice that the stool appoint a committee of twenty-three

to draw up a resolution of importance to be attached to the present constitution. This committee to report at next session. Adjournment."

ESOCK SNICKLEFRITZ, Pres.
GRUBREDNUF CASSI, Secy.

A remarkable growth has been experienced by the class in many ways, which are too numerous to mention. There are several differences between the College Junior class and the other classes of the school. It is said of some that they are born not to be great; some fail to assume greatness; while others have greatness thrust beyond them. The class of '15 are greatest because of having not only been born great, but also because of having achieved greatness and of having had greatness thrust upon them. If you do not believe this, ask the members of the class.



SOPHOMORES



SOPHOMORES

CLASS ROLL

RUTH FRANTZ—

Her chief delight—Economics (?).
 Her chief fault—loosing books.
 Her chief virtue—efficiency and loyalty.
 Her ambition—to climb Mt. Ontario Peak.

LUKE MINNICH—

His chief delight—boosting L. C.
 His chief fault—hurting himself.
 His chief virtue—ability to make friends.
 His ambition—to wield the birch rod.

LESTER BLOCHER—

His chief delight—making close shaves.
 His chief fault—cutting too deep.
 His chief virtue—"Still water runs deep."
 His ambition—to scrape chins.

GERTRUDE A. YODER—

Her chief delight—books.
 Her chief fault—cramming.
 Her chief virtue—perseverance and gentleness.
 Her ambition—to grow fat.

MOTTO: "KNOW THYSELF"

CLASS COLORS:

Gold and White.

CLASS FLOWER:

California Poppy.

OFFICERS

President—Ruth Frantz

Secretary—Gertrude A. Yoder

Treasurer—Lester Blocher

Sergeant-at-arms—Luke Minnich

CLASS YELL

Kiyi, Kiyi, Kiyippiti Bus!

Look out! Look out quick for us

Razzle, dazzle, bim bum

Bean

We're o' 19 and 16.



FRESHMEN



ORGANIZATION

Paul Dresher, President. Roxie Snell, Secretary. Fern Blickenstaff, Vice-President, John Overholtzer, Treasurer. Sponsor, Prof. G. W. Kieffaber.

Our flower is the lovely red rosebud,
Its meaning you can surely descry;
Our colors, the red of its petals, and gray of the morning
sky.

“Per aspera ad astra,” our motto:
To live up to its meaning we’ll try.

ROLL CALL

PAUL DRESHER—

"Noble he was, condemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene."

ROXIE SNELL—

"Of wisdom truly she possesses much."

FERN BLICKENSTAFF—

"Genteel in personage, conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage, generous and free."

ALMINA RIES—

"Her gentle modesty, her splendid mind,
Make her a maid that's hard to find."

FLOUNCE JULIUS—

"Her voice it was a rill—that runs
Half spray among the flowers and rocks."

VESTA SANGER—

"Her dignity marked, and her firm and haughty mien
Bespeak a wisdom the greatest ever seen."

ELICE LAYCOOK—

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed;
And ease of heart her every look conveyed."

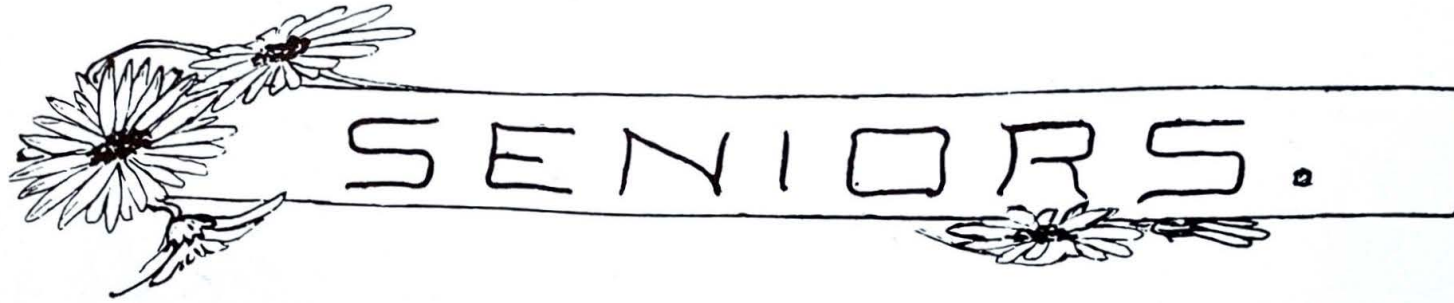
JOHN OVERHOLTZER—

"A kinder gentleman treads not the earth."

ELSIE PRICE—

She is like a star in her peaceful shining and in the
influence of her unselfish spirit.





ORGANIZATION

President.....Harper W. Frantz
Vice-President.....Heber Baisinger
Secretary and Treasurer.....Mary Lichtenwalter

Class Colors: Green and White.

Class Motto: Rowing, not Drifting.

Class Emblem: The Oar.

Class Flower: The Shasta Daisy.



HARPER FRANTZ

Class president. A scientific American youth—Aber, er hat die Maedel nicht gern.
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
Over books consumed the midnight oil?"



HELEN FESLER

Dabbles in domestic science. Likes to play tennis but stops to talk occasionally. She recognizes that—"Music is the universal language of mankind."



MARY LICHTENWALTER

Class secretary, also handles the cash and lots of it.
"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends."



HEBER BAISINGER

Vice president of the Senior Class. A brilliant youth. To him "A preponderance of obesity would be quite repugnant."
His dry wit makes the world smile. "O hear his speech but say thou nought."



CLARANCE VANIMAN

Otherwise known as "Vann." Student body treasurer.
He's got a motor, an' a girl, an —, an —.
"Oye Gods! If thow wouldst let me live to be a man—."



LUCILE GNAGY

"Sometimes from her eyes
We do receive fair speechless messages."



FLORENCE NETZLEY

"This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Hath won our right good will."



FRED HOLLENBURG

He hails from Canada.
He is a walking encyclopedia.
He is a jolly chap.
"In arguing, too, we all own his skill
For even tho vanquished, he can argue still."



IDA METZGER

"To know her is to love her,
This maid with dreamy eyes.
She's very philosophical,
And also wonderous wise."



CHARLES FISHER

"Doc" (Alias "Chick," the tennis shark.) Addicted to ditching classes, and talking to bonnie lasses.
"His eye twinkles in his head aright,
As doon the sterres on a frosty night."

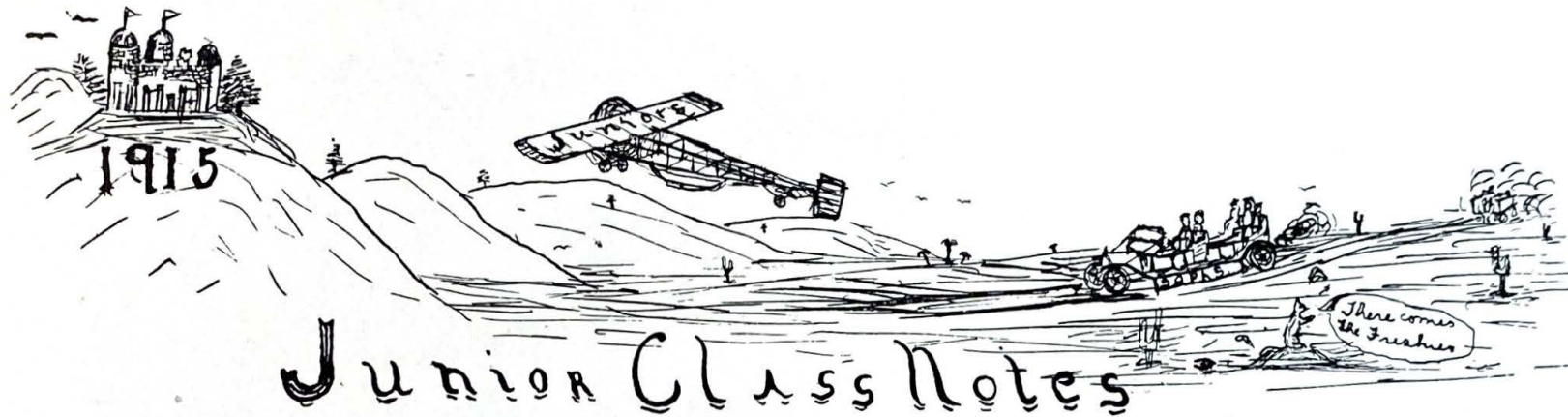


CATHERINE KLINZMAN

"Cassie." She rejoices in fun, loves "everybody," and always has a smile for you.
"Life at best is short they say,
So you'd better stop and live by the way."



unior



The Juniors of L. C., numerically considered, are not many, but to relate their merits would require the ability of a Macauley or De Quincey. The masculine and feminine genders are quite equally represented by four boys and four girls.

As inexperienced Freshmen we had high ambitions but only a slight idea of the length of the road to fame. However, through our sincere efforts we reached the Sophomore goal. Slowly we toiled through our Sophomore year. Comrades were dropping from our ranks but we kept at it. So we entered with spirit upon this, our Junior year.

At the opening of school we chose as our guide and advisor, Miss Dickson, our invincible professor of languages.

Our class was organized with Ben Fisher as president and Ruth Blickenstaff as secretary, and soon our colors of blue and white were floating high over L. C. Once each month we make special demonstration of our class spirit by wearing our class colors.

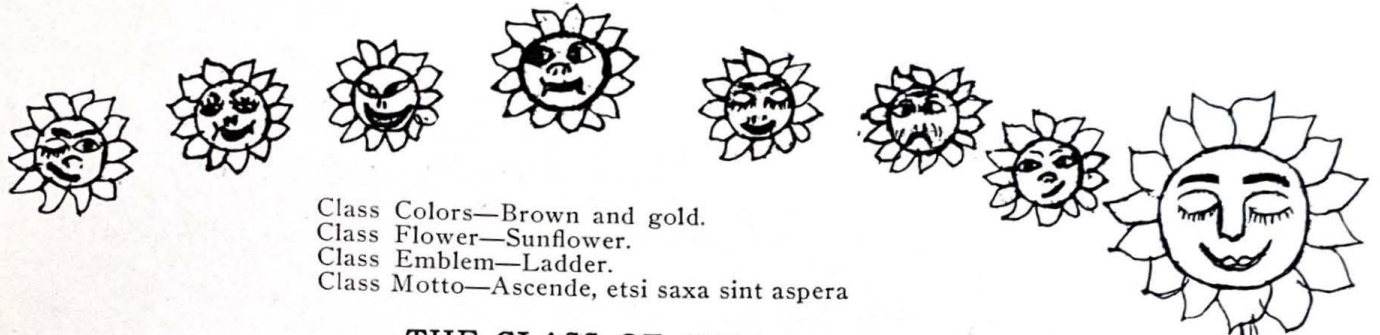
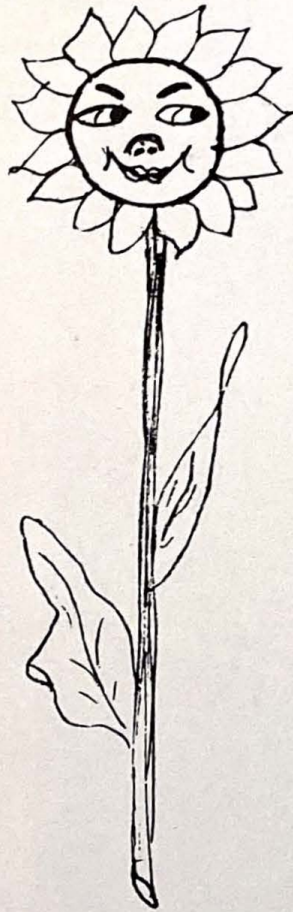
Of course we have our faults, but our follies may be

attributed to youth. Look at Ben Fisher. He's a jolly, energetic and sociable fellow. His auto affords the Juniors jolly times but usually he prefers a college Freshman. There's Alberta with her merry laughter. She is always looking for a good time, is a loyal Alphan and Joke Editor for the Annual. Homer Norcross divides his time between teaching, student activities and motor riding. The Junior "Rhodes" leads high above all others at L. C. Mr. Rhodes hails from Canada; is somewhat shy, but shyness may be overcome. Fair and modest is Wilma with her dimples and curly hair. Russel Lichtenwalter is a very active member of the Junior class, but a lad of few words. Quiet, modest, and unassuming is Ethel. She is the student body secretary. Ruth Blickenstaff is the girl with dark hair and black eyes. She is commanding, makes things go, and with it all is sociable.

With our combination of genius, talent, and energy we predict that when our class "glides from the harbor into the sea" on Commencement night, 1915, this little earthly sphere will receive an added impulse and Father Time will halt to look and listen.



SOPHOMORE ACADEMY



Class Colors—Brown and gold.
Class Flower—Sunflower.
Class Emblem—Ladder.
Class Motto—Ascende, etsi saxa sint aspera

THE CLASS OF 1916

Come out and listen! Hear us sing!
With merry tune our voices ring.
Open the gates, unlock the doors,
Who are we? We're Sophomores!

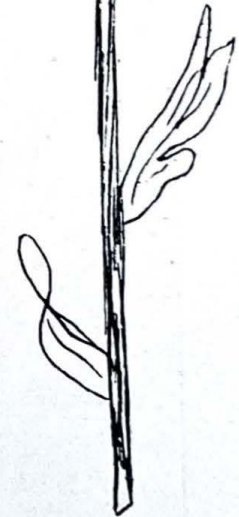
Out on the road on a dusty pike
A young man came on a prolonged hike.
The road was rough, and where it led
But few could tell, 'cause few there tread.

Admired by all the giddy throng,
Tired and weary he roamed along.
"But why," you ask, "what is his quest?"
Here's the answer, "He's bound for Success."

And on, and on, and on, he goes,
Leaving behind all of his foes,
Till when at last the goal is won,
Vict'ry is his; the feat is done.

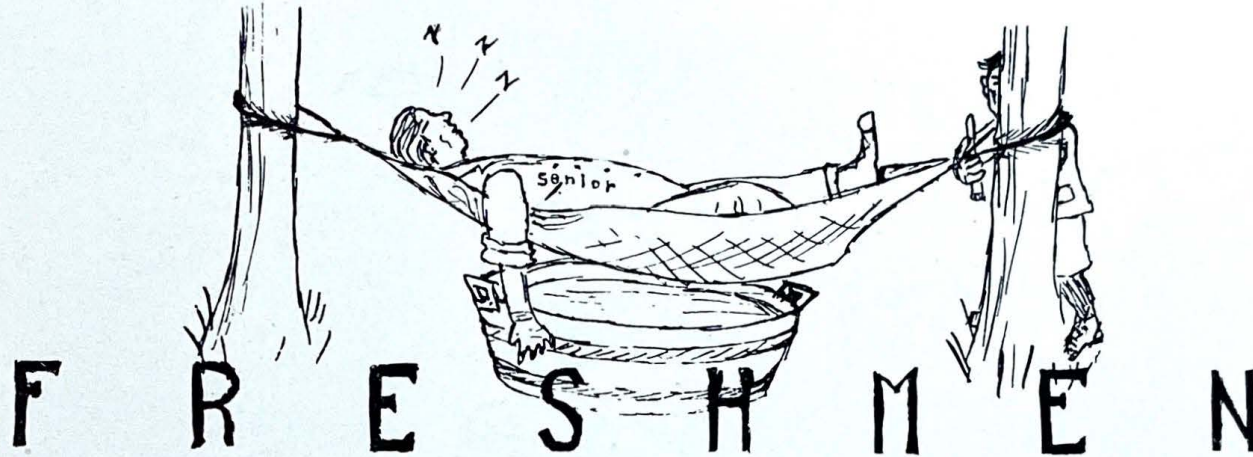
Now we our dear old Sophomore Class,
Are likewise sure to leave the mass
Of men, to go forever on
Till what we seek is what is won.

—RAYMOND S. BRUMBAUGH.





FRESHMEN, ACADEMY



CLASS ORGANIZATION

President, Maude Brubaker
 Secretary, Olive Hesp

Vice-President, Fern Hartman
 Treasurer, Leroy Eikenberry

Class Teacher, Mrs. Laura E. Haugh

CLASS ROLL

Minnie Zug, Ina Marshburn, John Stover, M. S. Thein, Leroy Eikenberry, Roscoe Hoover, Paul Lentz, Anna Yost, George Calvert,
 Selma Zug, Olive Hesp, Hilda Broad, Maude Brubaker, Carrie Sherwood, Fern Hartman, Lura Hixon

US FRESHIES

They call us fresh and flip and green,
 We're said to be awkward too;
 We're told the world we've never seen
 And in games we'll never do.

We're called the babies of the school,
 They say we get homesick too,
 And if we were under mother's rule
 Of the many things we'd rue.

They'd make us brush our brother's clothes
 And black his boots each day,

We'd keep the powder on his nose
 And sing to him a little lay.

But freshmen are not built just right
 To dust and scrub and sew,
 When such a job as this they sight
 Forth from that room they go.

Granted your claims may all be true
 That funny things we'll do;
 We have one consolation though
 That you have been there too.

—J. S., '17.



THE DAWN

(Prize Poem.)

I stand by my window and wonder,
As I gaze toward the sky at the dawn,
How the Master earth could discover
The mixture of paints to put on.

The gates of the day are wide open,
The fleeces are dancing about,
And the lusters are gorgeous and glorious,
For the paints are all spread about.

The azure and rose with the hazels,
Are blending most beautiful and grand,
And the light o'er the landscape advances
Chasing all gloom from the land.

I stand by my window and ponder,
For the mists I can't understand,
But the vision of such a grand picture
Reveals the Omnipotent Hand.

—ELICE LAYCOOK, B.A., '17.

LORDSBURG COLLEGE

You may talk about your college,
Or your universities.
With their splendid halls of knowledge,
And their men of high degree;
You may talk of Yale or Harvard,
Princeton, Brown, or U. S. C.,
But I know that Lordsburg College
Is just good enough for me.

Oh, the beauty of the climate
Where the sun does always shine;
Oh, the pleasure of reclining
'Neath the shade of palm or pine.
With such good and noble teachers,
And the students full of glee,
I'm sure that Lordsburg College
Is just good enough for me.

P. P. WIEBE, B. A. '14.

A BLAZE

PRIZE STORY

A long line of men and women began in front of the window marked "cashier" in the First National Bank and extended for almost a block. Mr. Call stood behind the counter and feverishly paid out the money called for by the checks presented. Some were for small amounts while some ran up into four figures. He had reason to get excited. Every appearance indicated that a run on the bank had begun. Calling a clerk to come and relieve him he hastily ran to the telephone in the inner office.

"Give me 7864 Main, please—Hello! Is this Mr. Gregory? What shall I do? There seems to be a run on the bank. The line extends down the street for a block. Every one takes out very cent. We have only a few thousand in cash left and that will soon be gone. If we can't keep paying the demands we will have to close our doors—All right, I'll go down right away and telegraph to San Francisco to see whether I can borrow the money and will have them send it up by messenger."

He hung up the telephone receiver without saying "good-bye" and, acting on the advice given him by the bank president, grabbed his hat and darted up the street. He went to the nearest Western Union office and sent a telegram to the National Reserve Bank at San Francisco. He soon received an answer telling him that he could secure any amount he needed, and that it could be sent on the eleven o'clock train, due out in fifteen minutes. That would bring the cash to him by two o'clock. So Mr. Call sent word to send one hundred thousand dollars and hastened back to the bank.

As he came up he saw that the line had increased in length by nearly half a block. He was worried. Would the money from San Francisco arrive in time to save them from closing the doors?

When he was again before the counter he delayed matters as long as possible. But the people were becoming impatient for they were afraid that they were going to lose their money. Those behind commended to shove and jostle those in front.

How those piles of gold and silver decreased in size! He spoke in assuring tones to those in front, but that did not relieve their anxiety. The crowding and jostling in the lobby was reaching such a state that something had to be done. Mr. Call again left his post in charge of the clerk, this time to call the police in an effort to straighten the line.

Twenty blue-coated men, with stars on their coat fronts, were soon on the scene and order was restored with but little difficulty. However, it was necessary for the police to remain to keep order. The long line attracted the attention of passers-by, who stopped to gaze, eager to learn the cause of the excitement.

The piles of coin grew still smaller and the noon hour was barely past. Mr. Call saw that the money would not last until the two o'clock train came in. Something else would have to be done and that quickly. The other banks in town were able to let him have a few thousand, but that was not enough. He racked his brain for some method to halt the line. Suddenly a clerk came running to him.

"I have an idea," he exclaimed. "If you want to save the bank you must stop that line. I know how it can be done."

"Quick, out with it then."

Barclay was an unassuming fellow, but ever equal to an emergency. He had been noted while in college for his ingenuity. Now he unfolded his plan to the cashier.

"Why not smoke them out like bees, until the money arrives? I have forgotten most of my chemistry, but, let me see,—magnesium will make the light, a chlorate will give the crackling effect and manganese dioxide will make a good filler and help the combustion. Don't you think it will work?"

"It's worth trying, anyhow," said Mr. Call. "You run down to the drug store and get the stuff and I will fix up the apparatus to burn it while you are gone."

Barclay darted through the crowd eager to serve his employer. The druggist suggested that some sulphur be added to

the mixture to make it burn faster and some strontium to give the fire a redder effect. Barclay agreed, secured the materials and hastened back to the bank. Call had the apparatus set up and was awaiting Barclay's return. When all was ready he walked into the office and addressed the men:

"Now boys, I am going to stage a mock fire. You fellows will be choked by the smoke and will see the flames. Of course you will have to get out. Well, the idea is, you get out, and then help to clear the people out. Do you get me? I guess I would better call up the fire department and arrange with them."

The chief consented to bring an engine and make a pretense of putting out the fire and also help keep the crowd off.

"I am ready now, boys," calmly said Call and went to the back room and set off the mixture. He had fixed up a wire so that he could stop the blaze from the outside of the building. Smoke was soon pouring out into the main banking room. Flames could be seen in the back of the building. The clerks and people began to cough, while the cry of "Fire! Fire!" was taken up by every throat. Some surged towards the counter, while others fled for the door. Confusion reigned. The police hurried the people from the building.

The fire engine came tearing down the street and fastened

onto a plug at the corner. The firemen ran in the front way with a hose, but soon came out again stifled with smoke. They then went to the rear, took a line to the roof and idly played a stream about. Call could be seen hurrying about, watch in hand. When the fire was well under way he went to the telegraph office and again called San Francisco. He found that the shipment had been made all O. K. and by telephoning to the depot learned that the two o'clock train was on time. He then rushed back to the bank and pulled the wire to stop the burning.

The police were stationed around the front door as the smoke commenced to clear away, to keep the people out. After a time, clerks went in, opened windows, and wiped counters in preparation for business.

Meanwhile the train had arrived, and an express wagon had brought the coin up to the bank and now piles of it were placed on the counter. They were again ready for business and the bank was saved.

The next day the board of directors met and voted to give Barclay a six weeks' leave of absence on full pay.

J. M. OVERHOLTZER, B.A., '17.

OLD BALDY

Oh Baldy, high and rugged,
Had I thy praise to sing
My words would reach the heavens;
The air with anthems ring.

Oh mountain ever silent!
Thou speakest no word to tell,
Of treasures, golden treasures
That in thy heart doth dwell.

So let us oft remember,
That though no outward sign,
Every soul that liveth
May have a heart divine.

—ELSIE PRICE, B.A., '17.

SAM WOODS

"What's that? Battle of the clouds? And all that wood to split and that pile of saplings to saw up. No, sir, Samuel Woods, you stay at home tomorrow and tend to that wood-pile," replied Mr. Woods to Sam's humble question, "Pa, can I go to Pomona and see the men fighting in the air?"

"All right, Pa," he answered respectfully, but he made up his mind then and there that it would be sin to miss the great spectacle of a real battle like this was to be.

He was a good boy that evening, had the wood-box full of kindling, swept the back porch and was altogether as thoughtful a boy as any one only ten years old could be. When the family had all gone to bed, he stealthily got his old tin bank, put it under the covers to muffle the rattle, and shook all of his money out of it.

Friday's sun did not see Samuel on the Woods ranch, but the moon saw him come in the house through his bedroom window, quietly, very quietly, and he nearly made less than no noise going to bed. Then his conscience got after him. "Now, see here Samuel Woods, aren't you sorry you went? You'll catch it in the morning. All that wood to split—all that wood to split—all—"

Suddenly he heard a whirring noise in the distance. The whirr grew louder. He sat up and could see, way off over the hills, a black speck. The speck grew larger and larger and began to make great circles right over him. The circles began

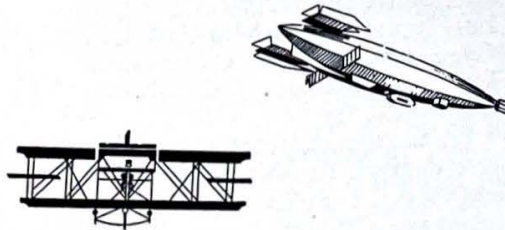
to grow smaller. Soon he could make out the outline of the Thing, and later saw that the body of it was made of four-foot cord wood. Its great wings were made of axes, thousands of them, and its tail was a mammoth bucksaw. Its nose was a sapling and there was a knob on the end of it. The driver, who wore great goggles made of cards, sat on a large bundle of kindling.

As the circles brought the terrible Thing nearer he saw that his own bank made the knob on the end of the sapling. The driver began calling out: "Cut that bank loose. Cut it loose, loose—" with great emphasis on the word loose. "Cut it loose! Can't you see it's pulling me down?"

Pulling him down it was, pulling him straight towards Sam, who was so scared that he couldn't run, couldn't call for help, couldn't even move in fact. He made a superhuman effort and succeeded in yelling at the top of his voice, "Pa!"

The vision vanished. He was in bed again and there in the middle of the floor was his pa. Samuel first saw the leather strap in his hand. But his father had surely lost his mind, for he was laughing, roaring, and slapping his knee with the strap. Pretty soon his roars subsided into chuckles and he said as he left the room, still chuckling, "It's all right Sam, we'll say no more about it."

HEBER BAISINGER, '14.



A NARROW ESCAPE

It was in the fall of the year. The sun dried prairie grass waved slightly in the hot wind. Two lone figures on horseback rode aimlessly across the brown waste. By their dusty, tanned faces, wide-brimmed sombreros, and chap-clad limbs one could easily detect that they were a couple of cowboys just returning from the fall round-up. The one man was tall and strongly built. His hair was quite long and hung in matted curls about his damp forehead and neck. His face, which was tanned a dark brown, was well formed and almost handsome. The other man was short and wiry. His hair was also dark, but very straight. His face was tanned, and over one eye was a deep scar. He had a large nose and protruding lips.

There was not a house or sign of a living thing except these two lone figures on horseback. The fierce sun beat down upon them as if trying to subjugate them or drive them away as it had every other living creature. There was no water in any of the many stream beds which they crossed from time to time. At last the travelers halted for their noonday lunch. They threw their saddles off their horses and turned them loose to wander as they wished in search of something to eat. Then the cowboys took their meager lunch out of their saddle bags and began to eat it.

They had been more or less silent all morning, but now "Finnly," the tallest of the two, spoke: "Heard about those settlers coming into East Fork? First thing we know we'll have to either leave the country or settle down somewhere in a two by four."

The other was silent for a moment then said: "Yep, we'll soon have ter clear out. Cattle 'er gittin' scarcer every year and settlers are gittin' thicker. This'll soon be no place fer us cow punchers.. Curse this infernal weather anyhow," he added as he gazed towards the horizon where the heat waves were dancing up and down.

"If we don't find some water pretty soon for the horses I

don't know what we'll do. Look at poor old Bluebottle. Poor old Pal, he looks like you could poke your finger clean through him. Hasn't had a drop to drink since six this mornin'."

Lunch was over and after resting about an hour the boys whistled to their horses. The faithful animals came at once. Then the saddles were quickly and carefully fastened on their backs, while the owners caressed and talked to them all the while.

At about sun down the men came to a deep ravine through which a tiny stream was flowing. Dismounting they allowed their thirsty horses to drink, sparingly at first, and then as much as they wished. Thus refreshed the horses pressed on at a faster pace. The wind became cooler and stronger. A few miles away they saw an old barn and turned their horses' heads in that direction.

"Wonder what makes the sky near the horizon look so hazy?" said Shorty.

"I don't know. There must be a band of cattle coming this way or else it's smoke," said Finnly.

When they reached the barn they once more relieved their horses of their saddles and rubbed their lathered sides with a handful of dried grass.

By this time the sun had sunk in the west. The wind was sulky. The haze they had seen earlier in the evening had become denser and hung in clouds about the horizon.

After eating a hastily cooked supper the boys prepared their beds for the night and were soon fast asleep. Suddenly Finnly was awakened by the neighing and squealing of the horses. He arose hastily, kicked Shorty in the side and exclaimed: "Hey, there, get up! It's fight or die this time, sure enough!"

They hurried out of the barn. The sight which met their eyes was appalling. A dense smoke which made their eyes smart and burn had settled all about them. But it was not too dense to hide from them the flames not far away.

"Run around the barn that way. I'll go this way and we'll meet on the other side," ordered Finnly.

Thus they made a complete circle of the barn. But they could find no way of escape. They were surrounded by a roaring furnace. The sun-dried grass burned like tinder and the fire swept on at lightning speed.

"Gess we'll have a pretty tough fight," concluded Shorty. "We'd better back fire on the windy side and then make a rush for our lives."

So they each took a handful of dried grass and went to meet the on-coming destruction. Lighting their grass they distributed it for a distance of about fifteen feet. The grass burned very readily and they had some trouble in keeping it going in the right direction. Aided by the wind, they soon had a path about fifteen feet wide burned clear. Sparks and burning pieces of grass fell like rain about them. Their clothes were continually catching on fire and their faces and hands were blistered by the heat but still they kept on working.

All this time the horses were squealing and rushing frantically about inside of the barn. Their noise suddenly stopped and looking back the men saw the barn in a mass of flames.

"Poor old Pal, poor old faithful Bluebottle," muttered the tall cowboy under his breath.

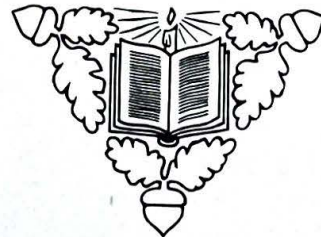
By this time the fire was all about them. Now was the time

to act and they ran for their lives through the small flames and over the spark-strewn path they had just made. The soles of their rawhide boots were thick but they soon became so hot that their feet seemed to be incased in red-hot stoves. The heat in the air was so intense that every breath they drew was painful. Their mouths were dry and parched. Their eyes were red and staring.

It seemed ages to them before they could once more feel the caress of the cool night air. How refreshing it felt on their blistered faces. Their one longing now was for water to cool their parched throats. Fighting their way along blindly after several hours of terrible suffering and perseverance they came again to the deep ravine where their horses had refreshed themselves a few hours before. With a hoarse cry they rushed down the bank and threw their pain-wracked bodies into the stream. At last they crawled out to the waters' edge and, being utterly exhausted, lay there until morning.

At about ten o'clock Finnly, aroused from sleep, painfully crawled up the embankment, and looked about him. Not far away he saw a party of rangers who had come out to see what damage the fire had done. He succeeded in attracting their attention and the two unfortunates were rescued.

FLORENCE JULIUS, A. B. '17



DAY DREAMING

I sat in the class room one day,
My eyes on the distant hills,
And I longed to be away and away,
Far from my worries and ills.

Rhetoric was all around me,
The hum and the buzz of the day,
But my soul from this work was free,
And was floating away and away.

Upon a white cloud I sailed,
Till I reached the highest peak,
And was gazing out over the valley
When I thought I heard some one speak.

My name in the sternest of accents,
Came to my ears like a ban;
I sat and stared in stupidity,
My soul in the class room again.

Down on the book went a zero,
And I decided that after this,
I'd await a more opportune moment,
For my dreams of exquisite bliss.

—A. R., B.A., '17.

A FRIEND'S A FRIEND FOR A' THAT

Thru all this year of school life,
We've rivals been and a' that;
We've played the fool, and played the wit,
Just to outdo, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our rivalry and a' that,
In heart we smiled as triumphs piled,
We a' were friends for a' that.

In contests, games and emulation,
We've felt defeat and a' that;
We've gloried over victories,
And ridiculed and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our rivalry and a' that,
Whate'er we've done, whate'er we've won,
We've friendly been for a' that.

So through the long years may we be,
Fast friends and true, and a' that,
And in defeat or victory,
Pleasure or pain, or a' that,
In a' that and a' that,
In hopes though vain and a' that,
We'll still clasp hands in friendship bands,
And a' be friends for a' that.

—E. P., B.A., '17.

A "DORM" JOKE

When came the warmer nights of March,
And a bright moon was in the sky,
The girls, they would asleeping go,
Upon the porch so high.

They made the boast of how the boys,
The poor and pampered creatures,
Would have to swelter in their rooms,
In pajamas, gowns and breeches.

While they upon their lofty beds,
In all the glories bright;
Would sleep like children four years old,
Each solitary night.

'Bout dusk one night the boys stole
Up to those beds so neat;
They covered the ground like unto snow,
With pillow and with sheet.

By ten the girls all sleepy grew,
And to that porch did go.
Then whispered accents, smothered waifs,
The boys heard down below.

Soon down the stairs the girls did sneak,
To gather up their covers,
And as they labored up again,
Vowed vengeance on their "brothers."

When questioned how they slept, next morn,
The girls, with serious mien, did say,
"The winds disturbed our beds somewhat
But now they're fixed to stay."

—JOHN STOVER, '17.

MOUNTAIN THOUGHTS

I love the shady woodland green,
The flowers, trees, and leafy screen,
The rocks made in the ancient past,
Which ne'er have moved, save by the blast.

The towering mountains, grim and bald,
Have for long ages weak man appalled;
The crags, peaks, and hoary crests,
Serve as the home for eagles' nests.

The running brooks, the murmuring streams,
The sun's bright rays, the moonlight beams,
The robin's song, the wildcat's cry,
Keeps us to nature ever nigh.

All this gives life its fervent joy;
Old hearts keep glad, youths' minds employ.
It gives them hope and high ideal,
And to man's true nature makes appeal.

—W. H.

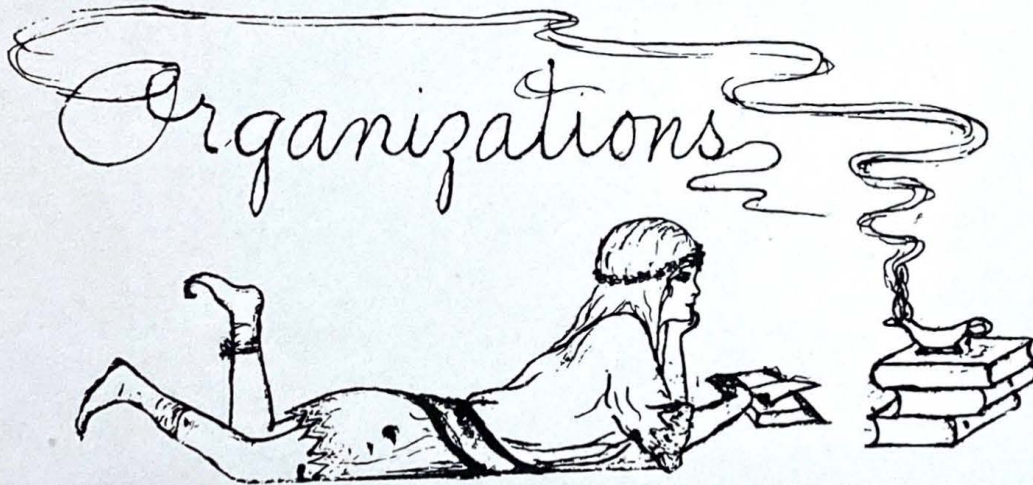
COLLEGE NOLLEGE

I'm going to school, attending college,
In the hope of gaining much prized nollege,
But the flame of hope has burned quite low,
For I've only learned how much I don't know.

But now the flame burns brighter once more,
To know I don't know, is truly the door
That opens to great wide fields of life's nollege,
To find the door is my job at college.

—R. F.







OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT BODY

First row, left to right, Clarence Vaniman, Treasurer; Ben Fisher, Tennis Manager; Isaac Funderburgh, Yell Leader; Prof. Hepner, Base Ball Manager; Harper Frantz, Vice President. Second row, Ruth Frantz, Debating Club Manager; Paul Dresher, President; Ethel Brubaker, Secretary.

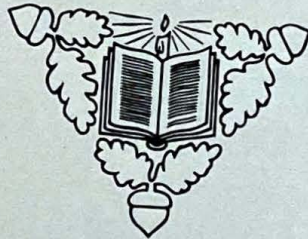
The Student Body

The Student Body of Lordsburg College is, naturally, the most important student organization of the school. It is the organ of all student activities, the head of all student organizations, such as debating society, athletic clubs, etc. The presidents or managers of these various clubs are counted as Student Body officers. They do their work under the supervision of this body.

The Student Body of Lordsburg College has been in existence for only two years. During this time its efficiency has been at the top notch. Through it the students of Lordsburg College have been able to bring to

successful completion, greater undertakings than would otherwise have been possible. They have felt as if they had a part to play in the success of the institution.

Besides being an excellent basis for "getting things done" this organization unites all the students in one common body, creating a spirit of loyalty and union. It is the best possible means of encouraging school spirit, and by school spirit we mean that intense feeling of loyalty which must express itself in doing the things that will bring the highest honor and greatest glory to our Alma Mater.





PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Philomathean Literary Society

DEAR FRIEND:

We have heard that you have been considering coming to Lordsburg College next year. We wish you to know something of our school and as one of the important features is the Philomathean Literary Society we will tell you about it. It is a thriving and energetic factor in our school. You will notice our name is "Philomathean," which means "Lovers of Learning." Our colors are "Blue and white" and our motto "Semper Fidelis." Our emblem, "The Owl," speaks well of the wisdom with which we press forward.

Our number is made up of earnest and enthusiastic students who are desirous of seeing our society reach the top of the ladder and therefore strive always for the best along literary lines.

We have endeavored during the past year to give a program twice a month, and with few exceptions have done so. We have given a number of special programs, among the best of which were: "Our Special California Program" in which we boosted Southern California, and "Our Trip to Mars." Many and wonderful were the things seen and heard upon this trip. We especially enjoyed listening to an address given by a native of Mars who returned with our crowd. A later number of our special programs was our "Third Annual Musical Program," for which our society is noted.

We hope that we may see your face among our number this coming year and let us urge you to give us your name as a member of our beloved society.

Best wishes from

THE PHILOS.



ALPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Alphian Society

It was a hot day in August, and William lay lazily stretched out under a shade tree on the lawn. He had spent the previous winter at Lordsburg College, and was at this time spending vacation with his parents in Washington.

He was trying to decide which studies to pursue the coming term, when a soft step behind and several wads of grass being thrown on his neck, aroused him from his reverie. He looked around quickly to see the beaming face of his chum, who said "Hello, old boy! Thought I would drop in to see you before you went away to college."

"Why, hello John, I'm mighty glad to see you. You are just the fellow I want to take along for a room-mate. Come and sit down and let's talk about it. There are many things that make school life at L. C. desirable. There is a bunch of jolly students who are all friendly and sociable, and the Prof's are all right too. The athletics are such that any school might be proud of, and you should have seen our team win basketball games."

"But aren't there any literary societies?" asked John.

"Oh, yes, certainly; school life would not be half so interesting if it were not for Literary. There are two societies, the Alphian and Philomathian. I am an Al-

phian. However, I guess the only reason I belong to the Alphian is because they happened to see me first. You see, when I arrived at Lordsburg station several Alphians were there to meet me and made me feel at home immediately. They took me to the College in an automobile and treated me royally. One of the girls pinned an Alphian badge on my coat and I left it on. Couldn't blame me, could you, when it was given by such a pretty girl? I have been an Alphian ever since and have never regretted it."

"The members certainly are loyal too. One time two of our number were taken sick and were unable to appear on the program. This happened Friday noon and two other girls consented to work up new readings to be given Saturday evening. They did fine too. Now if that is not loyalty, what is it?"

John, who had been a passive listener, said, "I have a surprise for you. Father said I might go along back with you to school, and I can hardly wait until time to start."

"Hurrah for you!" William said, giving his friend a hearty slap on the back.

"Hurrah for L. C.! Hurrah for the Alphians! You will be an Alphian, won't you?"

"Sure, old boy!"



DEBATING CLUB

Debating Club

Question: Resolved, that the Debating Club is beneficial to students.

Argument for the Affirmative.

The question as to the advantages to the student of the Debating Club has arisen because there has been much agitation among the members in trying to get new members.

The Debating Club is beneficial to the student, first, because it gives practice in public speaking. It is very necessary that a student be able to express his thoughts clearly and logically, because whatever work he takes up later he will be, more or less, a public speaker. This training is not secured in the regular branches of work and hence must be gotten through other activities. The Debating Club supplies this need.

Secondly, rules are given in the club for working up a debate. The best methods are given for research work, arrangement of material and for proof of arguments. By following these rules the mind is given a practical and valuable training.

Thirdly, much useful information is gained, both by the one who works up the debate and the one who listens. The average student is too busy to read much upon political subjects, but the club keeps him in touch with the problems before his country.

However, the club has its humorous attractions as well as intellectual. The discussions after the debates are always lively and full of interest. It is true that digres-

sions are sometimes made from the subject of the evening, but they are nevertheless interesting. Wit and humor are abundant in this part of the program, and the members usually go away laughing.

Argument on the Negative Side.

The debating society is not beneficial to the students, first, because public speaking gives many pupils stage fright. This is hard on the nervous system and nothing should be allowed or at least encouraged that is likely to give the student a shock.

The debates also take time that could be spent more profitably otherwise, as for example, studying.

Hypocrisy is also developed through the club. In every debate some one has to uphold a side which they don't believe. In the debate, they give arguments, as though they firmly believed in them, hence they are acting the part of the hypocrite. Therefore, debating is bad for the morals of the debater.

Affirmative Rebuttal.

We thank the negative side for the arguments they have given on the affirmative side. It is true that some students get the stage fright, but practice in debating will overcome that nervous trouble. Again, the student is gaining knowledge in the club and hence is studying. Moreover, if the student successfully upholds a side in which he does not believe, he has gained a great lesson in will power. Therefore, we maintain that the debating club is beneficial to the students.



CHORAL UNION

Lordsburg Choral Union

The Lordsburg Choral Union was organized under the direction of Prof. B. S. Haugh in October, 1913, for the purpose of rendering some of the best musical chorals, choruses and cantatas for the benefit of the members who are interested in becoming acquainted with more of the best musical literature as well as the improvement of their own ability to render selections in public.

The personnel of the Choral Union is largely made up of the singers of the town, but as the vocal department grows we shall expect more of the students to become interested in the work of this line.

A Christmas cantata was given Christmas week to a crowded hall.

The union is now doing regular rehearsing for the

cantata, "Queen Esther," which will be rendered in the closing weeks of this school year.

Plans are being made to go out to other places and give this cantata.

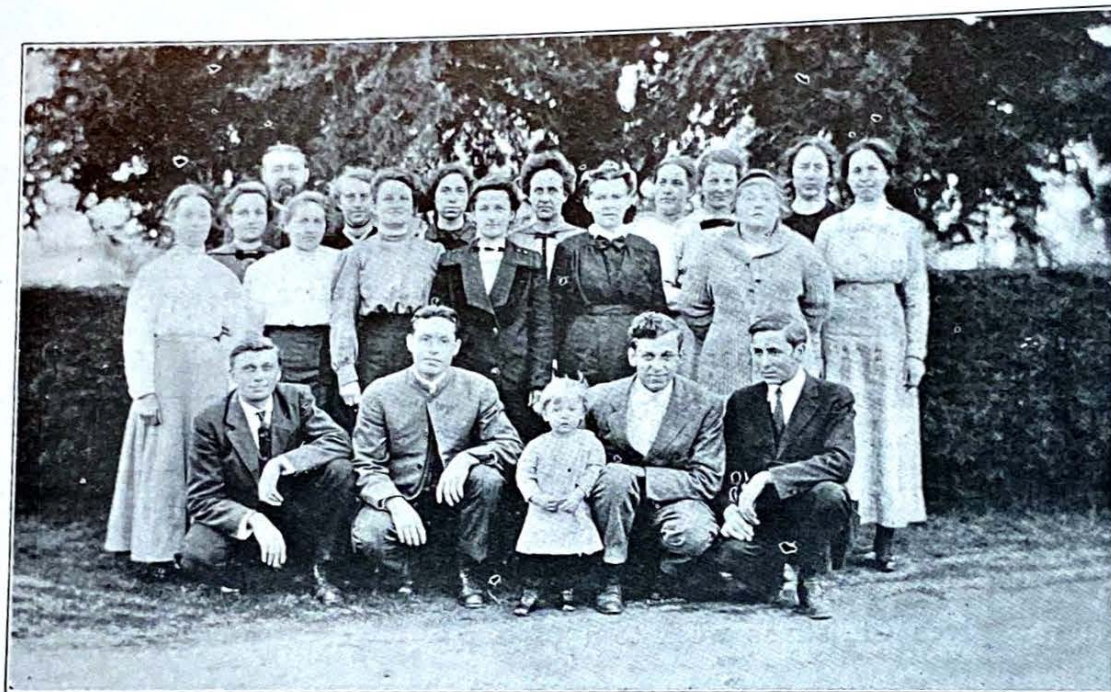
The organization is as follows:

Chalmer Shaver	President
Bertha Fike	Secretary-Treasurer
Prof. B. S. Haugh.....	Director
Vivian Hubble	Accompanist

This organization will continue giving at least two musical numbers during each school year.

Rehearsals will be each Monday evening. Your interest and good will will help much.

"Join the Choral Union."



MISSION BAND

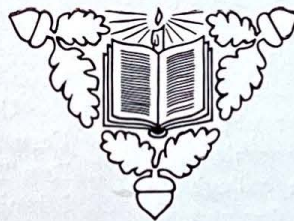
Mission Band

The Mission Band has been doing active work all year. Meetings have been held once a week and the book, "Personal Work," has been studied. Many interesting and helpful suggestions have been received. Practical work such as singing to the sick, telling stories at the Orphanage, teaching the Japanese, sending letters to missionaries and aiding in the Rescue Mission work in Los Angeles have been engaged in. The Band has also given several programs to stir up missionary interest in the different churches. "China" and "Missions and Immigration" were the subjects of the programs. The Band keeps in touch with the foreign missionaries and the interesting letters

received from them give us much help and encouragement, especially those from Brother and Sister Earnest Vaniman, who were members of our Mission Band.

The members have been zealous and earnest in the Master's service and have done much in His name. Three of our number are preparing for the foreign field and several for home missionary work.

The present organization is as follows: F. M. Hollenberg, President; Gertrude Yoder, Vice President; Alberta Neher, Secretary and Treasurer; Kathryn Bomberger, Chorister.



Alumni Reminiscences

Did you ever on a warm spring afternoon get that deliciously reckless, happy-go-lucky, don't-care feeling; when you are perfectly satisfied to sit under a tree and watch the grass grow, and let the future take care of itself; when any thought of immediate labor to be performed is liable to make your customary habits of immaculate English leap their bounds and you utter an "I should worry" to the world in general; and when it is too much exertion to even dream about the future, so that about the only thing left to do is just let yourself drift back over the past?

You say you have had such an experience? Oh, to be sure. If you would have said you had not, I was going to call for the police. It is never safe to be around the criminally insane.

Well, since I am sure now that you will appreciate the situation, I will proceed with my story. I felt that feeling coming over me the other day, and decided that I would visit the college, go out to the palm bench under the cypress tree, and think over old times for an hour or two.

I was just thinking how I sat on that same seat many years ago with my first girl; how in trembling fear I held my own hands to conceal my nervousness; how brightly the moon—but just then my musings were interrupted. Two members of "The Orange Blossom" staff, unaware of my presence, had seated themselves on the other side of the tree and were evidently discussing ways and means of an alumni write-up.

"How shall we start to write this," said one.

"Well, let's tell the history of it first," answered the other. "You know the class of 1910 is the oldest one in the organization. Previous to that, on account of change in the college management, there had been such a mixture of race, color and previous condition of servitude that no one knew who was who. So in 1911 the classes of '10 and '11 met and formed an association. A constitution was afterward adopted limiting membership to graduates of four (?) year courses. In 1912 they held their first alumni banquet. They had such a fine time that all who were not separated by more than a week's trip were present again in 1913."

Sixty

"Now let's tell what they are all doing," continued the first. "The easiest way is to make a list of them."

CLASS OF '10—

- Ernest Hoff—Senior at Pomona College—married, but says he is happy.
- Edna Schrock—acquiring a musical education at Los Angeles State Normal.
- Florence (England) Funderburgh—Isaac took Flossie away and made her a member of the class of '11.
- Chalmer Shaver—wielder of the birch—country schoolmaster.
- Maude (Moore) Redman—took Elmer away from L. C. before he could become an alumnus.

CLASS OF '11—

- Isaac Funderburgh—still pushing onward—teacher and student at Lordsburg—editor of Palmerian.
- Amanda Brown—may be reached at Glendora.
- Lottie (Neher) Hoff—Ernest set right again the balance of power by transferring her to the class of '10.

CLASS OF '12—

- Perry Blickenstaff—Hazel Lewis of Music Department fame helps him farm at Chino.
- Edna Neher—putting on finishing touches at Normal.
- Leon England—studying molar-extracting and gold-filling at U. S. C.
- Fern Blickenstaff—a college Freshman at L. C.
- Ray Ebersole—a prosperous grocer in wilds of Idaho.
- Minnie (Root) Grober—enjoying married bliss at McFarland—keeping her small son out of mischief.
- Mabel Eikenberry—teaching at Raisin City.
- Jess Brandt—flogger of urchins at McFarland.
- Luke Minnich—cramming to take teachers' examination.
- Ruth Frantz—enjoying college life at L. C. as well as ever.

CLASS OF '13—

- Philip Danner—real estate business at Los Angeles.

Lester Miller—usually into a number of things at once—just now farming and real estate at McFarland.

Raymond Evans—occasionally comes to L. C. to give us some of his farm philosophy.

Ernest Davis—an echo of his oratory sometimes comes floating down from Siskiyou.

Paul Dresher—two principal centers of interest—Pasadena and L. C.

Elice Laycook—still pursuing her education at L. C.

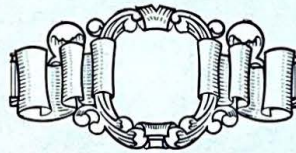
John Overholtzer—may be consulted at the “dorm” any time—is thought to have ambitions in several directions.

“I know the Editor will never take this,” said the one who had been doing the talking.

“We can’t make a decent write-up for we don’t know enough about the alumni,” said the other. “Let’s tell the Editor to get someone else.” They threw down their list and went away.

That’s why I happened to have a little knowledge about the alumni when the Editor spotted me the next day.

AN ALUMNUS.



Bible Institute

The annual special Bible Term or Bible Institute at Lordsburg College opened January 26 and closed January 31. Our daily program gave us work under the following teachers: Eld. E. Frantz, Eld. J. P. Dickey, Eld. J. F. Souders, Eld. E. S. Young, and Prof. W. I. T. Hoover.

Bro. Frantz led in a careful consideration of the Book of Philippians. He had made a thorough study of this epistle and brought us a number of new lessons, as well as abundant food for thought and meditation.

Bro. Dickey had a period in the forenoon on the “Doctrine of Man,” and one in the afternoon on “Studies of the First Epistle to John.”

Bro. Young had his favorite subject, “The Life of Christ,” which he illustrated with a map of Palestine, showing the different journeys which Christ made while upon earth.

Bro. Hoover took up several different topics. The most inter-

esting of these were “Personal Workers’ Questions,” and “Scriptural References to Meet Them.”

Bro. Souders gave us the result of his research study and meditation as to what is meant in the Bible by the church, the kingdom of heaven, and the kingdom of God.

On Saturday afternoon Bishop Zook, of the River Brethren Church, addressed us. He was followed by a returned missionary of that denomination, who spoke to us out of the abundance of his twelve years’ experience in telling the “Gospel Story” in Africa.

Bro. Souders’ illustrated Bible lectures on Palestine, India, China and Japan, which he gave at 7:30 P. M., were of rare interest. His pictures are very clear and he has a way of describing them which enables us to understand them readily, and make them practical in our understanding of God’s Word. He took time to study conditions which gives him a better understanding of the habits and customs of the natives.

Lyceum Lecture Course

We can say, and without any indiscretion on our part, that we have enjoyed the best Lecture Course that has ever been given in Lordsburg. The course was arranged after considerable forethought and with a view of educational development as well as of entertainment. Every lecture showed a combination of the spirit of entertainment as well as education. Men and women of broad experience in their particular lines gave us wholesome and instructive impressions of their achievements.

B. R. Baumgardt, a world-renowned lecturer, gave us a description of the scenery in Norway and Sweden, illustrated with colored lantern slides which were certainly the production of an artist. He gave us in the course of his lecture the method adopted by the people of Norway in the controlling of the liquor traffic.

The Philharmonic Trio, consisting of a 'cello-piano-vocal combination, was a source of deep satisfaction for music lovers, particularly those who enjoy the music of a stringed instrument. The artist, Alfred Wallenstein, only 15 years of age, rendered in his 'cello music, which to our minds was that which only men of long experience can produce. He was an artistic genius with his 'cello.

The Euterpean Male Quartet furnished us with an evening of jocularity interspersed with productions of a more deeply emotional nature. The possibilities of a tenor as well as a basso were strikingly portrayed.

The flag lady, Frances Richardson, of national reputation, gave us an evening of instruction as citizens, and forcibly expressed our duty as such to render greater service to the American nation. An appeal was particularly made to the youth of our land to strive for greater appreciation of our flag. A very carefully developed account of the evolution of our national banner was given which showed a remarkable minuteness of detail as well as the fullness with which Miss Richardson has consecrated herself to this field of such national importance.

Dr. Cronkhite's lecture on the Panama Canal proved to be of the greatest interest to the majority of the patrons of the course.

California is the state that will probably be affected to the greatest extent by the opening of the Panama Canal. This fact alongside the significance of the enterprise itself enables us to account for the interest shown in this lecture. Dr. Cronkhite gave us the historical development of the canal project accompanied by motion pictures showing the canal under construction. He demonstrated the electrically operated locks by use of the only working model of the canal in existence.

The principles underlying this course cannot be over emphasized as being beneficial. The coupling of interest and entertainment with instruction is a true educative principle, and the citizens of Lordsburg as also the students of the college feel that they have received a great deal of indispensable knowledge from our Lecture Course this year.

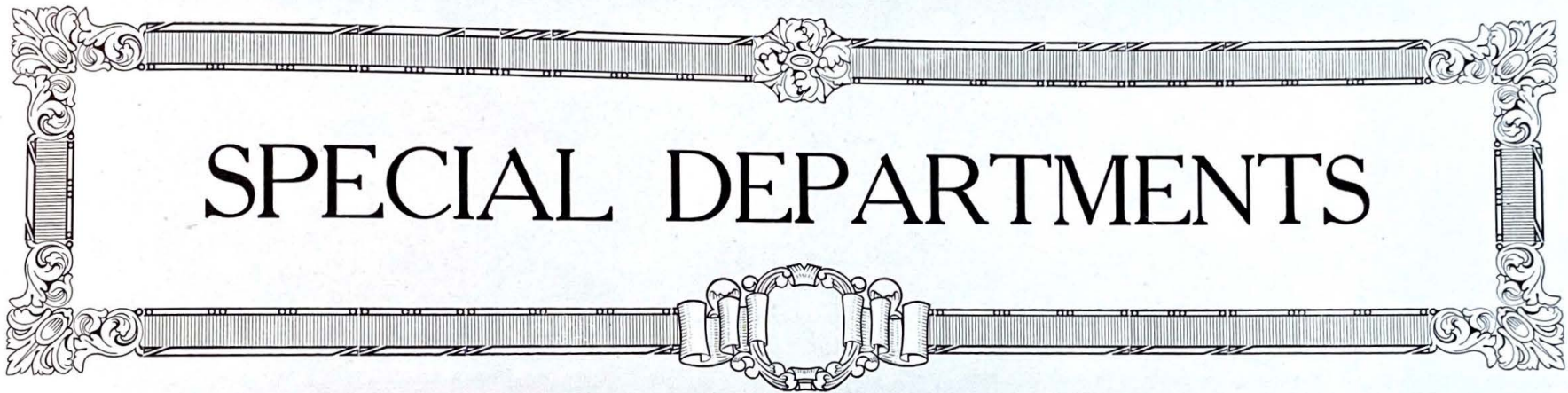
Afternoon Lecture Course

Early in the year a special course of lectures was arranged for the students along health, moral and social lines. They were given the second Saturday afternoon of each month.

We soon decided that these meetings were too good to be kept to ourselves, so an invitation was given to all who were interested. A goodly number accepted, thus getting the benefit of the course as well as encouraging the work.

We counted ourselves highly favored in securing as speakers those so well qualified to speak on the various subjects. They made them most interesting and helpful and we feel that this will be one means of helping us in the future to think on,

“Whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are pure,
Whatsoever things are of good report,
Whatsoever things are lovely.”



SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS



EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

Expression

Expression develops the entire man, body, mind, and spirit and fits him for the highest aims in life. This aim is to realize possibilities and to overcome hindrances so that he may reach out and be of the greatest good to the greatest number of people.

The method of teaching expression is based on psychological principles. The student is taught to receive impressions from life, nature, and the written page, and then to express these impressions easily and naturally through his own individuality.

The voice and body are trained also. The voice, which is the most wonderful of all musical instruments is trained to produce strong, pure and flexible tones. The body is trained to express thoughts, sensations, emotions, purposes and the desires of mankind through the actions of the muscles.

Literary interpretation is taught in order to enable the pupil to get the deepest meanings from literature, and to master forms of verse and tone-color.

There are hundreds of people who have beautiful thoughts, but who have not the ability to express them in a forcible manner. The aim of conversation study is

to develop in the student a pleasing personality and the art of giving to others the best that is in him.

A short course in Art History is given in the work, to acquaint the pupil with some of the great masters of painting and their works; to broaden the vision and give general culture; and to help the pupil to see the analogy between their art and the art of bodily and vocal expression.

The Hymn and Bible reading course aims to train the reader to find the truth intended and by his reading to give it living power.

The work has been very helpful as well as interesting. Only first-class works have been studied, for our instructor does not believe in wasting time on anything trashy. Another motto has been, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Most of the pupils are anxious to continue their work and receive diplomas.

There are two expression classes this year, the Senior and Junior, which meet five times a week. Besides these classes there are quite a number of private pupils.

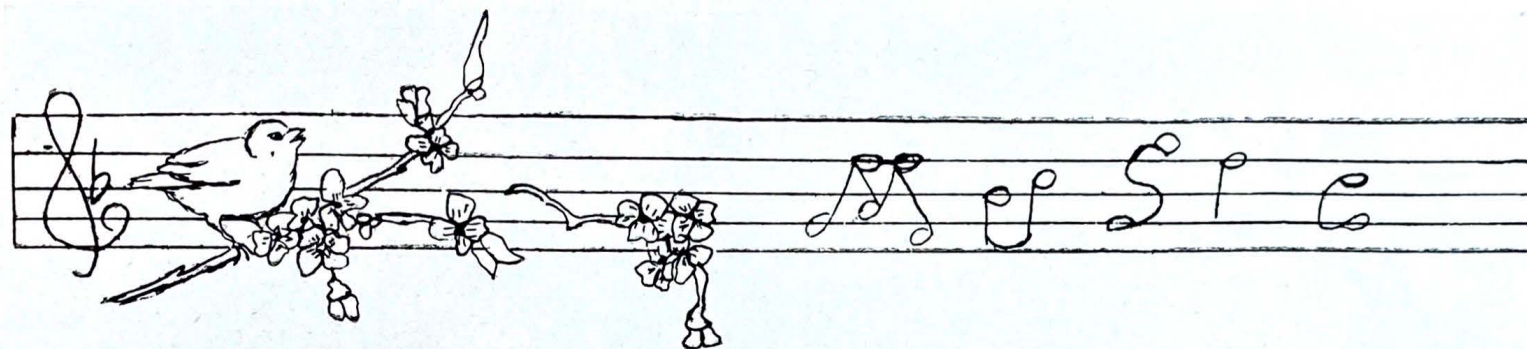
A splendid start has been made and all hope that the department will grow larger each year.



MUSIC STUDIO



PROF. B. S. HAUGH
Director
of the Music Department



Music is a means of culture and is perhaps the greatest factor in human civilization. The art of music is used too little as a means of education, although much benefit is derived from it. The memory is developed to a very great extent; the appreciation of the beautiful is strengthened; and accuracy and exactness in thinking and doing are some of the benefits of music.

The Music Department under Prof. Haugh offers excellent work in instrumental and vocal music, and in ear-training and harmony. A four-year course in piano is open. Touch and technique are emphasized and practiced. The course in vocal music includes one year beginning chorus, public performances in the choral union, with practice in the elements of sight-reading and directing, and a three-year course in voice culture. Three years work is also offered in ear-training and harmony which

gives a practical and thorough knowledge of harmony, both in hearing and playing music.

A private recital by all music students will be given during the closing weeks of school.

Those in the Music Department are Dorothy Arnold, C. A. Bercaw, C. H. Brubaker, Katherine Belcher, Alice Bosley, Heber Baisinger, L. A. Blickenstaff, Hilda Broad, Jessie Davis, Isabel Eby, Helen Fesler, Gladys Fesler, Mabel Funk, Bertha Fike, Nellie Fisher, Hubert Fisher, J. B. Fisher, Olive Hesp, Vera Hoover, Roscoe Hoover, Kenneth Hamilton, Anne Hanawalt, Bert Hendy, Guy Jordon, Cecil Jordon, Mabel Johnson, Mae Johnson, C. H. Lorimer, Margaret Laycock, Lois Miller, Dora Nelson, Homer Norcross, J. M. Overholtzer, Elsie Price, Elenor Roper, Carrie Sherwood, C. B. Shaver, Myrtle Samuels, Percy Thomas, Clarence Vaniman, and Olive Whitmer.



BIBLE DEPARTMENT

Bible Department

The following students were enrolled in the Bible department during the present school year:

Alice Bosler, Lester Blocher, Lydia Jordan, Effie Metzger, Grace Hileman Miller, Dove Sauble, Vesta Sanger, Mrs. Dayton Newcomer, Edmund Taylor, P. J. Weibe, Maud Redman, and Ruth Byer. (The last two were not able to continue the work.) The department has not been large, but a spirit of harmony and good will has prevailed throughout. A course in Teacher Training and one in Missions met once a week. A number of the students took up these studies.

During the first semester the following courses were offered: Church History, Introduction to O. T. Literature, Bible Geography, N. T. Greek Bible Introduction, and Dispensational Studies. The first four continued on through the second semester in connection with a course in the History of N. T. Times and Parables.

Throughout the year special papers were prepared by the various members of the class in Church History on such themes as "The Preparation of the World for Christ," "Conflict of Church and State," "The Reformation," "The French Revolution," etc. The class in Dispensational studies sought by means of original investigation to follow out the truths embodied in the several great divisions or dispensations of Truth, and thereby be able to see not only the natural but the logical arrange-

ments of God's dealings with mankind. This course proved helpful to the students in their work in Parables and to see the development of the church, and wherein it differs from the kingdom of heaven. Dr. Evans' little Book of Books was used as a text in Bible introduction. The course in History of New Testament Times was offered for the first time this year, and was not only fascinating but helpful in understanding that interesting period of Jewish history lying between the Old and New Testament periods wherein arose the various Jewish sects or parties, e.g. Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, etc. Three students took the work in New Testament Greek. The first semester was given to Hiddilston Essentials of New Testament Greek. In the second semester they read John's Gospel, Epistles of John and James.

Owing to the ill health of his wife, Professor Souders was not able to finish the year's work. The department was most fortunate in securing Prof. Edward Frantz to complete the year's work.

Grace Hileman Miller is the only graduate from the Bible department this year, and the B. S. L. degree was conferred upon her for her excellent work.

Mrs. Miller finished the two-year course in 1909. She also holds diplomas from the International Sunday School Association for both the elementary and advanced courses.



COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Commercial Department

The commercial department, though small, has been doing excellent work this year. Several new students have entered since the first of the term so that the commercial room is a busy place. There are at present thirteen in this department, counting commercial, short-hand, and typewriting students. Freshies, Sophs, Juniors, and Seniors are represented here, and a few college students honor the department with their presence.

There are classes in Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Law, Spelling, Shorthand, Rapid Calculation, and Penmanship. Some recite three times a week and some every day.

The newest methods of instruction and the latest textbooks are used, hence the students are getting a practical education in this course. Everything is made as nearly like what is found in the business world as possible, so that the pupil may be able to cope with the problems that arise in actual life.

Four will graduate from this department in the spring.

They are John Rhodes, Ethel Brown, Clarence Vaniman, and Charles Fisher.

Mr. Rhodes, our "six-footer," hails from far-away Canada. He is a fine worker and a star in rapid calculation. A late comer to our midst, but he is welcomed and liked by all.

Miss Brown, with her merry brown eyes, is a thorough business woman. The click, click of her typewriter can be heard early and late as she types manuscripts and themes for the students.

Mr. Vaniman, a future bank president, is an earnest worker. Bookkeeping is his specialty. An Academy Senior and a loyal Alphan, he is a fine fellow to have about.

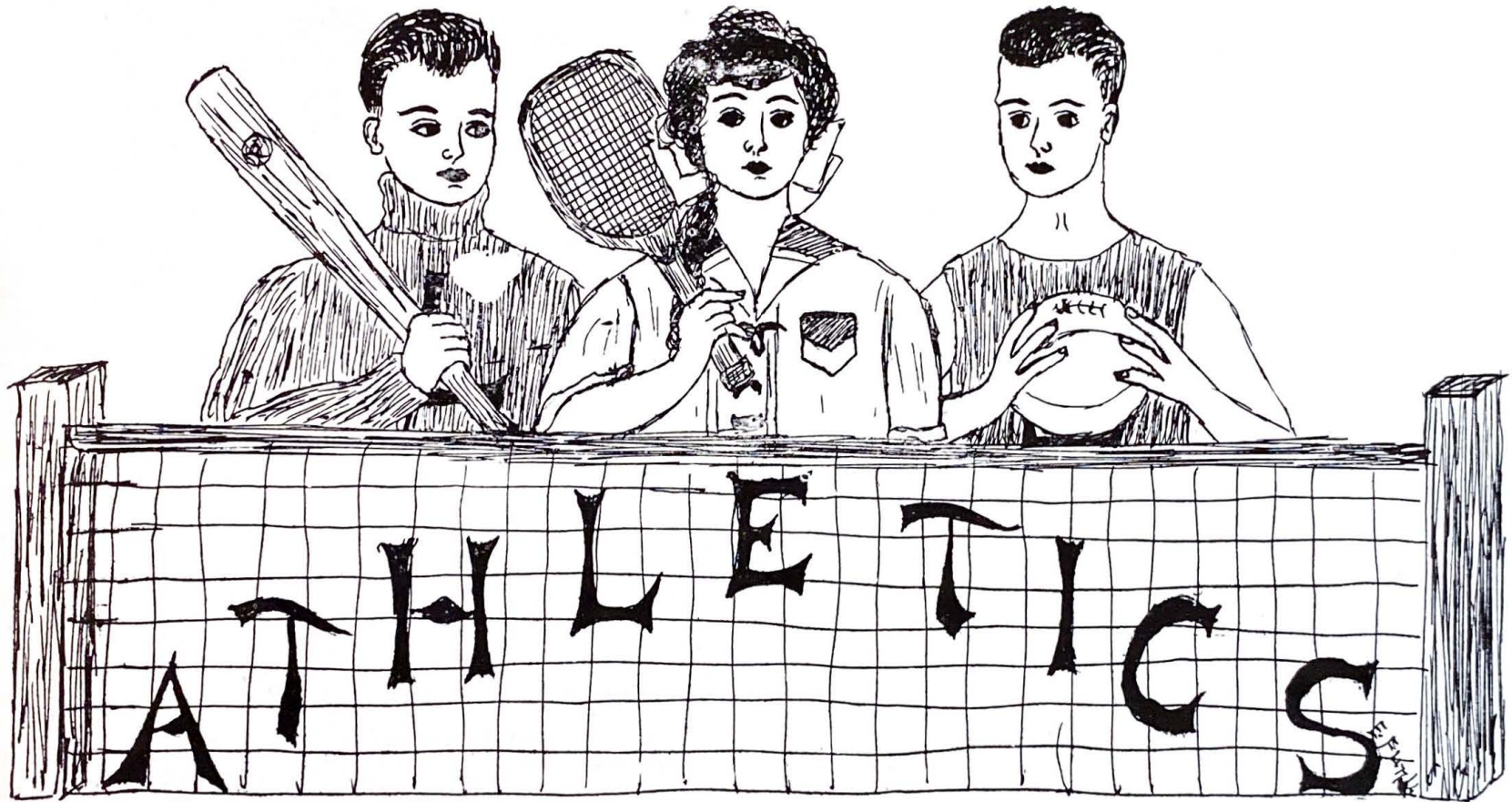
Mr. Fisher's merry laugh is often heard in the commercial room. He is a jolly fellow and is a good student in all his studies—when he studies.

U B C D E F G
H I J K L M
N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z

JLM.



FREE HAND PENMANSHIP BY AN L. C. STUDENT





First row, left to right, Raymond Brumbaugh, Heber Baisinger, Fred Hollenberg, Paul Dresher (captain), Glen Hockinberry
Second row, Harper Frantz, John Overholtzer, Russel Lichtenwalter

Boys' Basket Ball

How about basketball Ask Jimmy Jones Henry if we are not "there" in basketball. Why, some of the boy's only excuse for living was to bring honor and glory to his school. That is the spirit that is necessary for a winning team and we certainly lived up to all expectations when it came to a showdown in a contest. There was only one school, and that was Covina, which lowered our colors and forced us to step down from our high pedestal. Otherwise, we enjoyed the sensation of driving our adversaries to their camps in a state of bewilderment. Covina, by the way, had one of the best basketball teams in Southern California, and we were not very far behind them, as can be noticed in our close scores with them.

Frantz and Overholtzer certainly were two fast forwards. Their deeds at shooting baskets made the opposite teams stand back and stare at the way they tossed the goals. Frantz had a style all his own of throwing goals when he was "covered" by his opposite. He would demonstrate the Coney Island twist and emerge the next

moment where he was not the second before. Our center, Hockenbery, merits a praiseworthy word for he always played a fast and good game. He would be all over the court at once, seeing to it that the ball should get out of the opponent's territory and abide in familiar hands. Dresher and Brumbaugh had the duty assigned to them to stay at the end of the court where the opposing team was supposed to make their goals. To our coach, Luke Minnich, do we all join in chorus of praise for his able advice and suggestions that helped us to turn out a winning team.

The names of the schools we played and the scores were:

Citrus	11	L. C.....	28
Chino		L. C.....	
Bonita	22	L. C.....	32
Covina	43	L. C.....	16
Covina	26	L. C.....	24
Covina	36	L. C.....	31
Covina	31	L. C.....	28



First row; left to right, Maude Brubaker, Ruth Barnhizer, Ruth Blickenstaff (1), Prof. Hepner, coach; Ina Marshburn, Roxie Snell, Katherine Bombarger. Second row, Fern Hartman, Wilma Klinzman (1), Elsie Price (1), Almina Ries (1), Ruth Frantz (1), Vesta Sanger, Isabel Eby (1), captain.

(1) Members of the first team.

Girls' Basket Ball

The interest in basket ball was greater this year than it had been previously and this was greatly appreciated by the new captain and manager. There were fourteen girls who "stuck to it" throughout the entire season. Some had never played before, and it was amusing to watch them try to throw the ball into the goal. But soon they acquired the knack of throwing the ball properly and it was found that there was plenty of material for two good teams.

In the evening the girls would lay aside their books and go joyously to the basket ball court, where they would spend a short time in exercise, with no thoughts of lessons weighing upon their minds. Sometimes they found more pleasure in sitting on the grass and eating oranges than playing the game; or sometimes while playing they felt extremely funny and spent too much time laughing at the humorous side of nothing. Then suddenly they would hear the reprimanding voice of the coach, Mr. Hepner, saying, "Now play fast, girls. Put some pep into it," and they were at once encouraged to play harder than before.

The line-up of the team was:

Forwards—

Ruth Frantz,
Almina Ries.

Guards—

Ruth Blickenstaff,
Wilma Klenzman.

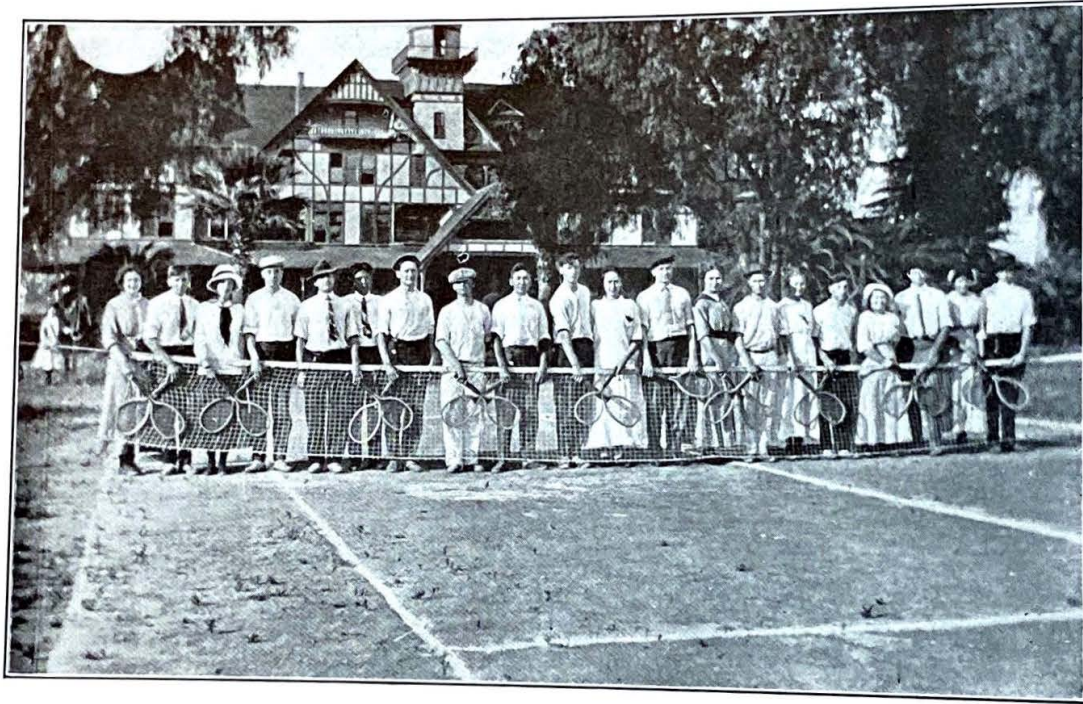
Centers—

Elsie Price—jumping.
Isabell Eby—running.

The members of the team realize that their success was due in a large measure to the ability and faithfulness of their coach. Through his efforts their enjoyment of the game increased and they were inspired to greater work.

The following shows the results of the year's work:

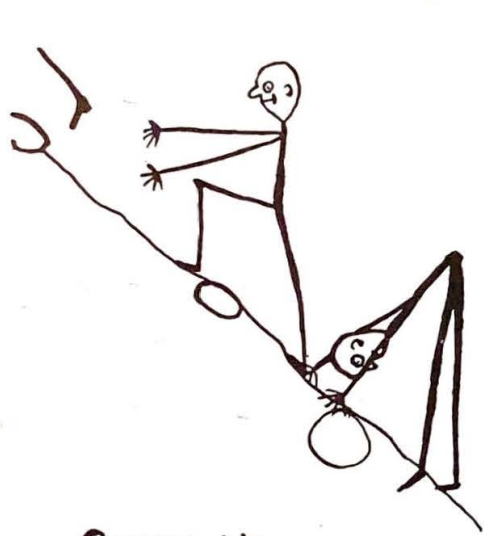
Covina		L. C.
Claremont13	L. C. 12
Covina16	L. C. 14
Claremont10	L. C. 17
Pomona12	L. C. 17
Covina		L. C.



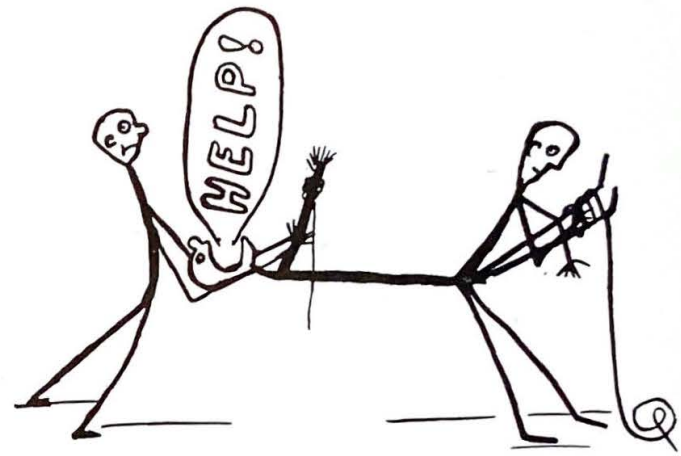
TENNIS CLUB



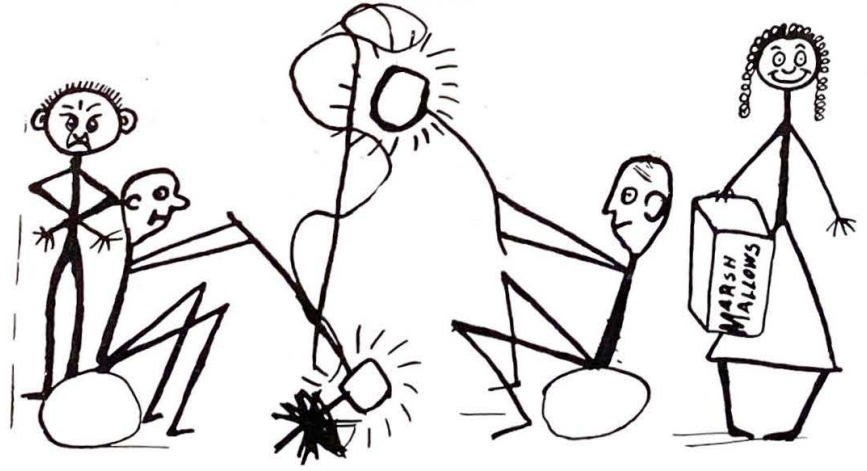
FOUR GLIMPSES OF A TRAGIC COMEDY



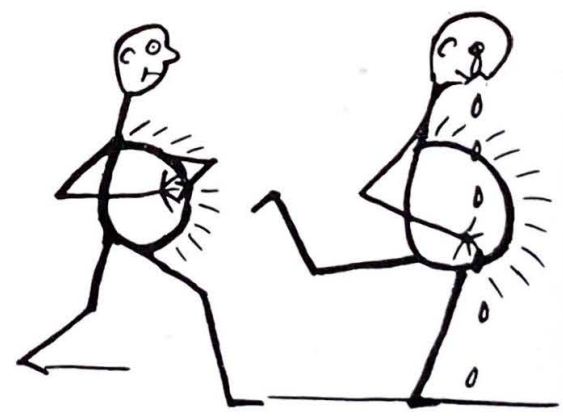
GOING UP



A GENERAL SURPRISE



HOME SWEET HOME



GOOD-NIGHT LADIES

I.—The stealthy approach of the anti-Seniors upon the camp of the Seniors in San Dimas Canyon.
III.—Sentenced by the Seniors to eat marshmallows until full.

II.—Their murderous attack upon a Senior.
IV.—The tragic result.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DORM KITCHEN

Setting—College Dormitory.

Cast of Characters—John Stover, Dee Whisler and the Matron.

Act I.

First Scene.

Time—10:00 P. M. John and Dee conversing eagerly in their room. They have a scheme on foot.

Exit John.

Dee goes quietly to work. (Curtain)

Second Scene.

Time—10:15 P. M. Place—Kitchen. Enter John. Gropes about in dark and stumbles over a chair (Breathless consternation. Matron heard to strike floor with a thud in upstairs room,).

Enter Matron in dark: "Who's there?"

John (under table): "Mew-o-o-w—mew-o-o-w!"

Matron peers after cat, but soon retires.

John fills up. (Curtain)

Act II.

First Scene.

Time—10:45 P. M. Boys again in their room.

John (very enthusiastically): "I say, Dee, that's the best feed I ever had!"

Dee (wonderingly): "Didn't she catch on at all?"

John: "H-m! catch on nothing. She didn't say a word, just turned and beat it. Afraid I'd chase a mouse out at her, I guess."

Dee: "I'm on!" (Exit)

(Curtain)

Second Scene.

Dee enters kitchen in darkness, knocks over a pan. Matron again aroused.

Enter Matron (in stern voice): "Who is there?"

Dee (tremblingly): "Another cat!"

Act III.

Scene—Distressing!



AUNT HEPZIBAH'S COLUMN

Tell your troubles to Aunt Hepzibah Wiseacre. Her advise is free.

Dearest Auntie: We have been told in Domestic Chemistry class that a "balanced ration" is essential to the best of health. So would you kindly give us an analysis of the structure and ingredients (flavor) of the butter we get for lunch?

Very respectfully,
DORM. BOYS.

The flavor is a mere product of the imagination. I do no "muck-raking," so the matter has not been investigated. But from what I have heard, this butter might impart to you great strength, for reports are that it was strong enough to walk to the furnace house, lift several boxes and get under them.

Dear Aunt Heppie: How many lines (I mean meridians) have been found to exist on the earth's surface?

ANXIOUS MINNIE ZUG.

Anxious Minnie: I do not know. The best way to find out is to count them. However, if you undertake to do this, it might be well for you to take along a few nuts. It may be after lunch time before you get back.

AUNT HEPY.

Dear Aunt Wiseacre: What is a "thought process?"

Yours truly,

JOHN OVERHOLTZER.

John: A thought process is what happens, when, having heard only the last words of the instructor's question, a student scrambles together a jumble of words which he fondly hopes will convey the idea that he has read all seventeen references given at the preceding lesson.

HEPPY.

Tell me, most Honorable Wiseacre, for I wish exceedingly to know, what is "grass"?

WOOD B. WISE.

Mr. Wood B. Wise: A reference to "Fool's Index" will tell you that "grass is whiskers upon the earth's surface."

Your

AUNT HEPY.

Miss Hepzibah: Why are the "Dark Ages" so called?

I. WONDER.

Miss I. Wonder: The reason why the "Dark Ages" were dark is self-evident. The curtains were down.

Dear Auntie Heppy: Tell me, oh, tell me, why John Henry Rhodes is so exceedingly tall while I am so small.

JOHNNY STOVER.

Johnny, this I suppose is the reason, he came such a "long" way to get here.

Figuratively Speaking

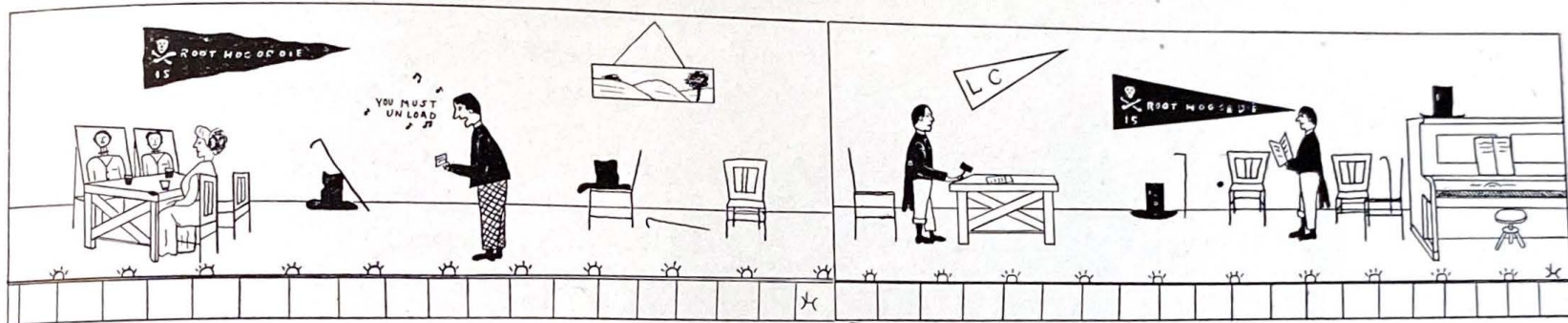
"Why, Rebecca," said mother, "that dog isn't yours! You've no right to bring him home!"

"W—well, mama," pleaded Rebecca, "he was jest not belonging to anybody—like the flowers! I can pick flowers and keep 'em—wild ones—and the doggy was jest like—like the flowers, and I came along, and—and sort of picked him."

Here the dog, turning round, displayed a noticeable lack of tail—a bobbed-off, rabbit-like stump. Whereupon Rebecca's quiet brother Paul spoke up unexpectedly:

"You—you didn't pick a very long stem."

Nothing is a footless stocking without a leg.



No. 2—The Juniors are entertained by proxy by the Sophomores at a "Four-cornered Banquet."

No. 1—The College Juniors hold a private (?) class meeting at the Philomathean Literary Society before a large audience.

Poem of Dorm. Life

Come now yo' gud fer nothin' kids,
I'll show yer wat ter do;
You've stuffed ma lock all full of wood,
I know whose guilty too.

E'd not be cotched at such a thing,
'nd I'll swar t' the spot
Thar's only one that it can be,
Cauz he denies it not.

Wall I'll declar,
A milon hear,
It come from tother side
O' this har hall, 'nd I'll be bound
'Em gals'll git it when the'r found.

The'r face we'll mash,
It ain't no josh,
On boys, we'll have revenge!
Locked in their room? Yo' don't say so!
Tie up! now thru the transum they must go.

I wonder if under the beautiful sky,
There's a good-looking girl, that's happier than I?
I'm merry, for Johnny has promised for life
To take me and make me his fond little wife.

Let every sound be dead,
Martell sleeps.
The students softly tread,
Martell sleeps.
Let Prof.'s phonograph be dumb,
Let no noise from Ovie come,
Martell sleeps.
Let Kathryn's song then cease
So our tyrant will have peace,
Martell sleeps.

A Geometry Proposition

To prove that a sheet of paper is a slow pup.
A sheet of paper is an ink-lined plane.
An inclined plane is a slope up.
∴ A sheet of paper is a slow pup.

An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful he
isn't bow-legged.
Is hail popped rain drops?
A skeptic is a person who looks for a wishbone in a
soft-boiled egg.
An abstract noun is something you can't see when you
look at it.

Teacher: "What is the most nervous thing in the world next to a girl?"

Roscoe: "Me—next to a girl!"

In Domestic Chemistry class Prof. Hepner was reading the menus of balanced rations written by each of the class. After reading Ruth Blickenstaff's, John Stover promptly exclaimed: "Say, that's fine."

Mr. Baisinger (in Expression class) supposed to say, "Madam, you are under arrest," said very loudly and earnestly, "Madam, you are under a dress!"

Fern Hartman in Latin I: "Regebar—I was loved."

Miss Dickson: "What's the matter with you all, that you persist in saying love."

Roscoe: "Oh, this is Saturday night."

Mildred, in library: "I'm looking for a history of him (hymns)."

Gladdys Fesler, in English II, giving illustrations by comparison: "House plants are like Freshmen, they are green."

Student entering the dining room: "A man upstairs wishes to see the English teacher."

Miss Warnock: "Oh, I'm glad I'm English teacher."

A Mr. Wood and a Mr. Stone were walking along Broadway one day, when all of a sudden they saw a woman with a "sheath gown" approaching, and of course it created quite a bit of excitement, so naturally Stone turned to Wood and Wood turned to Stone, then they both turned to rubber.

Homer Norcross: "Mother, that plant you had setting on the piano is dead."

Mrs. Norcross: "I don't wonder."

"Ethel, give the prepositions that govern the ablative case," asked Miss Dickson.

Ethel (thinking of "apud"): "Well, I don't know, but there's one like s-p-u-d—spud, I guess it is."

Heard in Chemistry lab.: "Will you please pass the salt?"

Early to bed,
Work like sin
Early to rise,
So you'll get wise.

"Every one has some secret sorrow," says Prof. Hepner. "Even the fattest and jolliest of us has a skeleton in his midst."

Uncle Si in writing home from New York imparted the following information: "I seed some funny things today. One place I saw a sign what said, 'Cast iron sinks.' Now down our way any durn fule ud know thet any kind of iron'll sink."

Prof. Kieffaber: "In German we use the dative case in the sentence, 'They wash their hands.' What do we use in English?"

Florence Julius: "Soap."

Roxie: "I burnt my mouth last night, so I can't eat fast."

Mr. Funderburgh: "How did you do it, by friction?"

Roxie: "No, by suction."

Prof. Kiefaber: "Why is that a broken line?"

Dee: "I dropped a perpendicular on it."

Helen Fesler: "Why is this car so late?"

Conductor: "Well, Miss, the car in front was behind, and this car was behind before besides."

A good way to become fat: Eat plenty of shelled pop-corn, sit on the stove and let the corn pop.

Mr. Wiebe: "Jacob had twelve sons and they were all boys."

It does not necessarily follow that a sailor who ships on a barque is going to the dogs.

The railroad station of Meridian, Texas, is about a mile from the business part of town. One night a sleepy, weary traveling man said to the darkey who was driving him to the hotel:

"Old man, why did they put this depot so far from town?"

The darkey scratched his head in thought, and replied:

"Waal, boss, I's fo'ced to admit dat I hasn't give de matter s'ficient cogitation, but jes' jumped up fer a answer like dis. I s'pose dey done dat so as to have de depot as near as possible to de railroad."

Is it against the law to:

Steal—a kiss?

Shoot—tin cans?

Slash—a skirt?

Beat—a carpet?

Cut—an acquaintance?

Kill—time?

Wanted—a boy to open oysters 15 years old.

John Stover, translating Latin: "Slippi, slipere, falli, bustus."

Clarence—after a favor was done him: "Ich danke dich."

Charles Fisher: "I want you to quit calling me a donkey."

How do the Dorm. girls like sleeping out of doors? Fine, indeed, when it doesn't rain?

Mr. Moody, who had a very long nose, frequently got it skinned. One Sunday he had a court plaster on it and feeling something fall off he stooped and picked up something from the floor and stuck it on. He noticed after his sermon that a peculiar smile would pass over the faces of those to whom he spoke. When they got home he mentioned the fact to his wife, and looking at his nose she found written on the paper there, "Warranted 200 yds."

Helen Fesler (to one of the girls): "No, I'm not cross. Don't you know—I always kiss and make up?"

John S. (who overheard the remark): "I hope she'll always keep on the good side of me."

Prof. Hepner while watching the aeroplane exhibition: "Say, boys, do you suppose those fellows must carry a 'spittoon' with them?"

In English4, while studying "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," Miss Warnock was telling the class of the effect of the moon on the tide, and Mr. Norcross was heard to say: "The moon has more effect on the untied."

A Problem

In going around the world westward one gains a day. If it were possible to make the entire circuit in twenty-four hours, would you get back at the same time you started?

Latin is a dead language,
As dead as it can be;
It killed the ancient Romans,
And now it's killing me.

(By request of first year Latin class.)

Mary Taylor to Almina: "Almina, you are a college student, so you ought to know. Should a person say, 'The yolk of egg is white or are white.'"

Almina: "Why, the yolks of an egg is white."

Maud to Ethel: "Did you hear of that awful accident?"
"No."

"A street car ran over a peanut and killed the Colonel (kernel).

A teacher in a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of a hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was "bird-cage."

"That's right" encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in "bird-cage."

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder.

Wilma Klinzman and Russel Lichtenwalter seem to prefer having a class in Civics of their own, than to meet at the regular time with the rest of the class.

Kathryn Bomberger, looking up from evening paper: "It says here an alto should always marry a tenor. I'm glad it didn't say anything against a soprano and bass."

Helen Fesler (to several girls): "My, I am sleepy. I have been out every night this week, and my lips are sore, besides."

Miss Dickson (to Russell Lichtenwalter, in Civics): "Wake up! You sit there as dumb as an oyster!"

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S. A. OVERHOLTZER, Mgr.

Mr. Hepner (in camp at the mountains): "Say, who made this gravy?"

"Elsie: "I did."

Mr. Hepner: "My, but it goes right to my heart."

Elsie: "Oh, but I'm glad I made it."

Do practical jokes have a hygienic value? Ask the physiology class. Do they know? Perhaps Prof. Hepner can enlighten anyone wishing to know.

Charles (on April Fool Day): "Roscoe, there's a hole in your stocking."

Roscoe: "How do you suppose I could get my feet in if there wasn't?"

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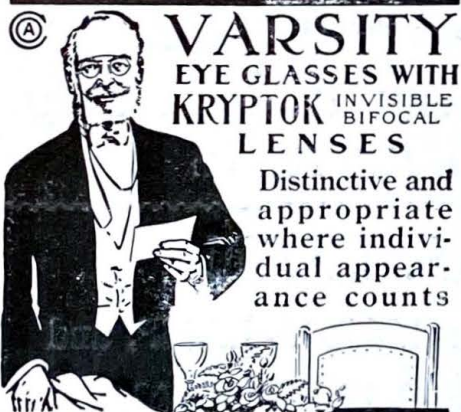
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Homer Norcross (in Civics): "What nationality would a child be which was born in mid-ocean, whose father was an American and mother a German?"

Roy Eikenberry: "What will the lecture be on if it comes off?"

I will have no more doctors. I see that all the people who died this winter had doctors!

Miss Dickson: "Mr. Whistler, pronounce J-u-b-e-t."

Mr. Whistler: "You bet."

Elsie: "Horses don't have character."

John O.: "Yes, they do, or at least mules do."

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Our policy now is the same as when we laid the foundation principles for building this business; —it will continue.

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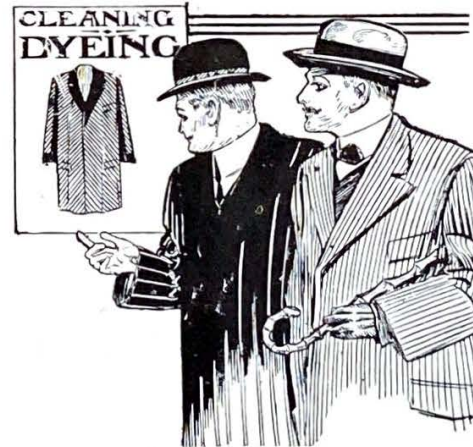
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135 W. 2nd St. POMONA

Hilda Broad, in Algebra: "Forty-two is the hippopotamus of this angle."

Miss Bertha Fike represented, on March 31, "the little girl with the pig-tail braid," but where was "the boy with the two stubbed toes?"

The Sophs and Freshies had some cream,
They locked it up for sure,
But on returning they beheld
In front an open door,
And there they found the dirty dishes—
The cream had gone before.

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Yer havn't much to fear;
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Yu'd better get up, sir.

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Be he went? Or am he gone?
Has he left I all alone?
Will he ne'er return to I?
Or he ever go to he?
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LORDSBURG, CAL., April 15, 1914.

MRS. FLORENCE NEFF

Respected Sister: After having read to some extent "Biography of Eld. James M. Neff," I wish to say to you that I am very much pleased with its contents. Indeed you are to be commended for editing and publishing this book. I am sure we do not have nearly enough such books in our libraries. This book ought to find a place in all the homes of the brethren. The life of Brother Neff and his writings as they appear in this work ought to be an inspiration to every young person, and the older people will be comforted and encouraged as they read and meditate upon its contents.

Fraternally,

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Garey Ave. Successor to Short

Kathryn B. (practicing in the auditorium): "Close the
door, Roscoe, and keep your ears outside."

Fred Hollenberg (in Civics):

All Americans are smart.

I am an American.

I am smart.

Molly, the new cook, had a habit of keeping her mouth
ajar the greater part of the time. The habit annoyed her
mistress exceedingly, and one morning she lost all
patience.

"Molly, your mouth is open," said the mistress.

"Indeed, ma'am, so it is," said Molly grinning. "I
opened it."

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